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CATHERINE OF BRAGANÇA

L. C. DAVIDSON



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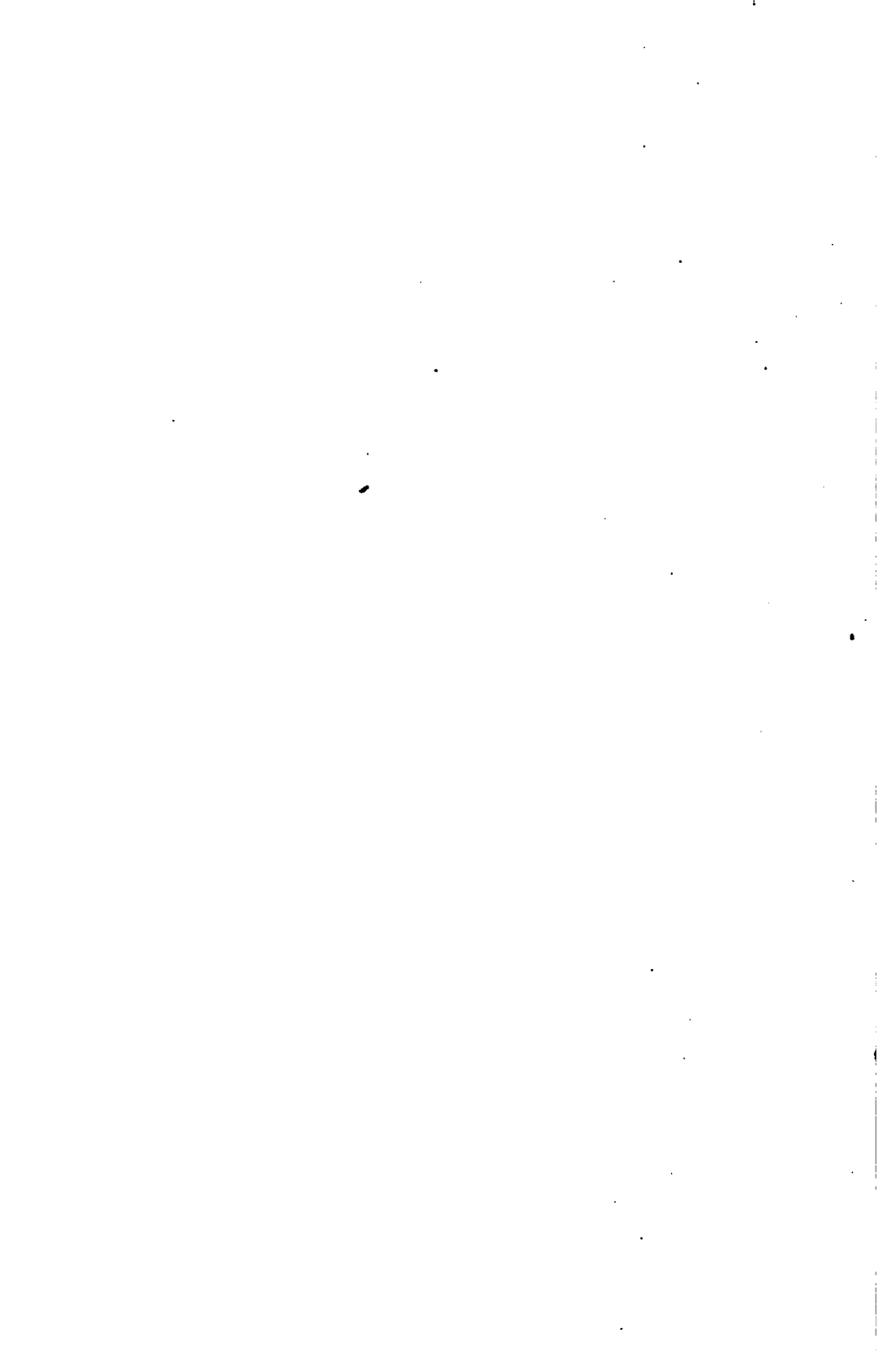
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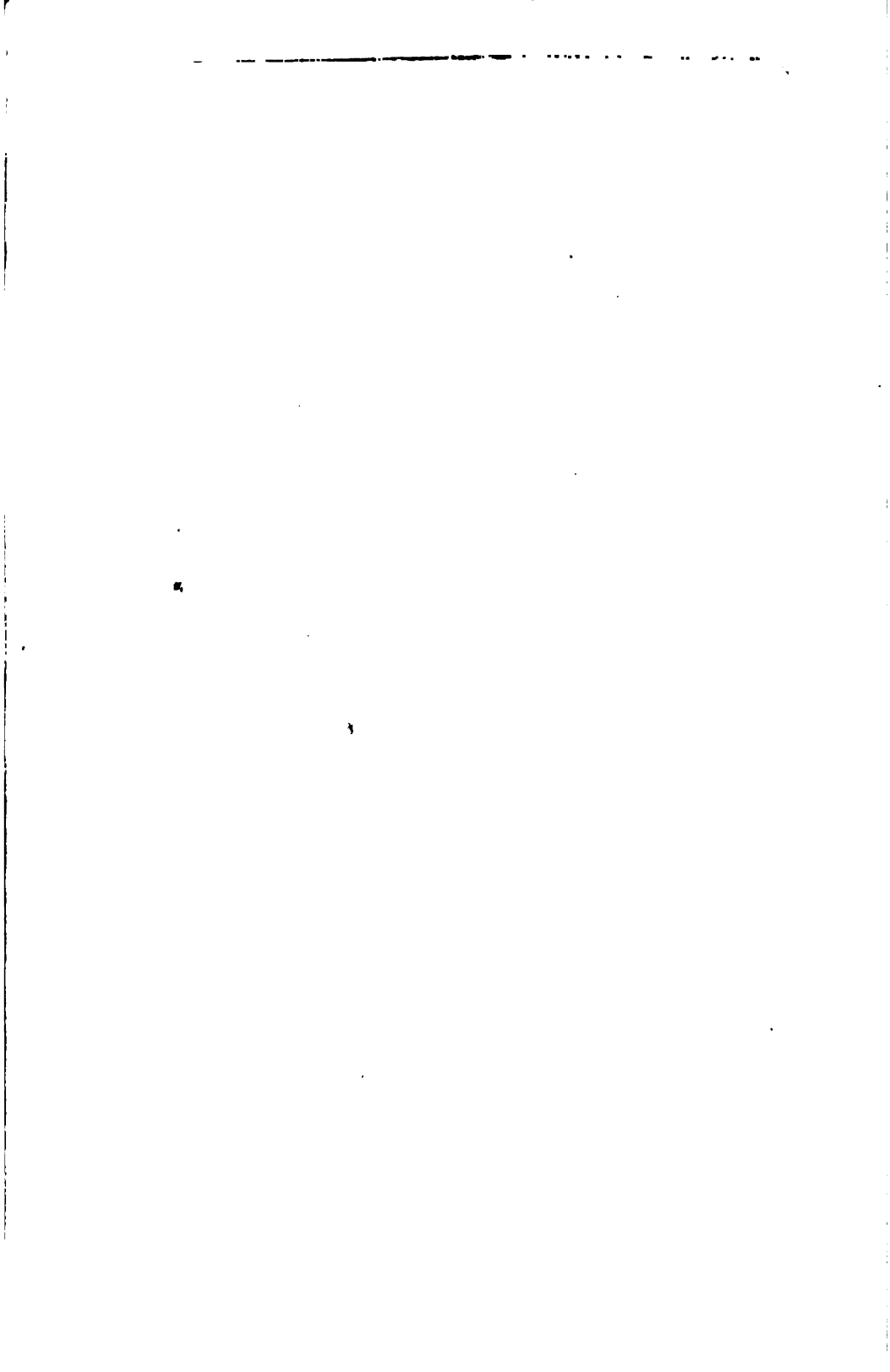
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CATHERINE OF BRAGANÇA

**INFANTA OF PORTUGAL AND
QUEEN-CONSORT OF ENGLAND**





CATHERINE OF BRAGANÇA
INFANTA OF PORTUGAL
& QUEEN-CONSORT
OF ENGLAND

BY LILLIAS CAMPBELL DAVIDSON

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

⁸⁺²
LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

1908

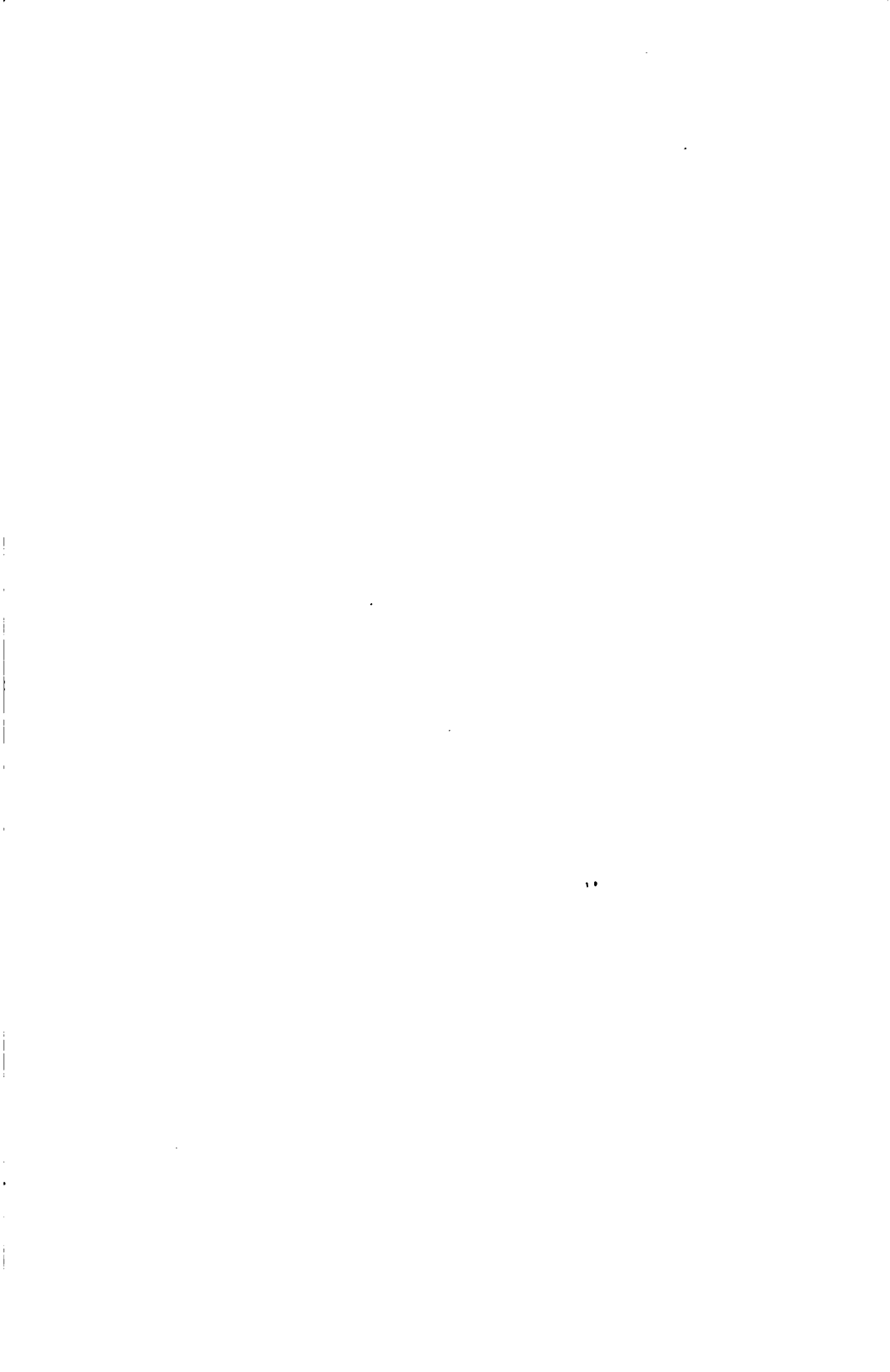
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TO
THE PEOPLE OF PORTUGAL
WHO GAVE THEIR PRINCESS
THROUGHOUT HER LIFE
LOVE, LOYALTY, DEVOTION,
AND BY WHOM
IN HER DEATH SHE IS NOT FORGOTTEN



PREFACE

THE court of the second Charles of England fluttered with dazzling and frivolous beauties. They obscured the softer light of other women who boasted only such trite and gentle virtues as womanliness, the fear of God, modesty, honesty, and truth. Queen Catherine's contemporaries detested her for her creed and her piety, for her uselessness as a political tool, for her bitter misfortune of childlessness, for the stumbling-block that she innocently formed to their greed and ambition. They have left her portrait to posterity painted in malignant colours. They drew her a hideous, repulsive fool, too dull to be wicked, too narrow and prudish to have a heart. It is time that the blots should be sponged from the picture. Catherine lived in her husband's court as Lot lived in Sodom. She did justly, and loved mercy, and walked humbly with her God in the midst of a seething corruption and iniquity only equalled, perhaps, in the history of Imperial Rome. She loved righteousness and her fellows, and, above all, the one man who won her heart on the day of her marriage, and kept it till

the grave shut over her. She was one of the best and purest women who ever shared the throne of England. She had equal qualities of head and heart, and both were beyond the average. It has been a pleasant and wholesome labour to trace her blameless life, and to unfold the wrappings that have long hidden the character refined and ennobled by much unnecessary suffering.

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CATHERINE OF BRAGANÇA

CHAPTER I

EARLY LIFE

THE year was 1638. The season was the dawn of that Portuguese winter that is gay with flowers. It was St. Catherine's Day—November 25, and it was dark evening. Eight o'clock had long sounded from the bells of the churches and the clocks of the palace. Nine was not yet due, when a joyful murmur and stirr thrilled through the ducal palace of Villa Viçosa. Donna Luiza, wife of the Duke of Bragança and daughter of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, had been in her pains all day. Now she had given birth to a daughter.

It was the girl-child who was fated to a destiny so varied, and to a life so chequered that the mother who bore her could never have forecast it. She was to be in future times Catherine the Humiliated, the wronged, the disdained. But no shadow of the days before her lay on the ducal cradle where they placed her. She was hailed with warm welcomes—the first daughter after two sons. The palace rang with happy congratulations. To her parents, in their love-marriage, she came as its crown and its completion.

It was in troubled times that she opened her eyes to the light. Portugal was on the very eve of a revolution. It was partly to withdraw himself from

the party faction that would have made him their centre that Dom João of Bragança (known to English history as John of Braganza) had retired from Lisbon to his beautiful possession of Villa Viçosa, justly called the earthly paradise of Portugal. He took with him his family, knowing well that in the troublous times that threatened he was safe only among his own people, and in his own territory. João of Bragança was of the blood royal. The story of his descent was a story of struggle and violence.

Portugal was a mere earldom till 1169, when, on the field of a mighty victory over the Moors, Dom Alphonzo, the then count, was proclaimed king by his exultant army, and Portugal became a kingdom. From that time there were wars and rumours of wars—struggles with the Moors, struggles with Castile the Magnificent, who had a covetous eye on Portugal. In the fifteenth century a certain Count of Barcellos, a natural son of King João, was made Duke of Bragança, and from him the baby Catherine was descended. In 1469 Portugal found herself at war with England over some of her shipping which the English had wrongfully seized. There was war with Spain in 1474, after the marriage of Ferdinand of Arragon with Isabella of Castile, on account of the Portuguese people desiring that Isabella's niece should have the kingdom of Castile conferred on her and should marry their King, Alphonzo V.

The Portuguese people were by this time growing into a comparatively strong nation. They were the most enlightened and enterprising race of Europe, and their voyages and discoveries made them masters of the Indian Ocean and gave them dominant power on the coasts of Africa and Asia. They discovered Brazil in 1501, and made praiseworthy efforts to colonize it. Altogether they were rising into a position when it was perhaps to be expected that the eye of a jealous neighbour should be cast on

them. Castile was ready at the first opening to possess herself of Portugal, and Spain was no more backward in her longings. King João's brother-in-law, the then Duke of Bragança, conspired against him a little later on, and was executed. His sons and brothers fled to Castile for safety, but were recalled in the next reign and reinstated. Portugal's Indian possessions were now gorgeous and rich, and Portugal was steadily growing in importance.

From 1557 to 1562 a Catherine, who was the consort of a Duke of Bragança, was Queen of Portugal. She was our Catherine's great-grandmother. The throne of Portugal became so nearly vacant in 1578 that civil wars were imminent. Claimants sprang up on all sides. The Duke of Bragança put in his claim, as husband of the granddaughter of King Manoel. Dom Henry, the reigning king, was without heirs, in a direct line. Philip of Spain, seeing at last a chance of annexing the so-long-coveted country, claimed at once through his two grandfathers, Manoel and João the third. But, according to Portuguese law, a foreigner could not inherit the crown. The Prince of Parma also put in a claim, and the country was in confusion between the rival claimants.

Spain took the short step, and declared war on Portugal. The Duke of Alva attacked the fleet of Portugal, and took it. Lisbon the beautiful was surrounded. Portugal had to surrender to her more powerful enemy. Now began a reign of unjust oppression. Taxes were imposed, the rule was heavy, the judgment cruel. For sixty years Portugal groaned under the iron yoke of her conquerors. There seemed no hope of relief from her miseries. But the heirs of the Duke of Bragança still firmly held to their claims to the throne, and refused to resign them.

A more miserable condition than Portugal's at this time it would be hard to picture. The Spanish rule was tyrannical, and enriched itself at the expense of

the ground-down people. The country was ripe for revolt, if any one would head it. The Duchess of Mantua had been appointed vice-queen of Lisbon, and she governed with an unjust harshness. The nobles were subjected to insults at which their fiery pride burned. They who had driven back the hosts of Rome from their borders, and defied the fierce Moors, were now held slaves under the heel of an imperious woman, the representative of a hated foreign nation. Secret societies were organized, and had night meetings in mysterious places in the town of Lisbon. They spread to the provincial towns, and all Portugal was on the verge of an upheaval. Duke João of Bragança was the last of the old royal line, and was fondly regarded by the nobles. He was rich and powerful, and had multitudes of dependents. He was their one hope as a rival to the steel grip of Spain.

The secret societies approached him with the deepest privacy. They begged him to take the throne, if they could wrest it from the Spanish hold. They assured him passionately that the people would flock round him, the nobles would put their swords at his service. He was the rightful heir to the crown, and if he would but pledge himself to take it, they would win it for him. Dom João, perhaps not unnaturally, hesitated. To venture and lose, would be to lose too his dukedom, his life, it might be the lives of his family. He had been born in the times of oppression. It may be the chains did not gall so much as if they had been clapped on later.

The moment was vital. Some whisper, perhaps, had got abroad of the temper of the Portuguese people, and Philip of Spain's Prime Minister had summoned Dom João to appear at Madrid. The summons was a menace, and so he understood it. He temporized, and delayed his journey for eight days, sending on some of his servants ahead in the meanwhile. It is curious to read that it was the baby

Catherine's influence that turned the scale of her father's hesitation.

Catherine was by this time a pretty and engaging child of two years old. She was the pet and darling of her two elder brothers, and of her father and mother. She had been baptized at a tender age, in the ducal chapel of the palace of Villa Viçosa, on December 12, not three weeks after her birth, and her godfather was Dom Frances code Mello, the Marquez de Ferreira, a rich grandee of high rank, and a devoted friend and supporter of her father.¹ The ceremony was performed by Antonio de Brito e Sousa, the dean of the chapel, and she was given the name of Catherine in honour of her patron saint, on whose day she was born. Now, as destiny would have it, it was on her second birthday, November 25, 1640, that the nobles of Portugal, stung with the intolerable pricks of their slavery, sent their envoy Dom Gaspar Coutigno secretly to Villa Viçosa to pray Catherine's father, in the name of the associated patriots, to accept their leadership and the throne of Portugal. As has just been said, Dom João hesitated. It was a cast of the dice on which he must stake all, and for a moment he deliberated. Then Catherine's mother, the high-spirited daughter of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, could not refrain herself any longer.

"My friend," she said, "if thou goest to Madrid thou runnest the hazard of losing thy head. If thou acceptest the throne thou runnest the same hazard. If thou must perish, better die nobly at home than basely abroad." The Duke was moved at her speech, but still he deliberated. He was amazingly happy in his lot. His was an ideal marriage, and his affectionate nature found enough joy in his wife and his children. He was lord of immense estates, which embraced quite a third of the whole kingdom. He was popular and beloved. He still kept silence.

¹ *Historia Genealogica da Casa Real Portuguese*, by P. D. Antonio Caetano de Sousa, vol. vii.

Then his wife spoke again. "This day our friends are assembled to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of our little Catherine, and who knows but this new guest may have been sent to certify you that it is the will of Heaven to invest you with that crown of which you have long been unjustly deprived by Spain? For my part, I regard it as a happy presage that he comes on such a day." Turning to her attendants, she ordered them to bring into the Duke's presence the little daughter to whom he was so devoted. She took the child in her arms, and made her kiss her father, and she said softly, "How can you find it in your heart to refuse to confer on this child the rank of a king's daughter?" It is curious to reflect that, but for Catherine's own unconscious intervention, her life's history would never have been written as Queen of England. As the daughter of the Duke of Bragança she was no match for royalty. Her baby kiss turned the scale that made her a king's daughter; for her father instantly declared that he was willing to accept the proposals of the revolutionary party, and to place his life, his fortune, and his happiness at the service of his country. Dom Gaspar Coutigno at once left Villa Viçosa, travelling over the fine roads where the bullock carts—unaltered in shape since the Roman occupation—grated on their united wheels and axles with a horrible sound, supposed by their drivers to scare away the devil. The rains of the winter weeks had not yet begun. He travelled swiftly to Lisbon.

The plot was now complete in every particular. On the morning of December 1 a pistol shot was fired as a signal. The assembled conspirators burst into the royal palace of Lisbon, drawing their swords, and shouting with one voice, "Liberty and Dom João the Fourth, King of Portugal!" They rushed through the rooms unresisted, beating back the Swiss guard and the Spaniards of the household. Vasconcellos, the Vice-Queen's secretary, urged by the officers and servants of the palace, fled before the approaching

rebels, and concealed himself in a secret cupboard. Whether some inmate of the palace betrayed him will never be known, or whether it was the knowledge of the invaders that was fatal to him. But the secret cupboard was found and opened. He was dragged out, shot, stabbed, and flung from the window, and the furious mob showered outrage on the corpse.

The Vice-Queen flung wide the windows of her room, shrieking for help, and tried to address the people gathered in surging hordes outside the palace. The conspirators entered behind her unperceived, and took her into custody. They treated her with extreme respect, but forbade her to leave the palace. She retired to her own apartments, overcome with chagrin.

The city was now secured, but the fortress was still in the possession of the Spaniards, and the object of the conspirators was at once to obtain possession of it. They requested the Vice-Queen to sign a note commanding the governor to surrender the fortress, and to give them the note when she had written it. At first she haughtily refused, enraged at the demand, and determined to withstand them by every means in her power. But politic threats of beheading all the Spaniards in the city unless she yielded, made her at last desperately obey them. She wrote the note, hoping eagerly that the governor would understand from the wording that it was extorted. But the governor was a coward, and, thankful to have his life spared, he flung open the gates without hesitation.

In like fashion she had to give orders for the surrender of all the strong fortifications in the neighbourhood. No sooner were the Spaniards disarmed and overpowered than a message was sent by swift envoy to the Duke at Villa Viçosa, eighty miles away. The Archbishop of Lisbon and the cathedral canons sang a *Te Deum* of solemn thanksgiving, to which the multitudes thronged, exulting and rejoicing. The conspirators joined in it also. The Archbishop took the regency till the uncrowned King could arrive

amongst them. He was not long in coming. As he entered the city the crowds thronged round him, blessing and welcoming. They followed him to the palace gates, where the great standard of Portugal was once more flaunting in the breeze, and their shouts rent the air, even after he had disappeared from their sight. Portugal was free, and their own Duke was the King of it!

The Vice-Queen, and the Archbishop of Braga, who had been her chief supporter, were sent to Xabregas. The country people were asking who João IV. was—he had lived so privately. But their joy was great when they knew that he was of the old royal house, and their thanksgivings for freedom after sixty years of oppression, floated from church and cathedral. It was on December 3 that little Catherine first set eyes on the spires and towers of Lisbon, and looked wonderingly at the great palace that was to be her prison-home till her marriage. The bells clamoured and the people shouted. There was never so joyful an entry of any Portuguese king to his capital.

João was thirty-seven years of age when he took the crown. He was a man of severely simple life—and habits that were almost those of an anchorite. He dressed as plainly as one of his own peasants. He was extremely active in his habits, and enjoyed violent exercise. The people adored him.

It was somewhat curious that they received his Queen without prejudice. She was a Spaniard. But the nation knew that it was through her persuasions that her husband had been stirred to accept the crown, and they were grateful.

King João, surnamed "The Fortunate," was not to fill his throne in undisputed peace. At first he was surrounded by secret foes, who at Spain's instigation attempted to assassinate him. War, of course, still raged with Spain, and though João was amazingly successful, and won almost every battle,

still Spain was not going to let her precious possession go without a fierce struggle. Spain was by far the more powerful of the two wrestlers in that deadly combat. Hers were all the wealth, all the training, all the resources. But those who fight for freedom fight with a zeal unknown to other men. It was 1644 when the Spanish forces were at last routed in a decisive victory, and João IV. was King of his country.

His eldest son, Dom Theodozio, was proclaimed his heir, but he died at the age of nineteen, and his death greatly affected João, who was one of the most affectionate of fathers. Anxieties from within and without harassed him. His title as King of Portugal was not acknowledged by the Pope, or by any of the Catholic courts of Europe. France turned a cold shoulder on him. England was the only country that showed friendship. Charles I. acknowledged him as sovereign, though he could not render him any more active service. This support affected João with the keenest gratitude, and directly the victory of 1644 settled his final claims to the throne, he ordered his ambassador, Sabran, to approach Charles on the subject of a marriage between the Prince of Wales and little Catherine, then six years old.

The position of Portugal, hemmed in on all sides by jealous enemies, looked coldly on by the other nations of Europe, made powerful alliances a burning need. To secure the partisanship of England was a thing for which Portugal was painfully eager. Daughters in those days were pawns, to be played with on the board of personal advantage. King João thought he would be fortunate indeed if his little pawn-daughter should mate a useful king.

(In England the proposed marriage was not warmly received. Charles I., though well aware how useful Catherine's dowry would be to himself and his party, dared not incur his subjects' displeasure by a Catholic marriage for his son.¹) He knew very well that the

¹ *Letters of King Charles I.*

English people would have been angered by the very suggestion, and indeed there were mutterings amongst those who were aware of King João's purposes, that there was far too much discrepancy in age between the children. Catherine, in 1645, was seven, and the Prince of Wales fifteen. Indeed, Miss Strickland actually assures us that when in after years Catherine and Charles eventually married, she was considered by many people to be too old for so much older a husband!¹ It is difficult to understand the objection!

The idea of an alliance by marriage with England was so acceptable to the Portuguese people that they with difficulty abandoned it. Of course the flood-tide of adversity that swamped the House of Stuart for a while put a stop to any such hopes. Charles I. was beheaded, his son a homeless exile. There was certainly no room for a royal marriage while the Commonwealth prevailed. Yet England still showed itself favourable to Portugal. In 1654 Cromwell renewed the commercial treaty of 1642, and England could still be counted on as Portugal's friend.

Of the child-days of little Catherine it would be deeply interesting to know something. But unfortunately history is mute. It would have been delightful to know how her first doll was dressed, and how she ploughed her painful way through the earliest fields of learning, and what were her lesson books. We only know that she had her education at a convent.² It may possibly have been that "nunnery of a very strict order, where are persons of the best quality" spoken of in after years by Sir Francis Parry in a letter to Sir R. Southwell from Lisbon. He describes the convent as standing just inside "the great gate that goes to Aeleantara" (Alcantara) and calls it the place where the "Marquera de Mira" lately retired. He also says that the Queen of England was a

¹ Miss Strickland, *Lives of the Queens of England*, vol. v.

² *Ibid.*, vol. v.

benefactress of it.¹ If so, it may certainly have been that Catherine's gifts were in grateful memory of happy girl-days spent there. But the convents of Portugal in the seventeenth century, like those of other countries, by no means supplied a liberal education. Girls learnt to embroider beautifully, to mix simples, to sing hymns to the Madonna. They were trained in music, and attended endless services. It is fully evident, from Catherine's later history, that she possessed such powers of mind as might have made her conspicuous, in that age of bookless women, if her mind had been properly filled and instructed.

Her character, as it shows itself in her girlish days, is always thoughtful, sweet, affectionate. She inherited from her mother, Luiza de Gusman, daughter of the great Spanish house of Medina Sidonia, a vigorous understanding and great ruling ability. The Queen of Portugal continued to keep an ascendancy over her husband's complex temperament even when he was on the throne and virtual ruler. She was the power behind the throne he sat on. Hers were the counsels of strength and courage, which, if he had been always able to follow them faithfully, would have raised Portugal into a nation able to hold its own unassisted by England. We are told that Catherine's education was superintended carefully by her mother.² It is very possible that it was the Queen who first thought of and suggested the idea of the English marriage for her. It is certain that it was all through her young days her mother's most passionate desire, and that even in the evil times of the exiled Stuarts she never gave up hope of it.

It was probably from her father that Catherine inherited her good nature and her sweetness of disposition. She had her mother's Spanish complexion and dark eyes and hair. From her also she had her beautifully shaped hands and feet—always remarked, even by her unkindest detractors. She was extremely

¹ *Southwell Papers.*

² *Queens of England.*

petite; some of her enemies spoke of her as a dwarf—a ridiculous slander. Evelyn says of her that “though low of stature, she was prettily shaped,” and “lovely enough” when he saw her in England.¹ Her earliest portraits show an open, pleasant girl-face, with a thoughtful expression, even in smiling, and a faint pout to the lips; but of that there will be more to say presently. She was quiet in manner, dignified and self-possessed, and had plenty of wit and spirit in her talk. She was the pet and darling of her family, and of the nation. It is small wonder if she inherited some of her mother’s strong will, and added to it some wilfulness of her own. She was naturally serious in mind, and her convent training probably put the capstone to her passionate devotion. She was religious in heart and mind—a religion that permeated every hour of her day, every thought of her mind. The convent should have been her vocation, and there are hints that in very early youth she would have desired it. But her ambitious mother had far other schemes for her only girl.

Catherine’s baby days had been spent in Villa Viçosa, and her baby feet may have taken their first steps in the great saloon there, where the five-and-twenty portraits of the House of Bragança frown or simper from the walls. Now she was in Lisbon, city of delight. It was ranked third of all European cities in beauty, especially on the sea approach. It stood on seven hills, like Rome, and its palaces and churches were beautiful and stately, and its fortresses were strong. When spring set in, the country round about was white with the foam of orange and lemon and citron trees, and pink with the bloom of the peach. There the fig and the almond and the mulberry ripened, and the pomegranate and the myrtle and the rosemary and the lavender grew into mighty shrubs. The licorice flourished, and camellia trees grew five-and-twenty feet high. The vines festooned the tall

¹ *Diary*, May 30, 1662.



BARBARA VILLIERS, DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND.
From the original after Sir Peter Lely in the National Portrait Gallery.

trees, and dangled their purple bunches. The arbutus and the oleander, the mimosa and magnolia, made the hill slopes and the valleys one vast paradise. At night the nightingale sent her sobbing thrill from the thickets, and by day the great bustards flapped their slow flight northwards where the mountain summits still held their snow. Beautiful rivers took their twining way through the wild gorges. The medley of colour in trees and plants and flowers bewildered the eye. Even in Catherine's convent garden she might see the tulip-trees unwrap their leaves round their white flowers, and the Judas-tree blush its rosy shame.

When she was eighteen the second grief of her life befell her. The first had been her brother Theodozio's death. Some expressions in her will, more than forty years after, show how deeply she had loved this elder brother, and how she remembered him through her life. Now she was to have another loss, even more vital to her than his.

For some time her father, King João, had been in bad health. He was threatened with dropsy, and his constitutional lack of initiative was increased by his ailments. He had so far overpowered the hosts of Spain and discouraged them, that if he had had the courage and enterprise to push on to Madrid with his advantage, he might have taken the city, and become master of Spain. But he had neither spirit nor initiative enough. He grew weaker and more ill, and finally, on November 6, 1656, he breathed his last. He left to Catherine the Island of Madeira, the city of Lanego, and the town of Moura, with all their privileges, territories, rents and tributes, to be enjoyed by her. He also gave her other places, and other sources of income, but he provided that in case of her marriage out of the kingdom, she should give them back to the crown, on receiving a just equivalent. These gifts were made her for the maintenance of her court. He also made provision for the removal of the bones of his eldest son Theodozio from the Church

of Belem, where he had been buried, to the convent of St. Vincent, outside the city, but this was, for some reason or other, still neglected at the time of Catherine's own death in 1705.

The King's death left Portugal at the mercy of his eldest surviving son, Alphonzo, a perfectly incapable successor. He had had a paralytic attack in infancy, which had affected his intellect. He was vicious, silly, and given to outrageous violence. His favourite amusement was to head a band of ruffians at night, who attacked the houses of inoffensive citizens, and robbed and murdered in the open streets. He filled the palace with people of ill character when he became absolute King. Meanwhile the Portuguese people were not anxious to submit themselves to the rule of a maniac, and they at once appointed the late King's widow regent. Miss Strickland ascribes this appointment to "the confidence reposed by all parties in the talents and virtues of the widowed Queen. She was allowed to assume the reins of government, which she retained for upwards of ten years."¹ But however great the talents and virtues of King João's widow, she would never have been handed the regency if her son had been capable of governing. He was fully at years of discretion, for such days, but discretion and he remained strangers to each other for the rest of his life, and he did not show the slightest inclination to cultivate even a bowing acquaintance with it.

Miss Strickland says also that "The Queen-Regent was considered universally to be the wisest sovereign in Europe."² She was certainly extremely clever, in diplomacy as well as in her domestic management. But she had no talent for war. She carried on the contest with Spain with poor spirit, and with little effect, though there were lavish preparations made on both sides. Spain equally blundered. But in the home councils the Queen-Regent always displayed sound judgment.

¹ *Queens of England*, vol. v.

² *Ibid.*

It is probable that Catherine left the convent at the time of her father's death, or soon after, for Maynard speaks of her in 1661 as "not having been out of the palace in five years, and hardly ten times in her life." As she had been inside the palace for five years she must have been there since 1656, the year of her father's death. It is likely that, her education being considered finished, and her household maintenance specially proved by her father's will giving her her own establishment, she at once took her place, under her mother's immediate eye, to wait till a suitable marriage offered itself. Many proposals were made for the hand of a princess who might command so huge a dowry as hers. But to each and all the Queen-Regent made some excuse. The alliance with England had been the dream of her life, and she did not give up hope of it yet. Her faith must have been amazing to see ahead, through all the tumults and storms of his misfortunes, Charles II. of England as an eligible *parti*.

Her ambition, both for the sake of her daughter, and the sake of Portugal, was to see Catherine Queen-Consort of England. She knew well that marriage would cement the bond between Portugal and England as nothing else could. With so powerful a nation at her back, Portugal's safety was assured. This became all the more urgent when France professed, in the Treaty of the Pyrenees, to abandon Portugal. With France on the side of Spain, little Portugal ran the risk of being swallowed by her old enemy. In 1660 Dom Francesco de Mello, Catherine's godfather, negotiated a new treaty with England, in the hope of keeping her a friend. When rumours of the Restoration began to creep about, no one quite knew how, de Mello sounded Monk as to the idea of bringing forward afresh the old suggestion of a marriage between the restored King and the Portuguese Infanta.

Catherine's mother had undoubtedly held the reins of government ably. She had proved the truth of the

saying that the marriages of the Kings of Portugal had almost always a signal effect for good or ill on the country. Her influence had been astonishingly beneficial. But, for a managing mother, she showed wild stupidity. She had destined Catherine from her cradle for the wife of the King of England, and yet she had given her an education absolutely calculated to make it impossible for her to adorn the position. Instead of the accomplishments which the princesses of other courts in Europe were assiduous in learning—instead of tact and skill and diplomatic manner and a charming address—Catherine had been taught to sing hymns to the Virgin, or to embroider altar-cloths. She was ignorant of courts or courtly intrigues. She knew nothing of men, or their hearts, or habits. She was uninformed of the first steps of the art of charming, in an age when to charm was to have power over the world. She studied her breviary, and told her beads, and wrapped her soul in a devotional contemplation of Heaven. She would have made an excellent and holy nun. With a different training, given her natural powers of person and mind, her sweetness and her high standard, she would have made a Queen of England who would have changed the destinies of the Stuarts, and come down to posterity with a name as resplendent as that of Anne or Elizabeth. Another mother, more wise than Queen Luiza, would have armed her child for the life she was bent on securing for her. The fatal folly of her training was to be the ruin of her daughter's life.

Portugal, in the seventeenth century, was behind-hand in the world's race. Her Court was still sombre, formal, hedged in with iron ceremonies. Her nobles were stiff and grave. Her women still were secluded in a privacy and an effacement that was a reminder of the days of the Moors. Well-born girls were carefully kept from the contamination of the world. They were shut up like nuns till they married, and even then they had not much more freedom of inter-

course. They had duennas who guarded them from even speaking to a man outside their own family. And as Maynard truthfully said, Catherine had not been outside the palace walls for five years. This was the snow-white child-maiden who was to be thrust into the freest and most licentious of courts. She was to be offered up to a connoisseur in female charm—who had seen the loveliest and most accomplished women in the courts of Europe, and whose wit soon wearied of an intellect that could not reflect his own. If any mother had planned her child's misery and failure, she could not have done it with more careful preparation than the Queen-mother gave to Catherine's future.

The girl had her father's sweetness and her mother's strength of character. She hated to be crossed, and indeed, up to this period, no one had desired to thwart her. She was keenly aware of her dignity as Royal Princess, and she had the Spanish pride in her that was her mother's inheritance. Frank and warm-hearted, with a mind so lofty that throughout her wide history she was never known to do a mean or ignoble thing, or to say a spiteful word, she lived in a world of her own, exalted in the ecstasy of Church services amongst her gloomy duennas, and in the intolerably wearing ceremonies of the Court.

(The Stuart Restoration took place in 1660. Immediately it was accomplished, Portugal's revived hopes led it at once to open again the marriage proposals. To obtain the consent of Charles to the alliance, the most tempting and generous proposals were made.) It was a fortunate moment. Charles, who in his exile had been an ignored bachelor, was now the sovereign of a great kingdom, and his marriage was an affair of immediate and pressing importance. To secure an heir was vital—all the more that the temper of the country was still not universally in train with the return of the Stuarts. Some of the old Commonwealth supporters still looked gloomy things, and kept their disaffection.

CHAPTER II

THE BRIDEGROOM

AND what manner of man was the bridegroom for whom Catherine had been destined by the hopes of her country from her cradle? Charles Stuart, third of the Stuart Kings of England, was the Prince Charming of Europe at the time of his restoration to his father's throne. Witty, quick, brave, accomplished, there was no prince in existence who could compare with him in engaging qualities. He was good-natured to a grave fault; he was kind-hearted and warmly affectionate. He had from birth a generous disposition, and his manners were perfection. Nobody so excelled in all courtly ways and customs. He danced so that the whole Court of The Hague stood still to look at him. He had had a career so romantic, and misfortunes so great, and escapes so daring, that a girl might well be forgiven if his name seemed to her like that of the hero of a fairy tale. He was Roland, he was Oliver, he was every paladin. Born at the Palace of St. James's, on May 29, 1630, at one o'clock in the afternoon, the whole nation hailed the appearance of the planet Venus in full daylight at that moment as the most happy of omens. His parents welcomed him with joy. Their first-born son, Charles James, had died at his birth, and the nation went frantic over this new heir to the crown. De Vic, the English Ambassador

at Paris, heard of it in a letter from Lord Dorchester.

“Yesterday at noon the Queen was made the happy mother of a Prince of Wales. Herself, God be thanked, is in a good estate, and what a child can promise that reckons yet but two days is already visible as a gracious pledge from Heaven of the blessings which are conveyed and assured to kingdoms in the issue of their princes. As this hath set on to work here whatever may serve to speak the fulness of our hearts in the language of public rejoicing, so His Majesty hath thought fit to communicate his contentment to the King and Queen of France by his own letters, whereof Mr. Montague is the bearer, and hath commission to invite that King and the Queen-mother to join with the Queen of Bohemia in christening of the young Prince.”

The joy of the nation was loud. Oxford celebrated the event in printed poems, and it is recorded that Cambridge's omission to do the same gave dire offence. Charles, as his portraits show, was a little person with a dark skin and good eyes. His mother thought him so ugly when he was born that she wrote a letter of laughing apology on the subject of his looks. He was somewhat uncouth, as a little boy, and stammered, and was shy. His mother, the graceful and charming Henrietta Maria, took the greatest pains to break him of his *gaucherie*, and it was no doubt owing to her pains that his manners in after life were remarked as perfect, and his speech was distinct and good, though deliberate. He showed from his cradle a love for the humorous, and a strong, bright wit. He also gave tokens of self-indulgence. His mother's pleasure-loving nature no doubt accounted in some measure for this, and it must be remembered that he came of a self-indulgent and pleasure-loving race in the Stuarts.

He had a funny little habit, in early days, of carrying in his arms wherever he went a billet of wood,

to which he was so devoted that he never would go abroad without it, and it shared his pillow.

At the age of eight he received knighthood, and was endowed with the Garter at Windsor with the usual ceremonies. Soon after his birth he had been proclaimed Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester.

His mother's first letter to him is preserved, written in her own hand. It gives some early hint of his extreme dislike of the unpleasant.

CHARLES,

I am sore that I must begin my first letter with chiding you because I hear that you will not take physic. I hope it is only for this day, and that tomorrow you will do it, for if you will not I must come to you and make you take it, for it is for your health. I have given orders to My Lord Newcastle (his governor) to send me word to-night whether you will or not; therefore I hope you will not give me the pains to go. And so I rest,

Your affectionate Mother,

HENRIETTE MARIE, R.

To my dear son the Prince.

This motherly appeal evidently had its desired effect, for in another letter, to be seen in the British Museum, Charles writes as follows to his governor, the Earl of Newcastle. The paper is ruled above and below the lines in pencil, and the writing is childish but careful.

MY LORD,

I would not have you take too much physic, for it doth always make me worse, and I think it will do the like with you. I ride every day, and am ready to follow any other directions from you. Make haste to return to him that loves you.

CHARLES, P.

To my Lord of Newcastle.

The two letters hold a realistic picture of the days when children were subjected to constant and pitiless dosing, and Charles's letter gives a hint of his inborn wit.

The Earl of Newcastle had been appointed his governor when the Prince reached the age of eight. This nobleman was a stately and foolish person, with little intelligence, but excellent in arms. Charles might have learnt but little in his care, save the art of bearing arms, and the strict rules of warfare, but at least he could have learnt little harm. If he had been left longer with this pompous, shallow-pated governor it would have been less fatal to his character than the change that came when he was eleven years old, and had been but two years in the Earl's keeping. He was removed to the charge of William, Marquis of Hertford—a change hard to account for when made by people like his parents, who had the good of their children at heart. Especially is it to be marvelled at in Charles I., who desired to see his sons brought up in moral rectitude. It can only be concluded that the appointment was made for political reasons, or that the Marquis of Hertford's private life and character were unknown to the King and Queen. He was a man given over to dissipation, without religion or morality. He made it his pleasure to instil the knowledge of every kind of evil into the mind of his young pupil, and from his earliest and most impressionable days Charles was instructed in wickedness. Much of his later history owes its colour to that instruction.

In 1642 the troublous times had begun. England was in arms, or arming. Charles's father gave him command of the troop of horse he had raised at York as a body-guard; but Charles was, of course, too young to take part in the battle of Edgehill, which he, however, watched from a little hill-slope in the distance. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, was left in charge of Charles and his

younger brother, the Duke of York, while the battle was in fighting. It is recorded of their protector that he was so deeply engaged in a book he drew from his pocket, and dived into, that bullets fell near them without his observing them.

Charles's last sight of his father, to whom he was deeply attached, was on March 4, 1644. The following year he was sent to serve with the royal troops in the West country, and given the rank of general. Wherever there was a chance of fighting he fought gallantly, with dauntless bravery, and a reckless disregard of his own person. After the dire disaster of Naseby he got safely out of the country, and withdrew to the Scilly Isles, and thence to Jersey. He was there from 1645 to 1646, when he joined his mother, Queen Henrietta Maria, in Paris. During his stay in the island of Jersey a son was born to him. Dr. Airy, in his *Life of Charles II.*, instances this as a proof of extreme juvenile depravity. It is quite safe to say that that is the last light in which it would have appealed to Charles himself. When we consider an epoch different from our own we must study the atmosphere and the peculiar conditions of it. One age can no more be judged by the standard of another than a savage can be criticized by the standard of the civilized. What in one period is praised and approved, in another is condemned and outcast. Morality is morality all the world through, but till the Victorian age in England what were called affairs of gallantry were not only condoned but lauded. Charles's tutor had trained him to look on moral rectitude as a thing absurd and laughable. And in the school of the Cavalier army he had served with, illicit connections were a matter of course, and no gentleman was without them.

As far as juvenility goes, once more the different age has its different standards. In the seventeenth century boys married at fourteen, and were considered

old enough to lead armies. Charles was looked on by his contemporaries as a grown man at fifteen—exempt from governors and rulers. The Marquis of Halifax, in his appreciation of the character of Charles, says “his health and constitution predisposed him to love affairs.”

The mother of this first of his many illegitimate sons is said to have been of the most distinguished blood in the kingdom. The boy himself appeared later on in London, and came to the Court.¹ He appealed to Charles, who immediately acknowledged him, and gave him the name of James de la Cloche du Bourg de Jarsey. He bound him over not to reveal his parentage while Charles himself was living, and this the young James agreed to. In 1667 Charles assigned him five hundred pounds a year at the pleasure of his successor and Parliament as long as James remained in London, and continued to be a member of the Church of England. Neither of these conditions did James de la Cloche du Bourg de Jarsey fulfil. In April of the same year he entered the Church of Rome, and apparently took refuge with the Jesuits, as papers relating the whole affair have, according to Dr. Airy, been seen, and are still to be seen, in the Jesuit College in Rome.

He had made his first effort to bring himself to Charles's notice in 1665. The youth must then have been twenty or twenty-one. So well did he keep his own and his father's secret that its existence was never even suspected till the discovery of the papers in the Jesuits' College. Charles's generosity and kindness to him were on a par with what he extended to all his left-handed children. He was through his life of an affectionate disposition, and would give away his last farthing to those he was fond of.

When Charles left Jersey the troubles in England were at their height, and the hopes of the Royalists at their lowest. He made his way to France, and

¹ *Charles II.*, O. Airy.

on to Paris, where his mother, Queen Henrietta Maria, with her youngest daughter, had been welcomed cordially by her nephew Louis XIV., the young King. She had been received with honour by him and his mother, and his Court, and given a lodging at the expense of the kingly purse. But she was in a distraction of anxiety and grief at the parting from her husband, and the uncertainty as to his fate, though her wildest fears never pointed to his trial and execution. She was sanguine by temperament, and confidently looked forward to a return to England, and a restoration to the throne, which were never to be hers, poor woman! Charles left her presently, and went on to his elder sister's Court at The Hague—she had married the Prince of Orange. He was still there in 1649 when the heavy news of his father's death reached him. He had anticipated it, but when the news came and his fears were realized, it overwhelmed him.

It may be that he also at the same time received the letter which his father had written him in almost his last hours. One or two extracts may well be given here as examples of the mind of Charles I.—miserable King, but faultless husband and father.

TO CHARLES, PRINCE OF WALES,¹

I would rather you should be Charles *le bon* than *le grand*, good rather than great. I hope God hath designed you to be both. . . . With God I would have you begin and end, who is King of Kings. . . . Your fixation in matters of religion will not be more necessary for your soul's than for your kingdom's peace [alluding to the earnest hope that he would continue in the principles of the Church of England]. Always keep up solid piety—if you never see my face again, and God will have me buried in such a barbarous imprisonment and obscurity (which the perfecting some men's designs require) wherein few

¹ *Letters of Charles I.*

hearts that love me are permitted to exchange a word or look with me, I do require and entreat you as your father and your King that you never suffer your heart to receive the least check against or disaffection from the true religion established in the Church of England—keep you to the true principles of piety, virtue and honour,—you shall never want a kingdom! I pray God bless you, and establish your kingdoms in righteousness, your soul in true religion, and your honour in the love of God and your people. At worst, I trust I shall but go before you to a better kingdom, which God hath prepared for me, and me for it, through my Saviour Jesus Christ, to whose mercy I commend you and all mine. Farewell, till we meet, if not on earth, yet in Heaven.

It is probable that the impression made by this letter on Charles may have still been strong when he so passionately resisted his mother's unscrupulous efforts to hale into the Church of Rome the protesting little Duke of Gloucester. The letter Charles wrote to him at that time conjured him to stand firm, and reminded him how opposed their father had been to their ever changing their religion. It was perhaps some thought of that letter that made him hesitate to declare himself a Catholic—apart from his fear of his people—for his affections were always stronger with Charles than any other consideration, till he stopped his ears to everything but the calls of pleasure.

The generosity and courage of Charles's early character are strikingly shown by an incident that took place just before his father's execution. Dr. William Harris, in his *Life of Charles II.*, says¹: "I know there is in the British Museum a blank paper, at the bottom of which, on the right hand, is written 'Charles P.,' and on the left, opposite thereunto, a seal is affixed, and on the back there is written, in another hand, 'Prince

¹ *Life of Charles II.*, Harris.

Charles,' his *carte blanche* to the Parliament to save his father's head." Charles actually sent this blank paper to the Commonwealth Parliament, desiring the members to inscribe their own terms on it, were it his own death-warrant, if only they would save his father's life. So noble and brave an action shows what manner of youth Charles was in those days of tribulation. But Parliament made no answer, and the King who had forfeited his Kingship was led to the scaffold.

On hearing the news of his father's execution Charles at once took the title of King, and signed himself "Charles R.," but his prospect of ever regaining the throne of his father was indeed faint and dim. England settled herself down to the new rule. Apparently she was satisfied to be rid of her Stuarts. The army, the country, were with Cromwell. The voice of those Royalists who still clung to the old cause was stifled and silenced.

Charles at once left The Hague for Paris, where he mourned for his father with his broken-hearted mother, and his little brother and sister. Unable to rest, and relinquish the kingdom that he claimed as his own, he responded to advances from Scotland. He made his way again to Jersey, and there accepted the invitation of the Presbyterians in Scotland to become their King. He left for the North, and the young Duke of Buckingham went with him—a lad gay, unprincipled, reckless, with a sneer for everything good, and a jest at everything sacred. Charles found himself forced to take the Covenant before he was allowed to land on the coasts of Scotland, and to accept all the conditions imposed on him by the Presbyterians. These were by no means light or easy. He was proclaimed King in Edinburgh on July 15, 1650, and crowned at Scone, the coronation place of all the Scottish kings, on January 1, 1651.

That time of his Scottish stay must have seemed to him in after days a nightmare. A more gloomy and dreary dispensation never fell on two miserable

young men, than that under which Charles and his companion shuddered. They were forced to listen to six sermons daily—sermons dry and arid, lengthy and ear-piercing. Charles had to hear his parents denounced as worldlings and sinners, his own gaiety and good-humour reproved as levity and flippancy. He was not even allowed to walk out on a Sunday, and he was reproved like a child for dancing or card-playing. Fastings and prayers were his fare. The most enormous stress was put on innocent diversions as being preparations for the nether regions. Yet immorality was entirely condoned, as long as it was hidden from the eyes of the public.¹

Charles, in these afflictions, is said to have impressed those about him with his seriousness. It is little wonder! The Marquis of Halifax declares that it was the Scottish Presbyterians who first gave him a distaste for Protestantism, and it is small blame to him! He was lectured and chidden, he was surrounded with faces that thought it sin to smile, and he was tormented with sermons. It was a long price to pay for an empty King-title!

For it was by no means sure that he would be allowed to remain a King, even in Scotland. Cromwell's forces had possessed themselves of a great part of the country. Charles saw that his only chance lay in a counter-attack. He resolved to march south, and at first success waited on him. He entered England—with what exultant hopes!—on August 6 of the same year that had seen him crowned at Scone, and he took possession of Carlisle, and was there, on English soil, proclaimed King once more. He met the Roundhead army at Worcester. Every one knows the disastrous issue of that day. He fought with desperation, but when the battle went against him he was dragged from the fight. He escaped, and of the three-and-forty days that followed that fateful September 3 not a hint comes down to us that is not full of romance, of mad

¹ *Court of England during the Stuarts*, Jesse.

courage, of cheerful endurance and patience. When at last he managed his escape back to the Continent, it was with a cause that seemed more hopelessly lost than ever.

He came, defeated and beaten, to the little, sordid, tinsel court his mother kept up under the shadow of Louis XIV.'s patronage. The stories of that time are pitiful reading: how the ex-Queen of England had to keep her little daughter in bed on cold days, since they had no fire; how to array themselves for court festivities cost anxious thought, and much borrowing; how their faithful servants went unpaid, or paid only by the sale of jewels and valuables. It was a time that might have broken the highest courage and the most undaunted spirit. Poor Charles Stuart! A King without a Kingdom, a Prince without a crown! An exile, a hanger-on of foreign courts that offered hospitality! A poor relation on the doorstep of rich men's houses! Sights and half-veiled humiliations were lavishly meted out to him. When his mother anxiously manœuvred for a marriage between himself and the King of France's cousin, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, she turned up her lofty nose at him. When he himself fell passionately in love with one of the beautiful nieces of Cardinal Mazarin, he was politely but emphatically refused. He was no match even for a noble Mancini!

If the iron ever entered into any soul it might have entered into his, in his exile.

To the historian who is at the same time a student of character, there can be no task more melancholy than to trace the deterioration of the Prince whose early days were crowned with such promise. If Charles II. had continued in his manhood to be the same Charles who could offer himself to die for his father, who could suffer misfortune and adversity with a gay temper, who put his country before himself—then at the Restoration England might indeed have been called blessed. Under his reign she might have

become more glorious at that epoch than at any other. Macaulay says of him :

“ He had received from nature excellent parts, and a happy temper. His education had been such as might have been expected to develop his understanding, and to form him to the practice of every public and private virtue. He had passed through all varieties of fortune, and had seen both sides of human nature. He had, while very young, been driven forth from a palace to a life of exile, penury, and danger. He had, when the mind and body are in highest perfection, and when the effervescence of boyish passions should have subsided, been recalled from his wanderings to wear a crown. He had been taught by bitter experience how much baseness, perfidy, and ingratitude may be hid under the obsequious manner of courtiers. He had found, on the other hand, in the huts of the forest, true nobility of soul.

“ When wealth was offered to any one who would betray him, when death was denounced against all who would shelter him, cottagers and serving-men kept his secret truly, and kissed his hand under his mean disguises with as much reverence as if he had been seated on his ancestral throne. From such a school it might have been expected that a young man who wanted neither abilities nor amiable qualities would have come forth a great and good king.

“ Charles came forth from that school with social habits, with polished and engaging manners, and with some talent for lively conversation, fond of sauntering and frivolous amusements, incapable of self-denial and of exertion, without faith in human virtue or in human attachment, without desire of renown or sensibility to reproach. According to him, every person was to be bought ; but some people haggled more about their price than others, and when this haggling was very obstinate and skilful it was called by some fine name. The chief trick by which men kept up the price of their abilities was called integrity. The chief trick by

which some handsome women kept up the price of their beauty was called modesty. The love of God, the love of country, the love of family, the love of friends, were phrases of the same sort—delicate and convenient synonyms for the love of self. Thinking thus of mankind, Charles naturally cared very little what they thought of him. Honour and shame were scarcely more to him than light and darkness to the blind. His contempt of flattery has been highly commended, but seems, when viewed in connection with the rest of his character, to deserve no commendation. It is possible to be below flattery, as well as to be above it. One who trusts nobody will not trust sycophants. One who does not value true glory will not value its counterfeit.

“The facility of Charles was such, perhaps, as never has been found in a man of equal sense. He was a slave without being a dupe. Worthless men and women, to the very bottom of whose hearts he saw, and whom he knew to be destitute of affection for himself, and undeserving of his confidence, could easily wheedle him out of titles, places, domains, state secrets and pardons. He bestowed much, yet he neither enjoyed the pleasure nor acquired the fame of beneficence. He never gave spontaneously, but it was painful to him to refuse. The consequence was that his bounty generally went not to those who deserved it, not even to those whom he liked best, but to the most shameless and importunate suitor who could obtain an audience. The motives which governed the political conduct of Charles differed widely from those by which his predecessor and successor were actuated. He was not a man to be imposed upon by the patriarchal theory of government and the doctrine of divine right. He was utterly without ambition. He detested business, and would sooner have abdicated his throne than have undergone the trouble of really directing the administration. Such was his aversion to toil, and such his ignorance of affairs, that the very clerks who

attended him when he sat in council could not refrain from sneering at his frivolous remarks and childish conversation.

“Neither gratitude nor revenge had any share in determining his course, for never was there a mind on which both services and injuries left such a faint and transitory impression. He wished merely to be a King—such a King as Louis XIV. afterwards was, a King who could draw without limit on the treasury for the gratification of his private tastes; who could hire with wealth and honours persons capable of assisting him to kill time; and who, when the State was brought by maladministration to the brink of ruin, could still exclude unwelcome truth from the purlieus of his own seraglio and refuse to see and hear what might disturb his luxurious repose. For these ends and for these alone, he wished to obtain arbitrary power, if it could be obtained without risk or trouble. In religious disputes which divided his Protestant subjects his consciousness was not at all interested, for his opinions oscillated in a state of contented suspense between infidelity and Popery.”

Now this is just one of those extremely misleading accounts which go far to distort real history. Macaulay was so far correct in making many of his statements, that he believed absolutely in the good faith of the writers from whom he took them. Something may also be allowed for prejudice. But undoubtedly he does Charles, in these descriptions, a great deal of injustice.

First of all, in regard to Macaulay's assertion that Charles had no belief in human nature, it is sufficient to quote his own words: “Odds-fish, man! if I'm not good myself, do you think I can't respect those that are?” Virtue in others excited his esteem, though his self-indulgence kept him from any desire to follow it. To say that he never gave spontaneously is also far from the truth. He lavished such sums and such objects of value on his mistresses and his favourites that he was often in want himself. It is

on record that his wardrobe once held only three bands for the neck, and not one handkerchief. At that very time the Duchess of Cleveland is said to have lost in one night at the gaming table £25,000 which he had given her.¹

When Macaulay says that Charles was no believer in the doctrine of the divine right of Kings, he must forget the conversation with Clarendon in which Charles declared a King to be above ordinary law, and the women he distinguished with his affection to be as honourable as other men's wives.

And the remark that "There never was a mind on which both services and injuries left so faint and transitory an impression" is ill borne out by his rewards to the Pendrills. He pensioned each and every one of them, and exempted them from the penal laws, as he did every other who had helped him in his flight after the battle of Worcester, and during his six weeks of hiding and peril. He began by showering places and honours on the friends of his exile, but his lavishness was soon checked by the mob of exigent beggars who assailed him on every side, and pleaded their services to his father and himself, or the services of some first-cousin's aunt-in-law's grandfather, as a reason for rich rewards. This begging was so blatant and so shameless that his trick of walking so fast out of doors that it was hard to keep up with him, as Burnet remarks,² was merely to rid himself of the petitioners who intercepted him at every step and tried to stop his passage.

That Macaulay is wrong in declaring that Charles "oscillated in a state of contented suspense between infidelity and Popery" is proved by Charles's own remark to Bishop Burnet: "I am no atheist, but I cannot think God will make a man miserable only for taking a little pleasure out of the way,"³ and this tolerably set forth his creed in life after the Restoration.

¹ Pepys's *Diary*.

² *History of His Own Times*.

³ *Ibid.*

The bare fact is that in writing the history of this period the conscientious historian has a difficult task to tackle. When one comes to study the histories of the time, by contemporary writers, one is struck with dismay at their proved inaccuracies. Clarendon's own autobiography teems with the wildest statements, though Clarendon is held to be a model of probity. It has been proved without the least doubt in these days, that he constantly falsified relations in order to make good his own side. As for Burnet, who for generations served English biographers as an authority, and to whom Macaulay pinned his faith, he was certainly in a position to merit the Duchess of Portsmouth's description. She told a friend of Lord Lansdowne's that she remembered Dr. Burnet and his character, and the whole Court looked on him as "the greatest liar on earth, and there was no believing a word he said."

He was a man greedy of promotion, a gossip and a busybody. The Duke of York, in his own autobiography, calls him "a busy, intriguing man," and Swift calls his strictures on Charles II. "a character badly drawn, and mingled with malice very unworthy an historian, and the style abominable, as in the whole history, and the observations trite and vulgar."

Contemporary historians, if they did not know, guessed or invented. They hung eagerly on the stories of back-stairs keyhole-haunters, and of the scullions in King's palaces. Again and again Burnet is proved insanely false in his statements. Yet the generations after him have continued to pin their faith to his *History of His Own Times*. Contemporary diaries swarm with the same inaccuracies—Court scandal reported as if it were gospel, the writer's conjectures and fancies put down as truth. To unwind this web, and disentangle the threads of truth from those of fiction, is not an easy task. One must depend a great deal on unbiassed records, written by those who were not partisans. It was

an age of party faction—that time in England after the Restoration—and Catholic and Protestant, Royalist and secret Roundhead, fought for his own side. Prejudice coloured people's vision, and plots and counter-plots, diplomacy and counter-diplomacy, combined with the hatred of religion against religion, made a fierce jumble of history. To impute every evil to the other side was the general practice, and to laud one's own party was as common.

This is one reason why, for centuries, the character of Charles II. has stunk in the nostrils of his countrymen, when men a hundred times worse than he, without one whit of his good parts, have come down to us with glowing tints in the pictures painted of them.

Jesse¹ gives a description of the King that is not at all unpleasing. He says he was a fascinating social companion, and the most amiable and engaging of men. His love of raillery was so tempered with good humour that it never offended. His satire was checked with discretion. He told a capital story, and valued wit in others. He had a huge store of anecdotes, and talked much, and he had the rare gift of making his stories sound always new, no matter how many times they were told. He had a strong love of justice, and he alone brought about his brother's marriage with Anne Hyde, the Chancellor's daughter, as an act of restitution, in spite of the opposition of his family.² He was always kind. De Gramont says of him: "He was compassionate to the unhappy, inflexible to the wicked, tender even to excess. His temper was admirable. He had a taste in poetry and the fine arts. Oaths from pretty women excited his mirth. His conversation with his mistresses was free and gross." Indeed this was the case in all his conversations. Halifax³ mentions that "he was apt to make broader allusions upon anything that gave the least occasion

¹ *Court of the Stuarts.*

² *Memoirs.*

³ *Character of King Charles II.*

than was altogether suitable with the very good breeding he showed in most things." If his language could be remarked with surprise in his own age, it must indeed have been unbowdlerized! The talk of his period is startling enough. 'One fails to imagine his.

Halifax thinks it was accounted for. "The hypocrisy of the former times inclined men to think they could not show too great an aversion to it, and that helped to encourage this unbounded liberty of talking without the restraints of decency which were before observed."¹

Harris says of him that he was devoted to building and architecture, and patronized foreign talent more than English, on account of his long foreign sojourn. He adored music, and lavishly encouraged it. He did not drink hard, in an age of free drinking. He loved not gambling, and did not swear with round oaths like his predecessors.

Halifax tells us that Charles early had to learn reserve and the concealment of his thoughts²; a good deal of this was, perhaps, due to early training. What James I. delighted to call the art of kingcraft, he taught carefully to his son, Charles I., and probably Charles I. passed on the art to Charles II. It was praised by the father, and practised by the Court. In franker words, it might be called deception, insincerity, the art of obtaining the end by any means, however false and underhand. Halifax accounts for much in Charles by declaring that there was no spiritual side to his nature.³ This prevented his love-affairs ever rising to the heights of noble love. He seldom chose his own mistresses after his accession, but took those suggested him by state policy. This is Halifax's idea, but history hardly bears it out. He thinks Charles was more complacent to the suggestion, than animated by great passion. His patience with his mistresses' frailties showed him more philosopher than knight-errant. He had wit enough to suspect, and not wit

¹ *Character of King Charles II.*

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

enough to care. This, however, is not borne out by incidents in the stories of Frances Stuart and of the Duchess of Portsmouth.

"His wit," says Halifax, "consisted chiefly in the quickness of his apprehension. He had contracted abroad the habit of too familiar talking. His wit was never ill-natured. It was natural, and not acquired by reading. He was very affable, which at first was an art, and then became nature. He was quick to see others' weaknesses, and to use them. He had a mechanical head, and a very good memory. He walked by his watch, and when he pulled it out to look at it skilful men made haste to say what they had to say to him. He was neither covetous nor very liberal. Money simply flowed from him. He hated trouble and loved ease. He had more gifts than virtues. He studied to preserve his health, as he thought he could in this way continue his indulgence in pleasures." He was also fond of chemistry and physic, and doctored himself constantly.

Madame de Motteville, the friend of Charles's mother, Henrietta Maria, who has left us a faithful picture of the Queen and her children, gives this just account of Charles—perhaps the truest handed down to us: "The greatest heroes and sages of antiquity did not guide their lives by grander principles of action than this young King felt and expressed at his outset in life, but unfortunately, finding all his struggles in vain, he at last sunk into indifference, bearing all evils which pertained to his exile and poverty with careless *nonchalance*, and snatching at all the pleasures that were attainable, without considering the degradation annexed to them. At last it came to pass that we saw the Prince give himself up to the seductions of lawless passion, and pass many years in France and elsewhere in the utmost sloth."



LOUISE DE QUERONAILLE (THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH).



CHAPTER III

THE RESTORATION

TO the causes just stated was certainly due the destruction of Charles's character. The poverty he had staggered under so long made money seem to him the chief good in life, but it was only that it might be employed in easing life, and buying pleasure. Like Louis XIV., his cousin, he thought a King a person with a right to use his subjects and his kingdom for his own enjoyment. His friendship with the young King of France and his experiences at the Court of Versailles sapped the last remnant of self-denial and morality in him. The Court of Versailles was given over to licentiousness. It was the fashion of the time, and the King's open example only encouraged his courtiers to out-Herod Herod. Charles's whole ideas of Court life were taken from the glittering circle around King Louis. Pleasure was their only aim, dawdling their only occupation. It was at this time of his career also that Louis obtained the influence over Charles that was to have so fatal an effect in the future.

The hopes of the little pinchbeck English Court in France were raised to a sudden height by the death of Cromwell in 1658. The news reached Charles in Brussels, and he at once went to Calais, so that he should be on the high road to England, if events turned out in his favour. Two years after-

wards, at Breda, he began the negotiations with General Monk that led to his restoration to the throne of England. His return was put to the vote on May 1, 1660, in Parliament, and on May 8 he was publicly proclaimed in London.

As soon as the rumours of this event were in the air, Queen Luiza of Portugal saw a chance for her hopes in the marriage of Catherine. She engaged a Jew to make advances on the subject to General Monk. But at that time Charles's mind was elsewhere. He was wooing the daughter of Henry, Prince of Orange, the Princess Henrietta. It was said that he was passionately in love, and she also, but her mother, the elder Princess-Dowager of Orange, snubbed his proposals. She informed him, according to Burnet,¹ that he was no match for her daughter, as "she saw no chance for the amendment of his prospects." Charles never forgave her her refusal.

When Parliament sent him a deputation, inviting him to the throne, and sending him a present of £50,000 for his present necessities, Charles, who had not for years on years seen such a sum of money, sat with the open coffer, bursting with gold pieces, before him, too overwhelmed to believe it was his own. On hearing that he was to take the crown of England, the old Princess-Dowager of Orange regretted her snub, and intimated that she might now reconsider his proposal; but Charles received her overtures with stony coldness. The woman who had insulted him when he was a suitor for her daughter's hand, should not now make it up with him.

He crossed to England, and his progress to London was one scene of delirious joy on the part of the populace. The whole country presented the spectacle of a universal fair-day, and his horse could hardly tread for the people, mad with happiness, who thronged before him. Charles turned to one of his attendants and dryly remarked that had he known

¹ *History of His Own Times.*

his people would be so charmed to see him back he need not have stayed away so long.¹ The nation received him with enthusiasm, and reinstated him in the place of his father without extorting a pledge or a concession from him. In the great banqueting-hall of Whitehall Palace he was officially received and welcomed. As soon as he could escape from the ceremonies and rejoicings he slipped away, and spent the rest of his first evening in his regained kingdom with Mrs. Palmer, and while the bonfires flared and the multitudes shouted their throats hoarse, he was supping with the woman who was to bear so fateful a part in the history of Catherine of Bragança.

This was the first introduction to the English people of Barbara Villiers, with whom they were soon enough to become intimately acquainted. She was the only daughter of a brave and gallant gentleman, William Villiers, the second Viscount Grandison. He was faultless in personal beauty, romantic in valour, and uncorrupted in morals. How he came to have such a daughter it is hard to imagine. He died at the age of thirty, from wounds received at the battle of Bristol, and was buried at Christchurch, where his daughter in after years erected to him a gorgeous monument from the money she obtained as Charles II.'s mistress.

Barbara is considered by some historians to have been one of those sports of nature who take to evil with ardour from their cradles. If half the stories told of her childhood and girlhood are true, there is excuse for such a suggestion. In 1658 she became the wife of a certain Mr. Roger Palmer, a student of Inns of Court. He was the heir to a large fortune, a dabbling author, a bigot and a fool. So Jesse describes him. In 1659, for some unknown reason, they went over to Holland, and joined the few faithful adherents who surrounded Charles in his exile. It is asserted that Lord Chesterfield had been her lover

¹ Clarendon, *History*.

before her marriage, and was the father of her eldest child. Neither of them denied this old affair, of which Charles is said to have been jealous in after days. In any case, he at once took the place Lord Chesterfield had once occupied.

The teachings of Lord Hertford and the example of the French Court had not been wasted on Charles. It is asserted that when he was only twenty-five, Lady Byron was his seventeenth mistress. He had a son, afterwards Duke of Monmouth, by Lucy Walters, or Barlow, who was acknowledged and petted by his sister, the Princess of Orange, and the rest of his family. When Charles returned to England for his triumphant restoration, the Palmers went with him in his train, and Barbara at once took her place as the King's publicly declared mistress.

She was immensely admired, and her looks became the talk of the kingdom. Pepys, in his *Diary*, grows fatuous about her. Even Sir John Reresby called her "the finest woman of her age."¹ She was bold, dazzling, and scornful, and held the King in an imperious bondage. Burnet calls her "a woman of great beauty, but most enormously vicious and ravenous, foolish but imperious, very uneasy to the King, and always carrying on intrigues with other men, while yet she pretended that she was jealous of him. His passion for her, and her strange behaviour towards him did so disorder him that often he was not master of himself, nor capable of minding business, which in so critical a time requires great application."² She presumed on her power over the King to rate him like a schoolboy, and sometimes brought him to his knees to her, before she would forgive him for some pretended offence. She had a railing tongue, and a violent temper. Her whole association with Charles seems to have been one of mere greed and ambition. She certainly had no love whatever for him, nor care for his

¹ *Memoirs of Sir John Reresby.*

² *History of His Own Times.*

person. She was constantly at war with the King's ministers. All those of rectitude, or with liking for the King, detested her on account of her pernicious influence over him. Clarendon would never allow his wife to visit her, and she consequently loathed him. In the day of his disgrace, retiring from the King's presence, robbed of office, and treated like another Wolsey, she heard with rapture of his downfall, and, flying in undress to the window of her apartment in Whitehall, she loudly called mocking abuse at him. Clarendon merely turned and took off his hat, bowing ironically. "Madam," he said, "if you live, you will grow old!" and with that retort he left her. During his time of office he never allowed a document bearing her name to pass the Great Seal, and both Ormond and Southampton, who were the objects of her derision and spite, held her in abhorrence. Southampton would not allow her name on the Treasury books.

From her portraits that have come down to us, she has a bold and imperious beauty. Her haughty temper and her self-love show in her face, and she has little trace of intellect. She ruled the destinies of England for years that were disastrous to the nation. For over ten years she kept her sway over the King; she made money by every means in her power out of her empire.

Charles could deny her nothing, and she was rapacious. She farmed the county excises of beer and ale, and had £5,000 a year out of the Post Office. She held the reversion, or so it is said, of all the King's leases, the Green Wax, etc., and she had besides ten thousand extra a year granted her. All promotions, spiritual or temporal, passed through her hands, and were only bestowed by her pleasure. One year the King handed her all the costly Christmas presents he had received from his courtiers, and again and again he paid her debts up to £30,000. She petitioned to be given Phoenix Park in Dublin,

but for a wonder this was refused her. She spent her money in reckless extravagance in living and dress, and in gambling.

Touching the Restoration of Charles, Macaulay has written : " It has been too much the practice of writers too zealous for freedom to represent the Restoration as a disastrous event, and to condemn the folly or baseness of that convention that recalled the royal family, without exacting new securities against mal-administration. Those who hold this language do not comprehend the crisis which followed the deposition of Richard Cromwell. England was in imminent danger of sinking under the tyranny of a succession of small men raised up and pulled down by military caprice. To deliver the country from the domination of the soldiers was the first object of every enlightened patriot ; but it was an object which, while the soldiers were united, the most sanguine could scarcely expect to attain. On a sudden a gleam of hope appeared. General was opposed to general, army to army. On the use that might be made of that one auspicious moment depended the future of the nation. Our ancestors used that moment well. They forgot old injuries, waived petty scruples, adjourned to a more convenient opportunity all dispute about the reforms which our institutions needed, and stood together, Cavaliers and Roundheads, Episcopalians and Presbyterians, in firm union for the laws of the land, and against military despotism. The exact partition of power amongst King, lords, and commons might well be postponed until it had been decided whether England should be governed by King, lords and commons, or by cuirassiers and pikemen."

For a time the whole nation gave itself up to exultation, and people had no thoughts in their minds but of joy. Charles was the most popular monarch, perhaps, that ever filled the English throne. The people adored him. He was gracious to them, friendly

in talk, allowed them to mob him in his walks, and at his table, and his wit and good nature made him an idol amongst them. He was to knit more strongly this tie of devotion to his person, by further acts of kindness to them.

The first months of the Restoration were rendered full of sadness to the royal house of Stuart. The young Duke of Gloucester died of small-pox in September, and his elder sister, the Princess of Orange, of the same disease in December. It was not a time to talk of weddings, though the Queen-mother, Henrietta Maria, was arranging one for her darling daughter, Princess Henriette. The English people did not press for Charles's marriage till he had been on the throne for nearly a year. Then they began to grow impatient. To secure the succession was the vital point. The Duke of York, Charles's brother and heir, was very unpopular then, as always, having displeased the public by his marriage with Anne, daughter of Clarendon, the Lord Chancellor.

The marriage was a topic of interest to Charles's people. Pepys says that on Valentine's Day, 1661, he and the company he was in all "discussed who was to be the King's future wife, and wondered much."¹ It was ardently hoped that she would be a Protestant princess. It alarmed, on the other hand, certain persons so much to think of such a contingency, that they at once began to pull the wires against such a marriage.

In future days the English people blamed Clarendon loud and long for their King's marriage with Catherine of Bragança, declaring that he had brought it about—knowing her to be unlikely to bring an heir to the throne, and hoping so to secure the crown to his daughter Anne or her children. This was as wild as many other charges of that day. It does not appear that Charles took any one's advice in his marriage, and there was no reason to imagine that Catherine

¹ *Diary*, 1661.

might not have children. The real wire-pullers were his mother and his cousin—Louis XIV. His mother, who was an earnest and devout Catholic, had already done all in her power to haul her children one by one into the Roman Church. Her only hope for the conversion of Charles was marriage with a Catholic princess.¹ Carte declares that she was the first to suggest the Portuguese marriage to Charles, and the suggestion was probably put into her own mind by the King of France. It is at all events a coincidence that immediately on the conclusion of the visit of Charles's mother to England the first negotiations were opened by Portugal. Dom Francesco de Mello, Catherine's godfather, who was then Ambassador to Whitehall, had instructions from Catherine's mother and brother to begin the delicate and diplomatic arrangements.

He had already, a year or two before, approached Monk on the subject. He now called one day on the Earl of Manchester, Lord Chamberlain to Charles, and, after praising the king politely, suggested that "It was time he should bestow himself in marriage, and that nothing could keep him single but the difficulty of finding a suitable consort for him." The Earl of Manchester must have guessed what was coming, and was probably not at all astonished when de Mello went on to observe that "there was in Portugal a princess in beauty, age, and person very fit for him, who would have a portion suitable to her birth and quality. She was indeed a Catholic, and would never depart from her religion; but she had none of that meddling activity which sometimes made persons of that faith troublesome when they came into a country where another mode of worship was practised. She had been bred under a wise mother, who had carefully infused another spirit into her, and kept her from affecting to interfere in State affairs with which she was totally unacquainted, so that she would be

¹ *Life of the Duke of Ormonde.*

content to enjoy her own religion, without concerning herself with what others professed" ¹. The diplomatic de Mello was aware that this description would go far to outbalance his Princess-goddaughter's religion, since Charles hated women who dabbled in politics.

It was one of the curious contradictions of the King that he tolerated in his mistresses what he abhorred in other women. Mrs. Palmer was already interesting herself in State matters, and trying to meddle. De Mello finished his significant speech by remarking that "he had authority to make the proposition to the King, accompanied with such advantages as he thought no other power in Europe could offer." ²

This peroration made the Lord Chamberlain prick his ears. Portugal was a wealthy country, and Charles was sorely in want of funds. He had mounted the throne to find an empty Treasury, and his tastes and inclinations made money a necessity to him. Already Mrs. Palmer's grasping extortions were draining his purse. The Navy was in miserable state, and the country was totally unarmed for a foreign war. Lord Manchester hurried to his master and poured out these excellent proposals.

Charles only answered that he would consider them. His historians have said that he was averse to marriage, on account of the chains in which Mrs. Palmer held him. But that is absurd. Charles had recognized the need of his marriage for years, and had made more than one unsuccessful effort for it. As for marriage interfering with Mrs. Palmer, as another royal personage was to remark a century after, "*Mon Dieu, cela n'empêchera pas!*" Yet, to do Charles justice, it is certain that he at first fully contemplated breaking off with his mistress.

The Portuguese ambassador did not let the grass grow under his feet in the mission he was so eager to bring to an issue. He waited on Charles the following morning, and without preamble struck the

¹ *Life of Clarendon.*

² *Ibid.*

iron while it was hot. He repeated what he had said to Lord Manchester about the charms and non-meddling qualities of the Princess. Perhaps he overdid the description of Catherine's passive nature, and prepared Charles for a docile, characterless young woman, so facile that she would accept any situation. It may be that this first impression of her made on the mind of Charles is responsible for much that afterwards marred their life together. The description was certainly misleading. Catherine had neither knowledge of, nor interest in, politics. She was not in the least the kind of woman to concern herself with what was no business of hers. But she was a girl of spirit and self-respect, not a mere colourless, willowy creature. De Mello went on to say that he was authorized to offer, as a portion for the Infanta, £500,000 sterling, in ready money, and to assign and annex to the crown of England for ever the possession of Tangier, a place likely to be of great benefit and security to the trade of England. Likewise he could grant to the English nation a free trade with Brazil and the East Indies, which Portugal had hitherto denied to all nations but herself. And he also promised to put into His Majesty's hands the Island of Bombay, with its spacious bays, towns, and castles, "which possessions might be valued far above the portion in money."¹

It was indeed a tempting offer, and one which few countries could have made on behalf of one of its princesses. Charles thought of the country's heavy debts, and his empty exchequer, and listened to the proposal with surprised pleasure. The only return de Mello was empowered to ask for this rich dowry was full and defined liberty of worship for Catherine, and protection from Spain and Holland.

Charles hastened to consult Clarendon. He confessed to his Chancellor that the prospect pleased him, that he considered the alliance might prove of

¹ Clarendon's *Life of Himself*.

notable advantage to the Kingdom, and asked him what he himself thought of it. Clarendon does not seem to have jumped at the idea. He said cautiously that he had not heard enough of the scheme yet to form an opinion, and inquired if His Majesty had given up all thoughts of a Protestant wife? Charles hastily answered that he could not find one among his own subjects, and that none of them pleased him sufficiently for that purpose, and then, catching Clarendon's fixed and meaning glance, he added decisively that "he would never think more of the Princess of Orange's daughter, her mother having used him so ill when he proposed it, and if he should now propose it he knew his mother would never consent to it, and it would break his sister's heart." Clarendon said that he desired nothing more than to see His Majesty well married, that he was confident the whole nation was of the same mind, and that he was ready to speak with the Portuguese ambassador on the subject.¹

There was a secret Council meeting immediately, at Clarendon's house. Charles presided, and himself laid before his ministers the Portuguese proposals. He remarked that he had inquired of his two great naval commanders, the Earl of Sandwich and Sir John Lawson, what place Tangier was, pointing to it at the same time on the map, and they both said "they knew it well from the sea." Sir John Lawson, however, had landed, and declared it to be a place of great importance, which, if it fell into the hands of the Dutch, and they were to make a mole there, would enable them to give the law to all the trade of the Mediterranean,² "with which discourse His Majesty seemed much impressed." There was some little hesitation on the part of some of the Councillors as to a Catholic bride, and one of them ventured to suggest to Charles that he might look for a Protestant Queen. Charles asked dryly where he

¹ Clarendon's *Autobiography*.

² *Ibid.*

was to find one? and the names of several German princesses were suggested to him. He burst out impatiently, "Oddsfish! They are all dull and foggy! I cannot like any of them for a wife!"¹ Some one named Princess Henrietta of Orange, but Charles at once cut across his speech, and declared with emphasis that "he had unanswerable objections to that marriage." It being seen that no Protestant wife offered herself whom he would consider, it was agreed without a dissenting voice that no Roman Catholic princess in Europe could offer such advantages as the Infanta of Portugal, whose portion in money was almost double what any king of England had ever received with a consort, and whose territorial appanages were places of great importance for the increase of trade, especially in the Indies and the Mediterranean, where much damage had been sustained by the commercial relations of England during the late trouble. It was to the advantage of the nation to consider the marriage, and Charles found it to his own advantage as well. He commanded "their lordships to open the matrimonial treaty with all possible secrecy."²

Dom Francesco de Mello now offered to return to Portugal, and inform the King and the Queen-Regent of the state of affairs, "not doubting to return with full powers for the completion of the treaty." Charles sent by him a letter to Donna Luiza, and one to King Alphonzo declaring his desire for the marriage. He also wrote to Catherine, which even Portuguese decorum permitted, as she was his betrothed wife in fact, though not in form. Charles was such a charming writer of letters that we assume that his first love-letter to Catherine did not fall short. He put at the disposal of the ambassador two ships, to convey himself and family to Lisbon, thus acknowledging him an accredited envoy from England. The news he carried to Lisbon filled the Court and

¹ Carte, *Life of Ormonde*.

² Clarendon.



CHARLES II.

From the picture by Samuel Cooper in the possession of the Duke of Richmond.

the country with joy. "A good peace with England," says Maynard, in a letter to Nicholas, "was regarded as the only thing under heaven to keep Portugal from despair and ruin." In gratitude to de Mello for his skill in bringing about this fortunate event, he was created Conde de Ponte, and despatched at once to England to complete the arrangements for the marriage.

In the meantime Digby, Earl of Bristol, Clarendon's deadly enemy, returned from the Court of Spain, where he had been on a visit. His first speech with the King betrayed to him the secret of the impending Portuguese marriage. "He valued himself," says Clarendon, "on the faculty of perplexing and obstructing everything in which he had no hand." Probably with no other desire than that of making mischief, he went to the Spanish ambassador, Vatteville, and told him what was going on. The representative of Spain naturally was furious at an alliance with Spain's hereditary foe. He actually had the audacity to remonstrate with Charles, and, finding that he made no impression, he began to depreciate the Infanta. He vowed she was deformed, had bad health, and that it was well known in Spain and Portugal that she could not bring an heir to the throne of England if Charles married her. This dismayed Charles.¹

When the Portuguese ambassador returned, full of the letters he was bringing from the royalties in Portugal to Charles, he found, to his confusion and distress, that he was practically denied an audience. Every obstacle was put in his way of obtaining an interview with the King, and he saw with consternation that the Spanish influence was likely to destroy all his country's hopes of the Infanta's marriage. Charles had actually listened to Vatteville's recommendation that he should instead choose as wife one of the princesses of Parma. He sent Lord Bristol on a secret errand to see the two Princesses, and there

¹ Clarendon's *Autobiography*.

is a ridiculous account of how the envoy carried out his mission, hiding in a pew in church, and ducking up and down, to see them at their devotions. He brought back a most disconcerting report. One of the princesses was extremely fat, and had no figure. The other was so ugly that he dared not go forward with any negotiation.¹

Vatteville was so desperate on hearing of Lord Bristol's ill-success, that he was driven to the point of offering to give a dowry to a Protestant bride, if Charles would only not choose Catherine. His only stipulation was that Spain must approve of the bride. D'Ablancourt's *Memoirs* describe the amusement of all Protestants throughout the world at this sop to Cerberus.

English merchants, probably suborned by the enemies of the marriage, brought back accounts from Portugal that corroborated Lord Bristol's and Vatteville's hideous descriptions. Charles had in turn the daughters of the King of Denmark, and the Elector of Saxony suggested to him by Vatteville. He still wavered. Then several people who had lately returned from Portugal again altered his opinion of Catherine. He made cautious inquiries, and in every case they gave him a description of the Infanta so diametrically opposed to Vatteville's and Bristol's that Charles began to show more politeness to poor de Mello, who had by this time taken to his bed with chagrin and real sickness caused by his disappointment. His notice of de Mello provoked Vatteville to more remonstrance. Charles, good-tempered to a fault, was yet apt to turn on those who too much presumed on it. He showed Vatteville that he resented his interference, and when Vatteville pressed his impertinence to the last point, and remarked that he had orders from the King his master to let His Majesty know that if he should proceed towards the marriage with the daughter of his rebel the Duke of

¹ Clarendon.

Bragança he had orders to take his leave presently and declare war against him, Charles blazed at him with indignation. He replied with warmth that Vatteville "might be gone as soon as he liked. He himself would not receive orders from the Catholic King how to dispose of himself in marriage!"

Vatteville was aware he had exceeded his instructions. Spain was not at all anxious for a war with England under present circumstances. He came to wait on Charles next day, in a meek frame, and, after saying many flattering things, he made him the offer, in his royal master's name, to endow Henrietta of Orange with a portion equal to that of a Princess of Spain, if Charles would marry her.¹ Spain thought that this offer would certainly save the situation. But neither Vatteville nor the King of Spain understood Charles. His pride still burned at any mention of the girl whose mother had so insolently scorned him. He was not the sort of person to be coerced, as he showed again and again in his history. It roused all his opposition when people presumed on what they thought his weak-mindedness. He would at once have closed with the Portuguese marriage, merely to show Spain he was not to be driven, but the displeasing accounts of poor Catherine's looks still made him hesitate to marry her.

It was France that settled the matter. Louis XIV. was eager for a marriage which might draw his cousin again into the bosom of the Catholic Church, if a good use were made of it. There was another even more vital reason why he desired the alliance. He looked with dislike on any attempt on the part of his royal brother-in-law of Spain to increase his power by annexing Portugal. He now sent a special messenger to Charles to express his regret that anything should have taken place to delay his marriage with "a lady of great beauty and admirable endowments, and added that he himself had formerly had serious thoughts of

¹ Clarendon.

marrying her, only he was deterred by complaisance for the Queen, his mother, from that alliance." He concluded by deliberately offering 300,000 pistoles to relieve Charles of any pressing temporary embarrassments, and intimated that "he could not do better than marry the Infanta of Portugal."¹ Louis at the same time reminded Charles that Catherine was only third in succession from the throne of Portugal, and that neither of her brothers was married.

Portugal was in deepest despair at the hitch in the marriage negotiations. It was a portrait of Catherine shown to Charles that at last settled his mind for him. This is supposed to be the picture sold at the dispersion of Horace Walpole's effects, when his collection at Strawberry Hill was broken up. Miss Strickland describes it: "Catherine of Braganza is there represented as a lovely glowing brunette, with a rich profusion of chestnut hair, disposed on each side of her face in a waved pyramid, consisting of parallel lines of cannon curls, descending in graduated rows to the waist in a most extraordinary and unaccountable fashion, as if in imitation of a lord chief justice's wig, but without the powder. The whole of a very beautiful head of hair was spread out thus fantastically in side wings, with the exception of one large tress called a top-knot, which was combed slanting across the forehead, and gave additional oddity to this strange costume."

This is probably the portrait by Stoop, now in the National Portrait Gallery, as it answers exactly to the description. Catherine's beautiful hair is of a warm brown, her eyebrows delicately arched, and she wears a blue frock with lace forming a high tucker. The top-knot, as Miss Strickland calls it, lies in a flat curve on her head and forehead. The face is that of a child—innocent, pure, charming; but the mouth shows self-will, and looks as if she were opinionated. If Catherine, in this unbecoming coiffure, could excite

¹ Clarendon.

the admiration of Charles, she must have been vastly more taking in the fashion of hair-dressing she later adopted.

Charles, on seeing the portrait, exclaimed in surprise, "That person cannot be unhandsome!" Her looks being the last obstacle left in his path, he immediately gave orders that de Mello should be received in audience.

CHAPTER IV

THE MARRIAGE TREATY

DE MELLO heard with joy that the King would at last receive him. He recovered immediately from the illness which had been caused by anxiety and mortification, and waited on Charles with alacrity. Charles seems to have opened the subject graciously, and de Mello enlarged on the dowry again, evidently aware that it was his one strong card in the game.

“The Queen-Regent,” he said, “having resolved not to touch the public money that was raised for carrying on the war” (with Spain) “had sold her own jewels and plate, and made up the deficiency by borrowing plate and jewels of the churches and monasteries, by which means she had the whole sum ready, sealed up in bags, and deposited where no one could take it to apply to any other purpose.” This gives a curious and educational hint of the times! De Mello added “that the fleet which was to be sent for the Princess” (from England) “might go first to Tangier and take possession of it, Her Majesty having removed the old governor who was ‘humorous’” (perverse) “and sent out another on whose complacence she could depend, to deliver the place into His Majesty’s hands. She had taken similar precautions with regard to Bombay, and furthermore, to give the greatest proof that was possible of her

confidence in his honour, she would send the Infanta unmarried to him, which was such a trust as had never before been reposed in any prince." Poor Catherine, whose intending husband had to be bribed heavily and eagerly to take her! Charles, who was astute enough, made up his mind at once that the dowry offered was sufficient to gild any princess, and resolved at once to accept the offer.

Donna Luiza's generous proposition as to allowing her daughter to come to England unmarried, did not take him in in the least. He was as diplomatic as the Queen who showed such open anxiety to become his mother-in-law. The fact was that the usual proxy marriage would be impossible in Portugal under the circumstances.

Portugal had never been able to induce the Pope to acknowledge her as an independent kingdom, for the Papal See had the fear of Spain before its eyes, and refused to admit the titles of either João IV. or Alphonzo to be King. This placed Portugal in a delicate position. In order to legalize by the sanction of the Church the marriage of Catherine with a heretic prince it would have been necessary to get a dispensation from the then Pope, Alexander, and any such dispensation would only have called Catherine the daughter of the late Duke of Bragança, not a royal princess of Portugal. This would have been impossible to consent to, and the diplomatic Queen-Regent at once saw that to make a virtue of a necessity, and get the credit of generosity with Charles, was the only way out of the unpleasant difficulty. If Catherine went unmarried to England, she could there be married by the style and titles that belonged to her. Clarendon says of Catherine's country: "So that before they would receive that affront" (i.e. the open refusal of Papal recognition), "the most jealous nation in the world chose rather to send the daughter of the kingdom to be married in England, and not to be married till she came

thither."¹ In point of fact, it was the greatest compliment ever paid a reigning monarch.

Charles, no less a person of diplomacy than was his future mother-in-law, at once saw that to delay his coronation till Catherine's arrival would complicate matters. To crown a Catholic queen with the needful rites would annoy the English Protestant people, and to omit them would be an offence to her and her country. He therefore cut the Gordian knot cleanly, by arranging for his crowning before he married. The ceremony took place on St. George's Day, April 23, 1661, amid a tumult of rejoicing, and accompanied by every splendour.

Parliament met at Westminster on May 8, and the King opened it in person. He addressed the House from the throne, and communicated some interesting news to it. He spoke pleasantly and well of his restoration to the throne just a year ago, and enjoined on the nation to live at peace now, and forget all old quarrels. Then he made the following announcement :

"I will not conclude without telling you some news—news that I think will be very acceptable to you, and therefore I should think myself unkind and ill-natured if I did not impart it to you. I have been put in mind by my friends that it was now time to marry, and I have thought so myself, ever since I came to England. But there appeared difficulties enough in the choice, though many overtures have been made to me, and if I should never marry until I could make such a choice against which there could be no foresight of any inconvenience that may ensue, you would live to see me an old bachelor, which I think you do not desire to do. I can now tell you, not only that I am resolved to marry, but whom I am resolved to marry. If God please, it is with the daughter of Portugal. . . . And I will make all the haste I can to fetch you a Queen hither, who, I

¹ *Diary.*

doubt not, will bring good blessings with her to me and you."¹

Miss Strickland calls this announcement jocular, but it must be remembered that kings were far more colloquial in speaking to their parliaments in those days than in these.

Great was the delight of the kingdom over the news. The one exception, by grammatical precedent, to prove the rule, was probably Mrs. Palmer. She saw before her a rival who would take the King and his presents from her. With all the strength of her strong and imperious will she resolved that she would not yield him without a struggle.

Addresses of congratulation were voted by both the Houses, and presented on May 13 to the King. Clarendon paid de Mello a state visit to inform him of this fact, and de Mello wrote of it to the King of Portugal.²

SENHOR,

This day the grand-chancellor came to see me with great pomp, two of his gentlemen bearing his insignia, which are a gilded mace and a crimson velvet purse embroidered with the arms of His Majesty of Great Britain, and his visit is much to be valued, because it has not hitherto been made to any other ambassador. He brought me the resolutions which had been come to by the two Houses of Lords and Commons, copies of which accompany this letter, whereby your Majesty will perceive the general approbation, which all England shows at the wise choice which this Prince hath made of the most serene Lady Infanta to be Queen of these kingdoms. God prosper his actions, and guard the royal person of Your Majesty, as your vassals desire and have need of.

CONDE DA PONTE.

LONDON, *May 23, 1661.*

This date was, of course, old style.

¹ Clarendon.

² *Hist. Gen. da Casa Real.*

It was not till a month after this that Charles signed the treaty between England and Portugal. It is one that has never been broken from that day to this. Bombay was ceded to England. This gave her her first possession in the East Indies, and was the beginning of the vast Empire now under British rule. The whole of this mighty addition to English possessions is due entirely to that marriage settlement of Catherine's. By this settlement she was to be allowed free exercise of her religion, with power to have a private chapel in any palace where she might reside, and an income from the English Crown of £30,000, which was to continue unimpaired if she became a Queen-Dowager, and full liberty was to be given her to return to her own country, in that case, if she so desired. If the English people would have preferred a Protestant queen, the amount of Catherine's portion, and the additions it would provide to the English territory, quite sufficiently made amends to most of them.

The only person to excite any opposition was the Spanish ambassador, Vatteville, who was furious at the alliance between England and Portugal. He tried to stir up some excitement by distributing papers, stating alarming evils to England likely to occur from a Popish Queen. This was particularly absurd in the accredited minister of a Catholic country, and probably took no one in. The people one and all desired to see Charles married, and an heir secured to the crown.

The Spanish ambassador was caught in the very act of flinging these revolutionary papers out of his own windows to the soldiery and the populace. Charles sent to him the Secretary of State, with orders for him to leave the country at once. Vatteville, thoroughly alarmed at this action, burst into tears, and begged to be allowed to have an audience in which to beg pardon for his fault. But Charles refused to see him again, and hurried him out of the kingdom.¹

¹ Clarendon.

The anxiety and perturbation in which the poor Portuguese had been kept during this delay in the negotiations were to be put abruptly to flight by a welcome arrival. Thomas Maynard wrote to Sir Edward Nicholas, the Secretary of State: "About four days ago since arrived in this port three merchant ships, who brought the news of His Majesty's intentions to make the Infanta Queen of England (the welcomest news that ever came to the Portuguese people), and confirmed by the King's and by the Chancellor's speeches. There is no doubt His Majesty hath made both nations very happy in his choice. The Infanta is a lady of incomparable virtue, of excellent parts, very beautiful, and of an indifferent stature, being somewhat taller than the Queen, His Majesty's mother."¹ This was Henrietta Maria's very remarked personal characteristic. She was very short. Maynard goes on to speak of the happiness and relief of the Portuguese court and nation. The English merchantmen had come to protect the homebound Brazilian ships from the Dutch, and gratitude filled the whole country.

"So that the streets of Lisbon rang daily with the shouts of *Viva il reydi Gran Britannia!* whom God hath raised to protect us from our implacable foes!" As for the English traders, Maynard says they were immensely pleased at the establishment of "the most beneficiallest trade that ever our nation was engaged in."²

The Duke of York does not seem to have been as clever as his brother in reading motives, for he says in his autobiography: "The Portuguese, more scrupulous than other nations, would not let her marry in Portugal by a Protestant proxy."³

Preparations went on speedily in England. In June, Pepys relates that he went early one morning to his chief at the Admiralty, the Earl of Sandwich, "who privately told me how the King had made him ambassador in the bringing over the Queen. That he is to go to Algiers, etc., to settle the business, and

¹ *State Papers.*

² *State Papers.*

³ *Macpherson Papers.*

to put the fleet in order there, and so to come back to Lisbon with three ships, and there to meet the fleet that is to follow him."¹

The Conde da Ponte—Catherine's old friend and godfather, de Mello—now arrived in Portugal, and brought with him from Charles full power to arrange the marriage and its details. He brought with him two letters from Charles—one for his future wife, and one for her mother. The one to the Queen was as follows :

MY LADY AND MOTHER,

This is brought by the good Count da Ponte. The marriage is already concluded, and I obliged him to set forth from hence by the most urgent request, as he will thereby greatly aid me in regulating the arrival of the Queen, my wife, and likewise be useful to her during the voyage, for which I entreat your Majesty will excuse his having returned this time without orders. In what concerns the affairs of Portugal, in order that nothing therein may be prejudiced from the absence of the count, I shall take upon myself the care of them, and thus represent him here, while he does the like by me in that kingdom. With regard to him as my minister on his arrival, Your Majesty will be good enough to give entire and royal faith to all he may state as coming from me touching the quick return of my wife, who, may God bring to me in health, and may He preserve Your Majesty likewise for the many years I desire.

The son of Your Majesty, who kisses your hands,
CHARLES REX.

LONDON, *July 2nd*, 1661.

Excuse the return of her ambassador without orders when he brought her the best news in the whole world, the news for which she had been hungèring! Charles had little occasion to ask that. The Queen-Regent

¹ *Diary*, June, 1661.



THREE MINIATURES OF CATHERINE OF BRAGANÇA.
From His Majesty's collection at Windsor Castle.

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This is brought by the good Count da Ponte. The marriage is already concluded, and I obliged him to set forth from hence by the most urgent request, as he will thereby greatly aid me in regulating the arrival of the Queen, my wife, and likewise be useful to her during the voyage, for which I entreat your Majesty will excuse his having returned this time without orders. In what concerns the affairs of Portugal, in order that nothing therein may be prejudiced from the absence of the count, I shall take upon myself the care of them, and thus represent him here, while he does the like by me in that kingdom. With regard to him as my minister on his arrival, Your Majesty will be good enough to give entire and royal faith to all he may state as coming from me touching the quick return of my wife, who, may God bring to me in health, and may He preserve Your Majesty likewise for the many years I desire.

The son of Your Majesty, who kisses your hands,
CHARLES REX.

LONDON, *July 2nd*, 1661.

Excuse the return of her ambassador without orders when he brought her the best news in the whole world, the news for which she had been hungèring! Charles had little occasion to ask that. The Queen-Regent

¹ *Diary*, June, 1661.



THREE MINIATURES OF CATHERINE OF BRAGANÇA.
From His Majesty's collection at Windsor Castle.

to put the fleet in order there, and so to come back to Lisbon with three ships, and there to meet the fleet that is to follow him." ¹

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**THREE MINIATURES OF CATHERINE OF BRAGANÇA.
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received de Mello with open arms, and the greatest gratitude.

As for Catherine, waiting in shy suspense till the man to whom she had been offered should signify his pleasure to receive her—Catherine, we may imagine, was torn by very diverse feelings. She had all the thrills of the girl about to be wedded to a never-seen suitor ; but she must give up for him her country, her people, her family, to go to a new and untried life. If she had known or been able to guess at one tithe of the perils that awaited her there she might well have quailed. But perhaps one of Catherine's strongest passions was patriotism. The passionate love of country was born in her, and had been fostered and nursed by the history of her own house. It was represented to her by her mother, her brothers, by all those about her, that her marriage with the Protestant King of England was the one hope of her country's salvation. Had he been a Caliban, a Nero, she would probably have gone to the marriage where duty called her, her proud little head uplifted, her clear eyes shining.

But every romance, every sentiment, painted Charles as Prince Charming. He sent her, by Sir Richard Fanshawe, a miniature of himself, and her fresh heart must have leapt to meet him.

The miniatures of him at this period show him debonair, handsome still, with wit and intelligence in his eyes, and humour in the curve of his lips. Jesse says of him that " He was above the common height. In youth handsome, but as he grew older he grew thinner, and his features were harsher and more marked. His complexion was dark and muddy. This was probably inherited from some Provençal ancestor. His face was relieved by quick, sparkling eyes, and a profusion of black glossy hair, which at this time he wore curled. His expression was severe, but it lightened agreeably in speech." Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, called him an exception to all common

rules of physiognomy, for with a harsh, saturnine countenance he was gay and merciful. His symmetry was faultless, and his movements easy and graceful in tennis, in dancing, on horseback. He was fond of clothes, and dressed faultlessly and becomingly. "Few could look the King better when it pleased him."¹ He had the finest manners of any man in England, according to even his enemy, Burnet. Rochester called him "the easiest prince, and best-bred man alive." His letter to Catherine must have stamped and sealed the impression his miniature gave, and her girlish fancy was ready to love him.

MY LADY AND WIFE,

Already, at my request, the good Count da Ponte has set off for Lisbon. For me the signing of the marriage has been great happiness, and there is about to be despatched at this time after him one of my servants, charged with what would appear necessary, whereby may be declared, on my part, the inexpressible joy of this felicitous conclusion, which when received will hasten the coming of Your Majesty.

I am going to make a short progress into some of my provinces; in the meantime, whilst I go for my most sovereign good, yet I do not complain as to whither I go, seeking in vain tranquillity, in my restlessness, hoping to see the beloved person of Your Majesty in these kingdoms, already your own, and that with the same anxiety with which, after my long banishment, I desired to see myself within them, and my subjects desiring also to behold me amongst them, having manifested their most ardent wishes for my return, well known to the world. The presence of your Serenity is only wanting to unite us, under the protection of God, in the health and content I desire. I have recommended to the Queen, our lady and mother, the business of the Count da Ponte, who, I must here avow, has served me, in what I regard as

¹ *Court of England.*

the greatest good in this world, which cannot be mine less than it is of Your Majesty ; likewise not forgetting the good Richard Russell, who laboured on his part to the same end.

The very faithful husband of Your Majesty, whose hand he kisses.

CHARLES REX.

LONDON, *July 2, 1661.*

Russell was Catherine's almoner, the Bishop of Portalegre, and seems, like all those about her, to have been most anxious to bring about the marriage.

We may imagine Catherine's blushes and smiles as she read the letter. Her betrothed husband seemed waiting for her with an impatience he could hardly control, and even the address—"To the Queen of Great Britain, my wife and lady, whom God preserve"—must have gratified her. Both these letters were written in Spanish, and so could be read by those for whom they were addressed. It is almost incredible that the Queen-Regent, who had privately destined Catherine, almost from her cradle, to be Queen of England, should never even have instructed her in the language of her future country. She did not know a word of it when she arrived on English ground, and for a good many years spoke it with difficulty.

As soon as the treaty was ratified formally, Catherine was endowed by the Portuguese with the title of Queen of Great Britain, and was treated, at the Court of her brother and mother, exactly as if she had been Queen in reality. The ideas of Portugal in England were extremely hazy, and nothing was incredible when related of it. People said that Catherine's family was so poor that her brother, the King, had his dinner served in pipkins, and dined on nothing but half a fowl and a little fruit. Pepys solemnly believed this gossip. "But now that the Infanta is become our Queen, she is come to have a whole hen or goose to her table."¹ In spite of the fact that her dowry was the richest ever

¹ *Diary.*

brought by an English Queen Consort, these ridiculous stories had full credence. A report was common in the beginning of the next year that she had died by poison, and was believed in many quarters.

Catherine now appeared a little in public. Maynard writes to Nicholas: "We shall be extremely happy in a Queen. She is as sweet a dispositioned princess as ever was born, a lady of excellent parts, but bred hugely retired. She hath hardly been ten times out of the palace in her life. In five years' time she was not out of doors, until she heard of His Majesty's intentions to make her Queen of Great Britain, since which she hath been to visit two saints in the city, and very shortly she intends to pay her devotions to some saints in the country."

She probably was as anxious as her mother for the consummation of the marriage. Maynard writes that the Queen-mother was very anxious for her daughter to embark, "that she might not be at sea in the winter season." But unfortunately there was still inevitable delay in the journey. Lord Sandwich, who had set out to bring Catherine to England, had to chase Algerine pirates from the Mediterranean, and take possession of Tangier and garrison it. There had also to elapse a considerable time while the dower of Catherine was shipped. In England her arrival was anxiously waited for. The King had written a letter to the Council for prayers to be said in the churches for her as Queen of England, and on November 10, 1661, Pepys tells us: "In the afternoon I went and sat with Mr. Turner in his pew at St. Gregory's, where I hear our Queen Katherine, the first time by name as such, publickly prayed for."¹ The appointment of her household gave rise to some trouble. These appointments were being made, and Lord Northumberland wrote to Lord Leicester: "My Lady of Suffolk is declared first lady of the bed-chamber to Her Majesty, at which

¹ *Diary.*

the Duchess of Richmond and Countess of Portland, both pretenders to the office, are displeased." Mrs. Palmer, in order to remain near the King, and maintain her influence over him, had begged him to appoint her as one of Catherine's household. He had the folly and weakness to yield to her request, and created her husband Earl of Castlemaine, in Ireland, in spite, it is said, of his indignant protests. This was to give Barbara Palmer the rank sufficient for the office. Charles spent much of his time still in the company of "The Lady," as the Court called her. Pepys at this time was in great solicitude on her account, fearing she might be supplanted by the charms of Catherine.

Other preparations were also being made. The King, on March 1, said in his speech to Parliament: "The arrival of my wife, whom I expect some time this month, and the necessity of my own being out of town to meet her, and to stay some time before she comes hither, makes it very necessary that the Parliament should be adjourned before Easter, to meet again in the winter." He also begged that some attention might be paid to the mending and cleaning of the London streets, which were not in a condition to receive a Queen over them.

It was in the spring, Portugal's most adorable season, that news was brought of English sails approaching the bay of Lisbon. It was Lord Sandwich, at last, prepared to convoy Catherine to her new home and her bridegroom. He made his appearance in a happy hour, for Spain was at that moment threatening an invasion. In fact, the Spanish army was on the march to attack Portugal, eager to make one more desperate effort for her recapture before the alliance with England should give her a too-powerful protector. The Spanish army retreated in confusion on seeing the approach of the English fleet, and Portugal had her first assurance of the value of the impending marriage.

Lord Sandwich came with the powers and position of an ambassador, and his coming was hailed with a delirium of rapture by the Portuguese. Bull-fights, fireworks, bonfires, illuminations, and *festas* of all sorts at once were put in train to welcome him. Catherine, who for nearly a whole year had been waiting in a trembling anxiety, now found her marriage loom before her, and the brightest auguries attend it. Her visitation of the shrines of the saints was not, as some historians suggest, to give thanks for the high honour which had befallen her in the King of England's choice. She was considered by her family and her country quite a good enough match for any sovereign in Europe, and we do not read that she entered on her new life with the least feeling of humility. Her marriage was the preservation of her country from its hereditary foe, and she was lauded by the Portuguese people as the instrument of their salvation. It is far more likely that she made her little pilgrimages to ask for a blessing on her future life, and that she might secure for her well-loved country all the advantages it so sorely needed.

The Conde da Ponte was now created Marquez de Sande, in recognition of his services in bringing about the marriage.¹ Lord Sandwich, as soon as his ship entered the Tagus, received on board Dom Pedro de Almeida, the Comptroller of the royal household, whom King Alphonzo had sent to receive him. With him came a rich suite in two barges. As the Comptroller's barge approached Lord Sandwich saluted him with twenty-seven guns, and descended the companion to greet him. The lavishly decorated barge that had brought the Comptroller remained at the ship's side, and the two high officials went down together to the cabin of Lord Sandwich. Dom Pedro was motioned to the most honourable place, and took it with a careful politeness, immediately quitting it again, however, to deliver with

¹ *Relación de las Fiestas in Lisboa.*

uncovered head the message of his King that he had brought. This message was to express Alphonzo's deep pleasure at the ambassador's arrival.

Then intervened another salute of seven-and-twenty guns, and the ambassador's turn came to speak. He signified how deeply he was impressed with the high honour done him. When Dom Pedro ended the interview, Lord Sandwich went with him to the foot of the companion, and saw him safely into his barge. He rowed to the shore with an accompaniment again of the seven-and-twenty guns.

Stoop's valuable series of seven plates representing Catherine's journey to England are of the highest help and importance in giving us an exact picture of the times and events. From them one is able to see with accuracy the whole progress of the affair. Sandwich landed on a bright and lovely spring day, and at once stepped into one of the royal state coaches which had been sent to meet him. His entry was a public and state one. It was March 28, and Lisbon looked her most enchanting. A long train of state coaches, unglazed and open, as was then the fashion, wound at a foot-pace to the gates of the city, whose grim and sturdy defences scowled down on the approaching triumph. The ambassador rode with six horses and postillions. Heralds, mounted and trumpeting, preceded him. On either side of his coach marched an escort of gentlemen and pages on foot, their plumed hats in hand, and swords at their sides. The ships in the harbour could still be seen when the party wound in at the open city gates, and took their way to the royal palace. The Marquez de Gouvea, chief steward of the royal household, conducted Sandwich,¹ and probably rode in the same coach with him. Arrived at the palace, he had immediate audience of the King, who welcomed him with great distinction, and with all the tedious and elaborate ceremony of one of the most formal courts in the world. At the

¹ *Hist. Casa Real Port.*

conclusion of the interview, which was of the most flattering sort, Sandwich was taken to the splendid apartments of the Marquis de Castello Rodrigo, which had been put at the disposal of himself and his suite, and there they were all sumptuously entertained. Nothing was spared to mark the pride and joy Portugal felt at the marriage.

It was not for two days that Sandwich was allowed a sight of the bride-to-be. The same tedious etiquette and ceremony forbade a shorter interval to elapse before he was received by herself and her mother. Sandwich, a sensible man, and a favourite at court, must have gone to that interview with feelings of the liveliest curiosity and interest. Not only was he, like his whole country, deeply anxious to know what manner of Queen they were to get, but the diverse and contradictory descriptions that had been set abroad about her must have made him extremely desirous of judging for himself what she was like. That he was favourably impressed is more than probable, from the subsequent accounts he gave of her.

Catherine was now just twenty-three and a half. She was extraordinarily girlish and unformed in looks, as her contemporary portraits show us, and might have been taken for sixteen by her appearance. She wore the appallingly hideous farthingale, which was the mode of Queen Elizabeth's days in England, but which the conservative Portuguese ladies had never given up, and considered the costume of their country. Her hair was dressed in the frightful style Miss Strickland has described,¹ a mode that might have made Venus herself plain. Yet her clear olive complexion, with its warm glow, her fine expressive eyes, and the look of fresh innocence and almost childish simplicity, must have made her very charming.

Sandwich was doubtless received by the Queen-Regent and by Catherine with the same complimentary warmth he had already met with from Alphonzo. In

¹ *Queens of England*, vol. v.

fact, he was probably more at ease with them than with the King, who has been described as "vicious, silly, violent." He was in fact defective in intellect from early illness, and his coarse and brutal excesses had by this time weakened what was left of his wits. Sandwich was able to hand to Catherine, in the course of his first interview with her, a letter from Charles written in Spanish, and full of tender and caressing epithets. He also presented to her several English gentlemen of rank, who had been appointed members of her future household. She graciously confirmed their appointments, and at once allowed them to begin their services to her.¹ So far, all had gone as merry as the traditional marriage bell. Alas! there was to come a change in the chiming. Fêtes, illuminations, bullfights, filled the days and nights, till at last the subject of the dowry Charles set higher than Catherine in his desires came into question.

The Queen-Regent, unluckily, was in the position of other people who have impetuously made promises to secure their ends, and find themselves incapable of performing them. She could keep her pledge as to Tangier and Bombay, but when it came to the cruzados she had offered, the treasury was not able to bear out her offer. She was in the mortifying position of having to confess to Sandwich that the advance of the Spanish invading army had forced her to draw on her daughter's portion to supply the sinews of war, rendered necessary for the security of the kingdom. She regretted that she was only able to pay half the sum down, "with which she hoped His Majesty would rest satisfied, and she faithfully promised to pay the rest within the year."² We shall never know whether the plausible story was true, or whether the Queen had never been in a position all along to make her tempting offer. The probabilities are against such a skilled diplomatist.

¹ *Hist. Casa Real Port.*

² Clarendon.

Lord Sandwich was amazingly taken aback, as well he might be. He was perfectly aware that what had turned the scale in Catherine's favour, both with Charles and with his people, was the size and value of her portion. The country needed ready money, and it had hoped to replenish the Treasury by the Portuguese marriage. He was between the devil and the deep blue sea. He had already secured Tangier and garrisoned it. To withdraw the garrison and give up the new possession would be a deadly mortification to the nation. Yet he was fully aware of Charles's declaration, made last year, when the marriage was finally settled.

CHARLES R.

Whereas his Majesty is resolved to declare under his Royal Hand and Seal the Most Illustrious Lady Infanta of Portugall to be his lawful wife before the Treaty shall be signed by the King of Portugall, which is to be done only for the better expiditing the marriage, without sending to Rome for a dispensation, which the laws of Portugall would require if the said most Illustrious Infanta were to be betrothed in that kingdome. His say'd Majesty the King of Great Britain doth here declare with the privity, consent and approbation of the Ambassador of Portugall that if all these things shall not be performed on the part of the say'd most serene King of Portugall which by the Articles of the Treaty are to be performed before the say'd most Illustrious Infanta shall embarke on his Majesty's Navy, then the say'd declaration of his Majesty's taking the say'd most Illustrious Infanta for his wife is to be taken as voyde and of none effect.

Dated this 22nd of June, 1661.

FRANCESCO DE MILLO, }
Conde da Ponte. }

MANCHESTER

CLARENDON.

ORMOND.

ALBEMARLE.

EDW. NICHOLAS.

T. SOUTHAMPTON.

WILL MORICE.

This treaty was before the eyes of the Queen-Regent, yet she dared to withhold the specified articles of it, in the face of Charles's declaration that the non-

performance of the conditions of the treaty should make the marriage null and void. She no doubt traded on Charles's known good-nature, and the impossibility to a man of any chivalry or honour of breaking off the marriage at that date. At least Sandwich was caught by those considerations. Great as was his consternation at facing Charles with the Infanta and the broken treaty, his manhood and his honour as a gentleman forbade him to cut short the negotiations at this advanced date, and return to England. The little bride would have been the scorn and jest of all Europe. Courtesy and kindness made him risk consequences, and declare that a lady was of infinitely more value than her dower, and that he would take her to England with half her portion, rather than fail in chivalry towards her. He had to act entirely on his own responsibility in the matter—and perhaps it was only his own knowledge of Charles's unflinching kindness to women that gave him courage to take the step. There was no time to send to England for instructions. Everything was ready for the royal bride there. To have broken off the affair now would have been ludicrous and awkward. Donna Luiza might have been satisfied with her advantage, which was a hundred times more than she had any right to expect. Instead, she further exerted her diplomacy, this time to a limit that touched the dishonest. When the dower arrived at the side of Sandwich's ships to be embarked, he found that the Jew factors in charge of it had brought bags of spices and sugar, and other goods, instead of money. He tried to stop the lading, and he remonstrated with the Queen-Regent. She suavely offered jewels instead, but declared there was nothing else left in the kingdom to give him. Sandwich refused the jewels at once, knowing the difficulty of getting a price for them. He also emphatically refused to take the sugar and spices at the valuation put on them ; but, finding he was in a most unpleasant position, he finally was driven into a consent to

receiving the merchandise on his ships as a mere consignment to some merchants of repute in London, whom the Queen-Regent should empower to take the goods in bulk, and pay the King the amount due on them. In the end this alternative was agreed to, and a certain Jew, named Diego Silvas, a person of credit and wealth, was sent with the goods as supercargo, to settle the account with the officers of the Treasury. The Queen-Regent graciously added a bond for the payment of the remainder of the portion within a year. It is hardly necessary to add that that bond, so far from being fulfilled, was turned into a dead letter, and for years on years a miserable haggling over the unpaid pension harassed the minds and occupied the time of every successive ambassador to Portugal. It was a breach of faith and an act of dishonesty that paved the way poorly for Charles's reception of his bride. There were kings in Europe at that time who would have found in the failure cause sufficient to excuse their returning her to her mother on her arrival in her new country.

These disagreeables delayed again the embarking ; but it does not appear that Catherine was aware of them, or if so, she was probably given a garbled account that made her mother seem in the right.

Now at last the day broke when the Princess of Portugal should leave her home and friends and country, and put out into the unknown waters. Catherine's outfit had had plenty of time to be prepared, and she took a somewhat extensive wardrobe. Amongst it were English dresses. Clarendon declares that the tailors Charles had sent to Portugal to fit her with English frocks could never get admittance to her presence, nor did they receive any employment, for the reason that her ladies had told her that for the dignity of Portugal she should retain Portuguese costume, and that by doing so she would induce all Englishwomen to follow her example.¹ But Charles

¹ *Diary.*

sent English dresses by Sandwich, and she wore them on board before she reached England.

She took with her a large household, or "family" as they called it in those days. Edward Montague, Sandwich's cousin, had been appointed her grand equerry. He was the Comptroller of her future mother-in-law, Henrietta Maria, and made all the payments ordered by the King. For almoners, she had Richard Russell, who had made himself so useful in the affair of her marriage, and Dom Patricio, an Irish priest, who probably knew himself better as Father Patrick.

In number her Portuguese suite was a hundred. Her chaperons were two ladies of the highest rank—Donna Maria de Portugal, countess de Penalva, sister of Dom Francesco de Mello, and Donna Elvira de Vilpena, Countess of Ponteval. These ladies appear to have been of the most unbending propriety and prudishness, and of enormous dignity. They were grave and solemn, without common-sense or a saving sense of humour. But they had the laws of etiquette and ceremony at their finger ends.

Six noble young ladies also went with Catherine as her maids of honour. They were all carefully chosen for rank or distinction. Count Hamilton called them "the six frights," and said that their duenna "was another monster, who took the title of governess to these extraordinary beauties." There were besides in Catherine's train six chaplains, four bakers, a Jew perfumer, and "a certain officer, apparently without employment, calling himself her highness's barber." This personage was a necessary addition to the staff, for no English or French hair-dresser could have undertaken to arrange Catherine's hair as she was accustomed to wear it.

On April 23 everything was ready for the departure, and the *Royal Charles* waited to receive Catherine on board. Poor Catherine had now to part from her mother, whom she dearly loved, and who from the day she was born had lavished on her affection and indulgence.

On this morning Catherine came from the apartments of the Queen-Regent, closely followed by her two brothers, King Alphonzo and Dom Pedro. Behind them stepped, in a long and imposing procession, with all the dignity and solemnity of a Portuguese function, the grandees of the kingdom, the officers of the household, and the Court nobles. Down the great staircase of the palace they streamed, silent and stiff, and into the Hall of the Germans.

At the staircase that leads to the chapel the Queen-mother met Catherine, who was in Portuguese national costume, with a huge farthingale of rich stuff, and who wore a long ungainly ostrich feather sticking stiffly and ungracefully from her hair. Catherine knew that this was their final parting. She asked permission to kiss her mother's hand, but this the Queen-Regent would not permit from the Queen of England. She embraced her daughter tenderly, and blessed her. Neither of them showed a trace of emotion, which would have been extremely uncomplimentary in their eyes to Catherine's husband and nation.

The ladies, and even the nobles, looking on, were so profoundly moved that they wept plentifully, in spite of Portuguese etiquette. An unknown poet, who appears to have sailed in the *Royal Charles* on purpose to chronicle the events of the voyage in verse, says of the fortitude of the two Queens :

Art conquered nature, state and reason stood
Like two great consuls, to restrain the flood
Of passion and affection, which ne'erless
Appeared in sad but prudent comliness.
A scene so solemn that the standers-by,
Both lords and ladies, did that want supply ;
In this great concourse every one appears
Paying a tribute to them in their tears.

The two Queens ended their long, silent embrace, and Catherine turned to her two brothers, who between them respectfully led her to her coach. As she reached it she turned back to her mother, who stood watching,

and made her a deep curtsy. The Queen blessed her again, and at once retired before Catherine had entered the coach. No doubt she could no longer hide her emotion, and scorned to betray it. Catherine was placed on the right-hand seat of the vast lumbering coach, which was unglazed, but had a canopy over it. Alphonzo sat by her side, and Pedro with his back to the horses.

In the first coach went the Duke of Cardavall; in the second Lord Montague, Catherine's grand equerry; the third coach was hers and her brothers'. Troops were drawn up in squares, and beautiful triumphal arches or pergolas of flowers crossed their way. Catherine was screened from the April sun by the coach's canopy, so went with no head covering. Only the remarkable hideous ostrich feather, uncurled and gaunt, stuck from the back of her head grotesquely. Her topknot is conspicuous in Stoop's picture. She wore a great hoop, and had a deep collar at her neck, huge bishop sleeves, and a stiff stomacher. She looked bright and happy, and extremely pretty, though small and girlish. The chief of the nobility followed them in a splendour of array of dress and carriages. The captains of the guard came after and protected the royal coach. They drove on to the cathedral, while cannon boomed from the fortresses and shipping, and every bell in cathedral or monastery vied with each other in ringing longest and loudest.

Music and dancers filled the streets. It was a national ovation. It happened to be St. George's Day, and this was looked upon as a particularly happy omen for Catherine's departure for England. It was nine o'clock when the *cortège* reached the cathedral, where a special service was to be held of a benedictory Mass. The beautiful cathedral was gorgeously decorated, and in the principal chapel, to which Catherine and her retinue were escorted, a solemn *Te Deum* was sung. The pre-eminent place of honour was reserved for Catherine, and by a

tactful arrangement the Protestant members of her new household, together with Lord Sandwich, were invited to stroll in the shady cloisters while Mass proceeded.

The service over, the royal party went back to the coach, and the procession went on again. Their way to the quay was through streets hung with silks and damasks and cloth of gold, that shone and flashed in the broad sunlight. Here and there were statues of Catherine and Charles, robed in priceless clothes, and the whole city rioted in joy and triumph.

At the water side the royal coach alone entered the docks by a garden near at hand, where a door was opened for it. Every one else had to alight and make their way through another door of the same garden to a pier brilliantly adorned with flags and pennons, which jutted into the water. All those who had escorted Catherine so far now kissed her hand with every expression of reverence. When they would have offered the same salute to Alphonzo, he refused it, not wishing to detract in any way from Catherine's sole possession of the glories of the day.

Out in the bay—that lovely bay of Lisbon—lay the fleet that had come for Catherine. There were fourteen men-of-war, amongst which the Admiral's ship, the *Royal Charles*, and the Vice-Admiral's, the *Gloucester*, were the finest and largest. The *Montague* carried the Queen's outfit. On board three of the smaller ships were the thousand boxes of sugar that were part of the meanly substituted dower. The three-deckers were all flying the English standard. The *Royal Charles* had the royal ensign. At the quay or pier lay a splendidly appointed barge with the Portuguese royal standard flying above it. Her brothers assisted Catherine to enter it, and she stepped in sedately, the queer feather in her hair fluttering in the breeze. Her ladies stood about in their great farthingales, also wearing the Court feather and carrying fans, which they used as parasols, when the sun became inconvenient.



The harbor of St. Mary's (Catharine) looking from Lisbon for England

CATHERINE LEAVING LISBON.
Stoop's Plates.



After Catherine and her brothers had stepped into the swaying barge they were immediately followed by Sandwich, Montague, and the other English nobles of Catherine's household. Then came the new Marquez de Sande, our old friend de Mello, who had been reappointed Ambassador-extraordinary to England from Portugal. Four other Portuguese gentlemen, who were to form part of Catherine's escort to England, completed the barge's load. There was a little covered cabin, but one fancied Catherine did not use it, but preferred to sit above, and keep her eyes as long as she could on her beloved Portugal.

In other boats behind them came officers of the royal household, in attendance on Alphonzo, who kept himself and his *entourage* resolutely in the background to-day, so that Catherine should receive all the honour. Directly the barge began to move deafening salutes of cannon burst out anew, and never ceased till Catherine came to the side of the *Royal Charles*, which had a complement of six hundred in her crew, and was a ship of eighty brass cannon.

Catherine was helped up the companion—which was one of special ease for her accommodation. As soon as she reached the deck of the *Royal Charles* a royal salute was fired by the fleet, and answered from the forts on shore, the guns firing alternately. Amid this din of rejoicing Catherine was formally handed over to Lord Sandwich by her brother the King, and he led her down to the cabin that had been prepared for her.

It was in that cabin that the last of her heart-rending farewells, the leave-taking with her two beloved brothers, had to be gone through. The author of the *Iter Lusitania (sic)* or *Portugal Voyage*, has much to say regarding that cabin. In his poem, afterwards printed in London, and dedicated to "their sacred Majesties King Charles II. and Queen Catherine," and embellished with their portraits, he thus bursts forth. It may be remarked that the *Iter*

Lusitania might be bought by all faithful subjects at the sign of the Bible in Chancery Lane.

Her royal cabin, and her state-room too,
 Adorned with gold, and lined with velvet through.
 The cushions, stools and chairs, and clothes of state
 All of the same material and rate.
 The bed, made for Her Majesty's repose.
 White as the lily, red as Sharon's rose.
 Egypt, nor isles of Chittim, have not seen
 Such rich embroideries, nor such a Queen!
 Windows with taffaties and damask hung,
 While costly carpets on the floor are flung.
 Regions of perfumes, clouds of incense hurled
 In every room of this our little world.

All of which glowing account tends to assure us that Catherine's comforts and luxuries for the voyage were extremely well appointed. The good-bye to her brothers may well have tried the fortitude she had so well sustained till now. After the ladies who had attended her on board took their leave of her, kissing her hand with deep reverences, she should have been left alone in her cabin with only the members of her new household. Portugal had resigned her—she was in the care and custody of her new country now. But Catherine's heart was too full to let herself be bound by the strict etiquette that enjoined on her to hide in her cabin from the eyes of the world. She could not lose one precious moment of her brothers' company, and she went back with them to the deck of the *Royal Charles*, and even to the first step of the companion, in spite of her brother Alphonzo's remonstrances. She stood and gazed after their disappearing backs, till they were in the royal barge again, and under the awning.¹ Even then she could hardly tear herself from the spot where, her heart in her eyes, she stood, with a disregard for convention that shocked the Portuguese King. He motioned to her imperatively to return

¹ *Hist. Casa Real Port.*

to her cabin, and at last she most reluctantly obeyed; with how heavy a sadness can be guessed.

The King steered for the Paço, where they had embarked, and his train of boats with the suite followed after. The *Royal Charles* weighed anchor, and she and her fleet prepared to set out for sea.

But the winds and waves gave Catherine another little pause, in which she might longer see her beloved native land. The wind veered sharply round into an unfavouring quarter, and the English ships could not leave Lisbon Bay. Both the fleet and the city took advantage of the unforeseen delay to illuminate that night, more effusively than they had done before. A kind of water carnival was hastily arranged, in which hundreds of little boats with bright lights filled the bay about the fleet, and threw up fire-balls. Rockets and squibs roared up to the dark heavens from the shore, and the people of Lisbon, as well as the English on their ships, did all that was possible to divert Catherine's mind, and amuse her in this awkward check to her departure.

All the next day the wind was anxiously watched, both from the fleet and the city, but still it blew strongly against the ships. The Queen-Regent sent again and again to inquire for her daughter, and to offer comforting sympathy on the delay. Everybody can understand and appreciate an unexpected check to a desired journey, and it is easy to enter into the feelings of poor Catherine, detained in this provoking way within sight of the home she had left with such grief, and stopped short in her progress to her marriage.

That evening the fleet was still storm-bound. Catherine's two brothers, exceedingly anxious that she should not be too much depressed by the fretting delay, arranged with each other to give her a pretty little pleasure. They chose certain of the specially musical nobles of the Court to accompany them, and they all came out to surround the *Royal Charles* in the barges, carrying musical instruments. They serenaded Catherine with

viols and guitars, and sang, says the chronicler, "the various carols, sonnets, madrigals, canozoni, and epithalamiums that had been composed in honour of her nuptials."¹ "Floating under the gilded galleries of the three-deckers," as the poet of the voyage tells us, they sang and played, and no doubt Catherine was grateful and delighted with the little compliment.

The wind dropped in the night, and though what remained was not a very favouring breeze, the morning was so glorious, and the delay had been so irksome, that Sandwich decided to put to sea. The gallant fleet, with snowy sails spread, went like a flock of sea-birds down the bay, crossed the bar, and managed to get away. But the two days' gale had not prepared the ocean to be in a smiling temper. The whole voyage was so tempestuous, and the waves so baffling, that many of those on board fell sick with terror, as well as with the inevitable sea-sickness. Catherine herself suffered much, as we know from the various accounts of the journey, but she never lost either courage or composure, and was able to console and encourage her trembling train of ladies. There was real danger now and then to the fleet, and the north-west wind blew with such violence that several of the ships suffered damage. This made it necessary to run for Mount's Bay, between the Lizard and the Land's End, to seek shelter till the wind should moderate enough to let them safely continue the voyage.

This was the first slice of her new territory that the bride-Queen of England saw. The people welcomed her with fireworks along the shore, and fired salvos of artillery. At last the Isle of Wight came into sight, and there the fleet dropped sail, for the Duke of York, her bridegroom's brother, was putting out from Portsmouth to meet and welcome her.

Preparations for the reception of Catherine had been making in England for months past. On April 29 Charles issued a mandate to his chief engraver,

¹ *Relación de las Fiestas.*

Thomas Simon : " Our will and pleasure is that you forthwith make and prepare a seal in Silver for our Royal Consort, the Queen, according to these draughts. Given at our Court at Whitehall." The impression of this seal can be seen in the MS. room of the British Museum. It represents a slight, short, girlish figure, under the canopy of a throne, of which the drapery is upheld by cupids, hovering above shields which bear the arms of England and Portugal. Catherine wears a robe lined with ermine, and a crown surmounts the flowing locks parted in the middle. She holds the orb and the sceptre. The legend is : "*Catherina Dei Gra. Mag. Britanniae, Franciae, et Hiberniae Regina, 1662.*" On the reverse is the royal crown of England over a shield which quarters the arms of England and Portugal, and is supported by the lion rampant and the dragon rampant. The legend is : "*Mag. Sigil. Catherina Dei Gra. Mag. Britanniae, Fran. et Hiberniae Regina.*"

Her apartments at Hampton Court were also being got ready, as well as those at Whitehall. On May 12 Pepys walked with a Mr. Townsend from Teddington to Hampton Court, on purpose to see the fittings of the new Queen's rooms, with which he was much delighted. He and Mr. Townsend and the ladies of their party were taken through the rooms by Mr. Marriott, the housekeeper of the palace, and Pepys thought them indeed nobly furnished, particularly "the Queen's bed, given her by the States of Holland ; a looking-glass sent by the Queen-mother from France, hanging in the Queen's room, and many brave pictures."¹

The delay in the arrival of their expected Queen kept the people in a state of excited suspense. Pepys made a journey to Portsmouth in the hope of seeing her arrive, but had to return, only having pleased himself with the splendour of the preparations. He followed a crowd of gallants who were thronging

¹ *Diary.*

through the Queen's apartments, standing ready in her lodging at the governor's house. He saw the chapel, which, with the other rooms, was "rarely furnished," and remarks that the whole narrowly escaped being set on fire the day before he saw it.¹ The Mayor, who was the Admiralty anchorsmith, showed Pepys the present the corporation and he had prepared as a gift from the town of Portsmouth. It was a beautifully shaped salt-cellar of silver, with crystal sides, "With four eagles and four greyhounds standing up at the top to bear up a dish."²

When the news at last arrived at Portsmouth that the fleet from Portugal was sighted down Channel, there was the greatest and most joyful excitement. The Duke of York, who had been waiting for the summons, at once boarded his ship, and set out with a squadron of five frigates to receive and welcome Catherine on behalf of the King.

As soon as he came in sight of Sandwich's ships he dropped sail and sent his secretary off in a boat, rowed by swift rowers, to ask permission to wait upon Catherine and kiss her hand. Catherine at once returned the secretary with the answer that any delay would be painful to her.³ In truth, she must have had enough already, poor girl, and she was only anxious now to reach her bridegroom and her new home

¹ *Diary.*

² *Ibid.*

³ *Hist. Casa Real Portuguese.*

CHAPTER V

THE MARRIAGE

IMMEDIATELY the Duke of York had this message brought him by his secretary he prepared to put off for the *Royal Charles*. He got into his private barge, accompanied by the Duke of Ormonde, Master of Charles's household, the Earl of Chesterfield, who had just been appointed Chamberlain, and the Earl of Carlingford, Catherine's new Master of Ceremonies, together with the Earl of Suffolk and other gentlemen of the Court. Every one wore full court dress, and they must have presented a glittering appearance as they rowed rapidly to the side of the *Royal Charles*. There, on the deck, the Marquez de Sande, in company with other fidalgos, stood to receive him.

Catherine, at the first intimation of his coming, had put on an English dress of white cloth, trimmed with silver lace, and sat in the innermost cabinet of her cabin to receive him.¹ The little room had been fitted up magnificently with a throne and canopy for the new Queen, and it formed a presence-chamber for her. With what tumult of expectation and hope did Catherine sit and wait to see the first of her new relatives! Whatever emotions stirred her, she was too well trained in state etiquette to betray them.

The Duke, having been received above, was shown

¹ *Hist. Casa Real Portuguese.*

down to her cabin. As he was announced,¹ she rose, and took exactly three steps forward to greet him. The Duke knelt before her, and would have kissed her hand, but that she stopped him, and raised him "in her arms," says the historian of the Portuguese Court; but as that would have been rather a weighty task for a slender young girl of short stature, as well as in defiance of all prescribed Portuguese formality, it is probable she merely put her hands under his elbows and assisted him to his feet.

According to the Earl of Chesterfield, James, who might have availed himself of his near connection with Charles to kiss Catherine, did not take advantage of his privilege, so that Charles himself might have his bride's first kiss.¹ Kissing, in those days, was by no means a merely intimate salute, but the common form of greeting between even casual acquaintances, just as the hand-shake is now. The custom of the English in kissing each other greatly surprised, as it also pleased, foreign ambassadors, on more than one occasion. They thought the fashion of kissing every lady you were introduced to a very agreeable national observance!

Catherine, when James was on his feet, retreated quietly to her place under the canopy, and seated herself. She exchanged a few remarks with the Duke, through her almoner and interpreter, Richard Russell, and then smilingly signed to James that he should sit down on an armchair that had been placed on her right hand ready for him. He refused this great compliment, and she then touched with her hand a high stool, or tabouret, outside the canopy of her throne, on her left hand. He accepted this, and seated himself. He was most kind and flattering in his remarks to her, speaking in Spanish, which she understood, and assuring her of his brotherly affection for her, and his desire always to serve her. She answered him with great graciousness, and was evi-

¹ *Letters.*

dently much pleased.¹ Throughout this interview she preserved the dignity and self-possession which people often remarked in her, and which was unlike anything that England at that time looked for in its royalties.

Then were brought up to Catherine the noblemen who had come on board with the Duke, and one by one they were presented to her. The Duke of Ormonde came first. He kissed Catherine's hand, and presented her with a letter he had brought her from the King. The Lord Chamberlain, Chesterfield and the other nobles were made known to her, and Catherine in her turn presented to the Duke of York the Portuguese *fidalgos* who had come with her. She explained in each instance their rank and standing, and James received them each with marked and flattering courtesy.

When the time came for the interview to end and the Duke to go, Catherine stood up, and came with him three paces. The Duke tried to stop her, protesting that she must remember her rank. She smiled at him with the most winning sweetness, and returned that "she wished to do out of affection what she was not obliged to do."² The Duke was delighted with her gentleness and kindness, and her first impression on those who had come with him was greatly favourable.

Catherine, who throughout the voyage had kept herself with the strictest etiquette to her cabin, now began to emerge from her nunlike seclusion. Creed, Lord Sandwich's secretary, told Pepys that all through the voyage the Queen had been "recluse," and never even came on deck, or put her head out of the cabin, but "did love my Lord's music [Sandwich's] and would send for it down to the state-room, and sit in her cabin within hearing of it."³ Sandwich, who had had every chance of getting to know his passenger during the long voyage, told Pepys that "the Queen

¹ *Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.*

² *Ibid.*

³ *Diary.*

was a most agreeable lady, and painted well." ¹ She now began to receive people in her cabin, and sent the Conde de Ponteval, the Marquez de Sande, and Dom Pedro Francesco de Correa to return the visit the Duke of York had made her. The Duke repeated his visit to her every day, and they became very friendly. He went so far as to ask her to put on the Portuguese dress that he might see how she looked in it. So she received him in it one day, when he came, and he declared she "looked very well in it." ² This directly contradicts Clarendon's remarks about her adherence to the Portuguese costume with senseless obstinacy. His account is worth quoting.

"There was a numerous family of men and women that were sent from Portugal, the most improper to promote that conformity in the Queen that was necessary for her condition and future happiness that could be chosen. The women for the most part old, and ugly, and proud, incapable of any conversation with persons of quality and a liberal education, and they desired, and indeed had conspired so far to possess the Queen themselves, that she should neither learn the English language nor use their habit, nor depart from the manners and customs of her own country in any particular." And again, "she could not be persuaded to be dressed out of the wardrobe the King had sent her, but would wear the clothes she had brought until she found the King was displeased, and would be obeyed, whereupon she conformed against the advice of her women who continued their opiniatrety without any of them receding from their own mode, which exposed them the more to reproach."

Now Catherine was dressed in English costume when she received the Duke of York, and we have seen that it was only at his instance that she resumed her national costume. She landed in English dress, according to Stoop's plates, and in it she made her

¹ *Diary.*

² *Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.*

progress to Hampton Court and her entry into London. Not long does any historian mention her wearing Portuguese costume after she landed, with the single exception of Clarendon, though the strange appearance of her ladies in their farthingales is constantly noticed. Wherefore leave may be taken to believe that Clarendon was mistaken.

It was on the same day that Catherine dressed to please James that she also sent for all the officers of the ship for the first time, and allowed them to kiss her hand. She gave to the captain a collar of gold, and money to the pilot and the master, both for themselves and to be distributed amongst the crew.¹ Pepys's remark that it was complained she dealt niggardly with the crew of the *Royal Charles* must surely be mistaken.² It could hardly be considered illiberal to bestow a collar of gold on the captain, and largess to the whole crew, including the pilot and the master.

It was a glorious day in May, the 14th, when the fleet was seen from the Portsmouth forts sailing up the Solent. Rather it was the combined fleets, for the Duke of York had added his as escort. The *Royal Charles* came into sight, all sails set, and the royal ensign streaming in the wind. Directly behind came the Duke of York's ship, bearing the standard with the second son's cognizance. The *Royal Charles* cast anchor off Spithead, and the Duke of York was immediately at her side with his own handsome barge; but it was in the *Montague's* barge that Catherine started for the shore. They rowed to the Sally Port, while mobs of cheering and excited people crowded the bastions. The Countess of Penalva had to be left behind on board the *Royal Charles*, as she was ill of a fever, and had to be bled several times before she could be brought ashore.

The Mayor and Corporation of the royal port had gathered on the foreshore below the Sally Port in

¹ *Hist. Casa Real Portuguese.*

² *Diary.*

their gowns of office, and long-gowned sheriffs stepped forward to meet her as her barge approached the beach.¹ All the magistrates and chief men of the neighbourhood stood respectfully in the background. Salutes were fired from muskets as she came near. On the landing-steps a little group stood to receive her on English ground. The Duke of York handed her from the barge to the steps. She was in English dress, without the hideous feather in her hair, and, according to Stoop's plates, she looked very smiling, young, and pleased. The Dukes of Manchester and Ormonde stood awaiting her, the Portuguese ambassador de Mello, and Lord Montague followed behind. She went on to the great gilded state coach waiting for her, and was handed in, still smiling, and at her particular request her coach drove through the chief streets of Portsmouth, that the people might see her before it landed her at the King's House—a long *détour*!²

Miss Strickland puts the date of this landing on the 13th of the month. It is difficult to know why. In the journal of Edward, Lord Sandwich (in *Kennett's Historical Register*), the date is particularly given as the 14th. He there describes Catherine's journey to the King's House in her own coach, the Portuguese ambassador and himself walking on foot before her.

The residence of the Governor of the Portsmouth generally called the King's House, was a building that embraced in it the old *Domus Deii*, or lodging for foreign pilgrims on their way to Canterbury. What was in their day the great hall of the God's House became the presence-chamber of the Governor's dwelling. The King stayed there on any occasion of departure or arrival from the port, and so did all the royal family. It was to this great establishment, covering a large area of ground, with houses and stores, and fortifications, that Catherine's coach took its way.

¹ *Stoop*.

² *Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa*.



CATHERINE LANDING AT PORTSMOUTH.
Stoop's Plates.

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Nowadays the presence-chamber is the garrison church, and it was in it, not in the chapel of the Governor's house, that the marriage of Catherine was to take place.

When Catherine arrived at her lodging, furnished with the beauty that had impressed Pepys, she was received by the Countess of Suffolk, the principal lady of her bedchamber, and four other ladies of her household. Immediately after her reception by them she sat down to write to the King, and, her letter being finished, she despatched it post-haste to London by her Lord Chamberlain, to notify him of her safe arrival. Sandwich, on the following day, sent a letter to Clarendon.

MY EVER-HONOURED LORD,

Yesterday the Duke's letter was sent in so great haste that I had scarce time to scribble one word to the King of our arrival. Give me leave to congratulate with your lordship the happy success of the voyage; that after time and difficulties the Queene is safe landed, and in very good health, which is wonderful considering the length of Her Majesty's passage over the sea, and the stormy weather, and other disaccomodations to a person that scarce ever was out of the palace door before. Your lordship's letter I delivered unto Her Majesty, and made your excuse that your lordship did not attend Her Majesty's arrival at Hampton Court. Her Majesty is abundantly possessed with your lordship's kindness from the beginning of this affair, and expresseth as much gratitude as I can possibly tell your lordship. She will write so much with her own hand, and give me the honour to convey it, which shall be done as soon as can be. I have told Her Majesty the advice your lordship directed by Mr. Montague. She accepts thereof, and will follow it, not only in this, but along she will cast herself upon your lordship's council; the Queen-Regent of Portugal, her mother,

bade me assure your lordship it should be so, and that she had given her daughter to your charge. The Queene, as soon as she came to her lodgings, received my lady Suffolk and the other ladies very kindly, and appointed them this morning to come and put her in that habit they thought would be most pleasing to the King; and I doubt not but when they shall have done their parts, she will appear to much more advantage and very well to the King's contentment. She is a princess of extraordinary goodness of disposition, very discreet and pious, and there are the most hopes that there ever was of her making the King and us all happy.

This letter, of which the original is in the Bodleian library, is dated May 15, 1662. It fully disproves, by its account of Catherine's reception of her new ladies, Clarendon's remarkable statement that she would not admit any of them to her presence till the King came, and then would not accost them with "any grace, or the liberty that belonged to their places and offices."¹ What could have induced Clarendon so to distort the account he had at first-hand from Sandwich, there is no saying. Probably he wrote his own autobiography many years later when events were blurred by time. Otherwise he could hardly have committed himself to such a perversion of the truth. Sandwich's letter was confidential, written at the time and as an eye-witness, and is surely more worthy of credence than the later account by the Lord Chancellor.

There is an interesting little feminine touch in the news that Catherine had begged her new ladies to come and help her select from her English trousseau the dress they thought suited her best, and would best please the King. One can picture Lady Suffolk and the other ladies standing behind Catherine's chair in the King's House, while her waiting-maids opened the chests, and laid before her the glittering and

¹ *Life of Clarendon.*

lovely frocks. No doubt her hair-dressing was also under consultation and debate. One can fancy the faint shudder that would run through the ranks of the English women on beholding her fantastic coiffure. They themselves wore their locks in flowing ringlets on either side of the face, with a parting in the middle. One or two stray little curls of a few hairs each lay on the forehead. But the fashion in dress was not yet of the flowing loose *décolleté* order that it was soon to become—those graceful full draperies that Lely loved to paint, and the uncovered necks. There is still in existence a mirror, supposed to have belonged to Nell Gwynn, of which the frame is entirely of needle-worked stuff. That faithfully depicts the style of dress worn in England when Catherine landed, and which she herself at once assumed, in spite of Clarendon's report. It consisted of a long deep pointed stomacher laced down the front, a deep plain Puritan collar, fitting the shoulders, very full ruffled sleeves to the elbow, tied with ribbon bows, a full trailing petticoat, and a full skirt over. It was some few years later that the loose and flowing dressing then in vogue in France penetrated to England, and was at once universally adopted.

Catherine heard Mass on the following morning performed by her principal almoner, Lord Aubigny, brother to the Duke of Richmond, the highest in rank of any of her chaplains. She had now nothing to do but await her bridegroom.

Charles's unavoidable delay in coming to meet her has been magnified and commented on by historians till it has reached the height of a studied and deliberate insult. One chronicler actually goes to such preposterous lengths as to declare it was "some weeks" before he made his reluctant appearance. Perhaps the confusion of dates between old style, as given by the Portuguese histories, and new style by those in England, may have something to do with this ridiculous mistake.

If Charles had slighted his bride with intention on her arrival to marry him, it would have constituted such a breach of all international etiquette as would not improbably have resulted in war. In any case, he was incapable of such conduct. He was not only the politest prince in Europe, but it was not in him to show discourtesy to a woman. In the whole of his history there is not one authentic account of his saying a rude or unkind thing even to those women who baited him most. The simple fact was that the business of Parliament necessary to finish before he could prorogue it and leave London was so large, and so dawdled over, that with all his desire and effort it could not be got through for several days after Catherine's landing.

We have already seen that so long ago as March Charles had urged his ministers to make haste and finish their business in time to let him out of town to meet his expected bride. In spite of this bills lagged, and business went on its slow and circumlocutory way. At last, on May 17, he kept his Council sitting till almost eleven at night to read over the bills that were to be passed on the morrow at the House before he could prorogue it and escape.

It was then that he begged Catherine "might not find Whitehall surrounded with water" from the constant flooding of the Thames, but that "steps should be taken at once to make her first view of London one that should not be unflattering."

The country had already given itself over to rejoicing at the arrival of the Queen. The bells of all the churches in London were set ringing, and bonfires were kindled at every door. There was one striking exception. The King that night supped with Lady Castlemaine, now on the very eve of her confinement, and there was no bonfire before her door, "which was much observed."¹ There had been a false alarm of Catherine's coming three weeks

¹ Pepys's *Diary*.

before, and the London bells had then been set clashing. This was the occasion of a furious quarrel between the Duchess of Richmond and Lady Castlemaine, of which no details have come down to us but that the Duchess (that brilliant and charming "Butterfly" of all the courts of Europe) fiercely called Lady Castlemaine "Jane Shore," and "hoped she might come to the same end." We are not told "The Lady's" retort, but it was probably equally vigorous.

Charles, thus detained from Portsmouth, did not fail to write every day to Catherine, and the charming and affectionate letters were Catherine's consolation. She was perhaps as well pleased that he could not come sooner, when on the third day after her arrival she fell ill with a sore throat and fever, supposed to be caused by a cold she had taken on her voyage. She seems to have been rather badly ill for a day, but then so quickly recovered from the attack that no one thought it needful to inform the King, who was indeed expected, and expecting, to come at any moment.

Certainly when Charles was at last able to free himself from worrying business, and prorogue Parliament till the winter, he lost no time in hurrying to Catherine. He "travelled in great haste, starting at nine in the evening, accompanied by Prince Rupert his cousin,"¹ and, Sir John Resesby says, "the greatest Court I ever saw attend on any progress."² He was escorted by a troop of Life Guards, and was in the Duke of Northumberland's coach, drawn by swift horses.³ He travelled with such speed that they were at Kingston-on-Thames at 10 o'clock, and at the further end of the town Charles alighted in hot haste, and entered a coach of Lord Chesterfield's which was standing in readiness for him. He was now attended by the Duke of York's bodyguard, and, with the fresh horses, they galloped to Guildford, and

¹ Jesse.

² *Memoirs.*

³ *Ibid.*

reached the town before midnight.¹ To make the pace of thirty-five miles in less than three hours in a heavy lumbering coach on roads cut by heavy traffic was by no means like a lagging bridegroom. He had to stay the night at Guildford, night-travelling being unsafe, but the next morning he resumed his journey on to Portsmouth with the same eagerness, and was at the gates of the town by noon. So at least says Jesse.² Sandwich, on the other hand, gives the hour as three in the afternoon.³ Charles, who was certainly in a position to know best on the subject, says in his letter to Clarendon, "I arrived here yesterday about two in the afternoon." So may accounts differ!

Charles drove without stopping to the King's House to greet Catherine. In the courtyard he found the Marquez de Sande, and all the Portuguese *entourage*. He spoke to them all with great graciousness, telling the Marquez de Sande how pleased he was to see him again in England on so auspicious an occasion.⁴ They then all went indoors, but on the staircase there was a slight unpleasantness. Prince Rupert, always a trifle haughty and unable to brook the least slight, found the Portuguese ambassador going up before him, and so far transgressed all the rules of etiquette as to push in front of him and walk next his cousin. Of course, de Sande, on the occasion of representing his King and nation at an international marriage, took precedence of every one but Charles himself. De Sande also was not to be slighted. He stopped Prince Rupert at once, and gravely asked Charles which should go first. Of course, Charles immediately told him he was in the right, and ordered Prince Rupert to stand back and give de Sande place. Rupert, properly brought to his senses, treated the other Portuguese with the greatest politeness while the King

¹ Jesse.

² *Court of the Stuarts*.

³ Letter to Clarendon.

⁴ *Hist. Casa Real Portuguesse*.

was changing his travel-stained garments.¹ Charles, in his letter to Clarendon, dated 8 o'clock the next morning, May 21, calls it "shifting."

"As soon as I had shifted myself, I went into my wife's chamber." This was strictly in accordance with the etiquette of those days, by which royal personages, as well as others, saw company in their beds, and there was even a little space reserved between the bed and the wall for people to stand while having audience. Sandwich, in a letter to Clarendon on that day, tells him "we have been made happy by the Kinge our master's presence. I had the honour to attend upon him into the Queene's chamber. Her Majesty keepinge her bedd by reason of a sore throate, and a little fev'ish distemper gotten by a cold here. Their meetinge was with due expression of affection, and the Queene declaringe her perfect resignation to the Kinge's pleasure, I observed as much as this short tyme permits, and I do believe this first interview hath been with much contentment on both sides, and that wee are like to be very happy in this conjunction. The matter of consumation of the marriage is adjusted to satisfaction. To-morrow, if the Queene be well, it will be performed. After my last letter was sent, I received a paper signed by the Queene that I should deliver the jewels brought over into the hands of Douart de Silva (the reason private was that she might have use of them to wear). Upon the sudden, the best refuge I had was to ask the direction of his Royal Highness" (the Duke of York) "and those of the councill here in towne, and unto them I opened the state of the portion, and it was concluded that (because the treaty requires the delivery of them in the River of Thames) the Embassador should in writinge to me signify the desire of His Majesty to have them delivered there."²

Catherine, of course, supposed the jewels were for her own use, and apparently wanted to put them on

¹ *Hist. Casa Real Portuguese.*

² Bodleian.

either to receive Charles, or for her marriage. It is pathetic to find that all her consultations over the dress to be worn for Charles to see her in was so wasted, and that she had to encounter his first gaze in a night-rail and cap.

Charles goes on to tell the Lord Chancellor that he found Catherine "in bed, by reason of a little cough, and some inclination to a fever. . . . I believe she will find herself very well this morning as soone as she wakes." He remarks that he was desperately sleepy when he arrived at Portsmouth, "having slept but two hours in my journey." Charles spoke to Catherine in Spanish, and she answered him so prudently and sensibly, that when Charles left her room he declared his satisfaction in his fortunate choice. He told her with what pleasure he saw her, and that his delight was only damped by her illness. His pleasure, he said, "would have been diminished if her physicians had not assured him that there was no cause of apprehension in her indisposition."

Burnet, the forever inaccurate, who actually states that Lord Sandwich had been the King's proxy in marriage already, and that Charles met Catherine at Winchester in the summer of 1662, where the Archbishop of Canterbury married them, goes on to add that the Queen "was a woman of mean appearance, and of no agreeable temper, so that the King never considered her much."¹ Lord Dartmouth, in his notes to Burnet's history, goes even further on the path of astonishing statement.

He says, "Before he" (the King) "was married, he told old Colonel Legge that he thought they had brought him a bat instead of a woman, but it was too late to find fault, and he must make the best of a bad matter. She was very short, and broad, of a swarthy complexion, one of her fore-teeth stood out, which held up her upper lip, had some very nauseous distempers, besides excessively proud and ill-humoured."

¹ *History of His Own Times.*

Forneron, in his *Court of Charles II.*, a book valuable in a certain sort by its publication of the private correspondence of Louis XIV. with his ambassadors to England, never before edited, improves on this text. He calls Catherine "a swarthy dwarf of twenty-four, who, till she arrived in England, had never in her life spoken to a man, even during the voyage. Her sedentary habits had made her obese, and this defect was thrown into relief by her curious manner of dressing. She was of a squat figure, and a brown complexion; her teeth were so badly set as to be a deformity. 'There really is nothing in her face to inspire disgust,' said Charles mournfully, after the first interview. He was mightily pleased, when the wedding ceremony was over, that she was too tired after her voyage not to wish to be left entirely alone." This is merely quoted as a specimen of the absolute undependableness of the book, which is a mere mass of long-ago disproved scandals, and of vile interpretations of the conduct of every one connected with the period.

It might be pointed out that Catherine had frequently spoken to men before she met Charles, that her complexion was a clear and beautiful olive, with an excellent colour, that she was slight in figure, and perfectly made, and that the worst Evelyn had to say of her teeth was that "they wronged her mouth by sticking a little too far out."¹ Lord Chesterfield, her new Chamberlain, wrote to a certain Mr. Bates: "You may credit her being a very extraordinary woman, that is, extremely devout, extremely discreet, very fond of her husband, and the owner of a good understanding. As to her person, she is exactly shaped, and has lovely hands, excellent eyes, a good countenance, a pleasing voice, fine hair, and in a word is what an understanding man would wish in his wife."

Catherine's appearance has so often and so persistently been brought forward as a cause for Charles's

¹ *Diary.*

neglect of her, and it has so constantly been affirmed that she suffered terribly in comparison with the beauties of his Court, that it is only fair to dwell on the subject of her looks. Certainly there is no portrait of her extant that betrays anything but pleasing appearance. In some she is quite charmingly pretty. There was always, even in sadness, such an expression of sweetness and kindly nature, that it would have redeemed any face from plainness. But Catherine's did not require redeeming. Forneron gets over this difficulty by saying that Sir Peter Lely artistically slurred over defects, but he was not the only artist who painted her. And if he flattered Catherine, how much more would it have been to his interest to flatter those beauties whose portraits have never been called in question?

She was short in stature, but no more dwarf-like than any other well-made woman of low size. It was apparently her legs that were lacking in length, if one may trust the description given by the Viscountess de Longueville, grandmother of the Earl of Sussex, who lived in 1763, and retained an accurate recollection of people in the previous century. She was a daughter of Sir John Talbot, and had been maid of honour to Queen Anne when she was still Princess of Denmark, and had, therefore, every opportunity of frequently seeing Catherine, of whom she had many anecdotes. She described her as "a little ungraceful woman, so short-legged that when she stood upon her feet you would have thought she was on her knees, and yet so long-waisted that when she sat down she appeared a well-sized woman."¹ Probably there is a little exaggeration in this, as she was said, when standing, to be somewhat taller than the Queen-mother, Henrietta Maria, who passed for one of the best-shaped women of her day.

However, the most conclusive evidence given in the matter is that we have from Charles himself, who

¹ Oldy's MS. note to Langbaine.

certainly, as a connoisseur of female looks, and Catherine's husband, was in a better position than any one else to settle the matter. In the letter already quoted, written to Clarendon just after his first sight of his bride, he says :

I can now only give you an account of what I have seen abed, which in shorte is, her face is not so exact as to be called a beuty (*sic*), though her eyes are excellent good, and not anything in her face that in the least degree can shoque one. On the contrary, she hath as much agreeableness in her looks altogether as ever I saw, and, if I have any skill in visiognimy, which I think I have, she must be as good a woman as ever was born, her conversation, as much as I can perceive, is very good ; for she has wit enough, and a most agreeable voyse, you would wonder to see how well we are acquainted already ; in a worde, I thinke myself very happy, for I am confident our two humours will agree very well together. I have not time to say any more, my Ld. Lng. will give you accounts of the rest.

C. R. ¹

Miss Strickland sensibly observes that it is certain if Charles had been disappointed in her, the non-performance of the contract concerning her marriage portion would have provided quite sufficient excuses in the eyes of the whole world for returning her to her mother, together with all the boxes of sugar, spices, jewels, and bills of lading.² It is absurd to think he was not pleased with Catherine, and quite prepared to grow fond of her. On her side she apparently fell passionately in love with him at first sight, and never ceased to love him with the whole strength of her heart while she lived. If her first sight of him at all resembles the delightful portrait Vaillant has left us of him, in armour, with his head a little bent, and his flowing hair parted in the middle, there is every excuse for her.

¹ *Lansdowne Letters.*

² *Queens of England*, vol. 3.

Charles's belief that Catherine would "find herself very well in the morning" was fully justified. She awoke so free from fever, and with the other symptoms so satisfactorily removed that there was no obstacle to the marriage. Arrangements had been so carefully made for the ceremony that everything was in train to proceed, but now there arose an unexpected hitch. It was not the Archbishop of Canterbury, as Burnet avowed, who had come prepared to perform the marriage, but Sheldon, Bishop of London. It was discovered, however, that Catherine refused to be married only by the Church of England service, which, as a Catholic, seemed to her no marriage at all. If a proxy marriage had been possible in Portugal before she sailed, that would have satisfied her, as it would have been by Catholic rite, but now she begged that she might be married according to her own religion, as well as by a Protestant form. This caused some delay. Some historians hint that she had made the stipulation before, but that Charles would not consent to it till he had seen her. If that is so, it is a proof that she had impressed him so pleasantly that he was anxious to please her. He now yielded to her wish, and the Marriage Service was performed, with the utmost privacy and secrecy, in the bedchamber of Catherine that morning, her almoner, Lord Aubigny, who was a secular priest, taking the service, and the only witnesses present being, according to the Duke of York's autobiography, Catherine's godfather de Sande, three other Portuguese nobles, and two or three of Catherine's Portuguese women. Even the Lord Chancellor did not know of this service, which was kept a profound secret for many reasons, the chief being that it would have annoyed the people to hear of Charles consenting to a Catholic ceremony.

Catherine quite recognized that though her own mind was set at rest by this marriage it was necessary to have a Protestant service, in order to satisfy her new people. It is not on record that she made the faintest

objection, in spite of Burnet, who bustles on with his gossip: "The Queen was bigoted to such a degree that she would not say the words of matrimony" (in the Protestant service), "nor bear the sight of the Archbishop. The King said the words hastily, and the Archbishop pronounced them married persons. Upon this some thought afterwards to have dissolved the marriage as a marriage only *de facto*, in which no consent had been given. But the Duke of York told me they were married by the Lord Aubigny, and he added that, a few days before he told me this, the Queen had said to him that she heard some intended to call her marriage in question, and if that was done she must call on him as one of her witnesses to prove it."¹

The utter lack of foundation in this circumstantial report is proved completely by the Duke's own remark in his autobiography, that there were none present but de Sande, and the other Portuguese. If he himself had been a witness he would undoubtedly have mentioned it.

The other, and public marriage, was not till that afternoon. It was May 21, and a lovely warm spring day, with summer in it. Charles, taking Catherine by the hand, led her into the grand hall, or presence-chamber, where was a throne with two seats under a canopy. Catherine was in an English costume of rose colour, trimmed with knots of blue ribbon. Charles was in the handsome dress of the earlier part of his reign, which was afterwards entirely altered to the French fashion. There was a rail across the upper part of the hall, and within this stood only the King, the Queen, "the Bishop of London, the Marquis Desande, the Portuguese ambassador, and my husband," says the wife of Sir Richard Fanshawe, who, from her circumstantial account, seems to have been present.²

Sir Richard himself had the honour of acting as groomsmen to Charles. He had carried the King's

¹ *History of His Own Times.*

² *Hist. Reg.*

troth to Portugal, and was afterwards in great favour. At the lower end of the hall were gathered many of the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood, and the servants of the household. Charles and Catherine now sat down on the double throne under the canopy, and Sir John Nicholas, Secretary of State, read aloud the marriage contract which the King had given to the ambassador, and when he had concluded the Portuguese Secretary of State, Francesco Sa de Menezes, read the one which the ambassador had given to the King.

This form being ended, Charles took Catherine by the hand, and the Church of England Marriage Service began, the King plighting his troth in the prescribed form. Catherine merely signed her consent. It is more than probable that she found it impossible to speak the necessary words in a tongue that was absolutely unknown to her. It certainly could not be, as the unreliable Burnet declared, out of the contempt that she felt for the Bishop and the Church of England rite,¹ since the Duke of York expressly tells us that she refused to consider herself Charles's wife till the Archbishop had pronounced them so. Lord Sandwich says : " Then the Bishop of London stood forth, and made the declaration of matrimony in the Common-Prayer, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." And when Sheldon ended the people present joyfully cried out, " Long may they live ! "

In after-days spiteful factions, set on annulling Catherine's marriage by any means, declared that this marriage was invalid, since Catherine had not taken her vows in words. Burnet was probably as chagrined as any of them to find that the previous marriage, in any case, had made them lawful husband and wife.

When the shouts had died away, echoing back from the vaulted roof of the great hall, Charles rose from his throne, and, giving Catherine his hand, with his usual grace and charm he led her to his own apart-

¹ *History of His Own Times.*

ments, and there all her ladies, and the chief people of the Court, crowded to kiss her hand and offer their congratulations. Lady Suffolk, her chief Lady of the Bedchamber, cut the knots of blue ribbon from Catherine's rose-coloured wedding frock, and, dividing them into small bits, handed them round, first to the Duke of York, and after him to all the company, officers of state, ladies, and persons of quality, as far as the fragments would go, not leaving the Queen one, there was such strife for these souvenirs.¹ This was the ancestor of our custom of wedding favours. Sir Richard Fanshawe, as bridesgroomsman, had for his perquisite a full-length portrait of Charles in Garter robes, together with a crimson velvet cloth of state, fringed and laced with gold, a chair, a footstool and cushions and two other stools to match, with a Persian carpet to lay under them. Probably these were some of the furniture of the royal double throne at the marriage. He had also the beautiful tapestry, or a part of it, with which the presence-chamber had been hung, the two velvet cloths of the altar, fringed, the surplices, altar-covers, and napkins of fine white linen, a Bible of Ogleby's print, and two Common Prayer books, folio and quarto, as well as eight hundred ounces of gilt plate, and four thousand ounces of white silver plate. A velvet bed he should also have had, as that was his by right; but it does not appear he got it. As it was, his recompense, of which we owe to Lady Fanshawe the circumstantial account, must have well rewarded him.²

The bride and bridegroom now signed the marriage register, which was written in letters of gold on a vellum page. It is still preserved, with all its beautiful illuminations and embellishments, in the parish church of Portsmouth. It ran as follows :

Our most gracious sovereign lord, Charles 2nd, by the grace of God, king of Great Britain, etc., and the most illustrious princess donna Catherina, infanta of Portugal,

¹ Lady Fanshawe's *Memoirs*.

² *Ibid.*

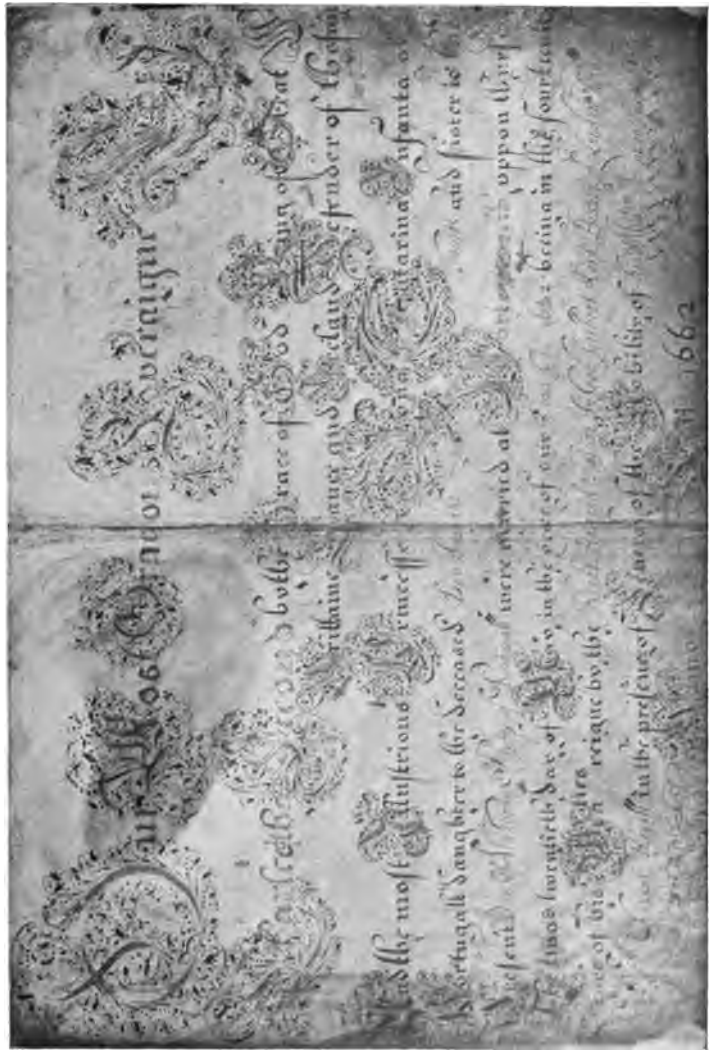
daughter to the deceased don Juan, king of Portugal, and sister to the present Don Alphonso, King of Portugal, were married at Portsmouth upon Thursday the 22nd of May 1662, being the 14th year of His Majesty's reign, by the right reverend father in God Gilbert, lord Bishop of London, dean of His Majesty's chapel-royal, in presence of several of the nobility of his Majesty's dominions and Portugal.

It is extremely curious to remark that the date in this entry in the register is incorrect. It was on the 21st that the marriage took place, as a dozen contemporary accounts assure us, and this mistake only gives us one more proof of the extreme looseness about dates displayed by our ancestors.

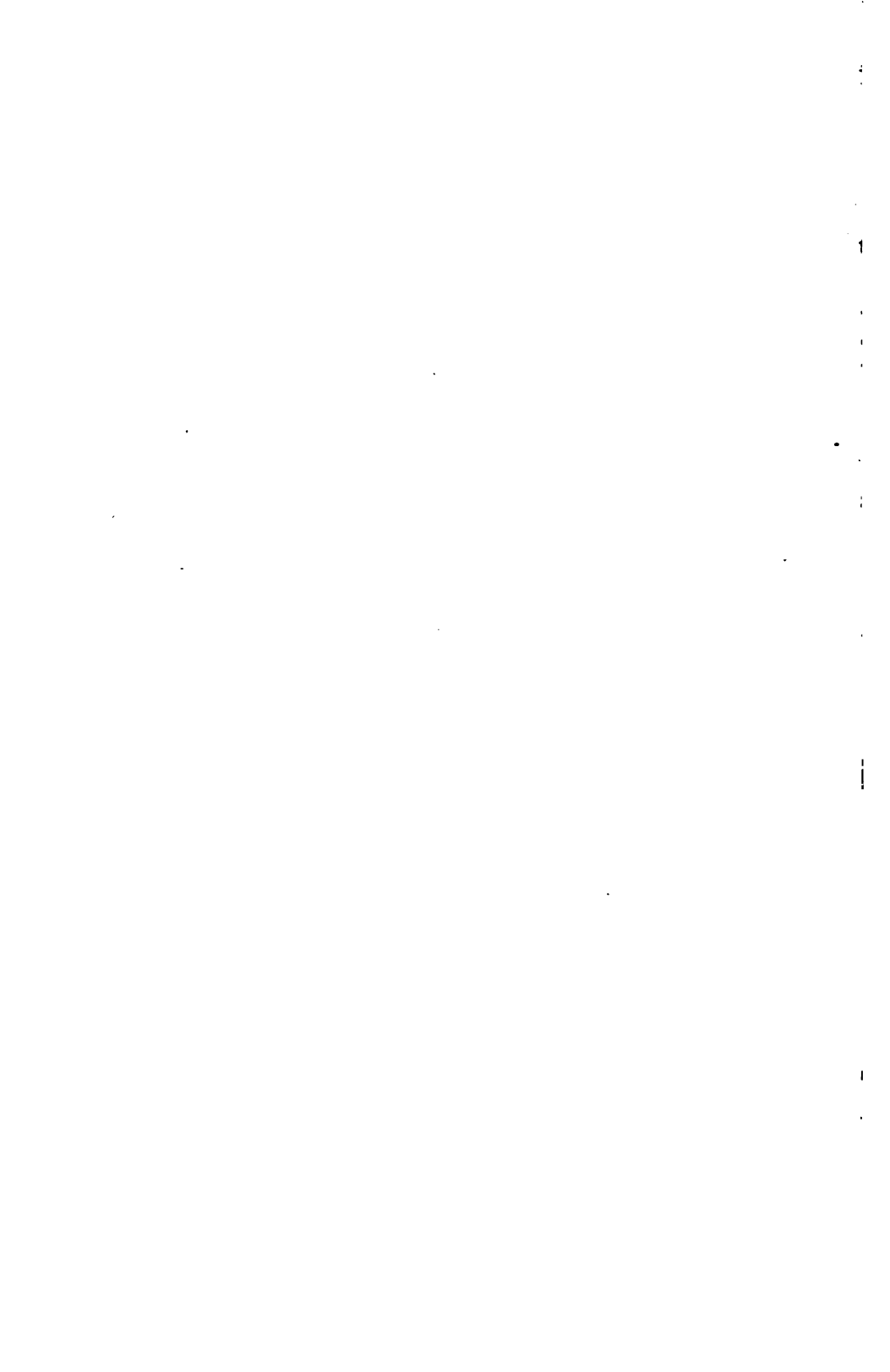
There was, till quite recent days, in the possession of the garrison Church at Portsmouth, a beautiful old altar-cloth, emblazoned with gold and coloured embroidery, which displayed a view of Lisbon and the royal arms of Portugal. This was spoken of as an offering made by the King to the royal chapel of the *Domus Dei* on his marriage. It is more likely an altar-cloth brought by Catherine for her marriage service, and naturally left behind at the King's House when all use for it was over. It is now only a memory of a relic, for all knowledge of it has long vanished from the place. The Communion plate of Portsmouth church also commemorates the marriage of Catherine, as it was given by the King to the first Protestant church in Tangier, and was in use there for some time.

Catherine was still not quite strong after her attack, and was recommended by her doctors to lie down after the excitement and fatigue of the marriage and her reception. She went to her own apartment and lay on the bed—the only place of repose known to those days.

Lady Suffolk then helped her to undress, and the Countess of Ponteval and the Countess of Penalva—now apparently recovered from her fever—



THE MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE OF CHARLES II. AND CATHERINE OF BRAGAÇA.
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also assisted in the unrobing. When Catherine was in bed Charles came in and took his supper with her—"on her bed" the Portuguese account says, which does not sound exactly comfortable.¹

Through this meal, as throughout the day, Charles showed with the greatest plainness to every one his attraction to Catherine. He treated her with the most courtly and lover-like attention, and seemed more pleased in her company than in any other—a direct contradiction to Forneron.² In point of fact, her simplicity, and innocence, and girlishness, had taken him by storm. She was the strongest of contrasts to the women who angled for his favour, and were nothing but affectation and artifice. His opinion of her is very plain in some letters he wrote in the first few days of their honeymoon, while they still lingered at Portsmouth till her strength was quite regained.

On the 23rd, two days after his marriage, he wrote to his sister Henriette, between whom and himself there existed through their lives the most warm and tender love. This youngest daughter of Charles I., born in Exeter during the wars, smuggled to France to her mother when a baby still, and brought up in the French Court, had made an exceedingly miserable marriage with that worthless brother of King Louis, Philippe, duc d'Orleans, who was called Monsieur of France. Madame, the Princess Henriette, was one of the most charming, witty, and delightful women in Europe, as sweet and lovely as a fairy princess. Burnet takes occasion to say of her: "The King's sister, the Duchess of Orleans, was thought the wittiest woman in France; but she had no sort of virtue, and scarce retained common decency"—which was as untrue as the majority of his records.

Charles's correspondence with his sister gives by far the happiest picture of his character and disposition that we have. There he shines as the affectionate

¹ *Hist. Casa Real Portuguese.*

² *Court of Charles II.*

son and brother, kindly, amiable, and amusing. He now wrote to Henriette to tell her of his marriage.

My lord of St. Albans will give you soe full a description of my wife as I shall not goe about to doe it, only I must tell you I think myself very happy. I was married the day before yesterday, but the fortune that follows our family is fallen upon me. But I flatter myself I was not so furious as Monsieur was, and shall let this passe. I intend on Monday next to go towards Hamton Court, where I shall stay till the Queene (his mother) comes. My dearest sister, continue your kindness to me, and believe me to be intirely yours.

C. R.¹

To Clarendon he wrote, two days later :

PORTSMOUTH, *May 25th.*

My brother will tell you of all that passes here, which I hope will be to your satisfaction. I am sure tis so much to mine that I can not easily tell you how happy I think myselfe, and I must be the worst man living (which I hope I am not) if I be not a good husband. I am confident never two humours were better fitted together than ours are. We cannot stir from hence till tuesday, by reason that there is not cartes to be had tomorrow, to transport all our guarda Infantas, without which there is no stirring ; so as you are not to expect me till to-morrow night at hamton court.

C. R.

It is not wonderful that after such a letter Clarendon should write : " The Queen had beauty and wit enough to make herself very agreeable to him, and it is very

¹ *Madame*, by Julia Cartwright.

certain that at their first meeting and for some time after the King had very good satisfaction in her, and without doubt made very good resolutions within himself, and promised himself a happy and innocent life in her company, without any such uxoriousness as might draw the reputation upon him of being governed by his wife, of which he had observed or been too largely informed of some inconvenient effects in the fortune of some of his nearest friends, and had long protested against such a resignation, though they who knew him well did not think him so much superior to such a condescension."¹

It is certain that Charles had made good resolutions and contemplated an entire reform in life, but he had too long formed the habit of lazy sauntering to actively exert himself in this matter or in any other, and he was far more completely under the sway of "The Lady" than he himself had the least idea of.

The "Guarda Infantas" of which Charles wrote in high good humour were the gigantic farthingales worn by Catherine's ladies, which naturally required all the waggons that could be mustered for them. While Charles and Catherine lingered those few days at Portsmouth there was much feasting and entertainment, and Charles insisted that his Lord Chamberlain should pay for all the expenses incurred by de Sande and the whole of the Portuguese nobles while they stayed in the town. Lord St. Albans arrived on the wedding day, or immediately after, bringing a letter to Catherine from her mother-in-law, Henrietta Maria, from Paris. This letter was full of congratulations and affection, and Catherine's letter back was warmly grateful and respectful.

The town of Portsmouth presented its salt-cellar with the eagles and greyhounds, and Charles's fond attentions to Catherine were unceasing. For her part, as has been said, she gave him the whole of the heart that had never touched the outer barriers of love

¹ *Life of Clarendon.*

before, and she elected him her love and her life, whom she called in her formal letters her "husband and lord."

This time, and the days that followed it, were so radiantly golden for Catherine, that whatever evil came after had not power to blot or dim the memory.



DOMUS DEI, AT PORTSMOUTH.

CHAPTER VI

HAMPTON COURT

IT was on May 27, 1667, that the state retinue set out for Hampton Court, where every preparation had been made to receive the bride. Everywhere there was the wildest interest and enthusiasm. Evelyn came up to town from the country, in order to journey to Hampton Court, where every one was flocking to welcome the new Queen, and pay their respects to her. A good many of her train set out before her, in order, no doubt, to get things ready for her arrival. Pepys saw some of them in town at the Triumph Tavern, where he was shown them by Captain Ferrers. He was not struck with them. "They are not handsome, and their farthingales a strange dress. Many ladies and persons of quality came to see them. I find nothing in them that is pleasing, and I see they have learnt to kiss and look freely up and down already, and I do believe will soon forget the recluse practice of their own country."¹

At least the ease with which they had begun to adopt the hitherto unknown custom of kissing at meeting, and had found courage to raise their eyes, showed that there was more adaptability about Catherine's ladies than they have been credited with. Lord Chesterfield had a bad time with them on this journey, and declared there was no pleasing them.

¹ *Diary*, May 25, 1662.

These "Portugal ladies," as he called them, were so over-particular about their lodgings that they refused even to occupy any beds that men had ever slept in. They were rather over-duenn'd.

It was in a great state coach that Charles and Catherine set out on their journey from Portsmouth. It was canopied and fringed, but not glazed, and they could be freely seen by all their subjects on their progress. There was a great crown, and a C.P. on the panels, and the curtains were drawn back, so that nothing might interrupt people's view of them. Charles wore a hat and his Garter robes—he was very stately and splendid. Catherine, by his side, looked a tiny person, very remarkably slight and childish, and wore an English dress, with her head quite uncovered. They came as far as Guildford, it is probable, by the great road, and then passed on to Windsor, where they stopped for a night, arriving at Hampton Court on May 29—Charles's birthday, and the anniversary of his restoration. There were bonfires and fireworks, in honour both of the King's day and of Catherine's arrival. All along the way people had turned out to see them, and the progress had been one ovation. Stoop has left us a pretty picture of the arrival at Hampton Court, whose roofs and towered gates lie before the couple. A great mob of coaches and horse-litters went before them, and pikemen lined all the road. Although so many of her household had gone ahead, there were still many with her. Evelyn speaks of their monstrous "fardingales," and says their complexions were "olivader," and that they were "sufficiently unagreeable."¹ He says, too, that Catherine was "in the same habit, her foretop long and turned aside very strangely. She was yet of the handsomest countenance of all the rest, and tho' low of stature prettily shaped, languishing and excellent eyes, her teeth wronging her mouth by sticking a little too far out. For the rest lovely

¹ *Diary*, May 30, 1662.

enough.”¹ She seems, therefore, to have resumed the Portuguese dress on her arrival.

As she and her husband alighted from their coach they went on between lines of foot and horse guards, followed by the Countess of Suffolk, and the Countesses of Penalva and Ponteval to the door of the palace. There stood a crowd of important personages to receive them—Clarendon, the judges, and all the Councillors of State, with all the foreign Ambassadors and ministers. Each knelt and kissed her hand, as they were presented to her, and the Ambassadors offered with deep respect the messages of congratulation sent by their respective Courts. Inside the palace the nobility and gentry and the Court ladies were assembled in different rooms, according to rank, and through these Catherine had to pass, having each personage presented to her, and receiving their homage. After the long, hot, dusty journey in a lumbering, jolting coach, she must have been thankful to see her own rooms before her, and to rest from her fatigues. The general impression she made was very favourable. Pepys relates that the people said of her that “she was a very fine and handsome lady, and very discreet, and that the King was pleased enough with her.”² Pepys was not at all rejoiced to hear it, and tenderly feared it might “put Mrs. Castlemaine’s nose out of joynt.”

The same evening of the arrival, Clarendon’s daughter, the Duke of York’s wife, and Catherine’s new sister-in-law, came to pay her respects to the bride. She arrived by water, coming from London in her own fine barge, with many rowers. As soon as she had landed at the steps, Charles stood waiting for her at the garden gate near by, and, taking her hand, led her to the Queen’s own bedchamber. The Duchess would have knelt to kiss the Queen’s hand, but Catherine raised her, as she had done her husband off the Isle of Wight, and kissed her affectionately instead. The

¹ *Diary*, May 30, 1662.

² *Ibid.*, May 31.

two Queens, Charles, and probably the Duke of York, all sat down close to the Queen's bed, and talked together. Miss Strickland suggests that they may have been offered tea, which had only recently been introduced into England, but which was so favourite a drink with Catherine when she arrived that it is believed she set the Court fashion of drinking it.¹

Catherine's honeymoon at Hampton Court was spent in an ideal place for such a time. The beautiful gardens were filled with trees and flowers, and there were "rich and noble fountains"—one with syrens and statues in copper, the work of Fancelli; but it is recorded, as a drawback, that there was "no plenty" of water in it. There was a cradle-walk of hornbeam made by intertwining the branches of the trees, and affording delightful and cool shade from the sun. There was a parterre so enchanting as to be called Paradise, in which a charming banqueting-house was set over a deep cave. The park, which at one time had been a flat bare stretch of ground, had been long planted with fine trees—"sweet rows of lime trees"² and horse-chestnuts, and the canal for water was perfected, and there was a park for hares, then much used for sport. The inside of the palace was fitted with what Evelyn called "incomparable furniture," and there were tapestries with Raphael's cartoons, since grown so celebrated. These were very rich with gold, and the walls were hung with rare and excellent pictures, some of which were Mantegna's wonderful Cæsarian Triumphs, formerly belonging to the Duke of Mantua. Evelyn believed that of the tapestries the world could show nothing finer than the stories of Abraham and Tobit.

There was a great gallery of horns, hung with antlers of stags, elks, antelopes, and other horned beasts. The Queen's own apartments were furnished with a special richness. Her bed-hangings were embroidered with silver on crimson velvet, and cost eight

¹ *Queens of England.*

² *Evelyn's Diary.*

thousand pounds, having been originally made as a present from the States for the King's sister, the Princess of Orange. Since then the States had bought it back from her, which seems rather an odd circumstance, and on Charles's restoration it was made to serve again as their present to him. Evelyn says that the great looking-glass and toilet, of beaten and massive gold, were given by the Queen-mother to Catherine. The looking-glass was undoubtedly the Queen-mother's present, as it was spoken of elsewhere, but Evelyn was mistaken as to her having given the gold toilet service, for eleven years afterwards at Whitehall he remarks on the gold toilet Catherine used in her dressing-rooms, which Charles had presented to her, and which was valued at £4,000.¹

Catherine had brought over with her from Portugal some wonderful Indian cabinets, familiar to Portugal through her trade with the East, but new to English experience. The great hall, where audiences were held, was a room of much magnificence, Evelyn thought.²

It is easy enough to call up a vision of those early days of Catherine's arrival. All up the wide, spacious staircases flocked people of importance—officers of high position in the provinces, holders of appointments under the Crown, eager to get at least a glimpse of her, happy if they were privileged with an interview. The long range of stately rooms which opened one from the other were crowded with courtiers all the day long. The swish of silken petticoats, the tap of embroidered shoes, the flash of sparkling scabbards, hanging at the side of the gallants in satin and velvet, made the place all a-glitter and astir. From the handsome windows, high and broad, one could see down the avenues of great trees—many were the same that wave their branches now. All the afternoons and evenings these avenues were gay with chattering, laughing, flirting ladies and jesting men. Everywhere

¹ *Diary*, April 17, 1673.

² *Diary*.

there was the flow of a perpetual going and coming, and undertones, and laughter, not even subdued in the presence of royalty, echoed through the great chambers, and out on the close-shaven lawns.

Now and then a Portuguese lady or waiting-maid, in her farthingale and stomacher, would glide hastily through the busy groups. The courtiers and dames would pause to stare after her, as her sombre unwieldy figure and solemn face, crowned by its topknot, passed on. Though the "Portugal Ladies" had learnt to look up and to kiss since they came to the country of free manners, they were still stiff and prim and precise, and they no more thought of lingering amongst the laughing company than of committing the unforgivable sin. As the flowing skirt, with its heavy hoop, vanished inside the doors of the Queen's apartments, there would run a titter round the assembly, and some flighty young person would sail down the room with swaying hips and wagging skirts, in imitation. The rest would applaud aloud, while faces were hid behind fans, and forms bent double with mirth. It was a Court with a reputation for merriment. Inside those apartments of the new Queen there was business enough.

On the morning after Catherine reached Hampton Court she had to rise early, however tired she had been with the long journey, and be dressed and ready for her morning reception, which began at eleven o'clock. She sat and received many people. Charles himself did some of the introducing when the personages were of sufficient rank and position. He brought up Lady Fanshawe by the hand, and told Catherine that she and her husband deserved all consideration. Catherine at once gave Lady Fanshawe her hand to kiss with a most gracious smile, and promised always to look on her with favour. The Duchess of Ormonde and her daughter, Lady Cavendish, were amongst others presented, and Evelyn, who had come up from the country for the purpose, also kissed her hand later.

We know that he considered her "lovely enough." It was a thousand pities she had again put on the Portuguese dress, which only excited derision and amusement in her new Court. No doubt it was her two countesses who had urged her to it, and assured her that it was for the honour of her own country that she should be seen by her new people in her national dress.

It is probable that this was almost the last time that Catherine so disfigured her appearance. Perhaps Charles intervened, and begged her to wear something that showed her to better advantage. At all events, in the charming portrait of her at Versailles, taken while she still wore orange-blossoms by right, she is delightfully dressed. Lely has painted her in a black velvet dress, with rich point-lace. The full sleeves are looped back with black velvet, and soft, ruffled sleeves show underneath. Her bosom and arms are perfect in form and whiteness, and the black velvet bracelets that clasp her wrists only throw up into higher and more striking relief the satin skin. Her beautiful hair is no longer dragged into a "foretop," but allowed to fall in loose, graceful curls caught up into a pretty and careless knot. Eyes, hair, complexion are lovely, and her smile is sweet and happy. This must have been taken within the first few weeks after her marriage.

Evelyn was presented to her by the Duke of Ormonde on the following day, the 31st. The judges all came to compliment her on her arrival, and Evelyn saw her at dinner, which it was the custom then for royalty to take in the sight of as many of the public as chose to look on, and crowd and jostle round their seats.¹ His presentation succeeded that of the judges, and he, with all the rest of the Court and the nation, were active in discussing Catherine. Sir John Reresby, who saw her almost as soon as she came, said of her that she was very little, not handsome, though her

¹ *Diary*, May 31, 1662.

face was "indifferent,"¹ by which he meant that it was tolerable. He was, however, much mistaken in his estimate of Charles's feeling for her, for he thought it very evident that he was not much enamoured of her, and that her different education and traditions left her with no weapon able to drive "The Lady" from his mind. The truth was that Lady Castlemaine, being out of sight and mind—(she gave birth in a few days after the marriage to a son, whom Charles acknowledged as his own, though her husband claimed him)—Charles had nothing in the way of his new affection for Catherine, which was undoubtedly very warm. He was entirely taken up with her in those early days, and she attracted him so strongly that he was for ever with her. On June 2 she was waited on by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, who came to present her with an address and a gift of a golden cup holding £1,000.² Anent the raising of this sum Ford, the Lord Mayor, confided to Pepys that the Corporation was in such low water that they had to force one or two of the aldermen to raise the money by fines.³ They ought indeed to have offered golden gifts to Catherine, whose marriage had brought such wealthy possessions to the country, by which prosperity returned to the trade of London.

Catherine was surrounded by her own household at this presentation. The "Portugal ladies" were in their farthingales, and the *Guarda Damas*, or mother of the waiting maids, a severe, grim duenna, was present, and an old don of Catherine's "family" was remarked by the mirthful Court as training a lock of hair to cover his bald head, and tying it in place with a thread "very oddly."⁴ The day after this Lady Sandwich, returning to her own home from Hampton Court, where she had been to pay her respects, brought a very favourable report of the new Queen, and told Pepys that Catherine had used her "very

¹ *Memoirs.*

² Evelyn.

³ *Diary.*

⁴ Evelyn's *Diary.*



Photo by Neurdein Frères.

CATHERINE OF BRAGANÇA.

From the original by Sir Peter Lely in the Musée de Versailles.



civilly," and that she was "a very pretty woman."¹ This testimony from a perfectly unbiassed witness, who went with a critical mind to the palace, ought to be conclusive as to the impression Catherine made on her own sex.

At first the leap from the dull, formal seclusion of the Portuguese Court to this world of laughter and gaiety and merriment and bustle must have seemed bewildering and overwhelming to Catherine. From a life which was all a round of services and prayers, varied by a little needlework and painting, and the listening to music, she was hurled into a giddy vortex of receptions, addresses, gifts, dances, feasts. Her ignorance of the language that clattered about her, her strangeness to the customs and etiquette that were so different from any tradition of her own must have made the world she now was of a kind of stun and wonderment. She and Charles talked in Spanish entirely, as she did not know even enough French to converse in that tongue. But the number of people at Court who could hold any conversation with her must have been so small that half the time she would have to sit dumb and bewildered while the merriment went on. But she was quick to learn, and she tried hard to acquire English, though her first attempts were blundering enough. She was fatigued with all the new duties she had to take a part in, and she earned only derision from the Court, where religion was dowdy, and piety a thing to scream with laughter at by her constant attendance at Mass, and the practice of the devotions that were part of her life. Nothing, to the lords and ladies at Hampton Court, could have seemed more out of fashion, and more screamingly ridiculous, than her daily Mass and her constant prayers. In fact, de Sande had to use his rights as godfather and ambassador, and actually to beg her to spend less time in her prayers at chapel, and more in amusement. He had to urge her into

¹ *Diary*, June 3.

the life of the giddy Court, whose license dimly drifted to her, in spite of her ignorance of the language in which unholy jests were countless, and whose frivolity seemed to her shocking. It certainly would have shocked any one with a sense of decency, and it had that effect on the decorous and God-fearing throughout the kingdom.

Charles was brave and good-tempered, but he was reckless, and devoted to pleasure. De Sande saw very plainly that if Catherine were to retain any influence over him she must not present to him austerity and gloom in her chief interests, but must chime in with his amusements and take her proper place as head of his Court. During those first few weeks of honeymooning, Charles could not have been more lover-like and devoted than he was. He delighted to show his courtiers the proud little innocent girl whose simplicity was a continual delight to him, and whose piety he respected, though he did not attempt to emulate it. And then, as has been said, Lady Castlemaine was out of the way.

It was at the christening of this child of hers, whose paternity she used all her powers to link with shame, that an open rupture came between her and her husband. He still insisted on considering the boy his lawful heir, and made preparations for having him baptized by a priest, as he himself was a Catholic. This his wife violently protested against. She said that the child was the King's son, and should be of his father's religion. She tore him from her husband and the priest, who had already christened him, and had the baby christened again by a clergyman of the Church of England, with Charles and the Earl of Oxford for godfathers, and Lady Suffolk, Catherine's chief lady of the bedchamber, for godmother. This so roused the poor-spirited and dishonoured husband that he went off in a rage to the Continent. She seized all the money and jewels of his that she could lay hands on, and departed at once to her brother's house at

Richmond, so that she might be close to Hampton Court and the King.

Catherine, who was, by de Sande's counsel, entering more into the pleasures arranged for her, was happily in ignorance of this arrival in her immediate neighbourhood. She had already heard dim hints concerning Lady Castlemaine. De Mello had apparently mentioned her to the Queen-Regent, for Charles expressed himself afterwards as much offended that he should have said enough to provoke Catherine, and yet had not told her enough to make her unconcerned in what had been before her time, and in which she could not reasonably be concerned. It is quite true that at the time of his marriage Charles had intended to break off the connection, and thought that de Mello should have assured Catherine of this, if any part of the matter came to her ears at all. The Queen-Regent, though the customs and ideas of the age looked with perfect complacency on such connections, thought it well to warn Catherine of the woman who had up to this time influenced the King. She advised her never even to allow her name to be mentioned in her presence, not dreaming that there would be worse things to count on. Lady Castlemaine came to Richmond, and Catherine, unsuspecting and unconcerned, went on joining in the banquets in the park, and the water-parties in the great gilded barges, and looked on at the bull and bear-baiting, and the cock-fights. In the evenings there were plays and dances and music. The King danced better than any one at the Court, and, watching his graceful figure, Catherine sat amused and contented, and constantly applauded, to his great delight. The Portuguese chronicler tells us that he continued to treat Catherine with every marked demonstration of tenderness and respect.¹ Catherine had brought over her own musicians, who sometimes played in public, as well as to her in private, and though the pipes and harps were thought

¹ *Hist. Casa Real Portuguese.*

passable by the Court, the voices were condemned as "very ill."¹

So things went, with feasting and pleasure and amusement by day and by night, till the thunderbolt fell. It is a thing that goes without saying that Lady Castlemaine did not come to Richmond to sit idle and make no effort to win back the King. She had borne a son to him, and she still possessed the same powers of enchantment that had bound him to her before. Her beauty had returned unimpaired, and some thought heightened, after her illness. Charles renewed his visits to her at her brother's house, and Lady Castlemaine, not content with this proof of her power, now insisted that Charles should keep his promise of making her one of the ladies of the Queen's bedchamber. This would of course entail Lady Castlemaine's constant attendance at Court, and in so intimate a position that she would constantly be thrown into the society of Charles. He had made the promise before he saw Catherine, and had probably never expected he would grow to care for her. He had been urged into it, it would seem, by friends of "The Lady." She had many followers at Court, who thought that by supporting her interests she would obtain for them rewards.

Catherine was now about to make some new appointments in her household, by Charles's advice. She consented, of course, willingly, as she did to any hint he gave her in her new life. He brought her the list he had made, in order that she should prick with a pin, as the custom was, the names of those she desired to be included in her "family." She took the paper and began to read it, when, to her incredulous amazement, she saw that the first name was Lady Castlemaine's. She was so affronted by the sight that, instead of pricking the name, she erased it, and on the King trying to remonstrate with his usual courtly manner, she imperiously declared that unless he

¹ Evelyn, *Diary*, June 8, 1662.

granted her the privilege of refusing to admit the lady whose name she had scratched out to her bed-chamber, she must ask him to send herself back to Lisbon.

Charles was completely taken aback. He had found her so compliant to his lightest wish, so affectionate to him, so yielding, that he was as much annoyed and astonished as if she had flown at his throat. Catherine's naturally quick and hot temper had not then been controlled. She was imperious in will, and used to having her own way when she expressed a wish. She thought, of course, that he would instantly give way at her hasty threat of leaving him, whereas he was only deeply offended and hurt.

She was so disturbed and ruffled that Charles, who could not bear to see a woman unhappy, and was still devoted to her, succeeded in pacifying her by caresses and promises to have nothing more to do with Lady Castlemaine. No doubt he sincerely meant his promise at the moment. It took a whole day and night of that July weather to remove Catherine's unhappiness. She had never dreamed that her husband would thwart her in any of her wishes, and her mother's warnings were loud in her ears.

Clarendon says that Charles was spurred on by his courtiers, of whom many desired nothing more than Lady Castlemaine's supremacy, to take the course he now did. He fled to them from Catherine's complaints and upbraidings, and they with one accord urged him not to allow himself to be governed. Clarendon says that without much artifice he could not have been induced to act as he afterwards did, that his princely breast always entertained the most tender affection, and that no man was ever more free from thoughts of roughness or hard-heartedness than he. When he demurred at the steps they strongly advised him to take, they quoted to him the example of his own grandfather, Henry IV. of France. "When he was enamoured, and found a return answerable to his

mind, he did not dissemble his passion, nor suffer it to be a matter of reproach to the persons he loved, but made all others pay them that respect which he thought them worthy of; brought them to the Court, and obliged his own wife, the Queen, to treat them with grace and favour, gave them the highest titles of honour, and drew reverence and application to them from all the Court, and all the kingdom, raised the children he had by them to the reputation and state and degree of princes of the blood, and conferred fortunes and offices upon them accordingly.”¹

They frankly informed him that he “who inherited the same passions was without the gratitude and noble inclinations to make returns proportionable to the obligations he received. That he had by the charms of his person, and of his professions, prevailed upon the heart of a young and beautiful lady of a noble extraction, whose father had lost his life in the service of the Crown. That he had provoked the jealousy and rage of her husband to that degree that he had separated himself from her, and now the Queen’s indignation had made the matter so notorious that the disconsolate lady had no place of retreat left, but must be made an object of infamy and contempt to all the world.”²

His harmful advisers added to all these counsels of imperfection the gift of a book lately published in Paris, containing an account of the love-affairs of Henri Quatre, which entirely corroborated their words. This book so impressed him that he determined to raise Lady Castlemaine, if necessary, to an even higher position than he had given her, and considered that for the vindication of “The Lady” and her honour and innocence, it was most necessary that she should be made one of the Queen’s bedchamber, as that was the surest way to stop all tongues.

Charles listened with the deepest attention to his courtiers. He was already imbued by his father with

¹ *Life of Clarendon.*

² *Ibid.*

the fatal Stuart doctrine of the divine right of Kings, and he was ingenuously certain that their sins were not as other men's sins. This crafty appeal to his good feelings and love of justice, and his kindness of heart had an immediate and marked effect. To desert Lady Castlemaine, after he had tarnished her name and injured her, would be infamous. It loomed to him infinitely larger than any injury that he did the Queen by championing her. Wives in that age were accustomed to put up with much; royal wives, perhaps, most of all. His grandmother, the Queen of France, had, with at least outward complacency, tolerated Gabrielle d'Estrées and other ladies. Louis XIV. was bringing his mistresses to Court, and forcing them into the society of his submissive wife, and loading them in her very face with favour and honours. It is quite true that on first hearing of this insult, Charles had impulsively exclaimed that he hoped he himself would never so far forget himself as to contemplate such a dastardly act. He forgot now, when the case became his own, his condemnation of others' conduct, and he was worked on carefully by the friends of "The Lady," and urged by every argument they could bring forward. He resolved to be master in his married life, and not submit to Catherine's proud demands. If she had been a woman of different make—had she been gifted by Heaven or by her training with that priceless talent of tact—she might easily have turned him from his purpose, and won the battle. More, she would have kept him hers for life. He had fully meant to reform when he married. He would have done so now if Catherine had had the power to use her influence over him. Had she been gentle, and appealed to his better feelings; had she used the arguments of justice and gratitude that his bad advisers used, but turned them in favour of herself, she would easily have prevailed. She was his wife, and the bridal glamour was not yet off. He respected her and admired her, and was

extremely fond of her. Had she been so charming and loving to him that he would have forgotten Lady Castlemaine, she could have kept him hers. Or if she had employed any arguments but haughty indignation and imperiousness, Charles the placable, the easy-going, the amiable, would have been on her side.

There is reason to fancy that through all the bitter scenes that followed, Catherine's advisers amongst her own household were to blame for fermenting the troubles. They urged her on to take her stand as a Portuguese princess, and to resent the affront to her country and her position, when it was only as Charles's wife that she had the faintest chance of success in her appeals. Things came to a climax almost immediately. She supposed that the incident was closed, since Charles had made his promise. What was her consternation and anger at the events that followed!

It was about the end of July, and Catherine was in her apartments with the Court about her. Charles came in at the door leading a handsome woman, beautifully dressed, by the hand. He brought her straight through the crowds about Catherine's chair, and, while the whole Court stood astonished, unable to believe their eyes, he presented her by name to Catherine, thus totally preventing any refusal to admit her. To the amazement of all those about her, Catherine received her with her usual pretty graciousness, and held out her hand to be kissed.

The fact was that Catherine still found it exceedingly hard to catch English names, and had no idea who the lady was. One of her Portuguese ladies standing behind her chair knew better than Catherine. She bent forward, and in an indignant whisper said, "It is Lady Castlemaine!" Catherine started. She turned and stared at "The Lady" with a horrified incredulity. Then, struggle as she might with her feelings, the sight of the woman who was her rival

standing demurely before her supported by the husband she passionately loved, overcame her self-control. The blood flowed from her nostrils with the shock of agitation, and her attendants hastily caught her as she sank back in a kind of fit, probably a faint. They carried her to an inner room, and applied restoratives. One can imagine the effect upon the Court she left!

Clarendon wrote to tell the Duke of Ormonde something of what was convulsing the Court with excitement. He says: "The King has perfectly recovered from the indisposition in which you left him. I wish he were as free from all other. I have had, since I saw you, three or four long conferences, with better temper than before. I have likewise spoken at large with the Queen. 'The Lady' hath been at Court, and kissed her hand, and returned that night. I cannot tell you there was no discomposure. I am not out of all hope, and that is all that I can yet say." This letter was not written in cypher, as it went by the hand of Broderick, but Clarendon remarked with caution that he should always use cypher again in writing on this subject, and that Ormonde must puzzle it out himself.

Charles, whose natural kindness of heart was being entirely perverted by his ill-advisers, looked upon Catherine's attack as a mere insult to Lady Castlemaine. It had brought on her all the eyes and tongues of the Court, and heightened a hundredfold the gossip he had expected to crush. The whole Court was a-buzz with it. Nothing else was talked of, and every one was only too eager to see what the next step would be. Charles, like many people in the wrong, tried to carry it off with an attack on the enemy's camp. He accused Catherine of having made a scene on purpose, and declared that the only reparation she could make to Lady Castlemaine for what amounted to a public affront was to receive her at once into the bedchamber, and so hush up all

scandal. Catherine refused, with absolute indignation, to do any such thing.¹

Charles, up till now the best-tempered of husbands, and the fondest, was vexed into commanding her to obey him. Clarendon felt it impossible to stand by and see what was going on without an effort to mediate. He had the courage to remonstrate with the King on his cruelty and injustice, and told him he had laid commands on her "with which flesh and blood could not comply."² He reminded Charles of all that he had said of his cousin Louis's conduct in a similar case, and his hopes that he himself should never have done so ill-natured a thing. He went on to tell him that in the Court of his cousin "such things were not new nor of scandal in France, whereas so unheard-of in England, and so odious that a King's mistress was as infamous to all her sex"³ as any other woman without character. He warned Charles that no enemy could show him a surer way to alienate his people, who now loved him, than by being unfaithful to a wife worthy of him. He boldly assured the King that his conduct that way had already lost him some ground, but to persist would break his friends' hearts, and only please those who desired destruction of the monarchy. He begged Charles to remember the wonderful things that God had done for him, for which other returns were expected than those Heaven had yet received.

Charles listened to him with patience, but "with those little interruptions natural to him," especially when Clarendon put the mistresses of kings on a level with the mistresses of other people. At that he broke out into indignation, having been used to hear them ranked above other men's wives, and firmly believing that they were worthy of the highest respect and honour, having had the notice of kings. He now took his turn to harangue the Chancellor. He told him that only the day before "The Lady" had said

¹ Clarendon.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

to him that she hoped the Chancellor was not her enemy, as Lord Bristol had told her he had delayed to seal her patent as Lady Castlemaine from some incivility to her. That this accusation was a mere trumped-up one was fully proved by her pulling the patent the next minute from her hanging pocket,¹ which betrayed that she had not yet presented it for sealing. The whole fact was that Barbara Villiers hated Clarendon with an undying hate, both because he had been her father's intimate friend, and had shown his regret and disapproval at her life, and also because she suspected him of trying to set Charles against her and remove her from him.

Charles now took Clarendon into his confidence without reserve. He told him of the scene between Catherine and himself over "The Lady's" appointment, and said that with all caresses he had tried to win her to gratify him by recalling her refusal, and to consider his honour, which was concerned in carrying out his pledge. He said he had protested to her, what he fully intended to observe, that he had not had the least association with Lady Castlemaine since Catherine landed on the shores of England, and that he never would be guilty of any such again, but would live always with his wife in all fidelity for conscience' sake. He went on to say that the Queen, who was much more possessed by anger than was shown in her face, would not listen to him with any temperance, but broke out into torrents of rage, which repelled him, and only confirmed him in his firm intention to stand by the privilege he had promised to Lady Castlemaine. Catherine had taken a fatal path. Instead of acting in a way that would have shamed him from his purpose, and endeared herself to him, her unlucky want of tact merely angered him against herself.

Clarendon was fully aware of this. He says: "If the Queen had had that craft and address and dexterity that some former Queens had, she might have pre-

¹ Clarendon.

vailed as far by degrees as they had done. But the truth is, though she was of years enough to have had more experience of the world, and of as much wit as could be wished, and of a humour very agreeable at some seasons, yet she had been bred"¹ in a way that utterly unfitted her for the position in which she now found herself. A spoilt child, she only tried to obtain her ends with a spoilt child's weapons.

It was a suicidal step to take. Charles was of such a nature that, once he was wearied and disgusted by a person, he turned from him or her with indifference. If Catherine had not given way to unbounded temper, refused to hear him, or to talk the matter out, if she had shown him the real and deep love she had for him, if she had taken a stand dignified and resolute, yet not offensive, she would have saved her life from shipwreck.

Charles now took up his parable with the Chancellor anent the bone of contention. He confessed with contrition that "he had deeply injured her, and ruined her reputation, which had been fair and untarnished till he met her" (poor Charles! he actually thought that) and his winning of her friendship. He felt himself obliged, he explained, to repair to her in conscience and honour to the utmost of his power the wrong he had done her. He acknowledged that he would always retain a great friendship for her, which he owed her for her father's sake as well as for her own, and that he liked her company and conversation well enough, and would not be kept from them, because he knew there would be all innocence in his intercourse from henceforth. He swore that his wife should never have cause to complain that he broke his vows to her, if she would live towards him as a good wife ought to do, in rendering herself grateful and acceptable to him, which it was in her power to do. "But if she should continue uneasy to him he could not answer for himself that he should not endeavour to seek content in other company."²

¹ *Life of Clarendon.*

² Clarendon.

When Clarendon begged him to drop the affair of "The Lady's" appointment entirely, he answered that that was "impossible, as his honour was involved, and that he would also suffer contempt, and be thought too much in pupilage to a governor. Therefore he would expect and exact a conformity from his wife therein, which should be the only hard thing he should ever require from her, and she herself might make it very easy, for 'The Lady' would behave herself with all possible humility unto her, which if she should fail to do in the least degree she should never see the King's face again."¹ This declaration was indeed nearly carried into effect later on in "The Lady's" history. Charles also said to the Lord Chancellor that he would certainly never appoint a servant to Catherine's household again without first consulting her, and having her approval and consent.

He then actually entreated Clarendon to see Catherine, and try and bring her to consent to her husband's wishes. Clarendon at first not unnaturally demurred. He so disapproved of Charles's whole behaviour, and had told him so with such candour, that the embassy was sufficiently difficult. It is probable that what brought him to consent to this shameful task was a letter Charles wrote him at this time.

HAMTONCOURT, *Thursday morning.*

I forgott when you were here last to desire you to give Brodericke good counsell not to meddle any more with what concernes my Lady Castlemaine, and to lett him have a care how he is the author of any scandalous reports; for if I find him guilty of any such thing I will make him repent it to the last moment of his life. And now I am entered on this matter I thinke it very necessary to give you a little good counsell in it, lest you may thinke that by making a farther stirr in the businesse you may diverte me from my resolution which all the world shall never do, and I wish I may

¹ Clarendon.

be unhappy in this world and the world to come if I fail in the least degree of what I have resolved, which is of making my Lady Castlemaine of my wife's bed-chamber, and whosoever I finde use any endeavours to hinder this resolution of myne (except it be only myself) I will be his enemy to the last moment of my life. You know how true a friend I have been to you ; if you will oblige me eternally make this business as easy to me as you can, for I am resolved to go through with this matter lett what will come on it, which againe I solemnly swear before Almighty God. Therefore if you desire to have the continuance of my friendship meddle no more with this business, except it be to beare downe all false and scandalous reports and to facilitate what I am sure my honour is so much concerned in, and whosoever I finde to be my Lady Castlemaine's enemy in this matter, I do promise upon my word to be his enemy as long as I live. You may shew this letter to my Ld. Lnt, and if you have both a mind to oblige me carry your plans like friends to me in this matter.

CHARLES R.

It says little for Clarendon's courage or honesty that the threat of Charles's enmity should have driven him into doing what he must have felt to be in direct contradiction to his own sense of right. He had condemned Charles's line of conduct to Charles freely. He was now called on to justify it to Catherine, and coax her to yield to it. It is a moral on Court morality of that day that Clarendon took the hint from Charles's letter, written plainly in a temper, and obeyed.

Poor Broderick had evidently given his tongue free rein on the subjects that alone occupied the whole Court. Charles's desire to muzzle the mouths of his courtiers as well as control their actions reads ludicrously to-day. But he was still under the direct

¹ *Lansdowne Letters.*

influence of the doctrine of the divine right of Kings.

Opposition has always, in a nature like Charles Stuart's, the worst effect. As soon as people began to condemn Lady Castlemaine and his conduct concerning her, he was set like a rock in her defence. Catherine had taken this hopeless tack. If she had known him better she would have perceived that though he might be led by a silken rope, he could not be driven at the whip's lash. He now regarded himself as "The Lady's" champion and defender, and every instinct of his manhood was called to the front in her defence.

It was, as has just been said, an age of self-seeking, of bowing to the wind that one might take firmer root. Clarendon's position had already been put in peril by his daughter Anne's clandestine marriage with the Duke of York, the heir to the throne. He apparently dared not risk further displeasure from the powers that were. He undertook, with whatever inward reluctance, to carry out the task Charles had set him.

Never, surely, was there task more repellant to a man with the least sense of justice and decency. He had to insist on the reception by a wife of her husband's mistress, and her public acknowledgment. He had to force a bride who was deeply in love with her husband to put a rival into direct and constant intercourse not only with her insulted self, but with the man who had shared himself between them. Clarendon went to his work with some decency of reluctance and confusion of face. He was somewhat at a loss how to begin in opening the ugly subject to the Queen. He prefaced what he had to say by expressing his great regret at the misunderstanding that was palpable between the King and herself. He was, however, clumsy enough to let fall hints that her husband had complained of her to his messenger.¹

¹ Clarendon's *Life of Himself*.

Indeed, Charles had filled Clarendon's ears with reproaches of Catherine's peevishness and ill-humour, and Clarendon was tactless enough to let Catherine understand this. It was only natural that she should deeply resent her husband's complaints of her to another, and be wounded at his blaming her when she knew herself to be the injured one. She interrupted Clarendon abruptly, burst into passionate tears of mortification and anger, and Clarendon found it as well to take his leave, telling her with coldness that "he would wait upon her in a fitter season, and when she should be more capable of receiving humble advice from her servants who wished her well." He then retired, baffled for the moment. Probably it was at this time that he formed the opinion he afterwards expressed of her, that she was hard to manage.

On the following day he again requested an audience with her, and she appointed an hour to receive him in her rooms. She was much more tranquil, and had regained her lost composure, and she began by begging Clarendon to overlook the passion to which she had given way yesterday. She told him that she considered him one of her few friends, from whom she would at all times gladly hear advice, but that "she hoped he would not wonder or blame her if, having greater misfortunes upon her, and having to struggle with greater difficulties than had ever befallen any woman of her condition, she sometimes gave vent to that anguish which was ready to break her heart."¹

Her humble appeal might have touched an iron heart. Clarendon does not seem to have been moved by it. He merely answered by assuring her of his devotion to her interests, "though it might be his duty to tell her some things which might be ungracious to her." Catherine did not merit his description of her hardness to deal with in her answer. She gently told him "he should never be more welcome than when he told her of her faults." This paved the way

¹ Clarendon.

with ease for Clarendon's renewed approach to the subject of his embassy.

He worked up cautiously to it. He remarked that "she had been but little beholden to her education, which had given her so little insight into the follies and imperfections of mankind, of which he presumed her own country could have given more instances than this cold climate could afford." Catherine listened to him with blushes and confusion. A few tears came to her eyes again, and she said with sore disturbance that she "did not think she should have found the King engaged in his affections to another lady."

The moral code of the day was exceeding low. Clarendon found no readier response than to observe that "she must have been very little experienced in the world, if she imagined that the King had preserved his heart so many years for a consort he had never seen." He asked with significance "whether she believed when it should please God to send a Queen to Portugal that she would find that Court so full of virtuous affection?"¹

The morals of both Catherine's brothers, King Alphonzo and Dom Pedro, were notorious. Catherine could not refrain from smiling. "She spake pleasantly enough" in reply, Clarendon assures us, "but as if she thought it did not concern her case, and as if the King's affection had not wandered" from herself, "but remained fixed" with Lady Castlemaine. The whole truth was, that the custom and opinion of the day were such that Catherine would probably have found it no harder to forgive an unfaithful husband than did Marie Thérèse, the Queen of Louis XIV., had it not been for one obstacle. This was her passionate love for her husband, which made it impossible for her to contemplate sharing his affection with any other woman. Had she been as indifferent to him as were most princesses to the Kings they were driven by policy to marry, she might have endured even the presence of a mistress at Court,

¹ *Life of Himself.*

and the perpetual insult of her attendance as her servant. She loved Charles too absolutely to tolerate even the suggestion of being complacent to his mistress. Clarendon was encouraged by Catherine's smile and agreeable words to go on with his errand. He told her that he came with a message from the King, "which, if she received as he hoped she would, she might be the happiest Queen in the world." This ensured Catherine's eager listening. Clarendon then repeated what Charles had said to him about his previous connection with Lady Castlemaine and other women, which he considered to be no possible concern of hers, since he had reformed at his marriage and meant from thenceforth to dedicate himself to her. And "that she should never again have cause to complain of his disregard of his vows to her if she would live towards him as a good wife ought to do." Catherine listened with eager attention, and told Clarendon that she thanked the King for his graciousness, and himself again and again for the trouble he had taken in his errand. She warmly begged him to help her by saying all he could to the King of her thanks and gratitude, and by asking his pardon for any "passion or peevishness of which she had been guilty, and to assure him of all future obedience and duty." She fully supposed, from the humour of Clarendon's speech, that all was over that had come between Charles and herself, and that they would return at once to the lover-like attitude that had made her marriage already so blissful.

She was very little prepared for Clarendon's advance. He saw that she was in a softened mood, and considered it a golden opportunity for driving home the nail that should clinch her obedience. He remarked that the proof of her duty required by her husband the King was, that she should remove the slur her behaviour to Lady Castlemaine had already caused, and reinstate her in the eyes of the world by making her of the bedchamber. Catherine, dismayed and amazed

at the suggestion, could not control her temper under this renewed provocation. She said, with the utmost indignation, that "the King's insisting on such a condition could only proceed from hatred to her own person, and his desire to expose her to the contempt of the world, who would think her worthy of such an affront if she submitted to it, and that she would rather put herself aboard of any small vessel and return to Lisbon than accept the proposal."

Clarendon, somewhat taken aback by this return to fire on the part of the woman he thought tamed, retorted in something of her own vein by assuring her that she "had not the disposal of her own person, even to go out of the house where she was without the King's leave," and that she would do well not to repeat a hint of her return to her own country, "where there were enough who wished her to be."

He also rather peremptorily begged her "not to show off any such passion to the King, but if she thought proper to deny anything he asked her, to do it in such a manner as should look rather like an evasion than a positive refusal; that His Majesty might not be provoked to put himself into a passion also, in which case she was likely to get the worst of it."

The Chancellor's advice was perfectly sound. Charles might be entirely won by softness and suasion, but to try to rule him was fatal. It is quite certain, however, that Clarendon undertook his task without the least show of sympathy for Catherine, young and injured wife as she was, and that he did not address her with the civility he recommended her to use. He was rude and harsh, though he declares that he repeated to Charles afterwards all the good and kind things Her Majesty had said of him, her dutiful expressions, and his own entire belief that her unwillingness to receive Lady Castlemaine came from her own affection for him. He also begged Charles not to move again in the affair for a few days, till Catherine should have recovered her self-control, and

have had time to consider the subject in a "sensible" light. Things might even now have been smoothed, and the two reconciled completely, but for the injurious counsels of Charles's hurtful advisers. They wondered loudly and with astonishment that he should give way an inch in the matter, and assured him with confidence that if he did not have his own will now, he would never get it as long as he and the Queen both lived. They sneered covertly at his meekness to a governing wife, and his henpecked condition, and hoped fervently that he meant to show he had enough spirit to stand by a woman with whom his honour was concerned, and not desert her to the contempt of the universe.¹

The overbearing and imperious temper of "The Lady" had already given the King a taste of petticoat government. He shrank from having a second edition in his married life. Urged on, touched in what he thought his honour, nettled by opposition on the part of the woman he had begun to love, and stung by her passion into a determination to break her will, "he was more resolved than ever to see the matter through."

He went at once to the Queen's rooms, and "that night the fire flamed higher than ever," says Clarendon.² The King reproached the Queen with stubbornness and want of duty, and she him with tyranny and want of affection. He used threats which he never for a moment intended to put into execution, and she loudly talked of "how ill she was treated, and that she should return to Portugal."

Charles was stung into advising her first to find out "if her mother would have her back, and declared that she would soon have a chance of finding that out, as he was at once sending home all her Portuguese servants who had, as he well knew, encouraged her in her perverseness."

All the palace resounded with the quarrel. There was open gossip over it in chamber and on stair. Well-meaning people were thankful that it had

¹ Clarendon.

² *Life of Himself.*

happened at Hampton Court, and not at Whitehall, where there would have been even more witnesses. The King and Queen passed the day in avoidance of each other, speaking not at all, and hardly even looking in each other's direction. Even now it was in Catherine's power to have won Charles back. But a total lack of tact entirely blinded her to this, and she hoped still to obtain by violence and anger what she could easily have won by gentleness.

Lady Castlemaine must have hugged herself with delight over the royal *fracas*. She saw in it the best instrument for gaining her ends. The next few days were days of gloom and misery in the Queen's apartments, and of whisper and chatter and giggle and speculation to the whole Court. The war still raged between Charles and Catherine. He had been cut deep by her threat of leaving him, which offended and hurt him more than all her unguarded words. He complained bitterly to Clarendon of "the foolish extravagancy" of Catherine's desire to return to Portugal, and was only the more fixed in his resolution to send away from her all her country-people who backed her up in her behaviour. He declared that he should yet gain his point about "The Lady," and sent Clarendon once more to Catherine.

This time the Chancellor seems to have made no manner of difficulty. He asked audience, and was at once admitted. As soon as Catherine had received him, he rebuked her sharply for the same want of temper as she blamed in the King. Poor Catherine was again brought to the tears that had flowed oftener in the last few days than in all her happy life before. She confessed that "she had been in too much passion, for which she would willingly beg the King's pardon on her knees, though his manner of treating her had wonderfully surprised her, and might be some excuse for more than ordinary commotion. She prayed God to give her patience, and hoped she would no more be transported with the like passion upon what provoca-

tion whatsoever."¹ The Chancellor then asked her whether she imagined the King could not impose this thing on her if he chose? She said "she knew it was in her own power to consent or not to consent to it, and she could not despair but that the King's justice and goodness might divert him from the prosecution of a command so unreasonable in him, and so dishonourable to her." She would not dispute the King's power, "but she thought Clarendon could tell her whether the King had the choice of her servants or she herself."

The Chancellor had to admit that this was her right, but said that it was not expected any wife would use such a right against a servant recommended by her husband. He then advised her to give in to her husband, "lest she should too late repent."

She answered with great calmness "that maybe worse could not fall out than she expected," and that "she could not conceive how anybody with a good conscience could consent to what she could not but suppose would be an occasion and opportunity of sin."²

It is evident that, in spite of all Charles had said to her, she saw in his insistence on Lady Castlemaine's appointment a mere desire to have her near him, and that she was not impressed by his arguments about restitution. Clarendon, on hearing her dejected speech about the future, actually was moved to a kinder remark than he had yet been betrayed into. He assured Catherine that she need not have the faintest fear of a renewal of the old affair, but must believe the King's protestations that it was for ever ended. And he added that he considered she "had too low and mean an opinion of her person and her parts if she thought it could be in the power of any other lady to rival her."³

Catherine listened to him "with the greatest interest and patience, sometimes seeming not displeased"

¹ Clarendon's *Life of Himself*.

² *Ibid.*

³ Clarendon.

(probably when he drew her attention to her own attractions), "but oftener by a smile declaring that she did not believe what the Chancellor said," and when he had finished speaking she merely answered, resolutely and concisely, that "the King might do what he pleased, but she would never consent to it." Clarendon says with some irritation that she said it with a face of "hope and belief in the power of her obstinacy at last to conquer her husband's impotency," and he adds that he considered it very probable that she had had advice given her to that purpose.

Charles was so stung with her reiterated refusal to submit to his wishes that he referred to the trick her mother had played him over her dowry, and spoke as if she herself had a share in the blame. This must, as Miss Strickland thinks, have been an excessive mortification to Catherine, who was as innocent as an unborn babe in that transaction.¹ He persisted in his resolve to send away her Portuguese following, whom he probably, with extreme justice, considered to be her backers-up and instigators in her continued opposition to him. He was set on clearing his household of the people he counted his own enemies and his wife's worst advisers. He was so annoyed by Catherine's threats of leaving him that he determined to embark the entire contingent at once—duennas, farthingales, mother of the maids, all, including the old knight with the thread-bound hair. He declared he would return them to their own country without "any considerable thing of bounty, or writing cause of dismissal to the King and Queen of Portugal,"² a proceeding which would have ensured their disgrace and ruin with their own sovereigns. In this he was merely copying the example of his father, Charles I., who, when he thought his French wife was influenced by the household she had brought with her, summarily turned them out of the kingdom.

The news of the dismissal of her "family" "grieved

¹ *Queens of England.*

² Clarendon.

the great heart of the Queen," Clarendon tells us. He says that she had no money with which to be liberal to them, and had lavishly promised them all advancement in her household—a promise she now found herself quite unable to keep. She looked on Charles's conduct as a direct affront and indignity to herself, which there is not the least proof that they were meant to be. The King was merely irritated and angry that he could not get his own way with her. It was quite unlike his whole character to take revenge on any woman. Catherine's whole testimony is of his kindness to her. The fact certainly was that he was more determined to carry out his reparation to "The Lady" the more Catherine protested against it. He believed her obstinacy was chiefly caused by the advice and urgings of her Portuguese, and determined to rid himself and her of them.

He was off-hand to the Portuguese ambassador, and actually threw into prison the Jew factor, Diego Silvas, because he had not yet paid into the Exchequer the promised money obtained for the sugar and spice of the dowry. This was most unfair, as the time set for payment was not due.¹

Catherine specially felt de Sande's treatment. She was warmly attached to her godfather, even though he was blamed by her as much as by Charles for his conversation with each at the time of the treaty. Charles was annoyed that he should have mentioned "The Lady" to Catherine and her mother. She was even more indignant that he had painted Charles as virtuous and good-natured, and reproached the ambassador with having deceived her about him.²

Things still went hideously between the newly married couple. The Queen sat "melancholie" in her own apartments, and was constantly crying. Charles only came near her very late at night, from "company that was pleasing, and tried to amuse."³ The Court was divided over the quarrel. Young and "frolick"

¹ *Hist. Casa Real Portuguese.*

² Clarendon.

³ *Idem.*

people, both men and women, talked loudly all that they thought the King would like, and showed him that they took his part. More grave and serious people among the elders "did in their souls pity the Queen, and thought she was put to bear more than strength could sustain." "The Lady's" faction still continued to incite Charles to keep his resolution regarding her. She herself, Miss Strickland thinks, had not attempted again to force herself into the Court at the palace, yet other authorities declare that she "took up quarters at Hampton Court." What is more probable than either account is that she continued in her brother's house at Richmond, and came constantly to the palace, where Catherine's absence in her own rooms made it possible for her to mix with the rest of the Court unmolested.

But a sudden truce to hostilities had to be called, and the quarrel must needs be patched, at least to outward seeming. The Queen-mother, Henrietta Maria, was coming back to England, after the marriage of her beloved daughter Henriette, on purpose to welcome Catherine, and make her acquaintance. Under these circumstances the newly married couple were forced to appear reconciled, and to all appearance they became so for at least a time.

Extensive preparations were made for the reception. The whole Court went down with the King and Queen to Greenwich Palace, that they might welcome the Queen-mother on her immediate arrival. Charles, it seems, was anxious for peace, and for a better state of things. He went out of his way to send the royal coach to carry the Portuguese Ambassador, his son, and the Conde de Ponteval, as well as Dom Pedro de Correa, in the train of the procession of coaches and litters *en route* for Greenwich. De Sande and his son made excuses. They had both fallen ill—it seemed rather a habit of the ambassador—from vexation at their treatment by Charles. All the same, they found much comfort from the polite attention of the King.

It is to be supposed that the other nobles gratefully accepted.¹

It was a warm summer afternoon, July 28, when Catherine, with her husband and the whole glittering Court, set out for Greenwich. The Queen-mother was waiting to greet them in the palace, at the first door after the ascent of the stairs. Catherine would have knelt to her and kissed her hand, but this the Queen-mother would not allow ; and, raising her with many kind and affectionate words, she kissed her again and again. They went together into the presence-chamber, and Henrietta Maria, turning to her daughter-in-law, very sweetly begged her to "lay aside all compliments and ceremony, for that she should never have come to England again except for the pleasure of seeing her, to love her as a daughter, and serve her as a Queen."² This kind and tender speech from the mother of the man she dearly loved must have given poor Catherine the keenest happiness. After the snubs and affronts of the past few days, after the agitations and storms, the fear that Charles had no love for her, and that he preferred her odious rival, Catherine must have felt all this balm to her heart. Throughout all their future relations the Queen of England and the unhappy Queen-Dowager—that Queen of many tears—remained in the most affectionate attitude to each other, and were bound together by mutual love and respect.

Their religion was naturally a great tie. They were Catholics in a Protestant country, where their services were proscribed, and their devotions limited, and they were both earnestly religious. Pepys thought Catherine "a greater bigot than even the Queen-mother." Devotion was not then in fashion. The Queen-mother, remembering her own sorrows and anguish in the country Catherine had come to make hers, must have had a very tender compassion towards the young ignorant girl who was embarking on the same perilous seas.

¹ *Hist. Casa Real Portuguese.*

² *Ibid.*

Her own griefs had not been Catherine's. Her husband had been the White King, pure in conduct and in heart. But she was a daughter of France, and she had learnt to look with complete leniency upon loose morality. It is probable that she saw nothing particularly shocking in Charles's conduct, which had the precedent of her nephew Louis, the model of all Europe.

Catherine hurried to assure her mother-in-law how deeply she was moved by her welcome. She told Henrietta Maria that she was completely delighted to meet her, and that neither the King nor any other of her own children should exceed her in love and obedience to her new mother. They were standing in the presence-chamber, but now Henrietta Maria made Catherine sit on an arm-chair on her right hand, while she took another. Charles meekly sat on one footstool, and the Duchess of York sat on the other. The Duke of York stood by them. The Duchess must have moralized on the change of days, and time's revenges, as she sat here one of the royal circle, received with graciousness by the same Queen-mother who had, only two years ago, declared that if she entered the room by one door, she herself would leave by the other. The old palace of Greenwich was then in a state of dilapidation, and the Queen-mother was the last royalty ever to occupy it. We must suppose that some of the rooms were habitable, since Henrietta Maria now offered her guests refreshments. These were refused, as everybody had had dinner before leaving Hampton Court. The royal party stayed four hours, and during all that time the Queen-mother continued to shower the greatest and most marked kindness on Catherine, and to treat her with deep respect.

There must have been some overtures on the part of Charles to Catherine, or it may be that Henrietta Maria had heard of the state of affairs on landing, and tried to smooth matters. At all events, to the amazement and joy of the Court, the

King and Queen, on returning in the late evening to Hampton Court, supped in public together.¹ The only malcontent must have been "The Lady."

This reformed state of affairs lasted on, for the next day Charles had to go to London on business, and, when his return was expected in the evening, Catherine took all her household and went some distance down the road to meet him. Charles was so pleased and gratified by this mark of his wife's flattering favour that he again and again told her how delighted he was, and the listening Court applauded.

There was now another state ceremony—the return visit of the Queen-mother to Hampton Court. When she alighted, the King, who had waited to receive her, led her by the hand to the top of the great staircase. There Catherine stood to meet her, and when they had greeted each other affectionately they passed on through the ante-chamber to the presence-chamber, and the two Queens took their seats on chairs that stood under a costly canopy. The Queen-mother was now placed on Catherine's right, and the Duchess of York was accommodated with a chair a little to the left. The King and the Duke of York stood, and first one and then the other translated what one Queen said to the other;² for Catherine still could not speak a word of French or English, and her mother-in-law was totally ignorant of Portuguese and Spanish. Henrietta Maria dined in private with the King and Queen that day. Afterwards Catherine's Portuguese band played in her apartments, and the Duke and Duchess of York came to hear it. After Evelyn's criticisms on the performance, it can only be looked on as eminently polite that Henrietta Maria expressed her pleasure.

She, with her son and daughter-in-law, remained at Hampton Court for the next few weeks, and there is no reason to imagine that matters went otherwise than smoothly between the royal couple.

¹ *Inedited Portuguese Records.*

² *Hist. Casa Real Portuguesse.*

CHAPTER VII

WHITEHALL

ELABORATE and lavish preparations were making by the city of London to give a magnificent reception to the new Queen. The state entry to the city by water was fixed for August 23. It was on a scale never before witnessed. On the day, which was one of summer weather, and radiantly fine, Catherine left Hampton Court Palace, and came down to the waterside, where lay awaiting her the royal barge. She got in, and Charles after her, followed by the Duke and Duchess of York, Prince Rupert and his brother Prince Edward, and the Countess of Suffolk as lady-in-waiting. When they had pushed off, another barge filled with Catherine's ladies and officers of the household. The Countess of Penalva and the Countess de Ponteval did not add their farthingales to the show. They were both unwell, and unable to accompany Catherine.

The shores of the river were lined with soldiery, and mobs of eager people pressed on each other to see the sight. When they came within eight miles of London they had to alight from their barges, and re-embark in others, so much larger that they could not come further up the river. This inconvenient change of barge might have been considered sufficient. The second barge had glass windows and a crimson and gold canopy. But at Putney there was another disembarkation, and at last the Royalties were in the state

barge, prepared for the entry. Four-and-twenty watermen rowed her. They were in red from head to foot. On the barge's sides and bow were the royal arms, and the canopy of gold brocade flashed back the sunshine to the gilding within and without. The canopy had plumes of feathers at the corners and top. In Stoop's plates Catherine is shown sitting beneath it, and delightedly watching the procession of boats. She is pictured as very slight, very girlish—almost infantile—and very sweet. She looks animated and happy. She had forgotten for awhile her tears. "The Lady" was a spectator of the triumph. Pepys saw her watch it from a "piece" of Whitehall—probably the water-terrace. A scaffold was blown down, or fell from carelessness. No one was injured, though there was a considerable scare. None of the great ladies present ran down among the "common rabble" beneath to see if any were hurt, save only Lady Castlemaine. She took care of and comforted a little child that had been slightly shaken, "which methought," says the fatuous Pepys, as ever "The Lady's" admirer, "was so noble."¹

Pepys and Evelyn both beheld the pageant, and both have described it. Innumerable boats and vessels choked the river, all dressed with garlands and banners. The gilded state barges of the Lord Mayor and the City Guilds loomed huge and splendid. The guild barges bore huge carved and gilded figures, emblematic of their liveries. Thrones, arches, and "inventions" were everywhere. Music played from shore and water. Peals of ordnance sounded from the Tower and the ships. The royal barge was "antique-shaped," and the canopy formed a high cupola, with tall Corinthian pillars to hold it up, and on these pillars were wreathed flowers, festoons, and garlands. Evelyn sailed through the crowds of boating,² and Pepys remained on shore. He noticed amongst the pageants a mimic Queen and King, the Queen the daughter of Sir R. Ford, the Lord Mayor,

¹ *Diary*, August 23, 1662.

² *Diary*.

“sitting very prettily, with her maids of honour at her feet.” The boats that crowded the royal barge left no water to be seen, and Pepys thought they amounted to a thousand. Evelyn thought all Venetian Bucentoras, etc., were eclipsed and extinguished by this triumph, even when Doges went to espouse the Adriatic.

Shouts and acclamations echoed the guns and the music. The people were frenzied in their joy. It must have been hard for the rowers of the Queen's barge to make their way through the crowds that floated about them, but at six in the evening they reached at Whitehall bridge a pier specially built to receive them, near the palace, and, amid a royal salute from all the cannon across the river the King and Queen got out of their barge, and were met by Henrietta Maria and all the whole Court and nobility in their richest dresses.¹

The Queen-mother was unable for the present to take up residence in Somerset House, her dower palace, as it was undergoing extensive repairs and alterations. She therefore had rooms at Whitehall, and remained there for a week or two. Now she was Catherine's friend and companion in her first view of London. There were feasts and rejoicings, and illuminations and banquetings. It must have been a bitter humiliation to Catherine to see that Lady Castlemaine had coolly resumed her place at Court, and that no one attempted to ignore her. Clarendon says she had lodgings, and was always in the presence-chamber. In a letter he wrote to Ormonde, September 29, he says: “All things are bad with reference to Lady Castlemaine, but I think not quite so bad as you hear. Everybody takes her to be of the bedchamber, for she is always there, and goes abroad in the coach. But the Queen tells me that the King promised her, on condition she would use her as she doth others, that she should never live in Court, yet lodgings I think she hath. I hear of no back stairs. The worst is the King is as

¹ *Hist. Casa Real Portuguese.*

discomposed as ever, and looks as little after business, which breaks my heart. He seeks satisfaction in other company, who do not love him as well as you and I do."¹

Two days before this letter was written, Pepys met Pierce the surgeon, who took him into the Queen-mother's presence-chamber at Somerset House, and he saw the two Queens sitting together, Catherine on her mother-in-law's right hand. This was Pepys's first sight of the new Queen, and he thought that "though she might not be very charming, yet she had a good, modest, and innocent look." Lady Castlemaine was openly in the presence-chamber, to Pepys's unholy joy. There was another mortification to Catherine in the person of a youth called Crofts, then fifteen years old, "most pretty," who was known by all the world to be Charles's illegitimate son. He had come to England in the Court of the Queen-mother, who was very fond of him, and did not seem in any way to frown on his history.

This youth, afterwards the Duke of Monmouth, was the child of Lucy Waters, "that bold, brown, beautiful, insipid creature," as Evelyn called her. Charles was not her first lover, and the boy's paternity was by many people ascribed to Colonel Sidney, as James greatly resembled him. It is a footnote to the morals and manners of the time that Charles's sister, the Princess of Orange, one of the most virtuous and blameless women of her day, should have condoned the connection, and even jested about it to her brother, and mentioned his mistress with kindness in her letters to him.

James Crofts was treated with much kindness by both Henrietta Maria and Catherine, and devoted himself to Lady Castlemaine, whom he was constantly with, paying her devoted attention. Into the presence-chamber at Somerset House, while Pepys watched, came Charles, and soon after the Duke and Duchess of York. This constellation of royalties formed such a sight as Pepys declared he had never seen before,

¹ Bodleian.

with such ease and leisure. It was Sunday, and the Queen-mother's visitors stayed chatting with her till it was dark. Charles and Catherine were in high spirits, and "very merry" together, which points to the reconciliation still holding. He teased her by declaring to his mother that there were hopes of an heir to the throne. Catherine was anxious at once to assure her mother-in-law that this was nonsense, and stammered out the first English words Pepys had heard her say. She exclaimed, "You lie!" and Charles, immensely delighted with her use of stronger words than she had any idea of, tried hard to make her say again, in English, "confess and be hanged!" When night came they took leave, and Charles, Catherine, Lady Castlemaine, and young Crofts, all went in one coach together back to Whitehall. The "great store of ladies, but few handsome" remarked by Pepys followed in other coaches, through the little village of Charing Cross, back to the palace.¹

That Catherine tolerated the presence of the woman she detested in the same coach with herself, must have been due to Charles's promise to have no further dealings with her, on condition that she was received like the other women of the Court.

The palace of Somerset House, built in the reign of Edward VI., by the Lord Protector, the Duke of Somerset, had been immensely improved by Henrietta Maria, as well as her mother-in-law, Anne of Denmark. Inigo Jones had lavished on the work his most delightful designs. Given by James I. on his accession to his wife as her dower house, she lived apart from him there for the greater part of their English life. It was at this time a stately pile, combining the older portion of the Protector's days with the modern additions made by Henrietta Maria and Anne. The Strand front was adorned with beautiful columns, and a gate in the middle led into a spacious quadrangle. On the inner side of the front ran a

¹ *Diary*, September, 1662.

broad piazza in the Italian style. On the river side was another piazza against the house. Stairs and gate led direct to the water. The garden was laid out with a bowling-green, shady walks, parterres of flowers, and adorned with statues. It was divided into two parts. In the middle of that which lay westward a large fountain sprayed the air with its jets. The water gate was very fine, with statues of Thames and Isis to support it. From this garden to the house one ascended by dark and winding steps. The garden paths were paved, so that one could walk on them in all weathers, and trees in straight avenues ran to the river's edge.

Inside it was, as Pepys described it, "magnificent and costly."¹ Through the older part of the palace ran long galleries. One of these was lined with oak in small panels, while the height of the mouldings was gilded. The floors were of solid oak, and the ceilings beautifully stuccoed. Apparently this was used as a ball-room, for in 1775, when George III. exchanged this palace for Buckingham House, as a dower house for Queen Charlotte, and the old palace was demolished to make room for the one now standing, the chains of chandeliers were found depending from the ceiling, and sconces were on the walls. A throne and canopy of state stood in this great gallery, and here were found also the crimson curtains of an audience-chamber, the crimson velvet fringed and laced with gold and silver. Those curtains may have witnessed the visit of Catherine to her mother-in-law, which has just been told, and on those chairs of state, found with the curtains, the two Queens may have sat and talked together.

Old, faded, moth-eaten tapestries still clung in 1775 to the walls, which had probably been hung there in the time of Henrietta Maria. Then the great audience-chamber was hung with costly silk, and long silk curtains edged the windows. The furniture was covered with gilt leather, and painted screens kept off the draughts. From the lofty painted ceilings hung

¹ *Diary.*

great chandeliers of brass, heavily gilded.¹ This room grew familiar enough to Catherine, who constantly made her way from Whitehall to visit the Queen-mother. Between the two Queens there sprang up a warm friendship, and Catherine must have found an added attraction in the little chapel, dedicated to her own religion, whose corner stone had been laid by Henrietta Maria with great pomp. The chapel and its decorations were very fine, and it was remarkable as the first place where public Mass was performed in the kingdom after the Restoration. It was served by a Capuchin establishment, which was lodged in a building close by. The two Queens must have found congenial interest in their many services and constant Masses, which they attended together. It was as well for poor Catherine that she had one place of refuge where a welcome awaited her, and she was treated with kindness. Matters at the Court of Whitehall were growing worse and worse for her. She had allowed "The Lady" to come into her presence, in fulfilment of her promise to Charles, but she still refused to notice her, with the consequence that Barbara Villiers set up what was in effect a rival Court in the Queen's very sight. Whenever she appeared in the royal apartments Charles at once went to greet her, received her with the deepest politeness, and tried to make up by his manner for the Queen's total silence. At the beginning of their battles Charles had looked wretched and unhappy. Now he had changed his aspect, and wore an air of such excessive gaiety that those who were close observers believed it to be merely feigned. The fact was that the renewal of kindness between himself and the pure-minded Catherine had awakened in him his strong respect and admiration. He would have been ready to make peace on her own terms, had it not been for his infamous advisers, who taunted him with baseness to "The Lady," and sneered at his fear of his wife's anger."

¹ *Somerset House, Past and Present.* R. Needham and G. Webster.

Clarendon firmly held that Charles's spirits were only assumed, and that he was sick of the contest.¹ But to Catherine it seemed as if his lightheartedness was real, and that he was glad to be rid of her society for that of Lady Castlemaine. She was fully sensible that, in all the gaiety and brightness of the Court, she alone was deserted. She was entirely left without those attentions and kindnesses which she saw her husband lavish on almost every one else present. Of course this was merely done to show her how well Charles could get on without the company of a woman who thwarted him. She sat alone and neglected, while the whole time-serving Court flocked round "The Lady" and made her their centre. Even Catherine's own household fawned on the favourite, who had it in her power to raise them or ruin them. Catherine seemed to them a cypher, as far as their own personal interest was concerned. Night after night she sat forsaken and deserted by the gay and noisy throngs, while "The Lady's" skirts were pressed on by the eager courtiers contending for her notice.²

She saw that the torrents of rage to which she had given way had only irritated the King, and made him more resolved than ever to get the mastery. She understood that her lack of self-control had made her new people lose all respect, and speak of her slightly. It was a keen triumph to the woman who had been able to display her power over Charles in the very face of the wife she had defeated. It was her only aim and purpose to chain the King to her side, and keep him her slave, and it was an absolute matter of indifference to her how much his business or his best interests suffered.

Catherine, "untaken notice of," as Clarendon says,³ suffered as long as she could endure. She saw, with a sharp pang, that she was defeated, and it seemed to her that her opposition to her rival, so far from doing any good, had only estranged her husband more irretrievably from her. When, unable any longer to endure

¹ *Life of Clarendon.*

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

her anguish, she rose and left the presence-chamber, only one or two of her attendants followed her to her apartments. The rest remained behind, and joined with those "who made it their business to laugh at all the world, and who were as bold with God Almighty as with any of His creatures."¹

Pepys, the observant, saw Catherine on the Sunday after she had paid her visit to the Queen-mother. She was at Whitehall, and some of the ladies of the Court with her, "but, by my troth, not many!"²

Charles now began to resume his old custom of supping with Lady Castlemaine. He seems to have gone every evening to see her, but he never failed to return to Catherine's rooms, however late. Pierce, the gossiping Court-surgeon, told Pepys that the King showed no favour to any of Catherine's household, least of all to those English who had accompanied her from Portugal, fearing that through them she might learn of his return to intimacy with "The Lady."³ But Catherine's own physician had assured Pierce that the Queen was fully aware of it. No doubt there were plenty of people eager enough to force the information on her. She was perfectly aware of this last indignity, but, though she had quite spirit enough to resent it, yet, in the conviction that any notice she might take of it at present would be worse than useless, she bore her misery silently, from policy.⁴

The child Lady Castlemaine had borne Charles had been the cause of a scene witnessed by Pepys "upon a piece of Whitehall"—probably the gardens. "The Lady" and her affronted husband were both walking up and down, apparently for exercise. They took no notice of each other beyond their first meeting, when he took off his hat, and she returned him a polite curtsy. After that they passed and repassed like entire strangers, but at intervals, when either met the baby carried by his nurse, they stopped him, and

¹ *Life of Clarendon.*

² *Diary*, Sept. 14, 1662.

³ *Ibid.*, Oct. 21, 1662.

⁴ *Ibid.*, Oct. 24, 1662.

took him in their arms and dandled him.¹ It must be remembered that Palmer, now Lord Castlemaine, had resolutely reiterated that the boy was his own.

It was in the latter part of October that Catherine began to write letters. The burning desire of her heart was to reconcile Portugal with the Papal power, and obtain its recognition as a kingdom from the Pope. To so devout a Catholic as herself it must have seemed intolerable that the country she loved so dearly should remain under the ban of the Church. So on October 25 she wrote to the Pope, and sent her own almoner to Rome with the letter.

VERY HOLY FATHER,

The very special respect that I have for the person and for the position of Your Holiness forces me not to defer any longer giving you those marks of my obedience which have always been my intention since my arrival in this Kingdom, and it is to that end that I now send Master Bellings, who will assure Your Holiness of the veneration I have for you, and the inviolable attachment which I have and will always have to the throne you occupy so worthily. I beg of you not only to give credence to what he shall tell you on this subject, but also to listen willingly to him on what he shall tell you of the state of the Church and the realm whence I have come, and in that which is specially concerned in the prayer he will pray you to make for the state I have entered. I hope that in making your serious reflection on this, you will bring the necessary remedies to the ills which threaten it, and that you will believe that I am with submission,

Very Holy Father,

Your very devoted daughter,

To our very Holy Father, the Pope. C. R.

MONS. D'AUBIGNEY, *my grand Almoner.*

LONDON, *this 25th October, 1662.*²

¹ Pepys's *Diary*, Oct. 24, 1662.

² *Miscellaneous Autograph Letters*, 22. 548.

On the same day she wrote to Cardinal Ursino, (probably Orsini).

MY COUSIN,

Amidst the joy which I have reason to possess I can not avoid being sensibly touched by the strange state of the Church, both in the realm of the King my brother, and that here. Nobody knows better than you what it is in Portugal, for you have so generously undertaken its protection, but I can tell you that I fear very greatly the evils which will follow the displeasure of the King my lord and husband, and of his ministers if the court of Rome persists in refusing him the favour he asks for his relative Monsigneur D'Aubigny, my grand almoner. I trust to Master Bellings whom I send to assure His Holiness of my obedience, and to expound to you all these things liberally, and I beg of you to give him entire belief. I am,

(Unsigned).¹

Catherine's letter to Cardinal Baroorin of the same date is of like tenor.

To my Cousin the Cardinal Baroorin,

25th October, 1662.

MY COUSIN,

Because you specially interest yourself in such things as touch the welfare of the Church in this country, and also because you have always borne testimony to great friendship to the King, my Lord and Husband, I have charged Master Bellings to salute you, for me, and to communicate to you the object of his voyage. I beg of you to give entire credit to him in all things, and to help him with your utmost mediation, in which you will much oblige,

My Cousin,

(Unsigned).²

¹ *Miscellaneous Autograph Letters*, 22. 548.

² *Ibid.*, 22. 548.

Her letter a few days later to the Princess of Tuscany shows the affectionate regard she felt for all those connected with Charles.

MY COUSIN,

The share you have had in the joy of my arrival in this country, and in my marriage, renders me much indebted to you. I am affected by it always, none the less from you who are so near to the King my Lord and Husband, and who have entered a house with which he has also very strong ties. So I beg you to believe that I shall ever interest myself in whatever can affect you, and that I shall be in truth, my cousin,

Your very affectionate Cousin.¹

With this letter also went one to the Prince of Tuscany, conveyed by the same messenger.

MY COUSIN,

The letter you have written me on my arrival in this country, and the accomplishment of my marriage, is so obliging that I owe you very special thanks for it, as well as for the wishes you express for my prosperity. The share you take in whatever concerns me makes me also search for occasions to express to you that which I shall always take in your esteemed interests. My Cousin,

Your very affectionate Cousin.

To my Cousin the Prince of Tuscany.

October 30, 1662.²

These letters, written in French, are of course in the hand of Catherine's secretary. In some cases they appear to be the mere drafts of letters, as they do not bear her signature. They suffice, however, to give us some little idea of the correspondence that she carried on in her first married years. She again and again expressed her dislike of letter-writing, and declared she seldom wrote. No wonder, with the

Miscellaneous Autograph Letters, 22. 548.

¹ *Ibid.*, 22. 548.

tedious formal letters of ceremony that constantly were exchanged between royalties, of which some of her preserved correspondence consists. When it was a case of intimate friendship, or when her generous sympathies were touched, we shall see that she could willingly take her pen, and write in that large open hand of hers what came from her heart.

On October 30 she wrote as follows to the Duke of Ormonde, by the hand of Clarendon.

MY LORD,

I am desired by some Persons neere me to recommend to you James Fleming of Stadalmocke, William Talbott of Robertstowne, and Russell of —, whom I am informed are persons that have suffered much for their loyalty in the late times, and by their qualifications have claims for the King's grace and favour, and I shall be very glad if they find any benefit by my recommendation. I am

Your very entirely affectionate friend.¹

It appears that Catherine, as well as Charles, was constantly assailed with petitions and requests on behalf of those who had suffered in mind, body, or estate, during the "late unhappy differences." She interceded on the same day for Lord Antrim in another letter to Ormonde.

MY LORD,

I am very much desired to recommend the Marquis of Antrim to you. I know not how he hath cleared himself of what he was charged with relating to the late King, nor how far he is restorable to his Estate, but if he is capable of the King's favour, I shall be glad he may find advantage by my recommendation. I am, your

(Unsigned).²

There were not to be many more of such letters. Those who flocked to the new Queen to beg her

¹ *Miscellaneous Autograph Letters*, 22. 548.

² *Ibid.*

interest and intercession soon enough discovered that to kneel to the waning sun was of small use. They transferred their court and their petitions brusquely to the King's favourites, and crowded the anterooms of his mistresses, so much more powerful to benefit than was his wife. With regard to the letter in which Clarendon acted as secretary to Catherine, it would appear that spelling was not a qualification for the Lord Chancellorship!

It may have been about this time that the Duke and Duchess of Courland both wrote to beg the new Queen to use her influence with her husband and brother over an affair of the unjust seizure of some shipping belonging to the Duchy. Catherine did her possible in the matter, as will be seen from her answers to them.

MY COUSIN,

Though many accidents have hindered me in making a reply to the letter which you wrote me of June the 6th, I have, nevertheless, not neglected to do what you begged of me, and to recommend the affair of the vessels they have taken from you to the King of Portugal my brother, with all the warmth I could make apparent in the interests of a Prince who, having given many proofs of affection to the King my lord and husband deserves from me my esteem and my acknowledgment. I hope that my intercession may be as effective as it has been urgent, and that I may meet with other occasions to prove to you that I am, my Cousin,

Your very affectionate Cousin,

CATERINA R.

To my cousin the Duke of Courland.¹

A letter to the Duchess went with this.

MY COUSIN,

I have embraced with joy the occasion which you have offered me by your letter of the 8th of June to

¹ *Miscellaneous Autograph Letters*, 22. 548.

assure you of the share I take in all that affects you, and that I have also recommended the affair of the shipping of which you made mention, to the King my lord and husband, and to the King of Portugal, my brother. I shall continue to press them on the same subject, and though I do not doubt they have a very particular regard to the interests of my cousin the Duke your husband, yet I also hope that my undertaking will not be useless. It will be ever employed in opportunities where I can make apparent the value that I set on assisting a Princess of your birth and of your merits, being, my cousin,

Your very affectionate cousin,

(Unsigned).¹

The pleasure the Queen showed in granting favours asked her makes it the more pathetic that she should have had so brief a time of conferring benefits. It was soon to seem to the Court as idiotic to approach her for mediation or bounty, as it would have been to have sued at the feet of a scullion at Whitehall.

It would seem that Catherine was already beginning to feel the pinch of that poverty which was soon to become a thumbscrew. Her dowry of sugar and spices had not been sold, and there was no money due to her in the Exchequer. She wrote to John Hervey on October 22, asking for funds :

Our will and pleasure are that you forthwith pay unto our trusty and well-beloved Francesco de Sylva the sum of five hundred pounds for our owne particular use, and for soe doing this shall be your sufficient warrant and discharge. Given at Whitehall this 23rd of Xber, 1662, in the 14th yeare of the reigne of our dearest Lord and Husband.

To our trusty and well-beloved John Hervey, Esq., Our Treasurer and receiver.

(Unsigned).²

¹ *Miscellaneous Autograph Letters*, 22. 548.

² *Ibid.*, 22. 548.

The exact date is not known when Catherine suddenly capitulated, and threw open the gates in despair. Night after night the drama at Whitehall had gone on—the silent, miserable Queen, with her one or two faithful servants round her—the mistress, smiling, gay, flocked about by courtiers, attended with every mark of devotion by Charles. It was a sight that Catherine bore till she could bear no more. All her pride, all her self-respect, all her dignity as Queen and woman, came at last to seem to her as dust and ashes beside the love of the man she adored. Clarendon had told her that as long as she remained “uneasy” to her husband, he could not answer for himself that he would not seek content in other company. He had assured her that if she would carry out his wishes and receive Lady Castlemaine it would be the last hard thing Charles should ever ask of her, and that if “The Lady” failed to comport herself with politeness and humility he would never see her face again. He repeated over and over that Charles would never again give her cause to complain of his unfaithfulness to her, if she would do what he asked. She saw well enough that her persistence merely made her an outcast, and that her rival was the centre of the Court where she should have reigned. All these things came back to her with bitterness as she sat and watched the merry crowds and heard the loud laughter of the Court that had turned its back on her—worst of all, heard and saw Charles.

It was the most unfortunate moment she could have chosen for her submission. Gird as Charles might at her obstinacy, respect and admiration for her attitude were growing within him. Those who best knew him saw that he was growing weary of the persistent quarrel with his wife, and that he was making up his mind to send Lady Castlemaine from the Court. He had satisfied what he called his honour by openly taking her side, and trying to force her on Catherine. Sensible advisers told him frankly that, while the Queen was kept in such a state of agitation and

wretchedness, there would be little hope of an heir to the throne. In his heart he knew Catherine to be in the right, and he was fond of her. Had any stroke of Providence intervened to remove "The Lady" at this crisis it is certain that he would have returned to Catherine, and probably have remained faithful.

Poor Catherine! good and gentle and affectionate, noble of mind, and pure in heart. She was yet the victim of her own amazing want of tact. She took exactly the most fatal step she could have chosen, believing it to be wise. One day, when Lady Castlemaine, as usual, sailed boldly into the presence-chamber, to the incredulous astonishment of the whole Court, Catherine began to speak to her. Not content with merely receiving and acknowledging her, which was all Charles had ever dreamed of demanding, she treated her with extreme familiarity, laughed and jested with her in the sight of all Whitehall, and spoke of her with the greatest kindness, while in private she was more friendly to her than to any of her own ladies. She was so intensely miserable without the love of the man she adored that she was driven to take any step that might restore him to her.

Clarendon, who had done his utmost, both with expostulation and harshness, to bring her to this step, now had the meanness to blame her for taking it. He says, with a great show of superiority, that "this abandoning her own greatness, this lowly demeanour to a person she had justly contemned, made all men conclude that it was a hard matter to know her, and consequently to serve her, and the King himself was so far from being reconciled to it that the esteem which he could not hitherto in his heart but retain for her grew now much less. He concluded that all the former anguish expressed in those lively passions which seemed not capable of dissimulation was all fiction, and purely acted to the life by a nature crafty, perverse and inconstant. He

congratulated his own ill-natured perseverance, by which he had discovered how he was to behave himself hereafter, nor had he the same value for her wit, judgment, and understanding as that he had formerly, and was well pleased to observe that the reverence others had for her was somewhat diminished.”¹

History, as Miss Strickland says, has echoed Clarendon's contempt, and called Catherine merely inconsistent and foolish.² She had indeed staked her all, and lost it, in the last desperate effort to regain his love. A little longer of endurance, and he would have returned to the woman who was above other women in his esteem. He could respect goodness, even if he was not good himself. He put down Catherine as irrational, infirm of purpose, and believed she had merely taken the stand she did to annoy him, and to become his ruler.

So far from the Queen's change of attitude causing him to keep his promise that he would have nothing more to do with Lady Castlemaine, he had renewed the old relations in retaliation for Catherine's refusal to submit to him, and he now continued them without the least remorse. He told himself that she had only made a feint of objecting to his unfaithfulness, and that she really could not be concerned by it if she became effusively friendly with his mistress. It was the stand taken by the Queen of Louis XIV., who received his mistresses, and treated them with marked friendliness and favour. Charles saw in Catherine's unfortunate surrender a like mind, and with a shrug cast off all further desire to reform. Since she did not care whether he had mistresses or no, and only pretended anger to vex him, he need not walk in strait ways, nor be constant to her in order to please her. The whole of his future unfaithfulness and immorality dated from that moment. Had she kept her original attitude, or

¹ *Life of Clarendon.*

² *Queens of England.*

had she won him to her by affection and tenderness, he would undoubtedly have kept the resolution of reform he had made at the time of his marriage.

From the day of her friendly reception of Lady Castlemaine dated the total loss of all Catherine's influence over her husband. She might have moved him to mighty purposes, and stung awake in him his manhood and his Kingship. Instead she created in him an indifference to a woman so changeable, so full of humours, so apt to irritate, and so lacking in real love for him. To the day of his death he never renewed the differences that had marred those first days of married life. Never again had a Court, half-diverted, half-scandalized, to listen to loud re-cremations through closed doors that did not muffle them. While they lived Charles treated Catherine with respect and kindness, and insisted that respect should be shown her by others. She was able to testify of him, with utter truth, that she had never received anything but goodness from his hands. He never again said a word of anger or authority to her, and never again did he ask her to receive his mistresses. He took it for granted that she would make not the slightest objection to their existence or to their presence, and went his own way without reference to her. She kept his kindness. To his death she kept some amount of his affection. But his real love, his respect, his opinion, she had for ever forfeited.

To a man of Charles's stamp goodness in a woman is a potent influence. Catherine was so absolutely unlike the women of the English Court, she was so apart from those who had been his toys and his easy conquests—who, in truth, had constantly cast themselves at him—that he had begun by interest, wonder, and admiration. Her devoutness was another claim to his respect. People like Lady Castlemaine imagined it was only because she was a Catholic that she had a chain by which to lead Charles's admiration. It was

that idea that caused "The Lady" suddenly to enter the Catholic Church, a little later on, fancying that by so doing she would gain a like admiration.

She began by attending Mass with Catherine, as a lady of the bedchamber. Pepys was much pleased with the sight of such broad-mindedness.¹ If she had actually felt one tithe of the horror she had always professed for her husband's creed, she could easily have obtained permission to stay away from what was still the service of a proscribed Church.

Charles had now fulfilled his intention of sending Catherine's Portuguese household back to their own land, and this had narrowed her countrywomen in attendance to a very small number. She was of necessity seen everywhere with the English ladies, and her rival, in virtue of the Queen's ill-judged friendliness, was of course constantly with her royal mistress.

Charles, Catherine, and the Queen-mother had intended to see the Lord Mayor's Show this year—a function then extremely fashionable and frequented. It was then held, together with the great banquet, on October 29. But, though Catherine was specially anxious to see this novel entertainment for the first time, it was considered best to stay at home after all, as there were "disturbances rumoured of in the city."²

In November the King and Queen were together at the Cockpit to see the play. Pepys, who was present, and gratified by excellent places for himself and his wife, noticed that Lady Castlemaine, the Duke of Monmouth, and all the fine ladies were watching the play of *The Scornful Lady* well performed.³ Charles had by this time created his illegitimate son James, Duke of Monmouth. It was not without one last flare of protest from Catherine, justly insulted at the suggestion of a public recognition

¹ *Diary*.

² Evelyn's *Diary*, Oct. 28, 1662.

³ *Diary*, Nov. 17, 1662.

of the boy. The Duke of York wrote to the Lord Chancellor on the matter.

Thursday morning.

My brother hath spoken with the Queen yesterday concerning the owning of his sonne, and in much passion she told him that from the time he did any such thing she would never see his face more. I would be glad to see you before you go to the Parliament that I may advise with you what is to be done, for my brother tells me he will do whatever I please.¹

Catherine's last flame of protest against the indignities offered her was probably made now. To create the son of another woman a Duke of the Royal House was an outrage on herself and to any future children she might have. Charles, only bent on reparation to women whom, like Lady Castlemaine, he had injured in reputation, and to their children, was determined to openly acknowledge his son, and load him with honours. He was always extremely fond of all his left-handed children, and it gave him pleasure to shower favours on them. In spite of Catherine's declaration that she would see his face no more, the patent was granted, and throughout his life Catherine treated the Duke of Monmouth, as she treated all the rest of Charles's children, with sweet and unvarying kindness. He was granted precedence over every other Duke in the Realm, except the Duke of York, and loaded with such distinction and favour that people whispered he was Charles's lawful son, and would be his successor.

Catherine's birthday, November 25, was kept with festivity and splendour. Waller, the Court poet, composed a poem in her honour, which was sung before her by Mrs. Mary Knight—remarkable for the lustre of her beauty and the sweetness of her ravishing voice. Charles does not at that time seem to have

¹ *Lansdowne Letters*, I, 236. 126.

bestowed notice on her, but five years afterwards she became his mistress. She was noted as well for her profane language as for her exquisite voice. Probably she became penitent and pious in her later days, for her portrait by Kneller represents her in mourning, kneeling before a crucifix, with a face of exceeding beauty, but with approaching age upon her.

Waller's poem was as follows, and though Catherine could not understand many words of it, still it is probable that she quite appreciated the compliment.

This happy day two lights are seen :
 A glorious saint, a matchless Queen.
 Both named alike, both crowned appear,
 The saint above, the Infanta here.
 May all those years which Catherine
 The martyr did for Heaven resign
 Be added to the line
 Of your blest life among us here !
 For all the pains that she did feel,
 And all the torments of her wheel,
 May you as many pleasures share.
 May Heaven itself content
 With Catherine the saint !
 Without appearing old,
 An hundred times may you
 With eyes as bright as now,
 This happy day behold !

There was a certain unconscious irony of prophecy in his verses, for Catherine was to suffer heart-pains as great as the physical pangs of her patron saint throughout her married life.

There was still considerable difference of opinion as to the Queen's looks, and Pepys speaks of "differing from my aunt, as I commonly do, in our opinion of the handsomeness of the Queen."¹ He noted that his admired Lady's interest at Court increased, according to what Dr. Pierce told him, and that it was now more and greater than the Queen's, and that she could bring in whom she liked to posts and favour, but he added the Court surgeon's opinion that the Queen was a

¹ *Diary*, Dec. 6, 1662.

most good lady, and took all with the greatest meekness that might be.¹ Catherine was indeed beginning to learn that strong self-control and patience, which altered the imperious high-willed girl into the sweet and calm woman.

On December 30 Pepys took his wife to Whitehall to see the Queen in her presence-chamber, where the Maids of Honour and the young Duke of Monmouth were playing at cards. He thought that only a few of the ladies were very pretty, but he considered them all well dressed in their velvet gowns.² It was the day before the grand ball given at the palace to dance the old year out, when Pepys again made his way into Whitehall and reached the ball-room. All the Court ladies were assembled and waiting, and presently the King and Queen came in with the Duke and Duchess of York and "all the great ones." They sat down and then immediately rose again, and the King led the Duchess of York to the dance, while the Duke took the Duchess of Buckingham, the Duke of Monmouth Lady Castlemaine, and "other lords took other ladies." They danced the brantle, or brawl, then greatly favoured—a kind of polonaise, in which the couples took it in turn to lead round the room, and there was scope for elegance in dancing. After that the King and a lady danced a single coranto, and then other couples followed, "and it was noble and pleasant to see." After that there were country dances, the King calling by name for "the old dance of England," and leading it. While he danced every one stood, even the ladies and the Queen herself. Pepys thought he danced rarely, and better than the Duke of York. Indeed, Charles's dancing had been praised of Europe since the day when, as a mere boy, he performed before the Court at The Hague, and people watched him with speechless admiration.

Catherine, it seems, could not at that time dance, but she must rapidly have repaired this defect in her

¹ *Diary*, Dec. 23, 1662.

² *Diary*.

education. It may be that the English dances were unknown to her. At all events it was only some few weeks later that she danced with the King at another great Court ball,¹ and she soon became so passionately attached to the amusement that she never let a chance of it escape her. Sir Walter Scott, in his notes to Dryden's works, unjustly says that Catherine's greatest fault was her being educated a Catholic, her greatest misfortune bearing the King no children, and her greatest foible an excessive love of dancing. It must be admitted that a more innocent foible seldom has existed, and that in such a Court as that of Whitehall, if her greatest fault were that of her religion she must indeed have shone as an example! It was at this New Year's Eve ball that Lady Castlemaine's blaze of costly jewels far outshone those worn by the Queen and the Duchess of York together, and that people told each other she had coaxed the King to hand over to her all the Christmas presents given in usual custom by the peers. This old custom was soon after discontinued. Perhaps the peers hardly appreciated being made thus involuntarily to contribute to the possessions of "The Lady." Pepys is the authority for the Court gossip which declared that Charles took the opportunity, while dancing with Lady Gerard, to rebuke her for having spoken disrespectfully of Lady Castlemaine to the Queen, and to tell her that in consequence she was removed from the Queen's service.

Early in the new year Louis of France answered the letter of congratulation Catherine had sent him, on the assurance of the succession to the throne.

MY SISTER,

I cannot begin to thank you for what you have been pleased to write, and to have me informed, in your name, by the Count de Feversham upon the birth of my grandson. I leave it to the Count to bear more special witness to the manner in which I have

¹ *Evelyn*, Feb. 5, 1663.

received such obliging marks of your friendship, only assuring you that he can say nothing (unreadable).

Your good brother,

LOUIS.

VERSAILLES, 1662.

To this Catherine had to reply with condolences in the beginning of the year.

MY BROTHER,

Although I have received the sad news of your daughter's death with extreme grief, I would not too long defer assuring you of the share I take in it (this last sentence is substituted for "and I hope that you will readily believe," which is erased) and that the close friendship and alliance you have with the King my lord and husband forces me to take part in all your (illegible. Probably "affairs"). I hope that you will readily believe that no one will ever have such true sympathy with things that can happen to you as

My Cousin,

YOUR GOOD SISTER.

WHITEHALL, the 8th.

In April it was remarked that the King had not supped with Catherine once in three months, yet he was almost every night at Lady Castlemaine's lodging, and the Queen could not hide her unhappiness.¹ "The Lady" had by this time been given apartments in Whitehall, near the Cockpit. She was always with the Queen, and began to think herself in a position to treat her with disrespect. One day, coming into Catherine's bedroom, and finding the Queen's maids still engaged in dressing her, Lady Castlemaine impertinently sneered, and asked, "How can Your Majesty have the patience to sit so long a-dressing?" Catherine only answered, with a dignity that might have shamed "The Lady," could anything have effected

¹ Pepys's *Diary*, April 25, 1663.

such a miracle, "Madam, I have so much greater reason to use patience that I can readily bear such a trifle."

On St. George's Day, the King's birthday, all the Court went to Windsor for a specially grand celebration of the patron saint's festival. The Duke of Monmouth had just been betrothed to little Lady Anna Scott, the daughter of the Buccleughs. She was reckoned the smallest lady, and the best dancer in the whole Court. She had been made one of Catherine's ladies of the bedchamber, and was called the Duke of Monmouth's little mistress. She was much liked for her amiability and discretion and gentle manners. A great ball was given in St. George's Hall, and Catherine, now proficient in dancing, opened it with the bridegroom. While he was dancing with his hat in hand, the King came in, and, kissing him before all the Court, told him to put his hat on. This permission, only extended to royalties of the direct line, confirmed the world in the opinion that Charles meant to make the boy his heir. Lady Castlemaine, it would seem, had hopes that Charles's marriage might be annulled, and was confident in her own mind that her power over him was such that, in event of his being free again, she could force him to marry herself. It is perhaps unnecessary to remark that such a marriage would never have received the consent of even a ministry of those days.

Whitehall, where Catherine had now taken up her residence, was situated along the river-side between the villages of Charing Cross and Westminster, and was at this period a small city within palace walls. Originally an ecclesiastical palace, Cardinal Wolsey had greatly enlarged and improved it, and had built the Holbein Gateway, which spanned the road before it. Huge medallions of terra-cotta decorated this gate, and on it were "kings and bishops, naturally coloured"¹ and gilded. The gateway was built of

¹ Walford, *Old and New London*.

a combination of small square stones and flint boulders of two distinct colours, glazed and treated like tesserae. The lofty turrets were also ornamented with busts. When, in the modernizing age of the eighteenth century, the gate was pulled down, the glazed bricks and stone dressings were used to mend the roads. Another gate, called the Cockpit Gate, crossed the road at the lower or Westminster end of the palace. This was built of squared stone, with handsome battlements and four high towers, and was richly adorned with busts, Tudor roses and portcullises, and Queen Elizabeth's arms. James I., when he came into occupation of the palace, had a grand scheme of pulling it down and rebuilding on a scale of the utmost magnificence. Inigo Jones had already built the stately and beautiful Banqueting House for the palace, when the death of the King put a stop to the alterations, and the palace remained as it was during the next two reigns. This beautiful Banqueting House is all that now remains of the once vast and stately palace of Whitehall. It represents to us all of its grandeur and splendour as it stands, melancholy and unnoticed, used only as a shell for a museum and for public offices.

Close to the Banqueting Hall, in Catherine's time, there stood a large building with a long roof and a small cupola crowning it. Below was an entrance to the palace, and an unsightly gateway. At that time the only way from Charing Cross to Westminster was by a narrow, ill-paved, mire-deep street called King Street, running parallel with what is now Parliament Street, from the corner of Downing Street to the Abbey. When the wide thoroughfare we call Parliament Street now was cut to supersede this miserable lane, it was driven straight through the heart of the Privy Gardens and the Bowling Green. The little miry lane was closed on the north by the Holbein Gate, and on the south by the Cockpit Gate. Behind the Banqueting House, very close to the

river, was a chapel, which stood as nearly as possible on the site of Fife House. Where the Admiralty stands was an imposing mansion, Wallingford House, and the Horse Guards covers the Tilt Yard, where Charles built stables and barracks for the Guards he raised on his return to his country, after the model of those attached to foreign courts.

The Treasury buildings are on the exact spot where stood one of the two cockpits constantly resorted to by the gay Court. Within the vast precincts of the palace lodged the King and Queen, the Duke and Duchess of York, Prince Rupert, the Duke of Monmouth, and all the great officers, and all the medley of nobles and gentles who formed the Court. Each of the royalties and their relatives had separate offices, kitchens, cellars, pantries, spiceries, cider-houses, bake-houses, wood-yards, coal-yards, slaughter-houses, and mechanics' shops. The retinue had their own separate lodgings, and their own establishments in many cases. Room after room opened into other rooms, galleries ran the length of the palace. To look at the map of the palace in those days is to contemplate a rabbit-warren.

A handsome, massive stone gallery or terrace ran along the east of the palace, between the Privy Gardens and the river, and is constantly mentioned in contemporary writings. Charles's lodgings, as they were called, faced the Thames, close to the Privy Stairs, by which secret transactions were carried up and down. The Queen's apartments were close enough to communicate. "The Lady" at this time was housed in that part of the palace that bordered on the Holbein Gateway, on the south side of a pile of buildings that stood a little apart, not far from the top of King Street.¹ Later on she removed to the part occupied by the Maids of Honour and Lady Suffolk—and afterwards the Duchess of Portsmouth—between the river-side and the Stone Gallery.

¹ Walford.

Prince Rupert and the Duke of Monmouth were also lodged here. The Duke of York was in fine apartments close to the King's, and had an imposing view of the river. Inside this rambling palace all was on a scale of costly magnificence. Rubens had decorated the ceiling of the Banqueting House, and the palace furniture may be pretty well judged from an estimate of expenses for renewing the apartments a few years afterwards, when James II. came to the throne. Then there was provision of a looking-glass for the Queen's privy chamber, and white taffata curtains for her closet. Her bath-room was hung with India stuff, and a dressing-room had hangings of green, white, and gold brocadella. James's own room was furnished with white calico window-curtains, and the square stools which took the place of chairs were covered with purple cloth and grey cloth. The grooms of the bedchamber had hangings of printed stuff on their walls, and their windows were draped with serge curtains. Printed paragon supplied the covers of the Maids of Honour, and they were provided with both chairs and stools. The Queen had a down bed, with a blanket lined with white "satton," and a suitable bolster, and there was also a "Portuguese mattress" for her to sleep on. Such details as an airing-basket for her use, and serge and pails for the housemaids, are noted. In the withdrawing room there were green damask curtains, cushions, three tables of "princewood, wallnuttree," and olive-wood, a fine green carpet lined with taffata, and fringed with gold and silver. Dove-coloured taffata covered the chairs and stools in the King's little bedchamber, and he slept on a bed of feathers which, a hygienic age will be pleased to learn, were occasionally scoured. The Queen's withdrawing room, privy chamber, and great bedchamber, had Portugal mats laid down, and so had the eating-room for herself and the King. These mats were not improbably introduced by Catherine. The Mother of the Maids had new

furniture for her room on this occasion, and as the mourning for the late King Charles was being lightened, Their Majesties' apartments had the mourning hangings of black cloth cut to the wainscote, and the edges scalloped, in lieu of the string fringe that had till now edged them. There is a mention of "pallatt beds" in this list which makes us fear that the lords and ladies of the Court were not accommodated, like the royalties, with feathers.

Inside the palace, life and motion buzzed and hummed. There was continual coming and going. The King and Queen dined in public, for their faithful subjects to view every mouthful they ate, and when one had once been introduced to the Court, the galleries of Whitehall stood open from night to morning to those who cared to come and go. They presented the appearance of a club-room, it has been said, and, from the time the world woke till it slept, news, gossip, intrigue, flirtation, and love-making went on ceaselessly in them. Within the precincts lay gardens and orchards, a tennis-court, the cockpit, a bowling-alley, and other inventions for killing time. Into the river, on four parterres, projected a lawn. The pure and unsullied waters of the river were crowded with barges, and amongst them the palace barges, with their rowers in scarlet, passed constantly to and fro. On the lawn running into the river Charles placed five curious sun-dials. They were probably little used in a Court where time was only made to be slain. Indeed a dial in the Privy Gardens was smashed one night by a nobleman who had been supping, and apparently thought a time-recorder an insult.

Charles probably caused to be erected a very curious and complicated sun-dial which faced the Banqueting House, and had on it portraits of himself and Catherine, he Duke of York, and Prince Rupert.

The gardens on the south and south-west were laid out in delightful style—in squares and formal

terraces, and marble and bronze statues were scattered about. A little brook ran through the gardens, whispering, and flung itself into the Thames. The old orchard of Henry VIII.'s time was now turned into a clipped and shady bowling-green. Whitehall Gardens now stand on this delightful spot.

In the galleries and audience-chambers courtiers strutted and ogled and jested; everywhere was the bandying of jokes and the retailing of scandal, the shouldering for place and preferment, the vault to snatch at the main chance. In the gardens ladies in their satins and laces strolled and tittered, the King flung bowls, or sauntered jesting, or took a turn in the tennis-courts. It was here that Charles was amazed to hear that Buckingham, Bristol, and Bennet, all partisans and upholders of Lady Castlemaine's, were audacious enough to draw up an impeachment of the Lord Chancellor—nobody doubted that "The Lady" was their instigator. One article of the impeachment was appallingly insolent, and charged Clarendon with having brought the King and Queen together without any settled agreement about marriage rites, whereby the Queen, refusing to be married by a Protestant clergyman, had made the succession uncertain for want of due rites of matrimony, or exposed the King to a suspicion of being married in his own dominions by a Romish priest—a thing then unlawful.

It was evident that some garbled accounts of the marriage had leaked out. One is inclined to wonder if their authority was not Burnet. At all events, they had reckoned without their King in daring to make the suggestion. Charles was so incensed with Bristol that he ordered him from Court and threatened him with the utmost punishment. It is educational to observe that Bristol, so anxious that Charles should not be mixed up with Popery, had himself quite recently joined the Church of Rome. The King inquired with some curiosity what had caused this

unexpected step. Bristol, up till then, had not shown interest in any form of religion. He answered, "Please, Your Majesty, it was writing a book for the Reformation." Charles smiled gently: "Then pray, my lord, write a book for Popery!"¹ Bristol was actuated in his attack on Clarendon by mixed motives. He hated him for himself, and also because of his stand against Lady Castlemaine in the past. For his sake he also loathed Catherine, and did his best to injure her. In point of fact, Catherine would hardly have counted Clarendon amongst her friends after his advice.

In the previous December the Duchesse d'Orléans had written to her brother that "she would have done herself the honour of writing to Catherine, but as she would not understand a word, the Duchesse preferred to send her message by Charles." She begged the King to tell his wife the reason she did not send her a letter personally, and added that she felt sure a compliment from Charles would be far more welcome than one sent by herself, "though," she added, "there is no one who honours her more than I do."²

Charles, in an answer to his "dearest Minette" on February 9, bears witness to Catherine's new love of dancing. After saying that he is persuading her to follow the example of the Queen-mother of France, and "goe in masquerade before the carnivall bee done," and slyly adding that he imagined it would be worth seeing Lord St. Albans in a like occasion, he tells her, "My wife hath given a good introduction to such a business, for the other day she made my Lord Aubigny and two other of her chaplains dance country-dances in her bedchamber."³

Again in May he writes to his sister: "My wife sends for me just now to dance, so I must end, and can only add that I am intirely yours."⁴

¹ Aubrey. ² *Madame*, by Julia Cartwright. ³ *Ibid.* ⁴ *Ibid.*

CHAPTER VIII

THE COURT

INDEED Catherine had begun to see that her conventual breeding left her an outcast from the gay Court. She could not bear the sight of her passionately loved husband dancing with her rival, while she sat and looked on. At first she took up dancing, it would seem, from the eager desire to please Charles, and keep him at her side. Soon she became vehemently fond of it for its own sake, and those historians who take on themselves to declare that she made herself ridiculous by taking up an exercise for which her figure unfitted her, are absurdly without grounds for the assertion. De Gramont says of her that she "added little lustre to the Court by her person or her retinue," when she first arrived, and that "she was far from shining in a charming Court where she came to reign. However, she succeeded well enough afterwards."¹ He also takes pains to say that Catherine was "a woman of wit, and employed all her care to please the King by such compliant, obliging actions as her affection made natural to her. She was very intent upon procuring diversions and amusements, especially such as she was to bear herself in."² After these pathetic struggles to regain her lost influence over her husband, and win back his love, it is somewhat hard that Catherine should have

¹ *Life and Memoirs.*

² *Ibid.*

been accused down the ages for frivolity, lightness, and a love of empty amusements, as bitterly as she has been charged with bigotry and over-devotion to religion.

Pepys's gossip, Dr. Pierce, the physician, gave the Secretary to the Admiralty a cheering account of the Queen in the early summer. He declared that she began to be brisk, and play like other ladies, and was quite another woman from what she was at first.¹ Catherine had made a strenuous effort, and from henceforth no one could complain that she stood as an austere devotee outside the circles of the Court. And what manner of Court was it into which she was ardently eager to plunge herself, and take part in all the interests that were those of the man she loved? Walpole called Whitehall in that period "the politest Court in Europe." Walpole must have been extremely patriotic. To call Whitehall polite when Versailles was across the water was a stretch of national complacency. Louis XIV. was the Sun Monarch of a brilliant circle of wit and manners. Pomp and ceremony hedged him in that were unknown or despised in London. The first intelligence of the day—the most gifted men of letters, the finest artists, musicians, politicians, flocked to him. The French women of his Court were witty, clever, sparkling, sympathetic. Such manners and such minds did not exist in any other Court in Europe. That of the Restoration held brains enough, but they were chiefly bent either in the direction of wheedling office and income out of an easy King, or in plotting the downfall of rivals. Charles, who was by an easy length the wittiest man of his Court, degraded his sallies by intolerable coarseness. Rochester, his witty rival, vied with him in unprintable jests. There was a rough, rude fibre through all the English humour of the period.

The standard of morality at Whitehall was no lower

¹ *Diary*, June 4, 1663.

than that at Versailles, but there was no gloss of decency over it. "The ladies of the Court dressed and danced and ogled impudently, and were not ashamed to romp with the lords of the bedchamber, and the captains of the guard, as if they were dairy-wenches. They sang songs whose double meaning was too flimsily veiled to require any effort at interpretation. They would put on a page's dress for a frolic, and engage in the most vulgar and outrageous adventures."¹ The standard of feminine attainment was low, yet the Caroline age held women like Mary, Countess of Warwick, Lady Russell, Lady Pakington, Lady Betty Hastings, and Mrs. Godolphin, as well as numberless women of virtue and nobility, and intellect, whose names have but dimly come down to us. But the Court was a world to itself, and its code gradually contaminated London, and spread into the provinces. Ignorance and frivolity in a woman were thought far more becoming than any tinge of pedantry. "Few women read anything but acrostic lampoons and translations of the *Celia* and the *Grand Cyrus*."² Though there was still much piety in the nation, it was shouldered aside by blatant immorality and open scepticism. The educated classes were all Church of England in their profession, and even the fashionable did not dream of staying away from services on Sundays, though their attendance was merely an opportunity for yawning or sleeping through the sermons (there was considerable excuse!), ogling pretty women through spy-glasses, carrying on flirtations and gossip in an undertone, and remarking frocks. Lady Castlemaine and the King, and the Duke of York used to chatter and joke through service in the Chapel Royal, parting the curtains between the King's closet and the closet where the Queen's ladies sat. Oldmixon says Charles came from the lodgings of his mistresses to church, even on Sacrament days.³

¹ Macaulay.

² Ibid.

³ *History of England during the Reign of the Stuarts.*

Amongst the poor there were many Nonconformists, though Dissent was considered vulgar by the Court. Some flashing examples of probity and rectitude still showed amongst the world of dissipation. Doctors, who till lately had been accused of infidelity in their scientific investigations, now entirely cleared themselves from that charge, and there were many excellent men in the medical profession whose names have come down to us revered and honoured. Dr. Willis, Sedlean Professor of Natural History at Oxford, and Physician-in-Ordinary to the King, was a man famed for his goodness and religion. Peter and John Barwick were famous for their simple lives of self-devotion. John Barwick prescribed gratis for the poor in London, and furnished them medicines at his own expense. Never on any single morning was he absent from the daily morning prayer at six o'clock in the Abbey. Isaac Walton was another man of blameless life. Elias Ashmole, Sir Matthew Hall, Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, Clarendon and his sons, Robert Boyle, they were all men whose faith influenced their lives. The mass of people at Court found in religion only a butt for a scoff, and in morality a dowdy and obsolete folly.

London in those days furnished a curious sight, looking back with twentieth-century eyes. The streets were foul and ill-kept. People of fashion did not walk in them, but went about in sedan chairs, and in the hackney coaches introduced some forty years earlier, unglazed and clumsy. The private coaches, gilded like the Lord Mayor's state conveyance, were jolting and cumbersome. The surroundings of Whitehall are difficult to realize. All down Birdcage Walk were ranged aviaries holding the birds of which Charles was so passionately fond. Master Edmund Storey, the keeper of the King's birds, lived in what now is called Storey's Gate, after him. St. James's Park was a countrified and pleasant place, and Charles greatly frequented it. He would sit for hours on the

benches near the pieces of water, watching the tame ducks and playing with his dogs. In the centre of the Park there was an enclosure he had made for deer. Oranges blossomed and fruited in the Botanical Gardens near by.

There pêle-mêle was played, and there, when winter provided any ice, the Duke of York and other gentlemen of the Court skated, having become proficient in Holland. Half the Parade was covered by a square, enclosed with trees. One tree stood in the middle, and at the lower end a brook ran, with a two-arched bridge spanning it. Where Buckingham Palace now stands were the Mulberry Gardens, where people sauntered and sat, and ate fruit and syllabubs. Evelyn called it "the best place about the towne for persons of the best quality to be exceeding cheated at."¹ Pepys despised it as "a silly place with a wilderness, somewhat pretty."² The present Mall has replaced the original one made in what is now Pall Mall, by the King's orders. It was half a mile long, formed with a hollow smooth walk edged with a wooden border, and an iron hoop was set at the further end for playing the game of ball called "Pêle-mêle." The iron hoop hung from a bar of wood at the top of a pole, and the game was to strike a ball through this ring from a long way off. In 1854, in the roof of a house, No. 68, Pall Mall, was found a box containing four pairs of the mailles, or mallets, and one ball. The ground of the pall-mall course was made of cockle-shells finely pounded, and beaten and rolled to keep it fast. All the Court, and those that did not play, came to watch the play of the royalties, and the Mall was a fashionable lounge. The crowds of London rabble stood about, unchecked and unreprieved, and watched with vast delight. Charles was equally good at pêle-mêle and at tennis. The people's favourite sport was football. Women of the poorer classes were allowed by law to play ball about the streets, which must have

¹ *Diary.*

² *Diary.*

painfully complicated the traffic, for the ways were narrow and crowded. Bull-baiting and bear-baiting had become mere sports for the vulgar, they were no longer fashionable. Cock-fighting was the sport of gentlemen, and fashion never wearied of it.

The admission to the cockpits, which was half-a-crown, kept the pastime select. Prices of admission to the theatres, where the stage was lit with wax candles, and the roof open to all weathers in the middle, were four shillings for the boxes, and a shilling for the upper gallery. Close to St. James's Palace, nearly on the site of what was afterwards the German Chapel, a monastery was built for the Capuchins who served Catherine's Chapel. Where Carlton House Terrace runs stood a row of beautiful old trees. Beneath the southern walls of St. James's Palace, now shut in with high walls, Charles often could be watched playing bowls with the ladies of his Court. English women were at that time hastily dropping their stiff and formal costumes to adopt the French mode, brought in by the return of the Queen-mother and the ladies of her train. This was the graceful flowing dress seen in Lely's portraits. They wore the richest silks and satins, and laces, and costly jewels. Their long hair, in well-smoothed curls, was only confined by a careless rose, a gem, or a string of pearls. The men abandoned, soon after the Restoration, the old costume of long doublet and scarf. Charles, who took considerable interest in dress, debated immensely over an alteration in costume, and finally he and his Court adopted a much-curtailed doublet, cut excessively short, and opened in front to show a rich lace-trimmed shirt bulging out, without a waistcoat, and Holland sleeves. Men attired themselves in the most extravagant materials—silks and satins of exquisite and delicate hues, rich velvets, and costly collars and cravats of rose-point and Flanders lace. They wore at first their own hair, in long picturesque curls, and must have presented as gay a sight as their ladies did.

Hours then were, even in fashionable circles, dismayingly early to our mind. Royal toilettes were elaborate affairs, and the courtiers were admitted to view them. People walked in the Whitehall Gardens, or their rival, the Spring Gardens, across the road, where there were shaded groves and alleys, and one could wander on into the wide walks of St. James's Park, where cafés and kiosks like those in the Tuileries gardens were scattered about.

Dinner even at Whitehall was at one o'clock, and the King and Queen generally dined in public, with a gaping and ill-washed crowd struggling to get within seeing distance. After dinner there was *pêle-mêle* or tennis, or a tour in Hyde Park, now becoming a formidable rival to the Mall, even with the hundred and fifty elm-trees that shaded the latter on both sides, and the handsome houses that overlooked it. South of the Mall, called Catherine Street now and again in honour of the Queen, as Portugal Street, Lincoln Fields was, there stretched fair meadows open to Charing Cross village. On the north of the Mall the fields lay too, with haystacks on the site of the Junior Carlton Club. An inn called Hercules' Pillars marked the western limit of London, and another, The Three Feathers, was a place of favourite resort.

A harbour for deer had been made by the King close to Hyde Park, in the Reading Road, now known as Piccadilly. Haymarket and Hedge Lane were mere lanes lined with hedges. Where the Criterion stands was a vegetable market, and all sorts of provisions were sold as well. A well-known house of amusement and gaming, called Shaver's Hall, was in the Haymarket. It possessed bowling alleys, an orchard stocked with choice fruit, a banqueting-house, and a tennis-court of brick, tiled and conveniently fitted. In Great Windmill Street stood a real windmill, with slowly turning arms. Up to the last year of this reign Regent Street was still a wilderness, where woodcock might be shot.

Oxford Road ran between high hedges—excellent as ambushes for the gentlemen of the road. To the south rose the walls of a very few great mansions. The majority looked on it as hopelessly out of town. Where Conduit Street now is was a broad meadow with a famous spring and conduit. On the east, Golden Square was the grim death-pit for the plague: it was known as the "pest-field." Where Bond Street, Stafford Street, and Albemarle Street run now stood the magnificent mansion of the Lord Chancellor, Clarendon House.

Hyde Park was beginning to be the last cry of fashion, and a gay and giddy crowd flocked there each afternoon. It was enclosed then with a high brick wall, and was stocked with deer, and free to the public, which took every advantage of its privilege. There were fifty-six acres of orchard in the north-west corner of the Park, and the apples were Crown property, and not to be gathered. The inner circle in the middle of the northern half of the Park was called the "Tour," and people rode and drove round it; and foot, coach, and horse races were held there as well. This was the select part of the Park. Daily were to be seen there the King and Queen and an innumerable company of gallants and ladies, and a dazzle of gold lace and jewellery, a shimmer of silk and satin, made the scene radiant. Ladies watched the races, and wagered scarlet stockings and Spanish scented gloves with each other, and with their admirers. When nothing else occupied the Tour fashion drove round it, and round, and round again. From coaches heavy with gilding and painting, and drawn by four or six stout horses, at every round were exchanged smiles and nods, and cried compliments and smart repartees.

In 1663 were first introduced glass coaches with glazed windows, which were thought amazingly smart. Charles loved the Park, and was there daily, and so was the Duke of York. Charles held his reviews of the train bands and the Guards there, and was keen

to watch shooting competitions by archers who carried the long bow. The dust raised by the lumbering coaches, each with a splash of a coat-of-arms on its panel, was so annoying that sixpence was taxed to each coach to raise money for watering. Servants in attendance, and footmen, unless on the coaches, were not allowed inside the gates. They lounged and chattered at the entrance, while they waited. Charles drove round and round the Tour, and greeted Lady Castlemaine and other favourites at every round. By and by he would dismount and walk about amongst the crowds of the poor who flocked about him, and speak and joke graciously with them all. This habit made him adored. Sometimes the coaches halted at the lodge in the middle of the Park for refreshments, where tarts and cheese-cakes and syllabubs were to be bought. Orange and nosegay women cried their wares, and gallants bought them, and bandied jests with the sellers. Milkmaids, with their yokes and pails on their shoulders, cried "Milk of a red cow!" which the humble people bought, while the quality sipped syllabubs flavoured with sack. One Garter Day Charles and his peers took the whim of coming straight to the Park from his audience at Court, and drove round the Tour wearing their entire insignia, cloaks and coronets.

Charles sometimes elected to walk back to Whitehall. He was devoted to walking exercise. And so secure was he of the people's adoration for him, and so daring in his recklessness, that he would even walk unattended and unguarded through the wild solitary regions between Knightsbridge and St. James's. The Duke of York once remonstrated gravely with him on this rash habit; but Charles merely returned, with a smile, "Nobody would kill me to put you on the throne, my dear James"—for the Duke was not by any means popular.

The Court trooped back to the play, or the cockpit, or to dance or gamble. At Whitehall the brawl, or brantle, and the coranto were danced, after the

early supper, and crowds sat down to ombre or basset—a kind of baccarat—while the tables were heaped with gold pieces. High play, love-making, artful efforts to worm a way into favour, or destroy a rival, frivolity, laughter, shallow wit—these finished the day.

The life of the courtiers and the ladies was like the life of the midges that eddy in the sun. The pleasure, the desire, the ambition of the moment; no memory of yesterday, or shame for it; no fear or hesitation for the morrow. It was the life of the one day. It was a school for baseness and self-love, vanity and vice. Idle, extravagant, careless, there was no thought in any mind save to grab at wealth, and fling overboard for pleasure all other things in life. Volatile, empty, worthless, they fluttered in the breeze in their dazzling colours and their dainty beauty, useless to themselves and the world. In that Court of the Restoration religion was a thing to scream with laughter at; morality was so moth-eaten and worm-worn that no fashionable person recognized the word. The virtue of women was for sale in the market-place. Honesty, truth, uprightness were merely objects to shoot gibes and derision at. The kingdom of heaven was a thing they did not interest themselves in. It was the kingdom of England that they thought their prey and their prize, and the King was a person with a boundless treasury at his command, who could pour it out on any of them who could enough flatter him. Ephemera that danced in the sunshine; yet England was to suffer for many a year from the standards of right overturned by them, and the false gods they raised. Corrupt, dissolute, godless, abominable, the Court of Charles Stuart resembled in a hundred respects the worst Imperial Court of Rome. Both parties in religion gave occasion to the enemy to blaspheme—and to deride them. George Savile says that the terms Catholic and man of pleasure were at that time quite consistent. As for the Bishops of the Church of England, they were openly greedy of place and money,

worldly and time-serving, and inflated with their own importance.

Such was the Court into which Charles's wife now determined to fling herself for his sake. It is at least a remarkable testimony to her character and purity of mind that she should have been in it and not of it to the end of her life. Not a breath could ever be whispered against her virtue and nobility, save by those scandal-mongers and backbiters who blacken every motive with the shadow of their own dark minds, and cannot understand good in man or woman.

It was on May 20 that the Lord Mayor invited the King and Queen to make a state visit to the city, and to dine with him at the Mansion House. They went in great pomp, and were loudly acclaimed. Only a few days afterwards Catherine had the glad news of a great Portuguese victory over the Spaniards at the battle of Ameixial. The English arms had helped to win the day, and the Spanish were driven back from their steady march on Lisbon and totally routed. One of the Portuguese generals, the Conde de Villa Flor, seeing the courage and ardour with which the English regiment under Colonel Hunt forced the steep hill held by Don John of Austria, cried aloud, "These heretics are better to us than all our saints!" It is incredible that King Alphonzo rewarded the saviours of the day with a mere gift of snuff, which they disdainfully flung on the ground at their feet. Charles sent them forty thousand crowns and his thanks, as a reparation. It must be said, by way of some extenuation of Alphonzo's niggardliness, that the Portuguese exchequer was practically exhausted.

Already, in her new life, Catherine was beginning to feel the pinch of that poverty that was to hurt shrewdly through the whole of her marriage. Her settlements had secured her to an income of £300,000 a year, and as yet, in May, 1663, she had only had doled out to her £4,000. By whose knavery it is not

known, this was entered in the Exchequer expenses as £400,000—a considerable difference, certainly. When this was discovered by Catherine she at once informed Parliament of the fact. The truth was that her portion from Portugal still remained unpaid, and for years on years was a subject of haggling and importunity on the part of England. Fourteen years later we find the then ambassador to Lisbon trying to extract even a yearly moiety of it, and wellnigh failing in his attempts.¹

In March Catherine had written to Lord Ormonde on behalf of Lord Inchiquin.

My Lord the Earle of Inchiquin hath given so great evidences of affection and zeale to serve the Queene my mother in Portugal, and myselfe here that I am very much concern'd to find some means of requiting him, and my mother hath soe earnestly recommended him to me, that if I doe not give her som testimony of my endeavours therein I shall be guilty of neglect towards him which makes me now to desire your help, seing I can not doe him any good here, and if anything from the King may enable you the better to doe it effectually, I desire you to lett me know it and give me your advice what I may fitly doe for the procuring thereof, and I doe assure you I shall look upon your care of my Lord Inchiquin and his concernes as done to

Your very entirely

Affectionate friend,

(Unsigned).²

It is evident from this that Catherine still believed in her influence with Charles, and that already she was beginning to feel the cramp of lack of means. There was little chance that any money would come to her. The exchequer of England was still low, and drained to its utmost already to supply money to Charles, which he was instantly wheedled out of by Lady Castlemaine.

¹ *Southwell Papers*, 1677-8.

² *Miscellaneous Autograph Letters*, 22. 548.

He went shabby, and his wardrobe was disgracefully bare, while "The Lady" gambled away at a sitting £25,000, and staked £1,000 on a cast.¹ She blazed with costly jewels, and ate up his revenue, while his Queen had £4,000 to spend on herself and her household during the first year of her married life, and could not from her own income reward Lord Inchiquin for his services.

On May 7 she again appeals to Lord Ormonde.

The bearer, John Roche, one of our servants, having suffered much for the King, and well deserved from us and our family, we have Licenced for a tyme to take care of his and his brother's Estates in Ireland, wrongfully detained from them since these unhappy warrs. And shall earnestly entreat your Ldsp and Committee for hearing of claymes to show him all favour and Justice in all his pretensions, and that his hitherto wayting for the settlement of our family may not prejudice him nor his enterest to the ende that having settled his and his brother's estates in all places within that kingdome, he may speedily returne to performe his duty about our person.

MY LORD,

The bearer thereof, John Roche, is one of my domestick servants, and hath deserved very well of me and of my Family. I have given him leave to repaire into Ireland to look after his Estate which hath been wrongfully detained from him since the late unhappy warrs, and to which I am informed he hath a just pretence to be restored, therefore I recommend him very earnestly to you, and desire you will show him all the favour his pretension is capable of.

I am, Yours, etc.

(Unsigned).²

Catherine throughout her life was eager to reward and show gratitude to those who served her, even though Evelyn moralized on the slavery of courtiers

¹ Pepys.

² *Miscellaneous Autograph Letters*, 22. 548.

on one occasion when she gave considerable trouble to her attendants. To insist on exact service was natural to her position, though not perhaps to the lax manners and careless habits of the Whitehall Court. It is to be hoped, though hardly confidently expected, that John Roche succeeded in getting back his patrimony, more fortunate than the hundreds who had to see themselves wrongfully defrauded, and the late wars made an excuse for filching their lands.

In April the Court had received news of the death of Prince Rupert's father, the uncle by marriage of the King, and Catherine hastened to dictate a letter to the widowed Princess Palatine, the draft of which suggests interestingly how her naturally warm heart and ready sympathy were curbed and stunted by formal etiquette.

MY COUSIN,

I feel myself obliged to assure you of the very special feelings which I have felt in the loss you have had of my cousin the Prince Palatine, your husband, and near relative of the King my Lord ("and the consolation that he felt through me seeing him sometimes at my chapel, has caused me greatly to regret his death with" is erased), and the affection (this is erased), and the esteem I had for his person has made me much regret his death. I should hope to be able to contribute to comfort in the affliction in which I persuade myself that you are if I did not know that your wisdom can readily conquer all sorts of passions, so that is why, telling you nothing more than this, only ("that I make you the most affectionate offers of my friendship" is erased), assuring you that in all that can concern you you will always find me" ("with much sincerity" is erased).

My Cousin,

(Unsigned).¹

WHITEHALL, *the 2nd of April*, 1663.

¹ *Miscellaneous Autograph Letters*, 22. 548.

Catherine had not been very well, with the early spring, and expectations were entertained that the succession would be assured. Her doctors were anxious that she should move to Tunbridge Wells, to try the effect of the waters, which were then a fashionable remedy for most ills. She was willing, but when she came to count up the necessary expenses she found, to her dismay, that her almoner had no money in hand to defray the removal of herself and her family. She called her council together, and asked what was to be done, and the council empowered her secretary, Lord Cornbury, Mr. Hervey, and Lord Brouncker, to demand from the Lord Treasurer the money due to her on her income, as arranged by the marriage treaty. For only answer they were informed that the revenue was already anticipated, and that the treasurer could not possibly assign anything for her, though he would try for her present need to hand over to Mr. Hervey two thousand pounds, and that he could do no more.

“How far,” writes Clarendon to Chesterfield, “such a sum is able to defray Her Majesty in her journey to Tunbridge, your lordship is very well able to judge.”¹ Catherine’s council sat again, and commanded Lord Hollis, the Lord Chamberlain, and Mr. Hervey to wait on the King, and beg that he would issue orders to the Board of Green Cloth to make ready for the Queen’s journey to Tunbridge Wells, and should provide £5,000 to be paid to her immediately for her special needs. Clarendon did not seem sanguine of success in the mission, and he was justified, for it was not till July that Catherine could wrest the money from the revenue for her journey, important as the matter of her health was to the whole nation at this juncture.

It was probably gratitude for Lord Hollis’s efforts in this affair that made Catherine anxious to recommend him when he presently was appointed ambassador to

¹ Clarendon’s *Letters*, pp. 127-8.

the Court of Versailles. She wrote to the Duchesse d'Orléans on his behalf as follows :

MY SISTER,

It is not very needful that I should recommend to you my Lord Hollis, my grand master, and the ambassador of the King my Lord and Husband, or to renew the assurances of the affection that I feel and shall always feel for you. Nevertheless I was not willing to let slip this opportunity without giving you some mark of the ardour with which I am,

My Sister,

Your very affectionate,

(Unsigned).

8th of July, 1663.¹

To the Duc d'Orléans she also wrote :

MY BROTHER,

As my Lord Hollis, my grand master, ambassador of the King my Lord and Husband, may promise himself great advantage from your favour in the matters he had to treat with in the Court of the most Christian King, I persuade myself also that you will not have any difficulty in believing him when he assures you from me of the friendship and the esteem I have for you, since every consideration obliges me to be,

My Brother,

Your very affectionate Sister,

(Unsigned and undated).²

In this month of July, before Catherine finally received enough money to take her to Tunbridge, Charles held a grand review of his Guards, both horse and foot, in Hyde Park. It had been remarked for some time, probably since Catherine's hopes of becoming a mother had been known, that Charles

¹ *Miscellaneous Autograph Letters*, 22. 548.

² *Ibid.*

had returned to her side with affection, and had shown her attention both in private and in public. Lady Castlemaine, finding her power over him waning, took the unexpected step of turning Catholic, in the hope of exciting in him for her the same admiration and respect that he expressed for Catherine's piety. Her enraged relatives, who were staunch Protestants, actually begged the King to use his influence to prevent her attending Mass. Charles answered that "he never interfered with the souls of ladies"¹; but it is certain that Lady Castlemaine's manœuvre did not have the success she hoped. At this grand review, where fine horses pranced, and splendid uniforms sparkled with gold lace, and the King and the Duke of York were in the saddle, and Catherine and the Queen-mother in Henrietta Maria's coach, there was no Lady Castlemaine to be seen! The world marvelled, and did not hide its amazement. Pepys flew to his gossip Pierce for an explanation, and learnt for certain that the King had grown cold of late to "The Lady," and that he began to love the Queen again, and made much more of her than formerly.²

This was confirmed by the Darby and Joan sight of Charles and Catherine driving together in a great gilded coach in the Park, and sitting hand in hand. Catherine "mighty pretty" in a white laced waistcoat, and a crimson short petticoat, with her hair carelessly dressed.³ She had come again into the sunshine of the first few brief weeks of her married life. Her husband, delighted at his hopes of an heir, was tender, considerate, and "more than usual" affectionate. Her own most passionate desires for a child were about to be gratified. She could afford to look with indifference on the great rumbling coach, in which Lady Castlemaine to-day appeared, drawn by clumsy Flanders mares. As they passed and repassed her in the Tour, Charles took no notice of her, and when people got down from their coaches and walked about;

¹ Count d'Estrade's letters to Louis XIV.² *Diary*.³ *Ibid*.

the fickle courtiers, seeing her sun on the wane, looked the other way, instead of outvying each other, as usual, in helping her down. She was so used to this demonstration that she expected it, and waited for it, but had to be helped to alight by her own gentleman—a humiliating fall! She looked extremely out of temper, and walked about without a smile, very handsome in the new fashion of a yellow plume in her hat, which attracted much notice, but very out of countenance and sad. By and by the whole Court trooped back to Whitehall through St. James's Park, and into the Queen's presence-chamber. There the ladies walked and talked, "fiddling with their hats and feathers," and changing them and trying them on each other's heads, to see which were most becoming.¹ "The Lady" appears to have had a fancy for other people's head-gear, for Pepys had once seen her stand in the wind at Whitehall, and borrow the hat of a gallant close by, to cover her blowing hair.

Pepys thought that of this fine sight of beauties and frocks the finest and most lovely to look at was the Queen's new Maid of Honour, Frances Stuart. Her hat was cocked, and carried a red plume, and Pepys the fickle at that moment preferred her, with her "sweet eyes, little Roman nose, and excellent figure," even to Lady Castlemaine; at least in that dress, and shrewdly suspected that she was the cause of "The Lady's" sudden exit from favour.

This suspicion was not correct at the moment. Charles had turned to his wife with a real renewal of affection. But in the close future little Frances Stuart was to prove a more dangerous rival than "The Lady" had ever been. She was the daughter of that Walter Stuart who was the second Lord Blantyre, and her blood gave her a distant cousinship with the King. She was at this time fifteen, and had been educated in France, with all the polish and grace of the French Court. She returned to England with her mother in

¹ Pepys.

the train of Queen Henrietta Maria, though Louis XIV. had grudged her leaving Versailles. He told her mother that he "loved her not as a mistress, but as one that would marry as well as any lady in France." Henrietta Maria would not leave her behind, so Louis presented her with a beautiful jewel in mark of his regret. She was remarkable for her perfect grace, and for her taste in dress. All her features were fine and regular, and she had a charming erect slender figure, above the average height. She danced to perfection, spoke French better than her mother tongue, and though her little head was empty and shallow, she resembled an innocent child. She excelled in horsemanship, was the embodiment of beautiful movement, and had a habit of laughing immoderately at the merest trifle, while all her amusements were childish and foolish. The game she most delighted in was blindman's buff, and Hamilton won her warm favour by walking round her rooms with two lighted candles in his mouth, whereas Lord Carlingford could only do it with one. She used to build card-houses all the evening with absorption, while high play went on in her rooms, and vast sums were lost and won. The Duke of Buckingham was an expert in card-house building, which made him a favourite with her, but when he attempted love-making on this encouragement he was sharply snubbed. George Hamilton declared himself over head and ears in love with her, but she also turned her back on him. Francis Digby, the son of the Earl of Bristol, loved her deeply and devotedly, yet he could not move her; and he is said to have voluntarily thrown away his life in a naval action with the Dutch in 1672, because he could not console himself for her loss.

She had, soon after her arrival in England, been made one of Catherine's Maids of Honour, to which post her share of the blood royal entitled her. Lady Castlemaine at once took a violent fancy to her, and would not let her out of her sight, and it was in her

apartments that Charles first saw "the little Stuart." He took every opportunity of meeting her, and presently began to show her attention, but this was not yet. Count Hamilton said of her that "it was impossible for a woman to have had less wit and more beauty." The Stuarts had been absolutely ruined by their adherence to the cause of Charles I., and "*la belle Stuart*" had only her Maid of Honour's salary to spend. She went with Catherine to Tunbridge Wells on July 25, and the King and the greater portion of the Court went as well.

Catherine took the Tunbridge waters with strict routine. But they did not seem to improve her health, and her doctors consulted together, and advised her trying the baths of Bourbon. She was very reluctant to start on so long a journey, which her delicate state of health rendered a risk. Besides this, she had not the means to undertake the expensive trip, and one of the royal physicians, Sir Alexander Fraser, came to the rescue, and declared that he had analysed the Bourbon springs, when in attendance there with the Queen-mother, and found that they exactly resembled those of Bath.¹ The King and Queen now decided to move there, and with them went a greater part of the Court. Charles and Catherine lodged in the house of Dr. Pierce, the Court physician, who had a fine mansion near the church, known as the Abbey House.² Here Catherine took baths and waters, and was considered to derive great benefit from them. Pepys heard that she had now entirely "changed her humour," and had become as pleasant in her manners, and "as agreeable as anybody." Dr. Pierce told him in August that the King, who had returned to Tunbridge Wells for a short time, was making a flying visit to Town, and would return to Tunbridge to fetch the Queen, who, Pierce declared, had grown a very debonair lady, and showed open marks of her love for her husband, meeting him half way on his returns, and embracing

¹ *History of Bath*,

² *Bath Memoirs*, by Dr. Pierce.

him, and giving every evidence of fondness and goodness to him.¹

On September 5 the King and Queen paid a state visit to the city of Bristol, together with the Duke and Duchess of York, Prince Rupert, the Duke of Monmouth, and a great train of nobles. They were met at the gate of the town by the Mayor, Sir Robert Cason, and the aldermen, all gay in their scarlet robes, and the council of the city and all the guilds followed after. The Mayor knelt, and delivered up his sword and ensigns of authority to Charles, who merely touched them and returned them. The recorder, Sir Robert Attkins, then made an address, and the Mayor, carrying the sword, rode bare-headed before the Royalties, to the house of Sir Richard Roger, where they were sumptuously entertained. The King knighted four gentlemen after dinner, and Catherine was presented with a purse holding a hundred and thirty pieces of gold. The value of each piece was twenty-two shillings, and the purse cost seven shillings and sixpence. In the state of Catherine's finances, it must have been a timely gift. The streets of the town were sanded for the occasion, and a hundred and fifty guns hailed their arrival and departure. They returned to Bath the same evening, and after another month at the waters they came back to Town by way of Oxford.²

The Royalties and the Court were now back at Whitehall, and Lady Castlemaine began to renew her most ardent efforts to win back the King to his old infatuation. Charles went to supper with her the very night they returned, and Mrs. Sarah, her servant, came to "The Lady" in a great state of dismay, for one of the usual floods of the Thames had sent the water into the kitchen of "The Lady's" lodging, and put the fire out. A chine of beef had been ordered for the King's supper, and it seemed hopeless to try and get it cooked. Lady Castlemaine's anger and disappoint-

¹ *Diary*, August 11, 1863.

² *City Records of Bristol*.

ment were flaming. She had counted on great results from the King's acceptance of her invitation. She cried out, "Zounds, but it must be roasted if you needs must set the house on fire!" and Mrs. Sarah, coming to the rescue, her husband carried it to their own house, and cooked it there. The next night, and the one after, Charles took supper again with "The Lady," who was now triumphant.¹ It has been said that Catherine's unhappiness at the attentions Charles had begun to pay Frances Stuart was the cause of injury to her health, but it was far more probably her grief at the revival of an intimacy she had fondly believed dead.

It was only a few days after this supping that all hopes of an heir to the throne were lost. Catherine was alarmingly ill, and it was rumoured about the Court that she was suffering from a spotted fever,² as all maladies attended by eruptions were then called. It may have been measles or chickenpox, either of which, following on her premature confinement, was a serious complication. Charles was covered with consternation and remorse at her danger, and wept passionate and real tears at her bedside. He was deeply affectionate, and the sight of her sufferings was a knife in his heart. The whole Court, strange to say, was also "afflicted," and shared Charles's anxiety.³ October 18 was looked for as the crisis of her illness, and the previous day Charles could not be got from her bedside. She spoke to him with great sweetness, and told him that she willingly left all the world but him.⁴ Charles flung himself on his knees by her bedside, and conjured her to live for his sake.⁵ There is not a doubt that he earnestly meant it, even though he left her room each evening to seek comfort in supping with Lady Castlemaine.

The scene in Catherine's bedchamber must have

¹ Pepys's *Diary*.

² *Ibid.*

³ Lord Arlington's Letter to the Duke of Buckingham.

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ De Gramont, *Memoirs*.

been hardly conducted in the "quiet bedside manner" so recommended to young doctors. Her Portuguese attendants stood round her with loud and doleful lamentations which they refused to hush. They prevented her sleeping for two entire nights when her fever was raging, and first forced her to make her will and then to take farewell of them one by one.¹ But for Charles's determined and courageous step in turning them all out of her chamber, it is not probable that she could have recovered. At least, that was the opinion of Comminges. The doctors were in desperation, for those about the Queen insisted on covering her head with a night-cap made of some relic of peculiar sanctity, and would give her extreme unction, when everything depended on her being kept without the faintest agitation. After she had received the last rites of the Church she spoke again to Charles, who still refused to be removed from her.

Thinking they would be her last words to him, she told him that "the concern he showed for her death was sufficient to make her quit life with regret, but that though she did not possess enough charms to deserve his tenderness, she had at least the consolation in dying to leave the way open for a wife who might be more worthy of his love, and to whom Heaven, perhaps, might grant the blessing that had been refused to her."² Charles, who was tender of heart, was overcome by her words. De Gramont says that though he did not love her, he greatly esteemed her, and that his kind heart was deeply affected. She wetted his hands with her tears, as she made what she thought her dying speech, and he mingled his own with hers, and implored her again to live for his sake. De Gramont cynically thinks he did not suppose she would take him at his word; but this is unjust. There is no doubt whatever that Charles was genuinely distressed, and heart-rent at her danger, for

¹ Pepys's *Diary*, Appendix.

² De Gramont's *Memoirs*.

his anxiety turned his hair grey, and after her recovery he was forced to shave it and adopt a periwig.

The physicians held out but the faintest hopes of saving her. Waller believed, with other people, that Charles's tears for her turned the scale and made her wish to live. He wrote, on her recovery :

He that was never known to mourn
So many kingdoms from him torn,
His tears reserved for you, more dear,
More prized, than all those kingdoms were.
For when no healing art prevailed,
When cordials and elixirs failed,
On your pale cheek he dropped the shower,
Revived you like a dying flower.

Certainly the excitement of the scene between Catherine and her husband did not harm her. On the contrary, she presently fell asleep, and slept heavily for five hours. She awoke, gargled her mouth, and again slept; though her fever ran as high as ever, and, in the primitive science of the day, her pulse was reckoned as beating at the rate of twenty to one of Charles's or Lady Suffolk's, as they watched by her bed.

Her head had been shaved by her own desire, probably to allow of the cap of sacred relics being put on. It was thought that Charles's emotion had had a good effect, by making her weep, and so relieving her brain.

It was several days longer before any one was sure how the illness would end. Between October 25 and 29 there were but little hopes held. De Gramont says Catherine's doctors gave up all hopes.¹ Catherine, in her last talk with Charles, had begged that after her death her body might be sent back to Portugal to rest with her people, and that he would never forget his agreement with her brother Alphonzo to protect her country and her countrymen.² In what she

¹ De Gramont's *Memoirs*.

² De Lionne's *Despatches*.

thought her last moments she still remembered, with love, her adored Portugal.

Charles still spent all his time, when he was not supping with "The Lady," at Catherine's side. He attended her personally, and showed the utmost anxiety and tenderness. As her fever raged, a scene of pathos occurred. She thought that the child she had hoped for had lived, and its looks troubled her, "She thought that her boy was but an ugly boy." Charles gently said, to humour her, "No, but it is a very pretty boy!" She tried to smile at him, and said lovingly, "Nay, if it be like thee it is a fine boy, indeed, and I am very pleased with it." It is deeply touching to see how she clung to the thoughts that must have secretly been hers for months past. On October 27 she believed, in her delirium, that she had borne three children, and that she had a girl who greatly resembled Charles. This happy conviction made her sleep well that night. At five in the morning she awoke, as her doctor was incautiously feeling her pulse, and asked him eagerly, "How do the children?"¹ In the weird medical treatment of the day, pigeons were slaughtered and put to her feet. Her doctor, Sir Francis Prujeon, mixed a cordial which had the effect of giving her some rest, but Catherine's state was still so varying that the prudent Pepys stopped the making of his new velvet cloak, till he was sure he should not need a mourning one. On the 29th of the month she seemed better, but still "talked idle," and the next day she was again delirious, but there were better hopes entertained of her. It was not till November 2 that Charles was able to write to his sister that his wife was out of danger.

Madame had written to Charles in July of that summer.

PARIS, *July 27, 1663.*

You tell me that some one has spoken ill of a certain person to the Queen your wife. Alas! is it

¹ Pepys.

possible that such things are really said? I, who know your innocence, can only wonder! But, to speak seriously, I beg you to tell me how the Queen has taken this. Here people say she is in the deepest distress, and to speak frankly, I think she has only too good reason for her grief. As to that kind of thing there is trouble enough here, not as through the Queen, but through mistresses."¹

Charles's answer to this letter had too important news to carry to leave room for response to this gentle badinage.

WHITHALL, *November 2, 1663.*

My wife is now out of all danger, though very weake, and it was a very strange feaver, for she talked idly fouer or five dayes after the feaver had left her, but now that is likewise past, and desires me to make her compliments to you and Monsieur, which she will do herself as soone as she getts strength.²

It was rather wonderful that Catherine was making so speedy a recovery, for the etiquette of that day had actually forced her to receive in her sick-bed the formal visit of condolence on her illness sent by Louis of France and his Queen. A Monsieur de Cateu, a gentleman of rank and distinction in the Court of Versailles, arrived in London late one evening, with personal and special messages for Catherine, which state ceremony obliged the ambassador to deliver to herself. De Lionne, the French ambassador, hurried de Cateu at once to Whitehall, where he was graciously received by Charles, who desired Catherine to have the pleasure of at once seeing him.³ It was fortunately too late, and she was asleep, but the following morning the special messenger returned, and the two French nobles were brought by the King into Catherine's presence and admitted to the *ruelle* of her bed—the space between the bed and the wall—which in royal

¹ *Madame*, J. Cartwright.

² *Ibid.*

³ De Lionne's *Despatches*.

apartments was entered by a small door leading to a secret staircase. All persons honoured with a private interview in a royal bedchamber, or confidential servants who were to be talked to privately, stood in this *ruelle*, in the alcove in which was the bed. Catherine was slightly deaf from the fever, so Charles had to deliver de Cateu's message himself, with some trouble in making her understand. She was, it is reported, much gratified by the attention of Louis and his Queen, and said so in quite clear words. De Lionne was courtier enough to inform his master that no doubt His Majesty's kindness in sending a special message had much to do with Catherine's recovery.¹ Lord Aubigny, her almoner, told her she must impute her recovery to the cap of relics, and the extreme unction. Catherine, in spite of being so profound a devotee, replied to him that it was not so, but that it must rather be laid to the prayers of her husband.²

She was slowly dragging her feet up the path that leads back to life, but de Lionne thought her brain affected hopelessly, and says that though she was out of danger she still wandered. He told Louis that the meanest of the courtiers was busy in selecting a new wife for Charles, and that the daughter of the Prince de Ligne, to whom Charles had been reported to be attached during his exile, was confidently spoken of. This would be an alliance greatly backed up by Spain, who had had enough of England as Portugal's ally. Court gossip declared that the Duke and Duchess of York would be the only people vexed at Charles's ability to marry again, as the Queen could not have children, and the succession was therefore safe for them.

On November 10 Catherine was so much better that she was able to interest herself in her appearance, and ordered a new gown.³ On the 20th Charles wrote to Madame, in a letter dated from the palace he habitually spelt "Whithall."

¹ De Lionne's *Despatches*.

² Ward's *Diary*.

³ Pepys.

I shall say little to you by this bearer, le Chevalier de Clairemont, because I will dispatch Mons. d'Araquin in a day or too, only, by way of advance, I thank you and Monsieur, in the great part you take in the recovery of my wife. She mends very slowly, and continues still so weake as she cannot yett stand upon her leggs, which is the reason she does not thank you herself, but she does constantly desire me to do to both you and Monsieur.

On November 7 Catherine was sufficiently recovered to go from her bedchamber to her little private chapel in the palace, there to return, no doubt, earnest thanksgivings for her recovery. Charles thought her well enough on the 9th to have a little ball held in the privy chamber, at which she was able to sit and look on. He wrote to Madame that he could assure her the assembly would not have been disliked for beauty even in Paris itself, though many of "our good faces" were absent. He told her that a great many young women had lately come to Court since her visit to England, who were very handsome. Probably Frances Stuart was in his mind as he wrote. He told his "dearest Minette" that Catherine hoped in a few days to write herself and thank Madame for her anxiety over her illness, and ends with "Pray send me some images to put in prayer books. They are for my wife, who can gett none here. I assure you it will be a greate present to her, and she will look upon them often, for she is not only content to say the greate office in the breviere every day, but likewise that of our lady too, and this is besides going to chapell, where she makes none of these. (He adds, by way of appositeness) I am just going to see a new play, so I shall say no more but that I am interely yours. C. R."¹

Madame's response must have been prompt, for three weeks afterwards Charles writes again to her.

¹ *Madame.* *

WHITHALL, *Jan. 4, 1664.*

My wife thanks you for the care you have in sending her *les images*. We are both going to supper to my Lady Castlemaine's, so I have no time to add anything to this letter but that I am yours entirely,

C. R.¹

And again, a little later, he was urged by Catherine to express her gratitude more warmly.

WHITHALL, *Jan. 18, 1664.*

My wife thanks you very kindly for the images you sent her. They are very fine ones, and she never saw such before.²

These were perhaps the "pretty, pious pictures" Pepys saw in Catherine's closet, and it may have been in the spirit of a counterblast that the English chaplain at Goa sent her the gift of a richly bound New Testament, which is still to be seen in the Bodleian Library.

It was only in December, after Catherine's illness, that the public learnt the confirmation of Lady Castlemaine's change of faith, and Pepys was told that the Queen disapproved of it, believing that it was not conviction but convenience that prompted it.³ Catherine's health was completely re-established by the beginning of 1664, and she now began to make great strides in learning English. Her quaint little turns of speech gave much amusement to the Court. Pepys was told by the inevitable Dr. Pierce that her English was very pretty, and that she made out the sense now and then with "pretty Phrazes," as when she meant to describe a horse she did not like on account of his prancing and indulging in

¹ *Madame.*

² *Ibid.*

³ *Diary.*

tricks, she said, "he did make too much vanity."¹ Charles was no sooner assured of her return to health than he allowed himself to be again drawn by the attractions of Frances Stuart. His attentions to her became so pronounced that the self-seeking Court forsook Lady Castlemaine to flock to the side of the rising star. Lady Castlemaine, as may well be supposed, was infuriated, and tried to keep over the King, by tyranny, the influence she could not retain through love. She had the outrageous impertinence one day at the theatre to lean from her own box, where there were several other ladies, into the next box where the King sat, and to whisper to him in the sight of the whole house. When he tried to avoid her she rose boldly, and, walking straight into the royal box, seated herself between the King and the Duke of York, which embarrassed every one present, the King himself the most.² Charles had ceased to feel his old passion for "The Lady"; but his old fear of injuring her in the sight of the world, and the reiterated counsels of his companions about ingratitude and dishonour, kept him still under her thrall.

She had another opportunity of showing her power, which did not turn out as advantageously as she had hoped. The first glazed coach ever seen in England had arrived as a present to Charles from France, where they were just becoming fashionable. Every woman at Court was eager to be the first to ride in it, and Catherine begged Charles to let her use it first, with the Duchess of York. This was allowed at once, and Lady Castlemaine, seeing the attention they attracted, determined it should be her turn. She demanded rather than asked it of Charles, with whom she was daily growing more imperious. Frances Stuart asked for it at the same time, and Charles, without hesitation, gave her the preference. A scene of the most violent character took place,

¹ Pepys's *Diary*.

² *Ibid.*

in which Lady Castlemaine poured threats and reproaches on the head of the girl who had so lately been her dearest friend.¹ Frances Stuart, quite unmoved, was seen that day in the Tour in the new glass coach, and from that moment Lady Castlemaine hated her with a venomous hatred which would gladly have ruined her. Charles's infatuation for Frances Stuart now had become the theme of the Court, and she afterwards confessed to Catherine that vanity and foolishness (it may be that there was also no unwillingness to provoke Lady Castlemaine) had led her to allow Charles's notice to injure her name. Catherine by now had so far learned that lesson of patience she had set to herself, that she actually used to pause before she went into her dressing-room till she knew whether Charles was there, for she had more than once found him talking with "the little Stuart." Pepys much approved of her for her wifely consideration, and spoke of her warmly as "the good Queen!"²

She had to suffer mortification also through a misappropriation of the best parts of her jointure in the shape of Crown lands. Charles, in the face of the opinion of the Lord Treasurer and the Council, had bestowed the leases of these lands on Lord Fitzharding, a mere creature of Lady Castlemaine's. No doubt it was by the direct entreaty of "The Lady," who was one of "that crew," as Pepys justly called them.³ Fitzharding, by this unfair transaction, was the gainer of £20,000, and Catherine was the loser. It is no wonder that "people talked of it."⁴

This constant cutting away of Catherine's income, and her perpetual struggle to make both ends meet, inevitably awoke in her habits of extreme carefulness over money, and a suspicion of the honesty of those about her. She became, in after days, the person "hard to deal with" in money matters, though she had been generous and trusting when she came to

¹ Count Hamilton.² *Diary*.³ *Ibid.*, Jan. 4.⁴ *Ibid.*

England. Prynne, a staunch Puritan and enemy of the Crown, who had lampooned Henrietta Maria in her husband's reign, and been sent to the pillory for it—Prynne, now Keeper of the Tower Records, was deeply moved by the injustice done to Catherine over her revenues. He wrote a book to prove her right to the Queen's Gold, to which the earlier Queen-Consorts of England had a claim. This proved to have been merged into the right of the Crown in the days of Mary and Elizabeth, and Catherine did not become the richer for his kindly effort.

On March 21 Charles opened his new Parliament, and Catherine went with him and listened to his speech. In May Charles wrote to Madame :

WHITHALL, *May 19, 1664.*

I have been all the afternoon playing the good husband, having been abroad with my wife, and 'tis now past twelve a'clocke, and I am very sleepy.¹

In July the duc d'Orléans sent his *maître d'hôtel*, Boyer, to announce to the King and Queen the birth of a son to Madame. Charles, in writing his congratulations, says, on July 22, "My wife thinks that Boyer is very like a faire Lady of your acquaintance. He will tell you who it is."²

Catherine's eager letter to her brother-in-law came from a heart full of sympathy and of generous envy.

MY BROTHER,

I can not express to you the joy which the news of the happy accouchement of my sister has given me, nor the gratitude I feel to you for having informed me of it. I congratulate you with all my heart, and pray God that He will long preserve the gift He has made you. I have too much interest in it not to wish it with passion, being

My Brother (unsigned)

LONDON, *the 22 July, 1664.*³

¹ *Madame.* ² *Ibid.* ³ *Miscellaneous Autograph Letters*, 22. 548.

Catherine's Master of the Horse, Edward Montague, was turned out of her service in May of this year. Miss Strickland says that "his offence was supposed to be his great attachment to the service of his royal mistress, whose cause he always upheld with more warmth than discretion."¹ This is hardly probable, for if this were so unforgivable an offence, most of Catherine's devoted attendants would likewise have been dismissed. Pepys is probably more correct in saying that it was pride that was Montague's fault, "and his affecting to seem great with the Queen." Boyer, in his life of Queen Anne, says Montague was dismissed for offending the Queen by squeezing her hand, and it is certain that his open admiration of Catherine had been the talk of the Court, and that Charles had one day jokingly asked him "How his mistress did?" Catherine did not take another Master of the Horse while he lived, but she showed no reluctance to have him removed. It is hardly likely that Edward Montague would have been dismissed from the Court, and forbidden to return again, had his only fault been that of serving the Queen well. The following year he was killed in Lord Sandwich's naval action off Bergen, having volunteered to join the fleet, in his despair at having been driven from the presence of Catherine. As soon as his death was known the Duke and Duchess of York both begged Charles and Catherine to take his younger brother, the Duchess of York's equerry, into the Queen's service, in the position Edward Montague had held. Clarendon also, at the Duchess's request, added his entreaties.² Catherine was very willing, but had grown too wise from experience to venture any appointment in her household without her husband's pleasure being known, and she also had heard that Edward Montague's father had been angry at his son for taking the place he held near her, and had practically disinherited him, and she now declared that

¹ *Queens of England.*

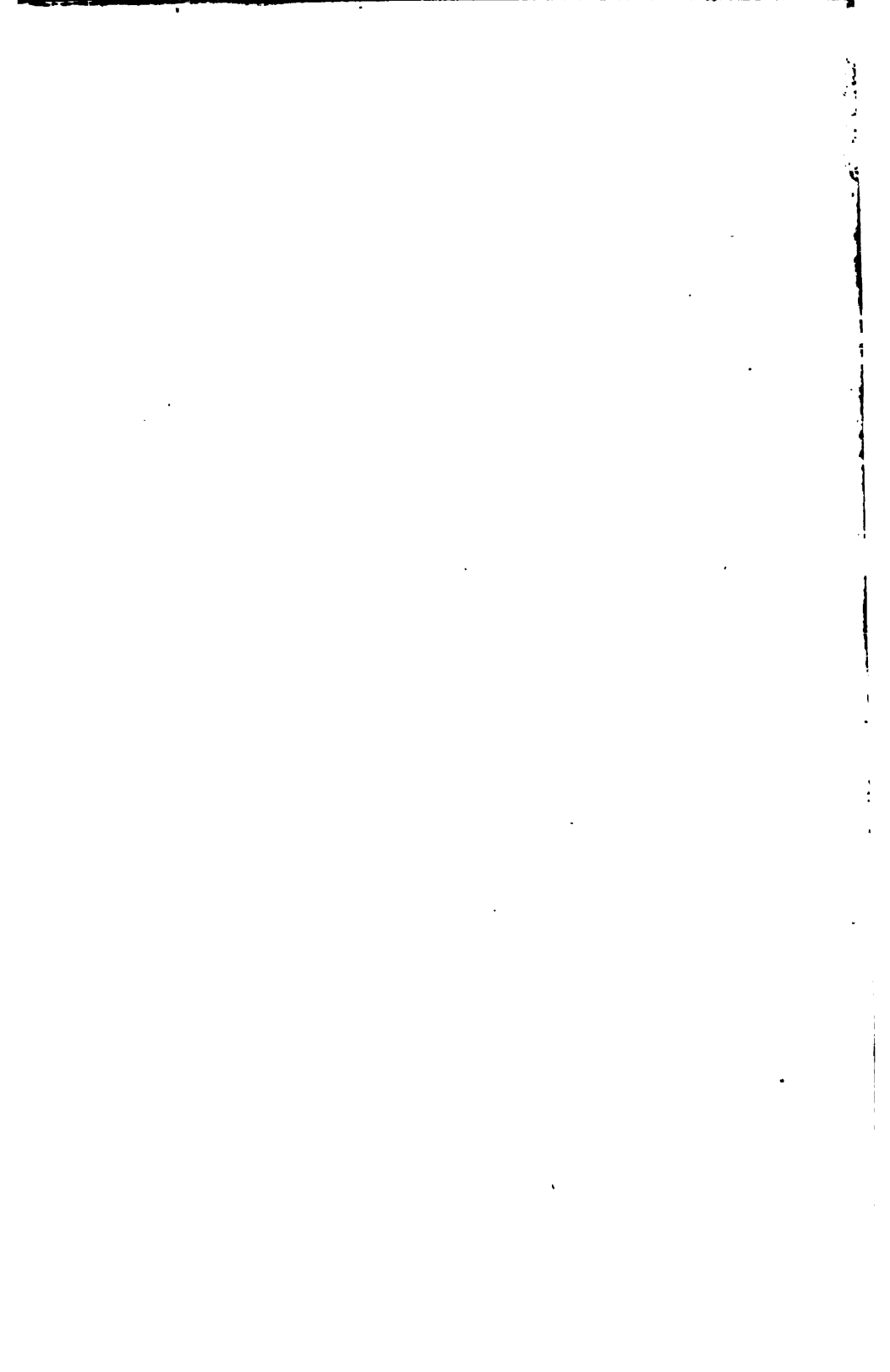
² *Life of Clarendon.*

she would not take another son into her household without being quite certain that old Lord Montague desired it. She told Clarendon that if this were the case, he might speak carefully to the King on the subject, and say all he could to recommend young Montague, which she thought a mere reparation to the brother, who had lost his life in the King's service. Clarendon took the request in the Duchess's name, and diplomatically mentioned that the Queen entirely referred it to him. Charles at once said he would never recommend any one to the Queen unless it should be "very agreeable to her," and that it would seem hard to deny one brother to succeed another who had been killed in the country's service. Lord Crofts had already begged for the post for Mr. Robert Spencer,¹ the Lord Treasurer's nephew, and Southampton quarrelled bitterly with Clarendon for having presented another candidate. Clarendon meanly now tried to undermine his own candidate's chances, and it was only the Duke of York's strong partisanship for young Montague that got him the post in the end. This little instance of the strings and counter-strings tugged for the smallest appointment gives an educational view of Court life at the time. Lord Chesterfield now gave up his place in the household of Catherine. He too had been a victim of "The Lady," and found it hopeless to keep his place between two mistresses. Catherine begged him to continue a member of her council, in gratitude for his valuable services. Huysmann painted Catherine twice in 1664. In fact Walpole declares she was his model for every Madonna and Venus he ever painted. She shows to far greater advantage, however, in her portraits by Lely. Her most becoming costume was black velvet, but this summer she and her ladies all adopted the fashion of silver lace gowns, in which they flashed and shimmered in the sunshine in the Tour and St. James's Park. When she went to the chapel at

¹ *Life of Clarendon.*



CATHERINE OF BRAGANÇA.
From the portrait by J. Huysman.



St. James's, they walked from Whitehall in this dazzling raiment. They carried the great green shading fans Catherine had brought with her from Portugal, when dust and sun did not force them to use riding masks. These fans were used in promenades at balls and plays, and even at church, where faces were delicately hidden by them at devotions. Catherine tried a little later to introduce short skirts showing the feet, but all the ladies of the Court did not possess as pretty feet as her own, and there was a general preference for the long, graceful, trailing draperies.

Catherine's simple tastes remained, in spite of the extravagance of the Whitehall Court. She had had none of that French influence which was plunging an emulous England into every folly and costly expense. Her bedchamber and her closet at Whitehall were furnished with extreme simplicity, and many historians have taken that fact to be proof of her inhuman treatment by her husband, since the apartments of his mistresses often glittered with lavish decoration, and were immoderately furnished. It is likely that she chose such surroundings as suited herself, since she had lived in rooms at Hampton Court, filled with the luxuries and lavish appointments of the time. She could have easily secured the same at Whitehall, but she preferred pretty pious pictures and books of devotion in her little private oratory, and a stoup of holy water at the head of her bed.¹ In her bedroom she had a curiously inlaid cabinet of ebony, mother-of-pearl, ivory, and silver—which does not look as if she lived like an anchorite. In this cabinet were placed a small altar and relics, ready for her private devotions. On a table near her bed was an illuminated clock, by which she could tell time at night. How many and many a weary hour must it have marked for her, while Charles tarried late at Lady Castlemaine's suppers, and she waited for his unfailing return to herself!

Charles's closet was not given over to devotion. It

¹ Pepys's *Diary*.

was adorned with paintings,—he was passionately fond of art—and beautifully furnished and decorated. From the fact that many paintings from the Queen's rooms were in after years seen in the apartments of the Duchess of Portsmouth, it is possible that Catherine had an aversion to pictures that did not represent sacred subjects.

Friction between Holland and England was high, and the English fleet fitted under Sandwich. Charles wrote to him that two deputies sent by Holland had arrived at "Margatt," but that he was not meaning to treat with them till he had heard from Lord Halifax, and was extremely anxious that France should not think he was going to desert her interests.

"My wife" he adds, "is so *faraide (sic)* that she shall not see the fleet before it goes, that she intends to get out from hence on Monday next, with the afternoone tide. Therefore tell all the youghts except that which the french ambassador hath to be ready at Gravesend by that time. I hope you do not forgett to call those captains who have not done well to account, that they may receive the punishment due to their merritts."¹

Catherine and the Queen-mother went to Chatham with Charles, and boarded the fleet before it sailed. Charles was devoted to ships and ship-building, and probably Catherine, in her continual efforts to interest herself in all he was interested in, expressed all the eagerness she was capable of for his sake. They paid a second visit to Chatham a few days later, and Charles caught cold by leaving off his periwig and waistcoat—a trick Pepys was frequently given to—and was bled, and kept in bed.²

In September a new Spanish ambassador came to Whitehall, and was tactless enough, after having been received by the King, to ask audience of the Queen, the daughter of his country's enemy. Catherine was greatly disturbed by the request, which etiquette forced her to grant, and begged Don Patricio Omeledio, the Spanish ambassador, not to speak to her in Spanish,

¹ *Lansdowne Letters*, 1236. 209.

² *De Lionne's Despatches*.

but in French, which he at once did.¹ Miss Strickland has recorded this as an insult on Catherine's part, unjustified by her position as Queen of England, and other writers have accepted her conclusions. But in point of fact there was no insult intended, and the only breach of good feeling was the ambassador's desire to thrust himself on her.

The Court was soon after in mourning for Catherine's maternal cousin, the Spanish Duke of Medina Sidonia. Catherine was reasonably angry with Spain at that time, since it had just demanded the cession of Tangier from England. Charles replied that Spain had "no more to do with the possession than it had with Plymouth, and as Tangier was an ancient acquisition of the Crown of Portugal, that he had received it as part of his Queen's dowry, and if Spain would not allow that to give him a lawful right to the place it had better tell him at once that it would come to a quarrel with him for it, in which case he should know how to proceed." This spirited answer had the effect of muzzling the mouths of the Spanish claimants, and it is easy to suppose that Catherine's anger against the hereditary enemies of her country was vastly increased by their insolent pretensions to territory she had herself brought Charles.

On October 25 there was a new ship launched at Woolwich, and Catherine and many of the Court went to witness the launch. It was extremely rough in the river, and the Duchess of Buckingham and Mistress Boynton, one of Catherine's ladies, were much incommoded. Catherine was not in the least affected, and enjoyed the trip immensely, which was made in her state barge.² Pett had built the ship, of which Charles much commended the bow, and de Lionne admired its grandeur and beauty, and described it in a letter, as well as the seventy guns it carried.³ Many old naval officers who had held their commissions in Cromwell's

¹ *Arlington's Letters*, vol. iii.

² *Pepys's Diary*.

³ De Lionne to Louis XIV.

time were present, and Charles was extremely agreeable and gracious to them, telling the French ambassador that these gentlemen had all had the plague, but now were cured of it, and not likely to be infected again. He and the Duke of York had come by land in state coaches, and after a voyage they all took to the Nore in the newly launched ship, they came back in the royal barge and lunched on board, expecting to return the same way they came.

But the rough weather increased, and all the ladies Catherine had brought with her were prostrated, she alone being quite well. She stole from the royal barge with them, when they came to Woolwich once more, and, hurrying on shore, they took possession of the King's coaches, and drove back to London. The King and his attendants found they could not row up the Thames in the royal barge, so had to go on to Greenwich, and hire horses and coaches to return to Whitehall.¹ This little playful trick of Catherine's shows the terms she and Charles were on, when she could venture such a jest with him.

Indeed the royal couple had now settled down into that relation which continued unimpaired, sometimes considerably improved, during Charles's life. Catherine had thrown off the somewhat stiff dignity and aloofness she had brought with her as a royal princess of Portugal, and had begun to mould herself more closely on the freer and more easy manners of Whitehall. Throughout her life she never lost her queenliness, or degenerated into a giggling rattlepate, like most of the ladies about her. She was ever devout, constant in her services, and attending Mass at seven o'clock in the morning on festivals; and Mr. Asburnham declared he had never seen any one in his life with so much zeal for religion,² even though she shocked Pepys unutterably by playing cards one winter Sunday evening with her ladies, he apparently not being aware that to a Catholic this was a harmless diversion.³

¹ De Lionne. ² Pepys's *Diary*, Nov. 25, 1666. ³ *Ibid.*, Feb. 7, 1667.

Her Court at that time was a large one. It was considerably more frequented than that of the Duchess of York, but the Duchess's Court was the more select.¹ In spite of Burnet's declaration that Charles never considered her, and that she made throughout her English life "but a very mean figure,"² we know on dependable authority that she was always treated by Charles and his Court, after the Castlemaine episode, with respect and a show of attention. She indulged her passion for dancing and masques, and was constantly at the play, of which she became extremely fond. She brought the first Italian opera to England, and vastly improved her own chapel music, which at first was excessively poor. She had with pains made herself tolerated by a Court, where, as Povy, with piercing truthfulness, told Pepys, "of all places, if there be Hell, it is here. No faith, no truth, no love, nor any agreement between man and wife, nor friends."³

Decency outraged, vice called virtue, shame dead and buried, honesty an empty word, as one reads of the orgies and dissolute revels of Court nobles, of the intrigues and shamelessly blazoned affairs which their women dignified with the name of love; when one stands aghast at a traffic in places and preferments, in souls and honour—one can only marvel that a long-enduring England delayed her final expulsion of the Stuarts. Had Charles been his brother James, he would not have been granted even four years of the throne. But, with his glaring faults, Charles had the people's devotion. He might live as he liked, do as he liked; they saw his sins without gloss, but they still adored him. He was the people's King, their kind-hearted King, who treated them with a free jest and a considerate word, and in their times of bitter need was quick to succour them. They were to prove now his interest in them, and his care for his subjects, however much he might play ducks and drakes with his kingdom.

¹ De Gramont. ² *History of His Own Times*. ³ *Diary*, July, 3, 1666.

CHAPTER IX

THE PLAGUE AND THE FIRE

IN the spring of 1665 uneasiness began to be felt through the kingdom on account of an outbreak of the plague in London. Such epidemics were well known, and there had been several severe visitations of London in earlier times. This one only caused apprehension from the rapidity with which it spread, and the swift death of the victims. The Court was occupied with another interest, just now, in the affair of the Queen-mother's departure from the country.

Henrietta Maria had not been well since she returned to London, which had never suited her health. Now she became so unwell that she begged Charles to allow her to pay a visit to the Baths of Bourbon, which had always benefited her. She declared, however, that she would stay in London and die there, unless he promised that the little chapel she had built and used in Somerset House might remain open for the use of London Catholics.¹ Charles willingly consented, and on June 24 Henrietta Maria left London, on her last journey from England. She went down the Thames, and Charles, Catherine, and most of their respective households, rowed down with her to the Nore. The very week that saw her go brought with it such a terrifying increase in the pestilence creeping through London that between four and five thousand

¹ Père Cyprian Gamache.

people were lying dead in the town. Everywhere the red cross on the door-panels struck terror to the hearts of those who still lived, and the cry, "Bring out your dead," and the bell of the dead-carts through the ravaged streets at night were a knell. The infection was creeping close to Whitehall, yet Charles would not leave till now. He sent Catherine to Hampton Court the day after his mother had left Somerset House, and he himself joined her there soon after. By the twenty-seventh of the month the terror had crawled to Hampton Court itself, and it was necessary for the Royalities to move farther away. The King and Queen and the Court travelled to Salisbury, and the Duke and Duchess of York went north to York. A new costume which had just been introduced for riding and driving was worn by Catherine and her ladies on their journey south. It consisted of a velvet coat, exactly resembling that worn by men, and caps with ribbons and bands.¹ This new fashion was afterwards adopted for walking wear, and with their coats, periwigs, and hats, they were hardly to be distinguished from men, save for their long skirts dragging below the coats' hems.

The plague had been preceded by a comet, which in those days was still universally looked on as a portent of disaster. Charles was always much interested in any scientific research, and was greatly taken up with the "star with the flaming tail," and sat up several nights to see it appear for the first time. He was, it will be remembered, the founder of Greenwich Observatory. Catherine, still anxious to share his interests, sat up two nights with him. On the second night she was rewarded with a sight of it.

The first day's journey of the Court took them to Farnham. The next day they reached Salisbury. The French and Spanish ambassadors followed, but Charles had been unwell when he left Hampton Court, and Salisbury did not seem to agree with him. It was there that the news of the death of Edward Montague

¹ Pepys.

reached them. The Court went on to Oxford, to open Parliament there in October. Catherine was lodged for several months in Merton College, fitted up for her reception. Charles opened Parliament on the 10th, and supplies were voted for carrying on the war with Holland, for which the city of London had lent £100,000 previously. The King was giving a thousand pounds weekly for the plague sufferers in London, at this time, out of that privy purse of his in which the rapacious demands of "The Lady" left scarce enough to clothe him.

Catherine had the joy, while they remained at Oxford, of telling her husband that he might once more hope for an heir. Charles was delighted at the news, and it was evident to every one that he was making a sudden reformation of his habits, and carrying out the resolution he declared he would make, of being worthy of the blessing of a lawful son. He surrounded Catherine with attentions, and insisted on her taking such care of herself that he would not let her return with him to Hampton Court in January, when the plague had somewhat abated. He wrote to Madame :

HAMPTON COURT, *Jan, 29, 1666.*

I have left my wife at Oxford, but hope that in a fortnight or three weeks to send for her to London, where already the Plague is in effect nothing. But our women are afraid of the name of Plague, so that they must have a little time to fancy all cleere.¹

Catherine, it would seem, did not share the fears of her ladies, or at least disregarded them where Charles's society was concerned. She made every preparation for journeying to Hampton Court after him, but, unluckily was detained by a miscarriage, and was kept in Oxford till February 16. To add to the keenness of her disappointment, Lady Castlemaine was at the same time rejoicing over another son, whom Charles

¹ *Madame*, by Julia Cartwright.

acknowledged. It will hardly be credited that, though, the doctors in attendance on Catherine declared that the sex of her expected infant could have been judged, some of her women swore to the King that it was all a mistake, and she had not been *enceinte* at all. They so far convinced him that at the time he fully believed she was unable to have children, which destroyed much of the pleasure he was beginning to feel in her society, and drove him to seek that of others.¹ It is impossible to doubt that this was a plot, either of Lady Castlemaine herself, or of her partisans.

Catherine was still far from strong, and when, on March 28, news arrived in England of the death of her mother, the Queen-Regent of Portugal, it was considered unadvisable by her physicians to tell her at once, and it was several days before she learnt her loss.² She and the whole Court went into the deepest mourning, and wore it for many months, the custom of the day requiring women to wear their hair plain and uncurled, and to leave off patches. This fashion was unkind to Lady Castlemaine, who owed much of her beauty to becoming dressing.

It was about this time that she fell out of favour for insolence to Catherine, who had gently told her that "she feared the King took cold by staying so late at her house." "The Lady," in the hearing of all the other bedchamber ladies, retorted impertinently that "he left her house betimes, and must stay with some one else." She was quite unaware that she had an undesired listener. Charles had come in unnoticed, and, on hearing her words, and seeing her manner of speaking to the Queen, he came up behind her and whispered that "she was a bold impertinent woman," and told her "to be gone out of the Court, and not return till he sent for her." Any other woman would probably have been abashed, but not so Lady Castlemaine. She went, but she sent the King word she would

¹ Clarendon.

² Pepys, *Diary*, April 1, 1666.

publish his letters to her, and be even with him ; and the threat so alarmed Charles that he did not pursue the subject. A few days after she sent to ask if she might send for her furniture from the palace to her new lodging—for by this time she was lodged in rooms between the Stone Gallery and the river. Charles sent word back that she might come and fetch her belongings herself, if she wanted them, and her skill and coaxing patched up a flimsy reconciliation between them. But it was the beginning of the end as far as Charles was concerned, and from that date her power over him was that of a virago and a tyrant, rather than a mistress. She had the intense folly, for a woman of her undoubted skill in diplomacy, to take the wrong course with the King. He loved quiet, and she kept him in a perpetual ferment with broils and reproaches and tempers. She teased him with jealousy, and annoyed him with rages. Burnet says that, though excessively beautiful, she was most enormously vicious and greedy, and so imperious and uneasy to the King that he was continually upset by her behaviour, and incapable of properly attending to business. She pretended a burning jealousy of the King, and was no doubt very anxious not to be supplanted, but at the same time she carried on intrigues with other men with a total lack of care in concealing them. She delighted in gambling, though she well knew his aversion to it, and she ruled him rather as her slave than as her lover.

In July it was considered wise for Catherine to try the waters of Tunbridge again—rather an odd recommendation, for they had previously disagreed with her. Her one passionate desire and hunger was now for children. Apart for the love she had for them through life, she felt sure that a child of her own would bind Charles to her. His devotion, whenever there seemed hopes of an heir, and the fondness he showed for his illegitimate sons, made her eagerly fancy that she had only to give him a child in order to make him hers

for ever. "She tried pious vows," says de Gramont, "nine days' offerings and prayers, and all supposed receipts" declared efficacious. Her doctors prescribed the hot waters of Bath, considering those of Tunbridge too cold,¹ yet she was there again in July 1666.

Life at Tunbridge Wells charmed the Court by its Arcadian imitation of simplicity. People slept in little inconvenient cottages scattered round the wells for a mile or two, and every one met at the wells every morning, and sauntered along the Pantiles under the spreading trees, drinking glasses of water between the turns. The low-roofed shops were much the same as to-day, and there were frequent raffles held in them. In the evening the bowling-green brought people together, and there was generally dancing on it, as that was part of the cure prescribed by the doctors. Catherine, anxious to keep Charles amused, and contented with this simple life, took the step she was ever afterwards to deplore, of sending for players from a London theatre to perform plays before the Court. Among these actors and actresses was a beautiful woman commonly said to be a natural daughter of the Earl of Berkshire. Her name was Mary Davis, and she was called Moll by the public. She acted cleverly, and had a beautiful voice in singing.

It was her rendering of "My lodging is on the cold ground!" Celiana's song in *The Mad Shepherdess*, that fascinated Charles; but it is not probable that she became his mistress till two years after, when Frances Stuart had married. As for Nell Gwynn, that "indiscreetest wittiest creature that ever was at a King's Court," her story as Charles's mistress did not begin till the same year that saw Moll Davis elected to the post. But it is said that Charles's first sight of these two future rivals of Catherine was at Tunbridge Wells, and that his acquaintance with them dated from that time.

¹ *Memoirs.*

The country was now in a state of extreme depression, though the plague had abated, except in the provinces. Commerce in London had been paralysed, and there was poverty and distress everywhere. On top of this misery the Great Fire of London broke out. It was on September 2 that a baker's shop on the corner of Thames Street caught fire, and the store of faggots ready for the oven at once blazed up. The flames spread instantly to neighbouring store-houses built of wood, and shouldering each other, as the custom of those days was. These store-houses held pitch and tar, oakum and timber, and the wind favouring the conflagration, it swiftly spread over half London. The people were so confounded by the greatness of the calamity that they were supine, and stared at the flames without an effort to put them out. The sky resembled the top of a heated oven, and shone with fire. Ten thousand houses were enveloped in one flame, and at night the glare of the burning could be seen for forty miles round the city. Evelyn describes in words of horror the noise and crackling of the flames, the roar of their advance, the cries of terrified women and children, the rush of hurrying people frantic to escape, and the crash of towers and houses into the deserted streets.¹

For four days the fire raged, and Charles and his brother, the Duke of York, distinguished themselves by their splendid and gallant efforts. They worked in person to subdue the flames, and ordered, rewarded, and cheered on the workmen who helped them: The Duke of York had the sensible idea of blowing up houses, in order to check the advance of the fire. It was entirely owing to his happy thought, and the orders of Charles, that the fire was at last arrested at Pie Corner, in Smithfield, and the Temple Church, as well as a few others, were saved from destruction.² It was due to Charles that the Abbey and the Tower were not lost, and he shone in this calamity as he

¹ *Diary.*

² Evelyn, Pepys, Clarendon.

always did in times of adversity, and when high courage and spirit were needed.

The fire had left acres of houses in ashes, and thousands of people homeless. Charles worked day and night to have huts and tents put up for them round London, and to provide them with bread and coals. He gave with both generous hands for their needs, and doubly strengthened his place in their affections by his kindness and sympathy with them in their terrible losses. He impoverished himself for his people during the plague and the fire, and gave everything he possessed, without a reserve to his generosity. He added to his fine conduct by patiently refusing to press Parliament for the payment of the sums they had voted for supplies, which these miserable years caused to fall short. This led to the necessity of laying up ships that should have been kept in commission, against the Duke of York's advice, and the result was the attack of the Dutch on Chatham, which has come down to posterity as the direct sin of the King, whereas it was caused by the country's distress.

Charles was eager at once to rebuild London, and on a safer scale than it had hitherto known. The city had grown up through the centuries, choked with old and rotten buildings and huddled spaces. Charles now had plans drawn, and Evelyn came on September 13 to show them to him. Charles desired Catherine's opinion, and made Evelyn bring them to her bedchamber, where only she and the Duke of York were admitted to the examination. They all went over the plans, and asked questions and talked them over for nearly an hour, seeming deeply interested. Catherine was ready dressed for riding, in a cavalier habit, hat and feather, and horseman's coat, but she gave up her exercise to talk over the plans, and go through them with deep interest.¹

On Catherine's birthday, that year, November 25, a great ball was given at Whitehall. The Court had

¹ Evelyn's *Diary*.

been in mourning now for over six months, and burst out into silver and white lace for this night only. The ball-room was crowded, and lit with innumerable candles; Catherine, Charles, and the ladies of the household came in and sat, the King dressed in a rich waistcoat of some costly silk with silver trimmings.¹ The Duke of York and all the other dancers wore cloth of silver. Frances Stuart looked lovely in black and white lace, her hair and neck adorned with diamonds. "A glorious sight," Pepys said.² The Queen wore no jewels, on account of her mourning for her mother, and soon after the Royalties had come in Charles took her hand and led her to the dance, the brantle, followed by fourteen more couples. Rich petticoats and gowns, diamonds and pearls, abounded, and after the brantle was danced a coranto, and now and then one of the new French dances just introduced. The corantos grew tiresome from their frequency, and Pepys wished them done, but for watching the perfect dancing of Frances Stuart, whose every movement was grace. It was midnight when the ball broke up.

With the beginning of the new year Charles's passion for Frances Stuart so increased that her refusals to listen to him drove him into a state of restlessness, melancholy, and thoughtfulness, and many people imagined he was ready to make some desperate effort to win the woman he was so attracted by. It is probable, as some historians have remarked, that this was the one real passion of Charles's life that might be dignified by the name of love. His whole thoughts and interests now centred round this young and beautiful girl, whose loveliness smiles down at us from the walls of Hampton Court. We see it daily on our copper coinage also, for Charles commissioned Philip Rotier, the royal medallist, to take her as his model for the figure of Britannia when he issued new money. From the pennies and half-pennies of to-day one can

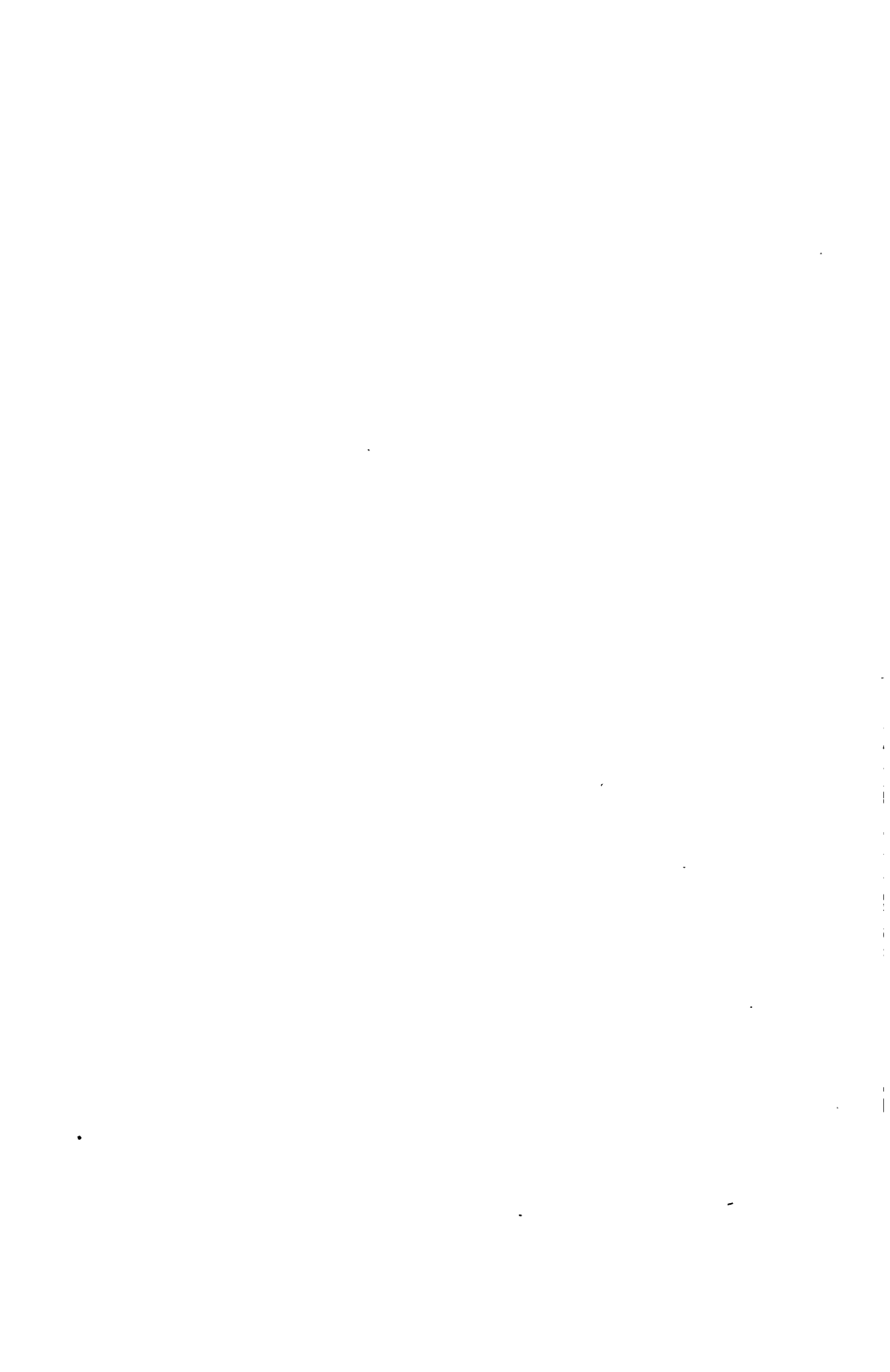
¹ Pepys, *Diary*.

² *Ibid.*



Photo by W. A. Mansell & Co.

FRANCES STUART, DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.
From the original by Sir Peter Lely in Hampton Court.



judge of the exquisite grace and perfection of Frances Stuart's form. Her wax image in Westminster Abbey gives but a faint reflection of her beauty. It was taken years after, but before her death, by her own orders. In 1667 she was in the zenith of her loveliness. Charles pursued her with his attentions. They were seen together in the galleries of Whitehall, and he kissed her—an intimate condescension from royalty, though her relationship made it permissible. The tongues of the whole Court wagged. It was whispered that Mistress Stuart refused to listen to dishonourable proposals, being ambitious. Those who tried to flatter and please the King for their own benefit at once conceived the idea of a divorce from Catherine, which would leave the way open for "*la belle* Stuart." The Earl of Bristol, busybody as usual, actually had the audacity to send two friars to Portugal, after the death of Catherine's mother, to collect any kind of evidence that might be construed into proof that Catherine was incapable of bearing children. Charles derided his efforts, and told him it was quite impossible to proceed on any such grounds, as to his own certain knowledge the Queen had more than once held justified hopes of becoming a mother.

Clarendon's son, Lord Cornbury, had recently been appointed Catherine's Lord Chamberlain, and this made his enemies at the Court more than ever anxious to undermine the Lord Chancellor's influence. The populace reviled him, and declared he had brought about Catherine's marriage, knowing she could not have an heir, in order that the children of the Duchess of York might succeed. They called his house Tangier House, on account of the scandal which declared he had taken money from the Spanish to allow the cession of that town to them. This magnificent mansion, which he had built for himself, stood on the site of what are now Bond Street, Dover Street, and Albemarle Street. He had called it Clarendon House, but the people, after the sale of Dunkirk to

the French by Charles changed their nickname of Tangier House to Dunkirk House, and later, painted a gibbet on the gate, and scrawled under it :

Three sights to be seen :
Dunkirk, Tangier, and a barren Queen.

A lampoon ran the circuit of the Court, written by a nobleman :

God bless Queen Kate,
Our sovereign's mate,
Of the royal house of Lisbon.
But the devil take Hyde,
And the bishop beside,
Who made her bone of his bone.

Charles's closest advisers assailed him with advice to divorce Catherine and marry Frances Stuart. As she was of the blood royal, this would not have been in any way an extravagant marriage. It says something for Charles, after all that has been written and spoken against him through the ages, that, when the easy temptation was put in his way, and backed by arguments of his bishops, he still had the humanity and decency to shut his ears to counsels that jumped with his own inclination. Burnet says he consulted Sheldon, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had married him, as to whether a divorce would be possible, and that Sheldon informed Clarendon, who flung the Duke of Richmond in Frances Stuart's way, to get rid of her. But we really cannot credit Burnet. It was probably the rumour of the suggested divorce that alarmed Frances Stuart into a sense of the position in which her vanity and thoughtlessness had placed her. She was shocked at the report, for she was, though shallow and foolish, a girl with virtue. She at once resolved that she must remove herself from Charles's path, and, finding that her good name had become compromised by the attentions she had allowed from him, she made up her mind to accept the

first honourable gentleman with a fortune of fifteen hundred a year who should offer himself to her.¹ Most of the time-serving courtiers would never have dared to come forward at this juncture, fearing to ruin themselves with the King. But her cousin Charles, Duke of Richmond, a man much too devoted to drink, but otherwise harmless, now offered himself to her. Charles had just offered to make her a duchess, and dismiss "The Lady," if she would listen to him. She told him his attentions were ruining her reputation, which would be destroyed unless she married. He found the Duke in her rooms, in earnest conversation with her, and was so angered that the Duke took occasion to escape by the window—or so said Court gossip. It is said that Charles was led to her apartments while the Duke was there by the spite of Lady Castlemaine.

Frances Stuart now sought the support of Catherine. She went to her rooms, and, flinging herself on her knees before her, bathed in tears, confessed her folly and unworthy conduct in allowing Charles's attentions to single her out from the Court, and earnestly begged Catherine's forgiveness. She told her she knew she had caused her own trouble by her vanity and love of admiration, and assured the Queen that that was all she could be charged with. Catherine implicitly believed her, and was grieved at her trouble. She raised her and comforted her, and promised her her protection, which to the end of both their lives she continued, together with her friendship. She kept Frances Stuart constantly in her own presence, and people believed that she helped on the marriage with the Duke of Richmond, though there is no proof whatever of it. Frances Stuart had assured her that she had never accepted anything from the King but a few jewels, of little value, given on New Years' days, and the like, and that the Duke of York had presented her with a jewel worth £800 when he drew her for

¹ Jessa.

his valentine—an event in which presents were always given.

One stormy night in March Frances slipped from her rooms in the palace while the household slept, and, passing the guards at the gates, made her way alone to a little inn in Westminster village. There the Duke of Richmond met her with saddled horses, and they fled together into Surrey through the night and the storm, and there the Duke's chaplain hastily married them. It was not for another month that the marriage was published, or the eager Court indulged with the news of this escapade. When it was known, the walls of Whitehall echoed with it. Charles was furious, and refused to believe that it was not all the doing of Clarendon. He immediately banished both the guilty lovers, and forbade them ever to return to the Court.

Frances, now Duchess of Richmond, told her friends that this did not cause her the least unhappiness, as she was fully resolved never to enter the Court again, unless to kiss the hand of the Queen who had been so good to her. She returned Charles the few poor jewels she had let him give her, and assured every one who was interested that she was absolutely guiltless of the things said about her. What Charles did with the pearl necklace she returned him is not known. And we are not told if she sent back the ring Lord Mandeville had given her as her valentine for the present year, but probably she returned that too. She told every one that her intention was to live on her husband's estates and try to reform him, though she had little hope of succeeding. Her lack of hope was justified, for when he died in 1672, five years afterwards, at Elsinore, where he had gone as ambassador to the Court of Denmark, it was thought his intemperance had shortened his life.¹

Charles, who deeply respected virtue and honour in women when he found them, allowed her to return

¹ Strickland.

to Court the following year, and made her Lady of the Bedchamber to Catherine, with apartments in Somerset House, when the death of the Queen-mother made that Catherine's Dower House. This marriage seems to have brought Charles's affection back to Catherine, and at the great masked ball given on St. George's day, a month after the elopement, he and she danced together, and it is noted that they were on terms of kindness. A huge banquet was held in the Banqueting House at Whitehall, and all the Garter knights and the King dined in their robes and insignia. Charles sat at a table alone on the dais, with a rich sideboard of gold plate behind him, and the tables for the knights ran down the length of the room, and musicians were at the bottom of it, while trumpets, kettle-drums, and wind instruments occupied the minstrels' gallery. When the King's health was drunk the trumpets blared and the Tower guns were fired. Catherine came in to the banquet, but only to look on, for she did not seat herself, but stood at Charles's left hand and watched the lavish meal, where every knight was supplied with forty different dishes, and the sweetmeats were finally flung from the table to be scrambled for by the commonalty.

There was a fierce quarrel, just after this feast, between Charles and Lady Castlemaine, who had now no power over her wearied slave but that of vituperation. Charles had ordered the Duke of Buckingham to the Tower for misconduct, and for having caused a man to cast the King's nativity, and Buckingham, when charged with this, tried to shuffle it off on his sister, the dowager Duchess of Richmond. He was one of Lady Castlemaine's friends and supporters, and she was wild with rage at his disgrace. She upbraided Charles for it in unmeasured terms, and scolded him with such unbounded fury and insolence that Charles, indolent and long-suffering as he was, told her that she was a "jade, that meddled with things she had nothing

to do with." She flew at him with passion, and informed him he was a fool, "for if he were not he would not suffer his business to be carried on by fools that did not understand them, and cause his best subjects and those best able to serve him to be imprisoned."

It was perhaps the direct result of this battle that Charles this year publicly acknowledged Mary Davis and Nell Gwynn as his mistresses. Lady Castlemaine reviled him for these connections with all the power of her stinging tongue. She told him he betrayed his own "mean low taste," and called Nell Gwynn a "pitiful, strolling actress." Floods of tears went with these recriminations. She threatened to tear her children in pieces before his eyes, and set fire to the palace. At the same time her constant infidelities disgusted Charles, and the contrast of her behaviour and manners with the charming gentleness and refinement of Frances Stuart no doubt completed his weariness of her. When Charles became aware of her intrigue with John Churchill, and found that she was supplying her lover with those immense sums which helped to found the family of Marlborough, he merely remarked that he forgave Churchill, since he had only become Lady Castlemaine's lover in order to keep himself from starving.

Mary Davis, who had been acting at the Duke's Theatre at the beginning of this year, was now accommodated by the King with a house in Suffolk Street. She had a "mighty fine coach," according to Pepys, who saw her step into it at the door of her own house.¹ She wore a ring the King had given her worth £700, and she was a source of profound mortification to Lady Castlemaine, quite as much as to Catherine. At the play the King was seen gazing, enraptured, at a particular box, and "The Lady," craning to see the object of his notice, and finding it to be Moll Davis, "looked like fire."²

¹ *Diary.*

² *Ibid.*

She danced in the Whitehall theatricals, and Charles kept his eyes fixed on her faultless dancing. She appeared when the play was ended to dance again, but Catherine would not stay to see her, but rose and left the room.¹ Burnet declares Charles's infatuation to have been neither very ardent nor of long duration, yet he had a daughter by Moll Davis six years later, a girl named Mary Tudor, who in 1687 married that Frances Ratcliffe who became afterwards the ill-fated Lord Derwentwater of the 1745. Moll Davis's manner of life is not known after Charles left her, nor the date of her death. She sinks into complete oblivion.

Of quite other duration was Charles's connection with Nell Gwynn, who was to become a noted figure in the history of the period. He must have made her his mistress at the end of this year apparently. She was said to be of Welsh extraction, which her name proved, though she was born in Hereford—it is said, in a cellar—and when a child she was set to hawk fish in the streets.² She was sprightly, warm-hearted, always good-humoured, with a wild wit and a merry laugh. Her voice was beautiful, and she began to sing gay songs from tavern to tavern, to earn her bread. She became an orange-girl outside the theatres, and this brought her into the notice of Lee and Hart, the actors, who exerted themselves to get her placed on the stage.

In this year she was in Killigrew's company at the New Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. She became the mistress of Lord Buckhurst in July, after several other affairs, and he allowed her £100 a year, and made her send her parts to the play-house, and refuse to play again. By August 26 Buckhurst had deserted her. She was without employment, and extremely poor. Even Lady Castlemaine, who had patronised her previously, now cold-shouldered her.³ Her *forte* was in droll characters, and light and showy parts

¹ Pepys.

² Jesse.

³ Idem.

with songs and dances. Her beauty was undoubted, but she was too short for the then standard of loveliness, and she dressed with appalling carelessness. Granger says that she continued to "hang on her clothes with her usual negligence even after she became the King's mistress," but that "everything she did became her."¹

She had a very piquant manner, and her wit, though startlingly coarse, was shrewd and was never ill-natured. Her lively ways, her joyous laugh, her wild extravagance of speech, her warm disposition and good humour, made her the darling of the people. Pepys, who with his wife was introduced to her at the theatre, and kissed her, thought her a "mighty pretty soul."² Her fascination for Charles was that of a merry, light-hearted, amusing play-fellow. There is not a sign that any real love was concerned in it. He laughed and joked and romped with her, and enjoyed to the full her madcap humour.

She soon became the declared favourite of the people, who had already grown to call her "our Nell" on the stage. A thousand stories told of her kindness of heart delighted them, and made her for ever popular. She was considered by them the champion of Protestantism, in contrast with the Queen and Lady Castlemaine, and in later days with the Duchess of Portsmouth. She was a staunch member of the Church of England, and prided herself on her orthodoxy. The statement that she joined the Church of Rome before her death has not the least foundation. Her charities were unceasing and wise. Jesse says: "She had not a grain of avarice in her."³ Burnet's declaration that she was maintained at great expense,⁴ as usual is not borne out by fact. The Duke of Buckingham told him that she asked at first only £500 a year from the King, but at the end of the fourth year she had had £60,000 from him. The

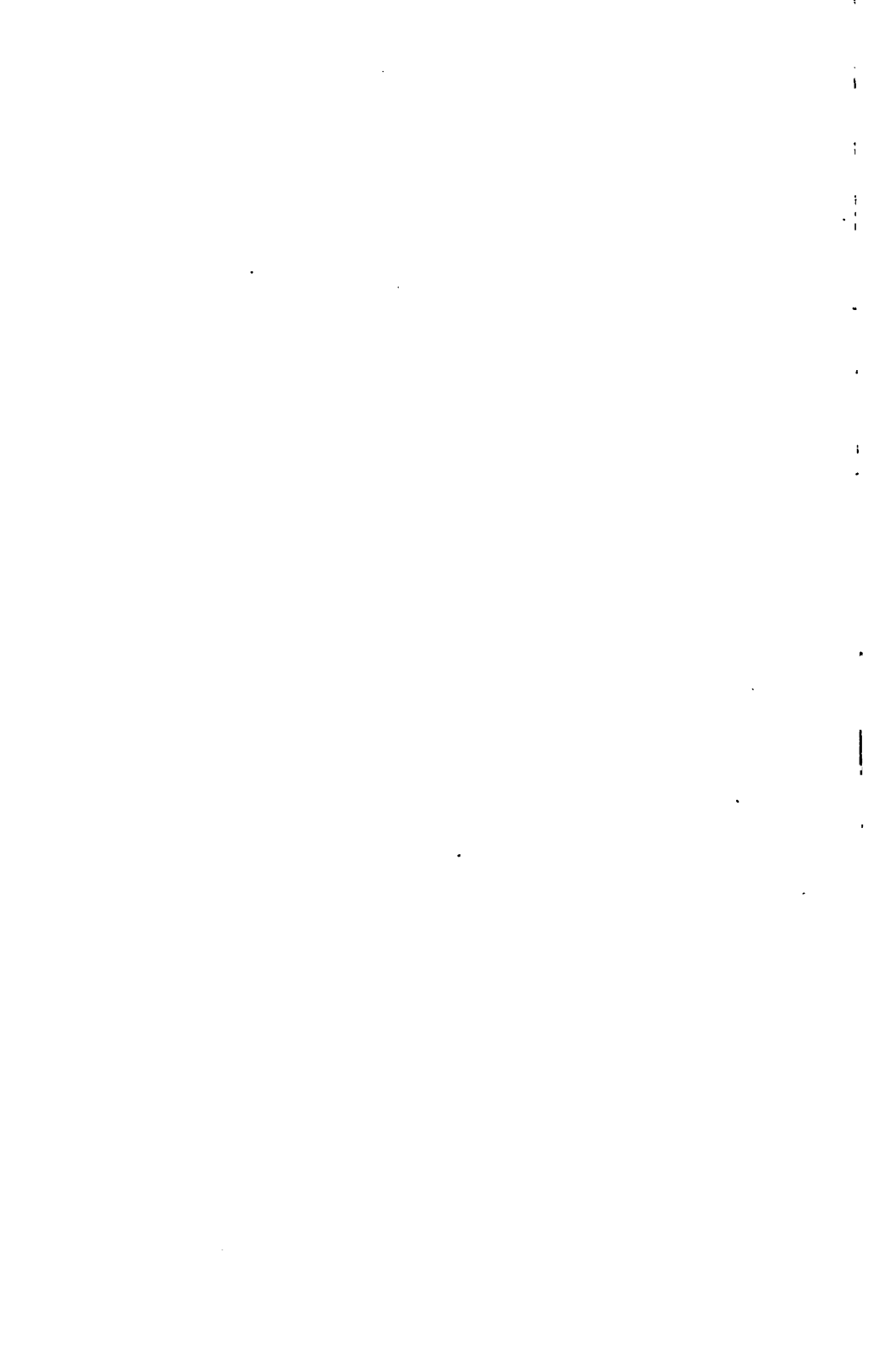
¹ *History of England.*
² *Diary.*

³ *History of the Court of England.*
⁴ *History of His Own Times.*



NELL GWYNN.

From the original by Sir Peter Lely in the National Portrait Gallery.



lists of her salary from the Exchequer expenses do not begin to compare with what was granted to the Duchess of Portsmouth and Lady Castlemaine. She was faithful to old friendship, and constantly repaid old kindnesses. In their straits she generously helped Lee, Otway, and Butler, with money. It was she who coaxed Charles to found Chelsea Hospital for the disabled soldiers, who then were begging about the streets. She herself gave the ground for the site, from lands granted to her in Chelsea, and her name was long remembered with gratitude at the hospital, and her health always drunk on the King's birthday. A tavern close by bore her head as a sign, and people ran cheering after her coach when she drove out. One day, driving up Ludgate Hill, she saw an unfortunate clergyman being haled to Newgate for debt—by no means a unique sight in those days. She at once called to her servants to halt, and inquired into the cause. Finding, from witnesses he brought forward, that he was of good character, and his debts had not been incurred by his own fault, she paid what was owing on the spot, and soon afterwards presented him with a living.

The year 1667 saw the downfall of Clarendon, and removed from Catherine one of the few men who was concerned with her interests. He was overthrown by Court intrigue, banished in this year, and died at Rouen four years later. Buckingham, now rising on the stepping-stone of the fallen Lord Chancellor, took every opportunity of repeating his arguments to Charles for a divorce from Catherine. Burnet says Buckingham actually suggested to Charles to allow him to kidnap Catherine, and send her to a plantation in America, where she should be taken care of, but never heard of again, and that it might then be proclaimed that she had deserted her husband, which would give quite sufficient grounds for a divorce. This wild story, as Miss Strickland remarks, might be discounted as coming from so notoriously false a witness

as Burnet, if it were not that he is known to have been Buckingham's creature, and his confidant in the Duke's abominable schemes. "In fact," says Miss Strickland, "he crept into Court favour under the auspices of this profligate politician and bad man, who first presented him to the King."¹

Sir Robert Murray told Burnet that Charles received the proposal with horror, and forcibly rejected it. He "said it was a wicked thing to make a poor woman miserable only because she was his wife and had no children by him, which was no fault of hers." Buckingham then hinted that Catherine's confessor might be worked on to persuade her to retire into a convent, when Parliament would gladly grant the divorce. Charles offered no objection if Catherine desired this, but on sounding her it was found that she would never consent to leave the man she loved so dearly, and she only informed people that "she had no vocation for the religious life."²

This did not stem the flow of Burnet's efforts. He had fully persuaded himself that the short cut to royal favour would be to accomplish the divorce, and leave Charles free to marry whom he would. He actually wrote two essays treating of polygamy and divorce, and entitled them *A Solution of Two Cases of Conscience*. This man, who afterwards disgraced the see of Salisbury by his tenure of it, declared in these essays that the annulling of marriage for a woman's lack of children "may be easily justified both before God and man." He pronounced marriage to be different since the Fall, for before that no disease or drawback existed, so that one woman was meant for one man. Since then the case had entirely altered, and though a single marriage might be considered the more perfect, divorce was allowed of God in old days, and polygamy practised, and both were in no way sinful, since they were made necessary by Divine acts. He boldly announced that "a simple and

¹ *Queens of England.*

² Burnet.

express discharge of polygamy was not to be found in the Gospels," and added, "I see nothing so strong against polygamy as to balance the great and visible hazards that hang over so many thousands if it be not allowed."¹ This gospel of a clergyman of the Church of England, backed up by the repeated urgings of his advisers, might have caused Charles to give way; but to his credit be it recorded that he continued to repulse with indignation any suggestion of ridding himself of Catherine.

Burnet, it is pleasing to relate, did not find his hopes of preferment justified. He had confidently expected that his "blast" in favour of the Queen's dismissal would have obtained him a bishopric at once, and he could only consider Charles basely ungrateful, especially when, a few years after, he was deprived of his office in the Chapel Royal.

Catherine, about this time, got into a rather trying difficulty, which would have lent itself obligingly to Buckingham's schemes, if Charles had consented to them. The Court, like other courts in those days, was given to somewhat undignified frolics, in the way of errant adventures. It was the courtiers' delight to go about at night, masked, in small parties, and amuse themselves by joining in the dances and recreations of quiet citizens, secure, in their disguise, of not being known. They roamed London in hackney chairs, and went into any house where they saw lights and heard music, diverting themselves next day with the description of their experiences. One night Catherine, joining in one of these frolics, got separated from her party, and her chairmen, not having the least idea who she was, went away, and left her in the streets alone. She was much frightened, and returned alone to Whitehall in the first conveyance she could find. Charles's Lord Chamberlain, Lord Manchester, knew well what Buckingham's suggestions were, and took the kind part of warning her earnestly that it was

¹ Appendix to John Murray's *Court of Great Britain*.

“neither decent nor safe for her to go about as much as she had been doing.”¹

Some efforts were still made to work for the annulling of the marriage, on the grounds that Catherine had been contracted before she married Charles, or that she had in early life taken a vow of chastity. But these senseless attempts came to nothing, though the rumour of them drifted to Portugal, and the wife of Alphonzo much disconcerted Southwell by asking him if there were any foundation for the report. Alphonzo had taken the entire government of Portugal on the death of the Queen-Regent, but his vicious habits and his infirmity of mind rendered him unfit to rule. He married, in 1666, the second daughter of the duc de Nemours, whom he neglected and almost insulted. In 1667 she was unable longer to support his treatment. The marriage had been one merely in name, and she now withdrew to a convent and implored the Council of State to declare it annulled, and to return her portion and herself to France. This brought about a crisis. The Council of State forced Alphonzo to abdicate, and he was kept for a time in easy captivity in one of the Azores, and then removed to Cintra, where he was kept in close confinement. What is now the chapel of the palace royal was his prison, and there he spent the last eight miserable years of his life, nearly imbecile, and incessantly pacing the brick floor of his wretched room till one side of the pavement was entirely worn away with his footsteps.

His marriage was annulled, and the following year the Queen married his brother Pedro, who had been offered the throne, but would only take the title of Prince-Regent while his brother lived. The Cortes' declaration of fealty to him was sent to England by Southwell. Catherine was so violently absorbed in the history of her family and country that she took the report into her own keeping, and Arlington had

¹ Burnet.

to write to Temple that he would send him all particulars as soon as he could get the letter out of her hands. She was rendered very happy by the news that Clement IX. had received a Portuguese ambassador, and sanctioned the annulment of the void marriage, and the subsequent re-marriage. Catherine was not an eager letter-writer, and frankly declared that she wrote few letters. Yet she kept up a correspondence with her beloved brother Pedro for many years, and many of the letters are still preserved to us.

The excitement of the time was the reappearance of the Duchess of Richmond at Court, on her appointment as Lady of the Bedchamber. There was not a trace of any attempt on the part of Charles to renew the old friendship. He wrote to Madame that if she were as well acquainted with a little fantastical gentleman called Cupid as he was, she "would neither wonder nor take ill any sudden changes which do happen in the affairs of his conducting, but in this matter there is nothing done in it," referring to something she had heard concerning the Duchess. This would seem to point to the fact that he had lost interest in her since her marriage. He still continued to treat her with great kindness, and the attention due to her rank and her blood. She fell ill at Somerset House, soon after she and her husband went to live there in great splendour, and her illness was small-pox. Little wonder, since the Duke of Gloucester had lain in state at Somerset House after his rapid death from small-pox, and the Princess of Orange had died there soon after from the same disease, and in those days there was no such thing as disinfecting. Charles went several times to see the Duchess of Richmond, which has been construed into a renewal of his old passion. But even if he had loathed her he must have paid her the visits in her sick-room which etiquette demanded from a sovereign to one of the blood royal.

The Duchess recovered, but one of her eyes was

injured, and never was again as lovely as it had been. For a long time she looked so unwell, and her looks were so impaired, that Lady Castlemaine and her friends exulted. While she was still convalescent Charles went one Sunday to call on her, changing his mind after he had ordered his coach and escort for the Park, and rowing himself down to Somerset House in a pair-oar boat. When he reached the beautiful watergate it was locked, so he climbed over the wall rather than be baulked. Of course, Court gossip put the worst possible construction on the story, which construction there is no reason for accepting.

In August the Queen-mother died in France, and the news reached England early in September, and found Charles and the Duke of York hunting in the New Forest. They at once left their sport, and went in great grief to Hampton Court, where they stayed till the mourning preparations were completed at Whitehall, and the palace hung with black, in the cheerful manner of the day.¹ Charles, who truly and affectionately mourned his mother, afterwards gave Madame two thousand golden jacobuses, worth twenty-six thousand francs, for the purpose of building a chapel in the convent of Chaillot, to receive her heart, which she left to the nuns there, in a silver casket.²

¹ *Memoirs of Henrietta Maria.*

² MS. in Hôtel Soubise.

CHAPTER X

TIMES OF QUIET

IT was now a time of some content and happiness for Catherine. The power of Lady Castlemaine, so broken by Charles's infatuation for Frances Stuart, still languished. Charles's adoption of two mistresses could not cause Catherine the anguish his attachment to "The Lady" had done. Both were women of low origin, and were kept more or less in the background. Miss Strickland, with other writers, has made the mistake of imagining that because Nell Gwynn was sworn to the post of Lady of the Privy Chamber, she was thrust upon the suffering Catherine.¹ This was not the case. The appointment was merely given in form, to allow her to draw her salary, but she was never admitted to Whitehall, nor had she ever apartments, which were always granted to the Ladies of the Bedchamber.

In the spring of 1668 Catherine once more believed herself about to become a mother. Charles again showed signs of reformation, supped with her every night, and no one dared so much as whisper of a divorce. Lady Castlemaine, it is said, threw her influence unexpectedly into the scale against Buckingham and others to prevent the chance of the King being free to re-marry.² In May poor Catherine was again dis-

¹ *Queens of England.*

² *Ibid.*

appointed of her eager hopes, and Charles wrote to Madame to inform her of the catastrophe.

WHITHALL, 7 *May*, 1668.

My wife miscarried this morning, and though I am troubled with it, yett I am glad that 'tis evident she was with child, which I will not deny to you till now I feared she was not capable of. The Physicians do intend to put her into a course of physique which they are confident will make her hold faster next time.

And again a little later :

WHITHALL, 24 *May*, 1668.

I shall give you now a particular account of my wife with that plainness you desire,—and if you desire any more of this kind I will be instructed further by the women and send it to you.

Four months later he told Madame :

I do intend to go to Newmarket the last day of this month, at which place and at Audley End I shall stay neere a month. My wife goes to the latter of these places at the same time.

WHITHALL, 14 *Sept.*, 1668.

On September 20, not 30, as Miss Strickland says,¹ Catherine made her Italian singers perform a serenade outside her windows at Whitehall. Pepys was there, and listened with pleasure.² A fine warm evening had succeeded to a summer-like day, and the singers came in a barge close under the Queen's drawing-room, which overlooked the Thames. Catherine and her ladies went out on the leads to hear the singing and playing, which lasted for nearly an hour, and was excellent. Pepys thought only one of the vocalists

¹ *Queens of England.*

² *Diary*, Sept. 20, 1668.

had a "considerable voice," a man known as Signor Joanni.¹

Ten days after this Charles and Catherine went for an autumn progress of visits to Audley End, Euston, and Newmarket. They were accompanied by the foreign ambassador, the Privy Council, and most of the Court, and the purses of Lord Suffolk and Arlington must have been indeed lengthy to support this army of guests. They were all back again at Whitehall by the time of Catherine's birthday, which was held with as much complimentary festivity as usual, and was always the beginning of the gay season in London, which ended on Charles's birthday, May 29.

For the fourth time, in the early spring of the next year, 1669, Catherine was raised to the seventh heaven of hope, only to descend to the abyss of regret and disappointment. On May 19 she was dining in her own apartments at Whitehall, in her white pinner and apron, with the King, and Pepys, who had come to see Charles on business, and was admitted to the Queen's lodgings, thought that she seemed handsomer so than in her smart attire.² Miss Strickland makes the curious mistake of taking "pinner" to mean *peignoir*,³ but it was merely the cap with long flaps on either side of the face, commonly worn in undress at that period. On the 26th of the month, Catherine was taken suddenly ill, and Madame Nun, Chiffinch's sister, and another of her women, had to be sent for in haste, from dinner with Pepys,⁴ which confirmed the world in its hopes of the Queen's condition. This Chiffinch, or "Chivens," as Pepys calls him, was one of the King's confidential servants.

On June 1 Arlington wrote to Temple that the Queen was very well, and that every one was rejoicing in the hopes they dared to believe well founded. But on June 7 Charles had to write to Madame, to whom he had a month before confided his expectation.

¹ *Diary*, Sept. 20, 1668.

² *Diary*.

³ *Queens of England*.

⁴ *Diary*.

WHITEHALL, June 7, 1669.

My wife, after all our hopes, has miscarried again, without visible accident. The physicians are divided whether it were a false conception, or a good one.

The physicians present were Dr. Cox and Dr. Williams, but they were instructed by Buckingham, at least so Burnet says,¹ to deny that there had been any miscarriage, and to spread a report abroad that it was an impossibility for the Queen ever to have children.

It is odd, after Charles's declaration that there had been no visible accident, to read in Clayton's letter to Sir Robert Paston that Catherine's illness was produced by fright, caused by an "unfortunate accident with one of the King's tame foxes, which, stealing after the King unknown into the bedchamber, lay there all night, and in the morning, very early, leaped upon the bed, and run over the Queen's face and into the bed."² This was quite enough to account for anything, and Catherine suffered from Charles's inconvenient attachment to his pets, which he carried to an excess. His King Charles spaniels not only followed him on all his walks, but brought up their families in his rooms, and even on his bed. The consequence, on this occasion, of his passion for pets was somewhat fatal.

Buckingham and Lauderdale seized at once on the miscarriage to raise the divorce question once more, and a bill moved in the House of Lords at this time by Lord Roos gave them every opportunity. This was a bill of annulment of marriage with his wife, who had been unfaithful to him, and Roos desired to break the marriage and marry again. It was thought by those close watchers about the King that his interest in the bill was not impersonal. He attended the debate in the House of Lords informally, and watched its progress with the greatest closeness, saying it was "as good as a play." Buckingham with his crew pushed

¹ *History of His Own Times.*

² Sir H. Anglesey's *Letters.*

the bill by every means in his power. The Duke of York violently opposed it, and it was popularly supposed that he wished to prevent the King marrying again, for his own interest. He was backed up by all the bishops, except Cosin and Wilkin. The bill passed, and Charles was urged on all sides to take advantage of it to release himself from Catherine, and Buckingham instructed his tool, Bab May, to bring a bill for the royal divorce and re-marriage into the House. It was Charles himself who stopped this iniquitous proceeding. He told Bab May to let the matter alone, "For it would not do," according to Burnet.¹ Charles, whatever his disappointment at the lack of an heir, had not the cruelty and injustice to visit it on his good and devoted wife. He admired and respected and felt affection for her, even though he had no love left.

He considered it certain that she had not the least objection to whatever mode of life he chose to follow, and would look with complacency on any mistress he chose to take. He went on his own way regardless of her, even though he was always kind and attentive. The courtiers did not always follow his example of respect. Goodman, the actor, once kept the Queen waiting at the play, and would not allow the curtain to be raised till "his duchess," as he called Lady Castlemaine, had come. Languid as Charles's interest had grown in "The Lady," she was still drawing incredible sums from the exchequer and his privy purse, and is said to have extracted five hundred thousand pounds from the nation.

Catherine had grown extremely fond of cards, and constantly sat down to ombre and basset, though it is not recorded that she won such large sums at any other time as the thousand to one at faro which Walpole chronicles as unprecedented till his own time. She was as earnest as ever in the practice and love of her religion, and there is no doubt that this was one of the

¹ *History of His Own Times.*

secret ties that kept Charles's respect for her. It was felt by France that she unconsciously played into its hands by her piety.

Mazarin, on his death-bed, had conjured Louis XIV. to secure England as his most valuable ally, and Louis, the "most Christian King," was as anxious for the conversion of the English people to the old faith as for the help of the nation in his conquests. He had urged the Portuguese marriage with the hope that a Catholic wife might bring Charles to her own way of religion, and, though he was disappointed in his political schemes by Catherine's utter indifference to English politics and total lack of political influence, he had other instruments at hand to attempt the work with. Lady Castlemaine was at first thought likely to be useful in the interests of France, and, as no one in those days was considered to be without a price, the French ambassador, Colbert de Croissy, who had succeeded de Lionne, was entrusted with the task of buying her. His correspondence, and that of his successor, with Louis XIV. forms an amazing exposure of the intrigues of the day. Colbert de Croissy gave "The Lady" rich gifts of lace petticoats and smocks, even those that had been made for his own wife,¹ and which were probably those dainty garments ruffling in the breeze on clothes-lines in the privy gardens at Whitehall that sent the fatuous Pepys into frenzies of admiration.²

It was unworthy of the penetration and diplomacy of Colbert de Croissy to waste his gifts on a waning favourite; and so he soon discovered, and altered his tactics. De Lionne had written to him from Paris by order of Louis: "The King has directed your brother the Treasurer to send her (Lady Castlemaine) a handsome present, which you can give her as from yourself. Ladies are fond of such keepsakes, whatever may be their breeding or disposition, and a nice little present can do no harm."³ De Croissy acted on the

¹ *M.S. Affaires Étrangères*, Jan. 12, 1669.

² *Diary*, 1669.

³ *M.S. Affaires Étrangères*, April 3, 1669.

advice, but says that Charles often had said that the only woman who really had a hold on him was his sister, the duchesse d'Orléans, and that he should not advise too handsome gifts being given to Lady Castlemaine, lest Charles should suspect their object.¹ He advises such trifling gifts as French gloves, ribbons, or a Parisian undress gown, and was told that Louis warmly approved his idea of getting "The Lady" to put it into Charles's head that all Dissenters were ill-affected to monarchy. This educational correspondence lays bare to us the deep craft with which Louis, through his ambassadors, set out to buy England. A certain Abbé Pregnani, an Italian monk, was sent by Louis to England to instruct Charles, about this time, in the Catholic religion. He came under the disguise of a soothsayer. He was introduced into Charles's presence, and commanded to come, with his astrological books, to Newmarket, to give Charles tips on the races. He regarded the King's mind and powers with contempt, telling Colbert de Croissy that he was prone only to busy himself with amusing trifles, and recoiled from all serious business.² The abbé was apparently one of those many people who take the indolent for the foolish. He blundered so abominably over his prediction of the winning horses that Charles ceased to interest himself in him, and the abbé was recalled in disgrace to France.³

Louis was now coming to perceive that Charles was right when he declared that his sister had more influence with him than any other woman on earth. The Marquis de Flamerens, who knew the Court of Whitehall well, had already spoken to de Croissy about the advisability of entrusting Madame with an embassy to Charles, and through her buying the kingdom, and forcing Charles to become a Catholic.⁴ This was now resolved on.

¹ *M.S. Affaires Étrangères*, Feb. 7, 1669.

² Colbert to Lionne, April 1, 1669.

³ Lionne to Colbert, May 4, 1669.

⁴ *M.S. Affaires Étrangères, Angleterre*, vol. xciii., fol. 174.

Lord Halifax says that the Scottish divines first gave Charles his dislike to Protestantism. When he was in exile the little remnants of the Church of England in the Faubourg St. Germain was exposed to the derision and contempt of all France. He had always been instructed that State reasons made it politic not to appear too Protestant while courting help from Catholic princes.¹ In 1659, at Fontarabia, the Duke of Ormonde had seen him on his knees in a church before a high altar, with priests about him, and when he expressed his surprise to the King's suite, Sir Henry Bennet and Lord Bristol confided to him that they and the King were all Catholics, but that the secret must be rigorously kept, as dangerous to his restoration. Bristol declared that it was he himself who advised this.

The Duke of York says that in 1669 he and the King and others had a secret meeting in the royal cabinet, on January 25, to decide on the best means of advancing Catholic interests throughout the kingdom.² He declares that Charles expressed great uneasiness at being compelled to deny his faith, and that he did this with great earnestness, and with tears in his eyes. From this fact it is probable that Lord Halifax is right when he says that at the Restoration Charles was probably as much a Catholic as a man of pleasure.

The way was therefore entirely paved for his sister to approach him on those subjects so desired by Louis. It was arranged at the French Court that Madame should be empowered to bring about the treaty they desired, and things were unexpectedly put into train by Charles's wish to see his sister and talk with her. He mentioned this to de Croissy, who was astonished at the sudden favouring of the secret enterprise, and wrote off to Louis that if there ever was a case in which the iron ought to be hammered

¹ *Character of Charles II.*

² *Life of James II., Macpherson.*

while it was hot, it was certainly this one.¹ Madame had already written letters to Lady Castlemaine, advising her to make up her quarrel with Buckingham.² Louis drew up for her instruction now the terms necessary for Charles to consent to.

Buckingham was strongly in favour of an alliance between the countries, and in 1670 he sent his confidant, Sir Ellis Leighton, to France to propose it. The preparations for Madame's secretly political visit to England were now pressed forward. The visit took the form of a mere complimentary meeting of friendship between sister and brother.

A suite of two hundred and thirty-seven persons came with Madame. She was attended by five Maids of Honour, amongst whom was a certain Louise de Keroualle, or Querouaille, the daughter of a poor Breton gentleman of old and noble family, who had lately placed his daughter with the duchesse d'Orléans. Her ancestry was distinguished and famous. A far-away ancestor of this young girl, François de Penhoët, married in the year 1330 a certain Jeanne, lady of Keroualle de Penancoët. The Penhoëts were one of those great families of the bishopric of Léon, of whom it was said, "The Penhoëts for antiquity, the Kermans for riches, and the de Kergournadecs for chivalry."

The children of this marriage took their mother's name, with her arms, and a descendant, Guillaume de Penancoët, married in 1645 Marie de Plœuc de Timeur, a daughter of Marie de Rieux, and of this marriage there were three children, of whom Louise Renée was the eldest.³ There was another sister, Henriette, and a brother, Sebastien, who took service under the Duke of Beaufort in the Candian campaign of 1669, and who died a few days after his return, in Provence. The mystery which had always surrounded the brilliant and clever Louise was around her from the beginning. Ridiculous and scandalous secret

¹ Colbert to Louis, Jan. 2, 1670.

² Colbert to Lionne, May 13, 1669.

³ *Bibliothèque Nationale, Cabinet des Titres*, No. 50,417.

histories of her were published in her later life, after the manner of romances, and do not contain more than a farrago of wild nonsense and blatant impossibilities, as when Monmouth is gravely declared to be the Duchess of Portsmouth's son, and her people described as humble Paris merchants, and Charles's marriage with her is solemnly declared to have taken place with the service of the Church of England, and the Common Prayer Book!

It is almost incredible to find so trusted an authority as the *Nouvelle Biographie générale* of France, published in 1858, gravely giving these so-called secret histories as authorities for its *Life of Louise de Keroual*. Indeed, so many historians have been content to quote these absurd fictions in dealing with the life of Charles's French mistress, that it is small wonder so much has been believed of her that was not justified, and so much ignored that should have been explained.

The Sieur de Penancoët de Keroualle (or Penencour, as Forneron chooses to call him), had a small estate not a mile from Brest, and there Louise was born, and lived in her child-days. Her father was a soldierly person, and a good fellow, according to Evelyn,¹ who thought agreeability and goodness characteristics of the Breton race. Louise's mother was very handsome in her youth, and had through life a shrewd understanding.² There does not seem the faintest authority for the charge framed against these persons of having brought up their daughter with the idea of becoming the mistress of Louis, and of Charles afterwards. The Sieur de Keroualle never made the least use of his daughter's advancement in later years, and was content to live and die quietly in Wiltshire, "in a pigsty," as a lampoon of the day scornfully remarks.³ It is hardly likely that he would have been so little mercenary had he brought up his daughter for his own benefit.

Mrs. Jameson says that Louise was sent to a

¹ *Diary*, June 15, 1675.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Bagford Ballads.*

convent on account of the poverty of her parents, and it was meant she should be a nun. When she was nineteen powerful relatives at the Court managed to have her appointed Maid of Honour to Madame. Some writers say it was her aunt, an abbess at a fashionable convent, who obtained her the post. It must certainly have been through good influence that she got so coveted a situation. She must have been with Madame at the time of the death of her brother Sebastien, in 1669. Saint-Simon says that she was appointed at the time of Madame's marriage to her service. This, if it is correct that she came to England in her twenty-fifth year, would make her sixteen when she became of the duchesse d'Orléans' household, not nineteen, as Mrs. Jameson says. Saint-Simon merely relates the scandal of his day when he describes the frustration of Louise's plans when Louis chose Mademoiselle de la Vallière as his mistress.¹ It is from other contemporary absurdities that Forneron believes Louise to have given cause for scandal in her early days with Madame. From her later history it is not in the least likely that she encouraged any lover.

She was always considered lovely. Her dark brown hair, so dark as to be nearly black, had yet redeeming shades of colour in it. It was crisp and naturally waving. Her large and beautiful eyes were black, and generally languishing. Her skin was of the pearliest white and most exquisite pink, suggesting a sea-shell. Jesse says that her face, though undoubtedly beautiful, possessed the worst of all faults, a lack of expression. Evelyn thought her of "a childish, simple, and baby face." This must have been the case on her first arrival in England, and probably it was her simplicity and childishness that first attracted Charles to her, as those qualities had attracted him in Catherine. But in later life her beauty amazingly developed. Her too-thin neck and

¹ *Écrits Inédits de Saint-Simon.*

figure rounded, her face took on an expression and a charm there was no gainsaying, and she certainly, from her portraits, must have been one of the loveliest women of her time. Jesse says her manners were fascinating, her wit agreeable, and her face beautiful. Saint-Simon considers that she had very little wit—which in the language of the time meant wisdom—but she was sweet, gentle, and obliging. Sweetness and gentleness were her most potent weapons through life. It is certain she was clever, or the history of England for fifteen years would have been a different one. Oddly enough, like all Bretons, she was extremely religious, and continued to have a devotion to the Catholic Church through life.

The imposing train of Madame set out with her on her visit to England on April 28. She herself drove in the gilded and embroidered royal coach, and with her were Louis, his Queen, and Madame de Montespan. An escort of cavalry with Lauzan at their head, rode before and behind her. In a following coach came the ladies of the suite, and among them Louise de Keroualle. The rest of the household followed after. Amidst dust and rattle and clang they drove through Senlis, Compiègne, and Saint-Quentin to Arras, and on to Douay and Courtray. At every halt the splendid *cortège* found rooms furnished and ready, and meals waiting to be served.

The journey was one long festivity. In spite of the bad weather and the heavy rain which soon fell, Madame and her ladies were merry. The Sambre overflowed its banks, and they found the bridges broken down. The Royalties had to halt for the night in a barn in the middle of their progress. The Queen was disgusted and annoyed. She grumbled at the soup, which was naturally poor. Madame and her ladies ate chickens with their fingers, and spent the night on the barn-floor on

mattresses without a murmur. At four in the morning the bridge was patched together, and the party was able again to travel. They went on to Landrécies, where they were better entertained.

On reaching Courtray, English envoys came to meet Madame and inform her that Charles was eagerly awaiting her at Dover, and that he begged her to embark at Dunkirk as soon as might be. Lord Sandwich with his fleet was there, ready for her. The King and Queen of France went on with her as far as Lille, and then parted from her. She and her suite left Lille next day for Dunkirk.

Besides her household, Madame had with her doctors, chaplains, grooms, and maids, and the Maréchal de Plessis, the Bishop of Tournay, the Count and Countess de Gramont, Anthony Hamilton, and a few other persons of high rank also accompanied her, by the King's orders. This motley crowd got on board the ships of the English fleet on May 24, and at five o'clock next morning they saw the white cliffs of Dover. A boat was descried rowing full speed to the fleet, and as soon as Madame had hurried on deck she saw, to her joy, that it held her two brothers, Charles and the Duke of York, who, with Prince Rupert and the Duke of Monmouth, had come out in their impatience to meet her. After a rapturous and affectionate meeting, they all landed at Dover, and went up to the castle, which had been made ready for their reception. The vast suite found lodgings in the little fishing town. Charles had brought the Duke and Duchess of York, to make it livelier for Madame, and did all he could to enliven Dover, and make it agreeable to the darling of the French Court. All sorts of festivities were planned to cover the real state-secrets of the meeting.¹

It was soon plain that the original three days arranged for the visit would not be long enough to

¹ Julia Cartwright.

bring Charles to consent to the schemes of France, and Louis wrote on the 31st to say Monsieur granted his wife another ten or twelve days to stay on with her brothers. The Duke of York says that she desired to stay in England even longer, and believed that if that were so she could bring Charles to consent to anything she chose to suggest, and that she might so rule the kingdom.¹ The Duke had been summoned to London on account of some small disturbance in the City, but Catherine had arrived on the 29th, and this first meeting between the sisters-in-law was very pleasant to both. They treated each other with real affection, and Madame afterwards told Mademoiselle that Catherine was a "very good woman, not handsome, but so kind and excellent it was impossible not to love her." The Duchess of York and Madame were already old friends, and the Duchess was extremely grateful to Madame for her care of her little daughter Anne, whom Madame was bringing up with her own children.²

Under the veil of pleasant family intercourse and feastings, the transactions for the Secret Treaty were easily carried out without suspicion. Van Bemingham, the Dutch agent, sent to keep sharp watch on the meetings, wrote to the States that feasting and rejoicing were the order of the day, and there was nothing at all to be feared. On Restoration Day the whole party went to Canterbury, and had a ballet and comedy acted before them, and sat down to a splendid banquet in the Hall of St. Augustine's Abbey.³ A little later they all sailed along the coast in yachts, and went over the fleet. Madame was as bold on sea as on land, and walked fearlessly along the low bulwarks of the sailing vessels. She won all hearts, and was admired and adored by all who saw her.

On June 1, six days after Madame landed, she had coaxed and argued Charles into signing the

¹ *Life.*

² *Queens of England.*

³ *Madama.*

Secret Treaty with France which was the seal of his character's ruin. He could deny Madame nothing, and though he held out over first one item and then another, she smoothed all difficulties by her tact, and proved how well-grounded was Louis's trust in her.¹ The terms of the treaty were iniquitous. These were the chief articles :

That the King of England will make a public profession of the Catholic Faith, and will receive the sum of two millions of crowns to aid him in this project from the Most Christian King, in the course of the next six months. The date of this declaration is to be left absolutely to his own pleasure. The King of France will faithfully observe the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle as regards Spain, and the King of England will maintain the Treaty of the Triple Alliance in a similar manner. If new rights to the Spanish monarchy revert to the King of France, the King of England will aid him in maintaining these rights. The two Kings will declare war against the United Provinces. The King of France will attack them by land, and will receive the help of six thousand men from England. The King of England will send fifty men-of-war to sea, and the King of France thirty. The combined fleets to be under the Duke of York's command. His Britannic Majesty will be content to receive Walcheren, the Mouth of the Scheldt, and the Island of Cadzand as his share of the conquered provinces. Separate articles will provide for the interests of the Prince of Orange. The Treaty of Commerce, which has already been begun, shall be concluded as promptly as possible.

This shameful contract, by which Charles signed away his kingdom's liberties, and placed her forces at the command of France for a sum of money, left him the pensioner to the French King, and his mere instrument. Charles had the rights of his fleet keenly at heart, and for a time would not consent to anything detrimental to it. As for his change of religion, that was not in the least the sale of his soul so many writers have made of it. At heart he was by now entirely Catholic, and only the fear of the loss of his crown had

¹ *Madame*, by J. Cartwright.

kept him so far from declaring it. The recent change of religion on the Duke of York's part had been so unpopular that Charles dared not risk an open change of faith on his own side. His fears that the English people would not tolerate a Catholic king were fully justified when Protestant William took the throne of James, and those articles of the Constitution were framed by which no Catholic monarch can ever again possess the crown of England.

The date of Charles's declaration was left entirely to himself, as Madame saw that it was impolitic to press it. The other articles were trifles to Charles. It did not matter to him that he was to sacrifice his army and navy for the King of France's conquests, and receive only the jackal's portion of the spoil. What did matter to him, most exceedingly, was the fact that his empty pockets would be filled again with Louis's crowns, and he would have funds to spend on his pleasures. To such a depth of degradation had his life of sauntering brought him that he was quite ready to bargain away his honour.

The Secret Treaty was signed by Colbert de Croissy for France, by Arlington, Arundel, and Sir Thomas Clifford, and Catherine's Sir Richard Bellings for England. It is probable that Catherine must have known of the treaty, since her own confidential servant signed it. If so, she must have rejoiced in the thought that her Protestant husband was pledged to her loved religion. Colbert de Croissy at once crossed to Boulogne with the treaty, and gave it into the hands of the exultant Louis, and by the fourteenth of the month the first ratification was secretly exchanged between the two Kings.¹

On the twelfth of the month, Madame's mission accomplished, she took her departure from Dover. Charles let her go with the utmost tender reluctance. He loved her better than probably he ever loved any other woman, and he was in genuine grief at her

¹ *Madame*, by J. Cartwright.

leaving him. He loaded her with handsome gifts for herself and her friends. He presented her with six thousand pistoles to defray the cost of her journey, and with two thousand gold crowns to build their mother's memorial at Chaillot. He gave her a magnificent present of jewels on the eve of her going, and when she poured her gratitude on him he said, with a smile, that she might leave him one of her own jewels as a parting remembrance. At once she agreed, delighted, and sent Mademoiselle de Keroualle for her casket. She laid it open before her brother, and begged him, as a favour to herself, to take anything it held. Charles smiled, and, taking Louise by the hand, begged Madame to let her stay in England, saying that here was the only jewel he coveted. Madame gravely refused. She said she was responsible to the girl's parents for her, and that she had promised to take her back in safety with her to France.

CHAPTER XI

CATHERINE'S DEADLIEST RIVAL

ON June 12 Madame, with her suite, finally took her departure. Waller presented her with an ode, and Charles and the Duke of York sailed some distance with her ship, unable to part from their dearly loved sister. Three times Charles attempted to say farewell, and as many times could not tear himself away, but returned to embrace her. Madame wept bitterly, and Charles was himself affected. At last he commanded himself, and he and the Duke of York took their own yacht and returned to Dover. The crossing was calm and good. On landing Madame rested till the following day, when she started for Boulogne, where she received royal honours, and was escorted by a troop of the King's Guards on her journey from Abbeville to Beauvais. She was sumptuously entertained by the duc d'Elboeuf at Montreuil, and in all these triumphs Louise de Keroualle took part, as her Maid of Honour.¹

The sudden death of Madame, sixteen days after her return, was at the time ascribed to poison, but the suspicion has long been proved groundless. Louise was doubtless among her ladies who undressed her when she was seized with mysterious agonies after they had dined with her and Monsieur. She was certainly with the others about the duchesse's bed till

¹ Julia Cartwright.

the end came, and must have walked with the rest carrying lighted torches in the tragic procession of the funeral. Charles, on receiving the news of his beloved sister's death, gave way to bursts of weeping and rage. He execrated with passion the name of Monsieur, but his habitual self-control was soon recovered. "Monsieur is a villain!" he exclaimed to Sir Thomas Armstrong. "But, I beg of you, not a word to others."

The loud weeping that accompanied the gifted and fascinating Henriette to the grave had a personal echo. Her household was necessarily at once out of employment, and to some of her ladies this was an affair of serious misfortune. Louise de Keroualle was amongst those who dared not contemplate the future. There seemed nothing before her but the convent, and, after the gay and glittering life of Madame's surroundings, this pleasure-loving creature, with refined and extravagant tastes, shrank from the cold, bare, dreary cloister with horror.

It was at this precise moment that an alternative was offered to her. Louis and his ministers had received a sharp check in their schemes of knitting Charles to French interests. While his sister lived they were sure of him, for he was unable to resist her. Now it was necessary to search out some other influence as strong as hers, which should be, like her own, devoted to France and French advancement. To a man of Charles's temperament such influence was only possible through a woman. Burnet says it was Buckingham who first suggested to Louis the iniquitous idea of sacrificing a girl's honour to political gain.¹ He now loathed Lady Castlemaine, his old ally, since she had frustrated him over the divorce scheme. He was eager to revenge himself on her, and his own inclination was on the side of France, through Madame, whom he had openly worshipped from afar. He told Louis that he could more easily

¹ *History of His Own Times.*

make England his puppet through a French mistress for Charles than in any other way, and advised that Louise should be sent over as a tool to bind him to Versailles. The thought was worthy of Buckingham.

Louis snatched at it at once. It commended itself to his own cold-blooded diplomacy. Buckingham suggested to Charles that it would be "a very decent piece of tenderness" to his dead sister, to take care of some of her servants who had now lost their employment.¹ Charles at once admitted the truth of the appeal, and Louise was appointed Maid of Honour to Catherine, and ordered to start for England. The silly accounts which describe Louise's interviews with Louis, and his offer to her of rewards should she become Charles's mistress, are entirely apocryphal. It may be that life at the French Court had made her shrewd enough to guess what might await her, and we are told that when the only choice given her was England or a convent, she made up her mind to choose the former.

Madame, on her death-bed, had implored Charles to protect her servants, and there was on the surface nothing remarkable in Louise's departure for England. Buckingham placed his travelling coach at her disposal, and in it she started for Dieppe in the month of September. Some of his servants accompanied her, and Buckingham assured her that he would presently follow her, and convey her on board the royal yacht that Charles had sent to bring her over the Channel.² It was so like this gay and giddy personage to forget all about Louise directly she had left Paris, and to travel presently on his own account to Calais, where the yacht waited.

Louise, alone and deserted in Dieppe, grew weary with waiting for Buckingham. In October she was still there, apparently entirely swept from every one's recollection. The sting of that neglect was fully repaid in later days to Buckingham. On October 19 the

¹ Burnet.

² Idem.

English ambassador wrote : " Mademoiselle Keroualle hath been at Dieppe these ten days, and hears nothing of the yacht that the Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Godolphin tells me, was to send for her." The ambassador was presently able to secure a yacht for the abandoned Andromeda, and send some of his own servants to wait on her and defray all expenses till she was delivered safely at Whitehall. " So," says Burnet, " the Duke of Buckingham lost the merit he might have pretended to, and brought over a mistress whom his own strange conduct threw into the hands of his enemies." In after days Buckingham had cause enough to regret his own tactless affront to the most powerful person in the kingdom.

It is said that Charles wept when he saw Louise. He was unable to restrain his feelings, at the sight of one so associated with his lost sister. Affection, with Charles, never made him in the least obliged to follow the wishes of those he loved most dearly. He had been willing to give his life for his father, yet he utterly disregarded the appeal of his last letter to be Charles the Good, and to cling to and defend the Protestant religion. That appeal had not kept him from vice, nor from the Catholic Church. So now, though he was moved to tears at meeting one of Madame's favourite Maids of Honour, he was not for an instant deterred from his purpose, when once he began to desire her, by his sister's refusal to let him injure her, and her declaration that she was responsible for Louise's virtue.

Charles was almost at once attracted again to Louise, not alone from her association in his mind with Henriette, but for her own fascinations. She had all the gentle charm of the most polished Court in the world ; she was exquisite in her refinement of manner ; she was all he had always most admired in a woman. Her very shyness and gentle repulses only made him the more eager, as they had done in the case of Frances Stuart. Colbert de Croissy wrote to de

Lionne that the King was always finding opportunities to talk to the new beauty in the Queen's room, but that the report was false that he had ever been allowed to see her in her own apartments.

Her arrival had stirred the Court. Lady Castlemaine's feelings it may not be difficult to picture. Opinions were divided as to Louise's looks. Evelyn, as has been seen, thought her too childish and simple for loveliness. Dryden celebrated her arrival in England in dull verse, and Saint-Evremond in indecent. A poem of the times says of her :

That baby face of thine, and those black eyes,
Methinks, should ne'er a hero's love surprise.
None, that had eyes, e'er saw in that French face
O'ermuch of beauty, form, or comely grace.

Twelve years after, when her loveliness was at its zenith, from her portraits, another versifier attacked her with savage brutality.

Who can on this picture look,
And not straight be wonder-struck,
That such a sneaking, dowdy thing
Should make a beggar of a King;
Three happy nations turn to tears,
And all their former love to fears;
Ruin the great, and raise the small,
Yet will by turns betray them all?
Lowly born and meanly bred,
Yet of this nation is the head;
For half Whitehall make her their sport.
Monmouth's tamer, Jeffrey's advance;
Foe to England, spy to France;
False and foolish, proud and bold;
Ugly, as you see, and old;
In a word, her mighty grace
Is in all things but her face.

The absurdity of calling her birth low and her breeding mean, her port sneaking and dowdy, and herself foolish, is only capped by the accusation of elderly ugliness. One has only to look at her glowing loveliness and majestic, stately grace in her portraits

of this period, to understand how far malice may go, and how unwise it is to trust entirely without investigation to the annals of the time.

Resesby calls her merely a "very fine woman."¹ It is clear that, great as her beauty was, she owned her empire over Charles far more to her captivating manners and sweet temper, than to any exterior charm. This latest open rival of Catherine was to be infinitely the most fatal to her of all Charles's infidelities. Had Louise been Queen, her power would have been hard to limit. As it was she swayed not only England, but the destinies of Europe for fourteen years. Her wish was Charles's law, her pleasure his.

At first her conduct was such as to drive Louis and his ambassador to despair. She showed not the least intention of yielding to the King's advances. Through all the winter and spring that followed, Charles grew more and more openly devoted, and Louise remained gentle, dignified, but unresponsive. Her attitude much annoyed Louis. Early in the autumn of 1671 Colbert de Croissy was able to write to Louvois that Charles's passion for Mademoiselle Keroualle increased, and that he had given her a finely furnished set of lodgings in Whitehall, where he constantly went to call on her in the morning, often remaining two hours. He was frequently to be seen there again in the afternoon after dinner, and shared in all her stakes and losses at the card-table, never letting her lack for anything. The sycophantic Court already flocked about her, and Arlington expressed his satisfaction to de Croissy that the King's new fancy was not of an evil disposition, and was a lady. She was better to deal with, from her breeding, than actresses and the like, for any gentleman could visit her rooms without loss of dignity. Arlington strongly advised the French ambassador to recommend Louise to cultivate the King's good graces, and never to let him find in her rooms anything but peace, quietness, and enjoyment.

¹ *Memoirs.*

By this time these things had become Charles's chief good, and Arlington well knew it. He went on to tell de Croissy that he would induce Lady Arlington, if possible, to urge Louise to consent to the King's advances, or to retire to a French convent, probably knowing what a bugbear he was suggesting. He thought de Croissy ought also to take this line with her. De Croissy assured him he was not such a fool as to tell the lady to prefer religion to a King's good graces, and that he felt certain Louise would not wait for his advice, but use her own good sense. Louise was, as has been said, of a race that is perhaps more deeply guided by its religion than any other on earth. Everything goes to show that she was not holding out from the attentions of the man who could give her riches and place, from a desire to make more advantageous terms, but because she felt it to be against righteousness and morality to give in to him. It is perfectly certain she desired something to salve her scruples, and to justify to herself her becoming the King's mistress.

The mystery which surrounds the accomplishment of his wishes will probably always remain a mystery ; but there cannot be the shadow of a doubt that she refused to be on a common footing with the other mistresses of Charles, and would not consent to a position which was not dignified by something of a morganatic relation. Lord Halifax declares that she was quite out of the definition of an ordinary mistress, "and that a very peculiar distinction was spoken of, some extraordinary solemnity that might dignify, though not sanctify, the position."¹ Louise certainly through life considered herself bound by what took place in the October of that year at Euston, and always looked on herself as quite in another rank from Charles's other mistresses. Jesse relates that in an anonymous book, published after Charles's death, the author says he was at a Mr. Caton's, in Cheap-

¹ *Character of Charles II.*

side, where the King usually stood on Lord Mayor's Day to see the show. Louise, on something arising in the conversation, cried out indignantly, "Me no bad woman! If me thought me were a bad woman me would cut mine own throat!"

Louise had already ingratiated herself with the Court of Whitehall. "She made herself loved by the Court," says Saint-Simon. In February of 1671 there had been a grand ballet at Whitehall. Catherine, the Duchesses of Buckingham, Richmond, and Monmouth, and Mademoiselle de Keroualle, took part in it. There had been two months of rehearsal, and people who thronged to see it had to reach the palace by four o'clock, though it did not begin till nine or ten, so great was the crush for places. Lady M. Bertie wrote to Lady K. Noel that every one in the ballet was very richly dressed, and that they all changed their clothes three separate times. "There was also very fine musickes and excelent singing. Some new song made purpose for it. After the ballet was over several others danced, as the Duke of York, and the King, and the Duke of Buckingham. And the Duchess of Cleveland was very fine in a rich petticoat and halfe shirte and a short man's coat very richly laced, a periwig, cravate, and hat."

Lady Castlemaine had just been created Duchess of Cleveland by Charles on strict condition of her better behaviour. She had acted so outrageously three years before, that it was rumoured she and the King had for ever parted. Her open flirtation with young Jermyrn was only terminated by his announced marriage with Lady Falmouth, when she again made up her quarrel with the King, but had taken her share of the reconciliation with a high hand, and forced Charles on his knees to beg her forgiveness, when they met at Sir Daniel Harvey's. From that time, however, she ceased to be allowed rooms in Whitehall, and she probably had then retired to

her handsome mansion, afterwards called Cleveland House, the western end of St. James's Park.

In the autumn of 1671 the Court made one of those progresses through the country, which were then necessary to keep the people in touch with their Royalties. Catherine had been present at the death-bed of her sister-in-law, the Duchess of York, and had tenderly cared for her. Burnet maintains the Queen remained in the room of her dying sister-in-law, on purpose to prevent the prayers of the Church of England being read there. This is on a par with Burnet's usual veracity. The Duchess had joined the Church of Rome, and received the sacraments. The Bishop of Oxford, who had come prepared to pray with her, declared she would do well, in his opinion, since it was not from any worldly motive she had changed.

It was probably at this time, that a small difference between Catherine and the Duke of York was made up. The Coldstream Guards, on Monk's death, had been called the Queen's troop, and the Duke of York petitioned Charles that his own regiment of Guards might not by reason of this lose its precedence. Charles promised this, and then Catherine, urged by some about her, tried to make him alter his decision, and put her own Guards next in rank to those of the King. Charles, pressed on both sides, hesitated, but his brother told him that, as he was evidently teased by the women, he himself would retire from the contest, being firmly resolved never to make him uneasy on his account. So it was settled that Catherine's should be called the second troop of Guards, and should take precedence over the Duke's regiment.¹

The royal progress took the King and Queen first to Audley End, the fine mansion of the Earl of Suffolk, whose wife was Catherine's first Lady of

¹ *Journal of James II.* The 2nd (Queen's) regiment, Catherine's regiment of line bears to this day her emblem of the Pascal lamb as its badge, and was called "Kirke's Lambs" at the battle of Sedgemoor.

the Bedchamber. This stately place, on the borders of Suffolk and Essex, gave the Royalties and their train a magnificent reception. While here, Catherine and her ladies enjoyed themselves in a curious frolic, which points out the lack of dignity then customary at the Court. A big annual fair was being held in the neighbouring town of Saffron Walden, and Catherine took the idea of going to see it *incognito*. The Duchess of Richmond, and the Duchess of Buckingham were both eager to join her, and the three dressed themselves in short red petticoats, waistcoats, and such other articles of costume as they conceived to be worn by rustics, and started off for Saffron Walden, the Queen on a miserable cart-horse, on a pillion behind Sir Bernard Gascoigne, a brave and gallant old Cavalier. He had been sentenced to death, with Lisle and Lucas, for their defence of Colchester against the Parliamentary forces, and was led out to die with the others, when Sir Bernard asked to be allowed to "die airily," and without his doublet. While he was unfastening it, one of the Parliament officers remembered suddenly that he was a subject of the Duke of Tuscany, and therefore not amenable to English justice. Now, when he acted escort to Catherine, he was a very old man indeed.

Behind these two came the Duchess of Richmond, sitting pillion with a Mr. Roper, and the Duchess of Buckingham behind another gentleman. They had all so exaggerated their dresses, in their desire to imitate country bumpkins, that they had no sooner arrived at the fair than their appearance began to attract notice and wonder. Catherine went into a booth and asked for yellow stockings for her sweetheart, while Sir Bernard Gascoigne clamoured for gloves stitched with blue for *his* sweetheart. Their curious manner of speaking betrayed them. "By their gibberish they were found to be strangers," says the chronicle.¹ A mob began to collect and

¹ Letter of Mr. Henshaw to Sir. R. Paston.

follow them. Presently one among them who had once seen a royal public dining, announced to the crowd that it was the Queen walking first, and the throng now pressed on them from every side to stare and wonder. Catherine and the rest hurried to their horses, finding they were known, but all the country people provided with horses mounted in haste, with their wives and sweethearts behind them, to get the chance of a sight of Catherine. They pursued the fugitives to the very gates of Audley End, greatly to Catherine's embarrassment.

The following morning she and Charles went on to Euston, Arlington's place near Newmarket. Lord Arlington, whose barony dated from 1663, was in 1672 created Earl of Arlington and Viscount Thetford, on the marriage of his charming little daughter Isabella with Henry Fitzroy, Charles's son by the Duchess of Cleveland. This marriage shocked Evelyn, who thought the rude, stupid boy unworthy of the lovely, fascinating, clever bride.

Arlington's wife, who now formed one in the plot to secure Louise de Keroualle as Charles's mistress, was the daughter of Lewis de Nassau, the natural son of Prince Maurice of Orange. Their house was a show place for that part of the country till 1902, when it was most unfortunately destroyed by fire. It was situated three and a half miles from Thetford, and Lord Arlington had built it with magnificence and taste. It was of plain red brick, with stone quoins and dressings, in the form of half of the letter H. Balustrades of stone crowned it, and close by ran the little river Ouse, spanned by a most picturesque bridge. Lord Arlington had skilfully altered the old house, belonging to a certain Sir Thomas Rookwood, so that the magnificent new additions did not conflict unsuitably with the ancient walls still standing. The corners of the half-H of the house formed four pavilions, after the style fashionable in France at that period.

Vases and statues of stone decorated the balustrade above the roof at intervals, and neither expense nor trouble had been spared to make the interior of the mansion convenient and spacious, as well as splendid and imposing. It was furnished with lavish outlay, yet with perfect taste. The stately staircase was decorated with frescoes by Verrio, as were the rooms of state, and these paintings were considered the finest things Verrio ever executed in England. The gardens were well laid out and very handsome, and the fountains were furnished by an engine invented by Sir Samuel Morland, which caught up the waters of a small cascade for this purpose, and also served the mill that ground the corn. The canal of the Ouse was a beautiful adjunct to the place, but the soil was very "dirty and sandy," and was apt to drift in clouds when the wind rose. The park had the disadvantage of being nearly a mile away, but Arlington decided, on Evelyn's advice, to extend it, so as to include the house. Evelyn also advised on the subject of planting firs, elms, and limes through this park, and forming avenues. There were already fine trees in the distant park.¹ The estate was of vast extent, and Arlington was said to keep more coaches in his stables than any other nobleman in England. The door of the house was within a square, arched porch, and wide bow-windows projected on either side of it. Charles and Catherine and the Court arrived on September 26, but as there was an old promise that Charles should visit Yarmouth with the Duke of York, he left Catherine at Euston next day, and went on to Yarmouth with his attendants. The two brothers had a splendid reception in Yarmouth: cannon saluted, and crowds cheered, and the corporation presented Charles with four golden herrings depending from a gold chain, worth £250. He was delighted with the town, and declared he did not think he had such a place in his kingdom.² Next day he went on to

¹ *Diary*, Oct. 9, 1671.

² Howard.

Norwich, where he was to be joined by Catherine. Lord Henry Howard was to entertain them in the Duke's Palace, which had fallen almost into ruins since the execution of Mary Queen of Scots' Duke of Norfolk, and had to be hastily repaired at a month's notice. The house was "nobly furnished" with hangings and furniture, the old tennis-court turned into a kitchen, and the Duke's bowling-alley made into five separate dining-halls. The mayor and corporation met Charles at Trowse Bridge, outside the city, and addresses and £200 were presented to him. It was a pouring wet day, the mayor and corporation had to hurry for their lives to meet Catherine, who was entering the city by the other side, and must also receive a royal welcome. An address was presented to her at the village of Eaton, but, as all the city funds had been exhausted in the gift to the King, she was not offered any presentation of that kind. It would indeed have been very welcome to her. Though she was inheritrix of the Queen-mother's English income and palace of Somerset House, it was another two years after Henrietta Maria's death before she received a penny of it, all the money being needed to pay off arrears of debts—no doubt those contracted in the extensive alterations and improvements to Somerset House.

In the spring of this year Catherine had irritated Evelyn by refusing to buy a beautiful carving of Grinling Gibbons' representing the Crucifixion. When this lovely work was shown to Charles, he ordered it to be sent to Catherine's apartments for her to see, imagining she would desire to buy it, as he knew her love for "pious pictures." One of her women, a kind of peddler of French goods to the Court, depreciated the work, which, as Evelyn justly says, she "understood no more than a monkey," and Catherine did not offer the hundred pounds asked; so the carving was carried away again.¹ It would probably have

¹ *Diary.*

been absolutely impossible for Catherine to produce the sum required, however much she might have admired the Crucifixion.

Her reception now by the Norwich mayor, sheriffs, aldermen, and common council in their new red robes, had to console her by its respect for the lack of a money offering. The troop of city dignitaries led her to Lord Henry Howard's lodging, and there she and Charles were sumptuously entertained. Crowds thronged the city, and at the Duke's Palace there were feasting and entertainment. Charles left the quarters prepared for him to share Catherine's room. Richmond, Buckingham, and Monmouth were also, with their wives, lodged in the palace.

Next morning Charles touched for the King's Evil, and then went in state to the Cathedral, where he was sung into Church with an anthem, and knelt devoutly on the hard stone to say his prayers. After service he was "nobly entertained" at the Bishop's Palace with a glass of choice wine and sweetmeats. Coming back through the Cathedral, he entered his coach at the west door, and proceeded to the Guildhall, where he went on the leads to see the city, and the trainbands drawn up in the market-place, in their red coats. Descending, he drove on to the Hall of St. Andrew, through rejoicing mobs, and there he and Catherine and the Duke of York were feasted by the city.¹

Catherine had with her her almoner and Lord Chamberlain, and all her officers of state, besides her cup-bearer, carver, sewer, ushers, and waiters. In her train were the Duchesses of Richmond, Buckingham, and Monmouth, Lady Suffolk, and seven bedchamber women, four Maids of Honour, the keeper of the secret coffers, Mrs. Nunn the head of the laundry, and a necessary woman.

The King desired to knight the mayor, who, however, earnestly begged to be excused, so the honour was bestowed on Sir Thomas Browne, the learned author

¹ Blomefield.

and physician. The whole entertainment of the Royalties cost Norwich £900, of which not a farthing had yet found its way into Catherine's empty pocket. They went on, after the banquet, to Sir John Hobart's house of Blicking, fifteen miles further. There they all dined, the King and Queen, the Duke of York, and the nobles of the train in the great dining-room, and the rest in the great parlour beneath it. It was Michaelmas Day, and a festival of the Church. Charles called up Sir John Hobart's young son Henry, then thirteen years old, and knighted him before he left to ride on to Oxnead, where he slept that night, entertained by Sir Robert Paston. Catherine and her suite went back to Norwich, and slept again at the Duke's Palace. In the morning she started early to Oxnead to dine at noon with Charles. Soon after, Charles went on to supper with Lord Townshend at Rainham, and stayed the night. Catherine remained on at Oxnead with the Pastons for a couple of hours longer, and played cards with Lady Paston and her own ladies.¹ She slept again at Norwich that night. An oak-tree was long shown at Oxnead, as one under which the King and Queen stood while they shot with bows at the butts. Tradition says Catherine hit the mark. She was deeply interested in archery, and was patroness of the Honourable Company of Bowmen in London, whose marshal's badge bore the inscription *Reginæ Catharinæ Sagitarii*, with the arms of England and Portugal.

That night, after she returned to Norwich, she received the whole city to pay homage, without respect of persons. Any one, of whatever degree, was admitted to kiss her hand. It was no wonder that the city "rang and sang of nothing else but her praises, continual prayers being offered up for all her temporal and eternal blessings," and that the general conclusion was that "if there were a saint on earth, it was the Queen, since no one had ever heard of more goodness,

¹ Dawson Turner.

charity, humility, sweetness, and virtue of all kinds than were lodged in her saint-like breast.”¹

The populace, as might be expected, pressed on each other in the palace, and, a pearl necklace being dropped by one of the company, and returned to Lord Henry Howard by a poor cavalier courtier called Tours, great astonishment was felt and expressed at such an act of virtue on his part. Lord Henry Howard's butlers also declared, to the amazement of everybody, that, in spite of the “horrid crowds” that had thronged the palace, not an ounce of their five thousand pounds' worth of plate was missing, nor the value of threepence of goods. Lord Henry Howard won for himself acclamation by keeping open the palace after Catherine's departure, with the furniture unaltered, and allowing the city inhabitants to pass through and see it—whereby it was said by a contemporary to look like a warren with rabbits.

After devotions and a plentiful breakfast on Sunday morning, Catherine left Norwich at ten o'clock. She had made so gratifying an impression on the people, that the mayor had contrived hastily to collect a hundred guineas, and to supply the lack of her welcoming present by laying it now at her feet. She went with her suite in coaches as far as Attleborough, where fresh horses and coaches waited to convey her on to Euston. Charles met her there.

According to Miss Strickland, Catherine remained at Euston during the whole of Charles's stay there and at Newmarket.² This seems incredible, in view of what took place there. Even though the separate apartments of the guests were isolated into suites, and cut off from communication with the rest of the house, it seems impossible that she should have been under the roof, while so deadly an insult to her took place, as was to be spoken of a few days after. Evelyn, who has given a circumstantial account of the visit, does not mention her as being there. Colbert de

¹ Dawson Turner

² *Queens of England*, vol. v.

Croissy had been specially invited, and so had Mademoiselle de Keroualle, and Lady Sutherland, and many others of the Court, whom Evelyn found swarming in the vast place when he arrived on October 8. Evelyn's stay lasted nearly a fortnight, and he had much talk with Lord Arlington, who had always shown him particular kindness and friendship. The races at Newmarket had begun, and Charles was lodged at his newly rebuilt palace there—a mean building in a dirty street, with no proper approach to it. He was all day watching the races, but returned every other night to Euston to sup and sleep, probably finding the accommodation there infinitely preferable. Every evening he was to be seen talking at great length with Mademoiselle de Keroualle, and he invited her, towards the end of the fortnight, to come over to Newmarket and see the races. She went, together with others, and they were all charmingly entertained, and the King was observed to be more than ever anxious to please her. Her deep gratitude led those about to imagine that she was not insensible to the honour done her.¹

During one of the King's visits to Euston, there is no doubt that some sort of mock-marriage took place, sufficient to flatter Louise with the conviction that she was a kind ofmorganatic wife of Charles, and not a mere mistress. All the household and the guests assisted at the merry-making, except Evelyn, who was probably looked on as too grave and strait-laced to approve, and so was not invited. He was assured that the report of what had taken place was true, but he denies that he knew anything about it, as was stated. He says: "I neither saw nor heard of any such thing, though I had been in her chamber and all over the apartment late enough, and was myself observing all passages with much curiosity." He says the affair was conducted, it was with confidence believed, with all solemnity."²

¹ Evelyn's *Diary*, Oct. 2.

² *Ibid.*

Evelyn had no doubts of the matter, seeing that she was treated with such distinction from that moment, by Charles and all his courtiers. On the Sunday, a young Cambridge clergyman preached an excellent sermon in the Chapel, and the King and the Duke of York were present. On the 16th of the month all the people of distinction at Newmarket came to pay their court to the King, and the house was crammed with lords, ladies, and gallants. Evelyn had never seen such a furnished table, nor any entertainment more generous and splendid. For fifteen days quite two hundred people were provided for, and half that number of horses, besides servants and guards, "at infinite expense," as he justly remarks.¹ The mornings were spent in hunting and hawking, the afternoons and evenings with cards and dice. Yet everything was conducted decorously and in order. Evelyn was surprised to find there was neither noise, swearing, quarrel, nor confusion in the habits of the house. He was no gambler, and preferred to talk with de Croissy, or to ride out with the ladies to "take the air," or to hunt now and again; and in this "idle passing of time," as he calls it, he made himself happy, though his enjoyable hours were spent in his pretty rooms, out of all the bustle, where he could turn to books for conversation.

The news of Louise de Keroualle's elevation to the post of *maitresse en titre* was soon buzzed abroad, and Louis desired his ambassador to present his congratulations to her. Colbert de Croissy wrote back that he had made the young lady joyful, by assuring her of the pleasure with which the King of France heard of her brilliant conquest.² The ambassador added shrewdly, that there was every prospect she would hold long what she had conquered. Saint-Evremond wrote to Ninon de l'Enclos, that the silk ribbon that girded the waist of Mademoiselle de Keroualle had united England and France. Louis had reason indeed to express satisfaction. The fly was in

¹ Evelyn's *Diary*, Oct. 16, 1671. ² Colbert to Louvois, Nov. 2, 1671.

the web. He had given Charles a mistress who should drag him in leading strings to any tune struck up by France. Louise de Keroualle, having at last brought herself to occupy the position people assured her was most honourable, threw over all former scruples on other subjects. The little Maid of Honour, shy, overlooked, became at a bound the first power in the kingdom. She began greedily to gather in the fruits of her self-surrender. Tastes amazingly lavish and extravagant suddenly grew—she laid herself out to possess, and she fully succeeded. She apparently laid to heart all Arlington's advice as to her conduct, and added to it her own natural inclinations for softness and refinement. In her rooms, Charles at once began to find that serene and charming refuge from Court turmoils and the clash of unwelcome affairs, the storm and heat, and fretting irritation of life. There he was secure of peace and pleasure, affection, smoothness, and ease. The tie by which his new mistress held him was indeed a silken ribbon, but it was strong as steel.

In the service of Madame, she seems to have acquired much of Madame's charm, and skilfully knew how to exert the strongest influence over Charles. She had seen Madame de Montespan's promotion, and perhaps took example from it. Her power over Charles far surpassed that of any other of his mistresses, and though he did not dismiss Nell Gwynn, he gave Mademoiselle de Keroualle no other public rival. Louise's little head was full of diplomacy and political craft. That perhaps she had also learned from her late mistress, the duchesse d'Orléans. The Duchess of Cleveland had lost her hold on Charles by haughtiness and ill-temper. Catherine had alienated him by something of the same methods. In Louise de Keroualle he found a person of such refinement and charm as only Versailles could supply, coupled with eager submission, wit, tenderness, and amazing quickness of intelligence.

When the Court returned to Whitehall, Louise de Keroualle at once began to merit Louis's con-

fidence in her as his agent. He wished her to bring all her powers to bear on three vital points: the alliance against Holland, Charles's open announcement that he had adopted the Catholic faith, and a selection by the Duke of York for his second wife of some princess chosen by Louis with special intent. So well did Louise enter into the schemes, that in the following March, when she held assured expectations of giving a child to Charles, he declared war with Holland. But he was not so easily brought to declare his change of faith. He made every kind of delay and objection, saying that the time was not yet ripe. The Duke of York had openly avowed himself a Catholic, and was now looking out for another wife. All Europe was prepared to pull the wires influencing his choice.

In December there was a dance and supper at Lord Arlington's house in town. Charles was there, and so were Louise and the Duchess of Richmond, who danced as delightfully as usual. Colbert de Croissy wrote to Louvois that he feared Louise "might be taken up by all these parties, and all the more so because she does not keep her head sober, since she has got the notion that it is possible she may yet be Queen of England. She talks from morning till night of the Queen's ailments as if they were mortal."¹

Mademoiselle de Keroualle's sudden and dizzy elevation had clearly turned her head. For years to come she still cherished the impression that she was to succeed Catherine as Charles's Queen, and those who wanted her interest, flattered her with bolstering up this hope. Catherine certainly was not well at this time, and Sir Alexander Fraser, the Court doctor, declared that she was in a consumption, and could not live longer than a year, while she might die suddenly in a few months.² It is probable, however, that Sir Alexander thought by this report to win favour with Charles, whom every one believed anxious to rid himself of Catherine and so be free to marry again. In

¹ Dec. 24, 1661.

² The same to the same, Feb. 20, 1672.

after days the daughter of this very physician strove for Louise de Keroualle's place.

At a splendid ball given at Court early in the following year there was a masque, or ballet, at which Louise took part. The bill for her costume on that occasion still exists. It is interesting to see what she wore, and the items of expenditure.

*Bill for Madam Carwel, now Duchess of Portsmouth,
Jan. 24, 1672*

For making dress, coloured and figured brocade coat, Ringraw breeches, and Cannour, y ^e coat lined with lutestring, and interlined with call: y ^e breeches lined with Lutestring, and Lutestring Drawers, shomared all over with a scarlet, and Silver'd lace sleeves, and Cannour whip't and laced with a scarlet and gild'd lace, and a point lace trimmed with a Scarlet figured and plain Sattine Ribb; and Scarlet and Silver twine.	£ 2.00.00
Canvas, Buckram, Silk, Threed, Gallon and Shamey Pockets	£00.11.06
For fine Call; to interline y ^e coat	£00. 6.00
For silver threed for buttonholes	£00. 3.00
For 6 doz. of Scarlet and Silver vellam buttons	£ 1.00.00
For ¼ doz. of breast buttons	£00.00.06
For 10 yds. of Rich Brocade at 28 shgs. y ^e yd.	£14.00.00
For 8 yds. of Lutestring to line y ^e coat and y ^e drawers at 8 shgs y ^e yd.	£03.04.00
For a pair of silk stockings	£00.12.00
For an Imbrodered Belt and Garters	£03.15.00
For 36 yds. of Scarlet and 4 yds. figured Ribb; at 18d. y ^e yd.	£02.14.00
For 36 yds. of 2d. Sattine at 5d. y ^e yd.	£00.15.00
For 75 yds. of Scarlet and Silver twist	£00.15.00
For 22 yds. of Scarlet and Silver'd vellam lace for Coat and Cannour at 18 shgs. y ^e yd.	£19.16.00
For 4 yds. of narrow lace for button holes	£00.12.09
For 1 piece of Scarlet 8d. to hair	£01.12.00
For a black Beaver hatt	£02.10.00
For a Scarlet and Silver'd Edging to y ^e hat	£01.10.00
For 36 yds. of Scarlet 4d. Taffety Ribb;	£00.18.00
Tottall is	<u>£59.15.09</u>

Madam Embor (sometimes written "Imbor,") supplied this costume, and was here and there a little vague in her calculations. The bill shows that Louise had already taken kindly to spending. At this masque Mrs. Knight wore cherry-coloured taffata, green satin, silver and gold tabby, and striped "gawes," while Mrs. Blagg, Evelyn's friend, was in black taffata, black velvet, flowered "gawes," and fine black twilly. There were satyrs present in pink and coloured taffaty, shepherdesses in cherry taffaty and satin. Combatants in silver tabby, and gold tabby, scarlet and green satin, and even the "boys in the clouds," who probably represented cherubs or cupids, were in gold gauze and pink. The musicians had rich dresses of taffata, gold gauze, cherry and green. And there was an Emperor of "Assia," probably a lady, as Madame Embor made the dress, and she also supplied "gowns of the country" to other actors. Mr. Watts, the Court tailor, also had his little bills for satyrs and combatants and gentlemen.

On July 29, 1672, Louise de Keroualle gave birth to a son, who was not then publicly acknowledged by Charles, and for some little time yet her position was not certainly declared. This boy, whom she called Charles Lennox, became the centre of her hopes, and she was ambitiously eager for his advancement. Evelyn called him a "very pretty boy," and Mackay said of him, much later, that he was well-shaped, with a black complexion much like Charles's, and in his portraits he has his mother's expression about the mouth and eyes. At a very early age his mother gave him Richard Duke, the poet, for his tutor. Mackay adds that he was a "gentleman good-natured to a fault, very well bred, and hath many valuable things about him. An enemy to business, very credulous." Swift's description of him as "a shallow coxcomb" seems more entirely borne out by his history. He had the fine manners of both his mother and father.

In May of this year a great battle had been fought with the Dutch off Southwold Bay, and after the return of the victorious fleet to the Nore, Charles took Catherine down to visit the ships, and join in the general rejoicing.

In December Louise de Keroualle believed her power over the King sufficient to allow of her beginning to use him as an aid to her income. She drew up a petition that she might be endowed with leases in Ireland, then nearly expired, and certain "concealed" lands in and about Dublin, Galway, Cavan, Mayo, King's County, Donegal, and Fermanagh, and begging for a grant of nine or ten thousand a year, with letters patent for the possession. The report of the commission on this claim shows that, while some of the lands were at the disposal of the Crown, others had been granted to soldiers, after the wars, or to "innocents" who had not taken arms against the Crown. There was also some little doubt as whether some of these lands had not already been granted to the Duchess of Cleveland. The commission recommended the King to have all titles proved, that he might not be granting what was not his own, and would, besides, know better what he was giving.¹

Early in 1673 the second marriage of the Duke of York began to be the subject of political wire-pulling. The Protestant faction was so unwilling that he should marry a Catholic, that Parliament inclined to move for a renewal of the idea of a divorce with Catherine, so that Charles might marry again, and keep the succession from a Catholic. In February a committee of the Lords was appointed to draw up a bill for the dismissal of all priests about Catherine, but such as were Portuguese subjects. Shaftesbury, the new Lord Chancellor (called "my Lord Shiftesbury" by a derisive public, from his constant change of sides), was Catherine's enemy, and most anxious to carry

¹ State Papers, Ireland, Car. II., Nos. 106, 107.

the divorce through. The idiotic rumour that the Pope approved of it was circulated, and a personage named Vaughan was engaged to move in the House of Commons that there would be no security for the established religion without a Protestant Queen, and to urge the House to allow the King's divorce, and offer him a dower of £500,000 if he would marry a Protestant. Charles, who heard of this when the day for bringing in the motion was actually fixed, at once stopped the bill. He told those about him that, if his conscience would suffer him to divorce the Queen, it would allow him to murder her.

Louise de Keroualle was eager for the Duke of York's marriage with a daughter of the duc d'Elbœuf, and actually opposed Colbert de Croissy in his efforts on behalf of the duchesse de Guise. She managed to oust the Princess of Wurtemberg from the list of aspirants, and hung the portraits of the daughters of the duc d'Elbœuf in her rooms to inspire James's admiration. This threw her for a while under the displeasure of France. If she had not already secured from Louis the right to become an English subject, she might now scarcely have obtained it. She was already secure enough in her power to begin to patronize, and promised her intercession with the King for petitioners, and asked places and salaries for those she interested herself in. She recommended a certain René Petit as British agent to Brittany to favour commerce, and René Petit promised in return to keep a correspondent in Paris who should manage the affairs of the King and Mademoiselle de "Queroualle."¹ In July a cypher letter between John Richards and Williamson, Lord Arlington's secretary, and Secretary of State, conveyed the surprising news that Louise de Keroualle was to be created Duchess of Portsmouth and Countess of Fareham.² William Bridgeman con-

¹ State Papers, French, Dom. Car. II., 336, No. 116.

² State Papers, Dom. Car. II., 336, No. 165.

firmed the news.¹ It is said that the first title granted her was Duchess of Pendennis, but that was immediately changed for Duchess of Portsmouth, Countess of Fareham, and Baroness Petersfield, all neighbouring places. The creation patent was in hand in August, preceded by the necessary patent of idenization. Finch wrote to Sir E. Dering on August 6 that Charles sent for himself and Arlington after the rising of the Cabinet Council, to confer on the creation patent. Finch took the liberty of telling the King that, as the warrant was for Mademoiselle Keroualle, and her heirs male, the title could descend only to those who should be born after her marriage. This would leave out in the cold "any other whom His Majesty should wish taken care of." Finch said he thought it his duty to tell the King this, because he had noticed, in the course of his service, that after the King had granted to the Duchess of Cleveland her patent, he began to wish that he had sooner thought of the Duke of Grafton benefiting by it. Finch says he never saw the King look more surprised in his life, nor so displeased, and was not certain whether the displeasure was for himself for interfering, or that Arlington had put him up to speaking—for the King suspected Arlington of being partial to the Duchess of Cleveland's interests—or whether the anger was for those who had allowed the King to make the mistake. He could only suggest that the patent should be granted for Mademoiselle de Keroualle's lifetime only, with remainder to her son by name, so that the reference to lawful heirs might be avoided.²

Louise's star had now ascended higher than her fondest hopes had led her, and still greater honours were before her. In July of this year Charles spoke to Colbert de Croissy about the possibility of obtaining for her from France the grant of the fief of Aubigni in Berri, which had originally been conferred

¹ State Papers, Dom. Car. II., 336, No. 168.

² Stowe, 745.

on a certain John Stuart, the ancestor of that latest Duke of Richmond whose third wife was Frances Stuart. The bestowal was in 1422, as a mark of the distinguished services rendered by John Stuart to Charles VII. of France. The lands of Aubignisur-Nièvre, in the province of Berri, descended to John Stuart's heirs, but by the death of Charles Stuart, the fifth Duke, in the previous year, the *seigneurie* was now vacant. This title carried with it distinguished honours. Louis, and his ambassador for him, hesitated, but the difficulty was removed by granting the domain to the Duchess of Portsmouth, in reversion to one of the illegitimate sons of Charles, King of England, to be selected by himself, and to the descendants of that son for ever.¹ Louis was willing to grant this favour to Charles, as he hoped by it to knit him more firmly to France's interests.² The patent declared that the fief was granted, "in order that it might continue to belong to one of the illustrious house of Stuart."

In the spring of 1674 the new Duchess of Portsmouth was unwell for some weeks, and was ordered by the doctors to try the waters of Tunbridge Wells. Charles sent her his own physician, and gave her a pearl necklace worth four thousand jacobuses, and a diamond worth six thousand. She was becoming very friendly with the Duke of Monmouth, and assured him he should be Master of the Horse, and offered to lay any wager on it. Her confidence probably arose from her security that she could obtain any one a post he coveted.³

Catherine also was unwell in that summer, and while the Duchess of Portsmouth was having bottles of Rhenish wine supplied her from the royal bins at Whitehall,⁴ she accompanied the Queen to Bath.

¹ *Œuvres de Louis XIV.*, tome vi., p. 435.

² Lingard, *History of England*.

³ Camden, F., vol. ii., State Papers, Dom. Car. II.

⁴ S. Williamson to Williamson, State Papers, Dom. Car. II., 361, No. 141.

She had been sworn Lady of the Bedchamber to Catherine in the previous year, and accommodated with fine lodgings at Whitehall. These were situated at the southern end of the Privy Gardens, facing Whitehall and Charing Cross, and covered the site now occupied by Richmond Terrace, and, in earlier years, by the town house of the Dukes of Richmond. They lay at the end of the Stone Gallery, and the courtiers used to speak of their visits to the favourite as paid to "the Gallery." These rooms were three times pulled down and rebuilt merely to please her, and were furnished with a luxury and extravagance which threw into the shade the apartments of any other existing royal favourite. They exceeded ten times in richness and beauty Catherine's rooms; but then Catherine had no reckless tastes.

Evelyn saw in the Duchess's apartments in after days the "new fabric of French tapestry," probably Gobelines, which in design, "tenderness of work," and faultless representations of the best paintings, "exceeded anything he had ever beheld." On some pieces of these hangings he saw "Versailles and St. Germain, and other royal French palaces, huntings, figures, and landscapes, exotic wild fowl, exact to life." As for the Japan cabinets, screens, pendule clocks, great vases of wrought plate, tables, stands, sconces, branches, braseras, and the rest, all were of massive silver and beyond counting.¹ Some of the King's best paintings were hung on the walls, and there was not an object in the rooms that was not calculated to excite admiration and wonder.

Catherine went from Bath to Bristol on July 11. There she was received and entertained by Sir Henry Creswicke. On the further edge of the leads of the Council House stood a statue of Charles, and the Duchess of Cleveland persuaded those in authority to move it nearer the building, saying that in its present position it looked like a porter or a watchman.² In

¹ *Diary*.

² Records of the City of Bristol.

the spring Catherine had gone to the Evelyn's at Deptford, and been pleasantly entertained by them, for which she spoke gratefully to Evelyn at Whitehall afterwards. It is no wonder she was delighted with the beautiful grounds of Sayes Court, and the delightful contents of the house. This attendance of the Duchess of Cleveland on Catherine must have been one of her last. The Queen was soon relieved of her unwelcome presence. She soon after retired to France, and, on returning to England later, was instantly ordered by Charles to leave the country. He was utterly disgusted with her long before this, and the stories of her gallantries in France were not likely to soothe his feelings. He wrote to her in 1678 to remonstrate with her on her open intrigue with a mere French gentleman named Chatillon. In answer she impertinently wrote, "Now all I have to say for myself is that you know as to love no one is mistress of oneself, and I hope you will be just to what you said to me, which was at my house, when you told me you had letters of mine; you said, 'Madam, all that I ask of you, for your own sake, is to live so for the future as to make the least noise you can, and I care not whom you love.'"¹

The way of the Duchess of Portsmouth was not left absolutely clear, however, for Nell Gwynn still held her position of favour. According to Madame de Sévigné, Louise de Keroualle had not anticipated this. She found herself, triumphant in all else, unable to draw Charles away from her actress-rival. Nell had given up the theatre altogether in 1671, after the birth of her son, Charles Beauclerk, in Lincoln Fields, and had taken possession of a house on the north side of Pall Mall. It was the first house on the left side of St. James's Square as one enters from Pall Mall, and the Army and Navy

¹ In her sixty-sixth year she married Robert (Beau) Fielding, who treated her with such brutality that she claimed the protection of the law. The discovery that he had a former wife living eventually freed her from his ill-treatment.

Club now covers the site. It belonged, after Nell left it, to a Mr. Thomas Brand, then to Lord Dacre, and after him to Lord de Mauley. The back room on the ground floor was entirely lined with mirror-glass, even to the ceiling. Nell's picture was over the chimney, and that of her sister in a third room. While Lord de Mauley lived in the house, Nell's own looking-glass was still in it. It was bought with the house when the Army and Navy Club got possession, and it was for many years, if it is not to-day, in the visitors' room of the club.¹

A little later on Nell removed to 79, Pall Mall, and there most of the rest of her life was spent, though she had later a house at Chelsea, and one at Windsor. At first Charles had granted her a lease of this house for her life, but when she discovered this, she promptly returned the conveyance to him, with a remark so characteristic and so pointed that Charles laughed heartily, and perhaps admitted the truth of her words. He ordered the house to be conveyed free to her and her descendants. To this day No. 79 is the only freehold on the park side of Pall Mall.² It is strange that no record of the grant is to be found in the Land Revenue Records. The house that now occupies the site was for years the offices of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel before they were removed to St. James's Square. On the south of the house was a garden, which adjoined that of the Park of St. James, and a terrace ran along the top of the wall, overlooking a green walk in the gardens, where Charles often came and talked with her. Evelyn heard a "familiar discourse between the King and Mrs. Nelly, as they call an impudent comedian,"³ on that spot. Part of this terrace is said still to exist under the park wall of Marlborough House. Among Nell's papers was found a bill for erecting it, as well as a doctor's bill for medicine sent for herself and her little son, and "a cordial for old

¹ Timbs.

² Cunningham.

³ *Diary*,

Mrs. Gwynn." This disreputable mother of Nell's came to her end in 1679, the brief record in the Relation of State Affairs being: "About this time, Mrs. Gwyn, mother to Madam Ellen Gwyn, being in drink was drowned in a Ditch at Westminster."¹ Nell seems to have been very kind to her while she lived.

There were constant rivalry and deadly hate between Nell and the new Duchess of Portsmouth. Madame de Sévigné said it was not in the power of the latter, with all her charms, to withdraw the King from her rival. "She could amass treasure, rule the councils of State, make herself feared and respected by the many. She could not oust this young, indiscreet, confident, wild, agreeable person from the favour of Charles. Nell used insolence to the Duchess which the Duchess's breeding made it impossible for her to use in her turn. She made grimaces at her, insulted her, boasted aloud of the King's preference for herself, and put on airs of what she supposed to be haughtiness. She sang and danced, and went on acting her part as if she were still on the boards. She reasoned that if the Duchess were a person of the quality she pretended to, even putting herself in mourning when a de Rohan died, that she ought to die with shame to take a place which was natural to Nell by profession. She declared that the King cared as much for her as for the Duchess, and she would have her child acknowledged and presented with a title as well as her rival." In this she succeeded. Charles was once at her house, and called his son to come and speak to him. As he hesitated, Nell called out, "Come and speak to your father!" with an epithet more forcible than repeatable. Charles remonstrated gently, "Do not call him such names, Nelly!" whereupon she sharply returned, "Your Majesty has given him no other name to call him by!" Charles understood, and soon after created the boy Earl of Burford and Baron Heddington, and later on Duke of St. Albans.

¹ Luttrell.

Nell's other son by the King was James Beauclerk, who died in France in his childhood.

To the last Nell continued the people's idol. They forgave her everything in their adoption of her as the head of the Protestant party, their generous benefactress, and their countrywoman. She was ranged on their side against France, and the Duchess of Portsmouth and Catholicism. Once in Oxford Street her coach was mistaken for that of the Duchess, and the mob collected and ran after it, hooting and shouting infamous names. Nell merely thrust her head from the window and smiled at the enraged crowd. "Good people, you are mistaken," she said affably; "I am the Protestant mistress," and their hissing turned to cheers. Charles had a splendid service of plate made for the Duchess, which was exhibited with pride in the shop of the goldsmith who had the order. The people collected before the window in mobs, and growled a thousand ill wishes against the French mistress. They wished the silver melted and poured down her throat, and declared it was ten thousand pities the King had not given it to "Madam Ellen!"

Besides Nell, the Duchess had no open rival. Jane Roberts, a clergyman's daughter, who died in 1681, had been but a fleeting fancy of the King's. On her deathbed she wrote him a letter, after her three months of illness, telling him of her deep contrition for the past, and begging him to consider his own soul. This might have had some effect on Charles if Burnet, who wrote the letter for her, had not improved the occasion by adding uncalled-for admonitions of his own, and reminding Charles of his father's fate. Charles threw the letter into the fire, and, to Burnet's surprise, his position at Court was not improved by it.

Even Mrs. Ellen could not stem the triumphant onward march of Louise de Keroualle. Her history at this time is but one succession of successes.

Unlike Catherine, she began at once to meddle in politics, and her clear head and shrewd business faculties made her a valuable adjunct to whichever side she espoused. "No dishonest transaction," says Jesse, "or profligate, polished intrigue disgraced the last years of Charles's reign that she was not the prime mover in it."¹ To her titles were added pensions and profits enough to beggar any Court. Between March 1676 and March 1678 she had, according to the pension list, £55,198 7s. 11d., against Nell Gwynn's £16,041 15s. 6d. In 1676 Charles granted her an annuity of £8,600. Two years before she had had £10,000 a year settled on her out of the Wine Licenses. Charles also gave a portion to the Duchess's sister, Henriette de Keroualle, who had come to England in 1674, and the same year married Philip, Earl of Pembroke. She is described as not sharing Louise's beauty, and had a most unhappy married life, the Duchess of Portsmouth being forced, before her first confinement, to tell her husband that if he did not make proper provision for the event she should complain of him to the King. These complaints were never disregarded, as the Court knew, and when Miss Temple spoke against her to the Queen, and Lady Conway ran to her with the news of it, the Duchess went crying to Charles, and the Queen was "spoken to" not to listen again to anything that might be said against her.

Louise never ceased in her efforts to consider Charles in everything, and to please him. At the same time she exerted her influence to benefit her own family. She induced Charles to ask Louis to bestow the first post of abbess that might become vacant in France on her aunt, Suzanne de Plœuc de Timeur, a nun in the abbey of Lajois at Hennebon, in the Bishopric of Vannes, and Charles also recommended her relative, Calloët, to Louis for the post of Syndic of Brittany.²

¹ *Court of the Stuarts.*

² Ruvigny to Pomponne, Jan. 21, 1674.

Louis took no notice of the latter request, beyond sending the Duchess of Portsmouth a pair of diamond earrings. It was "Madame Carwell," or "Carewell" as the English people called her, who brought about the disgrace of Buckingham,¹ and was accused, probably with justice, of having profited by the sale of every place of trust and income in the gifts of the Crown throughout the fifteen years of her empire. It is even said that when Charles was sending Lord Ossory to Spain with a gift of jewels worth fifteen thousand pounds for his niece, the new young Queen, the Duchess so managed the affair that she coaxed Charles into breaking off the embassy, and giving herself the jewels.²

She was said to have refused a hundred thousand pounds to procure the pardon of Lord William Russell, but Jesse says that it was so unlike her to refuse a bribe, that the story may be doubted. She was flattered and fawned on by the Court and the country; painted again and again by Lely and Gascar, by Kneller, Mignard, and Verelst, each year showing her in growing dignity and expression, grace and charm. She and Charles were painted together as Cymon and Iphigenia, and Sir Peter Lely's portrait of her with the Duke of Richmond as an infant, is said to have been presented as an altarpiece to a French convent, but refused with indignation by the nuns, when they knew whose portrait it was.³ This was an unusual scruple of the time and country, and Mrs. Jameson declares that such a portrait was actually used as an altarpiece in a rich convent in France.

The hatred the English people had for her was not for her unscrupulousness, *per se*, as much as for the fact that it was England she sold to France. Had she sold France to England, the morality of the time would have applauded her as loudly in this country, as it did in the France she served.

The Duchess of Portsmouth, like Nell Gwynn, was

¹ Reresby, Nov. 1674.

² Jesse.

³ *Idem*.

faithful to Charles through life. The scandals of the day, which flowed from people incapable of believing anything but evil, accused her of encouraging as lovers Danby and Philip de Vendôme, the Grand Prior of France. The fact that Danby, the Lord Treasurer, had assisted her in the purchase of some jewels of Lady Northumberland, gave them a kind of business intimacy, and she rewarded his action in helping her over the Duke of Richmond's patent by her friendship, no more. As for the Grand Prior of France, the grandson of Henry IV. and Gabrielle d'Estrées, that brilliant, handsome, witty debauchee, who prided himself on never having gone to bed sober, or without being carried, for thirty years, whom Saint-Simon called a thing of hair and feathers, he came to England at twenty-eight, and was received with favour by the Duchess of Portsmouth, who was always extremely gracious to the old French nobility. He repaid this kindness by making love to her, and Charles happened at that moment to enter her apartments, Burnet says, and, finding the Prior with her, ordered him out of the country. The Grand Prior insolently explained that by the laws of England the King had no power of banishment, and that he need not obey the order. Charles replied that the law of England could only be claimed by Englishmen, and that if de Vendôme did not obey his orders in twenty-four hours he would repent it. This "liar, swindler, thief, frivoller, dishonest man even to the marrow of his bones—ready to take all and suffer all for a franc,"¹ obeyed. It is evident that Charles did not blame the Duchess for the episode, for his kindness to her was increased, not diminished, and after that he kissed her in public, which he had never done before, and had medals struck for her to commemorate the occasion, which medals were for sale in the goldsmiths' windows in London.² One came into Burnet's possession, and he showed it about to some of the Court. Next day

¹ Saint-Simon.

² Burnet, unpublished rough copy of his History.

all these medals were called in, and never again seen. Burnet's was in silver, of the size of half a crown, and may possibly be the one now in possession of the British Museum, as it corresponds to the description. It bears a bust of the Duchess, with the hair curled in front, and compactly braided behind. Loose drapery crosses the body, and the legend is "Lvcia dvcissa Portsmovttensis." On the reverse is a cupid sitting on a globe, and the motto "Omnia Vincit."

The history of Catherine holds little just at this time. On the 15th and 22nd of December, 1674, she commanded a masque written by Crowe to be performed at Whitehall.¹ The selection of Crowe in place of Dryden was by the instigation of Rochester, who wished to insult Dryden. Crowe speaks of the rich and splendid habits worn by the performers in this pastoral, which was rehearsed twenty or thirty times before it was perfect.² In it Mrs. Hart acted the part of Europe. The Princesses Mary and Anne, the Duke of York's daughters, had parts, but that of Mrs. Blagg, who acted Diana, was the finest, and she acted to admiration. There was a blaze of jewels, and Mrs. Blagg alone wore nearly two hundred thousand pounds' worth, and was so unlucky as to lose one, borrowed from the Duchess of Suffolk, worth eighty pounds. This the Duke of York insisted on replacing. The play was the masque of *Calisto, or the Chaste Nymph*—hardly appropriate to the place and time. Lady Henrietta Wentworth, afterwards the Duke of Monmouth's mistress, was one of the actresses, as were Lady Sussex, Lady Mary Mordaunt, Mrs. Blagg, late Maid of Honour to the Queen, and Mrs. Jennings, Maid of Honour to the Duchess of York, and afterwards to be celebrated as Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. The Duke of Monmouth, Lord "Dumblaine," Lord Daincourt, and other noblemen, joined in the play, and Moll Davis, Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Butler, and others, danced and sang.

¹ Evelyn's *Diary*.

² Préface to pastoral.

Catherine's financial position had been improved by the reversion to her of the dower formerly enjoyed by the Queen-mother, and she now was able to maintain a separate household. From the time of Henrietta Maria's death Lord St. Albans, and Catherine's chaplain, Dr. Godden, had been allowed suites of rooms in Somerset House, as well as the Duchess of Richmond.

In this year Catherine began now and then to leave Whitehall and occupy the State apartments in her dower house. Gradually her sojourns grew longer and longer, as her life at Whitehall became more and more unpleasant. Charles seldom sought her society, and they occupied different apartments. The palace of Somerset House, called Denmark House in James I.'s time, out of compliment to his brother-in-law, the King of Denmark, was still called so alternately with its own name even in Catherine's time. Many of Catherine's state documents were dated from Denmark House while she lived there, though she wrote to her brother Pedro with "Somethouse" at the top of her letters. Her breakfast or dressing room still existed when the palace was finally pulled down, and was situated on the first floor of a kind of tower at the end of the oldest building. It was approached by doors through the ball-room gallery, and was more like a small temple than an ordinary room, octagonal in shape, with a domed roof which sprang from a beautiful cornice. The panels were covered with charming frescoed figures, and below these panels there ran ornaments picked out with gold. The furniture was handsome and massive, and over the chimney there was a picture in the panel. From this room a small door opened on to a private staircase, and at the right of the staircase foot stood an octagonal room lined entirely with marble, with hot and cold baths in the closets inside.

Catherine took great delight in the beautiful little chapel erected and dedicated by the Queen-mother.

entertained them now.¹ The *Sieur de Keroualle* made no effort to benefit by his daughter's dizzy elevation, but settled quietly down in Wiltshire.

Now Louise heard with the profoundest exultation that her son, Charles's thirteenth natural child, was to be granted the dukedoms of Richmond and Lennox. This was made public in July, and Lady Marshall was appointed the boy's governess, and a fine house at Wimbledon bought for the Duchess of Portsmouth, and £12,000 given her besides. It was not the first time that the Richmond title had been held by a natural son. Henry VIII. granted it to his son by his Queen's lady-in-waiting, Elizabeth Blount, in or about 1519. The Duchess of Cleveland was to be granted a dukedom for her son at the same time, with the title of Grafton. She was keen that he should have precedence, by order of creation, of the Duchess of Portsmouth's son, but Louise de Keroualle was the more astute of the two. She sent to Danby at midnight, catching him just as he was starting for Bath, and got him there and then to sign her son's patent. This was in September. When the Duchess of Cleveland's agent waited on the Lord Treasurer next morning, with the Duke of Grafton's patent, Danby was at Bath, and the signing was delayed for a short time. Four thousand a year was granted with Richmond's patent, a great attendance, and the honours of having his train borne, and his coach emblazoned with the royal arms. The extraordinary fact that, in complete distinction from Charles's other natural sons, his arms were granted without the bend sinister, may well have established Louise in the belief that her unlegalized marriage made her a lawful wife. Charles Lennox was also created at the same time Baron Setrington and Earl of March, and the dukedom of Lennox shortly followed. Every sort of distinction was showered on this child, who at nine

¹ Evelyn's *Diary*, June 15, 1675.

years old was made a Knight of the Garter, and was soon installed as Master of the Horse, fulfilling the duties of the office by deputy. To him the Garter Knights owe it that they wear their ribbon of the George over the right shoulder, instead of round the neck, as was the custom till his creation. His mother, whose taste was beyond criticism, thought the neck arrangement clumsy, and showed the boy to the King with the George worn as it is now. Charles was so pleased with the conceit that he ordered it to be universally adopted. The Dukes of Richmond still bear the motto chosen by Louise de Keroualle for her own use: "*En la rose je fleuris.*" Her arms were three bars argent, but the motto engraved with them on the splendid flagons of silver-gilt presented by her to the corporation of Portsmouth in 1683 is a Breton one: "*Abeb Ent. Lealdet*" ("Loyalty everywhere"). This may have been the Penancoët de Keroualle motto.

The arrival in England in 1675 of the duchesse Mazarin, did not bring any serious danger to either Catherine or the Duchess of Portsmouth. This beautiful and highly eccentric young woman, the niece of Cardinal Mazarin, was the woman whose hand her uncle had disdainfully refused to Charles in his exile. Since then her incredible adventures had been the theme of Europe. Her recklessness and wildness made the world gape. What with her marriage at thirteen to the duc de Meilleraye, a religious monomaniac, and her subsequent flight from him and from convents, her wanderings through Europe in the disguise of men's clothes, her adventures that rivalled those of Amadis de Gaul, she had provided conversation for every one in her century. When quite a girl she used to fling handfuls of gold from her uncle's palace in Paris to see the people scramble for it, and in like manner she disposed of the greatest fortune in Europe. Her irreligion had annoyed the Cardinal, who used to say to her, "If you will not attend mass for the sake of

God, at least do it for fear of what the world will say of you!" With all her wit she was the scorn of fools,¹ and though once the greatest heiress known to her period, she died in poverty. All other asylums having failed her, she came to England to beg for Charles's protection.

Of course the tongues and minds of the day at once supposed her to have become his mistress. But of this there is not the faintest proof, and it is open to complete doubt. Charles received her with the kindness he found it impossible not to extend to all women, and gave her rooms in the Palace of St. James, where the new Duchess of York, Mary of Modena, now held her little court. He tried his hardest to get Louis to force the duc Mazarin to make his wife a proper allowance, and when the duc absolutely refused, Charles made the duchesse an allowance of four thousand a year. When Courtin, the French ambassador who had succeeded Colbert de Croissy, tried skilfully to find out Charles's feelings concerning her, Charles told him that his sentiment was only friendship, and that he would not suffer any cabal to draw him any nearer to her. The fact was that he was too completely taken up with the charming ways and the gentle influence of Louise, to be capable of interesting himself even in this old admiration of his youth.

Charles afterwards withdrew his allowance to her, on the occasion of her open intrigue with the Prince of Monaco, who came on a visit to the country, but with his usual good nature, he again restored it. She was in extreme poverty after Charles's death and the consequent failure of all her funds, and died deeply in debt, even in arrears with her poor-rates at her house in Chelsea. Her body was actually seized by her creditors after her death, and the final act of her story was as dramatic and sensational as all the rest. For some time the Duchess of Portsmouth was kept in terror by this powerful would-be rival, and exerted

¹ Jesse.

all her powers to prevent her getting an influence over Charles. There is not the shadow of a doubt which of them was the more skilful, or likely to win in any contest. Her empire, mighty as it was over Charles, had to be kept strong and undiminished, and again and again Court rumour reported that she was growing out of favour—never, it is probable, with the faintest approach to truth. But any hint of such a shadow was enough to make the time-serving courtiers keep themselves on the alert to desert her at the first moment of its confirmation, and fly to the Court of the rising sun.

CHAPTER XII

THE POPISH PLOT

IN the autumn of 1677 the Court was enlivened by a royal wedding. William, Prince of Orange, had been chosen as a husband for Princess Mary, the eldest daughter of the Duke of York, in spite of the strong dislike felt to the marriage by France and her agents. The English people were enchanted with the alliance, which seemed to secure them a future Protestant sovereign, and though neither Charles nor the Duke of York liked the arrangement, they were forced to give in to it. The Duchess of Portsmouth and the duchesse Mazarin had become friendly under the management of Courtin, and had been seen together in the Duchess of Portsmouth's coach and dining in her apartments. She was perhaps glad to secure the notice of so noted a member of French society. Those of the old English nobility who still refused to frequent the rowdy Court never extended to her their recognition. She once sent a message to the Duchess of Ormonde that she would dine with her the next day. The Duchess was unable to refuse what was equivalent to a royal command, but she sent her two daughters out of the house, and only the family chaplain was present to meet the Duchess of Portsmouth at dinner.

The festivities of the marriage were gay and

marked. The marriage itself was on November 4, and as the bride and bridegroom had to leave for Holland on the 21st, Catherine's birthday was kept this year on the 15th, instead of the 25th, so that a great ball might be given. The newly married Princess was evidently miserable, and the Prince was so ill-natured and disagreeable that he made every one anxious to shun him. At the moment of her departure for her new home Princess Mary was weeping so bitterly that Catherine tried to comfort her, touched with her distress, and remembering well her own feelings when she had been called upon to leave her home and her people. She told Mary that it was the lot of royal princesses to leave their own country, and said she could sympathize, as when she came to England she was a complete stranger to the land and the people, and had not even seen King Charles, whereas Princess Mary was going with her husband to Holland. The cold-hearted and egotistical Mary, always magnifying her own joys and sorrows, said with petulant reproach, "But, Madam, you came into England, and I am leaving England!"¹

This year the Duchess of Portsmouth's favour was thought to be abated. She was ill in the previous year, having had a premature confinement, and her looks were affected. She had at the same time to suffer the loss of twelve thousand pounds, and many of her jewels, by the dishonesty of her steward. That dowager Duchess of Richmond who was called "Butterfly" in her youth, hated the Duchess, and desired to see her downfall. She made occasion to take the side of Nell Gwynn, till then her deadly foe, and now in the Duchess's fresh illness tried actually to introduce the niece of her third husband to take the Duchess's place at Court! Mistress Fraser, Sir Alexander Fraser's daughter, Mrs. Elliott, and two or three other women of birth and position

¹ Blencowe's *Diary of the Times of Charles II.*

actually struggled for the post! For six weeks the Duchess was ill in bed, and it was said in France that her illness had brought remorse for her way of life, and that she, her crucifix in hand, implored the King to change his own life.¹ While still barely recovered she went to the French play in her sedan chair, knowing Charles was to be there with the duchesse Mazarin, and took her place beside him.

Early in 1678 the English people were excited, by the pursuance of Louis's attack on Holland, to protest against the oppression of a Protestant power by a Catholic one. There was such a desire on the part of the country for a war with France that Charles was embarrassed how to act between his ministers and his sworn ally. Barrillon, the new ambassador from Versailles, held long and friendly talks with Charles in the Duchess of Portsmouth's apartments, to which she lent her delicate counsels, and the King, the Duke of York, and the ambassador were heard to laugh heartily at those who believed there could ever be any ill-feeling between France and England.² The rage of the English against the conquests of Catholics in Holland, was one of the causes that brought the country into a ripe state for the Popish Plot of this year. It is now practically certain that this diabolical invention of a fictitious plot was due to the unprincipled Shaftesbury, and worked by him. He had been dismissed from his office of Lord Chancellor the year before, and was only just out of his imprisonment in the Tower, after begging Charles's pardon on his knees. He was very low in fortune; he had failed to raise himself into power and popularity by forcing Catherine's divorce, and he now determined to cause her disgrace and death, to shut out the Duke of York from the succession, and bring in the Duke of Monmouth as heir. He brought in the Test Bill that for a hundred

¹ Madame de Scudéry to Bussy Rabutin.
Reresby, *Memoirs*, June 21, 1678.

and fifty-one years was to exclude Catholics from Parliament. Never was a plot conceived and carried out with such devilish ingenuity and cleverness as the Popish figment.

Shaftesbury began his undermining work by an approach to Charles. He suggested to him that his eldest son was brilliant and popular, and had the daring to add that if Charles would only say that he had been married to Monmouth's mother, he himself was prepared to find those who should swear to his declaration. Charles heard him with amazement and disgust, and merely answered, "I would rather see James hung up at Tyburn than entertain such a thought!" It is certain that Shaftesbury was at the bottom of Monmouth's own inflated hopes of the crown. He played him as his king against the Duke of York, and there was danger that his game might be successful. Monmouth was the idol of the Protestant party. The Duke of York, besides being their dread, was not popular. There were whispers of a mysterious black box which contained the documents necessary to prove Charles's marriage with Lucy Walters, and the extraordinary pomp with which she and her child had been received secretly in London during the Commonwealth, certainly went far to justify Monmouth's braggart hopes.

Shaftesbury, being disappointed in his first efforts, redoubled his struggles to rid himself of Catherine and the Duke of York, believing that by the removal of the childless Queen he could arrange a second marriage, and by turning out the Catholic Duke of York could secure a Protestant heir. He would also by these means gratify his hatred of the Queen and the Duke. The opening of the campaign was not long delayed. The first mutter of the storm came in a trifling incident on August 13. Charles was starting for his daily walk in the park with his little spaniels, when a man named Kirby stepped forward as if in agitation, and implored him not to separate from his

company for the sake of his life. Charles, who was nothing if not courageous physically, disregarded the warning. He recognized Kirby as having been once employed in his laboratory, and knew him to be a ruined speculator, whose word carried little weight.

Kirby had been secured as a tool and co-operator by two men, Titus Oates and Dr. Tonge, the rector of St. Michael's, Wood Street, a man of some learning, who edited a paper dimly resembling certain third-rate periodicals of to-day in its appeal to the baser passions of the vulgar, and its sensational tales of blood and thunder. Oates was the son of a ribbon-weaver, and an Anabaptist preacher under Cromwell. At the Restoration he hastily took orders as a clergyman of the Church of England. He was at Cambridge, and became the Duke of Norfolk's chaplain, besides holding one or two curacies; but he lost first one post and then another by his misconduct. He was twice prosecuted for perjury. He obtained a chaplaincy in the Navy, but was soon dismissed, and it then seems to have been suggested to him to drive a trade in information against Catholics. In 1667 he had joined the Church of Rome, and entered first the college of the English Jesuits at Valladolid, and then that at St. Omer. From each he was expelled with ignominy, after a short trial. He was a worthy tool of Shaftesbury.

He worked upon Dr. Tonge to credit all his declarations. While at St. Omer he had discovered that a private meeting of the Jesuits was to be held in London in April, 1678. It was merely the triennial convocation of their order, but Oates could ingeniously twist it into a secret and dangerous conspiracy. He now declared that it had been convoked to arrange the murder of Charles, a second fire of London, and the entire destruction of the Protestant religion. All these accusations were embodied in a solemn paper which Tonge asked audience to present to Charles. The King read it, saw its imbecility, and simply re-

ferred Tonge to Danby, while he went off to Windsor, and held his Court in the newly restored castle.

Danby had been trafficking on his own account with France, and was at this time in daily fear of being impeached for high treason. He was eager to seize on any straw to turn attention from himself, and this he found in Tonge's paper. He took up the insane stories, and made the greatest stir about them, telling Charles that the matter must be laid before the Council. Charles exclaimed hastily, "No! not even before my brother! It would only raise alarm, and perhaps will put the design of murdering me into the mind of some one who would never have thought of it!" Danby's action stimulated Oates to embellish his first story. He swore that the Pope had given over the government of England to the Jesuits, and had already issued commissions to various eminent Catholics for all high offices of State. That Bishops were already appointed at Rome for all English sees, that the Jesuits had caused the fire of 1666, and were now about to burn all the shipping in the Thames. At a given signal all the Catholics in the kingdom were to rise and massacre all the Protestants, in the style of a second Eve of St. Bartholomew. Charles was to be assassinated, and the kingdom was to be put to the torch and the sword. It seems incredible that there should have been any so foolish as to credit these wild and disordered statements, but the age was as credulous of fables as it was sceptical in religion.

Oates further declared that Wakeman, Catherine's private physician, had been offered £10,000 to poison Charles's medicine, Catherine herself being privy to this scheme. A list of the conspirators against Charles and the kingdom was given, and included most of the principal Catholics in the country. The name of Coleman, the Duchess of York's late secretary, was mentioned. Oates laid his deposition before Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, a well-known City magistrate

of proved probity. Coleman was a friend of Sir Edmundbury, and he sent at once to warn him. Coleman sent the information to the Duke of York, and urged that the King should sift the deposition to the bottom. Oates was brought before the Council, and repeated in substance what he had already said, adding that the Jesuits were determined to kill not only the King but the Duke of York, unless he joined the plot, and declared the Catholics had received £100,000 from Père La Chaise, Louis's confessor, to aid them, and the promise of the same sum from de Corduba, the Provincial of New Castile.¹

The Duke of York at once declared the whole thing to be an infamous fabrication. He told Charles, who asked Oates to describe Don John of Austria, with whom he said he had had conferences in Madrid. Oates described him gravely as a tall, spare, swarthy man. Charles and the Duke of York exchanged smiles, for they both had met Don John, and he was short, fat, fair, and had blue eyes.² Charles then demanded of Oates where he saw La Chaise pay over the £100,000, and Oates immediately answered: "In the house of the Jesuits, close to the Louvre." Charles exclaimed aloud: "Man! the Jesuits have no house within a mile of the Louvre!"³

Oates succeeded in getting warrants issued against certain persons and papers. The documents of the principal Jesuits were examined, but nothing of course was found. Only in those of Coleman were found passages expressing hopes or expectations of a restitution of the Catholic faith to England. This was at once construed into complete evidence of a plot. It was merely the pious desire of all Catholics at that time. But Coleman's own acceptance of a bribe from France was his undoing. Among his papers was found one from La Chaise, offering him £20,000 for himself and his friends, to be employed for the service of France, and the interests of the

¹ *Memoirs of James II.*

² *Ibid.*

³ *Lingard.*

Catholic Church.¹ Louis was at this time buying great and small in the kingdom who would work for his interests. In point of fact, Coleman had not needed so high a figure as Louis offered. We know from Barrillon's letters that he sold himself to him for £200, and he was apparently as shifty as Shaftesbury, for the Duchess of York had dismissed him for writing seditious letters to the newspapers, attacking the French and the Jesuits. He was now to be hoist with his own petard. Oates glibly accused him of inciting the Jesuits of St. Omer to assassinate Charles in return for the payment of 30,000 masses. He swore that Coleman was to pay £200,000 to the Irish to rise in rebellion, and that Charles was to have been pistoled, stabbed, or shot. Such was the frenzy of fear into which Oates's pretended disclosures had flung all England that the Lord Chief Justice praised Oates for his evidence, and when he could not identify Coleman at sight, Judge and jury kindly made allowance for his having only seen him by candlelight!

When he was asked in cross-examination why he had not been as circumstantial at first as later, his excuse that standing on one's legs to give evidence impaired one's memory was politely and willingly taken. The wretched Coleman, guilty of many things, though not of those he was accused of, was executed with the hideous brutality of the time on December 3. Danby persuaded Charles to go to Newmarket for the races, fearing that his presence in town would only ferment the excitement. He went, and within a month from Titus Oates's first deposition Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, that blameless and high-minded magistrate of the City, was missing from his home one morning, and, after five days' search, was found dead in a ditch on Primrose Hill, then far in the country. His own sword was through his body, and at first it was thought he had fallen a victim to

¹ *Journal of the House of Commons: State Trials.*

family constitutional melancholia. There is now no doubt at all that his murder was simply arranged as the key-stone to the machinations of Shaftesbury and his party.

The Lord Keeper North at once saw the immense hold it would give the accusers. "They shall contrive it as a stratagem of mischief," he wrote in his note-book, and his words were prophetic. Of course the cry was instantly raised that Sir Edmundbury was slaughtered by the conspirators in the Popish Plot, in order to destroy the receiver of evidence against them. The whole town and the country about it took up the cry. Charles was certain that there was a deep design in the murder, and offered £500 for the arrest of the murderer, whom he shrewdly felt sure was instigated by the Oates plotters. The funeral of the murdered magistrate was made an occasion for an enormous demonstration, and panic shook the City of London. "The whole nation went mad with the hatred and terror."¹ London looked like a besieged city. Every house was burst open, and ransacked for incriminating papers. The prisons were choked with the accused persons. The train-bands were under arms all night, and barricades stood ready to be erected through the chief thoroughfares. Cannon were set round Whitehall. Patrols marched through the streets. Every trembling citizen carried under his coat a small flail loaded with lead to brain his Popish assailants. Oates, at a bound, was the popular hero. Almost in a moment he was swept from beggary to wealth. "He walked about with guards assigned him for fear of the papists murdering him. He had lodgings at Whitehall, and a thousand a year pension. He put on the episcopal gown of silk, without the lawn sleeves, and wore a great hat with a satin hat-band and rose, a long scarf, and rejoiced in the name given him of the Saviour of the Nation." He had accused the duchesse Mazarin

¹ Macaulay.

of being one of those concerned in the plot, and the Duchess of Portsmouth, who had a Catholic chaplain, felt she was in peril. She made her plans to fly to France, if necessary, and to place herself under the assured protection of Louis.¹

Charles felt himself forced to dismiss his French musicians and singers from Whitehall, lest they should share the popular vengeance. He asked Louis to let them shelter at the French Embassy. The "business of life was interrupted by confusion, panic, clamour, and dreadful rumours."² England cowered and crouched like a child scared by a flitting shadow. It was not a moment that redounded to national glory. Danby had succeeded in bringing up the plot for discussion in Parliament, and Shaftesbury got a committee of investigation appointed, and became foremost in conducting it. Buckingham also used it as an excellent tool for his interest. Oates was encouraged and urged on to accuse, and to bring false evidence. North says Shaftesbury was "the dry-nurse of the plot, and took charge of leading the monstrous birth till it could crawl alone." Now abandoned creatures came forward to earn money, and swore they had been offered canonization and £500 to murder the King. The money seemed insufficient to sustain the saintship! In November the trials of the accused began, and now a new development arose, which might have been forecast from the beginning. A felon named Bedloe, newly released from Newgate, was tempted by the reward offered for the discovery of the murderers of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, and swore that "the murder was committed by the Queen's popish servants at Somerset House, that Sir Edmundbury was stifled between two pillows by the Jesuits Walsh and Le Fèvre, with the help of Lord Belasyse's gentleman, and one of the waiters in the Queen's chapel. That he saw the body there, lying on the Queen's back-stairs, that it lay there two days, and

¹ Barrillon to Louis XIV., Dec. 1, 1678.

² Macpherson.

he was offered two thousand guineas to help remove it. That at last it was removed at nine o'clock at night, by some of the Queen's people." Four days after this he swore anew that in the beginning of October he was offered £4,000 to commit a murder, and that Godfrey was lured into the Court of Somerset House about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the murder was committed, not, as he said at first, by smothering him with pillows, but by strangling him with a linen cravat.

Charles was at once indignant at statements which too evidently were meant to incriminate Catherine. Fortunately he himself had been to see her that very day, and was with her at the hour named by Bedloe, and as a company of guards was drawn on for his reception, and sentries were at every door, there was not the least possibility that such a thing could have happened. Bedloe was tripped also in his description to the Duke of Monmouth of the room where the body was carried, where he saw standing round it the four murderers, as well as Atkins, Pepys's clerk at the Admiralty. As this was the waiting-room of the Queen's footmen, who were there all day long, and the way by which all the Queen's meals were brought in, this might have convinced the most prejudiced of the wild folly of his statements. Not in the least! The wisest men of the day, paralysed by their terrors, listened to every chimera, and were keen to believe it. Pepys himself was presently implicated in the plot, and, but for his own butler's death and confession that he had given false evidence against his master, might have shared the fate of others who suffered with as much innocence as his own.

It was now perfectly apparent that all these proceedings were a mere prelude to the accusation of Catherine. Her birthday was kept with the usual brilliant festivities, and Evelyn said he never saw the Court more splendid, nor the nation in more consternation. The City almost suspended business.

The fire and the plague had not wrought such dismay and apprehension. No one knew who was plotting his life, nor who would be the next accused. It was a time of absolute quaking terror. No tale was too monstrous, no accusation too baseless, to urge on the reign of fear and panic.

Catherine had been living quietly enough at Somerset House to have given an example of a blameless life. The conspirators hoped to twist this very retirement of hers from Whitehall into a proof of her plots and secret designs. The sum-total of her wages, fees, allowances, and pensions from Michaelmas Day, 1677, to the same date in 1678, amounted to £15,519 8s. 2d. These payments were distributed amongst her officers and servants of the Revenue, and the officers and servants of the household. Lord Ossory, then her Lord Chamberlain, received £100. Sir William Killigrew had £66 13s. 4d. Ralph Montagu, her Master of Horse, received a mere £50. Sir Richard Bellings, her principal secretary and Master of Requests—a significant office—had £100, with an addition of £26 13s. 4d. for paper, books, ink, and other necessaries of his post.

Her four Gentlemen Ushers of the Privy Chamber had salaries of £30 each, and her two cupbearers, Sir Nicholas Stanning, Knight of the Bath, and Henry Guy, Esq., had £33 6s. 8d. apiece. The same pay fell to her carvers, Sir Gabriel de Sylings, and Charles Arundell, Esq., and to her sewers or servers. The five Gentlemen Ushers and Daily Waiters, one of whom was accused by Bedloe as an accessory in Sir Edmundbury Godfrey's death, each received £20. To each of her nine Grooms of the Privy Chamber, was paid £60, and the six Gentlemen Ushers and Quart Waiters had each £11 8s. Mr. William Roxwell, her apothecary, had £50 for himself, and £200 "in consideration of his bills." The "Chyrurgeon," Mr. Alexander Boscher, had the same pay and allowance. Each of the six Pages of the Backstairs

had £40. But the Pages of the Presence, of whom there were four, were only rewarded each with £3 6s. 8d. Francis Roper, Surveyor of the Robes, earned £20 for himself, and had £80 allowance for his livery and all other claims, and Thomas Milward was paid £13 6s. 8d. and had £20 allowance. Sir Christopher Musgrave, the Clerk of the Wardrobe, received £37 16s. 8d. for himself, and £40 for his claims, while the Yeoman, Mr. William Homington, had £41 10s. for salary, and £28 for his claims. Mr. Richard Toms, the Page of the Robes, seems to have had an inadequate wage of £2, while his claims came to £28. Mr. David Rowland had no claim, but £39 13s. 4d. as salary. Matthew Drift, the tailor, was more fortunate. He drew £23 in virtue of his tailoring, and £20 as brusher, in addition to £13 for claims. Luis Roche, another tailor, had 2s. a day in fee, and claims amounting to £13 10s. Thorp, groom and shoemaker, had also 2s. a day. There were thirteen grooms of the Great Chamber, with salaries of £4 10s. each. There was a Porter of the Backstairs, William Johnson, with £27 7s. 6d. The Master of the Barges drew £20, and each of the four-and-twenty watermen had £3 2s. 6d.

Lady Suffolk was Lady of the Robes, with £300 salary, and £300 more for her "Livery and other claims, formerly issued out of y^e Robes." Mrs. Charlotte Killigrew, who held a position of extreme trust as Keeper of the Secret Coffers, had £26 13s. 4d. The Maids of Honour were Mrs. Frances Sheldon, Mrs. Anne Howard, Mrs. Phillipa Tomyln, Mrs. Cary Fraser, Mrs. Cecilia Swan, and Mrs. Joan Widdrington, and each drew £10, while the Mother of the Maids, Lady Saunderson, had a mere £20, which one would hardly have thought sufficient to earn by her arduous office! The "Chamberers," or Ladies of the Bedchamber, were Lady Bellings, with £50 salary, and £44 for the "livery" she wore, which was formerly granted from the wardrobe. Lady Killigrew, Lady

Fraser, Lady Clinton, Mrs. Loliswood Cranmer, Lady Tuke, Mrs. Winifred Wyndham, and Mrs. Mary Crane, each was paid £50, as were Lady Weych and Mrs. Anne Roper. Then there were the Portuguese ladies still left to Catherine, after the dismissal of the rest. These were Donna Anna de Quintana, who was allowed £600 for her own and her daughters' table, and each daughter, Donna Armada and Donna Maria, was allowed £200. Donna Louisa de Vasconcelles and Donna Francesca de Vasconcelles each had £200.

There were laundresses of the body—Mrs. Elizabeth Nunn and her three maids—who were altogether paid £211. Mrs. Elizabeth Nunn drew another salary as starcher, and seems to have made a good thing out of her place. Mrs. Elizabeth Elliott was the sempstress, and then came the salary of £1,000 to the Cardinal of Norfolk as Great Almoner, and of £300 to Father Christopher del Rosario as confessor; £250 each was drawn by the officers of the chapel—Bishop Russell, Father Patrick M'Ginn, Father Manuel Pereira, and Father Basil de Almeida as additional almoners, and Dr. Thomas Godden, Keeper and Friar of the Somerset House chapel, who died there in 1688, and was buried in a vault beneath the chapel.

The same salary was drawn by other preachers. Father Bento de Lomos, Father Hugo Collano, and Father Augustino Lorenzo. A lay brother, John Fernandez, received £100, as did Father Gregory Stapleton, Father George Touchett, Father "John Hodleston"—a name to be afterwards marked—Father Henry Latham, Father Edward Betterson, Father Emanuel "Dias," Father Miguel Ferrara, while £1,000 went mysteriously to "The Syndicks of the Father Arabaldy, to be spent for them as we have commanded." The organist, John Baptiste, who appears to have been succeeded by Matthew Locke in this year, had £150, and a Mr. Thomas Pickering, a lay brother serving the "Father Benedictians," had

£50. Emanuel "Dias" was apparently Choir Master, for he was paid £200 for the salaries of five "boys of y^e Chapell." The sacristan of the Whitehall oratory had £40, and Emanuel "Dias" was paid £600 for the lights and "other things for the chapel at Denmark House." Father "Hodleston," who apparently had charge of the Whitehall oratory, was only allowed £100 to keep that up; but he had another mysterious £100 in addition to his salary, and Sir George Wakeman, after his previous pay, drew £150 more. The Countess of Penalva had £960, and another Court Physician, Fernandez Mendez, who drew £150 in salary, probably attended the Portuguese members of the household. Mary Rotz, the baker, had £60, and sums varying from £20 to £250 were paid out to William Lord Viscount Brouncker, Daniel Lord Hollis, William Ernle, Yeoman of the Winecellar, Joan Story, the dairymaid, Miguel Lourero, the cook, who had 4s. a day, Sebastian Barroso, "who helpeth in our kitchen," and others. Lord Hollis was High Steward of the Revenue, and Lord Brouncker Chancellor and Keeper of the Great Seal. John Hervey was Receiver-General, Sir John Arundell Master of the Game, John Hall, Esq., Surveyor-General, Sir Jas. Butler Attorney-General, Sir Thomas Hanmer Solicitor-General, and Harold Kinnesmand, Esq., Auditor-General. The Clerk of Council and "Register" of the Court of Chancery had an added allowance for keeping the books of the Court of Chancery, and for pens, paper, etc. Richard and Robert Hooper were of the Council Chamber, and a certain Samuel Homing was a messenger of the Revenue, as was also Thomas Cowood. The Treasury Clerk was paid extra for his attendance, and so was the Auditor's clerk who engrossed the accounts. The payments continued to be made through the same channels as in the time of Queen Anne of Denmark, and of the Queen-mother, and Catherine published her will and pleasure that they should be paid either quarterly or

half-yearly. There is considerable interest in comparing these accounts of the Somerset House household with those of Catherine's establishment at Whitehall in 1671.¹ There £36 a year was paid to the Queen's parrot-keeper; she had twelve apothecaries at £50 a year each. For her entertainments only £300 a year was needed, her musicians were paid £120 apiece, and there were twelve of them. The furnishing of her outer apartment at Whitehall came to only £13 10s. She kept a Master and Yeoman of the Bows, a Master of the Bucks, and two Yeomen of the Harriers, and paid £45 a year to her clock-keeper. She signed her documents in 1678 from Denmark House, and dated her letters in the same way, though in later papers she called it always Somerset House.

It was fortunate that Catherine had by now inherited the dower previously enjoyed by the Queen-mother, for Francis Parry in Lisbon, the Portuguese resident, was still struggling vainly to recover her arrears, a portion of which (only six thousand crowns) was yearly received out of the forty thousand due. When Charles wrote to King Alphonzo in favour of the East India Company a letter which had to be translated into Portuguese, "Latin being noe currant Language," Alphonzo fell into a rage, and declared the company had unjustly kept and possessed places that in "noe way belonged to them, as noe more was granted to His Majesty but Bombay and its port." He declared that "never such insolences were committed in the world as by the English!" Alphonzo was then very stout, being varyingly described as seven or nine palms in girth; he had attacks of what Parry described as "erisipelas" in the knee at Cintra, and, this going up into his head, four able physicians despaired of his life. He was even reported dead in Lisbon, and it was declared he had ended his life without absolution or the last offices of the Church,

¹ MS. Paper of Thomas Shepherd, Keeper of the Privy Purse to the Queen.

owing to his continued refusal to pardon his late Queen, or Dom Pedro.¹

November found Catherine in some friction with the Duke of York. A proclamation had been issued, which Charles had felt it wise to allow, that priests should be banished from the kingdom. It was moved in Council that those belonging to the establishment of the Duchess of York might be exempted, as well as those in Catherine's household. This was refused; but it was suggested that the Duchess's priests might be added to Catherine's, so that they would be virtually retained.² This Catherine refused, believing she would find it hard to secure the safety of her own chapel servers. She gravely offended both the Duke and the Duchess, but it is certain that if she had consented, she would have involved all parties concerned in greater risk, and her innate honesty would not let her connive at such an evasion of the law.

Bedloe's information against her servants was followed by an outrage on her person, since Somerset House was ordered to be searched for papers connected with the plot. The bolt fell immediately after, though not from the blue. The heavy storm-clouds had been marching up the sky too long to leave Catherine unprepared. On October 23 Dr. Tonge had had the audacity to send one of his confederates, Mrs. Elliott, the wife of a gambling gentleman of Charles's bed-chamber, to request a private audience of the King. It may well have been she or her daughter, to judge by her action in this matter, who had aspired to take the place of the Duchess of Portsmouth. She asked Charles to see Oates in secret, as he "wished to lay secret information against the Queen, tending to implicate her in the plot." Charles received this news with impatience and displeasure, which apparently surprised Mrs. Elliott. She dared to remark that "She thought His Majesty would have been glad to part with the Queen on any terms."³ Charles turned

¹ Parry to Coventry, April 2, 1678. ² *Journal of James II.* ³ *Ibid.*

on her with anger. "I will never suffer an innocent lady to be oppressed," he said scathingly, and she was dismissed from his presence.¹

Catherine, never the people's favourite, had become their detestation. They resented her creed, her childlessness, her devotion. It was popularly thought by them, as well as by the rejoicing Portuguese,² that she had "verted" the Duke of York, and they added this to her crimes. In point of fact, Catherine had as little to do with James's change of religion as with that of Charles. She was never on terms of close intimacy with James's new wife, whose desire to take possession of her chapel at St. James's Palace she resented, and indeed had refused to yield it to her. She also resented the Duchess's open friendship with the Duchess of Portsmouth, and the attentions she paid her.

Oates now demanded a hearing from the King and the Council, which was forced to be granted. He was put on his oath, when he immediately began to declare that in the previous July he had seen a letter in which Sir George Wakeman wrote that Her Majesty had been brought to give her consent to the King's murder, and that a little later a certain Sir Robert Richard came with a message for certain Jesuits to wait on her at Somerset House.³ That he went there with them, on a day in August, for what purpose he was not ready to explain, nor did he mention why an outside informer was allowed to be witness to their plans.

"They went into Her Majesty's closet," he went on, "the door of which was ajar." The blundering stupidity of such conduct on the part of the cleverest diplomatists in the world did not seem to strike himself or any one else as odd!

"A female voice exclaimed," in the closet according to his deposition, "'I will no longer suffer such injuries as a wife! I am content to join in procuring his death and the propagation of the Catholic faith!'" and the

¹ Lingard.

² *Hist. Casa Real Port.*

³ Journal of the House of Lords, North, Lingard.

female voice added that its owner would help Sir George Wakeman to poison the King." He actually went on to say that when the Jesuits came out he asked to see the Queen, and had a gracious smile from her, and heard her ask Father Harcourt whether he had received the last ten thousand pounds.¹ He was assured, as far as he could judge, that hers was the same voice he had overheard when he was in the ante-room, and he was positive that no other woman was in the closet at the time except the Queen.

Charles, knowing perfectly that every word was a lie, insisted that he should describe this room and the ante-room. Oates, of course, had never been inside the Queen's private apartments, and could only describe one of the public presence-rooms. Every one who knew where Catherine's closet and privy-chamber were, knew also that no voice could have been heard from there to the place he described, "unless," as Burnet² says, "she had strained for it." It was hardly likely, even to the panic-stricken intelligences of the public, that Catherine would have shouted aloud her desire to take the King's life.

Charles expected this exposure of Oates's untruth would completely end the affair. But Oates brought Bedloe to confirm him, and Bedloe swore that he also had witnessed a conference between the Queen and two French priests in the presence of Lord Belasyse, Coleman, and some Jesuits, in the gallery of her chapel in Somerset House. Coleman told him, he declared, that this was the time and place when the project of assassinating the King was first suggested to Catherine, and that at the first hint of this she had burst into tears, but that the French priests argued with her, and at last she had reluctantly given her consent."³ These tears and the reluctance were diabolically skilful touches, since every one knew Catherine's love for her husband.

¹ *Journal of the House of Lords*, North, Lingard.

² *History of His Own Times*.

³ *Journal of the House of Lords*.

When he was asked why he had not told this story at the time when he described the murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, he replied, with entire coolness, that it had "slipped his memory." He gave a circumstantial account of the plot against Charles. Wakeman was to prepare the poison, and Catherine was to give it to the King. The attack on her by a mad woman, Deborah Lyddal, who flung stones at her in St. James's Park, and threatened to kill her, only found its echo in the desires of people who were perfectly sane. The whole of the party alien to her desired her death with one voice, and were amazed at the stupidity of the King, who had so desirable and legal a chance of ridding himself of his childless wife.

On November 28 Bedloe presented his charge against Catherine at the bar of the House of Commons. To the bar, in his turn, advanced Titus Oates, and, raising his voice, cried aloud, "I, Titus Oates, accuse Catherine, Queen of England, of high treason!" His drawling voice and curious accent, North declares, he adopted in imitation of the affected Sunderland. Those of the House who knew nothing of the previous charges were stricken dumb with amazement. On the following day, when Oates had repeated his statement in the Lords, the Commons, who had already addressed Charles, and begged him to tender oaths of supremacy to all Catherine's English servants, now passed another address, begging for the removal of the Queen, her household, and all other Papists from Whitehall. This Shaftesbury opposed in the Lords, knowing that the Duchess of Portsmouth and some others would suffer by it. It was thrown out, till some further evidence could be brought more dependable than that of Oates and Bedloe, though some of the adverse party were in favour of at once committing Catherine to the Tower.

Catherine's life may now justly have been said to hang on a hair. Could the like evidence be brought forward by other lying informers as had already been

produced, there was no rescue for her from the scaffold. Her only adviser, besides the King, was the Conde de Castlemelhor, a Portuguese nobleman who had fled from the Court of Lisbon, owing to his allegiance to his old master, King Alphonzo, which had excited the displeasure of Dom Pedro. He sustained and comforted the Queen, and in aftertimes, with the money which in her gratitude she showered on him, he bought a new estate in Portugal, and called it Santa Catarina.¹ It was probably by the advice of this nobleman that Catherine now sent off an express message to her brother Dom Pedro by the hands of a servant of the Countess of Penalva—a mere ordinary person who was unable on his arrival in Lisbon, to add to his message by explanations of his own which would satisfy the anxiety of Dom Pedro and his Council. The Ministers of the King were greatly disturbed and troubled with the news this messenger brought of the Oates conspiracy, and the accusation of Catherine.²

Dom Pedro charged Parry to communicate to him from time to time any further news he could obtain, since there was no one besides Catherine's priests and "fryars" to send Portugal any information.³

Catherine's express arrived while Dom Pedro was at Saluaterria hunting, and he immediately returned to Lisbon and convoked a Council of State to advise on her letter. Parry learned that its contents were as follows :

Her Majesty has borne with a great deal of patience many inconveniences, but now her patience is quite tired out, seeing herself accused for consenting to the death of the King; and she has only this to bear her up, that His Majesty continues his wonted kindnesses to her, and that he and the nobility also are so far from believing this accusation that they have imprisoned the accuser, and therefore she thinks

¹ *Hist. Casa Real Port.*

² Parry to Coventry, Jan. 22, 1679.

³ *Ibid.*, Jan. 10, 1679.

it necessary to advise His Highness, that he may understand and afford her his advice and assistance in these "straights," and for more particular account of the public transactions in England she remits him to the person she sends.¹

The moment had come when, if Charles had been the monster many historians are pleased to paint him, he would have kept silence, and so availed himself of the chance it was pretended he ardently desired. He might have rid himself of a childless wife he had long ceased to love, and have gratified both himself and his people by a second marriage. It was not an event that called for deliberate action. He had merely to refrain from movement, to remain a passive spectator, and the bloodhounds would have done their work without him. He might have kept his lips silent, and his hands still, and Catherine, as surely as the sun shines in the heavens, would have been hurried to the Tower, and from thence to the block, on so well-attested a charge of treason. He had but to be still. But instead, the extreme peril of a defenceless and harmless woman woke in him all that chivalry and manliness there had been reason to think for ever dead. He strode to the front as her chief defender, and her indignant protector.

At once, when the first whisper of the tempest began to be heard, he had sent for her from Somerset House, and insisted that she should occupy her long-deserted apartments beside him. He showered on her open marks of respect and attention. He told Burnet—or, so Burnet says—that when he thought of his own great faultiness towards her, he recoiled from the atrocity of abandoning her. "If the King had given way in the least," says Roger North,² "Queen Catherine had been very ill-used," for the plotters had reckoned on his weakness with regard

¹ Parry to Coventry, Jan. 22, 1679.

² *Examination of the Plot.*

to women, and flattered him with the hopes of having an heir to inherit his dominions. His astute common sense had at once made him sure that the charges against Catherine were not the sole work of Oates and Bedloe, but of a cabal, and he remarked to those about him, "I believe they think I have a mind for a new wife, but I will not suffer an innocent woman to be wronged." He ordered Oates at once into prison, and put guards over him, till the popular clamour forced him to set him free again, to rebut the charge of muzzling a witness to the truth.

Five of the principal Catholic noblemen of the Upper House were sent to the Tower on Oates's charges. Thirty thousand persons, whose only crime was their creed, were driven forth from London. The arrests of the innocent were followed promptly by their trial and execution—all, as Miss Strickland justly says—as a mere prelude to the fall and death of the Queen and the Duke of York.¹

Oates was dined by Bishops, and at their tables poured forth a stream of insults to the Duke and the Queen, and even the dead Queen-mother and the rest of the royal family. Not a soul present, not even his hosts, the Bishops, dared raise a protest in defence of the reviled, lest Oates, in revenge, should accuse them. He held the power over England, at that moment, that only craven terror gives. Sir John Reresby, having to sit and endure him at the table of the Bishop of Ely, Dr. Gunning, at last was gentleman enough to be unable to stand his insolence against the innocent. He says, "I took him to task with such purpose that he flung out of the room in some heat,"² and Reresby was undoubtedly braver in his rebuff than if he had stood up before the mouth of a firing cannon.

In the meantime that miscreant Bedloe was still steadily fixed in his accusation of Catherine's servants as the murderers of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey. He accused Miles Prance, a silversmith, employed to

¹ *Queens of England*, vol. i., p. 643.

² *Memoirs*.

clean the plate in the Somerset House chapel, as one of the actual criminals. This plate may perhaps have been that presented to Henrietta Maria at the Restoration by the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, niece to Cardinal Richelieu. The Queen-mother brought it to England with her, and used it in the service of the Somerset House chapel. It was very rich, brilliant, and magnificent.¹

Prance seems to have been a cowardly wretch. He was so convulsed with fear when hurried to Newgate that, on the promise of pardon, he named three of the under-servants at Somerset House as his accomplices, and falsely confessed himself guilty. The three miserable, innocent men were instantly tried, their protests unheard, and they were condemned to death. Prance, struck with anguish at the results of his work, demanded to be brought before Charles and the Council, and, flinging himself on his knees, declared that he had testified falsely, and knew nothing of the murder. He was dragged back to Newgate, chained to the floor of the condemned cell, and goaded nearly to madness by the keeper, one Boyce, who assured him that unless he would give evidence that agreed with Bedloe's he would be immediately hanged. Driven partially insane by fear and suffering, he was induced to confess to a plot against Shaftesbury, and to pour out other lies, which again and again, in his moments of remorse, he disclaimed ; but in the end he was hunted into becoming a steady witness for Oates against all he accused. Catherine's servants, Hill, Green, and Berry, were all executed, and if ever innocent blood cried out from the ground against their slayers, theirs might have done it. Berry was a Protestant, and none but fools would have for a moment connected him with such a plot as this was pretended to be. The Duke of York solemnly assured Catherine that he and she would be the next victims, but she cared for none of these things, provided

¹ Père Cyprian Gamache.

Charles still believed in her, and she carried herself through these agonizing times with the most courageous fortitude and composure, though the death of her poor guiltless servants had filled her with grief and horror.

Dom Pedro's Council now heard from England, by round-about means, that the House of Commons was petitioning Charles to send Catherine away from his protection to Somerset House. "They believed," says Parry, "that this accusation of the Queen is only in order to the total removal of her from the King for the better security of the succession."¹ The reports reached Lisbon that Catherine was not only accused of a diabolical crime, but was "hissed and flouted as she went in her coach through the streets, and at last was imprisoned."² Dom Pedro sent for Parry, and kept him closely engaged in secret conference over the business. Parry was forced to tell the Prince that two particular friends of his own in England, had sent him word that the Commons had declared to them by two persons, that Catherine had consented to the establishment of the Roman religion, together with the death of the King, which had naturally so startled the Commons that they asked the Lords to join in an address to the King to remove Catherine and her "family," for the present, to Somerset House; but that when the Lords came to examine the two witnesses, they found their evidence so inconclusive that they refused their consent to this action. Parry added that he was assured Charles not only declared his great trouble, but the great confidence he should ever have in the Queen's affection and loyalty.³

Dom Pedro confirmed this latter information. He said that his sister had written to him to the same purpose, but that for all that he was much troubled at the calumny, and should be even more so if the calumniators were not severely punished. He intended at once to send an ambassador to comfort and assist

¹ Letter to Coventry, Jan. 22, 1679.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

the Queen on all occasions. On which Parry improved the occasion by saying that an ambassador would carry more weight if he had evidence of the Prince's intention to pay more punctually the residue of the portion.¹ This lugging in of the commercial side had a bathos that is somewhat tragically comic, but to Parry the struggle of all his Portuguese residence probably loomed large in importance, even where the life of a defenceless Queen was involved. When the matter was laid before the Portuguese Council, the ministers showed even more resentment at Catherine's treatment than Dom Pedro had done.² They were furiously angry with the House of Commons, and decided that the Marquez de Arouches should be sent to Catherine as a special envoy from the government of her native country. The people of Portugal were so enraged at the news of their adored Princess's danger, that it was feared the populace of Lisbon would fall upon the English in the city and do them harm, if any further resolutions against Catherine were heard of.³ Soon after, a Plymouth ship putting into port, brought news that things were very quiet in England, and that Catherine was to be seen driving out with the King in his own coach, and that the charge against her was quite laid aside, every one being satisfied that it was mere slander. This "changed the faces" of the people, and Parry devoutly prayed that the news was true, for he was certain that in any other case the mob would make the English in Portugal suffer for their resentment. "It being impossible that all the proofs in the world should ever persuade them that Her Majesty could entertain a thought against the King's life."⁴

Their consternation and their rage at such an accusation being brought against her, convulsed the entire city.

The grandees as well as the poorer people were

¹ Parry, Letter to Coventry, Jan. 22, 1679.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Ibid., Jan. 24.

stung with irritation, and this was increased by the conduct of some of the English priests at their college in Lisbon.¹ The Queen remained at Saluaterra, where she and the Prince had been to witness an annual procession in commemoration of some miraculous healing. Probably it was thought better that she should be out of Lisbon while the city was so troubled. She eventually returned, finding the tumult quieted, and all thoughts of diversion were given up by Dom Pedro and the Court, under the stun of this anxious news. Father Manoel Diaz, one of the priests serving Catherine's Somerset House chapel, was at that time in Lisbon, and was at first ordered by Dom Pedro to return at once to Catherine with despatches, but when the sending of an envoy extraordinary was resolved on, he was detained in order to accompany this embassy.² More apprehensions were felt in Lisbon at this juncture by the arrival of a Spanish man-of-war in the port, bound from Galicia, but forced to run to harbour by stress of weather. She had a lading of soldiery from Sicily, and her unpleasing presence seemed significant of further trouble, since the news had come to Portugal of the ratification of the treaty between Spain and France. However, more cheerful tidings were brought by a ship from Plymouth, which had made the voyage in five days, and whose master declared that the Queen's affairs were in a "good posture," and every one in England certain that the accusation against her had no foundation. The people's joy, as well as that of Dom Pedro, replaced their former indignation and grief, at this happy intelligence.³

Parry wrote to Southwell that he trusted there would soon be news to satisfy the Portuguese that Catherine's calumniators had been severely punished. He, obsessed by the portion-money, did not see any advantage to his efforts by the good news of the

¹ Parry to Coventry, Jan. 22, 1679.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

Queen, and confessed himself weary of Lisbon. He remarked that he would far rather give a price for some good employment at home than stay there longer, and hints at being made envoy to Madrid, which gives some idea of the continual traffic at that time in places and posts, even down to that of consul to foreign countries.¹

Charles wrote about this time to Dom Pedro, and it may be that the Plymouth ship was the conveyer of the letter.

We doubt not but that your Highness hath already heard of the unhappy reflexion that hath been lately rais'd against Our Dear Consort the Queen, and do believe your Highness hath taken a sensible part with Us, in that Indignation wherewith we have resented the same. We brought the matter (as soon as it was known) unto our Council Board, and the reception which there it had We are sure will not sound displeasing to Your Highness, because it gave satisfaction to Us, and did let the Queen clearly see that all was done for her present vindication, which the time would permit. But this misfortune arising while the States of Our Kingdom were assembled, who by their Constitution may take cognizance of whatever happens of an extraordinary nature (here is crossed out "some for affection of novelty, and others perhaps for different respects") they drew the enquiry before them. And even then such of them as took but time to deliberate and to consider how the Queen hath liv'd, found motives to reject the complaint, and instead of favouring the accusation the time was only spent in magnifying of her Virtues. We have already fixed the Marks of Our Grace and Favour on those of Our subjects who appear'd most zealous in this vindication, and it ("would be absolutely unjust" is erased) much misbecome us if on this occasion We should be silent in what

¹ PS. to last letter.

concerns the Conde de Castle Mellior, who having by his virtues acquired here a large interest and acquaintance among the persons of most honour and consideration hath soe turned and improved all to the service of the Queen that We are well assured few other men could have steered through such difficulties with his fortune. So that considering now the obligations which the Queen, and we with her, have to the Merits of this Gentleman, We cannot abstain from pressing Your Highness for that favor towards him (which of all others he only covets) of living privately with his Wife and Children in his own Country. No desire can be more modest, or better satisfy his Innocence than this. However (written in another hand, and scored out is: "if Your Highness shall think We are at present too early in this request, and would yet have"), seeing at present We doe not forgitt that the world may take farther notice with what patience he bears his sufferings, what resignation he hath to the pleasure of Your Highness, and what zeale for the things that concern his Country (which is allowed by universal approbation he hath served so well) We shall ("yet for a time" is erased) for a while longer desist from Our last request therein. But doe confide that your Highness in observing by what ties of Justice and motives of Compassion we are concern'd in this event will dispose yourself to shorten the time, and take some pleasure in doing a thing that will turn out so highly, and signally to Our gratification. ¹

The prorogation of Parliament was announced in Portugal the end of January, and confirmed by the masters of two small sailing vessels which arrived at that port from England. The news was very welcome, for, Parry observed, the Portuguese people were very apprehensive of anything that bore the name of Parliament, after having once been so severely

¹ Southwell Papers.

thrashed by the power that governed under that designation. The very name was still a terror to them, and they were all afraid that if the House of Commons once had declared itself as adverse to Catherine, nothing could keep her from the utmost extremity of ruin. The news that she and Charles were to be seen publicly driving together, and that the Commons had been stopped in their proceedings against her, greatly consoled the people.¹

The Marquez de Arouches was now fully ready to start for England, and a Holland-built ship, the *St. Anthony*, was being hastily prepared to convey him; a Portuguese ship of seventy tons, which had at first been ordered for his service, proving to draw so much water that she could not enter the mouth of the Thames. The *St. Anthony* drew less water, but, not being ready for the sea, caused a delay of some days in fitting. It was thought that if she got off with the Ambassador Extraordinary in a month's time he would be lucky. The Marquez de Arouches was ambassador to the Hague when Charles was living in exile at Breda, and was then the Conde de Miranda. He it was who concluded the treaty with the Dutch by which Portugal became tributary to them for 185,000 cruzados a year for twenty-one years, a payment which only began after a lump amount of a million livres' worth of salt was handed over. He had also represented Portugal at the Court of Spain, directly after Dom Pedro took the Regency.²

On February 3 Parry wrote to Sir R. Southwell: "Though the Commons should proceed no further in the Queen's accusation, nay, though it prove but a groundless calumny, or that the accusers in satisfaction to Her Majesty should be punished with the utmost severity, yet I perceive by Mr. Clatchway's letter of Dec. 2 that the Commons wish her in Portugal, and she herself has little reason to desire to remain in England, and the other day, being at Corte Real, one

¹ Parry to Coventry, Feb. 3, 1679. ² Parry to Southwell, Feb. 3, 1679.

about the Prince, a sober man, was saying to me that it were best for Her Majesty, seeing she is like to have no children, to return hither and put herself into the Sacramento, which, if you remember, is a convent on the left hand, a little before you come to the great Gate that goes to Alcantara, a nunnery of a very strict order, where are persons of the best quality, and whither the Marquera de Mira lately retired, to which nunnery the Queen has been of late a benefactor. And the same person added that the ambassador that was to goe for England was not to stay there above two or three months, whence he concluded that the Queen would return with him, for that it was not likely that his Highness would leave Her Majesty in England after the Broyles without the assistance of an ambassador. . . . Little respect I am likely to have here henceforward, the Portuguese resolving, as I see very evidently, never to forget or pardon this affront, as they call it, for which the Queen they say will never have amends. By the sermons and prayers of the Priests and Fryers in all the churches they are inclined to believe that the Diocletian persecution was nothing to this of the Parliament of England."¹

Parry also says that the youth of Portugal were keen to punish England by stopping commerce with her.²

Charles and Catherine were at Windsor in May. Charles was living very privately, and very few persons were admitted to him. He spent his time in fishing, or walking in the park, which he naturally loved better than being in a crowd, or transacting business.³ In February, 1679, the Duchess of Portsmouth was thought to have entirely recovered her lost favour, and when in April of that year Parliament passed a resolution banishing all Catholics twenty miles out of London, with the single exception of "public ministers" and their following, she was specially named, but the naming was followed by no action,

¹ Letter to Coventry, Jan. 24, 1679.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Reresby Memoirs.*

probably with the certainty that Charles would not allow it.¹ Charles seems to have discussed at her rooms, and with her, the whole of the plot, and the witnesses, and to have given his opinion freely as to the discrepancies and impossibilities of their evidence. He confided everything to the Duchess, it would appear—even such sacred things as the intimate details of his father's execution and last hours, telling her, what few people knew, that the executioner was one Gregory Brandon, who wore a black mask, and was immediately after the execution smuggled from Whitehall into a boat with the block, axe, black cloth, and all other evidences of the act, and whatever was blood-stained. At the Tower all these things were burnt, and Brandon dismissed with a purse of gold.²

The Marquez Fronteira and the Conde de Ericeira had both offered themselves as extraordinary ambassadors to Catherine, but it was thought more convenient to send de Arouches, and he was summoned from his government at Oporto, and commanded to start for England.³ Apparently de Arouches either bungled his embassy to Catherine, or she misunderstood it, for it is evident from her letters to her brother at this time that she considered him displeased with her.

In spite of Catherine's message by Henry Sidney to the Prince and Princess of Orange that she sent her best compliments, but never writ any letters,"⁴ there are eighty letters in her own hand to her brother Pedro, in the Egerton collection. Most of them are undated, and with no heading, so that it is particularly difficult to assign to them their proper period, and it can only be done by a guess from the context. She writes now, the first of the series :

MY BROTHER,

By what Manoel Dias writes he found you at Saluaterra, where you were much diverted with hunting,

¹ Sidney to Savile, Feb. 11, 1678.

² Halifax.

³ Parry.

⁴ Blencowe.

and I rejoice that you can pass the time so well in such exercises. I understand that when you are in Lisbon you have other more onerous occupations, and it is necessary to seek this relaxation. I am expecting that person every hour. It seems that the reason is that the wind is contrary. Except to thank you heartily for what I owe you, it is not needful that he should arrive, as I begin at once to do it, giving you thanks as much for what you have done for me, as for the kindness you have shewed to him. I do not formally know all that has taken place in these affairs, particularly in the last I wrote you on, but I hope, considering the care you shewed in them, all the results will be what I desire. But if anything remains to be done in the matter, I sincerely beg you with all your power and authority to smooth away the difficulties that may arise, since without them I well know how much it may cost to overcome wilful people, and to persuade exiles. I allege no other reasons than this since you know all those that make me desire it: the convenience of my own service, and that of a person who serves you, the satisfaction to myself, and smaller considerations. These are enough to dispose you to make me happy, as I know by experience, but since your other occupations may make you less diligent than my impatience allows, I have given orders to the Duke to be my agent in this matter, and to remind you very carefully, and as he has acquitted himself so well in other affairs, I hope that in this he will have the same success. Adieu! God keep you as I desire.

Whitehall. Twenty-first of the month of April. Fortunate for me, since it is that in which you were born.

From thy most loving sister

C.¹

This letter was written before the arrival of de Arouches. A year after he presented himself to her, she was forced to express herself with grief.

¹ Egerton Letters, i. 534, Letter 83.

MY BROTHER,

This is the second letter that I wrote you on this matter, and though at this time my troubles give me no leisure to write, yet I restrain my tears in order to do it. On every occasion that the Marquez has spoken to me, I have understood from him that doubts are raised of my goodwill to you. As this trouble touches me to the quick I have no patience whatever with it. Yesterday he gave me good cause for grief, and left me in such a way that the King and all the Court could not but perceive the annoyance he gave me by reading me a paper which he says is yours. I doubt this, because I know the writing and the style seem to me very different from others that I have seen, but it was enough for me to hear that it was yours for me to give it my entire attention, and to desire not to fail in anything that was your pleasure. This is manifest, and if he (de Arouches) consults his conscience he will make clear to you what I replied, or will relate it accurately. But he speaks to me in terms so different from those my replies merit, that he gives me cause for pain, as I have told you, and because I fear he may dare to write to you in the same doubtful manner as that in which he dared to speak in my presence, I am obliged to give this explanation, that the truth may be clearly known. I have no need of praise from the Marquez, but it is very degrading to me that you doubt me. The King will speak on my behalf, and as many as know me, who know that there is no one on earth whom I value more highly than the Prince of Portugal, my Brother. By the chastisement of God I have been forced to give evidence of the truth of what I did not think had been doubted. But it is your minister who has done these services to you and me, and forces me to demonstrations such as no slanders whatever laid on me by my enemies compelled me to do till now. It has been observed at Court, and they have not done wondering at the cause. They infer the excess of my love for you from

it, which I see the Marquez doubts, with those who are of his way of thinking. It seems they are practising to take away my life with pure grief, and the nation thinks that she whom they see so lowered by slander can do little to serve you. I unburden myself to you in this letter, and for my comfort I hope you will send me good news of yourself, which will always arrive at the right time, since it is for that that I always long. Adieu. To-day, the 16th of February.

Your loving sister

C.¹

The reason why Manoel Diaz did not return when she expected him, was that he was detained, as has been seen, by Dom Pedro, in order that he might accompany de Arouches. What impression this ambassador had conceived of Catherine's lack of goodwill to her brother it is impossible to discover; but certainly no idea could have been so unwarranted, since her affection for her own family was carried to an excess.

The passing of the Test Act compelled Catherine to part with all her Catholic ladies, with the exception of nine, who were exempt from taking the declaration that they were Protestants. At this juncture both her natural generosity and her constant desire to please Charles made her do a magnanimous thing. The nine ladies were to be chosen by lot from her household, but she stopped the drawing after eight had been thus selected, and named the Duchess of Portsmouth as the ninth exempt lady, without the formality of the lot. Nothing would have been easier for her than to have remained passive, as Charles might have done in her own case just before. She could not pass by a chance of being generous even to the woman who was her most fatal rival, and of gratifying the man she still adored.

Catherine had not only to suffer, during the year of

¹ Egerton, i. 534, Letter 65.

1679, from constant dread of falling a victim to the machinations of her enemies, and ending her life at the block, but from another unexpected trouble and anxiety. Shaftesbury, foiled for the moment in his schemes against her life, conceived the time suitable for bringing forward doubts of her marriage. Catherine, though she had protested against the acknowledgment of Monmouth as her husband's son, had nevertheless never failed in kindness to him, and in after-days he was to prove conclusively how well he knew her goodness and friendship for him. But with the rising of the star of Louise de Keroualle, he, like most others, had fawned on the new favourite. He gave her a sumptuous entertainment at his house in Chelsea, and Charles was included in the guests.¹ Monmouth, no doubt hugely encouraged by Shaftesbury and the party eager for the exclusion of the Duke of York from the succession, now began to take bold and audacious measures. He assumed as arms on his coach-panels the Prince's feathers, a heart wounded with two arrows, and two angels bearing a scarf on either side, which the populace took to be the direct cognizance of the Prince of Wales.

On Sundays, after service, he stalked about the churchyard of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, followed for half an hour at a time by crowds of admiring rabble, uncovering before him. He had a vast following in the city,² and was generally looked upon as the hope of the Protestant party. His health was now constantly drunk, even in public, with the title and honours of Prince of Wales. Charles, on this being brought to his ears, at once called a Council of State, and solemnly declared before them that Monmouth's claims were absolutely baseless. He made public proclamation, which he caused to be widely published.

To avoid any dispute which may happen in time to come concerning the succession to the crown, the King declares

¹ Denton to Verney, July 30, 1673.

² Philipson to Fleming.

in the presence of Almighty God that he never gave or made any contract of marriage, nor was married to any woman whatever but to his present wife Queen Catherine, now living.

This proclamation was issued from Whitehall, March 31, 1679, and three months after Charles recorded a protest in the Court of Chancery that—

On the word of a King and the faith of a Christian he was never married to Mrs. Barlow, alias Walters, the Duke of Monmouth's mother, or to any woman whatsoever, besides the now Queen.

This protest, while it daunted the Monmouth party, must have been a blow to the Duchess of Portsmouth, who had always cherished the secret hope that her son might be declared the legitimate heir. She showed her immediate enmity to Monmouth by sending to the Attorney-General to draw up a patent for the Duke of Richmond as Master of the Horse, but the Attorney-General sent back word that, as the Duke of Monmouth had given a valuable consideration for his place, it could not be taken from him, against his will, unless something was laid to his charge which should cause him to forfeit it.¹ The Duke of York wrote to Colonel Legge, afterwards Earl of Dartmouth, urging him to induce Charles to send for him from Brussels, where he had retired when the Exclusion Bill, passed by the Commons, but thrown out by the Lords, showed the height of popular feeling against him. We know from letters of Catherine in later years that Charles was ready, at a moment's notice, to send her over to France to the protection of Louis, and he more than once considered this step as the only means of securing her safety. Now James wrote to Colonel Legge, in 1679 :

I am very glad to find I am likely to be sent for soon, and truly in point of reason I cannot see why it should not be, being confident nothing could encourage the loyal party more, and persuade them

¹ J. Verney to Sir R. Verney, Dec. 15, 1679.

and all the world that His Majesty is in earnest, than the sending for me, and I am sure nothing can be more to the real interest of the Ministry and the Duchess of Portsmouth than to have me with him. I see by other letters, as well as by yours, that the Duke of Monmouth continues doing things every day, as occasion offers itself, to exasperate His Majesty against him, sure it must be very great indiscretion in him, or undervaluing to the last degree the government to behave himself as he dos (*sic*) and if the Duke of Grafton be made Master of the Horse the world will be satisfied His Majesty is still much displeased with him, which is necessary, because people began to think he was a-coming into power again.¹

Shaftesbury, finding that his scheme for rendering Catherine neither legal wife nor Queen had no success, revived his efforts to remove her from his way by death. The Duke of York anticipated this, and told the Prince of Orange so.² A very few days after he wrote the words Monmouth's cook, Buss, deposed before the secret committee, of which Shaftesbury was the head and guiding power, that "being at Windsor in September last, he heard one Hankinson, who belonged to the Queen's chapel, desire Antonio, the Queen's confessor, to have a care of the four Irishmen he had brought along with him to do the business for them." This business was of course translated into the murder of the King. Hankinson must have been meant for Hudlestone. The secret committee took their usual plan of refusing to listen to the story, which resulted also, as usual, in evidence being laid before a City magistrate, who was forced to bring it forward. Antonio, in examination, utterly denied the whole affair, but was committed for trial. It was moved, at an extraordinary meeting of the Privy Council, that it would be best for Catherine to stand her trial, but Charles vetoed this with indignation, and "seemed

¹ Dartmouth's MS.

² July 9, 1679.

highly sensible of so injurious an aspersion on so virtuous a princess."¹ Marvel, the writer of lampoons, who had never ceased his malignant and scandalous attacks on Catherine, now spurted forth :

With one consent let all her death desire,
Who durst her husband's and her king's conspire !

Which expressed far more accurately the public sentiment than Dryden's verse :

Such was the charge on pious Michal brought—
Michal, that ne'er was cruel e'en in thought.
The best of Queens, the most obedient wife,
Impeached of curs'd designs on David's life—
His life, the theme of her eternal prayer !
'Tis scarce so much his guardian angel's care.
Not summer morns such mildness can disclose,
The Hermon lily, and the Sharon rose.
Neglecting each vain pomp of majesty,
Transported Michal feeds her thoughts on high.
She lives with angels, and, as angels do,
Quits heaven sometimes to bless the world below,
Where, cherished by her bounty's plenteous spring,
Reviving widows smile and orphans sing.

The acquittal of Wakeman and the Jesuits accused of conspiring against Charles's life, was necessary from the fact that there was not a shadow of real evidence brought forward. This should have convinced the public of the perjuries of Oates and Bedloe, and the sensible began to hesitate in their conviction of the existence of a plot. As for Charles, he redoubled his attentions to Catherine, if that were possible, and publicly showed on every occasion how complete was the affection and confidence between them. A contemporary letter declared that Catherine was now a mistress, her husband had such a passion for her.² One evening she dined with Chiffinch, Charles's servant, and remained for supper. She drove out in the pleasure-grounds in a little low carriage, and watched a small safe pack of black

¹ *Journal of James II.*

² Countess of Sunderland's Letters.

beagles hunt a brace of hares in the gardens, on which occasion a great many healths were drunk. Even she, that totally-abstaining person of a family of abstainers, took a little wine to drink her husband's health—a great compliment, as she had not tasted wine for many years.¹

In the beginning of September it was arranged that the King and Queen, with the Court, should remove to Newmarket for the autumn races, but a few days before they were to start Charles was seized with a kind of intermittent fever, which ran so high that his life was thought to be in danger. Probably his anxiety and worry over the attack on Catherine had much to do with it, and the conviction that was now beginning to dawn on him of his wasted life, and his isolation amongst a mob that thought only how they could serve themselves through him. He told Temple, in a moment of confidence, that there was not one about him whom he could trust with his affairs, now that Danby had gone. Temple thought he had never seen a man more sensible of his miserable condition than Charles was, when he suddenly gave vent to the wretchedness of his heart.

Of course the usual suspicion of the day ascribed his illness to poison, and perhaps if he had died at this juncture Catherine would have been sacrificed as his destroyer. Charles's illness was as little like poisoning, as Lady Sunderland scathingly remarked, as if it had been a fall from a horse ;² but crowds of agitated people insisted on seeing their adored sovereign, and crowded into his sick-room till he was nearly suffocated, the gentlemen of his bedchamber being quite unable to cope with the panic, and having to summon the Privy Council to turn out the sorrow-stricken populace.³

Charles sent for the Duke of York as soon as he thought himself in danger, but before he could arrive in England the fever had gone, by the use of quinine,

¹ Duke of Devonshire's Papers.

² Blencowe.

³ Idem.

and Charles was recovering. He was able to go to Newmarket on the day originally fixed, and there he and Catherine lived in quiet, dividing the time between the races, the cock-pit, and cards.

The previous month had removed one of Catherine's most dangerous enemies from her path. Bedloe, the scoundrel and false informer, died. On his death-bed he sent for Lord Chief Justice North, and declared that all he had deposed of the Popish Plot was true. Then, a late remorse clutching him, as North was leaving his room, he called him back, and swore solemnly that the Duke of York was not in it, as far as plans against the life of the King were concerned, and that Catherine was in no way implicated except in consenting to have Catholicism introduced into the country, and she was only with tears brought to consent to that.¹ This was as false as all the rest of his lying words, since no evidence in the least supports it. After Charles's illness in the autumn, she, too, was unwell, apparently from over-strain. In the Upper House, when the bill for the Exclusion of the Duke of York was thrown out on November 17, Shaftesbury, foiled in his attempt, moved that "as the sole remaining chance of security, liberty, and religion, a bill of divorce might pass, which, by separating the King from Queen Catherine, might enable him to marry a Protestant consort, and thus leave the crown to legitimate issue."² Essex, Salisbury, and the base Howard of Escrick, seconded the motion eagerly, but Charles expressed the utmost horror at the suggestion, and the profoundest indignation. He personally visited each peer to entreat him to vote against the measure, trying to kill the idea before it had time to grow.³ The majority of the Lords were at one with him in their wrath at such a disgraceful suggestion, and the bill was promptly flung out, and no one again dared to brave Charles's righteous anger by hinting at a repetition of it.

¹ Rapin. ² Journal of the House of Lords. ³ Journal of James II.

There is not the faintest doubt that Shaftesbury bribed the Duchess of Portsmouth over to the side of the Exclusion by a trick. He at first frightened her by suggesting that if the Duke of York were prosecuted for recusancy, she should be included in the charge, as a common nuisance.¹ This frightened her so that she took advantage of the time that must needs elapse before proceedings were instituted, to reconcile herself to Shaftesbury and his party, and to become their warm partisan. She gave them secret meetings in her apartments, particularly Monmouth, with whom she now patched her friendship, and she backed up all the cabals to remove the Duke of York from Court, giving as her shallow reason that the Duchess had not treated her with the kindness and attention that was her due.²

She was probably at this time the most powerful enemy the Duke had. Montague told Burnet—or so Burnet says—that it was proposed to her that if she could bring Charles to consent to the Exclusion, and to one or two other popular measures, Parliament would undertake to bring in a bill for securing the King's person, in which a clause might be inserted that the King could declare his own successor to the crown, as had been done in the cases of Henry VIII. and of Elizabeth, and was done in after-years by Queen Anne. Montague, of course, buoyed her up with hopes that her son would be chosen, as he was Charles's favourite, out of all his children. She flung herself into the plan with zeal, and Burnet thought she might have brought the King to consent, could she have had the eight hundred thousand pounds that she set as her price. She afterwards lowered the sum to six hundred thousand. But the managers of the plot dared not ask for a vote to raise the money till the bill was passed,³ and it is certain that, whatever they had paid, nothing would ever have brought the King to consent to cut off his brother.

¹ Clarke, *Life of James II.* ² *Ibid.* ³ *History of His Own Times.*

The Duke was warned by Hyde that Sunderland and Godolphin were of the opinion he should again leave England. Essex and Halifax confirmed this view, which surprised him less than the action taken by Sunderland and Godolphin, whom he had thought his friends. The Duchess of Portsmouth was employed by the plotters against the Duke to draw the King from him, and to prejudice Charles against his brother.¹ She again could think of no excuse for her enmity less flimsy than that the Duke had given her no assurance during Charles's late illness of his friendship in case of the King's death. This James himself indignantly declares would not have been decent for him to do, besides being absurd, since the illness was slight, and not at all dangerous.² The Duchess busily travelled from Windsor to town to meet Shaftesbury and Howard of Escrick in secret, and pushed their schemes with all her power.³ Hyde told the Duke that she did not find that success in her efforts that she had hoped, and that they were her only security from peril, except her French interest, and if she allowed it that the Duke might well be brought back into her good graces, "though," says Hyde with sudden vehemence, "it is the most damned and false bottom you can put yourself in, and such as I cannot serve with any confidence or hope of success."⁴

The Duke of York had retired to Scotland, as less remote than the Continent. The Shaftesbury party supported the Duchess of Portsmouth in return for her efforts, and when a motion for removing her from the Court was moved in the House of Commons, all Shaftesbury's tools stood up and smashed it.⁵ They adduced the remarkable argument that there ought to be managers in one house (*i.e.* the King's) for the whole affairs of the King

¹ *Life of James II.*

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ Letter to the Duke of York.

⁵ Philipson to Fleming.

and the kingdom, and declared that the Duchess was a good woman in such affairs. It was only left to Christopher Philipson to declare that he "must leave all to God's providence, and pray for all good men who desired the welfare of the King and the Church."

It was probably about this time that Catherine wrote to her brother, recommending to his favour one of the almoners of her Somerset House chapel, who was returning to Portugal. "Manoel Pereira," she writes, "who accompanied me, is going, and he has served me all these years with complete satisfaction. He brings his mother, who, being very old, dares not live among so many alarms as we do here. He will give you information about public business. Of my private affairs I have nothing new to tell you, nor have I time, now, because I am just going on a journey of little pleasure, except that I shall accompany the King in it, as I always do. His troubles give me more anxiety than my own. I pray God to aid him, and give him ease, which will be the more valued after so many disturbances. Manoel Pereira is a man of good parts; he was trained in the service of our father, and of us all at the Royal Chapel, always behaving well. I hope there is no demerit in his having served me more particularly, and I assure you that he will accomplish what you entrust to him. I hope you are sending me good news, which alone can help me to grieve less over the troubles which abound here every hour. Thanks to God, I am always in health sufficient for whatever may be your will. I shall all my life be eager to do it, performing it with special zeal as my inclination dictates. Assuring you of the affection of a sister more loving——"¹

The two letters that follow here give no guiding as to date, but were also probably written about this period.

¹ Egerton, i. 534, Letter 67.

MY BROTHER,

Gaspar de Abren is going, and leaves in this court a very good name for the obliging manner in which he conducted himself towards all. He helped to my complete satisfaction, and that was well, as in this court your ministers are esteemed when they discharge their obligations as is expected of them. Of the truth and conscientiousness of this minister I am certain you have much experience and satisfaction. Therefore I leave to his prudence to make you aware of the state of affairs at the present time, and what may be feared at the assembling of Parliament, which will be during the eighteen days of April ensuing. He will be so well able to inform you of the truth of my affection towards you, which I think you cannot doubt. It is certain that no efforts can diminish it, even if there were some one to make them, which I do not think there will be.

Of the good will and signs of kindness of the King towards me I shall be able to give a good and true account, and likewise how much he is in your interest, and might offer to your kingdom good friendship and alliance between these two crowns, which it will not be difficult to preserve, because the King loves you much from his heart, and desires much that your credit and good name should prosper in every way. I must expect news from you, such as my affection desires.
12 of the New Year.

Your sister and friend,

C. ¹

Two months later she again writes :

MY BROTHER,

I write to you by the Marquis, and again by Gaspar de Abren ; from neither have I received two lines from you. I multiply ways in order to compel you to this, that by these means you shall restore to me what you owe, which is troublesome, though it is

¹ Egerton, i. 534, Letter 17.

in Lent, the time of restitutions. I again repeat my thanks for the good ministers whom you have sent, hoping that they may serve us both satisfactorily in their very arduous business. They cannot yet have much information. They are going to observe what may be necessary, for now it appears that there is something amiss. This is the more to be feared when their minds are known. God dispose all for His greater glory! Send me good news of yourself, to which my true love is all the more entitled, because I desire it amidst these troubles. . . .¹

It would seem that the greatest relief Catherine felt in these days, and in the far sadder ones that came after, when she stood alone against the world in her widowhood, was the outpouring of her heart and mind in these letters to the brother she devotedly loved, though years and distance had divided them. It is well to give in detail all this prolonged correspondence, since it shows more clearly than any other preserved records the true mind and character of a greatly misrepresented Queen, and holds up to a late appreciation her tenderness and rich affection, her womanly traits, and her unfaltering piety. There is no attempt at literary effect in her writing. She was little endowed with keen humour or satire, such as might have gained her notice and respect at the court of Whitehall. She did not sparkle with epigram, or assume a pose of any sort. She was a simple-hearted, true-natured woman, not dazzling by her surface talents, but gifted with sense, penetration, kindness, and nobility of thought.

Many women of her day wrote more striking letters. Even apart from the inevitable disadvantage of translation, hers would never have held a place with those of the famous women of her time. But the crystal honesty of her mind, the tender loving-heartedness of her affection, the generosity of her nature, the constancy of her faith, are all as evident as the sun at

¹ Egerton, 1. 534, Letter 86.

high noon in these letters written in her own hand. It is women such as Catherine that wise men ask for wives and mothers. Women such as she who keep the leaven of wholesome salt fresh amid the corruptions of such surroundings as were hers. To such women we turn in the day of suffering and the hour of anguish. Their sympathy fails never, their love never pales. Happy are we if one such holds for us a heart such as Catherine held for Pedro, and through life and death for Charles.

The trial of Lord Stafford, on the charges brought against him by Titus Oates, formed the next great event of 1680. He was accused of a design to introduce Catholicism into the country, and to murder the King—the same accusations that had been brought against Catherine. He had been confined in the Tower for two years, and was now close on seventy. He and four other Catholic peers had demanded the benefits of the Habeas Corpus Act, that they should either be tried or released. He, from his age and infirmities, being less able to defend himself, was selected as the fittest for trial by the committee.

This trial, the worst and most unfair that probably ever disgraced an English Court, took place in Westminster Hall. Catherine and her ladies were present, in a private box, and the Duchess of Portsmouth had a seat near the Commons, and “dispensed sweetmeats and gracious looks to her friends amongst them.”¹ Both she and Catherine must have watched the proceedings with intense and strained interest. The charges were identical with those already brought against the Queen, and the sentence meted out was what would have been accorded her, in Stafford's place. As for the Duchess of Portsmouth, she had every reason to keep on her side any friends she believed herself to possess. The innocent old nobleman made his way with difficulty to Westminster Hall, assailed all the long route with the yells and execrations of

¹ Hallam.

the howling mob. Some of the members of the House of Commons were guilty of such insulting behaviour that the Lord High Steward had to rebuke them.

The first witness, one Smith, deposed that he had read in letters of Coleman that the Queen and the Duke of York were in the plot. Oates repeated more charges against Sir George Wakeman, of which the physician had been already acquitted. Catherine's almoner, Cardinal Howard, was also accused. Discrepancies and contradictions on the part of the adverse witnesses passed unchallenged by the prosecution. For seven days the unfortunate nobleman was tortured and bullied and insulted, driven half out of his mind by want of sleep. The rabble insulted and baited him as he left the court. Oates goaded them on, and when called on by the Lieutenant of the Tower to desist, he returned that they were witnesses. The Lieutenant exclaimed that not half of them were, and bade Oates "keep them down." Oates shouted that he was only a jailer and a rascal. The Lieutenant informed him that if it were not for his cloth he would break his head, and one regrets to hear that his cloth protected him. The Lieutenant was called to order in court by Sergeant Maynard for these words, when he replied that "he did not deserve to serve the King if any man without a clerical garb should call him a rascal, and he did not immediately break his head."¹

Stafford, in his defence, called attention to the fact that when Oates was first asked if he accused any one else of the plot in the whole of England he answered that he did not, yet he afterwards accused the Queen. Oates was wriggled out of this imputation by the Attorney-General, Sir W. Jones, who remarked that Oates's accusation against the Queen "was not positive, and that he did not know at that time if he might dare to bring it forward."² Stafford was not allowed a single day to prepare his defence. He was pronounced guilty, and condemned to die. More monstrous mis-

¹ *State Trials.*

² *Ibid.*

carriage of justice never covered a court with shame. He was condemned to die the death of a traitor, and a majority of the peers petitioned the King to save him from this by decapitation. The sheriffs petitioned that the King had no right to alter the sentence. Charles, in spite of this, declared for beheading, and, amid the cries and tears of the mob, who had suddenly become convinced of his innocence, Stafford knelt at the block, guiltless of every crime imputed to him, and his legalized murder is black on the country's annals.

So ended 1680. In March of the following year Parliament was summoned to meet at Oxford, but before Charles and Catherine left town for Windsor, where they intended to stay first for a time, a new informer of Popish Plot matters thrust himself forward. This was a certain Fitzharris, who had been connected with the Duchess of Portsmouth, and had promised her, in consideration of a pension, to further Shaftesbury's faction in making Richmond king, after Charles. The King instantly saw he was a tool for renewing the charges against Catherine and the Duke of York, whom, in spite of Hallam and other historians, all private testimony goes to prove, he never for a moment entertained a thought of depriving of the succession.

Charles and Catherine went to Windsor, and thence, on March 14, escorted by a troop of Horse Guards, to Oxford for the opening of Parliament, on the 21st. The roads to Oxford were thronged, for all that week with lords and gentlemen, and members of the Court going to join the Royalties.¹ The Duchess of Portsmouth and Nell Gwynn went as well, and the old town was gay with the bustle and glitter. On the Oxford journey Charles and Catherine were received at the county boundary by the High Sheriff, and at Wheatley by Lord Norris, the Lord-Lieutenant. The University welcomed them with addresses and congratulations. But immediately after Shaftesbury and his

¹ Luttrell

faction entered the town with almost the same pomp, and were followed by running crowds of servants and retainers with hat-ribbons flaring the legend, "No Popery! no slavery!"

It was clear it was to be war, and that to the knife. Shaftesbury and his party were exultant, believing they had the Queen in a corner, and that nothing could rescue her. Charles was perfectly aware of their hopes. On the 21st he opened Parliament in state, and, under all the flash and sparkle of jewels and robes, and pomp and ceremony of procession, there were passions boiling at fever-heat. The first business of the House concerned the informer, Fitzharris. The Commons determined that he should be impeached, not tried by the Court of King's Bench, since impeachment would allow the Shaftesbury crew to colour his information as they chose. The Lords opposed the Commons' desire. The debate became furious, and the question was laid aside for the Commons to revive the Exclusion Bill, which was brought before the House on Saturday, March 26. The Duchess of Portsmouth must have been in deep suspense. On Monday Charles performed the most startling *coup d'état* of his reign. He privately had his robes put on him, while the storm was growing in the Commons. He ordered his sedan-chair, and in it took his way to the House, with his crown hidden by the curtains he drew close. He came into the House abruptly, unattended, sat down on the throne, placed the crown on his head, and instantly ordered the Black Rod to summon the Commons to him, before the Lords had recovered from their stupefaction. The amazed Commons obeyed the summons, and as they entered he calmly, though sternly, remarked that "proceedings begun so ill could end in no good," and declared the Parliament—about the shortest on record—dissolved. He instantly left the House, and the stunned Lords and Commons; got into his coach which stood waiting, and with the Queen drove from the city, and went

straight to Windsor. Miss Strickland gives the date of Charles's return to London as March 29,¹ but in reality the Court lingered at Windsor long enough to hold a Chapter of the Garter, when Charles created the Duke of Richmond a knight, and he was installed on April 8.

The Duke of York now wrote in desperation to Colonel Legge, that he saw little chance of his ever being sent for to return to England, and that he felt sure his friends would have hard work to prevail against "the end of the gallery." "If it be put off till there has been a thorough purge made in court and country, it will not be till the Greek Kalends. I see great pains has been taken by the Duchess of Portsmouth to bring in the Duke of Monmouth. I hope my friends will continue their efforts to hinder it, for should my enemy compass them, my business were undone." And on April 24 he writes: "As long as Lord Mack is in wayting, and the Duchess of Portsmouth in such credit, I can expect no great good."²

The Duke, when he had to leave London with such haste the previous October, had written to Catherine:

MADAME,

I hope the King had done me that justice as to inform your Ma. that it was by his command I did not wayte on you to take my leave of you before I came away, as I ought to have done, so that you do not look on it as any neglect of mine. I am very sure I shall never be guilty of any to you. I was very glad to heare by the last letters I received since my being in this country, that your Ma. was in so faire a way of recovery. I hope in God this will find you quite well. I beg your pardon for the trouble I have given you, and that you will always look on me as being, with all imaginable respect, Madame,

Your Ma.'s most affectionate brother and most
humble servant, JAMES.³

EDINBURGH, Oct. 30, 1680.

¹ *Queens of England.*

² Dartmouth MSS.

Letters of congratulation on her escape from the perils that surrounded her, had been received by Catherine at this time from foreign Courts. She also had them from Cardinals Basadonna and Alfieri. Louis had written to tell her of the marriage of the Dauphin, and his Queen had also sent her word of the matter :

MADAME MY SISTER,

The King, my lord, writing to the King of England, Monsieur my lord and Brother, and to your Majesty to announce to you the marriage of my son the dauphin with the princess Electoral of Bavaria, which was concluded lately, and which must be consummated at Munich by deputy on the 25th of this month, I have also been very glad to send you this letter on the occasion, to assure your Majesty of the esteem which I have for your person, and to demand from you the continuation of your friendship, assuring you that it is with sincere affection that I am

Your good sister,

Jan. 1680.

MARIE TERÈSE.

Catherine wrote to her brother after her illness in the autumn of the previous year, that she had been ill for four months, and that at the same time she had been in the most serious peril of her whole life. "I hope I am not ungrateful to Him to Whom alone I owe thanks. . . . I still go on with very troublesome medicines, and with repeated chills and fevers for eighteen or sixteen hours, which leave me very weak, and from the rigour of the weather I do not know if I shall recover health. As to the state of things in this kingdom, you will have heard everything if they keep you informed as is proper. For my part there is nothing that concerns me more than to tell you how completely the King releases me from all trouble in my private affairs by the care which he takes to defend and protect my innocence and truth. Every day he shews more clearly his purpose and goodwill

towards me, and he thus baffles the hate of my enemies. During my illness the esteem in which he holds my safety and life is witnessed by many testimonies of tenderness for which may God give him payment in the same coin, in which case I shall benefit as well. I cannot cease telling you what I owe to his benevolence, of which each day he gives greater proofs, either from generosity, or from compassion for the little happiness in which he sees I live. I hope you will give me happiness since you alone can, by good news of yourself, on which my comfort depends."¹

It appears to be about 1681 that she wrote the next letter that is preserved.

MY BROTHER,

The envoy, Joseph Faria, gave me your letter, and as always I received pleasure from its good news of you. To know that the choice you have made is yours, is sufficient for me to approve it. The Marquis, who is leaving this kingdom, will report to you the present state of affairs here. There is no security here for any improvement. I pray God to help the King to find some aid, as great as has ever been invented, so that these troubles among which we have lived these three years may cease. I am better, but not without returns of my complaint, which I do not know whether to impute to age or to my unhappiness, since the greater part appears to me to be trifling. But, as I explained last year, my life at present is in great danger. I trust in God that He may be pleased to grant it to me. May I know better how to employ it, and if this good fortune should occur, there will remain nothing for me to desire except the chance of seeing you, which would give a new reason for valuing it above everything, to the heart of a most loving sister who sends this.

Believe that she continues your

C. ² .

¹ Egerton, 1. 534, Letter 16.

² Ibid., Letter 73.

The trial of Fitzharris, which now took place, formed the last act in the burlesque of Catherine's accusation. He had begun his campaign against her by declaring that Dom Francesco de Mello had told him that she was engaged in a design of poisoning the King. Charles had at once, as has been seen, detected the glaring incongruities in his evidence, and had been aware that he was merely a tool of Shaftesbury. He could stand no more trumped-up charges against Catherine and his brother, and as Catherine wrote to Dom Pedro, he shared the anxiety and distress she was in. Fitzharris, who was the son of a brave and loyal Cavalier, was of so different an order from Oates and Bedloe and that crew, that it was expected that his evidence would weigh with the Lords, when that of the others had been derided. He was now charged with high treason by Charles's commands, and the trial was watched with the most fevered interest. In the earlier part of the year the Duchess of Portsmouth was thought to be in high favour. A way had been made from the King's apartments in Whitehall straight to her own, so that Charles could be perpetually there without it being known. She was implacably enraged against the Duke of York, who was right in declaring that she was his bitter foe. She was labouring her hardest to get Charles to release Danby from prison, and to allow the Exclusion Bill to pass. In March she was working with all her skill to get Monmouth back into favour, and the spirited dissolution of Parliament at Oxford must have been to her indeed a crushing blow. Louis, who was at this time paying Charles some £60,000 a year in fulfilment of his promises in the Secret Treaty, had also managed to buy a number of the members of the House of Commons. This we know from French papers of the period.¹ The Duchess of Portsmouth had excited some uneasiness in France, from her ardent advocacy of Monmouth. With

¹ *Affaires Étrangères, Angleterre. États Barrillon, 1681.*

Charles she was now suddenly a little out of favour, most probably because he had detected some of her designs. She went to Althorpe in May, after the return from Oxford, to stay with her friends, Lord and Lady Sunderland, while Charles and Catherine went down to Chatham and to Sheerness, to see the new ship, the *Britannia*, launched. The Duchess of Portsmouth took with her Ranelagh and Mr. Crofts, and this disseverance of her society from Charles's "made a great noise."¹

In June the trial took place. The foreman of the jury, Johnson, was a firm supporter of Monmouth. Sir William Waller and others were, in spite of their struggles, made to give evidence which was strong against Fitzharris. When the Duchess of Portsmouth was called into court, there was immense sensation. She declared on oath that she had begged some kindness for Fitzharris from the King, but was not cognizant of any of his concerns. James saw in this a plot which might alienate the affections of the people from Charles.² Mrs. Wall, the Duchess of Portsmouth's woman, was involved also in the affair, and made disclosures which put her entirely out of favour with her mistress. She, however, recompensed herself for this by marrying Major Oglethorpe directly after, who was made Gentleman of the Horse to the Duke of Richmond, on his appointment as Master of the Horse, in the following December.³

Fitzharris was found guilty of high treason, and condemned to death. He immediately offered to turn King's evidence, and betray those who had worked on him to give false witness, if his sentence might be commuted to imprisonment for life. He was examined by the Council, and declared to them that he had been persuaded by the two Sheriffs,

¹ Macpherson, May 28, 1681.

² *Life of James II.*, June 9, 1681.

³ Fauconberg to Falkland, December, 1681.

Bethel and Cornish, together with Treby the Recorder, to say what he had said. He declared that the libel he was guilty of had been written down for him by Lord Howard of Escrick ; but while there seems little doubt that all these four were perfectly capable of the dastardly act, and possibly were guilty, there was no reason why Fitzharris should be pardoned. Charles indignantly refused to sign any warrant, and he was executed. On the same day the innocent Catholic Archbishop of Ireland, Plunkett, was also beheaded. He was the last victim of the iniquitous mockery known to history as the Popish Plot. Lord Essex, a former Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, was struck with remorse when the sentence was passed, and begged Charles to pardon Plunkett, saying that he knew the charge against him was false. Charles indignantly cried, "Then, my Lord, on your own head be his blood ! You might have saved him if you would. I cannot pardon him, because I dare not." The strictures of horror passed on this cowardice can have little contradiction. It must only be said that, had Charles pardoned one convicted of a design against his person, even were the conviction false, he could not have protected Catherine. The world would have declared that he was shielding her in spite of her guilt, and she too might have been hurried to the scaffold. In turning the blood-stained page of the Popish Plot, which now shrank and shrivelled into dust, one word must be spared to Titus Oates.

Even the most merciful of us can hardly avoid a degree of pleasure in hearing of his punishment. Towards the end of the reign the Duke of York, by advice, brought against him a suit for defamation of character. The jury, by this time fully convinced of Oates's perjury, heard it proved incontestably, and Oates was fined £100,000, and immediately thrown into prison as a debtor. About the same time the Grand Jury of Middlesex found two true bills against him for perjury, and in 1685 he was convicted

on both indictments. He was sentenced to pay another fine of 2,000 marks, and, with his clerical garments stripped from him, he was pilloried in Palace Yard. After an interval, he was led round Westminster Hall with an inscription over his head, setting forth his crimes, again pilloried before the Royal Exchange, and whipped from Aldgate to Newgate. After two days he was again flogged from Newgate to Tyburn, imprisoned for life, and five different times every year pilloried in another place in the kingdom. The Judges hoped he would not survive his punishment, but he disappointed them. At the pillory in Palace Yard, the guards about him with difficulty kept the people from tearing him limb from limb. At the Royal Exchange, some of those blind enough to still retain their partizanship tried to create a riot for his rescue. At his first flogging the hangman laid on the strokes with terrible heaviness, and he swooned several times. His cowardly yells were appalling to hear. To his second whipping he had to be drawn on a sledge, he was so weakened, and then received seventeen hundred strokes of the whip. He remained a prisoner till the accession of William of Orange, who gave him a pension of £5 a week, and thus confirmed the mutters of the people that the Prince of Orange had been one of his instigators. This man, whose repulsive appearance was the fitting shell of his soul, deserved death from the country, so many of whose innocent citizens he had sent to the scaffold for his own enrichment. The witness of six Irishmen after Fitzharris's death cleared Catherine for ever from the outrageous charges against her, and from the suspicions of the populace. They gave conclusive proof that they had been suborned by Shaftesbury to accuse the Queen and the Duke of York, the Duke of Ormonde, and the Chancellor of Ireland, by lying evidence. The whole hideous plot was unveiled, and Shaftesbury was committed to the Tower. He was followed to the very gates by a howling and

execrating mob, which at last discovered how it had been hoodwinked.¹ It is disagreeable to have to record that the Grand Jury, before which he appeared for trial, was packed by his tools, and the bill against him was thrown out ; whereupon the voice of the people once more rose in cries for him and Monmouth.

¹ Blencowe.

CHAPTER XIII

AFTER THE STORM

THE Duchess of Portsmouth, terrified by the evidence at Fitzharris's trial, and finding the King displeased, saw only one hope for her. She suddenly turned over to the Duke of York's interests, believing that if she could bring about his return, his gratitude would be her best protection. She began to suggest to James that she would stand his friend if he assured her £5,000 a year out of offices he had, particularly the Post Office, on whose profits fines might readily be levied. This scheme was favoured by Charles, who told Lord Clyde that as he could settle nothing on the Duchess beyond his own lifetime, he would in this way feel that he left provision for her.¹ Charles was himself receiving an added annuity from France of £50,000 a quarter, with a renewed condition of keeping friendly with Louis, if he, on his side, would pledge himself not to disturb Flanders or Holland.² The Duchess of Portsmouth pressed the Duke's return, and gave such good reasons for it that Charles allowed their soundness. He spoke freely in her apartments and in St. James's Park of the injustice of juries in the recent cases, and declared he was the last man in his own kingdom to have either law or justice, and that his case was hard.³

¹ Conway's Letters, June to October, 1681.

² Reresby, Oct. 9, 1681.

³ *Ibid.*

The creation of the Duke of Richmond as Master of the Horse in December of this year, was not regarded with favour. The appointment would debar the Duke of Monmouth from Court, and every one believed this would set him more entirely against the King.¹ Early in the beginning of 1682 the Duchess complained of illness, and thought of taking the Buxton waters.² Charles was thought to be still displeased with her, though she possessed the power of making him break his given word to people in favour of friends of her own.³ At the end of 1681 there had been talk of her going to try the waters of Bourbon, instead of those of Derbyshire, and on March 4, when Charles and Catherine started for Newmarket, Louise took her departure for France. She travelled to Greenwich with her son, and the little Duke's tutor, with a salary of £300 a year, and two footmen to attend him. She set out at three o'clock in the afternoon, with seventy of her household, and £3,000 advance-money, which she declared would only last her three months, so that she would be forced to return in June.⁴ Lord Fauconberg remarks that she came from her own country with a considerably less train! A yacht was provided for her this time also, and she boarded it at Dover, and sailed for Dieppe. She made some stay in Paris, where she was received with royal honours, and invited to the fêtes at St. Cloud. By her offices the Duke of York had arrived from Leith in a yacht early in the beginning of March, and all those against him could not prevail to have him once more exiled. He could not keep his promise about the Post Office, for it was found that it would require an Act of Parliament to settle it. The Duke went to Newmarket to meet Charles, and on May 3 went to bring back his wife from Scotland. They reached Whitehall on April 27. The Duchess of Portsmouth, hearing in France that she could not get the Post Office money,

¹ Reresby, Oct. 9, 1681.

² *Idem.*

³ *Idem.*

⁴ Fauconberg to Falkland, March 3, 1682.

was greatly annoyed, and that, and Charles's frequent secret conferences with his brother on the subject of religion, which she supposed to be about politics, so roused her jealousy that it was thought by the Duke of York that she tried in 1684 to get him once more banished.¹

In the meantime she was immensely enjoying her French visit. She was accommodated with rooms in the palace of St. Cloud, and Saint-Simon says there is no parallel for the reception accorded her at Court. In Paris, one day, she desired to visit the great festival of the poor Capuchins of the Rue St. Honoré, when the monks, hearing of the visit, came out to meet her in procession, bearing the cross, the holy water, and the incense, as if she had been a queen, which threw her into a "strange confusion."² She left St. Cloud for Aubigni on April 19 or 20, with the Duke of Richmond, to visit the estates there, which she had never yet seen. At Bourbon she met her sister, the Countess of Pembroke. Charles had already named the Duke of Richmond as her successor in the *seigneurie*, and in the spring of that year the city of York had done him the honour of selecting him as their High Steward, a post till then held by the Duke of Buckingham, and declined by the Privy Seal. The patent of office was presented in a gold box, and the Duchess of Portsmouth returned a letter of most gracious thanks to the corporation of York.³ The Duchess returned to Paris early in June. At first she was uncertain whether she would not stay in France till September, and try the Bourbon waters again, not having yet received any signal benefit from them.⁴ She had been made much of by the ambassador, and complimented, after some *fracas* between her footmen and those of the new Lord Stafford, who may possibly have vented on her men their hatred of her, for her conduct at their late lord's

¹ Macpherson.

² Reresby, April 11, 1681.

³ *Écrits Inédits*.

⁴ Preston to the Duke of York, May 27, 1681.

trial, and she set out for England in July, and arrived on the third of the month, the day Charles returned to Whitehall from Sheerness.

Some little stir was made just then by the departure of the Ambassador of Morocco from Woolwich.¹ He had arrived in England in January, and been sumptuously entertained at the Court. He was received in the Banqueting House at Whitehall by Charles and Catherine. He advanced to the throne without any reverences or bows, and he made his address through a renegade Englishman, who afterwards made off with much of his money. He and his retinue were in cassocks of coloured cloth or silk, with buttons and laps, "with an *alhaga*, or white woollen mantle over the robe, so large that both head and body could be wrapped in it." Small turbans or sashes were on their heads, and their arms and legs were bare, with leather socks on their feet. Their shirts were large-sleeved, and of calico, and they carried richly jewelled scimitars. Hamet, the ambassador, had a costly string of pearls wound in his turban. He was handsome, with excellent features, and his manners were courteous in the extreme, and his carriage dignified. He brought with him a present of thirty ostriches and two lions, which were afterwards known by the names of Charles and Catherine. The King was amused at the flock of ostriches, and said that he knew of nothing so proper to send in return as a flock of geese. The embassy was concerning a peace with Tangiers, but the concourse of people who crowded into the presence-chamber to see these strange visitors, was so unruly that the officers could keep no order, which amazed the sober and well-conducted guests.² The ambassador and his suite were entertained by most of the nobility, and were to be seen daily riding in the Park, and flinging and catching lances as they rode at full speed. They rode with such short stirrups that they could stand upright at the gallop. They

¹ Luttrell, July 20, 1681

² Evelyn's *Diary*, Jan. 11, 1682.

also frequented the theatre, where comedies caused them great uneasiness in concealing their mirth. The Duchess of Portsmouth gave them a splendid entertainment in her "glorious" rooms, where the Morocco strangers were seated at a long table, one on each side of a lady of the Court. Among the company were Lady Litchfield and Lady Sussex, Nell Gwynn, "and cattle of that sort," says Evelyn,¹ all brave in jewels and lovely dresses, and probably as lively as usual. The guests ate and drank sparingly, and partook of "sorbet and Jacolatt" (sherbert and chocolate). They exhibited sober good breeding, and talked with wit and gallantry. The King came in to see them before they left, and they took their departure, praying God to bless the Duchess of Portsmouth and the Prince, her son. The peace concluded through their embassy was broken the same year by the Emperor of Morocco, and it was reported he had flung the ambassador into prison, and threatened him with death, on the pretence that he had concluded the peace without waiting for orders; but it was thought that the real reason was Hamet's injudicious praise of England and the English.²

The Duchess of Portsmouth took her place at Court again, after her return from France, in apparently higher favour than before. We hear of her extending her mediation in the interest of Sunderland, with such success that he was again received into Charles's favour, and it was expected that some great place would be given him.³ Even gifts begged by her women were hastily granted, in hopes that her all-powerful services might be engaged for the givers.⁴ She looked sharply after the Lennox estates for her son, whom she adored.⁵ Great ministers of State and the heads of the chief houses in the kingdom came

¹ Evelyn's *Diary*, Jan. 24, 1682.

² Luttrell, Dec. 13, 1682.

³ News letter, Somerset MSS., July 29, 1682.

⁴ Duke of York to Lord Queensberry, Dec. 2, 1682.

⁵ Melford to Queensberry, Oct. 20, 1682.

fawning to her and begging for her favour and interest.¹ As has already been said, her rooms at the further side of Whitehall were the true Council Chamber, for there the King openly discussed before her, with his ministers, affairs of State and foreign politics, and her tact, cleverness, and gentle influence, made her suggestions carry the weight of commands from other lips. Some of those about Charles still retained enough affection for him to grieve when they saw his slavery to her silken chains. The Lord Privy Seal lamented her sway over the King, and the way she contrived to keep him a mere vassal to France. "The King was too passive in these things, and it was his greatest fault that he would not be persuaded to resent some things which he clearly saw, as he ought, and keep up that height that belonged to his dignity."²

As for Catherine, they were halcyon days for her. Perhaps this was the happiest period of her whole life. As a bride, her love for Charles had not reached such flood-tide that she could sacrifice herself for his sake. The long years since then had but deepened the torrent, and rooted the oak. He was her star and her sun—the centre of her life. Now that the respect and attention he had always paid her were turned into tenderness, her heart unclosed to meet it with a glad response. No matter what time he spent in the apartments at the end of the gallery, he never neglected her. He lavished on her kindness and affectionate intimacy which amazed the Court, and filled her with bliss. In August she wrote to her brother :

August 12th, 1682.

MY BROTHER,

This envoy is going to reside at your court. He will find in you the kindness which the King who sends him deserves from you. This is undoubtedly great, in proportion to the esteem he has for your good friendship, and his desire to continue

¹ Reresby's *Memoirs*.

² *Ibid.*

and increase it. And I think he deserves something from you for the great protection which he has shewn me, and he continues to defend and protect me with so remarkable a show of good will that I find myself engaged by new obligations not to fail in anything which I perceive to be due. And I am happy, except that I have had no opportunity of procuring news of you. . . . I have everything that can give me complete satisfaction in this life, nor do I now wish to think I have reason to complain. If the love of a sister who nursed you in her arms really exists, there must always be something to say, since there is nothing she cares more for than to hear of her kindred, and this love is so delicate that it concerns itself with the smallest trifles. . . . The Savoy Resident here informed us on behalf of Madame Royal that the Duke, after he ceases to be a minor, will ratify the new treaty, of which we think highly. The King I hope will be——(obliterated) to your great joy and mine, and to the great welfare of this kingdom, towards which I bear much good will. Adieu.

Your sister, who loves you with all her heart.¹

Much of this letter is obliterated, but an old endorsement on it notes that in it Catherine complains that her brother's wife shows favour to her enemies. This must be taken on trust, in the present state of the document, but it is proof of Catherine's magnanimity and generous heart, that she can write so kindly of the English people soon after they had been conspiring to send her to her death.

In the days that followed, Charles and Catherine were constantly together, in public and in private. He was engaged in his great scheme of converting the old castle at Winchester into part of a palace that should rival Versailles, and he contemplated pulling down a large slice of the beautiful old houses in the city, to make a splendid avenue from the palace to

¹ Egerton, i. 534, Letter 1.

the cathedral. During the carrying out of these plans he was much at Winchester, and on one of these visits, while he was lodged at the Deanery, he desired that Ken, one of the prebends, should accommodate Nell Gwynn with his house. This Ken resolutely, though respectfully refused, on the ground that she was not a fit person to be received in the precincts. Charles bore him not the slightest ill-will, and afterwards appointed him Bishop of Bath and Wells for his conscientious protest. A small building was erected for Nell on the south of the Deanery, and was only pulled down in the last century. Afterwards a house in Colebrook Street, outside the precincts, was allotted to her.

It is due to the King that the rebuilding of London after the fire was conducted on a scale of beauty and convenience. His reign may truly be called an Augustan age of science, literature, architecture, and the arts in England. He came to the throne with a nation groaning under taxation, and denuded of art, science, and learning, society in a state of barbarism, religion a tyrannical oppression of half the community. In the twenty-four years of his reign the country found peace. Taxes were abated, religious differences healed, and he abolished the statute for the burning of heretics. People worshipped God in their own way. He helped Penn with all his might in establishing a colony in the New World, where freedom of religion and thought might flourish. He provided for naval veterans at Chelsea ; he totally re-organized and improved the Navy ; he formed and confirmed excellent commercial relations between England and all the known world ; he founded and helped the East India Company, and helped to soften and civilize life throughout the kingdom. All the beneficent acts of his reign were his own, and none of them owed their suggestion or accomplishment to his ministers.

In October, 1682, there was some sort of reconciliation between Charles and Monmouth, who had been in very ill odour, and Monmouth kissed his and

Catherine's hands in audience, to the violent wagging of tongues, the general impression at Court being that it had been brought about by the Duchess of Portsmouth's mediation.¹

On New Year's Day, 1683, Waller addressed the following lines to Catherine :

What revolutions in the world have been !
 How are we changed since first we saw the Queen !
 She, like the sun, does still the same appear,
 Bright as she was at her arrival here.
 Time had commission mortals to impair,
 But things celestial is obliged to spare.
 May every new year find her still the same
 In health and beauty as she hither came.
 When Lords and Commons with united voice
 The Infanta named, approved the royal choice.
 First of our queens whom not the King alone
 But the whole nation lifted to the throne.
 With like consent and like desert was crowned
 The glorious prince who does the Turk confound ;²
 Victorious both, his conduct wins the day,
 And her example chases vice away.
 Though louder fame attend the martial rage,
 'Tis greater glory to reform the age !

The voice of the courtier was dumb on the subject of the Commons who had desired to convict her of treason, and remove her from the King's side, and of the nation, who, after having lifted her to the throne, would have applauded her end on the scaffold !

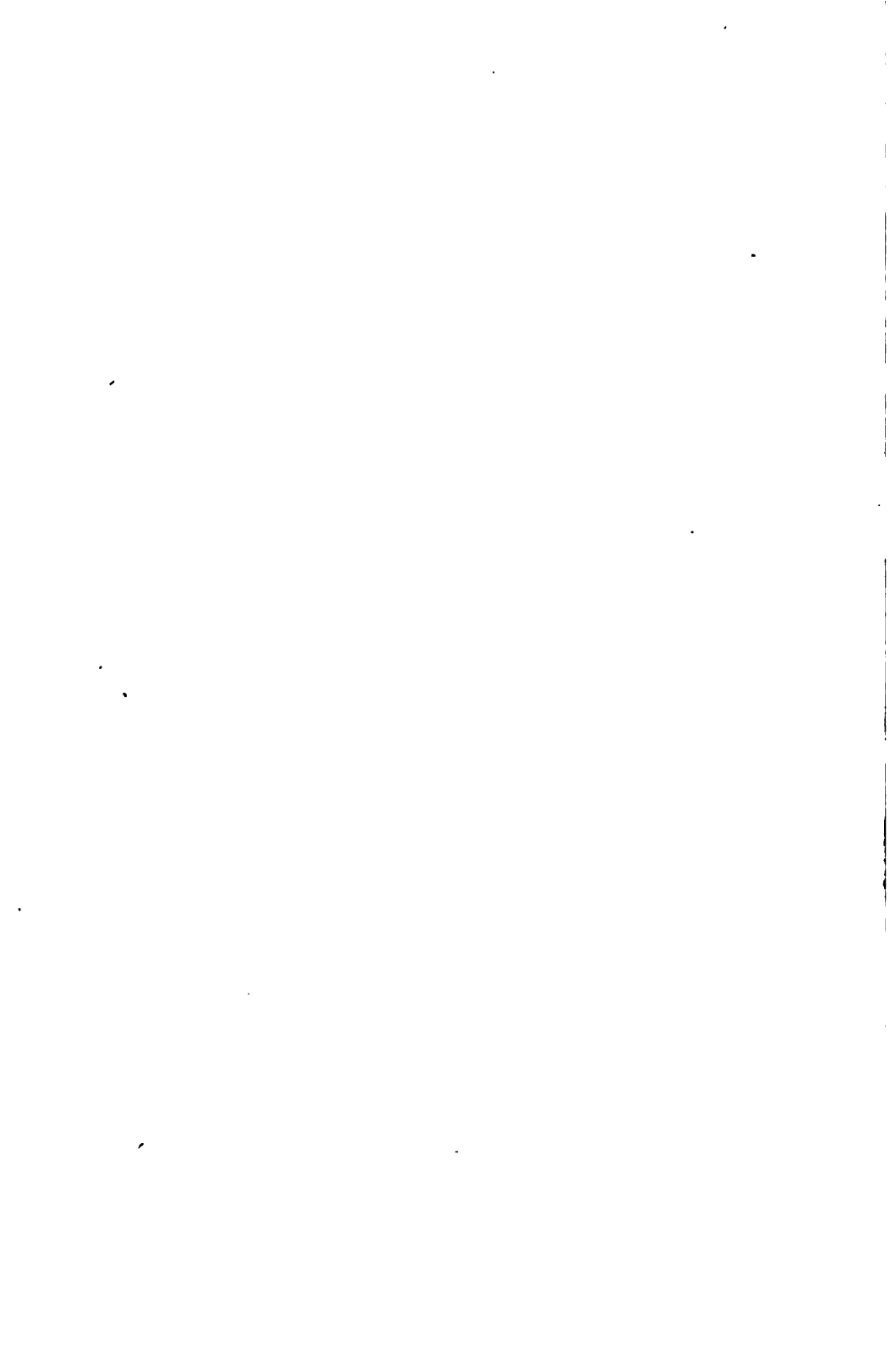
In June the Court and the country were thrown into agitation by the discovery of the Rye House Plot to assassinate Charles, and the Duke of York, on their way back to town from Newmarket. The meetings of the conspirators were held at Rye, in Hertfordshire, the country seat of Rumbold, one of their number. By the mere accident of a fire breaking out in the King's house in Newmarket, which forced Charles and his brother to return two days before the time appointed, the plot came to nothing ; but it was discovered, and many of the plotters went to the scaffold,

¹ Reresby, Oct. 25, 1682.

² John Sobieski, King of Poland.



QUEEN CATHERINE OF BRAGANÇA.
From the original by H. Gascar in the National Portrait Gallery.



together with some innocent men—always the case in those circumstances. Monmouth was involved in that part of the plot which desired to draw England into another civil war, and Charles, in spite of the Duchess of Portsmouth's efforts at a reconciliation with his eldest son, still felt anger with him for the part he had taken, through his servants, against Catherine. He was now deeply incensed against him, and it remained for Catherine to beg for his pardon. Charles informed Monmouth that it was only her prayers that had induced him to forgive the offence he was charged with, and Monmouth recorded this in his private diary, found at Sedgemoor after the battle.¹

It was just after the discovery of the Rye House Plot that Evelyn was one evening supping with Lady Arlington, at that time Groom of the Stole (or Mistress of the Robes) when word was brought that the Queen wished to walk in the park. It was eleven o'clock, but Lady Arlington rose in haste from the table, and hurried away to attend her. Catherine must certainly have been courageous, to take midnight rambles at that juncture.

Alphonzo of Portugal died in October, a release to himself and the nation, since for years he had been a mere imprisoned imbecile. Catherine went into deep mourning, and the City and the Court also mourned with her.

The next year began with the historic severe frost, when the Thames was frozen so that an ox could be roasted on it, in the middle of the great fair held on the ice. Charles and Catherine went together to walk through the booths, and see the strange spectacle. In November Catherine's forty-sixth birthday was celebrated with even greater magnificence than in former years, with fireworks on the Thames before Whitehall windows, where castles and forts, the arms of Charles, and those of Catherine with the five plates representing the five wounds of the Crucifixion, were thrown up in

¹ Jesse.

fire with extraordinary splendour. Besides the fireworks, there were aquatic fights and skirmishes in and on the river; and strange things like live shells moved below the waters, rising to the surface with loud explosions, while grenades and other reports added to the noise. The display cost £1,500, and the evening finished with a grand ball in the Banqueting Hall. It was the finest sight seen since the Restoration.¹

In this year the Duchess of Portsmouth was reported out of favour again, and though it was hoped in France that her apparent loss of grace was only a stratagem to throw people off the scent of her correspondence with France,² there were grave apprehensions felt by her following. It was reported that, on the occasion of Thynne and Sir Dudley North being added to the Commission of the Treasury, the Duchess had used tears and importunity to prevent their appointment, without the least effect on Charles.³ She had been granted the Duchy of Aubigni early in the year, which made her a Duchess of France, and gave her a right to a tabouret at Versailles. She was ill in the autumn of this year.

Catherine was vexed, if one may believe Burnet, by the way in which the Court now sought favour with the Duke of York, even neglecting the service of Charles to cluster round him. Often there were only three or four courtiers in the King's bedchamber, besides those in waiting, while the Duke's antechamber was crowded. Catherine's kindness to Portsmouth was distorted by Burnet as a desire to avenge herself on the Duke of York for his popularity.⁴

Sir John Reresby, in spite of his confession that the Court was "wicked and debauched," induced the Duchess of Portsmouth to get his second son, Tamworth, appointed Page of Honour to the King,⁵ and

¹ Evelyn's *Diary*.

² Letter by a spy.

³ Preston to Halifax, Aug. 8, 1684.

⁴ Burnet's MSS., Harleian.

⁵ *Memoirs*.

people still looked to her as the short cut to favour, especially since she had helped to bring about the marriage of Princess Anne with Prince George of Denmark, had been treated by the royal family of England as one of themselves on that occasion, and had actually been looked on as the representative of France at the wedding.¹ She was granted £40,000 a year out of the Privy Purse, in order to make up to her for her disappointment about the Post Office. She certainly had Catherine for her partner at loo after the scene when she waited at her table unsummoned.²

Her sister, Lady Pembroke, retired to France altogether, on the death of her worthless husband. Several ships were put at her disposal to convey her possessions from England.³ She had chests filled with silk moiré, with Indian stuffs flowered with silver, with Welsh flannel and cabinets and looking-glass frames. She took a hundred-weight of pins and needles, a hundred pounds of best wax tapers, and some chests of tallow ones. Five pounds of orris-root scent, seventeen dozen gloves, thirteen pairs of silk stockings, thirty pounds of Mocha coffee, four bales of soap, a chest of chocolate, a great chest of currants, another of cloves, mace, ginger, nutmeg, and cinnamon. She also took a pearl necklace worth twenty thousand francs, with earrings, drops, and clasps, a miniature of Charles set in brilliants, a basin and jug in carved silver, dozens of silver plates and dishes, salvers, bowls, candlesticks, snuffers, trays, goblets, chocolate-mugs, heaters for spirit-of-wine, dish-covers, and warmers. Her bed was of crimson Genoese velvet, hung with brocade, with a pattern on a white ground, and the curtains were lined with satin, as were the head-board and the canopy. The coverlet was of fine needle-work. She had also a bedroom cabinet in old Chinese lacquer, an incense-burner in antique silver, twenty rare and precious tapestries, a

¹ Barrillon.

² Mrs. Jameson.

³ French National Archives.

very rich and grotesque screen, many teapots—tea had then become extremely fashionable—and chaises, coaches, sedan chairs, pewter for the servants' hall, etc., completed the outfit.

Lady Pembroke, some little time after her return to France, privately married the Marquis de Thoix, governor of Blois.¹ Her daughter by the first marriage subsequently married a son of Judge Jeffreys, of bloody memory.

Charles, towards the end of the year 1684, was "observed to be more than ordinary pensive." He is said to have been contemplating a complete reform of his life,² and the Duchess of Portsmouth was greatly alarmed at his seriousness and gravity, fearing he was about to send her to a convent, and return altogether to Catherine. It was suggested to her, according to Burnet, that she should try to bring about a marriage between her son and Louis's natural daughter, the Duchess of Bourbon.³ She had been forced to abandon her hopes of his being declared his father's successor. Charles was noticed, through the beginning of the winter, to be looking better than he had looked for years, and it is possible that his life might have long been preserved, for he was strong, and of a wonderful constitution. But, if we may credit Burnet, he had had some trouble with his leg, which looked like the beginning of gout, and prevented him walking the three or four hours a day he was accustomed to. He had probably weakened his splendid constitution by excesses, and now he foolishly refused to let his physicians know of the trouble in his leg, but was treating it with drugs and washes of his own.⁴ He had always a passion for amateur doctoring. The discharge from his leg suddenly stopped, and the consequences were those that ended his life.

On Sunday, January 30, 1685, Evelyn was at Whitehall in the evening, and witnessed the "inex-

¹ Dangeau.

² Jesse.

³ *History of His Own Times.*

⁴ Lord Holland.

pressible luxury, profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulness of God" which reigned there. Charles sat with the Duchesses of Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarin. The Duchess of Cleveland must have returned to England.¹ He amused himself with them, and with the love-songs of a French boy, whom Evelyn had heard two nights before at Rochester's, and who had a "delicate voice" and sang delightfully. At another end of the great gallery some twenty courtiers "and other dissolute persons" sat round a great table, and played at basset. They had before them a bank of about two thousand pounds, which amazed Evelyn and two gentlemen of sober habit who were with him.² The gaiety and laughter and singing mixed with the soft chinking of the gold on the table, and the oaths of the losers. The lute sang thin and high, and the French boy's voice trilled delicately with it. All was pleasure and careless ease and enjoyment—the forgetting of God and of righteousness—as Evelyn says, the cult of indolence and dissipation. And "six days after was all in the dust!"³

¹ She died at her house in Chiswick of dropsy in 1709.

² *Diary.*

³ *Ibid.*

CHAPTER XIV

CATHERINE'S BITTER LOSS

IT was the beginning of the last chapter in the life of Charles Stuart. Careless, indolent saunterer in life, devotee of ease and pleasure, he was to meet death, as his father had walked to the scaffold, like a King and a Christian gentleman.

In *Westminster Abbey, its Story and Associations*, Mrs. A. Murray Smith commits herself to the following amazing statement, when describing the wax image borne at Charles's funeral, and modelled in likeness of himself. "That he certainly had a stroke of paralysis is proved by the contraction of the facial muscles on one side in his effigy, the face of which is copied from a mask taken after death. From this evidence the various versions of his last words are manifestly untrue, as, according to a medical authority who has examined the effigy, the contraction of the face must have prevented the dying monarch from uttering an intelligible word for some days before his death."

It is incredible that the attested and detailed accounts of Charles's last days and hours, in the mouth of some dozen independent and reliable witnesses, should be discounted by the distortion of an impression in wax. It may be possible that the torture of mortal agony Charles suffered for four intolerable days and nights, may have caused the muscles to contract, or it may be due to the effects of the autopsy that was performed

before the mask was taken. In any case, any one who has studied the most bald accounts of Charles's last illness would observe that he had not one symptom of paralysis. Even the ignorant verdict of the day which declares it apoplexy, was no more mistaken. Wellwood declares that his death was caused through his lack of exercise, on account of the wound in his leg, which sent him to his laboratory, where he busied himself with experiments in fixing mercury.

On Sunday, February 1—the day Evelyn describes—the King ate very little all day, not having any appetite. In the evening he went over to the Duchess of Portsmouth's apartments, and called for a porringer of spoon-meat. It was made too strong to suit his taste, and he ate very little. One of the Duchess's footmen brought him a cup of chocolate, which he drank.

On the following Monday morning, February 2, Charles startled his attendants by the ghastly pallor of his looks when he awoke. He had been heard to groan constantly during the night, and it was feared he was about to be gravely ill. He complained of a heavy oppression on his stomach and about his heart, which subsequently turned to sharp and unbearable pain. He seemed drowsy and absent, and his speech was broken.¹

He constantly stopped speaking, while he was being dressed, as if he had forgotten what he intended to say, and at last he himself became conscious of it.²

The full levee was crowded.³ He sat in a chair to be shaved, but was unable to sit upright, and bent together with his head on his stomach, complaining of a terrible and violent pain. Suddenly, with an exclamation as of a dying man, he fell back in the chair.⁴

Lord Aylesbury caught him, and supported him. He at once suggested that he ought to be bled, and went to find the Duke of York, since it was

¹ Wellwood.

² Chesterfield to Arran.

³ Roger North.

⁴ *Idem*.

high treason to bleed the King without an order from the Council. Charles's face was black and distorted.¹ Dr. King, one of his physicians, was in the outer room, and, on hearing of the attack, he hurried to give help. Seeing that the case was urgent, he at once produced a penknife from his pocket, having no lancet with him, and opened a vein in the King's arm. He declared to those about him, who were dismayed at his daring, that "he cheerfully put his own life in peril, so that he might hope to save the King's." Though this was supposed to have saved the life of Charles, indeed, it needed a special pardon from the Privy Council to prevent Dr. King from being punished with death. The Council voted him a thousand pounds—which however, it is said he never received.²

The blood flowed easily from Charles's arm, but his face still presented a terrifying sight. A hot iron—some say a warming-pan with coals in it—was held to his head, and his teeth were kept open by force. He was still held upright in the chair, no one having seemed to think of laying him down.³ Catherine, at the first news of the attack that reached her, had rushed from her own room, and was already at Charles's side when Lord Aylesbury came back with the Duke of York.⁴ The Duchess of York came almost immediately after, and was startled by the sight. She too had only just learnt the news. After a little time Catherine drew her aside, and spoke for the first time since she had come in—having till then been dumb with grief. She said, "My sister, I beseech you to tell the Duke, who knows the King's sentiments with regard to the Catholic religion as well as I do, to endeavour to take advantage of some good moments!"⁵

The attack lasted two hours all but seven minutes,

¹ Duchess of York's account.

³ Duchess of York, Chaillot MSS.

² Jesse.

⁴ Aylesbury to Leigh.

⁵ Duchess of York's Recital.

and Catherine's anguish and sorrow overcame her before it was ended. She gave way to paroxysms of grief, and presently was taken with convulsions through her violent emotion, and had to be carried to her own rooms.¹ It was another hour before the Duchess of York could catch the Duke's eye, and motion that she had something private to say, for his preoccupation with his brother, and his agitation over the probable results to himself, prevented his attending to her. Then she made a sign to him to approach her, and he came. She told him what Catherine had said to her, and he answered distractedly, "I know it! I think of nothing else!"²

It is difficult to ascertain from contemporary accounts whether the Duchess of Portsmouth was admitted to the room where Charles was. Of course Burnet declares that she sat on the bed, and waited on Charles as his wife would.³ Round, in his biography of Bishop Ken, says that when she came in "Ken reproved Charles, and took that occasion of representing the injuries he had done the Queen so effectually that he made the Duchess withdraw, and sent for the Queen on purpose to entreat her pardon."⁴ This improving of the occasion with a man in a fit was considerably more like Burnet than like Ken, and Catherine had been in the room long before any one thought of summoning her. In regard to Burnet's statement, Lord Aylesbury wrote to Mr. Leigh: "My King and master falling on me in his fit, I ordered him to be blooded, and went and fetched the Duke of York. When we came to the bedside we found the Queen there, and that imposter [Burnet] says it was the Duchess of Portsmouth that was there." The Duchess certainly told Barrillon that she could not in decency enter Charles's rooms, apart from the fact that the Queen was nearly always there.

It appears that Charles was now placed in bed, and

¹ Roper to Ellis.

² Chaillot MSS.

³ *History of His Own Times.*

⁴ *Biography of Ken.*

he presently recovered consciousness. His first words were to ask for Catherine.¹ She was still so faint with her excess of grief, that for the moment she could not come to him when she was told he had asked for her, but sent him a message by one of the Bishops, begging him to forgive her unwilling absence, and to pardon her if she had ever offended him in her life. Charles exclaimed, "Alas, poor woman! She beg my pardon! I beg hers with all my heart!"² She was well enough, after a time, to drag herself back to his room, but she was unable to speak a word, from her anguish of heart. Other attacks followed. His symptoms were now supposed to be those of epilepsy, and he was cupped and bled in both jugular veins.³ He continued to speak tenderly of Catherine,⁴ in spite of Burnet's remarkable declaration that "he said nothing of the Queen, nor any word of his people, or his servants."

The consternation and grief of London and the country were overwhelming. Prayers were made for the King's recovery in all the churches, and more especially in the royal chapels. Never was sorrow more truly expressed than it was in the looks of all the poor, whose hearts, unlike those of the courtiers, might be read in their faces.⁵ On Wednesday, the 4th, the remedies constantly applied seemed to have some effect, and early on Saturday hopes began to spread that the King might yet recover. Joy filled the City. Bells were rung in peals, and bonfires everywhere kindled. But the rally was delusive. On the morning of Saturday a change was seen to take place. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of London, Durham, and Bath and Wells, were constantly in the sick-room, and had offered Charles the Holy Communion, but he had evaded answering. Now Ken told him of his danger, and reminded him that pre-

¹ Ellis, vol. iii., p. 337.

² Ibid.

³ Jesse.

⁴ *Journal of James II.*

⁵ Chesterfield.

parations ought to be made for death. With the greatest calmness and courage Charles heard of his state, and Ken then read the prayers for the sick and dying. He paused to ask if the King "repented of his sins." Charles heartily responded that he did. Ken read the absolution from the office for the visitation of the sick which he was using, and asked if he might proceed to the celebration of the Holy Communion. Charles did not reply, and when Ken raised his voice and repeated the question, supposing he had not been heard, the King said evasively, "There will be time enough for that," and asked if it were obligatory. Ken said that it was not, but made a table ready so that it could be given at a moment's notice. Charles merely said he would think of it,¹ but in point of fact he was in mental distress in his last hours, at being forced to receive the rites of a Protestant Church, while he was eager for those of the Church he had secretly embraced. Crowds of distracted attendants and courtiers crowded the chamber. Five-and-twenty peers, five bishops, and all the Privy Council, the foreign ambassadors, and many attendants went and came, and stood to watch. Every time Catherine recovered from the constant faints she suffered, and came again with what strength she might to see him, she was followed by all her ladies, who palpably exhausted Charles by their presence.² Death was attended with added trials in palaces.

Somewhere about five o'clock Barrillon, who, with the other ambassadors, had stood by Charles's bed for hours, now went out in order to visit the apartments of the Duchess of Portsmouth. He found her in an extremity of grief.³ The physicians had taken from her all hope, yet, instead of speaking to Barrillon of her sorrow, and of the ruin that was before her, she retired into a little private room, and said to him, "Monsieur l'Ambassadeur! I am going to tell you the greatest secret of the world, and my head would be

¹ Lingard.

² *Hist. Casa Real Port.*

³ Letter to Louis XIV.

the price if they knew it! The King is a Catholic, at the bottom of his heart, but he is surrounded by Protestant Bishops, and no one tells him the state he is in, or speaks to him of God. I cannot with decency enter the room; besides, the Queen is there nearly always. The Duke of York thinks of his own affairs, and he has too many to take that care of the King's conscience which he ought to do. Go and say to him, that I have conjured you to warn him to think of what must be done to save the soul of the King. He is master in the room; he can make any one he likes go out. Lose no time, for if one delays only a little, it will be too late!"¹

Barrillon, remembering how much his own King's wishes would jump with those of the Duchess, at once undertook the errand. He went back to find the Duke of York, and begged him quietly to go into the Queen's apartments, (which opened from the King's) where they had carried Catherine in one of her constant faints of that day, in order to restore her to consciousness.

The sick-room communicated with two apartments. Barrillon followed the Duke into Catherine's. She was then in the hands of her doctors, who were bleeding her already exhausted body, in order to remove the faintness. Barrillon told the Duke at once, what the Duchess of Portsmouth had said. Only the two women who best loved Charles had thought of his dying consolation. The Duke came out of a deep lethargy suddenly, as the French ambassador spoke. When Barrillon had first reached the palace, he had found James entirely occupied with his own affairs, and had at once been accosted by him, "The doctors believe that the King is in extreme danger. I pray you to assure your master that he will always have a faithful and grateful servant in me." He went on to speak of the assurances given him on all sides that things were quiet in the City, and that he should be

¹ *Hist. Case Real Port.*

proclaimed King the moment his brother died. He seems, so far, only to have thought of the gold of France and his own succession, and to have entirely forgotten the message his wife had given him from Catherine. Now this jog from Barrillon roused him from his selfish thoughts, and he said at once, "You are right, there is no time to lose! I will hazard all, sooner than not do my duty at this crisis."¹

He went back to the bedside. The Bishops were again imploring Charles to receive the Holy Communion. He was answering, "I will consider of it," in a voice already faint. It was nearly an hour later before James found opportunity to speak again to Barrillon, under the pretence of once more visiting Catherine. He then said that he had found Charles resolved not to take the Holy Communion pressed on him by the Protestant Bishops, and that this had greatly surprised them; but James said that as one or two of them always stayed in the room, "if he could not make some excuse to send every one out, so that he might speak freely to his brother, he could not manage to persuade him formally to make an abjuration of heresy, and confess to a Catholic priest."

He then suggested that Barrillon should ask permission to speak to the King, as if to tell him a secret from Louis, and that he might then suggest bringing a priest, while other people have been cleared from the room. Barrillon was willing, but warned James it would make talk, and besides would not give them nearly enough time. James then desired to get Catherine to go in and take the message, under the excuse of taking a last farewell, and of again asking pardon. This had the same objection as Barrillon's errand. Then James made up his mind that he would speak to his brother so that no one could overhear, saying that would remove all suspicion, and people would only suppose he spoke on matters

¹ Barrillon to Louis XIV.

of State, and what Charles wanted done after his death.

The Duke now went into the sick-room again, this being settled, and knelt by the bedside. He said in a very low voice, the company about withdrawing slightly at his request, "Sir, you have just refused the Sacrament of the Protestant Church; will you receive that of the Catholic?" Charles eagerly returned, "Ah, I would give everything in the world to have a priest!" James answered, "I will bring you one." "For God's sake do!" said Charles, with evident relief; then hastily added, "but will you not expose yourself to danger by doing it?" It is probable that the fear alone of peril to his brother or those about him, had kept him till this moment from commanding a priest to be brought. The Duke said hurriedly, "Though it cost me my life, I will bring you one!"¹

There had been quite twenty people by the door, but none had heard a word; Barrillon, in the room, only could overhear that Charles from time to time said aloud, "Yes, with all my heart!" Several times he made James repeat what he said, for his hearing was beginning to fail. Their talk lasted a quarter of an hour. Then James came out as if to go again to Catherine, and Barrillon joined him. The Duke at once said, as soon as they were in private, "The King consents that I should cause a priest to be brought. I dare not bring one of the Duchess's, for they are too well known. Seek one quickly." Barrillon agreed willingly, but suggested that too much time would be wasted in a search, and suggested that the Queen's priests were all in a cabinet close to her room.

James said instantly, "You are right!" and at the same moment they saw the Conde de Castlemelhor, who took up the idea with enthusiasm, and at once went into the room where Catherine lay, to

¹ Chaillot MSS.

speak to her. He came back almost on the instant, and said to the Duke, "Though I risk my head over this, I will do it with joy; but I know no priest of the Queen who either knows or speaks English." After some little consultation it was thought they might send to the Venetian Resident to ask for an English priest, but since time pressed, Castlemelhor went to the little cabinet where all the Queen's priests were, and found amongst them Father Hudleston, of her chapel at Somerset House, who, in reward for having saved Charles's life at the battle of Worcester, had been exempted, by special Act of Parliament, from all the laws against Catholics and priests.

He was disguised in a cassock and wig, and taken by Castlemelhor to the door of a little room that led by one small step into Charles's chamber. Father Hudleston was no great doctor of divinity, but Castlemelhor had hastily begged one of the Portuguese barefoot Carmelite Friars to tell him what he must say to the King. Hudleston, of course, had not the Host with him, but he hurriedly sent one of the Queen's Friars to bring it from the chapel at St. James's.

As soon as James was informed that all was ready, he sent Chiffinch to receive Hudleston, and conduct him in through the secret staircase and door, to the *ruelle* of the King's bed. He then entered the room, and, kneeling again by the bedside, told Charles in a whisper that all things were now ready, and Father Hudleston there, and asked if he would see him. Charles answered, with all the energy he was now capable of, "Yes, with all my heart." The Duke then turned to those present, and said aloud, "Gentlemen, the King desires every one but Lord Bath and Lord Feversham to retire." Lord Bath was third gentleman of the bedchamber, and Lord Feversham had been so the previous week, and still remained in waiting, since the disorder in the household had driven the accustomed changes out of every one's

mind. The room was immediately cleared, those present retiring into the antechamber, with the exception of the doctors, who, in order to be close at hand in case of need, went into a little cabinet and closed the door. Chiffinch then admitted by the little secret door Father Hudleston, looking like a clergyman of the Church of England in his cassock and wig. He came into the alcove which held the King's bed, and the Duke of York at once presented him to Charles, saying, "Sire, here is a man who has saved your life, and now comes to save your soul."¹ Charles replied that he was very welcome.

Father Hudleston knelt by the side of the bed. It was then about eight o'clock. He briefly "presented His Majesty" he says, in his own *Brief Account of Particulars Occurring at the Happy Death of Our Late Sovereign Lord King Charles,*² "with what service I could perform for God's honour, and the happiness of his soul at this last hour, on which eternity depends." Charles then made his declaration with solemnity, that "he desired to die in the faith and communion of the Catholic Church. That he was most heartily sorry for all the sins of his life past, and particularly for that he had deferred his reconciliation so long. That through the merits of Christ's passion he hoped for salvation. That he was in charity with all the world. That with all his heart he pardoned his enemies, and desired pardon of all those whom he had in any wise offended, and that if it pleased God to spare him longer life he would amend it, detesting all sin." "I then advertised His Majesty of the benefit and necessity of the sacrament of penance, which advertisement the King most willingly embracing, made an exact confession of his whole life, with exceeding compunction and tenderness of heart; which ended, I desired him, in further sign of repentance and true sorrow for his

¹ Barrillon.

² Dedicated to Queen Catherine.

sins, to say with me this little short act of contrition. 'O my Lord God, with my whole heart and soul I detest all the sins of my life past for the love of Thee, whom I love above all things, and I firmly propose by Thy holy Grace never to offend Thee more. Amen. Sweet Jesus, Amen. Into Thy hands, sweet Jesus, I commend my soul. Mercy, sweet Jesus, mercy!' This he pronounced with a clear and audible voice, which when done, and his sacramental penance admitted, I gave him absolution." Charles confessed "with great sentiments of devotion and repentance," and the Duke of York told Barrillon that Hudleston made the King give a formal promise to declare himself openly a Catholic, in the event of his recovery.³

The priest then went on to ask: "Doth not Your Majesty also desire to receive the precious Body and Blood of our dear Saviour Jesus Christ, in the most Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist?" Charles at once replied: "If I am worthy, fail not to let me have it." The preparation took a little time, the Sacrament having but just arrived from St. James's, and while Father Hudleston made ready, Charles frequently raised his hands and cried, "Mercy, sweet Jesus! mercy!" seeming in great calm and peace of mind. When Father Hudleston was about to bring him the Sacrament, he tried to raise himself in the bed, saying, "Let me meet my Heavenly Lord in a better position than lying on my bed."⁴ The priest desired him not to distress himself, since his good intentions would be accepted, and he then received with deep piety and devotion, and also was given extreme unction.⁴ While receiving, the Host stuck in his throat, as he already had great difficulty in swallowing, and this obliged those about him to send for a glass of water. As soon as all was finished, the King lay in resignation and happiness,

¹ Barrillon.

² Idem.

³ Hudleston.

⁴ Idem.

looking death in the face, with "all imaginable tranquillity and Christian resolution."

All this had occupied some three quarters of an hour.¹ Hudleston was taken again through the little door from the *ruelle*, and smuggled away hurriedly, with all that could have betrayed his mission. Meanwhile in the antechamber there was silence, but those present, "spoke with their eyes and ears."² They were somewhat reassured by the presence in the death-chamber of Bath and Feversham, both of whom were Protestants. But Catherine's ladies and her priests saw so many going and coming, that it was thought by Barrillon the secret could not long be kept. After the return of the company from the antechamber it was observed, with surprise, how much better the King seemed. He spoke more intelligibly, and had more strength, and those in the secret hoped that a miracle would be worked to cure him.³ The doctors, however, were very grave, and, in spite of the fact that Charles was so tranquil, and spoke with more coherence and clearness than he had done since his seizure, they did not think he would live through the night. Some among them fancied that the fever which now set in made the mysterious malady easier to deal with, but the rest ascribed it only to the potent remedies they had tried in desperation. Jesuit's bark, which had always before relieved him, was now given. But the time was past for all relief. Ken now offered prayers, and the King motioned with his head that he could hear. Barrillon says that the Bishop said nothing in particular, and never proposed that Charles should make a confession of his faith, which Barrillon believed was because he feared Charles's refusal, and feared still more to anger the future King. In point of fact, no profession of faith would ever have been asked from a person who was a declared member of the English Church,

¹ Barrillon.

² *Idem.*

³ *Idem.*

and we know from Chesterfield that Ken again asked Charles if he would not have the Holy Communion, and that Charles told him "he hoped he had already made his peace with God."¹

Charles spoke much with the Duke of York, through the long, weary night that followed. He gave him his breeches, with his keys in the pocket,² and James, bathed in tears, remained by his knees at the bedside, while the spectators were greatly moved at the affection and tenderness exhibited by both brothers.³ Catherine was now allowed by her doctors to return to the dying man for the last time. He was perfectly conscious when she came in, and spoke to her with the utmost tenderness.⁴ She fell on her knees by the bed in an agony of anguish, and entreated anew with tears that he would forgive all she had ever done to offend him. Again he answered that she "had offended in nothing, but that he had been guilty of many offences against her, and he desired her pardon."⁵ She was now again so prostrated with the violence of her grief, that her physicians dared not let her remain longer in the room. She was taken away to her own apartments,⁶ and though one last message of farewell passed between them, she never saw him again in life.

All that seemingly endless, weary, agonizing night Charles passed in entire consciousness, and spoke of everything with the greatest calm.⁷ If now and then he seemed to doze, mortal anguish again aroused him. "He showed himself," says Roper, "throughout his illness, one of the best-natured men that ever lived, and by the abundance of fine things he said in reference to his soul, he showed he died as good a Christian; and the physicians, who have seen so many leave this world, do say they never saw the like as to his courage, so unconcerned he was as to death, though sensible to all

¹ *Diary.*² *Evelyn.*³ *Roper.*⁴ *Journal of James II.*⁵ *Ibid.*⁶ *Lingard.*⁷ *Barrillon.*

degrees imaginable to the very last." "Even Burnet," says Jesse, "allows he went through the agonies of death with a calm and constancy that amazed all those about him."¹ Often, when pain became almost insupportable, he would admit to those about him that he suffered, but would add that he thanked God for it, and for strength to bear it patiently.² Now and then the longing to have his suffering cease made him seem to long for death, and then he would ask forgiveness of the bystanders, and his attendants for the trouble he gave them, and would say he hoped their work was nearly over, for he was weary of the world, of which he had had enough, and that he was going to a better.³

The Duke of York was almost continually on his knees beside him, covering his hands with kisses and passionate tears.⁴ Charles frequently spoke to him, especially about two in the morning, when he thanked him for having been the best of brothers and friends, and begged him to forgive the risks of fortunes he had been made to run on Charles's account.⁵ All his illegitimate children who were at hand were brought to him to take a farewell of, and he blessed them one by one, pulling them down to him on the bed.⁶ Ken brought up the little Duke of Richmond for his blessing, which Burnet thought a shocking act in a Bishop. He recommended all his children to the Duke of York, assuring him that he willingly left him all that he had, and hoped for his sake that he would show kindness to the poor children when their father was gone,⁷ and he also asked him to be kind to the Duchesses of Cleveland and Portsmouth, and especially to the latter, whom, according to Burnet, he declared he had always loved, and loved now to the last.⁸ He begged James to make some effort "that poor Nelly might not starve." As Charles Fox rightly says, this dying

¹ *Court of the Stuarts.*

² Roper.

³ *Idem.*

⁴ *Idem.*

⁵ *Idem.*

⁶ *Idem.*

⁷ Chesterfield.

⁸ *History of his Own Times.*

care of the women he had sustained in luxury was much to his honour.

Barrillon says that Charles twice recommended the Duchess of Portsmouth to James's care, and that though he specially mentioned all his children's names, he made one exception, and that was the Duke of Monmouth, of whom he never spoke, either for good or ill.¹

When he had finished blessing the wondering children, Ken asked him, as the Lord's anointed, and the father of his country, to give all his subjects about him his blessing also, since they represented the whole body of his people. The room was then very full, and all in it fell on their knees. With difficulty he raised himself in his bed, and with deep solemnity blessed them all. "This was so like a great prince and good prince, and the solemnity of it so very surprising as it was extraordinarily moving, and caused general lamentation throughout, and no one heard of it without being affected with it, being new and great."² Chesterfield says that before Charles gave his blessing he asked his subjects' pardon for anything that he had neglected or done contrary to good government.³

Charles's fortitude and resignation were undimmed by the agonies of that long night. The Duchess of York says it was impossible for any one to have faced death with greater composure. At six in the morning he asked the time, and when they told him, he said "Open the curtains, that I may once more see the day."⁴ His complete self-mastery is testified by the fact that he reminded his watchers that an eight-day clock in the room must "be wound up that morning, or the works will be disarranged." He was now suffering frightfully, and the pain in his right side was so intense that the doctors bled him, which afforded him some slight temporary relief. At half-past eight he could only speak with extreme difficulty, yet as long

¹ Letter to Louis XIV.

² Roper.

³ Letter to Arran.

⁴ Barrillon.

as speech lasted he was heard pronouncing the name of God, and begging forgiveness for his ill-spent life. Even when utterance failed, he tried to lift his weak hands, as if in prayer. "He disposed himself to die with the piety and unconcernedness of a Christian, and the resolution becoming a King."¹ At ten o'clock his torture ended in unconsciousness, and between eleven and twelve on Friday, February 6, 1685, Charles Stuart ceased to breathe. The end came without effort or convulsion, in perfect peace. He was in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and what was called the thirty-sixth of his reign, though he can only be called a sovereign *de facto* from his Restoration. Those about him were extraordinarily affected and impressed by his death.

Roper says, "He made a very glorious Christian exit, after as lasting and as strong an agony of death as almost ever was known." Chesterfield declares, "He died with as great resolution and courage as a man is capable of." He wrote next day to Arran, "I am confident your lordship will have heard of the King's death by an express long before this letter can come to you, and therefore I will only say that in the manner of it (of which I was a witness, as having watched two whole nights with him, and saw him expire) nothing could be greater, and should I but mention half the remarkable passages that came to my cognizance they would be much properer to fill a volume than a letter, and therefore I will only say that he died as a good Christian, asking and praying often for God's mercy, and as a man of great and undaunted courage, in never repining the loss of life, or for that of three kingdoms. Your Lordship, I am sure, would have thought it very touching to have been a spectator of this dismal scene, and to have seen this brave and worthy prince lie in the horrid agony of death, with all the pains imaginable upon him, from six at night till twelve the next day."

¹ Stuart Papers.

Charles left the nation happy and prosperous. He was deeply lamented, and no king's death ever caused more universal sorrow, or left a name more often mentioned with affection. Evelyn calls him "prince of many virtues and many imperfections. He would doubtless have made an excellent prince, had he been less addicted to women who made him uneasy, and always in want to supply their unmeasurable profusion. . . . He was ever kind to me, and very gracious to me upon all occasions, and therefore I cannot without ingratitude but deplore his loss, which for many respects as well as duty, I do with all my soul."

Eight months later he wrote: "I think of it with sorrow and pity when I consider of how good and debonaire a nature that unhappy prince was, and what opportunities he had to have made himself the most renowned King that ever swayed the British sceptre."¹

Charles left fifteen natural children, whom, from their number and the state of the Treasury, were expected by Lord Shaftesbury "to be seen running round the streets like link-boys."

¹ *Diary*, October, 1685.

CHAPTER XV

WIDOWHOOD

THE Duke of York was immediately proclaimed King when he had retired to his own apartments after his brother's death, and was acknowledged without demur as Charles's successor. The Privy Council, as soon as the necessary business for the proclamation was over, waited on Catherine with an address of condolence. She received them on a bed of mourning, the walls, the floor, the ceiling being swathed in black, and daylight shut out, while candles dimly showed her grief-stricken face. King James followed, and offered her every mark of sympathy and respect; but it is not probable that Catherine was open to other consolation than that her religion gave her. The light of her eyes had gone out, the sun in the heavens was darkened, and the stars were extinguished. Though she could not comfort herself with the knowledge that Charles's reconciliation to the Church of Rome was her doing, as the Portuguese firmly believed, it was some happiness to her to know he died a Catholic. But he was her life and her heart, and she was bereft of him.

Of course popular report attributed Charles's death to poison. There were whispers that Tessier, the King's embroiderer, had received orders, before Charles was taken ill, to prepare tapestries with J. R. superseding the C. R. C. J. Fox's mother, great-grand-

daughter of the Duchess of Portsmouth, told him that in 1699 the Duchess assured Lord Chancellor Cowper that the King "was poisoned in her apartments with a cup of chocolate by one of her own footmen." Yet when Lord Lansdowne saw in Burnet's history that the Duchess had told Mr. Henley the King was poisoned, she assured him—it was years after in Paris—that she remembered no Mr. Henley, but that she remembered Dr. Burnet and his character, and that "the King, the Duke, and the whole Court had looked on him as the greatest liar on earth."

At the autopsy that immediately followed his death, Burnet declares that two or three blue spots were seen on the stomach, and that Lower and Medham, both physicians of fame and repute, called loudly to have it opened, but that this was refused. Le Fèvre, a French doctor, said there was a blackness on the shoulder of the body, and that this was not mentioned in the report of the autopsy.

Of two papers found in a box of the King after his death, containing arguments in favour of Catholicism, which were published by James afterwards by his own printer, it is impossible not to agree with Evelyn, not to say Burnet, that they were mere copies of writings by some one else. The style is not Charles's, and they appear to be answers to objections brought against the Church of Rome. Miss Strickland says that while Charles was in hiding years before at Moseley, he was hidden in Hudleston's room, and read there a controversial book in favour of Catholicism, which powerfully impressed him.¹ It is probable that these papers were copies he then made of portions of that book.

Within an hour of his proclamation, James also visited the Duchess of Portsmouth, and gave her many assurances of his protection and his friendship. Louis wrote, through Barrillon, to assure her of the continuance of his care for her. This gave her the

¹ *Queens of England*, vol. v.

only consolation she had had since Charles's death.¹ She was in great disquiet as to her future treatment by the English people, of whose hatred she was well aware. People now were beginning to whisper that she, with Sunderland, had been Louis's agent in the sale of England to France. Despite Louis's expressions of grief at the loss of his cousin, the Court of Versailles wore very slight mourning, and hardly showed decent respect.

James was in deep perplexity over Charles's funeral. He dared not have him buried with the rites of the Church he had entered, lest the secret of the King's change of religion should be known. To "avoid disputes and scandal," the funeral was made as private as possible. There was no lying in state, and Burnet declares the funeral was very mean, that there was no mourning given (probably he received none), and that the expenses were not those of an ordinary nobleman's last pomp. Cope says "he was hurried in the dead of night to his grave, as if his corpse had been arrested for debt, and not so much as the blue-coat boys attending it." In point of fact, he was followed to Westminster Abbey at midnight on February 14, eight days after his death, by the Privy Council, the members of the household, and most of the nobility of the kingdom. Prince George of Denmark was chief mourner. Charles's wax effigy in red velvet, with beautiful *point de Flandres* collar and ruffles, was carried in the procession.

Catherine was treated with kindness and consideration by James and his Queen. She was allowed to remain unmolested at Whitehall in the apartments of the Queen-Consort for nearly two months, and it was only on April 8 that she removed to Somerset House. In the first days of her mourning she received letters of formal condolence from all the crowned heads of Europe. Her brother-in-law, the duc d'Orléans, wrote as follows :

¹ Barrillon.

MADAM,

The death of the King of England, my brother, has so affected me, and I am so sensible of this misfortune by my grief, and that which I know Your Majesty feels, that I can no further defer proving it to you. I send the Marquis d'Estampes, captain of my guard, to make you my compliments. I pray you to give credit to all that he tells you on my part, and to do me the grace to be persuaded that I am very truly, Madame,

Your Majesty's very affectionate brother
and servant,

L. PHILIPPE.

She took up life in her new home as a merely temporary business, for it is certain that from the hour of widowhood, she thought and longed for nothing else than to return to her own country, and the brother who was the only relative left to her loving heart. She lived soberly and with dignity, indulging no more in dancing, or in the gaities she had loved while Charles shared them. In August of this year she was relieved of the galling presence of her worst rival, the Duchess of Portsmouth. She had been befriended by James, in accordance with his promise to Charles, and had tried hard but unsuccessfully to get a grant of £19,000 a year made her by the late King confirmed. She desired still to draw her immense income from the Irish taxes, and James gave her a pension of £3,000 a year for herself, and £2,000 for the Duke of Richmond. She had a visit from the new King before she left Whitehall, and he assured her that her apartments there would always be kept for her. They were destroyed by fire six years afterwards, with nearly half the palace, owing to the carelessness of a maid-servant, who burnt a candle off the bunch held together by their wicks, instead of cutting it. So perished the "lordly and pleasant house" she had made for herself. She sailed

from England in August, though she returned for some unknown reason a few years later—it may have been because of a misunderstanding with Louis. She had settled down to live with splendour in Paris, when some one told the King she allowed scandalous talk about Madame de Maintenon in her house. A *lettre de cachet* was actually made out, and only an accidental sight of it on Louvois's bureau by Courtin prevented it being served on her. He represented to Louis her amazing services to France, and Louis allowed the *lettre de cachet* to be destroyed.

After the Revolution in England her pension from the Crown was stopped. The Duke of Richmond, deprived of his post as Master of the Horse by James, on account of his youth, joined the Catholic Church in France, but in 1692 he came back to England, publicly recanted in Lambeth Palace Chapel, and became an equerry to King William. He was afterwards Lord of the Bedchamber to George I. In 1686 the Duchess was back at Whitehall, and remained there for nearly two years. When, in 1697, she again tried to visit England, she was stopped by William. Gradually, but surely, her income declined. She was continually in debt and difficulty. She lived on her estates in Aubigni, and founded there a convent of nursing and teaching nuns, and spent what she could on decorating churches. At seventy her beauty was unimpaired, but she had grown old, harassed by debt and difficulties, and was "very converted and penitent."¹ She went to Paris from Aubigni to see her doctor in 1734, and died there on November 14, at the age of eighty-five. She was buried in the Church of the Barefooted Carmelites, in the chapel of the de Rieux family.

Nell Gwynn was presented by James with a pension of fifteen hundred a year, and he showed her kindness till her death in her own house in Pall Mall, on November 16, 1687. She left a considerable estate to the

¹ Saint-Simon.

Duke of St. Albans, and had lived in retirement, engaged in works of charity, since Charles's death. She was buried in the Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, where she was a constant attendant, and she bequeathed a small sum to the ringers. Her funeral sermon was preached by the Vicar, Dr. Tennison, who was afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and he spoke highly of her charitable deeds and kindness. Out of Catherine's path had passed all those women who once had power to make her wretched. She cared now for nothing but to spend her days in the memory of Charles, and to offer masses for the repose of his soul. She wrote to Dom Pedro during the first lonely months of her loss :

MY BROTHER,

The love and care which you shewed me in sending your express was, and could be, my sole comfort in so great a trouble as has happened to me. My loving affection really deserves this tenderness from you. I hope you will never fail in it, since I shall be able to seek help in it if it is always the same to me. I acquainted the King, my brother-in-law, with what you told me in your letter, while you yourself more particularly do so, as you assure me. He received what he heard with great demonstrations of wishing to keep up a good understanding with you, and all the nation, and towards me particularly he behaved in the same way as I told you in my last. I hope for an answer soon. With impatience,

Your sister,

C.¹

Pedro's next letter to her must have been in answer to inquiries for his health.

MY SENHORA,

May God be praised that at the present I am free of all the trouble I suffered, and because I know,

¹ Egerton, 1, 534, Letter 31.

from the goodness of your Majesty, that this news is pleasing to you, I did not wish to delay in communicating it to you, wishing more than all to be assured that your Majesty, as here, enjoys the health that I desire for you. My daughter commends herself to the remembrance of your Majesty. God guard your Majesty as I desire.

The most affectionate

Brother of your Majesty,

PEDRO.¹

LISBON, *17th of December*, 1685.

Catherine does not seem to have conducted her Somerset House establishment on very different lines in her widowhood, from those on which it had been managed while Charles still lived. In the June after his death she was granted from the Exchequer an annuity of £6,000 during her life, in addition to the late Queen-mother's dowry of £18,000, the Post Office charges of £19,328 13s. 7d., and another charge on the Exchequer of £10,000, and she held dower-lands and immunities also. Her income would not have been less than £50,000 or so, if she had always received it. But from a "View of Revenues and Expenses," drawn up for her in 1681, we find that her then income was supposed to be £41,000, but that some rents always fell short, and some tenants did not always pay, even at the year's end.

By which means there is in one way or another seldome lesse in y^e Tennants' hands upon declaring y^e accounts of y^e particular Receivours, then 3,000 lb., which in time is good money, being commonly payed the yeare following, but then perhaps they will be as much in Arrears upon other Tenants. Soe y^e y^e Maty cannot depend certainly upon a greater fond yearly than 38,000 lb.

Out of which y^e Establishment 14,189. 00. 10.

Pensions and Warrants dormant 4,506 lb. 13. 00.

The expenses of y^e Roabes cannot be reduced to an exact certainty but one year with another it has come to 2,500 lb. 00. 00.

¹ Egerton, 1. 534, 15.

Your Maty's monethly money at 300 guins. per month 3,900 lb.

These are y^r Matie's certain expences, as ner as they can be computed wth amount to 25,396 lb. 2.

Soe there will remayne 2,603 17 . 2. which your Maty may employ as you please, and out of which must be allowed what your Maty shall think fit for the Expences of your Privy Purse and other extraordinary Payments, wth always doe and ever will happen. As Your Maty's Bounties Bills signed by Your Maty's Councill by my Lord Chamberlain etc. which 'tis impossible to reduce to a certainty. Ther is one incidence of your Revenue which I have not mentioned, and that is what may arise by fines, sometimes more, sometimes lesse, and wth cannot be reduced to a certainty, but they have hitherto seldome come to lesse *comunnibus annis* then 1,500 lb.

She held several jointure lands, among which were Newhall Croft in Lincolnshire, and pieces of land in Weston Surfleet, and Gosberkirk, part of the Manor of Spalding, as well as the Manor of Torrington, in Norfolk, and the Manor of Barton, in Lincolnshire, and that of Higham Ferrers in Northamptonshire. She held the lands of Egham, in Surrey, originally confiscated from persons condemned or outlawed. The now Lord Clarendon, son of her old adviser, had held since 1679 the post of Treasurer and Receiver to her, with a salary of £50, in addition to all rights, profits, privileges and advantages belonging to the office. Presently she began to believe that he had not always managed her revenue as he should.

She seems to have taken Lord Feversham into her service as Lord Chamberlain, immediately after the death of Charles. Probably it was in gratitude and recompense for his conduct as Lord of the Bedchamber, at the time of the King's last illness. She placed the utmost confidence in Feversham, and treated him always with such kindness and trust, that the gibing, scurrilous tongues of the day could not conceive that he was not her lover. All sorts of idiotic gossip went on, and even after her death Mary of Modena, then in exile in France, was asked by her daughter, the young

Princess Louise, if there had ever been any foundation for the tattle. She at once and with decision declared there was none.¹ But till Catherine left England her Lord Chamberlain went by the scoffing name of "the King-Dowager."²

The first troublous incident to break the dreary monotony of Catherine's widowed life at Somerset House was the rebellion of Monmouth. Almost immediately after the death of the father who had not mentioned him in his last moments, he raised his banner as rightful successor. It was a lost cause before it was declared. The fatal battle of Sedgemoor finished his brief meteor-like flash across the horizon. Driven, hunted, trapped, in his despair and extremity he could think of no one who would stand his friend, save the wife of the man whose illegitimate son he was. It speaks more for Catherine's nobility of character that he should turn to her for help, than a thousand less significant incidents of her life could.

From RINGWOOD, the 9th of July (85).

MADAM,

Being in this unfortunate condition, and having non left but your Maty, that I think may have some compassion of me, and that for the late King's sake, makes me take this boldness to beg of you to interseed for me. I would not desire your Maty to doe it if I wear not from the bottom of my hart convinced how I have bine disceaved in to it, and how angry God Almighty is with me for it, but I hope Madam your intercession will give me life to repent of it, and to shew the King how realy and truly I will serve him hear after, and I hope Madam your Maty will be convinced that the life you save shall be devoted to your service, for I have bine and ever shall be your Maty's most dutifull and obedient servant,

MONMOUTH.³

¹ Inedited Diary.

² Granger.

³ Lansdowne, 1236, p. 222.

Poor Monmouth!—the people's tinsel idol of a day. Catherine's entreaties with James could not save him. She did succeed in inducing James at least to grant him an interview, which he had till then refused, and local tradition points to a bridge near Ringwood, in the New Forest, as the spot where the ineffectual meeting between James, Monmouth, and herself took place. James, unlike Charles, was not weak on the side of mercy, and Monmouth's life paid forfeit on the scaffold.

Catherine's one desire still was to return to her own country, and her letters of this time are full of her entreaties to her brother to give her permission to return to Portugal, and to make the necessary arrangements for her going. She wrote about this time :

MY BROTHER,

Now that there is a safe messenger I shall be able to tell you much that had happened here ; but I refer you to him, who, as he is a living letter, will be the best informant. What I know and can assure you, as I do, is that among all these changes my greatest grief is not to be able to get news of you, though I endeavour for it on every side with the diligence that a most truly loving sister can use. Believe me that it is not the smallest part of what I suffer that the best comfort of my life fails. But in a time of confusion this is nothing wonderful. As I have no letter of yours, I know not how to answer, only there is an old one of yours brought by this gentleman, whose behaviour in this country corresponds to the good character you gave me of him in what you wrote when he arrived here. I was much pleased when I saw him act discreetly in offering his services to the King, my brother-in-law. It was plain to me that if opportunity allows he would fulfil his obligations thoroughly, like a man of honour and courage, concerning which he leaves here a good

opinion from his good manner. He will give a better report of most of what has passed here. Adieu.

C.¹

Soon after she again wrote :

MY BROTHER,

I have already written to you more at length by the post, but now the chance of a ship offers, and because its passage will be shorter, I again repeat what I told in the first letter, assuring you that my will is ready to concur in everything, and that you are about to help me in the great wish I have of seeing you and my niece. I assured you that what I talked of is not so difficult as it appears, if one knows how to arrange. It is true that everything lies in the method and manner of arranging the affair, that I fully own, since negotiating it at all is the real part of the business, and as far as that goes it depends on you. That gives me great courage, and moreover an inexpressible happiness, assuring me that your affection attempts for me that for which alone I am eager, there being nothing else in the world which can content me, and my only means of attaining it is by your favourable decision.²

The Conde de Castlemelhor, who had served Catherine so faithfully, and deserved every gratitude from her for having arranged the introduction of Hudleston into Charles's room in his last hours, was now permitted by Pedro, probably through Catherine's renewed solicitations, to return to Portugal from exile. Catherine was delighted to hear of this, and at once wrote to Pedro :

MY BROTHER,

Jaquez arrived ten days ago, and, because there has been no opportunity for a post since then, I delayed giving you thanks for yours, written by so

¹ Egerton, i. 534, Letter 51.

² Ibid., Letter 30.

good a secretary as your daughter, and my niece. I do so now, assuring you that your kindness is shown to one who knows how to value it, and all her life will endeavour to merit it, which is the only return that I am capable of making. I will not enlarge on this matter, so as to be tedious, knowing the justice which you do me without saying more about it. Now, I pray you, thank my niece for the trouble which she has taken in writing to me, giving me not only the pleasure of news from you, but remembrances from herself, which I should answer particularly if I had not been very indisposed and under physic, as I have always been since the King left me. This you only can cure in this world. I give you thanks especially because your envoy tells me you have honoured the Conde de Castlemelhor by giving him leave to return to his own country, which all we natives of it love so much. I think highly of him, because he has served me well on every occasion. I am sure that all he does for me is due to you, since you placed him where he could see me. You will learn what passes here from better informants than I. I leave off, wishing all possible happiness to you, which is always the desire of

C.¹

Castlemelhor probably left immediately after, for another letter of the date of October 8 runs as follows:

MY BROTHER,

Hearing that you are not so well as I wish you, I write this not only to beg you to employ some person especially who may give me a strict account of your health, and moreover with all urgency I entreat you will take such care of it as it deserves, by reason of the necessities of the kingdom and my happiness. If I could continue I would not stop so soon, but I have a very great difficulty in the hand

¹ Egerton, 1. 534, Letter 72.

that guides the pen. The doctor does not know if it is gout or paralysis. For either of these complaints this country is very bad. I always say you only can cure everything. Many loving remembrances to my niece. Again I thank you for the permission which you gave to the Conde de Castlemelhor to go home. I did what I could to show my gratitude for his good service while he was in this country, and he left it with a very good reputation; for my brother-in-law honours him very much, as well as most of the Court. Adieu. All your

C.¹*October 8th.*

She had presently an opportunity for showing to young Stafford, the son of the old nobleman whose fate she so nearly shared, a kindness which she was glad to render.

MY BROTHER,

Mr. Stafford, whom the King, my brother-in-law, has chosen for his envoy in Castile, requests this letter of me. I give it very willingly, because he is a gentleman, the son of a very noble family, and his father lost his life for the faith in the last persecution. He boasts of your favours. I believe they are very well bestowed. You know this better than I do, as you have known him longer. After I have told you this there is nothing left for me to say, except that at all times you will always find me a sister as constant as loving.²

Catherine's health seems never to have recovered the violent emotion of grief, that had prostrated her at the time of her husband's death. Besides this, the climate of England now began to disagree sharply with her, as she grew older. She had rather a serious illness in the autumn, and wrote of it to Pedro :

¹ Egerton, i. 534, Letter 62.² Ibid., Letter 86.

MY BROTHER,

I write this to you in order not to lose my habit of doing so on every occasion that offers, though there is no news. It is understood that I speak only of my own affairs. Yesterday the King came to make me a visit himself, although with all ceremony. I was in bed, having been there for twelve days, so ill with pain that was so strong and continuous that after groaning and perspiring three or four hours without its diminishing, but increasing, I sent for one of the priests, being persuaded that my hour was come. While he was at my bedhead, God be praised! at that time the pain began to lessen, which I impute to a little oil which I have from the lamp of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin of the town of Viçosa, which, on the occasion of my quinsey at three years of age, had the same effect. I continue somewhat better, though very far from being well since I am so devoted to my bed that I still can not stay all day out of it, which is never my custom without great necessity, nor can I go from here till I am stronger. The Queen and all the royal family were with me.

C.¹

SOMERSET HOUSE, *September 13.*

It may have been soon after this attack that she wrote :

I am about to enter the coach and go to amuse myself in the country, and go for walks, by my doctor's orders. I received a letter of yours, for which I thank you. For the tenderness which you shew that you have for me is all well deserved by my great affection. As I am in this hurry I cannot say more. At the first opportunity I will write at more length. Adieu. God preserve you to be always the consolation of this your loving sister,

C.²

¹ Egerton, L. 534, Letter 51.

² Ibid., Letter 62.

Probably in the early part of 1687 she renewed her anxiety to go back to Portugal. She wrote to the King on May 2 :

MY GOOD BROTHER,

You will have already received the last, which I wrote to you of the date of the 14th April, and sent on that occasion. I explained to you at length what for months I have represented to you, and your actual reply failing me, I again remind you that my indispositions are so violent and severe that they do not allow of delays; nor does the great constraint which I do myself by living here diminish them. I pray that you will consider this in earnest, considering only how much my good will to you deserves, and if you will do this I am secure of a better decision than to be here in the peril in which my life thus stands, as much from want of inclination as because of the climate to be encountered. If my illness allowed I could dictate further. It might do it, but breath is wanting to me. I continue only to seek news of your health. Your most loving sister,

C.¹

It would appear that she found it necessary to apply to her doctors, in spite of the oil from the lamp at Viçosa. She was put under a course of physic and bleeding, and wrote on August 24 that this had prevented her writing to Pedro with her own hand, but that as she was now feeling some good effect of the remedies, she wrote for her brother's news, "assuring you that I await yours with that sincerity and impatience which your love to me warrants, and mine to you deserves. Adieu. This from C. I pray you give my loving remembrance to your daughter and my niece."²

Catherine does not seem in this convalescence to have tried the Bath waters to which she had hurried

¹ Egerton, 1. 434, Letter 2.

² Ibid., Letter 4.

the year before. Then on her progress through Reading the corporation, as they had done in 1677, met together at the Bear, and provided at her lodgings a banquet of sweetmeats, wine, and fruit.¹ The wine was an empty compliment to such a water-drinker as she was.

She still kept up her little dignified court at Somerset House. James paid her visits of state; and one of them, when Evelyn was in waiting, took place on May 7, 1685, the day of the conviction of Titus Oates.² No doubt James wished to have her congratulations joined to his own satisfaction at this event. In January, 1686, Evelyn, who was not very anxious that his daughter Frances, now nearly twenty, should often appear at Court, had not yet allowed her even to attend the decorous presence-chamber of the Queen-Dowager. But now she was in town, and he thought it a fit opportunity to send her with her mother to kiss Catherine's hand. Catherine called her by name, and told her she was grown very tall and pretty since she saw her last.³ She still played cards, and Feversham kept the bank. Years ago Waller had rapturously written on a card she had torn at ombre:

The cards you tear in value rise;
So do the wounded by your eyes.
Who to celestial things aspire
Are by that passion raised the higher.

King Pedro had lost his first wife soon after his accession, and now contemplated a second marriage with the Princess Maria Sophia of Neuberg. Catherine, while she entered into the affair with the interest she always felt for her brother's concerns, also saw in the Princess's journey to Portugal a chance of accompanying her. She wrote:

MY BROTHER,

My reasons why you should do this are twofold: the first is the principal. It is always my desire for

¹ MS. of Reading Corporation.

² *Diary*.

³ *Ibid*.

good news of you ; and the other is more private to me, and it appears to me it requires some consideration, as it seems just, if one considers the many dangers of the time to my health. Many other reasons which I do not give, so as not to be long, influence me ; but I give those noted down which are very pressing, and which have both already appeared in this country, where I live alone because it is suitable for me, as most people judge since the loss of the King (God rest his soul), and on any disturbance occurring here either by the death of the other¹ or during his life, as I have lost the King, I must look about for help here. My disease increases with time ; and this being the case, as I clearly perceive, it is very natural to try to stop this great misfortune, and means are allowable for this purpose, which would be permitted for nothing else. And this is well, because thus a door is opened to seek remedies which this place cannot give, such as those healthful breezes of which there is no abundance here. I hope you will not be so forgetful of me as not to perceive what I wish, and what I judge will heal. The whole story makes me certain that you will understand me ; it is what I have already pointed out to you. The present opportunity is very favourable, as the Elector Palatine wrote to me and asked that I should request a fleet of the King, my brother-in-law, for the conveyance of the Queen of Portugal, my much-loved sister. My great desire to see you makes this opportunity seem very suitable. I hope it may seem to you as suitable as it does to me, and if I am to be as happy as I might be, do let me know immediately that you will not delay my great joy an instant longer than necessary. Remember how many years I have suffered, and if you decide not to make me so happy, give me a reason, in order that all may not vanish. I shall see the Queen here, since she is to pass our door in English ships. Since there is already a public rumour of our meeting, I pray you consider

¹ *i.e.* James.

with all your judgment and good will how well I deserve of you, and if you wish not to make me happy by consenting that I should see you, which is all I desire, my reply is that as there are here dissensions, changes, and even risks to life, what part of the world is more proper to me than my own country, where I have a brother for my prince and friend? If you deny this, look where else I may seek protection? Flanders and Castile are hostile to Portugal, Holland is a republic without religion, France in the state which you know; but with all that there is no help for me since I left you, nor will there be any except resolution, and I importune you that I may not be in doubt. Assure yourself that I will choose what is most agreeable to you. I have already been very diffuse, and I fear that I weary you. Adieu! God keep you. April, 4th of the month.

Sister . . . entirely yours.¹

Pedro seems to have been much too absorbed in his second marriage, to take any steps for granting Catherine's prayers. It probably did not concern him nearly so much to have her in Portugal again, as it concerned her that she should return. She was safe enough in England. She was treated with respect and kindness by the royal family, and had good means and an excellent palace. He could not in the least enter into her home-sick longing for her native country, and for sights and people, whose tender associations might soothe her loneliness and grief. Her next letter had the unselfish purpose of recommending to Pedro the captain of a ship in the Queen of Portugal's convoy.

MY BROTHER,

Captain Trevanhão, who was the last person to have the *Sandades* all the time it belonged to me, never, during this period, had the pleasure of going with it to Portugal. There was no opportunity,

¹ Egerton, l. 534., Letter 14.

which was always a great trouble to him, and now a better and a joyful opportunity offers, because the King has chosen him to accompany the Queen, my sister. All qualifications meet in him, for not only does he understand navigation excellently, and is of extraordinary valour, but also he is of very good birth, and closely connected with my equerry, of whom you have already heard as a man of high repute, and also one who serves me very well, not only from obligation, but with great zeal and devotion to my service. This is the account that I give you of a person who desires that you may hear of him from me. Adieu.¹

Her next letter renews her urgent appeals. It is sealed with black wax, impressed with the seal engraved for her by Charles before their marriage, in miniature.

MY BROTHER,

I, who always desire news of you, now expect it with much more impatience, because I promise myself that you are about to yield with all convenient speed to my wish, and to what my love for you deserves, and as this is so great and gigantic, my expectations are more certain of your not objecting to co-operate with me in a cause as easy as just. Remember that I have not on my part failed when I was needed. I urged the King several months ago to beg it of you, lastly I have written many times, and moreover I have not neglected to send to the Portuguese who help me here, who, when they see you, may relate my good will, of which they are witnesses here. I have done all this on my part. There is no more to do on yours, except what I have already written to you in other letters. I assure you that the world knows how to rate what I deserve from you so well that you will suffer no injury in showing how you estimate it on this same subject. I write to you at

¹ Egerton, I. 534, Letter 84.

length, because a ship which the King, my brother-in-law, granted to me solely to do for me what I, with a better will, would do personally; that is, to give congratulations to you and the Queen, whom I so much desire to see, and to my niece, and since you do not yet permit this, at least I offer to both my affectionate compliments, hoping for such good news of you and them, and that you may desire to know mine more thoroughly, since I rely on God and you. Assuring you that my wish is not caprice, but mature resolution. Since you can make haste, do so now, as I do by land and sea. I help as far as I can. My sailors have been twenty-eight days in port, a hundred miles from here, hoping for wind. Adieu.

Sister and Friend,

C.¹

Seventh of October.

Another letter recommends her chapel official, Faria.

I have no strength to write on this occasion, since I have already done so at length, but I cannot neglect Timotheo de Faria, because he was one of the Portuguese who accompanied me, and who always served me with all fidelity and exactness. A more special obligation binds me to him, since I inconvenienced him by bringing him from Xabregas, where he lived with that great repute which his voice deserved. He has not been able to preserve it here, from want of exercise and the severity of the climate. Although he is not so great a musician, he is a very good servant, and a true Portuguese, not being happy in anything while he is away from his country, although he remembers nothing of it, because he left it when he was so little, and as he was so much younger than myself, I specially took him under my protection, at the same time that I withdrew him from religion. I pray you,

¹ Egerton, f. 534, Letter 11.

considering all this, to allow him to have some mark of your favour and of my interest, although what I tell you does not concern yourself. I shall not fail to ask you to remember me to my sister. I hope that she understands our tongue, so that I may be able to write to her.¹

She wrote again on her own behalf on October 25, and if Pedro were not like the unjust judge, wearied out with prayers, he must have been indeed hard of heart.

MY BROTHER,

I have received two of your letters in a short time by the hands of your resident at this Court. I assure you that I never wished anything more heartily than to thank you in person for being resolute in what is of so much importance to the crown, the nation, and our race. In this affair you and yours alone satisfy all our hopes. Give me leave to speak with this warmth, since it is incumbent on me, as the person most interested, for the reasons which I pointed out, and for another peculiar to me alone—that there can be no other comfort to me, since my ease is already at an end, when I consider that my joys have no foundation, since I understand that you do not wish to see me, while I perpetually long to see you. I thought there was no other good result of the freedom which God gives me than that of having your companionship, but I deceived myself, since I am alone without the King, whom God preserve! and as far as ever from you. My brother, if I thus sought God first, and you second, you will receive pleasure from that, inasmuch as you will find in me a true sister, and consequently caring much for all that concerns you and is yours. I am proud and pleased that you are so persuaded of this, while my life assures you of it, and every moment of my life will bear witness to what I say. I trust from your

¹. Egerton, r. 534, Letter 8r.

justice that you will not doubt what I now and always declare, and shall do so to God and to the world. God give you all the joys which I desire for you and for the kingdom, since it is very natural for me to desire them for my only brother, whom I cherished with so much love and care, and I can say that not only my first thoughts, but nearly my only ones, have been of him since I was absent from the country where I was born, and where I was always loved and respected. If my health allowed me to continue I would have done so, but I have arrived from a prolonged journey, and cannot go on. Adieu.¹

Her health continued troublesome all through the months that followed. She wrote a little later :

I hope that this may find you in as good health as I desire. Mine is very bad, and for this reason I am so brief, as I am going to take the air in the country now and then for two or three hours, though with great discomfort, because I am so oppressed in London that I can hardly do it. My hope is in your relieving me from this pain, by sending to me an ambassador that he may do your business and mine, and that I may be in communication with you. I say my business, and not only his, about the ambassador, because I have sound experience that some one who already filled the office attended to his own honours, and not to my interests. I hope that now you will not make such a choice. But in case you have chosen, charge him very earnestly with my affairs. Adieu. The weather is terrible ; that of England is not very constant !²

She had probably a vivid recollection in her mind of de Arouches, who had made her wretched with suggestions of her brother's doubts of her, a few years earlier. She was now involved in business that per-

¹ Egerton, 1. 534, Letter 32.

² Ibid., Letter 12.

force put out of her head her ardently longed-for departure. She had reason to think that Clarendon, her Lord Treasurer, had withheld certain sums of money that were lawfully hers. She went to law over the matter, by advice of Lord Halifax, whom she had made her money-manager. He was keen in prosecuting the case. Clarendon appealed to King James, his brother-in-law, at the usual morning levee, and as soon as he was dressed, asked leave to speak with him.¹ James conducted him to an inner room, where Clarendon poured out his troubles about this law-suit, and told James that he had retained the Solicitor-General as his counsel, but that he was forbidden to act. James informed Clarendon that it was utterly against etiquette to employ counsel of his to plead against the Queen-Dowager, and that he could not take steps which would be displeasing to her. But he added that he greatly wondered at Catherine's suing Clarendon in open court, which was not exactly the correct thing. He said he had already remonstrated with Feversham about it, and would say something to the Queen-Dowager if he had the chance. He then asked Clarendon if he had heard that Catherine had intended to return to Portugal, and Clarendon expressed surprise, as he had not heard it hinted. James told him she had sent her own confessor, Father Warner, the day before, to acquaint him with it, and that she had added she had told her brother, the King of Portugal, of her plans, and that he was sending an ambassador to arrange it. James spoke as if he were offended that Catherine should have appealed to her brother instead of to him,² and said that he had deserved to be better treated by her. Clarendon considered that James had been exceedingly kind to her, treating her with the respect he had shown while Charles lived. It is difficult to conceive what other treatment could have fitly been dealt out to a Queen-Dowager of the country, and the new King's sister-in-law. It was

¹ *Diary.*

² *Ibid.*

January 31, and James told Clarendon he would speak to the Queen-Dowager that afternoon, and that he would have done so the day before, only it was well known that he never went abroad that day, out of respect to the memory of his father.¹ He afterwards assured Clarendon that he was ashamed of the Queen-Dowager's proceedings, but that he could not interfere with the law, which he did not understand. "As to the Queen-Dowager, she was a hard woman to deal with, and she already knew his opinion of this suit."² Catherine had indeed learned to be strict in demanding her own, since the lesson had been learnt with heavy experience ever since she came into the country. She had long managed her own affairs, and was extremely firm in carrying out what she believed she had a right to plan. She had for so long meekly submitted to be robbed and slighted, that neither James nor those about her could understand the resolute fight she now made for her own hand.

The slow-moving Pedro had by this time consented to send the Conde de Ponteval and his nephew as far as Paris, to meet Catherine on her journey back to Portugal, and had appointed an ambassador to arrange the details of her leaving England.³ In March Manoel Diaz, one of the friars of her chapel, who frequently acted as messenger between Pedro and herself, and had been of use at the time of the Popish Plot, wrote for her to the King of Portugal.

SENHOR,

The desire of the Queen my mistress to start for this kingdom⁴ is real. It obliges me again to importune your Majesty with these lines informing you of the anxiety she feels while expecting the ambassador who is to escort her; because without having certain notice of when he will be able to arrive here, it is not convenient to speak to the King so that

¹ Clarendon's *Diary*.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Hist. Casa Real Port.*

⁴ Portugal.

he may prepare a fleet, and the Secretary of the Admiralty¹ told me that three months' time would be necessary to equip the said fleet.

News came by post to-day that the Queen has altered her resolution of going to Portugal, or at least that she has deferred her journey for a year, which comes. . . .² Good Catholic, the niece of the Duke of Ormonde, a lady of great talents. She was more than forty years of age. . . .³ there a daughter, a nun in the B-ngu—is . . . (obliterated). The Queen may settle with (obliterated) to live in any farm or country house away from Lisbon, because of her illness and the necessity she has of walking and taking the air freely in some garden. This is compulsory, because in no other way has she an hour of health, and she runs great risk of her life. I have already spoken to her, and Her Majesty agrees to bring only those persons with her who cannot be dispensed with. The Equerry, who is called the Cavalier John Arundel, offers to accompany the Queen. He is a Catholic gentleman, head of the Arundel family, a very old and illustrious house in this kingdom. He is over sixty years of age, and is highly respected. Also his son-in-law, who is the Queen's secretary, named the Cavalier Richard Belling, says he will go, but I do not know if they intend to remain there or to return. What I can say is that the Queen desires to bring them both for her service. Both servants are, and have been good Catholics, and are (obliterated) very grave and sensible persons. Some other servants of both sexes are going to accompany her Majesty, and I believe that the Countess of Fongal⁴ will go as her first lady of the bedchamber. She is to-day one of the first ladies of (obliterated). Her Majesty, knowing what I had heard (obliterated) sends word (obliterated) that such news was false, and that she continues firm in her resolution of departing in August, when she comes as

¹ Pepys.

² Obliterated. . . .

³ Obliterated. . . .

⁴ Fingall. . . .

she intends. She writes to your Majesty with these tidings, which I send with this.

Her Majesty henceforth is going to discuss the servants who are going to accompany her, and those who are to remain in her service. About this she has said that it will be better to take very few, because of the inconveniences which I think they will suffer in future. (She spoke of) the Passes of Xabregas, of the house of the Marquez de Marvilla, and of other country houses healthily situated in that part, where she could be in retirement without being far from Lisbon, and having the river in sight. Also she consulted you about Bellas and Cintra, but that is a little more remote. Her Majesty cannot resolve on anything here. She will do it when she is there, and sees what there is. I shall not fail to send the necessary information to Your Majesty, whom God preserve.

The very humble servant and vassal of

Your Majesty,

LONDON, 22nd March, 1688.

MANGEL DIAZ.¹

Catherine's next letter bears the date of April 2 (new style).

MY BROTHER,

To-day, the 2nd of April, by the reckoning here, I hope you will have decided on what concerns my journey; that is, the coming of the ambassador. I hope he comes by the road which I advised. When he has left you I will tell the King, my brother-in-law, and I am sure by the next post you will not fail to let me know the time, because I urged you so much to give the information, since the King only awaits it to equip the ships for me, as I have told you at various times, and I have sent others who explained it to you for me. I cannot cease to speak of it. I trust that by this post I may learn I have prevailed, since it comes on the most fortunate day

¹ Egerton, i. 534, Letter 38.

which there is for me in the year, one which I always remember, and I know I shall never forget, that is your birthday, which I always celebrate, and which by the old English reckoning falls on this day on which I expect the good news that I spoke to you of, since it is the day on which the post may bring it, according to the time at which I wrote to you. You must judge of the joy that I feel in a hope so well founded, since it is impossible for me to express it. I hope this may find you and the Queen my sister in perfect health, only with the troubles of which we all complain. I hope my niece is well also. I desire intimately to embrace you, and for that purpose I beg that you will give orders to prepare Bellas to receive me, since the doctors say and protest that it will be no risk to my health, but it will be for my good, because of the climate, in view of the time that I lived there, and my constitution. Manoel Dias says something about that, because everything is entrusted to him, as it is very urgent. What I desire of him is only to inform you on my behalf that the place named elsewhere is that which I choose as a loan, because according to what I remember of it it is safer from the (obliterated) which I found in it when I saw it. Since I have no other news to give you than what I tell, I repeat again the hopes I mentioned to you of news, and of the arrival of the ambassador. I hope these expectations will not be belied; if there should be any delay in them it will cause much in my winter journey, as the seas are not very smooth, and the road which I desire to take is not easy. The nation which I leave is indifferent to me, as I hope you have understood better than I have been able to explain to you. Adieu till the desired day, which may God bring shortly!

The sister entirely yours,

C.¹

¹ Egerton, I. 534, Letter 40.

Father Manoel Diaz sent with this a letter on a large folded sheet.

SENHOR,

I inform Your Majesty that the Queen my Mistress most anxiously expects the post which ought to arrive here in a fortnight, that is on the 26th, the day of Your Majesty's birth, because she imagines that she will then have a letter from Your Majesty in answer to that which she wrote on the 16th of February, in which she told Your Majesty that she had spoken to the King, and made her departure from this kingdom public. I told her to-day that it did not appear to me that she could have an answer by the post now coming out, but by the following without fail I think it may arrive. Her Majesty is so impatient, because she desires to be out of this country during the whole of August, and it is necessary for her to have notice of the time when Your Majesty's ambassador can arrive here, in order that, after notice has been given to the King, he may order the fleet to be equipped.

The physicians-in-ordinary to His Majesty the King, whom God keep,¹ are here to-day with their Majesties. They have finished their consultation concerning the health of the Queen, and her manner of life in the different climate in which she is going to live, and they are all uniformly of opinion, and advise Her Majesty, that she should reside as little as possible in Lisbon, because, as Her Majesty has been twenty-six years out of Portugal, she has totally changed her constitution and humours in such a way that it is necessary she should always be in cool places with good open air, and places to walk where she can take exercise as it is her custom to do here, because otherwise she will not have an hour of health, and will run great risk of her life. They all tell me this, and that they have all said the same many times

¹ Charles II.

to the Queen. So that Her Majesty, considering all these reasons, is resolved to go to Bellas, because it is a cool place, with many waters and springs, and with more likeness to the climate of England, which, it seems to her, will be more suitable to her humour. They say the house is small. But to have a house for the Queen and some servants will be sufficient for the present, because her household can be lodged in the houses that she will have round about. Her Majesty will want this house only as a loan, as when she is there she will see if the place suits her to live in always, and in that case she will not go to another part.

The Passes of Xabregas are very unsuitable, and the House of Marvila, in the valley of Chellas. The Queen is undecided, therefore, except that she inclines to go that way, resolving to go to Bellas because she remembers this place, house, garden and springs, when she went there one¹ . . . when she was at Cintra, and says that place will please her very well.

Her Majesty is anxious to send me again to Lisbon, there to arrange everything for her in the way she thinks necessary both for her own convenience and for that of her household, whoever they may be, that she brings from here, but she cannot do without me on the occasion of her departure, so she will content herself with what can be done for her there at present, and afterwards she will arrange everything as seems best to her.

In the last that I wrote to your Majesty, I forgot to say that when I arrived here from Lisbon I was to kiss the King's hand, who, in much detail, and with remarkable good will, inquired after Your Majesty's health, and your military labours, and asked me if it was certain that the Queen of Portugal, whom God preserve, was with child, and was much pleased by this assurance. May God continue His mercies and

¹ Year?

bounties to both kingdoms, and guard the royal person of Your Majesty.

Very humble servant and faithful vassal of
Your Majesty

Ml. Diaz.¹

LONDON, 2 of April.

The news of the hopes of an heir to the throne of Portugal had been conveyed already to Catherine, probably as soon as Father Diaz arrived from Lisbon. She wrote to Pedro on March 19 :

Through business and poor health I have lost some posts, by which it was not possible to ask news of you, except by other means, and I always rejoice when that news is what I desire. That confirming the condition of the Queen my sister gives me so much joy that I reserve the expression of it till I am nearer, as from this distance it is impossible for me to express it. God unite us all so that I may rejoice, because I have wished it so long. On those days when I could not write to you, I sent to remind you of expediting my journey. I hope that when you receive this all may be accomplished so well that you may expect to receive me in your company, because everything would have been ready here, had word arrived from you. With this hope you may judge of my happiness. Adieu.²

Apparently she did not think she had expressed sufficiently warm congratulations, for her affectionate heart led her to send a special message to Lisbon with her felicitations.

MY BROTHER,

My joy on this occasion is so great that I know not how to express it, so as to give you great enough congratulations. I add to them incredible joy, which cannot be manifest at this distance. I

¹ Egerton, 1. 534, Letter 42.

² Ibid., Letter 40.

had forgotten that I am sending Sandys to convey to you my joy, pleasure, and delight, in the hope which I have indulged in for so many years of seeing this crown well established. Times out of number I have longed to hear of it, and now I hope to see it. I give you thanks for the pleasure, and shortly I hope to give them to you again. The Portuguese who go in company with my messenger will give more particular information of how his service is approved. I hope you will honour him with your natural kindness, abating nothing of it because he is a faithful servant to me. Also I hope that which concerns me is always as welcome to you as I shall always deserve.¹

Poor Catherine had now to despatch Diaz on a more painful errand, which she reluctantly allowed. Her health suddenly became so bad, that her doctors could not countenance her journey. It was apparently some trouble in the breast, which was at once painful, and mysterious to the science of the day. She had told James that she meant to start for Portugal as soon as he could provide a ship for her. He had journeyed personally to Chatham to choose one of his new men-of-war, and to superintend the fitting of it for her conveyance. She had, to her bitter disappointment, to tell Bellings, after the doctors' report, that she "had wholly given up her intention of going to Portugal." Some of her household were relieved, and as for the King, he wrote jubilantly to the Prince of Orange that this change of mind on the part of the Queen-Dowager would save his charge of fitting out his great third-rate.² Most historians have ascribed this change of intention to caprice on the part of Catherine. It is only from her own letters that we learn how grievous a mortification it was to her, and what was its cause.

She wrote to Pedro :

¹ Egerton, i. 534, Letter 70.

² Dalrymple's Appendix.

MY BROTHER,

I hope you are just enough to consider the pain with which I write this, since it is only in order to tell you that I cannot possibly make my journey with the great speed which my wish intended. Manoel Dias, who by my command carries this, will give you a better account both of my want of health, and of the difficulties which could not be conquered in so short a time. At all events, and on all occasions, I shall always be your sister as tender as loving.

C.¹

This letter went by Father Diaz, but Catherine was not content with using him as her envoy. She wrote by other means, again, to King Pedro, and her heaviness of heart is evident :

Before this arrives, Manoel Dias will have given you on my behalf the forcible reasons which I had on this occasion for not accomplishing my longed-for object. I hope that on another occasion my health will be more settled than at present, as I am still in need of pills and physic, which I have taken for three days with very little benefit. I impute it to the delay in seeing you. Adieu, as I cannot leave here.²

Not content to wait till Father Diaz should explain, she wrote once more, when she was able to hold the pen :

When this arrives, Manoel Diaz will already have explained my reasons to you, and they will hinder my journey, which I have so long desired and endeavoured after, so many years. As I sent so faithful a messenger, nothing remains for me to tell you, but to assure you of the great grief I felt when I perceived these hindrances at a time when I thought I was about to see you, and your longed-for fatherland and mine.

¹ Egerton, 1. 534, Letter 36.

² Ibid., Letter 77.

In short, the judgments of God are incomprehensible, and let that suffice!

The same messenger will have told you what I ordered him, that as soon as possible he should meet the Conde de Ponteval, and inform him of my decision, and I have written to the same person, giving him the same information, because it seems to me convenient for your service and mine, when I changed my resolution, to let the Conde know as speedily as possible, as I did immediately, knowing his journey to be so advanced that he was, say, five days from Paris, which was much better than if he had entered it. That was all that I could do. For the present, the only thing is not to lose hope that God may shew His mercy towards me, and when that shall be so, I shall hope for the joy of seeing you, to which may He give increase! May it be so!

Your loving sister,

C.¹

The illness which had frustrated her most earnest hopes did not leave her at once. She wrote, somewhat later:

I do not wish to let this post pass without assuring you that I am living, and in health, though, indeed, I am not able to give you the latter information, as the same trouble continues of which in my other letter I gave you an account. In those days I was so ill that Dr. Mendez was going to call a consultation of physicians to advise me as quickly as possible should so dangerous a complaint in so delicate a part as the bosom continue and not subside. Thank God, for three days I have felt rather better, though it is so little that at times the pain begins to return to me again, which makes me believe that my bosom will fester again, as it has already done, and this is the more painful for being internal. For this reason, as well as because they tell

¹ Egerton, i. 524. Letter 33.

me no letter goes without being examined, I cannot go on, except to say that your news is better than mine. Adieu.

Your loving C.¹

On June 10, Trinity Sunday, Catherine was summoned from Somerset House soon after eight o'clock in the morning, to be present as a witness at the accouchement of her sister-in-law, Mary of Modena. Attended by her Lord Chamberlain and the matrons of her household, she arrived at Whitehall promptly, and was placed in a chair of state under a canopy, close to the bed of the Queen, and she never left the room till the heir to the throne was born.² What thoughts and memories must have crowded round, while she watched for the arrival in the world of the prince, and remembered her own anguish of hope, and her repeated tortures of disappointment! It had not been for her to know the joy of bringing a man-child into life, which James's Queen now felt. The senseless declarations of the Orange party then and afterwards as to the royal birth of the Chevalier de St. George are for ever scattered by the deposition Catherine was afterwards called on to make. Four months later James invited her to attend the extraordinary meeting of the Privy Council, and to declare before them her presence at his son's birth. She sat in a chair at the King's right hand, and he explained to the Council why he had called them to meet. He said that he had given Her Majesty the Queen-Dowager and the lords and ladies present the trouble to come thither, that the birth of his son might be attested. Catherine gave her evidence simply. "The King sent for me to the Queen's labour. I came as soon as I could, and never left her till she was delivered of the Prince of Wales." When her words had been taken in writing, she added her usual signature.

Present also at the birth was Frances Stuart,

¹ Egerton, 1. 534, Letter 26. ² Report of the Privy Council. ³ Ibid.

Dowager-Duchess of Richmond, in right of her royal blood. She had then been a widow for sixteen years, and was living quietly. She died fourteen years after this, in 1702, having long ago become a Catholic, and being "very devout in her way." She left a considerable fortune, of which the greater part was bequeathed to buy an estate in East Lothian for her nephew, Alexander, to be known as "Lenox-Love to Blantyre." The rest of her money she left to be employed in rewarding people for caring for her cats, of which she had a number, and of which she was extremely fond. Her gold watch, seal, and gold dressing-case, also were left to her nephew.

Catherine wrote to her brother the next day after the birth :

While I have the pen in my hand I find myself invited by the King, my brother-in-law, to be god-mother to a son who was born to him yesterday. I pray God may preserve him for the increase of this Young Christianity which the Gospel here continues to sow. The Queen and Prince are both well and the Court rejoices much at this great mercy of God. I am hoping that when this arrives you will have sent to me the same good news, which for me will be a double joy, because it is the only one which remains to me when I want the sole and great one of seeing you.

To the Queen, my sister, and my niece, many loving remembrances. I forgot to tell you the Pope is godfather. Adieu.

SOMERSET HOUSE.¹

The news that came to Catherine from Portugal before long, enchanted her warm heart. A son was born to Pedro, and she wrote eagerly :

MY BROTHER,

The good news which you communicated to me through Jacques da Costa gave me such great

¹ Egerton, i. 534, Letter 5.

joy that I join thanks with the congratulations that I give you. Blessed be God, since He has been pleased to give this crown! By that and other means Heaven will give you more than I hope. May you see the felicity which I trust in its mercy it will grant to my beloved country. I think the account you give me of the Queen is very good. May God preserve her, that she may soon give us the like! The Infanta, my niece, writes to me, but as you mention her in your letter I pray you to continue to do the same, so that my recollection may be yet more constant. I have told that King what you entrusted to me. He thought highly of it and the nation, since he knows the news I have received.

The landing of William of Orange in November, and the flight of James, his Queen, and baby son to France, were events that strongly and personally affected Catherine. Her heart and sympathies were, of course, all with her brother-in-law and his faith; but, with a tact and sense one might in vain have looked for in her earlier days, she took no action of any sort.

The fury of the people was then, and for long after, roused against her creed and all persons professing it—a fury directly brought about by James's foolish and unjustifiable conduct. Catholic chapels were violated and plundered; the houses of Catholic ambassadors were sacked. Catherine remained secluded and outwardly composed at Somerset House, though her heart must have been greatly moved. Feversham, who took the part of intermediary between his late master King James and the new King William, carried a letter to the latter from the former which so enraged him that he flung Feversham into prison. Catherine, still sorely troubled, made no sign. James, on his brief return to London, stopped to see her at Somerset House before he went on to Whitehall. This was on December 18, 1688. When they parted it was never to meet again

on earth. On the 30th of the month James again withdrew to Rochester, and William paid Catherine a visit at Somerset House. He found her sitting idle and sad, and he inquired, with a certain grim meaning, why she was not as usual playing basset. Catherine answered that she had not played basset since her Chamberlain had been absent, for he always kept the bank. William, with the gaunt graciousness that was all he could achieve, answered that "he would no longer interrupt Her Majesty's diversions." Feversham was at once set at liberty by the King's orders, and restored to Catherine's service.¹ William was both kinder and more just in his treatment of Catherine, than his Queen ever was. Her petty mind and ungenerous nature made her constantly seek occasion to vent her jealous dislike on the Queen-Dowager.

Catherine had an extremely difficult hand to play in the new *régime*. She was the only Catholic of the royal family left in the country. The people, and the new King and Queen alike regarded her with suspicion. She was absolutely out of sympathy with her relatives-in-law. The dower of Mary of Modena had at once been appropriated by William, and Catherine had not the faintest guarantee that her own would not likewise be as unfairly seized. Her beloved religion was proscribed and insulted, and, as she truly said, he who had been her protector and shield in the past was no longer on earth to stand by her. She was a lonely woman in an alien land, anxious, unpopular, cold-shouldered. It is small wonder if her passionate desire to return to her own country only increased. Her first visit to the new royalties at Whitehall was made March 24, 1689. Pedro wrote to her about this time :

MY SENHORA,

The letter from Your Majesty informs me of the sickness from which Your Majesty suffers. I

¹ Ralph's *History*.

pray God that Your Majesty may find yourself so free from it that you may not have the least pain. Also I see that Your Majesty tells me of the courtesies which he of Orange does you, which Simão de Souza and Manoel Dias express more fully; but notwithstanding that the Prince of Orange acts decorously towards Your Majesty, with that respect which he owes to your family, it appears to me that the period of fine weather passes rapidly to storm, and therefore those people who in this world act a double part are precise in observing this maxim, since if they free themselves of my intervention, by chance what arises afterwards may appear to be without their premeditation. I have already told Your Majesty what could be done to secure the payment of what is promised to you, and that if they did not fulfil their engagements completely Your Majesty would come to Portugal, because there it would be possible for me to assist you. I now tell Your Majesty the same thing, and it is a thing to consider, that when in this Kingdom¹ they banish their King as a Catholic, and the man governs who, on pretence of destroying the Catholics, overthrows the foundations of sovereignty, ruining the holy Churches, and affecting the Catholics so that they seek other lands in order to free themselves, those only who are not Catholics remaining there as in a safe home—how will it seem to the world, at the same time that all these things are known, to see that Your Majesty does not leave England?

To the lofty courage of Your Majesty I leave the final decision on this point, since by Your Majesty's leave I do not intend to speak another word on it to the King. Your Majesty ought to make all the communications, because the reasons of kindred and those of obligation make this necessary, and beyond these reasons those of such policy as by the changes of the time it may be advisable to use. I besetech

¹ England.

pardon of Your Majesty for my long-winded intrusion.
May God keep you!

The Brother who much loves Your Majesty,
PEDRO.¹

LISBON, 22 of March, 1689.

The brother who much loved her did not present much comfort to Catherine. By the terms of her marriage treaty, she had full permission to return to her own country in the event of her widowhood, should she desire to do so. Certainly, to return without the needful means of conveyance was not possible, and the articles of the treaty included this, since it would have defied etiquette to send Portuguese ships to bring her back to her own country. Pedro well knew that Catherine's influence with William amounted to very little, and that his own authority brought to bear, would at once have obtained what she was unable to procure. Catherine knew nothing of the underworking of wheels within wheels, by which France endeavoured, for James's sake, to throw obstacles in the way of her leaving England. As ever, she was the sport of factions, and even her own brother made no signal effort to give her her heart's desire, when he could readily have obtained it for her.

Her next letter to Portugal was written before this last from Pedro reached her.

MY BROTHER,

You will see by this that if I have further opportunities of begging for news of you I shall not fail to do so, since I am always studying means whereby I can find them. God be praised! I came across a man of our country, and I send this by him. God knows if it will reach your hands, but you can see clearly by this how I am hemmed in. I have told you about this in so many letters, and by so many ways, and at the same time have given you notice that you

¹ Egerton, 1. 534, Letter 47.

are my only hope in this great strait and difficulty. As to the great risk which I run, it cannot be clear to you. I am sure that if you had understood it you would not have allowed me to be ruined by it. I have already told you so much about it that I will not importune you further. What I expect from your good nature and the affection in which you hold me is that you will repent when it is too late to help me. I have taken all possible pains on my part, giving you all information, hinting to you the only means for both my safety and happiness—that is, the way in which I could depart. But the danger is so manifest that all the world wonders that I am exposed to it here, and they well know that you alone can obtain help for me. Since at present I cannot be helped to go to my own land, let it be to some place in France, since that is the only place in the world to-day where I can be with safety and propriety. But this cannot be except by your intervention with the King of France, and all the world marvels that you do not apply to him, since it is understood that this will induce him to yield. This is the sum of all, and the ship is ready to sail, and I cannot detain it. Adieu. 27 of March,

Disconsolate, and afflicted, but always loving.

C.¹

She wrote again shortly after :

I received a letter of yours fifteen days ago. I was much pleased, since I gathered from that that you are in health, but I was perplexed at your naming the Duke in it, and not explaining yourself further. I do not understand what you wish to say, and when I question Simão de Souza, to whom you refer the matter, he knows not how to answer my questions. Here we are all in the dark, without any news of what the French are doing. What this King here intended against them was to treat with his allies without the French King knowing of his negotiations.

¹ Egerton, 1. 534, Letter 66.

But that King did know it, and he stole a march on him. He knows the whole, since by sea he pillages the ships and banks, and the people here burn all letters coming from France to Holland, since they cannot stop this trade. I am in this strait, not knowing what means I may seek in order to hear of you. But in the midst of this great trouble God has opened a door, and called Madame the Dauphiness to Himself. I hope you will consider what a good opportunity this is to dispose of a daughter, a woman of such great talents, and worthy to be among the greatest Queens of Christendom, and that it is a good way of exchanging princesses, she coming thence to France, and the one who is here returning to Portugal. My Brother, this is what I beg of God, and what I seek of you.

The Sister entirely yours.¹

Catherine's deliciously *naïve* attempt at diplomacy and match-making is as simple-minded as her whole life. It is not difficult to observe how completely she would be at a loss against the subtle crafts of women like the Duchess of Portsmouth, and the Duchess of Cleveland. Apparently bitten with the idea of this marriage for her niece, after, as she had innocently expressed it, Divine Providence had arranged it specially, by the removal of the Dauphiness, she added another urgent entreaty on the back of the last letter.

As this ship is not going so soon as I imagined, I open this letter anew in order to implore you with all possible earnestness to weigh what I say to you on the other page, and maturely to consider that these chances do not come every day, and that if you miss this one, which is the best in the whole world, not only do you lose it, but there may be no other, and you must reckon for that. In fact it is the best chance, because it is the only one, as all the Princes of great name in Europe are already married, and thus you can see clearly that no choice remains to you in such a case.

¹ Egerton, 1. 534, Letter 29.

God has made for you this means of helping a Prince who has been perplexed, whilst moreover at this time you have a daughter whom God seems to have given to you for this occasion, that you may make her so great a princess, and redeem a sister so heavily afflicted, and for reasons of which every one is seriously afraid. (If) it is possible for me to come, at the cost of my life I would not remain longer. Adieu.

Your loving Sister.¹

April 9.

Still with her matrimonial project dancing in her head she writes, a month later :

MY BROTHER,

If all the letters which I have written to you have arrived you will see by them that I have not failed to write on every opportunity that offered by ships both for Oporto, Lisbon, and Cascães, and for all possible places. I won't say that you are much obliged to me, since it is so much to my interest, but it is very necessary that you should know it, because unless you know my news you may impute carelessness where there is so much care. With all good will I give you thanks for what you did when you commanded the Duke to speak to the ambassador about my affairs. As regards this point I refer myself to Simão de Souza, and I think you will get the information first by Salvador Tabora. I believe this business is always hampered by great embarrassments, and it will never be carried through except by the method which in other letters I have pointed out to you, which it appears to me can alone decide both affairs. I greatly desire it, since I shall see your daughter and my niece the most powerful Princess in all Europe, and I, by this means, without doing anything else, shall be released from the great strait in which I find myself, and the great and evident peril in which I continually live, and there is no other

¹ Egerton, 1, 534, Letter 28.

way of achieving these two ends so useful to Portugal ; both depend on you. That is the hope which remains to me since you began my business, declaring, with the usual kindness that you show towards me, your desire to make the way easy. This is the only means by which to succeed. I assure you that the world, as well as great princes, is not governed except by interest ; nor are compliments the means by which things are done ; and thus you do not hope to do anything by words, treaties, and propositions. There is nothing more evident, and in this affair the rights are equal and the interests reciprocal, nor have I ever seen anything in my life which, if it is renewed, may be more readily concluded. My brother, I hope you will lay this to heart, since your daughter and your sister have no other help but in you, since you are all their protection. Adieu.

C.¹13 *May*.

On July 19, 1689, the House of Commons passed a bill against Papists. By this act Catherine's Catholic servants were reduced to eighteen in number. The Lords refused to sanction this needless injury and insult to her, but, as Sir John Dalrymple says, it "induced the unfortunate Princess to quit for ever a kingdom in which all knees had once bowed to her." It more truly may be said to have put the coping-stone to her longing to leave the country, and seek refuge in her native land. On the 8th of the month she wrote to Pedro :

The post is not yet come, and therefore I have little to say since I do not know to what I answer, only I do it in general as you always advise me. I use all the diligence possible, but the difficulties are so great, and so hard to conquer, that it seems impossible. Notwithstanding, I have no less desire to see you than you have of having me in Portugal, but

¹ Egerton, 1. 534, Letter 54.

how to make the journey at the present time, when all the world is on fire with war, is what I consider at every post. I hope with trembling, persuading myself that you will find some means, of which I may be ignorant, to devise some expedient for carrying it out. But, as I have already told you elsewhere, the post is not come, and the opportunities of which I speak are much delayed, and for this reason only I stop to give you an account of my health. . . . I will say that I cannot remain quiet nor comfortable in a nation adverse to religion, and those of it suffer and endure so much for that cause, and this, you can easily judge, does not produce a very good state of health. I wonder little at it, since I see what cause there is for it! Adieu.

Most loving Sister.¹

Her impatience urged her to write again before she could have an answer.

I can only repeat what I said in other letters, as the post is not come. I am expecting it with great impatience in order to learn your news, and especially to know what advice results to me from the great anxiety which you say in all your letters I cause you. I give you many loving thanks for it, and not to be able to remedy it weighs on me infinitely, as may easily be believed without exaggeration, since I also am concerned. My news is not what you desire, as my health is very poor and my happiness much diminished, and nothing else can be expected when the Church is so much oppressed as it is here at present. This grief, with continual fear of invasion, not only in summer but also in winter, causes me to live with but little comfort. I for my part endeavour for it, and thus I submit to live outside London in a very small house, hardly sufficient for a workman.

Your loving sister, C.²

5 August.

¹ Egerton, 1. 534, Letter 3.

² Ibid., Letter 37.

It seems probable that the tiny abode Catherine had retired to was in Islington, since she told Queen Mary that she intended to go there. Miss Strickland is much puzzled by this declaration, and cannot imagine where she would live in Islington—unless at Canonbury House. It would appear from her letters, however, that she found a much less imposing residence. This “retreat,” as she calls it in her next letter, was sufficiently humble.

As often as I find opportunity, be assured I send you news, assuring myself that my love deserves to obtain news from you, and, though I am thus diligent, yet I am very certain my pains are all frustrated and that the weather does not allow of anything else, because delayed embarkations, and detained posts, which are not only examined, but may also very like be copied, cause a notable delay and uncertainty. I do what I can, for my part, since I even send expresses part of the way, but I know not if even that will suffice, since all the routes by sea and land are blocked by fierce wars, as we find here who remain on this side of the sea. God in His mercy help me! since it is to Him alone I can appeal, as I am so far from you. This distance always gave me great pain, but now it causes me a distraction not to be remedied, since the only thing I desire is news of you.¹

On the other side of the sheet she writes again :

Since I closed this letter, one of yours has been communicated to me by your last envoy to this crown, Simão de Souza, who has to-day departed from this retreat where I live, because it is post-day in this Kingdom, and from your letters I understand you have received the information that I sent you of what I intended at the time. But I also let you know as quickly as I could that I had changed my mind. But I could not do this as I desired, since when I wished

¹ Egerton, i. 534, Letter 43.

to send you word by sea by a fruit-ship, I found they had embarked forty days ago, and so this means failed me, which I thought would have been a quicker way for the letters, and I am sure with reason, if they are opened and detained, but, not finding this possible, I turned to the land way, though that route is more dilatory and hazardous ; but I could not succeed in it, as all the ports were closed, with the strictest orders that no news should go out, until now I communicated with you by sending a Portuguese, who also found such great difficulties both here and in France that I know not if he will arrive, as he is not yet in safety. Unless I should weary you too much, which I do not fear, the worst trouble of all is that my health is so bad that I cannot go on, but I end by saying that your letter is indispensable for my happiness, and that to see you is everything to me. I showed a way that there may be yet of procuring me the means of seeing you, for which I shall be most ready. Do not postpone this hope for an instant. As soon as you are resolved how the thing is to be done, let me know immediately by express, that I may have the joy of making ready. After I have told you this nothing more remains to me to say than that I will await this notice.¹

On August 12 she wrote again :

I do not know if I shall have a chance of writing another letter to you, since this nation is trying to avoid all possible intercourse with France, and that is the road by which all our letters go, because the sea-road is almost impossible. I tell you this, so that if, in future, you are without letters from me, you may not blame me. Consider only what pleasure I can have in the life I live. I will tell you shortly that I am lodged in the house of an apothecary, where I have a place to walk, with trees in it, which is my whole recreation. My health is so bad that I am

¹ Egerton, 1. 534, Letter 43.

always under medicine, and trying new experiments, such as employing only a diet of milk and nothing else. I tried it for fifteen days, and during the last days it so weakened my stomach that at three o'clock in the morning I sent to London, five miles from here, to take advice as to what I was to do. On Sundays and Holy Days I go to the Chapel in London, and hear one or two Masses said, and that is all that for six months past there has been here by way of religion, so that the poor Catholics are very much oppressed. All the world who know this wonder that with a League of so many Catholic princes the Church in England is in this state. You may well judge what pain this must give me, and there is no remedy for this except what we both desire, that I should be in a country where I may see you, and serve God, since here I cannot attend His Church for that purpose. I expect news of you every day, and it delays. I know not whether it is detained; I only know it does not come to me. I send you word of myself at every possible opportunity, and seek news of you with the same anxiety. God send it to me, in accordance with my desire. Adieu. August 12.

Your loving sister

C.¹

From her lowly retreat in the then remote country she wrote again, a week later :

This goes at a venture, since I have written so many to you which cannot have reached your hand, or your replies do not reach mine. I am certain of this, since you could not fail me when you saw what my decision depended on, and you shewed so much joy at my taking it, so that we should see each other the quicker. This cannot be without difficulties, which I have often explained to you, and for the same reason I wonder at not hearing what you think in the

¹ Egerton, 1. 534, Letter 57.

affair. While I lack that information I do not know what I can tell you. The news that I can send to you from here is only that of my failure of health, and of my unhappiness, since in such a persecution as this no Catholic can be at ease. I try with what little power I have to withdraw myself from all that may be hurtful to me, and for that end I live, as I have told you, in another letter, outside London, in a little house which I hire from an apothecary. This palace consists of a small cottage, with two others, one on the right hand and the other on the left, which could be more properly called closets than houses. These are my apartments, those of my servants are cupboards and alcoves. Since the family which lives here with me are six or seven women, and three or four men, you can judge that the wish which I always have of seeing you cannot be diminished, by this account which I give you. Certainly I am running on with this digression in the hopes that the post will arrive with some decision, or, if I could await it, with some other advice, but seeing that it is late I decide to send this to London to catch the post, if it is not stopped as on another occasion. Thus I remain in the same perplexity that I was before. Adieu. God keep you. 19 of August. The sister who loves you and longs to see you,

C.¹

Poor Catherine! the glories of Whitehall exchanged for the humble cottage of the Islington apothecary, and the pomp and circumstance that had encompassed her as Charles's Queen, for a following of six or seven terrified women, and four or five waiting-men! Sharper contrast might seldom be, and the patience she had acquired through long years of bitter discipline was strained to breaking-point. Her last letter might have been held back, had her eagerness permitted, for two days after its despatch she had to write to Pedro:

¹ Egerton, l. 534, Letter 56:

MY DEAREST BROTHER,

At this moment, nine o'clock at night, your Envoy brings me a letter from London. This is the hour at which the post arrived, and, because the other is in such great hurry to start, I cannot on this occasion answer you, and as the Envoy will not be here but, as I say, in London, at my house, we shall meet there, and we shall send you very special word of what we arrange with all speed, either by express or as we can send best, according to the means we shall discover, because of all the world being in war. I will say no more. In a few hours I shall take whatever resolve I can take, and then I shall tell you of it. I beg you not to blame the importunities in the letter which I wrote to you before this, which I should have torn up if it had not been in the post; but as it is, I cannot. Adieu. M. B. I. C.¹

Her next letter is dated in the following month.

MY BROTHER,

Do not think it is my want of care that I am not already half-way to Portugal. I assure you that I have not been negligent, and I have tried all human means that were in my reach, and all are frustrated.

Salvador Taborda, who will have already told you how I employed him in the matter, hoping his title would make him more fortunate than my servant had been from the first, when he declared my resolve had your approval, did not succeed. The answer was the same as on the first occasion—excuses. Finally I begged ships of the King here; the answer was the same, as far as success went—compliments which will not carry me to Portugal, and I have no pleasure nor comfort from being in any other place; and that is well understood, since if it had been in my power I would risk crossing the Pyrenees in the depth of winter, or embarking in ships full of spotted

¹ Egerton, 1. 534, Letter 58.

and malignant fevers, even were they certain to fight the enemy's fleet did they meet with it. Nothing of all this disheartens or dismays me, to the wonder of every one here. Supposing that you will all rejoice to see me, yet that I am the only person to strive for that end does, I believe, persuade the world that I am the only person interested in this great joy, and is the reason of the bad result. I have no more to say, since I have told you all that had passed, and thus I will do my utmost to succeed, for if it had depended on me to place myself on a plank, and launch it on the sea, if I had persuaded myself that it would come to Lisbon, I would adventure everything, according to the wish which I have of seeing myself there. But as that is impracticable, and as the help which depends on others fails me, nothing remains to me but hope and time, which unveils all things, and God, under whose protection we are. May He guard your years as your loving sister desires!

C.¹*September 16.*

Before she went back to London she wrote despondently. Marie Anne, the daughter of the Elector of Neuberg, had become betrothed to King Charles of Spain, and England had been requested to supply the escort for the bride to her new home.

MY BROTHER,

I presume that with good reason you are expecting me every hour, and you would have reason entirely on your side if it depended wholly on me. But that not being so, I know not what I can tell you more than to relate all the pains I have taken, as I have begged ships of the King, and he answered that it was impossible that he could give them to me at present. It is certain that he gives them to your sister-in-law, the Queen of Castile. I know

¹ Egerton, i. 534, Letter 36.

that I tried with the same energy as those on the other side, but it is very certain that I am not so favourably heard. That is all I can tell you in the matter, because these delays are not made by me. If I had ships in the depth of winter I should venture, though that is not very desirable, but my great longing to be in some religious place, where alone I can be happy, will make me not refuse any chance. I pray God to give me the happiness of seeing you shortly. Inasmuch as I have not this joy I am going to retire to some part of England where God only knows what can happen to me. But it is only in my power to go somewhere near the sea, so as not to lose any time or opportunity if they should give me ships. Adieu. 14 of October. Your sister, who honours you and longs to see you.

C.¹

She returned to her palace of Somerset House towards the end of October, perhaps glad to experience its comforts and conveniences again, after the little house of the apothecary at Islington, where she had been so cramped and inadequately lodged.

MY BROTHER,

I send you word from London, where I arrived two days ago, that I am endeavouring with all possible earnestness to go to Portugal, though, till I succeeded in speaking, I sought to act like a private person in order to succeed. It was not possible to depart thus, and I am here till I know not when. My comfort is not, nor can be great, God knows, since religion is persecuted with an energy that cannot be described. May God in His infinite goodness and mercy remember the afflicted, since they suffer for His cause! I am very grieved that I cannot leave this place. I pray God to guard you, and remember me. To-day, October 28. Catherina R.²

¹ Egerton, I. 534, Letter 60.

² Ibid., Letter 21.

Her unusual formality in signing herself to her beloved brother may, perhaps, be meant to point the significance of her remark, that as a private person she could not prevail to secure her heart's desire.

She wrote again in the following month.

SOMERHOUSE (*sic*) 18 November.

MY BROTHER,

After having no letters for four or five months, one arrived from Your Majesty which grieved me as much as it afflicted me, since it contained the sad news of the serious illnesses of the Infanta, my niece. May God, in His infinite kindness and mercy, have already delivered her from all! since, according to the public report of her, she so little deserves these things, since all agree that there is no Princess like her to-day in all the world. I have not had a moment's peace since this news, hoping and longing for another and better message to contradict this evil one. I have no news myself, nor do I wonder at the accumulated troubles on troubles, since experience shows me that they are not wont to come alone, but accompanied. But I grieve yet more to see that Princess, born in Portugal. . . .¹ (The last words of the letter are illegible.)

It was probably between this date and the end of the year that she wrote the next letters.

MY BROTHER,

If the winds had been more favourable, shortly now I might promise myself the good and kind answer which I hope from you, which by so many means I have secured. It is certain that it cannot arrive as speedily as I desire, but though it may not be so, try that more time does not slip away than necessity demands. I do not repeat anew what I have written so much of to you, only I trust that the execution of it may be hastened for several reasons;

¹ Egerton, 1. 534, Letter 50.

which are rather for speech than for writing. I know well that when you have them from me you must be of my opinion, and desire it with the same impatience as I. To ensure it is in your hand, and in this way it may almost be achieved, since you have my consent, which is the principal and sole matter, with which assurance the hope of seeing you remains to me, begging with all urgency that you will hasten it, since we are agreed in our wishes. Mine will not have an end save in your presence, whom God preserve.¹

Pedro's expressions of anxiety about her were a great comfort.

MY BROTHER,

I give you thanks for the great anxiety which you tell me in your letters, and particularly by the last, that you feel for me. I assure you that I pay you the same affection. If it had been in my power to relieve your anxiety, you may be very sure that there is nothing in the world I desire more than to see you, especially in these perplexed times. But you know well that this is not in my power, since for that purpose I am at present dependent on this nation here; it finds plenty to do in its own defence, and thus it is impossible to expect ships from it; all the affairs here are so disturbed, and the tumults so repeated, in which, on pretext of attacking the Catholics, they begin to rob where they choose, that I and those who wish me well will rejoice to see me in some part where I shall not run this risk, since there is always danger from the rebellious people while this goes on. But it is certain that I have here no place to go to if necessity compels me to flee under the pressure of some great disorder. Portugal is the proper place for me, but that cannot be if you cannot send sufficient ships to

¹ Egerton, i. 534, Letter 13.

take me away, or recommend me to some of your old allies in whom I can place confidence, which is not the case with every one. That which I tell you all say. They think you right in devising more safety for me than I can have here, now that a perpetual alarm exists. But everything is so arranged that only you can give the remedy, and that you ought to give since the peril is so evident, and it is that you should have me with you, or in some place as safe as if I were with you. I am ill, and therefore I will not go further, as I am taking physic.

Your loving and afflicted

C.¹

¹ Egerton, 1. 534, Letter 46.

CHAPTER XVI

THE LAST YEARS IN ENGLAND

THE opening of the year 1690 brought Catherine fresh hopes.

When this arrives you will have already received my letter, in which I told you what great joy was caused me by the news that you had a son born to you. May God permit other children to be added to this, and He thus be served! May all the joys which I desire for you come to you and your crown.

Your last, of the 14th of November, left me anxious, since you complained of a cold. I hope to God it has passed off! What news I can give you of myself is very short. There is no happiness for me here, and there can be no health, and as the years increase they make every ill more painful. They say that the Queen of Castile is to come here. I have appointed an officer of mine, in case she is some days here, to go to her and make my compliments, as she is your sister-in-law. I do not give the news from this place in this letter, that I may not be a newsmonger, and because I do not know it. What I am able to tell I am sure you will not like to hear, since it is only the continued outcries that I hear all the time at my door to the effect that the people wish to burn the Pope and the Conclave. They have not wished to go further, but I see nothing to hinder it, just as it is certain that I see

only one way of departing hence, since I am never sure of having ships.¹

There is delicious innocence in her discreet refusal to tell the news, when she has none to tell. She wrote again :

MY BROTHER,

Since receiving your news nothing has occurred to tell you except the great tempests which have happened, in which several ships were wrecked. In one night only, four or five Englishmen and a Dutchman of sixty or seventy guns were lost. The Queen of Castile is still in Zealand. It is not the easiest thing in the world to get away from those northern parts where she is at present, as I tell you in every letter. I find a good result in some points from your demanding my liberty, which is certainly the only means to that end, because I can have no other ; besides, it is always a comfort on occasions of such manifold peril as those to which I am here exposed when I have no resource, and cannot withdraw to France, which has always been the crown to receive princes in distress. But this King does not follow this practice towards me, since he has twice denied me leave to take the waters, and to pass on to my own country. You will understand the case better than I. Adieu.

C.²

If Pedro did not understand, we are able to do so. Louis had always behaved with generosity to English royalties in distress, and now was giving asylum at St. Germain's to James and his family. Catherine's mild desire to take the Bourbon waters, and go on from thence to Portugal, could certainly not have greatly concerned him, but James desired that Catherine should not be assisted to leave England.

Her hope of seeing the Queen of Castile, that

¹ Egerton, 1. 534, Letter 19.

² Ibid., Letter 24.

cold-natured Marie Anne, were not realized. She had to write :

The one piece of news of which I must give you an account is that the Queen of Castile, they say, is going. She sails by the Channel with an excellent wind. As soon as I had tidings of where she was, I immediately sent that servant who I have named with my compliments. But as the weather is favourable he will arrive late, and I believe he will not deliver them. Should he succeed I will tell you, that you and the Queen, your wife, may know that I think of all that concerns you both. I hope you really retain all possible respect and regard for me. Let me assure you it is a very sad thing to end such a year as this, and to begin one no better, but worse to all appearance, since it is without the same pleasure, and with more danger. Of this I have already told you so much that if you wish to remedy it you can, and you only, otherwise there is no one, and so I do not seek to weary you with that which I have begged of you for so many months, and which you can do, though all my welfare depends on it. Adieu.

20 January.

Little-happy sister.¹

Her grief did not abate.

Since I wrote this they tell me that some of the ships which accompanied the Queen are about to go to Lisbon on behalf of this nation. Believe me, my solicitations were not wanting. I am not to come to my own country, though I have urged it ardently, and even dangerously, but without effect, which is a piercing grief to me, as it is very certain that I cannot move from this Kingdom unless you endeavour to enable me by your expedients and alliances, your pledging yourself in the matter. And that is the only way ; there is no other. Be assured that we never steer the ships east. They are going to pretend that

¹ Egerton, i. 534, Letter 18.

they cannot communicate with us so long as they are under this great necessity of defending themselves from the King of France, because the changes which these things may produce are so great. Thus, unless they can know for certain whence those things arise, and the princes may know what may happen, everything may be feared. As we know little I can assure you that these considerations are very melancholy, and it gives me great pain to see myself in danger, and to be unable to release myself from it, since I am sure that even now, with your soliciting it for me, I cannot go to France safely, and Portugal is so far off, and you have no one here of any consequence, and I beg for some one. I tell you I know not what may happen.

From the much-afflicted

C.¹

Now comes from King Pedro :

My SENHORA,

I had two letters from Your Majesty. I answer both in this. A dimness in one of my eyes hindered me from doing so till now. The satisfaction at God's having given me a child, which your Majesty expresses to me, I have deserved of you from the respect in which I hold Your Majesty.

And for what concerns the arrival of Your Majesty, I desire it as strongly as I ought, but it is impossible to go in ships of war from this kingdom, through the Channel, and I regret, as it may be believed, that it is not in my power to hasten Your Majesty's arrival in Portugal, the which I explain in order that you may proceed by yourself. My letter had, however, some reference to the arrangement, which was not altered in substance.

This is the other :

¹ Egerton, 1. 534, Letter 20.

MY SENHORA,

In the foregoing letter, in which I replied to Your Majesty, I told your Majesty all that occurred to me on the point so much desired, of Your Majesty's coming. I omitted to explain to Your Majesty that the Duke had started, because unless what we imagine is really the result, he is not to address himself to Your Majesty. I have now openly commanded Simão de Souza to explain to Your Majesty that my reason for writing to him and to you in cypher was that I might not send intelligence of what I tell you to any one who may have a curiosity to know.

I thank Your Majesty for your pity for my cold, assuring Your Majesty that if my illness had been worse I should lay it to the account of my grief at not seeing Your Majesty in your own country, and delivered from everything. God guard Your Majesty! Lisbon, 24 of February of 1690. The Brother who much regards Your Majesty,

PEDRO.¹

The long delays which met every effort of Catherine to return to Portugal, made her turn her mind to other means of security. To leave England at any cost seemed to her now the one thing desirable, and she soon had a new scheme to suggest to her slow-moving brother.

MY BROTHER,

On various occasions I have sent word to you of the great desire which I had since these revolutions began to be in some place where I should be at ease, knowing that no one could hope for rest here, at present, and both for this reason and for want of health, I had resolved to go to France to drink the waters of Bourbon, which are of the same sort as those which made me well here, and so are the more approved. I hope to meet with health in a place where I am sure of greater quiet than exists here, or

¹ Egerton, I., 534, Letter 23.

can be expected, since I am going to seek the protection of a realm where those distressed by this nation have met with help so great that it may be a means of restoring them again. As for the Catholics, no one can do anything until things here have run their course, and I pray that it may not be a very harsh one, as I have no mind to see a persecution, and not to be able to help it. For the more knowledge I have, the more I see that I can do nothing but withdraw while these things are settled, apart from which there is a close connection with that Royal Family, and a very good understanding with ours on your part, and the sea passage is so short that whatever ship is appointed, it crosses in three hours, which is very convenient for any one who is leaving this country. So much I can tell you with haste that I may send this express. Adieu. God keep you!
13 of March.

Your loving C.¹

This harmless hope of visiting the waters which had proved so beneficial to her rival, Louise de Keroualle, was not to have its fulfilment. Catherine, in her single-mindedness, was unaware of the power behind the throne that frustrated her desires. James, as we know, was resolute to keep her in England, and Louis only acted in accordance with his guest's wishes when he connived in allowing obstacles to be cast in her path. She wrote presently with disappointment, a month after her last letter :

MY BROTHER,

Though I am writing to you on Easter Day, I have nothing to say, but to send you good wishes, which I crave for you. Only in that am I unrestrained, for I am saddened, not with the long offices of Holy Week, since they are not long, but with seeing the great assiduity and zeal with which this

¹ Egerton, i. 534, Letter 64.

poor people flock to my chapel, since it is the only one, not only in London, but in all England, at present, and for this reason they come forty or fifty leagues to fulfil the duties of Catholics, with the greatest devotion and comfort, since for four months they have been able to be performed nowhere else in these dominions. It is a great consolation to me to see the many blessings invoked on me by the thousands of persons who communicated each day in it, and on the other hand the need that exists moves me much. I feel much grieved about that. That is the reason that I told you I was saddened, but in all things I must appeal to God, since He knows best of all. By this post I cannot say more, except that I have changed the determination which I had taken about the waters of Bourbon. When I am better—and I hope I shall be soon—I will write more at length. Adieu.

Very affectionate sister and friend. 1st of April.¹

Her next letter kept her promise of explanation.

MY BROTHER,

Since I changed my intention of going to take the waters of Bourbon I have had no safe opportunity of telling you what reason I had for not making this journey. It was hinted to me from there that the custom of this crown was always to spend very heavily if any one went thither, and this reason had a twofold weight, because it was put forward by some one with whom I always had a good understanding, and also my desire was not to encumber any one there, but rather to help them, since he is the monarch who holds himself appointed to defend the Church and the Catholics who are now so much oppressed here; and besides these reasons of respect there was my principal one of finding myself where I could pray quietly to God for myself,

¹ Egerton, i. 534, Letter 63.

and for these great revolutions, since He only is able to bring them to a good end. Thus, you see, it was not my neglect that I had not given you this information, as, when I ordered an express to go to you to give you news, this present government decided for its private reasons on hindering all intercourse by sea and land, which is not wonderful, since the changes of the times hinder everything; thus I send this, as there may be no chance of giving you a better account of me. I pray God it may come to your hand. A letter of yours arrived here a few days ago, for which I give you many thanks, and as we both agree, I desire for myself to be in my own country, which I always desired so much, and if at any time I did not desire it that was because I did not desire anything. But my brother, as well as telling me in that letter news which I value so highly, suggests to me some possible means which may rather occur to him than to me how so afflicted a person may depart. I know not how to imagine them, since I am in a prison, and I may also be said to be surrounded by sea and land, and though I am now more free than the Bishops and religious persons of the same sort, yet this is not the time when they will be willing to give me ships, since they have so much need of them, and have barely a farthing for their own defence. Now is the time for the Moors and pirates to seize great prizes, and thus they sail with very strong squadrons, and France greatly facilitates this, not opposing it, but aiding in everything that can promote the restoration of the King my brother-in-law, for whom everything possible is being done, and for our religion; but as he is alone I know not what will be done. That is all I can tell you, begging you to advise me as quickly as you can in my great difficulties. As regards what you charge me about a good understanding with the King my brother-in-law, I assure you that he is well satisfied with me, since he knows I was always a good

sister-in-law, and that the memory of his brother is always fresh to me.

C.¹

Some illusive hope awoke again presently, and she wrote hastily :

MY BROTHER,

This opportunity offers itself, and there is no other by which I can give you news, since the ports are all closed, and intercourse through France is extinguished. This King, as we call him here, is trying every means to see if he can prejudice that great monarch, great in every way, since he alone sustains the liberty of the Church, and a true King oppressed and struggling for his faith and for his dominions. I have told you so much of that during the most part of a year, that I have no more to tell you, since it does not seem to affect you, nor does what I suffer now, nor the great danger in which I live, all of which are very grievous to me, and there are some that think it is only your lack of power. No one can be persuaded that my love merits better thanks, which is a still greater mortification to me. I know not if I would wish you less loving and more powerful, because that is better for you, since it makes you more timid, and it would be otherwise with me. I should be more venturesome. Thus, to be brief, all the happiness I had in life was to see . . . ,² which they will establish against the vast Armada which the King of France possesses. This King here has promised me ships. He has already made the excuse of not being able to give them, and it is certain they can do nothing that the King of France does not bridle, so that they know not what to do. Only the great confusion and discontent is very certain, and in this way I am threatened with manifest danger. I cannot escape either in this way or that, since they changed their minds when it was too late. This

¹ Egerton, i. 534, Letter 44.

² Obliterated.

King says that he is going in person to Ireland. When this is known there will be yet greater confusion than on any other occasion, and this nation may be in a worse humour than it was before. Only you could deliver me from these alarms and happenings by begging that the King of France would give me leave before these straits occur, and would suffer me to enter a convent in the land of France, and to remain there for some months till these affairs were settled, since that is the only place where an unfortunate princess far from her own country can seek protection and find shelter. If you will interest yourself for me, and will give orders to your envoy in France, it is certain that you will succeed, and it is probable you can do nothing more just to yourself and of greater happiness to me. Do not take what I suggest lightly, as we say here. Remember that we are children of the same father and mother; that to my misfortune I am alone in a strange land, hostile to Catholics; that I was taken from my own country, where I was happy, to be made a Queen, and I am now a prisoner, nor have I any hopes of refuge but in you, since it has pleased God to take the King, and since his loss the King, his brother, is banished, as all can see; and thus I am left alone with you, on whom it is incumbent to do what they could not do, through misfortune, not guilt. Help me, and do not blame me if you have no news of me, since I cannot and never have, . . . (the rest is obliterated).¹

The rising in Ireland assumed more startling proportions, and William, as Catherine had told her brother, determined in person to head his army there against his father-in-law. Two days before he took ship from London he sent Mary's Lord Chamberlain, Lord Nottingham, to pay Catherine a visit on his behalf, and to inform her that as "it was observed there were great meetings and caballings against his

¹ Egerton, i. 534, Letter 80.

government at her residence at Somerset House, he desired that Her Majesty would please leave the town, and take up her abode either at Windsor or Audley End." Such a message took Catherine utterly by surprise, as indeed it well might, seeing that by the terms of her marriage settlement William had not the slightest power to interfere with her place of residence. She told Nottingham, with great dignity, that "her earnest desire was to quit King William's territories altogether for Portugal, if he would but have ships appointed for her voyage. As it was she did not intend to go out of her house, which was her own by treaty." She sent Halifax and Feversham the following day to represent to the King how frivolous was his pretext for disquieting her. He answered in a complimentary manner, and requested her not to think of removing¹—somewhat unnecessary advice. Miss Strickland is of the opinion that Mary instigated the attack, since she was always a secret enemy of her aunt by marriage. Catherine's own letter to Pedro enlarges on this incident.

MY BROTHER,

I have written so many letters to you upon every occasion that offered that I know not how to explain myself except by numbering them, and I very much doubt if they will all arrive. At present I must tell you that on the second of this month, as it is reckoned here, the Secretary of State, by name the Earl of Nothingão,² brought me a message from King William, in which he hinted to me that he wished me to leave this, my own house, for this summer, and that I might choose some other house of his, or that of any private person, as long as it was at least ten or twelve miles from London, and also that I should not take this ill, as it was for the public good, and also that it was not because of me, myself, but because

¹ Clarendon.

² *Queens of England*, vol. v.

³ *Sic.*

of the meetings which were held in my Palace, and that it was not seemly to make a very strict search in my presence, and that there were a great many reports abroad, although he believed no ill of me. I replied to the Secretary that I was much surprised at this message, since I was abiding quietly in my house without giving any occasion for it, nor was there anything from which occasion could be taken, since the King himself said he had nothing but general reports. It is certain this is all, if there is that. It was hard that upon grounds so weak, and above all so uncertain, I should have to quit the only house which I have in England, and which my dower secures to me, and that the King was the best witness that I had begged to go to Portugal, both from the desire I had of seeing my brother and my country, both of whom esteemed me, and to whom it would be no annoyance to see me, and because I was then convinced that these accusations would be brought, but I could never persuade the King to give me ships. He promised to give them to me in the winter, and last spring he again excused himself because of the Queen of Castile. I was accommodating in everything, saying I desired so much to make this journey that I did not take heed of ceremonies in order to facilitate it. This the King did not desire to happen, for though he was not willing to lose his authority in England, nor cause irritation by giving me the ships, yet he deprived me of my house without giving me another, and that, for a woman so unfortunate as I was, who found herself alone, having lost her husband, and whose brother was so far away, to be suspected of acting against the government without other cause than the whims of any one who chose to invent them, was very sad, and there was very little security in a nation where such a thing can be. On another point, to tell you everything, to be a Catholic is the difficulty. In the present state of things I cannot remain in England. My letters will have already arrived, and in them

you will see what I have again written to you, but what is necessary to me in this matter. I can only wait, and I have nowhere else to go except to Ham-burgh, if they will give me a passage thither from here, and leave to go there. That has occurred to me, and I was considering how to obtain it, and I nearly succeeded. Simão de Souza will tell you more, who, poor man! helps me as much as he can, having the gout. I am so weary that I cannot go on, although it is very necessary.

*4 June, 1690.*¹

That Mary was really the power behind William in his unexpected worrying of Catherine, is made more probable by the action she took immediately after the King had left for Ireland. She had ordered a prayer, for her husband's success in arms against her father, to be used in all the churches throughout the realm. The Savoy Chapel was at that time retained for the use of Catherine's Protestant servants, as it was so conveniently attached to Somerset House. Mary's prayer was not read there, by some unexplained omission. Some busybody was only too glad to run to her with the report of this marked omission, whereupon Mary promptly ordered the chaplain of the Savoy to be arrested, and brought before her Privy Council for a sort of Inquisition questioning. The chaplain, a poor specimen of his cloth, shook with terror, and declared that it was by the orders of the Queen-Dowager's chamberlain that the prayer was omitted, since he feared that if the prayer were read the Queen-Dowager might stop all further services in the chapel.

This explanation merely served to increase Mary's indignation, and she was indiscreet enough to tell the Privy Council that "she thought no more measures ought to be kept with the Queen-Dowager after this, if it were her order, which no doubt it

¹ Egerton, 1. 534, Letter 55.

was."¹ She personally scolded Feversham, who at once took the whole blame on himself, telling Mary that Catherine was in entire ignorance of the matter. Miss Strickland says Mary expected her aunt to attend her next levee and humbly apologize, but that Catherine, with far more sensible dignity, ignored the whole affair, and so foiled Mary's intention of attacking her publicly.² In Mary's letters to her husband at this time there are constant little touches of spite against her aunt, and exhibitions of petty jealousy.

This latest annoyance perhaps made Catherine more anxious than ever to leave an unkind country—if it were possible that her anxiety could be heightened. She now took the opportunity of informing Mary's ministers that she desired to embark for Hamburg. It was an awkward time, for the French fleet was threatening the coasts, and every ship the country could assemble was needed to prepare for an attack. The Ministry implored Feversham to persuade the Queen-Dowager to remain where she was. Mary wrote to William that Feversham had told her Lord Chamberlain, Nottingham, that he had "put the Queen-Dowager off of the Hamburg voyage, but she chose to go to Bath." This apparently irritated Mary considerably, while it also inconvenienced the Government, as they would be forced to supply Catherine with guards during her stay there. Catherine, of course, desired the waters for her health, but Mary seemed to think her desire arose from mere perverseness, and was almost equally annoyed when Catherine said that if she could not go to Bath, she would remove to Islington. This would, no doubt, have been to the little house of the apothecary she had used the year before, but Mary was advised by Marlborough not even to reply to this request of her aunt, till they should know if the fleet had been successful. On June 30 Catherine wrote to Pedro :

¹ Queen Mary's Letters.

² *Queens of England*, vol. v.

MY BROTHER,

In the last that I wrote to you, as you will gather from the numbers, I gave you an account of the message and the terms which this King has held towards me. Since then he has been sending to signify to me that it was convenient for the security of his government that I should depart from my palace, and offering me any of his houses that I chose in the country, such as Windsor and others. I defended myself as best I could with the force and authority of my right, which is at this time the worst protection I could allege, because it is exasperating, and causes suspicion to minds so malevolent and ill-intentioned as these are towards me. The power to-day is in the hands of those who made me into a conspirator against the King, whom God preserve!¹ and who raged against my chapel and house, now they are repaired; so that for the safety of all it was necessary I should close the chapel, which has never been done since I arrived in England, not for a single day, in all my tribulation here. But it is true that, although I had much against me at that time, I had the chief thing for me, that is the King, whom God preserve! who pledged himself while he lived to protect me as long as he could, and if he found himself unable to do so, to place me in safety in France, since he well knew that there was no one else upon whom he could rely so much. Thus it is that though I wrote you in my last letter that I was going to Hamburgh, when I considered again I judged that all the party which is not for France I perceive not to be for Portugal, since they give me no ships here, nor do you send them to me. In every other part of the world I am as subject to this Government as I have been here since this Protestant league. It hopes to gather strength by slanders and treachery towards those who ascribe the whole to us. I begin this account while I am more quiet in my house than I

¹ Charles II.

have ever been, both from precaution and from want of happiness. They have been to seek me there in order to accuse me without any cause, only in order to strengthen their proceeding, and to see if by this means their designs against me proceed better on this occasion, since they see that, not only do I lack the support of the King, whom God keep! but that I aspire to safety in another way. However, you were once so loving and anxious for me that as soon as you had notice that I was in danger you immediately sent two ambassadors, one by sea, the other by land, in order that whoever arrived first should be the first to help me with unlimited authority, whereby you showed that you made more account of me than of anything in your Kingdom. My brother, I tell you this in order to thank you for what you have done for me. Certainly I then had a good friend, whom God has taken from me,¹ and left me alone, and so alone that no servant of yours who has any authority can see me here. I perceive in all this the desire which this nation has of annoying me. I wished to go to Windsor, which has a garrison and castle, as a help to freeing myself from the fury of the people who gave the law which is very much against me, and from which I cannot escape, as I am in their hands in every part of the country. I conjure you, if you can, deliver me, which I know well you would do if my great danger here were clear to you, and if it be not already too late for you to remedy it. I hope that you desire to help me, and not to abandon me entirely. Consider, it is already said that I am like other subjects. It will not be more difficult for them to judge and condemn me, because I am to be in a castle with guards. My brother, believe me when I tell you that my great desire henceforth is to be free from here. I can say no more of all this, as I am preparing to go to rest, God knows for how long! The little castle is Vinsor.

Your little-fortunate C.²

¹ Charles.

² Egerton, 1. 534, Letter 39.

It was on July 6 that Catherine visited Mary, in order to take a ceremonious leave before she left London for Hammersmith. She told her niece that it was her intention to stay at that place till she could go to Windsor. Catherine also consulted etiquette by sending Lady Arlington to the Queen after the battle of the Boyne, with her compliments and congratulations on William's wonderful escape from death after being wounded.

For several years Catherine had tried to obtain some country residence where she might retire from London, which never had suited her health. In 1688 it had been reported that she was weary of the town, and desired a good country house to pass some of the summer in. It was rumoured that she would have liked to acquire Chatsworth from the Earl of Devonshire, and she certainly approached him on the subject. Others thought she would prefer to build a house of her own, and Knowle was suggested as a likely place for her to settle on. It was always supposed that one reason for her wish to lead a country life was that she might live with complete retirement, and receive no visits but from the royal family. Probably she would not have found it an affliction to dispense with even those!

In 1690 she visited Euston, and enjoyed the place, but it did not suit her health. She held, as Queen-Dowager, the right of Patronage of Visitation of the Hospital of St. Katherine-by-the-Tower, founded by Queen Eleanor when dowager. She had also, during Charles's reign, invited to England a Munich sisterhood, known as the Institute of the Blessed Virgin. This community she settled in St. Martin's Lane, and largely endowed and supported it. After the death of Charles she bought for this sisterhood, with her private means, the largest house in Hammersmith Broadway, with spacious gardens about it, and thither the nuns removed. It neighboured an ancient pre-Reformation convent, and tradition says that a school

was kept there secretly for girls by the sisterhood, through the times when their religion was proscribed. Widows were also taken as boarders. Lady Frances Beddingfield was the first abbess. From 1672 to 1715 the post was held by Cecily Cornwallis, who must have received and entertained Catherine, a frequent visitor to the place after her widowhood. An original MS. of 1691 thus describes the grounds: "The Queen-Dowager's garden at Hammersmith has a good greenhouse, with a high erected front to the south, where the roof falls backward. The house is well stored with greens of common kinds, but the Queen not being for curious plants or flowers, they want of the more curious sorts of greens, and in the garden there is little of value but wall-trees, though the gardener there, M. Herimon Van Ginne, is a man of great skill and industry, having raised great numbers of orange and lemon trees, by inoculation with myrtles, Roman bayes, and other greens of pretty shape, which he has to dispose of."

To this peaceful shelter Catherine made her way, and from there her next letter to Pedro is dated.

HAMMERSMITE (*sic*).

MY BROTHER,

The two last posts have arrived, and in both is no letter from you, which gives me pain, since I always hope joyfully for them, and in these revolutions and tumults in which I find myself, I need them yet more, since I have no other resource than in you, and this same remedy is so difficult that it seems as if it could never arrive in time. I am always seeing innovations here occurring at every moment; nothing henceforth is impossible.; there is no safety in anything, and thus no one ever knows where they are, either in question of fortune or of safety. No one is free, especially if one is a Catholic. If that had not been my lot, I should not have given you this account, since otherwise it does not concern me. I hope that

when this time arrives I shall learn your intentions more particularly, since you have hinted to me so many ways which you never explain.

Your C.¹

The stay at Hammersmith must have been a very brief one, for she wrote presently :

MY BROTHER,

In this I have no more to do than to refer to the other letter, in which I told you how I came to the Castle of Windsor, in which I have been for almost a month, finding a great difference between the time when I lived here with the King, whom God keep! and the present. My only resource is in God, since in this strait and solitude He is the only refuge that remains to me. Your news fails me, and I know not how to send mine to you, since these times hinder everything that is any comfort. I desire nothing but to be where I can pray to God in some corner of a convent, or in some other place where I can have peace, of which there is none here for that purpose.

I heard that my niece is coming to France. If so, it is the only news which I shall receive that can give me great joy. I know no news to give of this Kingdom, and you will find better informants than I am. This goes at a venture, in order to try if I can find the happiness of hearing from you.

SISTER.²

July 25.

She wrote again on August 10 :

WINDSOR.

MY BROTHER,

By the date of this letter you will see where it is written, since I am here still in this castle; I know not when I shall quit it, nor for what place. I know well what I desire, and since that is to live in a country of Catholics where I can commend myself to

¹ Egerton, i. 534, Letter 45.

² *Ibid.*, Letter 53.

God in comfort, which I cannot do here, and this is not wonderful after the great revolutions, which may He compose! I have always written in full, as you will have perceived, if all that I have written to you reaches you. Of that I almost despair, and for that reason I put numbers to them, that I may see if you have all that I have sent to you. It is very difficult to send them off. On my part I am so (word obliterated) that I can do nothing, but for you this reason does not exist, since all your ports are open, while I have them shut, and also they tell me here that you can send what expresses you wish through France. When the posts come I confess I expect something by them, after what I had written to you on the occasion of my being in such danger, which must be inferred from my letters, and which is really very certain. If it does not appear serious to you, I have nothing to do but to resign myself to the will of God, or, more properly, to submit to the divine permission, which allows these evils, although it cannot cause them. There is nothing new to tell of myself. To fear all, and know nothing, is my condition. And to beg God to give an opportunity for our ships to come to me that I might . . . continue in another manner. This cannot be. Adieu.¹

The reason for Pedro's silence afflicted Catherine when she learnt it.

WINDSOR, 11 August.

MY BROTHER,

After being without letters from you for a long time, Simão de Souza, who is here with gout, informs me that there is nothing from you for me, by reason that you are indisposed with erysipelas, caused by a blow on the shin-bone. I assure you that no new troubles were needed for my affliction. This to me was so great, that it almost made me forget the others, which is not easy, and I know nothing else that could

¹ Egerton, I. 534, Letter 48.

do it, except that he tells me that the Infanta, my niece, is still so sickly. I am sorry that she continues so ill, and if you will do what you can on your part that she may improve, by sending her to that neighbourhood which you know I approve, we shall both be comforted, she in health, I with the joy of seeing her. I hope you will do it for this reason. Adieu. The sister entirely yours.

C.¹

Catherine was forced to stay nearly a month longer at Windsor, and we find her writing again to Pedro from the Castle some nine days later :

MY BROTHER,

I own to you that it is a great grief to me to have written to you ten or a dozen times and to have had no answer to any of these letters. I assure you that affairs here are not very pleasant, particularly for me, since now they speak again of a new conspiracy, and that I intend to give poison to the Queen who at present reigns here. The nation is so convinced of this that in every inn, and by every carrier, and along every road, the only news is of the great fury against me, and God knows what will come into their heads to be decided against me, and I lack him who defended me on a like occasion. I have always given you an account of everything, and I have never had any answer from you, and so I will not continue to weary you any longer. God keep you.²

Poor Catherine! The most impossible person to have been accused of poisoning plots, and crimes which the terror of the nation towards all Catholics imputed to her harmless, kindly self! It was natural that her anxiety and impatience made her think her brother's delay in writing cruel and indifferent, even though one letter of hers followed hard on its fellow's footsteps. She returned to town on

¹ Egerton, 1. 534, Letter 52.

² Ibid., Letter 47.

September 6. Either she desired to show her independence of action, or she believed that the return of William to England would ensure her security in her own palace. William landed the day after, and Mary, in a letter to him dated September 8, says: "I had a compliment last night from the Queen-Dowager, who came to town on Friday." Mary adds disagreeably: "She sent it, I believe, with the better heart, because Limerick is not taken." William had been forced to raise the siege of that place after having been defeated before it by Sarsfield. Catherine did not omit the civilities expected by formal etiquette, and endorsed by her own kind heart. She sent again to make the Queen a compliment on a swollen face from which she was suffering, and whatever courtesy was lacking in the intercourse between herself and the royal family, it was not on her part.

She wrote to Pedro on the same day that Mary told William of her return to London:

SOMERTHOUSE (*sic*), 8 September.

MY BROTHER,

Simão de Souza sends to me to say that from what he received by the post it is clear to him that you have written to me by a ship which has not yet arrived, and that by his letter he understands that you approve my decision of going to Hamburgh, and thence to some Catholic part of Italy. But he has still two doubts about it. The first, if King William, who disembarked yesterday a hundred miles from here, is arriving in a more courteous mood towards me than when he took leave, and the other is whether this is the right time for me to cross to Germany, where, until its native soldiers are dead and buried, there is great danger of being turned back. Nor is that all, but to pass so many countries and so many princes, whose good will is necessary, and the great danger from so many armies which support themselves by robbery, are all inconveniences which I own great,

but for me smaller than those under which I live, and therefore as far as it is in my power I shall beg for it, though I do not know what effect may thus be produced on my affairs. I will give you an account when I am able, though it is not in my power to do it when . . .¹ (The last line of this letter is obliterated.)

Pedro's long-delayed reply to all these affectionate outpourings must have brought her news of his restored health, for she writes happily :

MY BROTHER,

I cannot omit showing you the joy it gives me to hear that you have better health. May God grant and continue it to you for the protection of your realm, and my consolation, since upon that it alone depends, and thus with complete confidence I hope in God that there may be no disappointment in this trust, which is the breath of my life, which is rooted completely in your love and mine. Pray do it the justice of judging it for yourself, so that you may rightly value it. I must shorten these pretty speeches, for my strength will not allow me to continue, as I have been recently bled, and am in very poor health. I am certain no one but you can assure my cure, and thus I pray you to endeavour it. Moreover I send loving remembrances to my niece, since I cannot myself give them. Adieu.
14 of September.

All your C.²

There is an interval of some months in the correspondence, and Catherine's next letter is written some time in the following year. She had decided on sending Manoel Diaz as a special secret messenger to her brother, to urge his action in the matter of her returning to Portugal. England was once more at peace. Ships could certainly be spared. There was nothing to detain her in a kingdom where she

¹ Egerton, I. 534, Letter 76.

² Ibid., Letter 29.

had suffered so much, and everything to hasten her departure. She writes thus :

MY BROTHER,

It will not be anything new to you to see Manoel Diaz in your Kingdom, where he has been on many occasions, since at other times he has crossed the sea on my service. I hope that this time he will give me more special help than at any other. Thus I send word to you that you, as I hope, may give him credit when he assures you of my desire to be with you, and that the difficulties are not those which perhaps to some timid souls may appear such. I had rather think that than believe that those who are going to oppose him are of one interest with you, as I do not wish to think so ill either of myself or of any one, or that you would allow it. I hope I know something of quite a different kind. I heard of it, and so I delayed. He knows how this can be effected, so I pray you be willing to accomplish it. My Brother, again I pray you, be willing to let me have a happy old age, and this is the only way for my comfort. I hope the bearer may receive from you the honour which you are wont to do him, especially as I recommend him highly.¹

Her next inquiries were of a family character.

MY BROTHER,

I take the pen in my hand in order to beg news of the Queen. I hope my love will find excuse from you if I appear to you to exceed bounds in requiring the short time that these lines occupy. I do not presume further than to beg you not to forget that she who is thus absent loves you and will always love you. I will not dilate further, as I fear to weary you by continuing to talk of myself.

¹ Egerton, 1. 534, Letter 75.

I beg my remembrances to your sons, as well as to the Queen, and as this is one of the things that gives me much pleasure, I beg you to double my loving messages to them. I fear that I have wearied you.¹

MY BROTHER,

Supposing that the couriers do go very late, this good news which you sent me of having a daughter was yet later, since it encountered the prohibition in France of the express which was crossing to bring to me the news of so much joy. The cause of these difficulties or annoyances you could understand better than I. It is certain that I am not the cause of them, and it is very hard that in giving no cause I may have to suffer as if I had given it; but I see no other remedy but to resign myself, since you are so far away, nor is my state here clear to you. And I already know this thoroughly, that if they have other revolutions here, (which will not be unexpected, because wherefore are the armies and fleets equal, not like those of last year), that they will unite more strongly to deliver themselves. But this time both sides are resolved to rise again, and to deliver themselves, which is rather dreary for a woman who finds herself alone without her husband, and not quite without hope from addressing herself to the one Prince who alone will be able to help her. I do not much fear any distress coming to the last extremity possible, but it is very certain I do not know what I ought to do in such a case. I can only continue of myself to meet the dangers as they come, since I cannot fly. I tell you all this that if anything happens to me you may not blame me, since you alone can help me, using your influence with the party to which you are allied, because you are acquainted with it, and it is clear that I do not know it, that they may place me in my country safe and at rest. If you

¹ Egerton, 1. 534, Letter 71.

obtain this for me it will be a greater benefit than any mortal creature can do another, since it is the deliverance from greater dangers and miseries than can be told. The paper is full, and I have said nothing. Adieu. London, 25 of November.¹

She wrote twice again in December, still urging her plea :

SOMERTHOUSE (*sic*) 14 of December.

They tell me that there are various ships which are going to that Kingdom. I did not wish to miss so good an opportunity of employing some of them to obtain news of Your Majesty's health, desiring that it may be as perfect as a sister who depends for her happiness on it implores God it may be.

C. R.²

MY BROTHER,

I verily believe you will consider me an intruder, since I trouble you so often with my letters. But I hope moreover you will pardon me this fault, remembering that besides yourself God is the only consolation on which I depend, and, supposing two things are sufficient to conquer the hardest thing in the world, for that very reason both things are needed to enable one to live in it, especially when the difference between the things makes them more desirable, as is the case of those of which I speak. Supposing God is everywhere, yet He is as much forgotten here as if that were not so, and the remembrance of you is so present to me that it possesses me, of which I do not complain, as, supposing it does make me suffer, I resign myself easily in the matter, since it concerns you. It becomes me now to finish, since the time does not agree with my wish that this may set out post-haste, and I with it. As fortune is not so favourable to me, I shall be more diffuse on some other occasion, if you

¹ Egerton, 1. 534, Letter 22.

² *Ibid.*, Letter 34.

give me leave, since it is the only time in my life that I speak with you, and even then it is short. Fortune can do this, but it cannot prevent me from being always at your commands, in which I shall never fail, desiring that you may make me so happy as to have something in which to obey you. Adieu. May God guard you as I desire!

Your C.

Good wishes, since the letter is not gone. It is little to say, but I wish it strongly. To-day, the 21 of December, I apply to Manoel Diaz a second time.¹

¹ Egerton, I. 534, Letter 25.

CHAPTER XVII

THE RETURN TO PORTUGAL

THE dawning year of 1692 was to bring to Catherine the joyful news that the long strain of weary anxiety was at an end, and all things were in train for the fulfilment of the desire of her heart. An envoy came from Pedro, to inform her of his readiness to make all needful preparations for her return to her own country. She writes :

MY BROTHER,

Your envoy finds me with the pen in my hand. He brings a letter from you, and, though such are always pleasant and valuable, yet you are aware that the contents of this is especially joyful, since it gives me hopes of seeing you after an eternity of time, and a wish so long deferred as mine has been. I thank you with all tenderness, since you do me the justice of recognizing my affection, which nothing can content except your company. If I had more time and was less disturbed, I could say more. Besides these reasons being compelled to go and see the Queen and King, who are both indisposed, hinders me from dilating further ; and I too am out of health. I thank you anew for your good news. Pray God bring it to good fulfilment! The day of St. Antonio, our Portuguese. . . .

Your sister.

¹ Egerton, i. 534, Letter 85.

This letter, written on January 17, was followed by another a little later.

SOMERSET HOUSE, 2 *February*.

MY BROTHER,

I have nothing to tell you concerning my journey, since everything here is as in the first hour, and still worse. Though I am depending on what is my own, King William makes difficulties, though it is so unimportant that it cannot assist him in his own expenses, yet for me I miss it, because, besides being suitable to the state in which I am, it is all my support. These alterations have caused me to have greater expenses and smaller means than I have had during thirty years in England, which is grievous, since I was so at ease in my fatherland, which obliges me to say that you are not to judge by this delay that I have changed my resolution, since I tell you what I may contemplate. I have in my hand the passport of the King of France by sea and land, which I sought of him with all courtesy and authority. I rejoiced to be able to tell you this was so on this page. But hush!

Your C.¹

There being now no reason, since the abortive effort of James in Ireland to reclaim his lost crown, for detaining Catherine in England to watch interests which were virtually dead, Louis was graciously pleased to let her depart. William, with considerable parsimony, was evidently withholding part of her pension from the crown. Yet, in spite of all these obstacles which still encumbered her path, the day of her joy was approaching with steady pace. She received Diaz again shortly on his return from his journey to Lisbon, and writes to Pedro concerning it :

MY BROTHER,

Manoel Dias and my servants have arrived on the 20th February. He will give me a more particular

¹ Egerton, f. 534, Letter 7.

relation of his delayed journey, only it suits me to give you thanks for the honour that you did them all, and I desire to do it much more thoroughly, and for that purpose I pray you to remember what I urged so strongly by the last post, that those two articles are most essential, to name an ambassador and to hasten his coming, and send immediate notice in order that the squadron may be prepared. This, with all veracity, is what my brother-in-law sought of me when he knew my resolution. Thus I pray you with all urgency, truth, and resolution. Because I was not yet quite convalescent I asked your envoy to acquaint you with this on my behalf by the last post, and now I send the same to Manoel Dias, whom I beg you to believe another time. I remind you that if all is well during June I may be on board ship. I will go on no longer.

I. V. C.¹

Again she writes :

MY BROTHER,

I rejoice to know that there is a twofold opportunity of procuring news of you, since it is very pleasant to me, when it seems to be good. My news is that I live in hopes which recur to me every hour. Give me happiness by shortening the long-drawn-out years. This is your affair, because everything is ready for the end of June; everything here is done, only the notice from you is wanting in order to provide the squadron which is to escort me, and this cannot be done while there is no ambassador named. I pray that you may be willing to arrange it, or that this may find it already done, so that he may start with all speed either by sea or land, whichever shall be the more speedy for you, since the season is thus favourable to you. I hope this nomination will not have given you greater trouble, since you have had so much time to make your choice, and thus I think

¹ Egerton, i. 534, Letter 6.

it is very likely you will be well prepared with what is more easy, the journey of the said person. Do not let me lose the opportunity of seeing you, and the good season for sailing. Adieu. The 23 February.¹

The ambassador must have arrived sooner than she hoped, and all things must have fallen into train smoothly, for she was able to start for Portugal long before the month of June had opened. Much talk, wrote Rachel, Lady Russell, in a letter to Dr. Fitzwilliam, was occasioned by her resolution of leaving England, her "humour and way of living not warning any one to suspect she would retire out of the world." From this, it was probably public gossip that she was returning to her own country in order to enter a convent.

On March 30, 1692, there was a stir about the gates of Somerset House, and they were flung open presently in the sight of the gazing mob. Through them rolled out a long string of coaches, rumbling and cumbersome, and out from their wide windows looked the faces of many gentlemen and gentlewomen. Among them was that face that had been hailed with a frenzy of joy and acclamation, when it looked its first on the thronged river-banks and the decorated roofs. The Queen the people had welcomed with wild enthusiasm had lost her girlish dimples, and her childish countenance. It was a grave, sweet, strong face that looked out now, to take the last sight of the city that had been her home, the scene of a thousand pleasures, a thousand humiliations, a thousand woes. Thirty years all but seven weeks had passed over her, since she came there a happy, exultant bride. Her heart remained with that silent, unnamed, unmarked slab on the floor of the great abbey, that hid the hope and the love of her life. Over the river bridge went the long clattering string of carriages, and waggons and pack-horses. A vast

¹ Egerton, i. 534, Letter 78.

mob of coaches of the nobility, and persons of quality of the Court crowded after, to honour the escort. Faces looked out that had borne her company through her sorrows, and had turned from her wretchedness to court her fallen and forgotten rivals. The guns of the Tower boomed out their parting salute, as they had thundered their greeting thirty years ago. Her last look back must have showed her the great grim palace of her seven years' lonely widowhood, and the still greater pile along the river-side where had been all her days of joy.

Several Englishwomen of rank went with her to Portugal, by their own desire, to form her household there. The Countess of Fingall and her daughters, and Lady Tuke were amongst them, and there were such names amongst the humbler ranks of the household as Mrs. McBrain, Grace Lopes, John Martin, and George Hilliard.

Those of her household who preferred to remain in England she amply pensioned, and continued their pensions as long as she lived.¹ She had been able to save a good deal of money during her widowhood, in her retired and lonely life. This she took with her to her own country, and her armed escort was fully needed for its convoy.

She was thought in London to have gone to Dover, meaning to embark for Calais, but in point of fact she travelled only as far as Rochester on the first day, and then took her way to Canterbury.² Another night of rest there, and she reached Margate, where she took ship for Dieppe.³ Her desire was to travel through Normandy and on to Toulouse—probably it was a quieter route. With what emotions must she have seen the white shores of England sink into the sparkling sea! An escort of honour, with relays of horses, was awaiting her, sent by Louis to bring her to Versailles, where he proposed to entertain her with great

¹ *Hist. Casa Real Port.*

² Echard.

³ Saint-Simon.

distinction; but, in spite of his urgent invitation, Catherine refused. She chose to travel privately and incognito through France,¹ and it was in June that she dated her next letter to Pedro from "Mullins," which it is not difficult to identify with Moulins.

MULLINS, 2nd June.

MY BROTHER,

I charged your envoy that he should give you an account from me of my arrival in France, since I was not in a condition to do it with my own hand, although I do it with so much difficulty that I again leave it to the same envoy, hoping that on the next occasion I shall be less fatigued, so as to be able to continue. Only I will say the courtesy of the King of France and of all the Kingdom is extraordinary towards me, all which I owe to you,

I. A. C.²

She was lodged with great state at Avignon, where she wrote on September 28, six months after leaving London:

My BROTHER,

Eight days ago I wrote to you from Lyons, and since doing so Manoel Dias brought me one of your letters, by which I understand that you wish him to give an account of the journey, and the routes which I am to take, that the necessary preparations may be made. He is at this moment doing so. He is giving a strict account to José de Faria in Madrid, to whom I am despatching a like letter, in order that he may be informed of everything, and I hope he may come to meet me at the frontier, in order to accompany me as your servant. If I had more time I would give you an account of the courtesy and ceremony with which they received me here, but that will remain for another occasion.

¹ Saint-Simon.

² Egerton, 1. 534, Letter 8.

Only I will tell you that I am lodged in the Pope's palace, which the Vice-Legate offered me, and removed from it on purpose, leaving it himself.

C.¹

Immediately on crossing the Spanish borders Catherine was forced to fling aside her incognito, and resume the formalities and pomp of her rank. A train of Portuguese grandees of the first order, sent by her brother's commands, met her on the road as her escort. Dom Henriquez de Souza, the Councillor of State, who had been ambassador to the Court of Whitehall, rode at the escort's head. He was well known to Catherine, who received him with great satisfaction. Her old foe, the Marquize de Arouches, who had cost her tears during his stay in London, awaited her at Almeida with a great train of attendants. He was notified from day to day of her progress.² His first act had to be one of succour, for at Mataposãelos, a town belonging to the crown of Castile, Catherine was taken ill with erysipelas. De Arouches at once sent off to the university of Coimbra for Dr. Antonio Mendez, first professor of medicine, and physician to the King, who was considered one of the cleverest men in his profession. De Arouches brought him himself to Catherine, who was greatly touched by the attention, and her generous heart no doubt wiped out all offences of the past.

As soon as she was able to travel she resumed her journey, and pressed on to Lisbon. She had written of her illness to Pedro before she left Almeida.

The great joy which I feel is inexpressible, and since I have no power to communicate it to you, and moreover to give you thanks for your good will, and all that you have done for me, I pray you have a very little patience until I am stronger, since the light is

¹ Egerton, i. 534, Letter 68.

² *Hist. Casa Real Port.*

troublesome to my eyes, and my hand and arm tremble so that I cannot hold a pen in my hand. This trouble in my arm began on the 7th of November, the first day that I entered Spain, and for that reason I could never write to you. I pray you, justify me to the Queen, assuring her that for this reason you did not have my letter, so that she may not think that I shall neglect what I had always thought so much of.

I. C.¹

ALMEIDA, 30 December.

The entry of Catherine into the city she had left with acclamation thirty years before, was as glorious as her departure from it. The cries of the people, their shouts and enthusiasm, must have warmed her heart. It was on January 20 that she saw the familiar towers and walls. At nine in the morning, her brother had left the palace with his entire Court. He came in state to meet her, and in the street of Lumiar, too narrow to turn a coach, their meeting took place. Pedro alighted from his coach, and attended by his Lord Chamberlain, his chief equerry, and chief Gentleman of the Bedchamber, who had already alighted, he approached the door of Catherine's coach. With what trembling joy must she have awaited the brother she so loved, and whom she had not seen for over thirty years! Pedro was then robust and vigorous, tall and big, above the average height; he was yet of wonderful strength and activity. His deportment was grave, comely, and modest. He became very uneasy when crowds stared at him. He always wore black in public, with a cloak, and a long lace band, and a long black perruque covered his head. In the privacy of the palace he put on coloured clothes, and discarded the cloak. He was as devout as his sister, and, like her, he was extremely temperate in his diet. He often took his meals sitting on the floor on a flat mat of cork, after the custom of women in Portugal. He

¹ Egerton, i. 534, Letter 10.

never touched wine, to which he had a great dislike. He was very immoral, and indulged in mistresses without number, mostly of the very lowest rank.

Catherine descended from her coach at once, and answered his tender and affectionate words of welcome with an equal warmth. They exchanged the most loving greetings on the pavement, and then both entered the King's coach, Catherine sitting at his right hand. They drove at once to the quinta of Alcantara, a pleasure-palace a short way outside the town. Probably Manoel Diaz's urgent remarks about the necessity of country air for his royal mistress, induced this choice of a residence for her. At the top of the state staircase stood her sister-in-law, Donna Maria Sophia, to receive her, and she expressed her great pleasure at welcoming Catherine to her native country. After much ceremony and pomp Donna Maria Sophia took her departure, and at her going her Lord Chamberlain, Gentlemen of Honour, and the ladies and gentlemen of her household, all kissed Catherine's hand with deep reverence. Pedro went with his Queen to their own palace, and Catherine was at last alone to rest after the joyful fatigues of the day.

For weeks the whole of Lisbon was in gala trim, and the festivities in honour of Catherine's return lasted for many days, and vied with each other in splendour. It must have comforted the heart so long desolate, neglected, and made of small account, to see how the memory of her lingered in the minds and affections of her fellow-countrymen, and how eagerly and joyfully they desired her back amongst them.

One of the great pleasures of her new life was the friendship, strong and sincere, which sprang up between her and her new sister-in-law. They became so intimately friendly that they actually agreed to dispense with those formal ceremonies that hedged in the Portuguese Court, which had made even Pedro address his only sister in his letters as "My Lady." If these two sister queen-consorts met, neither was to feel it

necessary to withdraw from the spot, and they were to speak to each other without the formal titles of their rank, dropping into the *per vos*, which was equivalent to familiar *tutoyer*. Never, while Maria Sophia lived, was this close and affectionate friendship disturbed, and it formed one of Catherine's keenest enjoyments.

Of the days and years that followed her happy return to her own land, only a glimpse here and there has come down to us. She was happy at last, after the troubled and agitated years—happy with a peace and tranquillity that consoled and atoned. James and Mary of Modena still heard from and of her. One day, on joining Mary after dinner, James was full of news. "There are troubles at present in Portugal," he told her, "because the King chooses that the Queen-Dowager of England shall dress herself in the Portuguese garb, which has much grieved her, particularly as all the Portuguese ladies have entreated her and the Queen of Portugal to join with them in a petition to Dom Pedro for permission to dress in the French mode."¹ Dom Pedro had been unable to resist this united request, and at that moment tailors for women were being sent from France, though not to his content. It was rather an odd coincidence that Catherine, who, on her arrival in England excited prejudice and approbrium by her Portuguese costume, was now again in trouble over her English gowns!

Fragments of the records of her peaceful years drifted to England in the shape of letters from her suite. The lively Lady Tuke, widow of Sir Samuel, sent many scraps of tittle-tattle. The letters and accounts of Sir Richard Bellings, the Comptroller of her Household, are preserved, and his correspondence with his wife. Sir Thomas Sandys wrote from Lisbon, and so did Manoel Diaz, and Methuen. From these bits of information we learn that Catherine was extremely fond of travelling about, a taste that seemed curious to the Portuguese. Probably her

constant progresses about England with Charles, and their changes of residence, had imbued her with this fondness. At first Lisbon seemed to suit her health well, but this soon wore off, and she was frequently very unwell at Alcantara. Sandys thought her very obstinate in her resolutions, once they were made. In January, 1694, she much desired to go and visit Villa Viçosa, the place where she was born. That she was not invariably hard to move from her desires, is proved by the fact that when her physicians represented to her that it was subject to fevers, and Dom Pedro wished to dissuade her from going, she at once gave up the project.

In 1693 Methuen mentions that she had declared her memory to be very fresh with the love and kindness the English nation had for her, and "if they had any faults she forgave them all." This generous forgetfulness of all the wrongs and slights and insults heaped on her by the Court and the country, shows a spirit akin to the angelic!

She left Alcantara after a time, and removed to the quinta of the Conde de Redonda, near Santa Marta, hoping to find better health there. Apparently that hope was vain, for she again removed to the quinta of the Conde de Aveiras, at Belem. This spot was beautifully situated some three miles out of Lisbon, on the west side of the city, and the orange and lemon groves, and the flowering orchards in the neighbourhood, made the place adorable.

While residing here she wrote to Pedro :

MY BROTHER,

You leave me deeply obliged by your affectionate remembrance. I can truly assert that my great love deserves it as much as if I had been passing your windows yesterday, in order to land. You only are powerful by your own confession, and in order to answer you about the place and the journey, concerning which you ask me, I say that the weather is excellent,

and that everything is very convenient. I find more than I hoped for here, since I have the great comfort of a monastery of Dominicans. It is very retired here, almost a desert, which is not disagreeable to me, and, to finish with all one's devotions at once, I tell you that for mine I am going to Aribidar, and, it is supposed, in a very penitent spirit. Withal I am not so mortified as to forget to beg you to embrace my sister for me, and my John and his. . . . I do not wish him to forget me. I repeat that your orders are obeyed, and that nothing is wanting to me.¹

This letter is endorsed: "Gives thanks for the country house of the Count of Aveyras, and goes to Arribida." The John to whom she begs embraces was her eldest nephew, afterwards João V., a high-spirited youth, barely eighteen when he ascended the throne, and not highly endowed with intellect.

From the same place she wrote again, according to the endorsement of her letter, though no clue is given in the context to the spot whence she writes.

MY BROTHER,

This letter is to repeat what was in my first, my motive for sending these good priests to their own provinces, whither I bade them go. They have well fulfilled the duties belonging to their character, so long as the times would allow them. Now they are so changed it is well to free me from the anxiety of something happening to them, from which I could not deliver them, which would be an irremediable grief to me. I hope that they may find a good shelter with you, which I have begged for others, and which I am sure is not wanting on your part towards those who are going. As for those who remain with me, they are the only consolations your sorrowful sister can have. Adieu.

C.²

¹ Egerton, I. 534, Letter 82.

² Ibid., Letter 59.

Though this letter is inserted here on the authority of the endorsement, it would rather appear that it was written from England during the troublous times when her priests were banished.

It was in February, 1699, that Catherine at last obtained her long-cherished wish of visiting her birth-place, and of seeing that Villa Viçosa of which she had heard so many stories of her baby days. She was much enchanted with the palace, and, proceeding thence to the city of Evora, she made public entry there on May 4.¹ She was received with great state and magnificence, not only as a princess of the blood royal, and the Queen-Dowager of a great country, but as the benefactress of her grateful nation, who knew well it owed to her its existence as a separate and independent state. Wherever she went triumphal arches were raised, banners waved, and the people rent the air with their acclamations. She was treated as the preserver of her country, through her marriage treaty with Charles of England.

Those who had esteemed and loved her in the country she had left, did not now forget her. In 1700 Pepys wrote to his nephew in Portugal to wait on Lady Tuke, and if the honour of kissing the hand of the Queen-Dowager were offered him, to be sure to present to that royal lady, whom Pepys held in great honour, his profoundest duty.² Catherine was then in Lisbon, where she came in that same year. Lady Fingall and her daughters, after eight years of service to her in Portugal, were now anxious to return to England, and Catherine was supplying their places with Portuguese ladies of the highest rank, some of her own blood, but all widows. She was busy building a new palace and chapel at Bemposta, where she presently took up her residence, and continued to live till her death, though she visited Lisbon occasionally. Over the great door of the palace she built, may still be seen the arms of England cut in the stone. While

¹ *Memoirs of the Duke de Cardavall.*

² *Pepys's Correspondence.*

it was building she was much at Belem, in the old palace, replaced afterwards by a new one, in the next reign.

In August, 1700, Paul Methuen, the English ambassador, wrote that he would not fail to wait on her, and that she was living very privately at Belem.¹ Her household was indeed greatly reduced, almost to that of a noble family, though on days of ceremony her presence-chamber was crowded by the highest grandees in Portugal, and it was considered an honour to be received by her. When James II. died Catherine sincerely mourned him, and Somerset House was hung with black by her orders, and all her servants there commanded to wear mourning for a year.

In 1703 Methuen's treaty completed the alliance with England, of which Catherine had always been so ardent an advocate. The vivacious Lady Tuke had written the year before to her brother, William Sheldon, Camp Marshal to the King of France: "Old Methuen is here, and gone upon the fleet, and so is the Prince of Hesse. The King was short and cold with him, and only gave him a half-hour's audience. Our Mistress has no share in any business but her own. I told her what you said of Churchill. She did not know it. He is set up very high, methinks, and may expect a fall."

In April, 1704, Catherine had another serious attack of erysipelas, which for a long time confined her to her bed. Just at that time the Archduke Charles (the *soi-disant* King Charles III. of Spain, as rival candidate to that crown with the grandson of Louis XIV.) came to Lisbon. He constantly asked after the health of Catherine, and his Gentlemen of the Bedchamber, who carried the messages of compliment, confided to the Lady-in-Waiting who received them that his master was most anxious to see the Queen-Dowager. Catherine ordered the Duke de Cardavall to say that "she awaited with equal desire his coming, and that she left the

¹ Letter to Lord Manchester.

appointment of a day and hour to him.”¹ He arrived on Sunday, April 15, and all the officers and grandees of the Court of Portugal were assembled in Catherine’s palace, together with the ladies of the Queen of Portugal, so that Catherine might seem to have a Court of sufficient magnificence to suit her position. The Duke Charles of Austria arrived in the King’s own coach, sent expressly for his use. With him came the Prince of Lichtenstein, the young Duke’s tutor and Grand Chamberlain, the Admiral of Castile, and the Prince of Darmstadt. The suite followed in other coaches, and there was an escort of the Royal Body-Guard. The Gentleman Usher of the Queen of Portugal’s household was at the door of the corridor that passed the first and second apartments, where the whole Court was assembled. The porter of the Queen’s chamber stood at the third door, with orders to let no noble enter, for there all the ladies were, and men might not come. All the Court went down to receive and welcome the young Duke, and escort him from his coach, and he came uncovered. Only his tutor went with him to Catherine’s chamber, and when a chair of black velvet had been placed for him not far from the bed where the invalid lay, the tutor withdrew to wait at the door, in the apartment of the Court ladies. Catherine was attended by only one lady, Donna Inez Antonia de Tavora, and she withdrew from the foot of the bed as soon as the Duke came in. Compliments and courtesies were exchanged, and it was remarked as a strange breach of Portuguese Court manners, that the Duke left the room before he had had his chair removed. The tutor, who might have suffered embarrassment at having invaded the room sacred to the ladies, saw the Admiral of Castile outside, and requested the porter to let him enter. The porter, scandalized, answered that the Prince had to be there, and the Admiral had not, and that if the Prince wished to leave he might do so, but that the admiral might

¹ *Memoirs of the Duke de Cardavall.*

not enter an apartment reserved for ladies, where he had no business. The Duke de Cardavall considered that the visitors were properly shown that such order prevailed in the palace, as "befitted the habitation of a Queen possessed of such prudence and virtues as was her Majesty Donna Catherina."

In 1702 she had written a letter of condolence to Queen Anne.

BEMPOSTA, *2nd of May, 1702.*

MY DEAR SISTER,

It was with great pain that I received the notice your Majesty sent me of the death of the King, whose person and virtues I always greatly esteemed. It gave me consolation to know that Your Majesty is established in the government of that Kingdom in which for so many years I knew the greatest happiness, as well as . . . the particular love which I have for the person of Your Majesty.

Affectionately,
CATHERINE R.¹

Two letters to her brother, begging favours for others, close the Egerton collection.

MY BROTHER,

My good wishes have already reached you, and though they are so distant I feel them vividly. I rejoice that on the present occasion they may be there in order to help me to seek a favour of you, in which I am much interested. It is the question of the priests of the Company who are in my service here, and who beg me to intercede with you about a design that they have which is already begun, and for some reason not followed out. What I beg is that you will try to examine the matter, in order to protect them, since it concerns you in a twofold maner, as it is said that there are two colleges already begun, as I understand, with great approbation from the people, one in Bega, the other in Savira. I beg you to be willing to inform yourself of this in detail, and

¹ Stowe, 17020. f. 20

to act with all possible diligence in getting the scheme accomplished, since you cannot do more service to God than by attempting it by this means, which was always so much for His glory, since this sacred religion flourished, and you can do nothing which your predecessors would more approve, who spread the Company wherever they could, since they all came from a distance. I for my part own that it is one of the greatest kindnesses you could do me, and that not only for the great good-will which I shall always remember. I know in this matter how very well I have been served by these persons, as already on another occasion I have mentioned to you, and also considering everything, and the principal cause, which is that of the service of God, I pray you with all urgency to be willing to engage warmly in the matter, that so a work may result that will be in every way for your profit, as well as for God's, and for mine. And because I know I deserve this kindness of you, I pray you shew it to me both truly and quickly, answering with the diligence that I expect, as my impatience does not admit of delays on this point. I am as ever eager to know if there is anything in this country in which I can give you pleasure, and if I am so fortunate as to attain to this felicity I shall have no reason to envy those who think that they enjoy the greatest that the world can give, and you will know that this arises from a heart so sincere that, although it may not be sufficiently expressed, yet it is impossible to exaggerate it. Thus I beg you to leave me the assurance in which I live, of your favour, which I always endeavour to merit, as one should who so highly rates it. Farewell, my happiness, since in you all mine consists. I pray you remember me to my beautiful niece, and deal with her as I sincerely desire. Adieu, again.

All your most loving sister,

C.¹

¹ Egerton, i. 534, Letter 79.

Again comes a recommendation.

MY BROTHER,

Dom Henrique Manoel arrived here from India. He requests my interest with you. I am of opinion that he deserves it, for he has behaved very wisely during the short time that he has lived here, and he makes me believe that he will so act in anything in which you employ him. He has in his favour the good services that his father the Conde de Villafior did to this crown, which I hope he on his part will always imitate, and so I beg that you will favour him in what you can, for which I shall thank you with all the duty I owe you.

Your C.¹

This closes the list of her letters.

¹ Egerton, i. 534, Letter 74.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE GLORIOUS END

THE opinion her country held of Catherine was justified almost immediately. Pedro's health completely failed, and he became incapable of carrying on the government. His son was too young to take his place, His second Queen was now dead. In this time of perplexity he decided to make Catherine Regent of Portugal, a choice which the people greatly applauded.

Pedro retired to the province of Beira for his health and for complete quiet, and issued decrees to all tribunals that they should acknowledge Catherine's absolute authority. He sent his confessor to her with a document of directions, advising her to avail herself of the wisdom and experience of the Duke of Cardavall in any difficulties. He also appointed a Council of State for her, and a ministry.¹

It was a sudden and most unexpected charge, but Catherine was fully equal to the occasion. Those powers of mind and government so despised in the Court of Whitehall, now grandly vindicated themselves. The Queen-Consort, once derided by the wits of the British nation, looked on as a poor creature, without ability or sense, now showed herself in her true colours. She was solemnly and publicly declared Queen-Regent of Portugal in 1705. The

¹ *Hist. Casa Real Port.*

country was engaged at that moment in a war with Philip of Anjou, the French claimant to the throne of Spain. Catherine did not for a moment shrink from her duties. She prosecuted the war with skill, wisdom, and courage, and the conquest of Valença de Alcantara, Albuquerque, Saluaterra, and Carça, in the course of a few months by her army, forms one of the most brilliant records of the history of Portugal.

She ruled firmly, but with absolute justice, and inclined ever to the side of mercy, though she would not spare the offender at the price of the offended. Her brief regency may stand out as one of the brightest pages of her nation's story. The pity was only that it was so soon ended.

Her capable and excellent rule was cut abruptly short. In the end of December, 1705, the year that had been the most triumphant and glorious of her whole life, she was seized with a sudden and fatal attack of colic. At ten o'clock on the night of the 31st she passed peacefully and tranquilly away. Pedro, on hearing of her grave illness, had at once started for Bemposta, and arrived only an hour before she ceased to breathe. Oldmixon had from her English physician, who attended her death-bed, a striking account of some of her last words. Catherine, sitting up in bed, called the doctor to support her, and took the opportunity of saying to him softly that "when she was in England she had been falsely accused of an endeavour to bring in Popery, but that she never desired any more favour for those of her own religion than was permitted by her marriage articles; that she had never been a promoter of the French interest in England; on the contrary, she was grieved to think that the French fashion in her brother's Court would do England ill offices in Portugal."¹ This incident shows how Catherine's heart still suffered

¹ *History of England.*

from the unjust charges brought against her, and believed in England.

Pedro had, on his arrival at Bemposta, summoned a Council of State to make the needful arrangements for his resuming the duties of his throne at her death. Grief was on every side. Catherine had made herself as much personally beloved and respected, as she had always been officially admired. Not a creature who had been about her person but felt her death an irreparable loss. The palace and the city were in mourning, which the whole kingdom shared.

She was, at the time of her death, sixty-seven years old. Her will, dated February 14, 1699, was read aloud in the Council of State on the night she died. It was a sensible and carefully framed testament,¹ of which the following is the official translation :

In the Name of the Most Holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, three distinct persons, and one only true God, and of the glorious Virgin Mary our Lady, and of all the Saints of the Celestial Court.

I Catherine, Queen of Great Britain, by the grace of God, believing as I doe firmly believe in all that is commanded in the Holy Roman Church, and being desirous to dispose and adjust the affairs of my Conscience and Estate with the understanding which God our Lord hath been pleased to give me, doe make my testament and last Will in manner following.

First, I recommend my soul to God the Lord who created it, trusting in His infinite mercy and goodness that He will pardon all my Faults and Sins, and carry me to the enjoyment of His happiness, where I may praise Him to all Eternity.

When God our Lord shall be pleased to take me to Him, I order that my Body shall be buried in the Convent of Belem, near to that of the Prince Dom Theodozio, my Brother (now with God), and in case his Bones shall be carried to the Convent of St. Vincent without this city (as the King Dom João the Fourth, my Lord and Father, ordered by his will), it is my will that myne shall likewise be carried

¹ *Hist. Casa Real Port.*

and buried in the Great Chappell of the same Convent, and the Manner of my Burrial and Funerall shall be according to the Will and Disposition of my Executors.

Together with this my Will, and as part thereof, I leave a paper signed with my hand, in which I declare the Bequests, pious legacies, and other Dispositions which I order may be performed after my Decease. I institute for my universal Heir the King Dom Pedro the Second of Portugall, my much beloved and dear Brother, and doe desire him likewise to be my Executor, and to cause my Dispositions to be executed, which in this or any other Kingdoms can be performed, and for that many of them are to be performed in the Kingdom of England, and in the Dominions thereof, I constitute for that purpose for my Executor Phillip, Earl of Chesterfield, of my Council, Lewis, Earl of Feversham, my Chief Chamberlain, Sir Stephen Fox, Knight, Sir Richard Bellings, Knight, my Secretary, and Manoel Dias, my Almoner, and charge them with the care and diligence which I confide in them in the recovery of the debts which shall be due to me in the said Kingdom, and the Dominions thereof at the time of my Decease, and hope that they will perform all the same according to the Trust which I repose in them.

So I conclude this my Will, which I desire may be valid as such, or as a codicil, in the best manner that may have place in Law, and thereby revoke any Testament and Codicils by me made, although there may be any Cause derogatory, general or special, for that I hold them all for revoked, and by reason I doe not remember them I doe not make particular mention thereof.

And for the Confirmation of all that is before, and the Contents of this Testament, which I-ordered to be made by Rog. Montiero Paym, of the Council of the King my Brother and Lord, and his Secretary, I have signed the same at the end thereof with my own hand, conforming myself to the stile and practice of this Kingdom, and notwithstanding that by the Custome of the English I should have signed at the beginning thereof, if I had made it in England.

And I, the said Rog. Monto Paym, of the Council of His Majesty, and his Secretary, wrote this by command of the said Catherina, Queen of Great Britain, in the Court and City of Lisbon, in her Palace situate at Moinho de Vento, on the Fourteenth day of the Month of February, One Thousand Six Hundred and Ninety Nine.

CATHERINA R.

APPROBATION OF THIS WILL

Know all men who shall see this Instrument of Approbation, That in the year of the Nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ one thousand six hundred ninety-nine, on the Fourteenth Day of the month of February in the City of Lisbon, in the Palace of the serene Catherine, Queen of Great Britain, and in her presence there, was then given to me by the hands of the Secretary Rog. Mono Paym this her Will, and in answer to the questions which were asked, she replied that it was hers, and that she had caused the same to be written by Secretary Rog. Mono Paym, and that after writing the same she read it and signed it as her Will, and accordingly approved and ratified the same as a good and real Will, and that she doth revoke all that she had heretofore made, for she wills that this only shall take place in Court and without as her last Will, the Witnesses that were present called and required on the behalf of her said Majesty were the Cardinall de Souza, the Inquisitor Generall, the Marques de Aronjos, the Marques de Alegreta Monteiro Mor, the Count of Alver, Conde Estribeiro Mor., Thomas de Sandis, John Queri, Edward Udrinton, and the said Rog. Monto Paym, who all signed this instrument of approbation together with Her said Majesty. I Joseph Caetano de Valle Notary Publick for His Majesty in the City of Lisbon made and signed this in publick form.

CATHERINA R.

M. CONDE GOVR. MARQUEZ

DE ALEGRETE.

OBISPO INQUIZADOR GL.

GL. MONTIERO MOR.

THOMAS SANDIS.

JOÃS QUERI.

EDUARDO UDRINTON.

ROG. MONTOPAYM.

CARDEAL DE SOUZA.

CONDE DE ALVER.

CONDE ESTRIBEIRO MOR.

Then follow descriptions, attested, of the opening of the will, and of its formal copying and translating and presentation to the Secretary of State. It was presented to the Council on the night of her death at Bemposta, and was tied with five strings, each of which bore a seal. The will, when open, was testified to be without alteration of letters, or with any "razure or interlining," and was written on

three sides of one sheet of paper. Methuen examined the translation, and the will was proved in London on April 1, 1706. It was as follows :

I Catherine, by the grace of God, Queen of Great Britain, Do declare that this is the paper signed with my hand, to which I refer myself in my will, and which I desire may take place as part thereof, and that due and full Execution may be given as to the Bequests and pious Legacies to be performed after my decease in the order and manner following.

I order that on the three days immediately following after my decease there shall be caused to be said for my soul as many masses as can be celebrated in the Convents and Parishes of this Court, and shall continue the following days until they make up the number of Ten Thousand Masses, for the Almes whereof I give the sum of Ten Thousand Cruzados.

I order that there shall be once given for almes to the Convent of the Sacrament of the Dominican Nuns, three thousand Cruzados. To the Professed House of St. Roque of the Society of Jesus three thousand Cruzados, to the convent of the Me. de Deos of the Franciscan Nuns of the first rule, Two Thousand Cruzados, to the Convent of the Crucifix of the French Nuns of the Order of St. Francis, one thousand Cruzados. To the Convent of St. Anthony of Capuchins, of this City, one thousand Cruzados. To the Fryers of the Province of Arabida for the help of their wardrobe, three thousand Cruzados; to the Convent of Chagas of the Franciscan Nuns of Villa Viçosa, one thousand Cruzados; to the Professed House of the Society of Jesus of the same town, one thousand Cruzados. To the Convent of St. Francis Capuchins of Piedade of the same town, one thousand Cruzados. To the Convent of Bosque, also Capuchins of the Province of Piedade, one thousand Cruzados.

Whereas there is in this Court five communities of two nations, English and Irish, viz. the Convent of Corpo. St. of the Dominican Irish Fryers, the Convent of Bon Suecco of the Dominican Irish Nuns, the Convent of Sta. Brigada of English Nuns, the College or Seminary of St. Peter and St. Paul of English, the College or Seminary of St. Patrick of Irish, and by reason they are all my subjects I ought to consider them. I therefore order that to each of the said three convents there shall be given three thousand

Cruzados, and to each of the two colleges or Seminaries there shall be given one thousand Cruzados one time only, and I order that the one thousand Cruzados left to each of the said two Colleges or Seminaries shall be delivered to the order of the President or Prelate thereof, that they may freely employ the same in what they shall judge most necessary and useful in their communities.

For that it hath been represented to me that the expenses on account of the Nurses of Children which are exposed in this City do much exceed the Revenues and Almes applied for them, I being desirous to remedy in part this Defect, I do therefore order that there shall be given for that purpose ten thousand Cruzados, which shall be put out at interest, to the End that with the Annual Income of the said Nurses the number of the said Nurses may be always kept entire without diminishing or lessening any part thereof. The same shall be delivered to the Commissioners appointed for this work of Charity, with the assents, changes and conditions necessary for that purpose.

I order that election shall be made of six honest and virtuous young Virgins who desire to be nuns, and to each of them shall be applied two thousand Cruzados for her portion, that she may take the state of a nun in such Convent as she shall think fit, which portion as to the part which relates to Convents shall be delivered with due security that they may keep the same in case the said Virgins shall come to profess themselves therein, and in case any of them shall dye in the yeare of the Tryal, or shall not be minded to continue there to make profession, all that shall belong to her for the Almes determined for her shall be applied for another to be chosen for the same purpose, and shall actually be a Nun. The election of the said six Virgins (if my Executor shall approve thereof) may be comitted to the Father Prior of S. Deos of this city, and to the Father Preposito of St. Roque of the Society of Jesus.

I order that there shall be given six hundred milreis for the Redemption of slaves, as is customary to do by the religion of the Holy Trinity, which I will shall be employed in the first Redemption which the said Fryers shall make, on condition nevertheless that if there shall be amongst the said slaves any Little Boys or Girls they shall be the first which shall be redeemed, and if there be none, the women shall have the preference of the men, for that in this manner the remedy may be applied where there is the most danger, and that those shall be redeemed shall be of the Portuguese

nation. To the father of the professed house of St. Roque of the Society of Jesus appointed to assist the prisons in the name of Solicitor of the prisoners, I order there shall be delivered six hundred milreis, that he may lay out the same in setting at liberty such prisoners as are for debts not exceeding twenty milreis, as well in Limoeyro as in Tronco, and if after satisfaction of those debts there shall be anything remaining of the said sum the same shall be employed in the help of such prisoners as are most necessitated. Especially of those whose claims are neglected for want of money, for the forwarding of their papers, and it shall be sufficient to give account to the Father Preposito when and how he disposes of the same. My family who serve me in this kingdom have been exactly paid all their salaries, except what shall grow due to them from the time of the payment of the last quarter to the day of my Decease, and this shall likewise be paid with the same exactness, and mourning shall be given to all the servants to whom liveries used to be given, and besides that I will and order that for one time only there shall be given over and above to every one of my men and women servants the amount of one year's salary, according to the following list :

- To Thomas Sandis there shall be given seven hundred and fifty milreis.
- To Thomas Keri six hundred milreis.
- To John Carneiro Brim three hundred milreis.
- To Francis da Motta Guilherme three hundred milreis.
- To Andrea Mendes de Almeida three hundred milreis.
- To Anthony Keri three hundred milreis.
- To Joseph Sandis three hundred milreis.
- To Manoel Dyas X. Campos three hundred milreis.
- To Francis Nicholson three hundred milreis.
- To Natael Bois three hundred milreis.
- To Dom Juan Bernardez six hundred milreis.
- To Dr. Jame Mendes six hundred milreis.
- To Dr. Robert Layful seven hundred and fifty milreis.
- To Sangrado Antonio. Monteiro two hundred and forty milreis.
- To Thadeo Kenedini two hundred and forty milreis.
- To John Martin two hundred and forty milreis.
- To Manoel Cazado two hundred and forty milreis.
- To John de Aquar two hundred and forty milreis.
- To Manoel Pra Berges a hundred and fifty milreis.
- To the Architector John Autumez a hundred milreis.

- To Dos Mig. a hundred and twenty milreis.
To Francis Monteiro ninety milreis.
To Francis Ferra seventy-two milreis.
To Edward Keri Copiero a hundred and fifty milreis.
To Anthony Francesco two hundred and forty milreis.
To Francis Ferz de Lima a hundred and fifty milreis.
To Michal Lureiro two hundred and forty milreis.
To Peter Fry a hundred and twenty milreis.
To Francis Gil a hundred and twenty milreis.
To Daniel Nich a hundred and eight milreis.
To Anthony João ninety milreis.
To Michal João ninety milreis.
To Anthony Mig. sixty milreis.
To John Gill sixty milreis.
To Anthony Fernandez sixty milreis.
To Sangrado Francis Antimes two hundred and forty milreis.
To Wm. Bremen a hundred and fifty milreis.
To George Hilliard a hundred and fifty milreis.
To Walter Gre a hundred and fifty milreis.
To Feliciano Pinto a hundred and fifty milreis.
To Gonzalo Glz a hundred and fifty milreis.
To Agostino da Cunha a hundred and fifty milreis.
To Anthony de la Borde a hundred and fifty milreis.
To Charles Gueron a hundred and fifty milreis.
To Manoel dos Keys a hundred and fifty milreis.
To Anthony Fernandez a hundred and fifty milreis.
To John Gomez a hundred and fifty milreis.
To Anthony Gomez a hundred and fifty milreis.
To Henry Simon a hundred and thirty-five milreis.
To Paul Ferreira a hundred and thirty-five milreis.
To Anthony Roiz a hundred and thirty-five milreis.
To Thomas Meron a hundred and twenty milreis.
To David Mouch a hundred and twenty milreis.
To John Ribeiro a hundred and twenty milreis.
To Domingos Pinto a hundred and twenty milreis.
To Manoel Lopes a hundred and twenty milreis.
To Joseph Franco a hundred and twenty milreis.
To Consalo Pinheiró a hundred and twenty milreis.
To Francesco da Costa a hundred and twenty milreis.
To Antonio de Oliveira a hundred and twenty milreis.
To Dominges da Silva Liteirero of the Father Confessor seventy-two milreis.
To Jacincto Cardozo his comp. seventy-two milreis.
To Stephen Galhardo Farrier a hundred and ten milreis.

To Domingo Niera seventy-two milreis.
 To Joseph Reiz Azamel seventy-two milreis.
 To Gonsalo da Rocha seventy-two milreis.
 To Lewis Gonvales seventy-two milreis.
 To Francis Cazado seventy-two milreis.
 To Joseph Roiz Cazeiro eighty milreis.
 To Manoel João the gardener sixty milreis.
 To Mc. Glz Pidgeon keeper ninety milreis.
 To Richard Cotham a hundred and eighty milreis.
 To Ignatio Cayeiro seventy-two milreis.
 To Matthew Cayeiro seventy-two milreis.
 To Domingos Antonio fifty-eight milreis.
 To Matthew João fifty-eight milreis.
 To Lewis das Newes Monro eighty milreis.

WOMEN SERVANTS

To Donna Maria de Quinta there shall be given seven hundred and fifty milreis.
 To Donna Luisa Francesca X Vasconselos seven hundred and fifty milreis.
 To Donna Francesca Ignacia de Vasl^{ca} seven hundred and fifty milreis.
 To Donna Anna Keri seven hundred and fifty milreis.
 To Donna Izabel Toache six hundred milreis.
 To Donna Luisa Catherina de Sa. three hundred milreis.
 To Donna Benta Maria three hundred milreis.
 To Donna Mariana Jacintha three hundred milreis.
 To Donna Ma. Catherina de Sandis three hundred milreis.
 To Donna Catherina Keri three hundred milreis.
 To Donna Anna Ma. three hundred milreis.
 To Mrs. McBrain a hundred and fifty milreis.
 To Grace Lopes a hundred and eighty milreis.
 To Ma. Cothan a hundred and twenty milreis.
 To Margarida Thediman a hundred and twenty milreis.
 To Ma. Guvnel sixty milreis.
 To Luisa de Spirito Sancto forty-five milreis.
 To Izabell da Encarcão forty-five milreis.
 To Catherina da Conseição forty-five milreis.

THE CHAPPELL

To Father McPra there shall be given seven hundred and fifty milreis.
 To Father Manoel Dias seven hundred and fifty milreis.
 To Father Michal Ferreira four hundred and fifty milreis.

- To Father Domingos de Miranda three hundred milreis.
 To Father Richard Brani three hundred milreis.
 To Father Andrew Brani three hundred milreis.
 To Father Manoel Mostarda two hundred milreis.
 To Father John Roiz Coelho two hundred milreis.
 To Father Antonio Soarez Rua two hundred milreis.
 To Father Manoel Lewis Ribeiro two hundred milreis.
 To Father Joseph Lewis Ribeiro two hundred milreis.
 To Father Balthazar Gomez two hundred milreis.
 To Father Antonio de Oliv^m two hundred milreis.
 To Father Joseph Ferr-a two hundred milreis.
 To Father Ant. Mustarda two hundred milreis.
 To Father Fran-co da Costa two hundred milreis.
 To Father John de Azenedo two hundred milreis.
 To Father Manuel de Magathais a hundred and fifty milreis.
 To Timothy de Faria four hundred and fifty milreis.
 To James Martin a hundred and twenty milreis.
 To Ceriaco Petit a hundred and fifty milreis.
 To Joseph de Azenedo eighty milreis.
 To Felix da Costa eighty milreis.
 To John Pinto de Miranda eighty milreis.
 To Francesco Voras Bitherme eighty milreis.
 To Francesco Azuedo eighty milreis.
 To Dionisio Mostarda eighty milreis.
 To Jacintho Panares eighty milreis.
 To Father Antonio de S. Bernardo Fryer of Loyo sixty milreis.
 To Father Fra John Ribeiro Fryer of Carmo sixty milreis.
 To Father Fra Simão de Sancta Catherina Fryer da Graca sixty milreis.
 To Joseph da Costa the Harpist sixty milreis.
 To Lewis de Brillo player on the violin sixty milreis.
 To Hilario Gomes player on the Guittar sixty milreis.
 To Antonio de Spirito Sancto organist a hundred milreis.
 To Michael de Oliveira seventy milreis.

If there shall be any new men or women servants taken in besides these above mentioned, I will that they have the benefit as I have ordered as to the rest of my family, in such manner that they shall not only be paid what shall be due to them from the time of the payment of the last quarter, but also there shall be paid to them for one time only, the amount of one year's salary.

I declare nevertheless that if at the time of the exemption of this my disposition there shall be any of the Chaplains or

Men or Women servants therein married, deceased or gone from my service I will that the same sums which I have left to them shall be given to the persons who shall succeed in their places, and if I shall not have caused the same places to be filled up, but they shall be totally vacant then the same sums shall be distributed in the same manner as I have ordered as to the remainder of the twenty thousand crowns for my Funeral if there be any. Some of my men and women servants for just reasons that I have do move me to consider them with special attention. I therefore order that besides what I have already ordered to be given them amongst the rest of my Family there shall be given for one time only to Father Domingos de Miranda a thousand cruzados. To Ju. Carneiro Brum a thousand cruzados. To Francesco da Mota Guilheme a thousand cruzados. To Andrea Mendez de Aloncida a thousand cruzados. To Donna Luisa Catherina de Sa. three thousand cruzados. To Luisa de Spirito Sancta two hundred milreis. To Isabel da Encarnação two hundred milreis. To Catherina da Concicas two hundred milreis.

To Donna Berta Ma. three thousand cruzados. To Donna Maria Jacintha three thousand cruzados.

LASTLY

By reason of the Love and Civility with which these and other of my men and women servants have served me there is due to them all the demonstrations of esteem and thanks which I could not be wanting to them in, and that there only remains for me to desire the King my Brother and Lord favourably to consider and support them with such particular attention as I have always had for those who I have had an affection for.

Before I came from England I caused to be declared to my family which I had in that Kingdom that I had ordered the ministers of my Council and Treasury to remit me to Portugall every year Thirty Thousand Pounds sterling, and that out of the remainder of my yearly revenues, which at that time amounted to forty-six thousand pounds, they should make payment of their salaries, and in case by any accident my said yearly revenues should not amount to more than the thirty thousand pounds which I ordered to be sent to me, in Portugall, I should not be obliged to make good the same by any other means, for that the thirty thousand pounds which by my order was to be sent me every year to this Kingdom

was for the expence of my house, and for the payment of my servants who should serve me here. In pursuance of this my resolution and declaration I order that the same be accordingly performed, and that in the manner aforesaid their salaries which are due may be paid as far as the rest of my yearly revenues amounted to, besides the thirty thousand pounds which comes to me in Portugall.

The manner in which I will disposal to be made as well of all that is actually applied for the ornament of my Chappel, and of the jewels which I have at present will appear by a paper signed by my hand, which with the said Jewels and Toylett will be found in a trunk, and I order that what is thereby ordered shall be justly performed.

I order that as well as all the Images as Pictures, Relicks, ornaments and other vestments belonging to the Holy Worship, which shall be found in the private oratory, wardrobe and other places of this Palace, which shall not be for the actual use of my Chappel, shall be delivered to my Father Confessor and to Father Manuel Pra, my Almoner, that both of them jointly, or either of them, if one be dead, may dispose of all the same in such manner as I have charged them, and for that I have also declared my will to them how I would have my papers disposed of, and how they should apply my books, I order that in like manner all the same may be delivered to them of what sort soever, that they may perform this my disposition with all exactness, and they shall not be obliged to give account how they perform the same.

I have committed to the care of Donna Luisa Fra^{ca} de Vasconcelos and Donna Francesca Ignatia de Vasconcelos the management of my Cloathes, apparel and other particular things of my use, and by reason of the great trust and satisfaction which I have of their fidelity and zeal with which they always served me, I am certain that they will execute in this part all that I have declared to them to be my will. And I will and order that to them only, or to such as I order them to substitute in this case, and no other person, shall belong the disposal of the things which shall be in their charge, and which are under their keys, and that no person shall take or demand account of them of what or how they have disposed of this particular.

CATHERINE R.

It would be interesting to know whether this "Toylett" left by Catherine to the charge of her faithful ladies-in-waiting was that golden one which

had been Charles's wedding gift to her, and still more interesting if one could identify it with that still kept in a private museum in Lisbon, where the curious workmanship of the old English silver-gilt makes it a conspicuous object.

Chesterfield, named in her will as one of her English executors, was acquainted with the honour done him by the Portuguese ambassador to St. James's. He was forced, however, to write in return that while it would have been the greatest pleasure in his life to perform the desires of his mistress, "one of the greatest and most illustrious princesses in the world," gout and the infirmities of age prevented his acting.¹

Now, after close on one-and-twenty years, the name of Catherine, as Queen-Dowager of England, was no longer heard in the Church of England prayers. In Lisbon nothing was thought of but the imposing preparations for her funeral, and the grief for her death that shadowed the whole land. She had chosen to rest at Belem, or Bethlehem, on the west of the city. The beautiful church and monastery there had been built as a thanksgiving for the success of Vasco de Gama's expedition in the years between 1497 and 1499. It was placed on the site of his embarkment and return, and the first stone, laid on piles of pine-wood to form its foundation, was placed in 1500.

It is a building with a glory of exuberant and lovely decoration. The cloisters are like elaborately fantastic grottos. The body of Alphonzo VI. lay for centuries in perfect preservation there. And there may still be seen Catherine's tomb. The first solemnities of her burial began at the Palace of Bemposta, with the office of *Do corpo presente*, or the solemn dirge, performed by the Bishop of Portalegre, Dom Antonio Salvanha. Six other bishops in state sang the responses. In the afternoon a vast body of ecclesiastics lined the entire route from Bemposta to

¹ Introduction to His *Letters*.



THE CHURCH OF BELEM, NEAR LISBON, WHEREIN CATHERINE WAS BURIED.



Belem through the streets of Santo Antonio dos Capuchos on to the Rocis and to Esperanca. There were priests and monks, and their attendants, standing in hushed and sorrowful files. The body, decked for the grave, was laid on an open bier, according to Portuguese custom, and when all was prepared for its removal Dom Manoel de Vasconcellos de 'Souza, who took the duties of chief groom of the chamber in the absence of his brother, the Conde de Castlemelhor, Catherine's devoted old servant and friend, drew the pall away, and left exposed to sight the calm and tranquil face.

Eight grandees of the highest rank in the kingdom then reverently and with great pomp raised the bier. They carried it to the litter of state—and so she went to Belem, attended by the eight grandees, all of whom were Councillors of State, and the whole Court of the kingdom, and all her faithful retinue.

At the churchyard of Belem the same eight grandees lifted the bier from the litter, and there it was received by the brotherhood of the Misericordia, as was always the custom of royal burial. The same pomp and grandeur were employed for her funeral rites, as would have been hers had she been reigning sovereign of Portugal. Pedro was again in the throes of one of his frequent attacks, probably hastened by his grief. His heir, the Prince of Brazil, afterwards João V., and the Infantes Dom Francesco and Dom Antonio, had visited the Palace of Bemposta to sprinkle the holy water before the bier was lifted, in his place. They went with it to the litter, and saw it placed there. Portuguese etiquette forbade them to go further with her, but the people wept in the streets, and for eight days all public business and amusements were suspended. The Court and the ministers wore mourning for an entire year.¹ Poems and songs were composed in praise of her life and character, and many sermons were preached on her virtues. She went to her grave

¹ *Hist. Casa Real Pori.*

like a royal ruler ; the man she loved till her death with ardour went in silence by night, as a humble citizen, in comparison with her pomp. The Masses that for one-and-twenty years she had never ceased to offer for him were hushed at her death ; those for her blameless soul went on to the number of ten thousand, as if she had needed an eternity of absolution.

So came to its close, loaded with honour and love and esteem, Catherine's troubled and chequered life. She, in her tomb at Belem, lies far from the plain slab in Westminster Abbey that covers the whole of her heart. Seas and shores part them ; tides flow and winds sweep ; but perhaps in the world unseen the desire and the prayer of Catherine's life are granted, and she and the one man life held for her are face to face once more, with none between.

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