THE · COURT OF · LOUIS · XIII

K · A · PATMORE

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THE COURT OF LOUIS XIII

BY

K. A. PATMORE

WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS

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K. A. PATMORE

WOLVERCOTE
OXFORD

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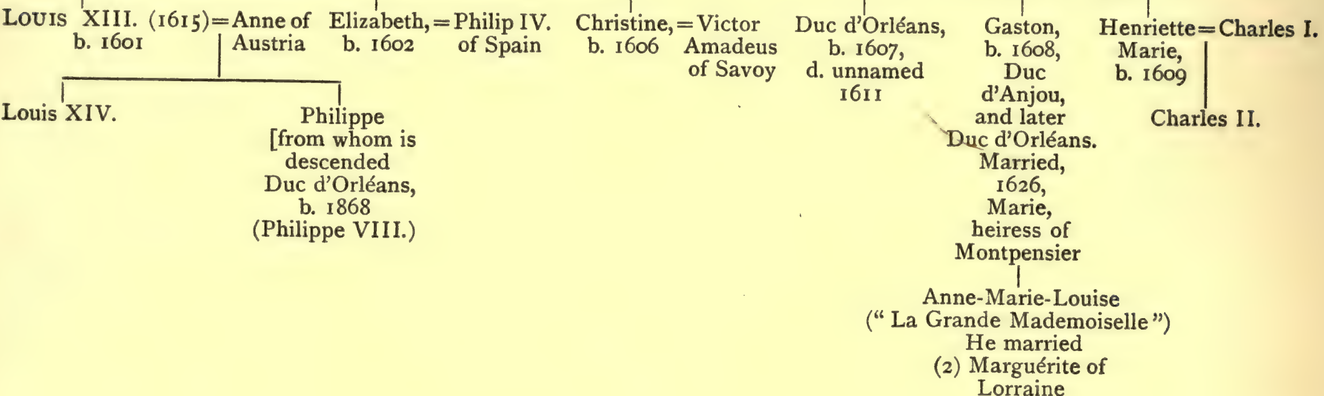
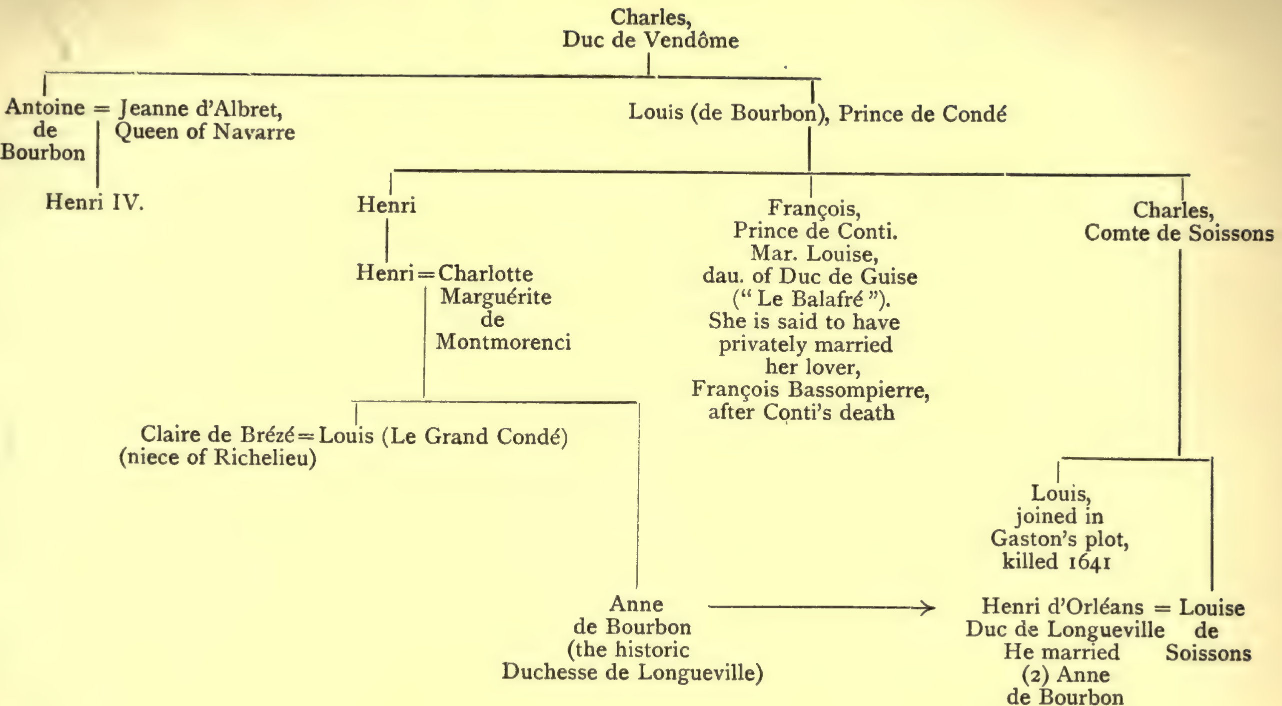
THE COURT OF LOUIS XIII

LOUIS XIII


(1) Marguérite = Henry IV. = (2) Marie de Médicis.
de Valois
Louis XIII. (1615) = Anne of Austria
b. 1601
Elizabeth, = Philip IV. of Spain
b. 1602
Christine, = Victor Amadeus of Savoy
b. 1606
Duc d'Orléans,
b. 1607,
d. unnamed 1611
Gaston,
b. 1608,
Duc d'Anjou,
and later Duc d'Orléans.
Married, 1626, Marie, heiress of Montpensier
Henriette Marie, = Charles I.
b. 1609
Louis XIV.
Philippe [from whom is descended Duc d'Orléans, b. 1868 (Philippe VIII.)
Charles II.
Anne-Marie-Louise
(" La Grande Mademoiselle ")
He married
(2) Marguérite of Lorraine


Charles,
Duc de Vendôme
Antoine = Jeanne d'Albret,
de Bourbon
Queen of Navarre
Henri IV.
Louis (de Bourbon), Prince de Condé
Henri
Henri = Charlotte Marguérite de Montmorenci
Claire de Brézé = Louis (Le Grand Condé)
(niece of Richelieu)
Anne de Bourbon (the historic Duchesse de Longueville)
François, Prince de Conti. Mar. Louise, dau. of Duc de Guise ("Le Balafré"). She is said to have privately married her lover, François Bassompierre, after Conti's death
Charles, Comte de Soissons
Louis, joined in Gaston's plot, killed 1641
Henri d'Orléans = Louise de Soissons
Duc de Longueville
He married (2) Anne de Bourbon

THE COURT OF LOUIS XIII

CHAPTER I

LOUIS XIII. AS DAUPHIN

"NOUS n'aurions connu ni Marie de Médicis, ni Louis XIII., ni les piètres favoris de la mère et du fils. La féodalité n'eut pas été domptée par Richelieu. . . ."[1]

These are the words used by M. Desclozeaux in considering that projected marriage between Henri IV. of France and his mistress, Gabrielle d'Estrées, which was hindered by death, and with them we may also head our introductory chapter for they bring before us the chief performers in the court history of Louis XIII.: the queen-mother and the king her son, wound in the tangle of intrigue; the great territorial aristocrats of France and their brigandage, and that cardinal figure which, with the strength and polish of a hand of steel, was to consolidate the ruling function in the sovereign.

The projected marriage with Gabrielle had stirred society to the depths. The king's divorced wife, Marguérite de Valois, the Bourbon princes and the ministers of state had combined against a plan so revolutionary. Gabrielle died suddenly, poisoned, said many, regardless of the complication of premature maternity which provided a solution. We of to-day, when the appendix has become the most important portion of the human document, know also how to supplant that verdict of poisoning, hurriedly dealt out in earlier ages. With Gabrielle's death vanished the chief obstacle which had confronted those who desired the king's union with the Princess Marie of Tuscany, and on April 25, 1600, the marriage was solemnized, by procuration, at Florence, the

[1] *Gabrielle d'Estrées*, A. Desclozeaux.

bride's uncle, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, standing as proxy for the bridegroom.

"We have arranged the marriage for you, Sire," said the king's minister, Sully, to him in the royal closet, and Henri IV. appears to have submitted as to a matter of state convenience and personal indifference. He arranged, however, to take a private view of this bride of half his age as she sat at supper at Lyons on her journey towards Paris, but failing to preserve his *incognito* he sought her after the interrupted meal and pleading the absence of his own couch, assumed the new relationship on that same evening, December 9, 1600.

With the new queen's arrival in Paris a restoration of court life took place. Ceremony had suffered an eclipse during preceding years which had been filled with the confusion consequent on the civil wars. The splendour of the early sixteenth century—the pageantry of the Field of Cloth-of-Gold—had faded into the tales of a grandmother, while, amid the laxity of the king's irregular domesticities, court revels had been transferred to the houses of Henri's boon companions.

The new queen was confronted by the irregular ménages installed around her at the Louvre. The Vendôme children; —two sons and a daughter,—the offspring of dead Gabrielle, had their recognised status and received on the whole tolerant treatment at the hands of their father's consort. Then there was Henriette, Marquise de Verneuil, the reigning favourite, who, later on, was to embitter the queen's life by her allegations of a pre-contract of marriage between herself and the king which would have rendered void the marriage with Marie de Médicis. A document relative to a prospective marriage does appear to have existed, but the event was to have been contingent upon the birth, within a given time, of a son, and this condition Madame de Verneuil had not succeeded in fulfilling. All the same, she made herself a blister upon the subject for many a long day, raising factions in the court. Madame Moret and other mistresses were yet to come. Henri IV. was not diverted by his marriage from the company of the maîtresse-

en-titre for more than a few days, for, within the year 1601, which saw the birth of the Dauphin Louis, Henri de Verneuil also appeared to testify to the royal amour.

In such surroundings Louis XIII. started in life, being the first royal offspring born as Dauphin for more than eighty years. The court was at Fontainebleau, prepared for the event. State beds of crimson and gold were set up in the great oval chamber assigned to the queen, while canopies overshadowed the expectant mother and the royal witnesses of the event. The *sage-femme*, wife of a Paris surgeon, slept at hand, hoaxed by false alarms from mischievous waiting-maids. When the genuine summons came, at midnight on September 26, 1601, she was sound asleep and ready with disbelief, but this time Pierrot, a valet of the bedchamber, was relentless. "He did not give me time to lace my stays!"—complains the dame in her narrative. The king, fussing round like any bourgeois, hastily led her to the queen. Marie de Médicis was struggling with womanly reluctance to reconcile herself to the presence of the necessary state witnesses. Henri reasoned tenderly with his wife, trying to soften the prospect by assurances of the dominant sentiments of kindliness which would fill the minds of the necessary male contingent. At 1 a.m. he insisted that the three princes of the blood, present in the palace, should be summoned. It may be inferred that Messieurs de Conti, de Soissons and de Montpensier were not too well pleased at being routed from their beds for an event, which, as the dame soon persuaded every one, could not as yet take place. At half-past two, they retired and the dame, with the court physicians, remained in possession. Henri IV. was most earnest in his attention, leaving his suffering wife only for short intervals, in order to take a little food, and sending constantly for reports while absent. Things dragged on all day. Amateur remedies were proposed. The queen's Italian ladies-in-waiting were urgent in recommending the methods of their native land and in consoling their royal mistress in her trial. Among them was that Leonora—Marie's foster-sister of lowly birth, who as wife of the

Marquis d'Ancre, was, in after years, to be implicated in the *coup d'état* of the regency in 1617.

Remedies they proffered, but the king forbade any but professional interference. The *sage-femme* bristles with honest self-importance. The physicians inquired what she would do in the case of a less august patient :—

"I suggested remedies which they instantly ordered from the apothecary," says the bustling Lucina. In an adjoining room, monks from the convent of St Germain-des-Prés offered prayer before the relics of St Margaret, which by custom were venerated as of special efficacy upon such occasions. An instance of kindly feeling on the part of Marie de Médicis must not pass unnoticed, for, as we hear, she had given orders that the little Duc de Vendôme, the eldest son of Gabrielle d'Estrées, should be cared for, so that he might not miss her usual attentions to him, and also that, on account of his tender age, he should be kept away from her room. In the long hours of that day, however, little César found his way in and appealed in childish fashion to the midwife :—

"Will it be a boy or a girl?"

"I told him," says the dame, "that it would be whichever I chose to make it."

"Then," said the little boy, quite seriously, "be sure you make it into a boy."

"And if I do, monsieur, what will you give me?"

The child offered her her heart's desire, more than all his earthly possessions.

"I ask no more than your goodwill," rejoined the friendly dame.

The bustle of preparation increased. Chairs were placed for the ladies invited by the queen, among whom were the king's sister, Cathérine, Duchesse de Bar, the Duchesse de Nemours and some ladies of the *noblesse*. At last, in the late evening, the Dauphin was born at ten hours, thirty-seven minutes and five seconds after noon, as his physician, already appointed, records, giving an immortal advertisement to his watchmaker, one Plantard of Abbeville.

A moment of suspense as the dame wrapped the babe

in swaddling bands. Then a whisper from her in the ear of a court lady, and then the king, pale with agitation, bent towards her—"Is it a son?"

"I told him, Yes!"

At once the scene became one of joyous excitement, in which the common feeling of humanity over-rode the colder satisfaction of the State. The child had shown a momentary faintness, and the dame had asked for wine and a spoon from an attendant. The king held the bottle.

"Now if this were an ordinary child," said the dame, "I should take wine in my mouth and give it to him thus."

Then the king held the bottle to her lips, saying, "Do as you would to any other." She filled her mouth and blew the spray of wine down the throat of the new-born, who instantly revived under this treatment of a mother-bird, and smacked his lips. The scene waxes into melodrama; the king, "with tears as big as peas" rolling down his cheeks, comforted his wife for her trials by the happy news of a lovely boy. Then he commanded that the Dauphin should be handed to Madame de Montglat, who, for years to come, was to be *gouvernante* to the royal children and to their irregular half-brothers and sisters alike.

Leaving his queen in the background, Henri embraced the princes of the blood, and then, unaware that his wife was half fainting from the reaction of those long hours, he opened the door into the ante-chamber and gave entrance to the waiting throng of peers and officers of state, much to the vexation of the midwife, who avers that there was not room to turn in the queen's chamber. The king patted her on the shoulder. "Make yourself easy, never mind!" he exclaimed, "this child belongs to all."

Next we have the less emotional account of the Dauphin's medical attendant, who gave him *un peu de mithridate* in wine and caused him to be washed with wine and attar of roses. And so, under the zodiacal sign of the Balance, from which he derived his title of "Le Juste," and on the feast of SS. Cosmo and Damian, September 27, 1601, was born Louis XIII. of France and of Navarre.

Immediately after the birth, mounted messengers, who

had been waiting in boot and spur, set hotly off to carry the great news to Paris, Florence and Mantua:—"for a daughter," says a cynic of the day, "they would have shown less energy."

The baby Dauphin proved to be tongue-tied, and a few days after his birth this defect was remedied by a slight surgical operation. When a week old his father nearly let him fall, but a nurse caught him unharmed. On October 27 the heir-apparent entered Paris, slumbering on the knees of Madame de Montglat, and was received at the Porte St Antoine by a band of wind instruments, and conducted to the house of Sebastian Zamet, the great financier and boon-companion of the king, who had already come off the winner in two bets upon the sex and day of birth against his sovereign and the queen.

In the summer of the next year ceremony already attended the child at his toilet, and little Henriette de Vendôme had the honour of handing his shirt, always a distinction at the morning and evening dressing of royalty. There are many glimpses of happy simplicity in the child-life of Louis. The king would have him at his table and give him mouthfuls of the royal meals, a little jelly or wine, for which he early had a taste, or a slice of bread spread with butter by the king's own hand. Playfulness would follow, the king tossing him an orange which he threw back. Early in 1603 came the day when he ate meat for the first time, duck and capon too, enjoying both. He played the common tricks of infancy, snatching a cake of marchpane from the plate of one of the Vendôme children at the king's supper-table, and fidgetting, like other sitters of his age, when painted by court artists. For amusement he had picture books, Bible scenes shown to him by his nurse, and birds and beasts in the natural-history books of the time. He played with toys, a tiny silver dinner-set, or figures of silver, ivory and glass, and carried on miniature warfare with his leaden soldiers. A taste for arms was early cultivated, and when four years old he received a present of a musket and bandolier richly ornamented with gold and silver work and with golden ammunition.

More serious matters were in the hands of various officials. Père Coton, of the Society of Jesus, taught the child to say his prayers when three years old. The assiduous physician, anticipating Froebel, attempted education with designs of cherry stones upon a plate. Thus, a windmill which the little boy had outlined in these same cherry stones gave an opening for a lesson on the four winds. Darker episodes occurred at intervals, for the rod was not spared, and "Mamanga," which was the baby nickname for the *gouvernante,* laid it on for rudeness, careless habits, and refusal to take physic. The children of a day which surrounds its pills with so much jam may spare a heartache for the little prince, resisting the dreaded *médecine noire* which was not always mitigated by *un lait d'amandes.* Thrashings were reserved for the hour of the nursery *lever.*

Henri IV. had a high respect for Madame de Montglat, and on the death of her husband, in 1607, he wrote her a letter in touching terms :—

"Mon fyls sera dorésnavant votre mary, et moi vostre bon roy et maistre."

"Mamanga" must have needed both power and tact to deal with her charges, the regular and irregular offspring, brought up in companionship. One of the king's letters commends her discretion in isolating "ma fille de Verneuil" when suffering from smallpox. As a matter of interest, it may be mentioned that she was related by marriage to that De Sancy who gave his name to one of the finest of the crown diamonds of France.

In June 1606, the king and queen had a dangerous carriage accident while crossing the river at Neuilly, which place had already been the scene of two previous mishaps. They were upset into the river, owing, so one narrator says, to the horses becoming restive while in transit on the floating pontoon, and the queen was nearly drowned, being barely rescued by one of the suite, who pulled her from under the wreckage by the hair.

Brothers and sisters, five in all, were born to the young Dauphin between 1601 and 1610. Following custom, the royal children received the essential rite of baptism when a

few days old, a solemn public ceremony being reserved for a later occasion. On September 14, 1606, Louis and his two sisters received the public rites in the keep at Fontainebleau, which was chosen because neither the chapel nor the great hall could contain the thousands who attended from all parts of the country.

Pope Paul V. was godfather to the Dauphin, being represented by the special legate, Cardinal Joyeuse. A space was enclosed for the ceremony and draped with rich tapestry, and here an altar was erected, while on a raised platform, decked with cloth of silver, stood the baptismal font. Tiers of seats on either side of the altar were occupied respectively by choirs of music and by the great ecclesiastics and officers of state. Before the altar were the seats of Cardinal Gondi and the court chaplains, while the Swiss body-guards encircled the enclosure, each bearing in his hand a flaming torch. The day, clear and shining as it was, was thrown into the shade by the lustre of attire and the sparkle of the gems set in the swords of prince and peer: thirty thousand crowns' worth blazed in the hilt alone of that borne by the Duc d'Epernon. Queen Marie outshone all others in robes decked with thirty-two thousand pearls and three thousand diamonds.

The dressing of the royal children was carried out with great state that morning. Five princesses of the blood lifted the Dauphin from his bed and shared the honour of removing his night garments and dressing him for the ceremony. A procession was then formed, many taking part in it carrying lighted waxen tapers. There was a band of drums and wind instruments, nine heralds, the great officers of the household, and the knights of the Holy Ghost; and then came groups of nobles carrying the appurtenances of baptism for each child separately. Thus were carried the basin, the salt-cellar, the vessel for the holy oil, and the taper before *la petite Madame*, who, being an infant, was carried in the arms of the Maréchal de Bois-Dauphin; also, before her elder sister; and, thirdly, before the Dauphin. Princes of the blood and the irregular brothers of Vendôme were the bearers of his baptismal

requisites. Condé, the premier prince of the blood, led him by the hand, while the Duc de Guise carried the train of his ermine mantle. Behind came twenty noble torch-bearers, then followed the papal legate as sponsor, and the Duchess of Mantua, the Dauphin's maternal aunt, as godmother, and behind her came the princesses of the blood who had assisted at the *lever.* The Dauphin was lifted on to a table, and, being of an age to answer for himself, was now questioned by Cardinal Gondi, and made the responses according to previous instructions from one of the court chaplains. Asked if he had already been baptized, he replied—

"Yes, thanks be to God."

When the salt of exorcism was put into his mouth he said on his own account,

"I've swallowed it, and it was quite nice."

"I renounce them :—I believe," he responded to successive questions, and then he repeated the Lord's Prayer, the Hail-Mary, and the Creed so sweetly that tears stood in the eyes of all. He was named Louis, after the saintly ruler of France in bygone days. The little girls then underwent the ceremonies, being named Elizabeth and Christine, and then followed a state banquet, where the august foreign guests sat near their hosts, the king and queen, who were at separate tables. Princes bore the dishes and nobles waited on the company, and among these may be named the Baron de Bassompierre, a personage of the period, and the author, in his later years, of well-known memoirs. A ball followed, opened, at the king's command, by the Duc de Lorraine, who had stood godfather to the little princesses. The next day was filled with military sports, for which the Duc de Sully had erected a sham fortress, in order to give greater *vraisemblance* to the display.

After this great day the boy's life returned to the round of small events. He petted his dogs and fed the swans or visited the ostriches when at Fontainebleau. Study he never loved. At times he would retort with that childish aptitude which takes the wind out of the arguments of older navigators. His nurse one day pulled his hair, and he cried, as

some other children do, and was reproved by his physician's wife.

"What would you say if you were run through by a sword?"

"I shouldn't mind that."

"What! not mind it?"

"No, for I should be dead!"

Already he could help to make his bed, and often did so, even in later life. At Fontainebleau he tried his hand at gardening. We find him digging there on the Good Friday of 1607, having earlier sown peas and beans. He dabbled, too, in cookery, and before he was six had made a stew of meat and vegetables in a little cooking-pot in his mother's room. Already there were initiations in the surrounding laxity. Tongues were swift with news of the birth of another royal bastard. A little "fé-fé" or "sœu-sœu" would be announced to him; news received at first with blank incomprehension, and very little later with furious repudiation (since his mother had no agency in the event), uttered in a dreadful vernacular which smites painfully on mother ears of our more careful age.

The first enlightenment seems to have come to him when he was five and a half, on the birth of a son to the Comtesse de Moret. We may imagine how Marie de Médicis, with tongue embittered by the heckling of La Verneuil, might whisper her exasperation into the child's ear, and how the courtiers would amuse themselves by firing off these items in their own fashion.

Now and again the boy would show some antipathy to the coarseness of manners displayed before him, and, in some instances, his attendants also appear to have deplored the same, although, on the other hand, he was allowed to indulge in speech and action which cannot be here recorded. Henri IV. himself occasionally displayed a grossness of deportment towards his own children which provoked comment, even in an age which knew no artificial attitude towards the cardinal points of human existence. It was suggested one day that an illegitimate son of the Duc d'Epernon should wait on Louis at meals.

"Do you suppose I would be served by a bastard!" cried the angry child.

Towards the Vendôme children, however, Louis and his mother displayed friendly feeling, on the whole, even after the death of Henri IV. ". . . Dear to maidens are their rivals dead," says a modern poet,[1] and the mistress Gabrielle was dead, while the Marquise de Verneuil, Madame Moret, and Charlotte des Essarts lived before the eyes of the queen and her children. Such conditions, however, as all know, were not unmatched; but now we come to the strangest touch of all in this mixed court—the interchange of courtesies with Henri's divorced wife, Marguérite, who had, in an early year of the century, returned to Paris, and established herself in a house on the left bank of the river, at the corner of the Rue de Seine, and facing the Louvre, and from the palace, in 1614, the boy-king, Louis XIII., watched the fire which burned down her stables. Three centuries have passed—a long time, we say, yet unthinkingly, for a hundred years, though great as the lifetime of an individual, shrink into little span when measured by the greatness of the change they witness in the history of a world. We find it hard enough to throw ourselves backward into the feelings of another epoch, and the tale of this ex-queen, were she removed into an even darker age, would stun our contemplation, for Henri IV., in his appeal for the annulment of his first marriage, had alleged against Marguérite misconduct which horribly associated her nearest in blood in her youthful gallantries, and which made into a mere interjection of frivolity that further indictment of spreading her bed with sheets of black silk to serve as a foil for her beauty, and lighting up the same by the flames of a thousand wax-lights. Within six years of her divorce, this very Marguérite was visiting the court and receiving visits at her hôtel in Paris or her country-house at Issy from the little Dauphin. Besides this, there were civilities between herself and Marie de Médicis; indeed, the two women seem to have had the link of a common feud against the Verneuil mistress. The ageing woman gratified

[1] *Amelia*, C. Patmore.

a vicarious maternity in her dealings with the child Dauphin. She gave him fairings from the jewellers' stalls at the annual Foire St Germain, and an order on her goldsmith for anything he pleased. Nor was this mere perfunctory plan of giving all, for she had presents specially designed, adorned with gems which bore, engraved upon them, the dolphin cognizance, while at her death Louis became her principal legatee.

In 1607, on an alarm of plague, the Court fled hurriedly to Noisy, and here, on August 24, Louis attended his first hunt. On October 25, at 1 a.m., a fire broke out in the room next to his own at Noisy, and the child was removed for safety to the room of his brother, the infant Duc d'Orléans.

Varieties of weather, for which we are apt to blame the English climate alone, were experienced in Louis' childhood. One summer was so cold that fires were needed ; and there were winters of such severity that wolves invaded the palace gardens at St Germain. Two eclipses of the sun were witnessed by the Dauphin, who watched their course by the reflection in a bowl of water.

The different habits of that day are brought before us by the notice of the first bath which was taken by Louis when nearly seven years old. He and "Madame" (his sister Elisabeth) shared it. Baths are chronicled at intervals during his early years ; rose-leaves were infused in the water, and while taking them the little prince played with his silver toys and boats. Washing he objected to, resenting it, indeed, on one occasion as an effeminacy ;—"je ne suis pas *damoiseau*." At a later period he bathed in the river, and received a swimming lesson.

Here and there allusions to his simple pursuits continue ; the writing of a laundry-list or the making of butter in "Madame's" dairy at St Germain-en-Laye. On New Year's Day, 1610, a deputation of the Paris tradesmen attended at the Louvre and presented him with a dozen cases of jam, and with wine and hippocras. It was a time when rumours and threats were circulating vaguely round the king. Henri IV. feared secretly an attack upon his life, though he would laugh off the alarms of others.

Marie de Médicis was pressing for her own coronation, which had not yet taken place; and urgently, because it promised to strengthen her position against the pretensions of the Marquis de Verneuil. She prevailed, and her coronation took place on the day before the ending of the reign. The Court must have been overcrowded at St Denis if we accept the Dauphin's account of his own lodging, for he had, he says, in his quarters, a well, a cellar, and a drinking-fountain for poultry, while beneath his room was a stable; it was indeed "le logis d'un chanoine, le plus mauvais de St Denis."

Bassompierre, writing in old age, tells the tale of those last days; let us hear his own account:—

"We entered on that hapless month of May, fatal for France by the loss which we sustained of our good king. I will mention some instances of the king's presentiment of death. . . . Several times he said to me and to others as well, 'I believe that I am soon to die.' And on the first of May, returning from the Tuileries (he always leaned on some one), he was then holding on to M. de Guise on one side and to me on the other, and he did not leave go until just as he was about to enter the queen's room. Then he said to us: 'Do not go away; I will go and hurry my wife in her dressing so that she does not keep me waiting for dinner'—for, generally, he took his meals with her. We waited, leaning on the iron balustrades which run round the courtyard of the Louvre; when, without warning and without being shaken by wind or any visible cause, the may-tree, planted in the middle, fell and lay in the direction of the short flight of steps which leads to the king's chamber. (Another account makes this incident more intelligible by stating that the tree was in process of being planted.) I said to M. de Guise: 'I would have given anything for that not to have happened. What an evil omen! may God preserve the king, who is the may-tree of the Louvre.' He replied: 'It is foolish of you to think of such a thing.' I answered: 'In Italy and Germany they would make much more of such an omen than we do here. God preserve the king and all his concerns.'

"The king, who had only gone into the queen's room and out again, came quite softly to hear what we were saying, thinking that we were discussing some woman, and overheard what I had said. He broke into our talk. 'Silly fellows that you are, to occupy yourselves with these forebodings. For thirty years all the astrologers and quacks have foretold yearly that I was in danger of death, and when the hour of my death does come, all the omens of that year will be noted and made of much account, but no one will allude to those of previous years.'"

On the afternoon of May 14, during a temporary block in the narrow streets, as he drove to visit the Duc de Sully, Henri IV. was murdered by Ravaillac.

CHAPTER II

THE KING'S MINORITY

LOUIS XIII. was now a reigning sovereign. The death of his father, concealed for a night from *tout Paris*, was known to the eight-year-old boy. Only by the stern insistence of the Duc d'Epernon, who was in attendance upon the late king, had Ravaillac been spared from instant death.

"If I had only been there with my sword," cried the child, weeping, "I would have killed him!"

Bassompierre, hurrying to the Louvre upon the news of the attack, found the dead body, surrounded by physicians and by a few of the great nobles, who prostrated themselves, kissing the hands and feet of their dead master, and weeping bitterly until Cathérine, the queen's dresser, came from her newly-widowed mistress to desire their presence.

Marie de Médicis lay on her couch, abandoned to the first shock of grief and horror. But the officers of state recalled to her mind that a king still reigned, and that her powers must be reserved for the new claims upon them.

"Madame," urged one of them, "you must stay your tears and cryings and postpone them till you have assured the safety of your sons and of yourself. Let Bassompierre get together all the light horse now under his command in Paris and proceed through the city to still disturbance. M. le Grand (this was the title of the Master of the Horse) will remain in charge of the body of the king, and will, should need arise, be near to protect Monseigneur le Dauphin."

At this point, the Duc d'Epernon, having given the necessary commands to the palace-guard, entered to kiss the hands of the young king and of his mother, and was then despatched by the latter to announce to Parliament

that she held letters of regency from the late king which, in anticipation of a proposed visit to Germany, he had granted to her, and also that, during a past illness, he had announced his purpose of appointing her regent in the event of his death. Upon receipt of this message, Parliament at once entered into debate and assented to the regency of Marie de Médicis during her son's minority.

On the following morning, the princes, peers and Cabinet Ministers assembled at the Louvre to do homage, and, about ten o'clock, the new king, dressed in violet mourning, and riding a small white hackney, left the palace to attend Parliament, accompanied by a great crowd of royal and noble personages on foot. The queen-mother, shrouded in the deepest sables of widowhood, drove in her coach, followed by the princesses and peeresses ; the royal approach being announced by the drummers of the body-guard. At the entrance of the monastery of the Austin Canons, where the sitting was to be held, the chief officials of Parliament received the mourning monarch. The king took his seat, with his mother at his right hand, in presence of the crowd of *les notables*, which included the papal legate and other great churchmen.

Then Marie de Médicis began her speech, broken at first with sighing and tears. Controlling herself, she appealed to the assembly for their best aid and counsel in the direction of affairs. The young king followed with a set speech of similar import, spoken with *une royale gravité*, and long addresses were then delivered by various members of Parliament to the king and to the queen-mother. The king then held his first *lit-de-justice* and appointed his mother as regent by the advice and concurrence of the princes, spiritual and temporal, and of the general assembly there present.

As had been foretold by the dead king, Paris throbbed with tales of omen. It was told how on the morning of the fatal Friday, the boy Duc de Vendôme had warned his royal father that the day was a dangerous one, and that an attempt would be made on his life.

"And who told you this?" inquired the king.

"Dr la Brosse."

"Ah!" said the king, who knew La Brosse's astrological pretensions, "he's an old rascal trying to get your money, and you are a young fool to listen to him!"

Then the dead king's horoscope and a recent dreadful nightmare of the queen's were cited. Nuns too had received warning visions in their cloister, while convent bells, untouched by human hand, had tolled at the fell hour on May 14. Amid all this, with public mourning and continual masses of requiem, the murdered king was buried.

The absence from Paris of the somewhat turbulent princes of the blood had allowed Marie de Médicis a more undisturbed entry into authority than would have been possible had they been upon the scene. There had been quite an exodus of late of these princes from the capital. Henri, Prince de Condé, had left the year before in order to remove his beautiful young wife, Charlotte de Montmorenci, from the importunities of a too amorous sovereign. The attentions of "le grand Alcandre" (such was the romantic name of Henri IV. in the annals of Court gallantry) were undoubtedly *très suspectes.* Dark rumour tinted them even more horridly, for was not Condé—ostensibly nephew [1] to the king—accredited with the filial relation itself. Was it not utter shamelessness that suffered Henri IV. to look unlawfully upon his own son's wife? queried a great lady between her teeth. Condé, with his wife, had exiled himself to Brussels, and among the rumours with which Paris made herself hoarse after the assassination, was the hint that Ravaillac had been in that city shortly before. What connivance, hissed the tongue of Paris, might there not have been between the princely exile and the regicide? This, however, was but one among a swarm of heated suggestions. As appeared in evidence at the trial, Ravaillac had been rejected in youth from the novitiate of a religious order on account of being mentally unsound. Destitute, save for a paltry coin or two, and the murderous knife which he had stolen from a tavern, he was probably quite single in his crime and its devising. He, a typical anarchist, crazed by starvation and spurred by the suggestions of a diseased

[1] Neveu à la mode de Bretagne, *i.e.* first cousin once removed.

mentality, struck, as his kind strike in our own day, at the most prominent member of human society; that was all. The complexity of examination under torture brought out no more than this. Tongues rushed from one indictment to another. The Jesuits, always a convenient ecclesiastical Aunt Sally, were aimed at. Then even wilder talk turned to the regent and the Duc d'Epernon, as acting in connivance. Epernon, we remember, had been with the king at the moment of the attack and had stayed the bystanders' impulse towards lynch law.

"Ah! Madame," cried a woman of the people to Marie de Médicis, as, returning from a country excursion, she rode into Paris with her armed escort, "had our good king been guarded as well as you are, he might yet have been among us."

The regent probably grasped nothing of this dark insinuation. She was the last, we may believe, to hear the current rumours, and she seems to have depended mainly for news of what went on outside the palace on Queen Margaret, who, owing to her less restricted social condition, was able to keep the queen-mother posted, to some extent, in the gossip of the town.

Another who had left the Court was the Comte de Soissons, Condé's uncle. His was a much more trivial grievance. On the day before Henri's death, when Marie de Médicis was crowned at St Denis, the king had inhibited the Comtesse de Soissons from wearing the royal fleur-de-lys upon her garments at the ceremony. In a fit of ill-temper at the slight to his wife, Soissons had withdrawn from Paris. Two days after the assassination he re-appeared at Court. Condé also returned in July from the Low Countries, being met on the frontier by assurances of a friendly reception from the regent. Marie de Médicis was, however, somewhat perturbed, when the exile entered Paris, to learn that no less than fifteen hundred followers were in his train. Times of turmoil ensued; unending were the dissensions at the Court. The feuds of the great nobles, arising often out of trivialities, flared up in succession, and were in turn patched up by royal intervention.

Sometimes the young king would be present at these adjustments. The head swims at the number and the changefulness of the disputants. At the same time *les grands*, indulging as they might in discord among themselves, were yet united by a bond of common enmity against the regent's Italian favourites, Concini and his wife, Leonora Gai or Dosi, the queen's foster-sister,[1] who had gained complete ascendency over her, had accompanied her from Florence. When Henri IV. visited his bride's chamber at their first meeting, he found a dwarfish figure on guard at the door. This was Leonora, who had adopted the finer sounding surname of Galigai. The king was early moved with a desire to send Leonora home again to Italy, but nothing would induce Marie de Médicis to part from her life-long favourite. The little woman with the peaked features and vivid eyes had set her affections on the young secretary, who had also come from the Florentine Court to France with the retinue of the new queen. Worn by debauchery, Concini appeared far less eligible as a bridegroom to the onlooker than to Leonora. The queen whispered hints out of her new matronhood to the foster-sister, but, seized with the intensity of passion which seems to visit women whose emotions have not been thinned by promiscuous admiration, Leonora would not relax her urgency. For Concini, there was little of physical attraction in this woman, older than himself moreover, but then she was easily first favourite with the queen, and he was not blind to the material ends to be attained by such a union. So the queen's consent was gained, and after the birth of Louis, the pair were united, and together attained a complete ascendency over their royal mistress. Concini, in the earliest days of the regency, was advancing to honours. In September 1610, we find him taking the oath of allegiance as first gentleman of the bed-chamber to the boy-king, in place of the Duc de Bouillon who had been dismissed from the post. So clearly had Sully, the Chancellor of the

[1] One contemporary, not an Italian however, nor acquainted with the queen in childhood, says that Cathérine Selvaggio, the dresser, was Marie's foster-sister, and that Leonora was a playmate.

Exchequer, foreseen the ascendency of the foreign favourite, that, after the murder of Henri IV., he had retired to his château at Rosny to await events. On the Arsenal, his deserted Paris residence, a wag had posted an *affiche*—"To Let, at Easter quarter. Apply to the Marquis d'Ancre." *Marquis*, for by purchase and royal grant Concini had secured a property and its adherent patent of nobility, though he would seem to have been of obscure origin. He described himself, it is true, as *né gentilhomme et de bons parens*, but, when he sought a confirmation of the patent of nobility, strange tales were whispered about the Court. Such as the following:—

"The queen's emissary, who had been sent to Florence to inquire into the matter of the favourite's genealogy, returned to Paris and to the Court (February 1611), and many and conflicting were the statements concerning his report on the descent and the noble standing of the Concini stock. But everything was kept very dark, and nothing has been published or printed. What seems best authenticated with regard to the paternal condition (for of the grandfather and great-grandfather not a single record was found at Florence or elsewhere) is, that the said Concini is the son of a secretary of the Duke at Florence,[1] and that this father of his has been seen in Paris, begging a meal, and having not the means wherewith to buy shoes. Regarding any other distinction, all is silence, and I fear it may be much like that of [a certain hero] whose sole exploit as a warrior was the killing of a foot-soldier already at the point of death.

"As for his wife, it has been found that she was the daughter of a cabinetmaker, whose son, now abbot of Marmoustier, has been seen in Florence acting as a grave-digger."

Such is the relation of a contemporary, who does not seem unduly biassed, with reference to Concini, his wife Léonora, and her brother, known as Etienne Galigai. It was difficult for anyone to be dispassionate where the hated Florentines were concerned. Probably, in truth it was to the middle-

[1] This was Cosmo de Médicis, Grand Duke of Tuscany.

class that Concini belonged, the intelligent son of a minor official at the Tuscan Court.

To return to the boy-king.

Louis, after the first outbreak of childish sorrow, seems to have resumed his previous existence. For a time, he shared his mother's sleeping room until the king's apartments were prepared for him after the funeral. Personal discipline remained the same. He was whipped on May 29 for rudeness to one of his gentlemen-in-waiting. Furtively and in haste, lest the deed should be discovered by his *gouverneur*, would the boy stuff into his pockets a handful of dried cherries. He ordered "M. le Grand" to draw up a list of his dogs, Ouël, Griffon, Gayan, and the rest. He went boar-hunting in the environs of Paris, and tried his skill at line-fishing at the country house of the ex-Queen Margaret, at Issy. Renard, his hairdresser, taxed his patience and he struck him with a mirror and with his fists, and was forced to apologize by threats of the whip. He attended many of the Paris Churches in state, and complained of the lengthiness both of the services and of the great preachers of the day. For study he retained a strong aversion, making large offers for a respite.

"If you will let me off my lessons, I will make you a bishop," he told M. de Fleuranges.

But the tutor was incorruptible.

Possibly a rumour of this aversion had reached his schoolboy subjects, for we find, in the first summer of his reign, the scholars of the Collège de Navarre making a petition for a month's holiday and receiving three days. Adult interference, and not a want of fellow-feeling, was, perhaps, responsible for this deep inadequacy.

Preparations were going on for the coronation. The Chancellor attended at the Louvre to instruct Louis in the speech which he was to address to Parliament, when assembled at Rheims for the occasion. On October 14 the king made his entry into that city to which the regalia had already been brought from St Denis. Halting at the gate, he listened "patiently," says one, to the addresses of welcome and loyalty. A nymph in a chariot drawn by white

horses, presented him with the keys of the city, the maiden who played the part receiving afterwards from the king a golden chain worth two hundred and fifty crowns. The city was full of troops: the life-guards lined the route to the Church of Nôtre-Dame, while mounted men, armed to the teeth, and the Swiss guards in their uniforms, tawny, crimson, white, and blue, preceded the king and the great personages, behind whom came the archer-guards. At the church door the king dismounted and was conducted by the clergy to the Sanctuary, where, after private prayer, it had been arranged for him to present a costly reliquary for the high-altar, but, as the work could not be completed in time, the offering was postponed.

On October 16 the king received the sacrament of confirmation at the hands of Cardinal Joyeuse, making a confession to Père Coton, S.J., who also preached at the ceremony, while the ex-Queen Margaret and the Prince de Condé, as sponsors, presented Louis to the celebrant.

On Sunday, October 17, the coronation took place. The proceedings began about 9.30 a.m., but long before that hour four of the nobility, attended by gentlemen bearing the respective banners of their blazon, left the house of the Archbishop of Rheims for the Abbey of St Rémy, taking with them a white horse as a mount for the prior, who was to bear the sacred ampulla, the vessel of anointing oil.

Then there arrived at Nôtre-Dame processions of ecclesiastics in their vestments, of princes in cloth-of-silver tunics reaching to the knee and coats of purple, with collars and lapels of miniver: dukes, covered with golden headgear, and the lesser nobles with golden circlets. Then, with much ceremony, young Louis was fetched from his lodging at the archbishop's. Thrice did the Bishop of Laon strike upon the door, and at each knock did the Lord Chamberlain demand:—

"Que voulez-vous?"

To which the bishop answered:—

"Louis XIII., fils de Henri le Grand," and the Chamberlain rejoined:—

"Il dort."

A second time the phrases were repeated. Then to the third challenge came the answer :—

"We seek Louis XIII., whom God has given us as king."

Then they entered and found the king upon a splendid bed, wearing a shirt of Dutch linen, especially designed to open in front and behind for the application of the holy unction ; an upper garment of crimson satin and a long-sleeved robe of cloth-of-silver, made to open similarly. The bishops raised him from the couch with every mark of homage and escorted him in procession, chanting as they went, to the royal entrance of the church. Then were seen the troops and heard the drums and hautbois, then came heralds and a crowd of *noblesse* ; the knights of the Holy Ghost, wearing their orders ; the Scots Guards, the gentleman-ushers in white satin with their maces, and last, before the king, Maréchal de la Châtre, acting as deputy for the Constable of France,[1] and carrying a naked sword. Behind the king came Sillery, the Chancellor, in his gown and hood of scarlet, adorned with ermine and gold lace and with a "mortar-board" of cloth-of-gold upon his head. And other great officers of state were there, and so they all came to the church door. Then the Bishop of Beauvais said a prayer, after which the king entered the church, the canons preceding him and chanting "à faux-bourdon," Psalm xx. *The king shall rejoice in thy judgment, O Lord.*

Then the king proceeded up the nave. The rite was solemn and elaborate,[2] and was succeeded by a state banquet at the king's lodgings. Here, the sovereign, who had fasted from the previous night, sat in splendid state, surrounded by all the great personages. Grace was said, water and a towel were handed for washing the fingers, and then, to the sound of drums and trumpets, the dishes were brought in, accompanied by the officers of the household. Throughout the banquet, the Maréchal de la Châtre stood, holding the naked sword upturned.

[1] Henri (I.), Duc de Montmorenci, Constable of France, 1595-1614, who was absent.

[2] Some further account of the coronation is appended to chap. xix.

These great ceremonies accomplished, Louis returned to his boyish pursuits. He continued to busy himself with minor crafts, making cowls for toy monks, and sewing them himself quite skilfully. Cooking experiments progressed, as indeed they did throughout the reign. Pet animals were still a great absorption. His dogs, a yellow parrot, and other animals are mentioned as his playmates. The ostrich-farm at Fontainebleau was still kept up, and the king presented two of his ministers with an egg apiece in the first year of his reign.

The queen-regent, not shaken in her attachment for the Concini pair by the tales brought back from Florence, was involving herself daily more and more in unpopularity on their account. We find her son, a few days after the granting of the peerage to Concini, visiting the new Marquis d'Ancre at his house in the Faubourg St Germain. Meanwhile, the hatred of both orders for the favourite steadily increased. Aristocratic disdain for the upstart peer was great, but it came far short of the vehement hatred of the populace. The lower orders have always resented any overstepping of the bounds of friendship, the limitation of which is one of the inherent penalties of royalty. The hatred for Gaveston comes as an example from Plantagent times, and of more modern instances we do not need reminding. The popular aversion took local colour from the stratum of its origin, obscene couplets, detailing the alleged amour of the regent and the foreign "bounder" were heard upon the Paris streets. The finer-pointed slander of the courtier was aired in *mots*, which circulated amid the laughter of the listeners, and even the bridge which shortened the distance between the queen-mother's apartments and the town house of the marquis in the precincts of the Louvre, was dubbed "le pont d'amour."

It was hinted now, and, at a later date, spoken loudly, that the favourite combined with Marie de Médicis to keep Louis from any participation in affairs. At times the boy would resent the liberties taken by the couple, and one day he showed his feelings pretty plainly when, as he was playing in a room above her own, the marquise sent word to him

that she had a headache and that he was making too much noise. He replied that if her room was too much exposed to noise, Paris was big enough to provide her with another.

The boy was already quick to resent a want of ceremony in others. He complained angrily of the insolence of the Prince de Condé, who had sat down covered in his presence. During a journey from Fountainbleau to Paris in June 1611 the Baron de Vitry and Louis' half-brother of Vendôme gave great offence, as travelling companions, by eating cherries and apricots in his presence.

"Do you want to make a pot-house of my coach!" cried the king, resentfully.

Again the troubles over physic recur, and again the beatings, discipline excessive for a boy in his teens when the object of it was liable to be embittered by the ridiculous position which it entailed on him before the eyes of derisive courtiers. The defects of his education and his natural distaste for intellectual pursuits became more prominent as manhood approached. The careful training of princes at our own day, and the specializing in military and political departments, which are to fit the heir-apparent for the rule to come, are so familiar to ourselves that we can scarcely realize a system which suffered a reigning sovereign to remain immersed in trivialities. Unhappily Marie de Médicis lacked wisdom, both as mother and as regent. In our own day the friendly eyes of the great powers have watched the minority of another Bourbon, born a king, and trained by maternal wisdom in preparation for the ruling of Spain, but the mother of Louis XIII. seems throughout to have sought the subjection of her son, and to have maintained him in a state of pupilage most detrimental to his career, either as man or monarch. Henri IV., in the hour of his son's birth, had laid the sword of government upon the infant form and recognised him as the property of the State, *Cet enfant est à tous*, but Marie, her perception blocked, we may allow, by the spectacle of her husband's discursive amours and the laxity of the Court in general, resolved perhaps that her son should be driven with a tight rein, lest he also follow

in the same groove. Marie de Médicis has been the victim of much obloquy, but the difficulties of her position are often overlooked. They might have staggered a wiser regent. Unhappily she had no strong man among her advisers, and it is doubtful whether she would have welcomed one had he appeared, for hers was the narrow vanity which cannot lay aside its self-will for the larger public weal.

As years went on the young king displayed more and more those aptitudes for handicrafts which nearly two centuries later were seen again in his descendant, Louis XVI. If he went to lay a foundation-stone, he must also amuse himself with the work of a mason. He shod horses and helped in the removal of furniture. A house-moving had been among his childish games. "He had," remarks one historian, "all the points admirable in a valet, but none belonging to a master." To his brothers and sisters in these early years Louis seems to have shown affection, mixed with a patronage akin to that of an English schoolboy. Episodes of quasi-paternal dealing stand forth at intervals. He would send meat from his own dishes to Gaston, the youngest brother, and would restrain "Madame" from drinking wine.

"I am a year older than you," said the monarch, autocratically.

On November 16, 1611, the little Duc d'Orléans,[1] aged four years, died at St Germain. Pretty tales of the usual kind were heard around the little death-bed. He had seen a vision—"bon papa" wanted to see him. "I will kiss him ever so much!" said the dying child, joyously. He died at midnight, and next morning the news was brought to the young king, on waking, by the Marquis d'Ancre.

Nightmare and a terror of ghosts were frequent, indicating, together with graver symptoms, the neurotic taint which, later, gives a key to some of the puzzles of the reign.

[1] The author has failed to find any contemporary authority for the statement, made by some modern genealogists, that this, the second son of Henri IV., was named Nicolas. The *sage-femme* and many others unite in saying that he died unnamed.

Louis would often have two valets to stand beside his bed till he dropped off to sleep. For some of these disturbances, prosaic clues may be found in indigestion. His suppers, at times, were heavy. On St Cecilia's Day, 1611, when he was ten years old, he ate of two kinds of soup, a dish of cockscombs, boiled fowl and veal, the marrow from a bone, followed by a chicken roasted brown, of which he had a goodly helping; after which came sweet dishes and dessert, with, as the recorder tersely adds—"*pain peù.*" After all this came a little digestive dose to keep all steady. So it is not surprising that he woke one night in terror because he had heard that a lady of the Court, who had died the week before, had been seen, a ghostly visitant, in the queen-mother's apartments.

On Christmas Eve of this same year Louis first attended the three masses [1] of the feast at midnight, and was regaled at 1 a.m. with a slice or two of sausage, perhaps the classic *boudin* of *reveillon.*

On September 27, 1614, the king attained his majority, upon completing his thirteenth year, according to an Act of Charles V., and on October 2 he went in state with the regent, the royal family, princes and peers to Parliament. In garments sparkling with diamonds, Louis rode with a mounted company of about eight hundred gentlemen, all adorned with aigrettes and chains of gems and with diamond badges. The royal ladies followed, and a brilliant throng was formed in the great gilded hall of the Palais Bourbon, close to the Louvre. The king, sitting in his *lit-de-justice*, had on his right the regent, while in a chair of state sat Gaston, Duc d'Anjou, the king's surviving brother and heir-presumptive. Here, too, among the highest in the land, we find the Marquis d'Ancre, now for a year past a Marshal of France, while with Mesdames, the royal sisters, and their *gouvernante*, who is still Madame de Montglat, is the little woman with weird eyes and vivacious mannerisms, Leonora, Maréchale d'Ancre. In the same group are included the half-sisters of Vendôme and Verneuil, while in a *loge* upon the

[1] On the Feast of the Nativity of our Lord the priests of the Catholic Church are privileged to say three masses in succession.

left hand is that strange presence, the ex-queen Marguérite de Valois, now so near to death.

In the height of a scene, where all should have been joyous loyalty, the feelings of *les grands* were rasped once more to the uttermost. The Italian, insufferably presumptuous, was seen to seat himself on a chair just behind the young monarch and his mother. Blood came near to boiling-point. Was the favourite made too fatuous by crowding honours to divine what his act would mean, stored up against a day of reckoning by the spectators, already banded by a common intolerance of his pretensions?

The regent made a short speech, surrendering her rule into the king's hands, and Louis then offered her his thanks, and concluded with a declaration, desiring her to continue in office; and this ended, the queen-mother rose and did obeisance to her son. We may safely conclude that the scene had been rehearsed at the instance of Marie de Médicis and her advisers, and, indeed, there would scarcely be opposition from a king whose only care was to have time for gambols with his dogs, or for falconry, and the shooting of little birds with the cross-bow in the palace gardens.

"Tell him," he directed, in sending two cooked sparrows to his tutor's table, "that they are the *ortolans of the Tuileries*."

Poor Louis! he was very young, and there was no strong man at hand. For who was his intimate? Why, that De Luynes, great in training of the falcon and the magpie, who, together with his brothers of indistinct pedigree, was becoming prominent among Court personages. De Luynes, introduced as a safe tool by the Maréchal d'Ancre, who did not foresee how the viper he had warmed would retaliate on him. De Luynes, twenty years older than the boy, and who sat alone by his bedside at night-time, talking interminably in whispers, and impressing his personality so intimately upon the susceptible temperament of the young king that, even in his sleep, he would cry out for "Luynes!" and the ever-watchful body-physician, stealing to his side in the night watches, would ponder over

THE MAJORITY OF LOUIS XIII

FROM THE PICTURE BY RUBENS IN THE LOUVRE

this obsession. Over the youthful head proceeded Court dissension and intrigue. The day was yet to come when a hand and brain of tempered steel were to command the ship of state, and wield a sway, relentless and imperturbable over the unkingly sovereign.

CHAPTER III

THE DAWNING OF RICHELIEU

ON March 18, 1612, as we are told, King Louis went to the church of St André-des-Arcs to hear the sermon of "M. de Richelieu, évêque de Luçon," a prelate then in the twenty-seventh year of his age and the fifth of his episcopate. Although he and his family had already become objects of royal favour, it is noticeable how little the capabilities of the future statesman and cardinal were observed or even suspected by the world at large. One there was, indeed, a member of the noble family of Le Clerc du Tremblay, who, a year earlier, had first become acquainted with the young bishop, and had divined that here was a coming power. This Capuchin monk, who had renounced arms and a brilliant future to retire, against the wishes of his family, into the cloister as *le père Joseph*, uttered with no uncertain sound the praises of this object of his admiration. He had made his views known in a powerful quarter, and had enlisted the private offices of the Marquise d'Ancre in bringing the Bishop of Luçon to the particular notice of the queen-regent.

Let us refresh our memory with a little retrospect regarding Richelieu and his family history.

Armand Jean du Plessis came of a cadet branch of a noble family long settled in Poitou. The name of Du Plessis recurs in episodes of kingly patronage and friendship. It was to one of the clan, a member of the Du Mornay contingent, that Henri IV., burning with a friend's indignant sympathy, wrote, after an attack had been made upon him at Angers, where he was upon the king's business, and where he had been beaten with a stick *par un Gentilhomme son Ennemy*.

"I share the outrage as your sovereign and as your friend. . . . Towards you I will carry out the office of the king, the ruler and the friend."

The branch to which the great cardinal belonged had acquired from one of its possessions the territorial surname of De Richelieu. Before the days of Henri IV. poverty had settled upon the seigneurs of Richelieu. But their pride of lineage was well sustained. Richelieu himself would retrace his genealogy through the female line to early kings of France, and why should he not, for those sovereigns of old often took to wife the daughters of the great lords of ancient France.

"To-day," says the Abbé Lacroix,[1] "such considerations leave us somewhat cold," but in the time of Richelieu they were of magnitude, and he was tenacious of his claim to royal descent. Marie Louise de Montpensier, "la Grande Mademoiselle," niece to Louis XIII., says that, at the Château de Richelieu, on the fireplace of one of the living-rooms, were the family arms originally placed there during the lifetime of the Cardinal's father, and which Richelieu caused to be left as they were, on account of the collar of the Holy Ghost which was displayed in them, "in order to convince those who are in the habit of decrying the origin of royal favourites that he was born a gentleman and of good family. His paternal grandfather had married Françoise, a daughter of the noble house of De Rochechouart. Their son, François du Plessis, Marquis de Richelieu, had taken for his wife Suzanne de la Porte, from a family which was a neighbour in Poitou. The bride's father was a member of the legal profession and of the parliament of Paris, and was a man of wide ability. We may find it interesting to consider Richelieu as derived from these two of his ancestors with their characteristics—the grandmother, an imperious aristocrat, importing haughtily her Rochechouart blood into the less glorious era of Du Plessis, and the politician De la Porte, of bourgeois extraction, handing down his mental equipment to the Cardinal, third son of his daughter and the Marquis, who was born on September 9, 1585.

[1] *Richelieu à Luçon.*

Discussion has concerned itself with Richelieu's birthplace. It seems fairly well established that he was born in Paris. True, that a room in the family Château of Richelieu was pointed out as the scene of honour. La Grande Mademoiselle again says that the inconsistence of the interior of the Château de Richelieu, as rebuilt by the Cardinal, with the magnificent exterior, was partly due to his desire to preserve the chamber in which he was born.

Still, the greater weight is on the side of the Paris claim. Richelieu, whether in earnest or to please his supporters, spoke of himself as by birth a Parisian; the consideration, in any case, is one of sentiment alone. The baptism of Armand Jean appears, on good authority, to have taken place in May 1586, in the half-finished parish church of St Eustache, the registers of which were destroyed in the Commune of 1871. Grandmother de Rochechouart was the godmother. The infant was among the last who had, according to the ancient church custom, two godfathers and a godmother. The Catholic Council of Trent, desiring to do away with complications of spiritual affinity, had arranged to restrict the number of sponsors to two.

Armand Jean was only four years old at the time of his father's death, an event which brought urgent calamity to the widow and her children, for François du Plessis left heavy financial embarrassment behind him;—a very moderate country-house;—predecessor of the mansion built in after years by the cardinal-statesman;—attenuated revenues and debts. To pay for the funeral the widow was obliged to sell the costly collar of the Order of the Holy Ghost, of which her lord had been a knight. Nor could she relieve the tension by any adjustment with the heir, for the cutting of an entail was an impossibility under the French law of inheritance. The Marquise de Richelieu, however, was no common woman. With a love and veneration for her husband's memory which she never outwore, she united a keen attention to the interests of her young family. When the king, Henri IV., proffered a post at Court to the widow, she decided to refuse the honour, reflecting on the difficulty of guarding and educating her offspring while occupying

such a position. Then she humbly recommended her eldest son, Henri, to the royal notice. The king was touched by the maternal zeal and gave the youth an entry at the Court. *His* career was allotted by fate and primogeniture. For Alphonse, the second son, the family bishopric of Luçon was kept warm, according to the lax custom of the day, while Armand Jean, in course of time, assumed, as became a gentleman of France, the profession of arms.

Fate, however, was to shuffle the cards. Alphonse had been, for a short time only, bishop-designate of Luçon when an irresistible vocation to the ranks of the regular clergy impelled him to the cloister of the Carthusian order. Here was a fresh complication for the family exchequer. The revenues of the see, though not dazzling, came in usefully in meeting claims on the estates. We may listen to the story of the mother's interview with her soldier-son, as told by M. Bonneau-Avenant.[1] The Marquise gently pointed out to him the difficulties in which the latest move of his brother Alphonse had placed her. How were the revenues of the see of Luçon to be retained in the family?

"Ma mère," cried the young Marquis de Chillou (a title derived from a minor fee of the Richelieu family), springing into her arms, "I will myself enter the Church in the emergency." The episode, if without formal basis, is picturesque, says the Abbé Lacroix.

It was about 1605 that young Du Plessis thus relinquished the profession of arms and petitioned Henri IV. for a grant of the bishopric of Luçon, which was still being kept warm by a former curé of the parish of Richelieu—the "warming pan" bearing the incongruous name of "Hiver." Henri IV. gave the patent, and the young soldier plunged into the study of theology, first at the Sorbonne, and later, under private instruction, in the provinces. Indications are afforded that Richelieu's mental capacity soon displayed itself in the new arena. After the course of studies came the question of obtaining the papal licence to hold the see of Luçon in person, without which the royal grant would be inoperative. Here the candidate's extreme youth was an

[1] *La Duchesse d'Aiguillon.*

obstacle. Henri IV., through Cardinals Perron and Joyeuse, advocated the claim of his protégé, and furthered his petition for a dispensation for consecration under the canonical age. Paul V. was, in 1607, harassed by the internal affairs of Italy, so that this matter of a minor French see was shelved for the time being. The way to do a thing well is to do it oneself. Richelieu set out for Rome and presented himself before the Papal Curia to press his point home. And here comes in the tale which has roused such thick debate on either hand, though it in truth lacks even the distinction of being well-invented. Young Armand, so it runs, presented as his own the baptism certificate of his elder brother, Alphonse, in order, by a fictitious advance in years, to further his own claim. The trick, however, was detected.

"Ha! ha!" remarked the Pontiff, "this youngster has cunning enough to carry him a long way; he ought to come to the front."

The saying is fathered on the Pope; it has a strong flavour of its more likely birthplace in the mouth of Gallic cynicism.

Such is the story told by Richelieu's contemporaries, who, however, as we must bear in mind, were often more in the dark about the early years of the great minister of Louis XIII. than they might have been about the dead of previous centuries. Richelieu, too, was a man well hated, the public ear and tongue turned with the conviction of desire to any voicing of its animosity. On the other hand, critics less involved in the bitterness of that period have pointed out that as the aspirant for consecration had already entered into treaty for a dispensation, it would have been indeed a superfluity of naughtiness to introduce the substituted baptism certificate into the pleas. The trick, some say, was remembered against Richelieu in later years, when the matter of his Cardinalate was in process. We shall see for ourselves, when we reach that point, what forces, working underground, really conduced to the delay in sending the hat. Reports concur with regard to the favourable impression produced at Rome by the young theologian's preaching. Paul V. consented to be gracious and Richelieu received

episcopal consecration. The orders of sacerdotalism were presumably conferred previously by a grace which dispensed the candidate from the usual regulations. Examples of such administration *en bloc* were not rare in those days of elastic discipline. No record, states the Abbé Lacroix, has been found of the priestly ordination. Richelieu was under twenty-two at his consecration on April 17, 1607. Within a short time he returned to Paris, receiving a gracious welcome from his sovereign. "*My* bishop," said Henri IV., genially, and the young prelate may well have seen great possibilities before him in such an atmosphere of royal favour. On the public, as we have already noticed, the Bishop of Luçon had made no particular impression. It takes brain-power to appraise the dower in others, and none could have looked ahead to the developments of this diocesan of an obscure provincial see. The assassination of Henri IV. doubtless rendered Richelieu's aspirations tremulous, but he fell into the ranks of the Italian favourites, and the patronage of the queen-regent was in turn bestowed on him.

Marie de Médicis had, in earlier days, rejected the proposal that the young Marquise de Richelieu, sister-in-law to the Bishop of Luçon, should be appointed as mistress of the robes. Henri IV. urged her to receive the lady, but the queen wished that the favoured Leonora should hold the office, and in the end the king had given way to her petulant desires.

The bishop's first political opportunity came when, after an interval of many years, the Estates-General of the realm were convened in the autumn of 1614. Sens had first been indicated as the destined place of meeting, but when the disturbances of the Court malcontents spread into the provinces, it had seemed safer to bring the meeting within the capital, where military restraint could be efficiently enforced. The Bishop of Luçon, by the help of some partizan tactics, was appointed as deputy for the clergy. The deputies reached Paris, "not," says M. Hanotaux, "without some grumbling at the coldness of the autumn and the lateness of the season." Those who had arrived by

October 2 attended at the declaration of the king's majority. On October 26 the formal opening of the Etats took place with long and elaborate ceremonies. Assembling at the Convent of the Austin Canons at eight in the morning, the three estates accompanied the king, the queen-mother and the royal family in procession to the church of Nôtre Dame.

M. Hanotaux gives a full and graphic description of this procession,[1] telling of the crowd of beggars, halt and maimed, who, according to custom, headed it. Three cardinals preceded the Archbishop of Paris, who, surrounded by his clergy, bore the Sacred Host under a canopy, the four corners of which were supported by princely persons.

Under a second canopy walked Louis, *morose et vêtu de blanc.* After him came his mother, in her widow's garments, and her ladies and maids, and also *cette délicate et fragile Elisabeth fiancée au roi d Espagne, lumineuse dans sa robe de toile d'argent.*

Here, too, as in other scenes, appeared incongruously the ex-queen Marguérite. Then, on foot and bearing lighted candles, came great ladies of the Court and men of the noblesse, all indeed who were privileged by custom to attend upon their majesties. A high mass was celebrated at the Cathedral, and next day the deputies met for business in the great Salle Bourbon, opposite the Louvre. Here, surrounded by his Court, the young king, clad in white, rose from the throne and, standing beneath the canopy of violet velvet patterned with the royal flower, opened the sitting. The proceedings lasted all day ; endless were the orations poured out by one and another. Louis may well have wished in secret that he could have brought his bed with him as he used openly to desire for the long sermons of the Court preachers. We need not follow the official account through its long-drawn platitudes.[2] Party obstructiveness added to the harassment. A section, civil and Gallican, had pitted

[1] *Richelieu*, G. Hanotaux, II. Pt. i. p. 5.

[2] M. Hanotaux has reduced the record of the proceedings to lucid reading in his *Richelieu.*

itself against the Ultramontanists. "Les hommes de robe en France n'ont jamais aimé Rome," alleges M. Hanotaux.

The Tiers Etat showed itself throughout recalcitrant; the commons would be dealt with neither by intermediaries from the noblesse nor from the ecclesiastical order. As a last resource, the clergy turned to Pierre Fenouillet, Bishop of Montpellier, who directed against the inflexibility of the Third Estate a string of his most dazzling metaphors. But in vain did he deploy the "Spartan metal, the temple of Solomon, the firmament, the equinox, the furies and the flames"; all was unavailing, the stubborn Tiers was not even singed by all this fire of rhetoric: the clerics "were at a loss to know which saint they should call to their assistance."

Turning from these vast affairs, we surprise the king, one November day, slipping for a rest into the Hôtel Bourgogne, whence he despatched his favourite De Luynes to fetch cream buns from the neighbouring pastry cook.

CHAPTER IV

THE KING'S MARRIAGE

FROM the earliest days of Louis' childhood the project of a Spanish marriage had been familiar both to him and to the royal entourage. On September 28, 1601, the day after his birth, news of the birth of the Infanta of Spain, on September 22, had reached the French Court. The vision of a marriage between the baby pair was already in the air before the year had rounded to the first anniversary of the Dauphin's birth. The year-old heir-apparent, giving audience to the bearers of birthday homage, received, among the rest, congratulations from an ancient Spaniard who, tearful with emotion, gave his blessing to the child as he entered and quitted the reception chamber, uttering hopes for a marriage with the eldest child of Spain. With the ungarnished grossness of the age, the question was discussed before and with the child, with detail and suggestion of so intimate a nature that they can here only receive the notice of remote allusion. After the death of Henri IV. the project, always dear to Marie de Médicis and her Florentine relatives, assumed still more distinct form. Yet there was not wanting opposition from those who argued that an alliance between France and Spain could not work, since their political interests ran counter to one another. A Court faction had early instilled this antagonism into the child's mind.

"You must forgive your enemies," said a Court ecclesiastic, instructing the boy.

"Except the Spaniards," urged the child, "for they are the enemies of *papa*."

All the same, the Dauphin placed Spain before England as a field for marriage alliance, Spain having *plus de grandeur*.

Spain was then indeed in the front rank of the great powers, and it may sting our insular pride a little to recall that an alliance with her royal house ranked before one with the Prince of Wales, son of James I., for "Madame" of France.

On her side, too, Spain offered some protest in modification of a scheme which would debar from the succession a princess who, since the Salic law of feminine exclusion did not operate in Spain, was a potential sovereign in her own right. Her younger sister, Doña Maria, was proposed, but France declined the cadet offspring in alliance.

In 1611 treaties for the marriage were in form. They included an alliance, second only in interest, between Elisabeth, the eldest princess of France, born in 1602, and Philip Victor, heir to the crown of Spain, who was two years younger than his betrothed. In 1612 the solemn betrothal of King Louis took place, and was celebrated with splendid fêtes in Paris on March 6, 7, and 8. Addresses of congratulation were offered to the regent.

"The queen, as most devoted mother and most prudent and upright regent, rightly estimating that no other alliance could be so suitable and so advantageous to the realm of France as one with Spain, has arranged the marriage of the King, her son, with the Infanta. And the King of Spain, being well able to realize that even Solomon in all his glory cannot compare with the splendour of the fleur-de-lys, recognizes that if such a match was in former days considered worthy of the greatest princes of the earth, it is more than ever so in a day of such prosperity for France."

This opening is followed by a lengthy harangue, crowded with classic and historic allusions, served up in the most florid terms.

For three days pageants were presented in the Place Royale to celebrate the betrothal. Princes and nobles filed upon the scene in processional detachments, with trumpeters and steeds clothed alike in cloth of silver, or in velvet, gorgeous with bullion. At intervals came triumphal cars with set scenes, such as may be seen in our London Lord Mayor's Show. A few may be described.

"Une Machine" made of imitation rock-work, with a miniature forest in which played a band of hautbois, drawn by six horses abreast, draped in cloth of silver, red and white.

Two Elephants.

Another "Machine," representing a forest in which was Orpheus accompanied by a band of lutes and voices, all young children, *qui alloit d'elle mesme.* The hidden motive power of the self-moving car is not revealed, but no doubt it depended on the limbs of sturdy Frenchmen.

Children dressed as Cupids bore up two monster crowns, and on foot followed a band of wood-wind instruments, playing ballet music in time to which the chargers of the young Duc de Vendôme and of five great seigneurs of France moved in figures of the dance.

Captive monarchs, chained about the neck, were a less cheerful feature of the scene from the humanitarian view of our twentieth century. However, they were evidently mere "supers," travelling in company with goddesses in graven bronze and with a man dressed as a bishop who scattered *cartels* to the crowd.

Two Giants—"faithfully represented"—appeared in one group.

Another item was a ship floating on water and surrounded by bandsmen, naked to the waist, and blowing upon conches.

The knights of Diana appeared in the sixth detachment, with another band playing in a thicket in which *un rossignol chantait incessament.*

In the seventh company young Henri de Montmorenci, son of the Constable, figured as Perseus with the three Fates, seated triangular-wise, and accompanied by the inevitable band.

The *excellente musique* and the agreeable strains are impressed on the reader in every paragraph of the account, but it must be surmised that their combination in even so large an area may have been of rather doubtful and confused effect.

But away with carping!

A Great Rock from which flowed streams of wine, and which was followed by a flying dragon "all going of itself,"

was probably from the view of the populace, the *pièce de résistance* of the splendid show, which was witnessed, says a contemporary, by ten thousand spectators.

Sports and military display went on all day, and on Saturday night the climax was attained when, amidst the firing of artillery, the sham fortress burst into flames, two thousand rockets rose into the air, and there appeared, as a set piece, the letters M. and L. and a fête, each surmounted with a royal crown, which burned for a quarter of an hour, while one hundred pieces of ordnance thundered on the boulevard of the Porte of St Antoine.

The king and the queen-regent then retired amid the firing of salutes.

"Such were the illuminations that all Paris seemed ablaze. Such were the rejoicings to which all were moved by this happy alliance."

Little weighted by their matrimonial prospects, the King and Madame continued their youthful pursuits; they joined in cookery experiments as in their nursery days, the prospective bridegroom displaying indeed an insouciance greater even than that of his eleven years. On April 12 he had been taken ill with small-pox, a simple case evidently, for in two days' time he was sitting up in bed, in the best of spirits, making clothes for Robert, his monkey. On August 18 in the same year, 1612, the Spanish ambassador presented to him twenty-four of the sweet-scented *peaux d'Espagne* and fifty pairs of gloves. These, as the Master of the Wardrobe told him, should be kept as gifts for illustrious foreign guests.

"Oh! no," protested the boy. "They will make collars for my dogs and harness for my ponies."

Nor did Madame's affairs awake awe in his intelligence, for, like any schoolboy, he jogged her elbow as she signed the marriage-contract with Prince Philip, on August 25.

The king's marriage did not take place for three years, by which time the bridal pair had reached the age of fourteen.

On April 15, 1615, a special envoy from Spain returned to Madrid, bearing the king's portrait and a diamond

bracelet as gifts for the Infanta. In August the king and his mother left Paris with an escort of light horse, to journey to the south of France in order to effect the exchange of the princesses of France and Spain, which was to be carried out upon the frontier river of the Bidassoa. The Duc de Guise was commissioned to direct this undertaking. The journey was not without hindrance, for Madame and the queen-regent having both been attacked by small-pox, the Court was detained at Poitiers from September 14 to 28; the king, although he had already had the disease, being isolated in a separate dwelling.

On October 17, at Bordeaux, the solemn contract of Madame to Philip, prince of the Asturias, was carried out by procuration, the Archbishop of Bordeaux and the Duc de Guise standing for the most Catholic king, Philip III., and the bridegroom, and on the following day the marriages were carried out, Madame's in Bordeaux, and that of Louis at Burgos in Spain, where the Duc d'Usseda stood as his majesty's proxy. Then on October 20 the young Elisabeth had to say good-bye to her mother. Hurriedly did Marie de Médicis take leave of her eldest daughter, dreading the failure of her own fortitude.

The parting between Louis and his sister on October 21 was full of sorrow; perhaps in all his life he showed no instance of more true and natural affection than he then displayed. At eleven that morning the king and the princess drove in a coach with their half-sister of Vendôme and other royal ladies through the streets of Bordeaux, choking back their sobs and tears. Half a league beyond the Porte St Julien came the final moment. Then nature broke forth, and the young pair embraced and wept till the surrounders were moved to tears, all except don Inego de Cardenas, ambassador and negotiator of the marriage. To the grandee of Spain the exhibition was undignified. He looked on dry-eyed, and at length intervened to end these farewells, exclaiming in loud and penetrating tones: "Come, come! Princess of Spain!" The coach proceeded, and Louis returned, weeping, to his mother, and suffered next day from a headache as a resultant of his emotion.

On November 9 the exchange of princesses took place. The new queen of France had halted at Fontarabia, the Princess of Spain at St Jean de Luz, and on the river Bidassoa, at a spot between those places, the ceremony was to be carried out.

On each bank of the river had been erected a wooden pavilion, surmounted by a crown. So rigorous was etiquette regarding equality of display, that when the Spaniards added a globe and crown to their decorations they had to remove them in order that the French might not be outdone. The bank on the French side was so steep that it was necessary to cleave away some of the rock from the lower slope of the mountain in order to erect the temporary building. Staging was erected to seat the ladies of the suites and many other spectators. In mid-stream, upon four boats, were erected two more pavilions. On the great day the young brides left St Jean de Luz and Fontarabia respectively, and dined and attired themselves near to the place appointed; the Infanta's halt was made at Irun. A royal Spanish marriage of to-day has made these names familiar as halting-places in the bridal progress of an English princess.

The official acts of the marriages having been read in the pavilions in mid-stream, the processions of the brides approached down the mountain sides to gain the river bank. The Spanish bride first appeared, which threw the assembled Spaniards into such an excitement of expectation for the appearance of the French bride, that "had their country been lost to them for ever, they could not have made more uproar over it." The people from both banks crowded in boats upon the stream. The brides, after a short halt in the shore pavilions, now embarked in their respective boats with the entourage of the great nobles. The *reine-infante* would not enter her boat until the moment that her new sister-in-law embarked on the French side, and so exact was the "punctilio" that the French boat was carefully retarded by the Duc de Guise lest it should arrive too early at the pavilions in mid-stream. The duke led young Elisabeth into the pavilion, where Spaniards came to kiss her hand, while the French did similar homage to Anne,

who was led by the Duc d'Usseda. At last came the moment when the two young girls advanced in courtly state to kiss one another. Long they talked together, while their principal ladies also exchanged polite compliments. Chairs had been placed, but the brides stood all the time together. Then they bade farewell, but here were seen no tears; "all were delighted to behold the dignity of their departure; if any thought to weep, their tears were laughed away."

Elisabeth passed over to the Spanish shore and the infanta-queen to France, amid the sound of string and wind instruments and the beating of drums. The Swiss guard preceded Anne in her litter to St Jean, torch-bearers surrounded her, and the royal cavalry followed. It was one in the morning before the bride reached her destination, and at once a courier was despatched to Bordeaux to carry to Louis and his mother the news of the due accomplishment of the exchange. On November 11 the bride moved on to Bayonne, where she received letters from the king and the queen-mother, sent by De Luynes—"l'un de mes plus confidents serviteurs"—as the young king described him in writing, who was to assure the bride of the king's impatience to offer her in person his love and service. The letter of Marie de Médicis gave even greater assurance of the warmth of expectation. It needs no great imaginative power to feel how the girlish heart would swell at these words; purely formal as they may have been on the writer's side, they would be expanded into a volume of longing love and be laid up as the premium of her own romantic ecstasy in the youthful heart. The messenger was to return that same day, so only a hasty note could be sent in answer. Resting the paper on her knee the girl queen wrote her little message, mixed of formality and feeling, ending with, "May God guard you. I kiss your majesty's hands.

ANA"

She wrote in the tongue of her nativity.

From November 12 to 21 Anne journeyed by stages to Bordeaux, receiving another letter from the king on the way. With the last stage the king broke out into an episode of boyish adventure. He journeyed out to the final halting-

place and took a peep through a window at his unknown bride as she entered her coach. She set off for Bordeaux, followed shortly after by the king. A short distance from the town he overtook her in a wide part of the road, and gave orders that he should be driven slowly by her side. Looking out of his coach at her he laughed merrily, calling to her *Io son incognito!* Then he cried, "Whip up" to the coachman, and presently, mounting his horse, galloped on to Bordeaux, which he reached an hour before the bride.

This little incident would give the queen more assurance for her state reception, where all was to be formal. Louis, seated on a high platform, approached by steps, waited with his mother for the bride. The Princesse de Conti received Anne at the stairway and Marie de Médicis advanced into the *salle* to meet her, leading her to the king, who came down two steps of the platform to receive her. Then he seated himself with the queen-mother on his right and the queen-consort on his left. In a quarter of an hour the interview was at an end and they went to their respective apartments.

Next day was Sunday, and then occurred a charming little meeting which seemed of happy augury for the future intercourse of the young pair, and encouraged the Court in hopes that the somewhat loutish boy would enter into the relations of a bridegroom with aplomb. He went to visit his queen at her dressing and found her seeking a crimson feather to go with a white one.

"Take what you want from this," said Louis, handing her his hat in which were two crimson plumes. Anne took one of the feathers, and then said Louis,

"Now you must give me one of those bows you are wearing."

Smiling, she handed him the crimson bow, which he fastened in his hat.

Altogether, we may believe that Anne looked forward with the loving confidence of her young being to November 25, St Catherine's Day, which had been fixed for the nuptial benediction and the completion of the marriage. The people, too, were full of ardour for the event, and were not damped by the long waiting on the wedding-day, when

the church ceremony took place in the church of St André, between four and five in the afternoon. The procession of the queen-mother arrived in advance, Marie de Médicis still wearing the full sables of her widowhood, though her ladies were gorgeous in gold brocade and gems. The young queen's ladies next arrived, all splendidly attired in Spanish dress, and, shortly after, the bridal pair entered and advanced to chairs of violet velvet, sprigged with fleur-de-lys, which were set for them on a platform before the high altar. The king, wearing a mantle of silver brocade embroidered with gold, and laden with costly badges, mounted the platform first, then turning, gave his hand to the queen, who was in state robes of violet velvet, patterned with fleur-de-lys, and with a Court mantle of the same material trimmed with ermine. On her head she wore a golden crown. Princes and nobles followed, while burning tapers developed the radiance of the scene.

All remarked on the likeness between the young couple, says the report—"no brothers could have more resembled one another."

Mass was celebrated by the Bishop of Xaintes, while a Spanish divine gave the address, dwelling on the marriage of Adam and Eve, but, says the chronicler, forgetting to compare the physical likeness of the royal spouses which had also existed between that earlier pair. The archbishop of Bordeaux, being in disgrace, did not officiate.[1] The king's eyes, smiling, sought his bride's, and she responded joyously, though overburdened by the heat of her robes, and the weight of the crown, to which she frequently raised her hands. When the mass was ended, a veil was spread over the king and queen while the nuptial blessing was given, and then the royal band burst forth, while to the sound of trumpets largesse was scattered, in the form of gold medals struck with the heads of the king and queen and with united crowns upon the obverse. The queen-

[1] Archbishop Sourdis had on November 17 broken into the gaol at Bordeaux and released a prisoner awaiting execution. In the scuffle the gaoler had been killed, and the archbishop, placing the released convict on a boat, had provided for his escape by water.

mother then returned hastily to the king's lodging in the archbishop's house to arrange for the customary blessing of the marriage couch, which was privately performed by one of the Court chaplains.

On their return from church, Louis and his bride retired to their separate apartments, and, as was often the king's custom when fatigued, he went to bed and there had supper, surrounded by young courtiers who, we are told, indulged in the customary ribaldry of the age *pour l'assurer*. At 8 o'clock, in a dressing-gown and slippers, he visited the bridal chamber, escorted, as one account relates, by his mother. Here the solemn installation in the state-couch took place. Stress was laid upon the ceremony by Marie de Médicis, who would seem to have sought by every means at her command to justify the zeal with which she had urged on the marriage of her adolescent son. It was, says a contemporary, "merely for the form."[1] At 10 o'clock the king returned to his own room, and the young queen left the state-bed and sought again the little couch in which she had slept since her arrival at Bordeaux. Such points, otherwise negligeable, have their bearing on the subsequent complications to which the peculiar relations of the king and queen gave rise in coming years.

On the following Sunday the king and queen made a public appearance in Bordeaux on a platform erected at the corner of their dwelling. On the Monday the king inspected in the courtyard the horses sent as a present from the King of Spain, all caparisoned with cloth of gold. There were nineteen of them, the twentieth having, it was alleged, been drowned on the journey.

On December 1 a ballet in the Spanish style was danced in the young queen's rooms by her ladies-in-waiting, but the invitation of the Jesuits to a comedy with the ponderous title "The Marriage of Solomon" was declined by the king.

[1] Certain circumstantial details given by Héroard, the king's physician, would seem to have been either the result of a careful "inspiration" from higher quarters or of trickery played on an elderly and ingenuous witness. Later entries in his journal suggest that Héroard himself suspected an imposition.

Municipal hospitality took the form of a banquet of confectionery at the Town Hall, where the king ate but little, and on December 8 the fêtes terminated with a display of fireworks from boats on the river outside the town.

On December 10 the king held a *lit de justice* in the local parliament; on the 12th he gave audience to the Russian ambassador, and on the 14th he indemnified himself for the cares of state by making a quince pasty in the *gobelet*. On the 17th the Court left Bordeaux. As with most journeys in those days, this was not without adventure, the king's coach being upset, though none was hurt except the *gouverneur*, De Souvré, who hit his nose against a stone. The more alarming adventures of the queen-mother and of Bassompierre will be noted in a later chapter. Louis was in his element once more when the occasion arose for shoeing a horse and setting up his little camp-bedstead.

Those early months of marriage must have been a time of dreary disillusionment for Anne of Austria. No happy domesticity followed on the promise of the first day at Bordeaux. It was not until April 18 that the young pair took even a meal together. Formal visits were paid by Louis to the queen, and sometimes she would return them in his rooms, where he even rose on one occasion to the preparation of a little feast of sweetmeats for her, but was obliged to stretch himself, exhausted, on a couch before she arrived to accept the hospitality. A monarch and a husband lolling on his couch and playing with his silver soldiers during his queen's visit, within a few months of marriage, must have damped enthusiasm. However, he did sometimes exert himself enough to dance a ballet before the queen, and the rehearsals of his performance are frequently noted.

Troubles soon arose between the Spanish women-of-the-bedchamber and the French attendants. A number of the young queen's retinue had been dismissed by the king and his mother at Bordeaux and sent back to Spain, and in the squabbles of the remainder the king seems to have sided zealously with his own countrywomen. The influence of an old nurse is often potent, and one day in June, when the Spanish women had taken away the keys of the queen's

wardrobe from the keeping of his nurse, "Maman Doudun's," daughter, the king, in a fit of childish anger, imprisoned the offenders under lock and key. Another time he was roused to a fury of grief, less poetic than that of Catullus, by the conviction that some of them had stolen *sa linotte extrêmement brune.* His dogs still absorbed a larger share of his attention than he accorded to poor Anne.

Marie de Médicis continued to pursue the tactics of the apron-string. We behold this youth of fifteen years, this reigning sovereign, this married man, consenting after four days' importunity from his mother to take a dismal black draught, provided that, as in his baby years, it was tempered by milk of almonds. Even then, the power that was to take France, her sovereign and her Court in the relentless grip of its genius, was but on the horizon, giving no intimation to the common eye of its future immensity.

Note.—Gobelet, p. 48, l. 9. This word is the equivalent of "pastry" as used by Shakespeare in Romeo and Juliet, *i.e.* one of the domestic offices. "They call for dates and quinces in the pastry," Act iv., Scene 4.

CHAPTER V

THE COUP D'ETAT OF 1617

"THE King has no politics!"

Such is the reminder which the English sovereign of to-day gives to a subject.

Well would it have been for France and for her king in the young reign of Louis XIII. if the regent could with equal truth have disclaimed party action. A few there were, among the advisers of Marie de Médicis, who had tried in vain to impress on her the error of involving herself in the factions of the princes; she persisted in her scheme of purchasing their allegiance by extravagant gifts. Thousands of *livres* were granted to Condé, and to the Ducs de Longueville and Mayenne. Bouillon, another noble, now returned to Court, was treated with a like cajolery. The treasury, which, by Sully's pains, had been replenished during the former reign, had, since the retirement of the minister, served chiefly to furnish funds for the regent's squandering. Swiftly came the day of scarceness. At the time of the Estates-General in 1614, the Court purveyor was lamenting his loss in having provided a large stock of meat just before a general abstinence was decreed by the Church, in preparation for the occasion.

"Don't be uneasy—I will make it up to you," said the young king airily; and turning to his *maître d'hôtel* he commanded him to reimburse the tradesman. To which that officer rejoined that he had no cash in hand.

This disgrace was a household one, but a more public scandal came later on when the Swiss guards clamoured to the regent for long arrears of pay.

Meanwhile the shifting of factions was kaleidoscopic. Ancre hoped by pitting one set of the noblesse against

another to gain cover for his own designs. But even the ancient grudge of the Ducs de Mayenne and Bouillon against those of Epernon and Bellegarde was less remorseless than their common animosity against the Italian. Underhand intrigue seemed to circulate as in some shady game ; each, with ignoble individualism, striving to hide his hand from his partizans, and to play it for his own sordid benefit alone. "Alas!" explains one chronicler, "there was no public spirit and no zeal to enhance the common-weal of France." The women of the several families egged on the male dissentients, forming inner circles of grievance and intrigue among themselves.

"The Comtesse de Soissons and the Duchesse de Nevers, jealous to extremity of the high estimation in which the Duchesse de Guise and the Princesse de Conti were held by the queen-mother, joined the faction of the court malcontents and entangled in it their husbands and their lovers."

Condé, seeking his own supremacy, stirred up the surrounding broils with energy, while Bouillon was the match which kindled the conflagration. He induced the prince and several of the great nobles to leave the Court—he stirred up young Vendôme to raise the Bretons, of whom he was the governor. Like small fires, here and there over a large area, civil revolt broke out in the provinces. The regent was aghast and sought to deal a counter-stroke. From the dungeons of the Bastille she brought forth an almost forgotten figure, the Comte d'Auvergne, the bastard son of Charles IX., who, for conspiracy with Biron[1] in 1602, had suffered the penalty of imprisonment. His mother was the mother too, by a lawful father, of the hated Marquise de Verneuil. And now he was drawn forth to be pitted against the princes, his blood-kin, in the rebellion.

On June 26, 1616, Louis received the Comte in audience in his own apartments at the Louvre. Kneeling on one knee, the released conspirator craved for pardon ; the king sought to raise him up, the Comte resisted. He petitioned

[1] Maréchal Biron had formed a treasonable league with Spain, and had been convicted and beheaded.

for the return of his sword, which the king granted to him.

Condé was now secretly contriving his own recall to Court, unknown even to Bouillon, who had raised the provinces for him. He sent assurances to the queen-mother of his purpose to uphold her favourite, the Maréchal d'Ancre, if he himself were granted the ministry of the Exchequer. His advances were accepted, and he entered Paris that July, more as a conqueror than a rebel. On the 28th Louis was present in his mother's apartments to receive the prince.

The heat was great, and the king, feeling ill, went off to the young queen's room, where she had refreshments prepared for him. He ate nothing, but rested on a couch, and by 4.30 he had recovered sufficiently to leave poor Anne and to go coursing in the Tuileries gardens. "Bread eaten in secret is pleasant,"—three days after this we find the king turning into the house of one of the Court tradesmen and sending a gentleman-in-waiting to fetch some preserved fruit, of which he ate largely.

The factions were not alone in their perplexing variations. Ministries were shuffled off-hand, while the representatives of foreign powers looked on bewildered by tactics so detrimental to the State. The old ministers of Henri IV.—Villeroy, Sillery, Jeannin and the rest—were all shunted in 1616. "Les Barbons," as they were nicknamed, were replaced by "Les Jeunes,"—Barbin, Mangot and Luçon, for the bishop now held office as a Secretary-of-State among these adherents of the hated Ancre.

Paris rankled with fresh sores at the hands of the Maréchal, the detested object of the regent's alleged amour. He now drew down disaster on his head in a fresh episode.

Passport regulations had been stringently enforced during the rebellion. About Easter 1616 the Maréchal d'Ancre arrived one day in his coach at the Porte Bussy, leading to the Faubourg St Germain, then outside the walls. Now the *sergent-de-ville* in charge of this gate was a certain shoemaker, a native of Picardy,[1] and when the Maréchal failed to

[1] *Or*, "a man named Picard." The readings vary.

produce the necessary pass, the gate-keeper stoutly declined to let him through.

"Dog! don't you know who I am?" shouted the angry marquis.

"I know you well enough," retorted the gate-keeper, "and I know my orders too."

Richelieu himself, alluding to the incident, remarks that a gentleman of France, *né en un climat plus bénin*, would have overlooked the affair. But not so the Florentine. He gave orders to his equerry to contrive a punishment for the obdurate janitor, when he could lay hands on him quietly outside the city, and one day in June, coming upon the man in the Faubourg St Germain, two of the marquis's footmen set on him and beat him so terribly that he was left for dead on the spot. He revived, however, to tell the tale, and so tremendous was the popular fury that place and power could not prevail against it. The instigator, it is true, was passed over, but the two servants were tried for the attempt and were executed in the Place de la Grève.

Ancre was thus a man between two fires when the Prince de Condé returned to Paris in July. A third was smouldering secretly towards an end of utter destruction. It was the young king's growing hatred and distrust of his mother's favourites. With secret dexterity Luynes was piling on the fuel. Little had Concini recked, when he placed his creature Luynes about the young king, of the traitor's rôle he was to play.

The history of the brothers Charles, Léon and Honoré d'Albert is, like that of other courtiers of their time, obscured by current gossip. Descended, according to one account, from a grandfather, a cleric of loose character, their only patrimony was a little country house, a vineyard and a small island almost eaten by the Rhône, which properties bore respectively the names of Luynes, Brantès and Cadenet, by which titles the brothers were known in their earlier days at the Court of Louis XIII. Others accord to them a more respectable if not illustrious descent. The father of the trio was *persona grata* with Henri IV., who stood godfather to Charles at a time when he was still a Protestant. Cardinal de

Bourbon, and other Catholics acted as proxies for the royal sponsor. The mother was well-born. All three possessed the qualities and presence of the courtier, and swiftly did they rise to eminence. Upon the door of their sleeping-chamber in the Louvre a wag inscribed the sign, Aux Trois Rois.

Louis clung, with the ardent devotion of boyhood for maturity and experience, to De Luynes. With him he passed the hours in which poor youthful Anne was eating her heart out, deprived of the company of a husband or even a playfellow. Drop by drop De Luynes poured into the boy king's ears the venom of distrust. The favourites, he pointed out, were influencing his mother to keep him out of the offices proper to a sovereign. Louis should stand up for himself. So on and so on, insidiously in those secret hours when Luynes sat by the king's bedside, holding his hand till sleep should have shorn the darkness of its terrors.

Condé we have seen returning, crest held high, to Court, but his solemn undertakings were easily forgotten. Then Marie de Médicis took a fateful and decisive step. On September 1 the prince came to the Louvre to attend a council of the exchequer. Suddenly, around him, the corridors were filled with armed men, the great gates were closed and the Marquis de Thémines, who for this service was afterwards made a Maréchal of France, laying a hand upon his arm, announced :—

" Monsieur le Prince, I arrest you by the King's orders."

Trapped and helpless, Condé was locked into the small library and guarded there while another room was turned into a more serious prison by having iron bars fitted to the windows.

The Ducs de Vendôme and De Mayenne were in the neighourhood of the Louvre when news of the arrest reached them. Inspired with fear of a similar fate, they turned their horses and rode at full speed from the capital to join the Duc de Bouillon in the provinces.

The news sped throughout Paris. The Comte de Brienne was sent from the Louvre to search the Hotel

Condé and impound all documents. But an undiscovered hand had been before him, and everything had been already burned.

In every mother Rizpah arises to wail over her sons. When the tidings were brought to the dowager-princess, who was living at her son's house, she ordered out her coach and drove to the Pont-Neuf, then newly built. Half crazed by the shock, she cried aloud to the passers-by :—

"The Maréchal d'Ancre has killed my son!"

For the moment her hearers were unresponsive, a few, fearing pillage in an expected tumult, took the precaution of closing their shops. But it happened that one was present in the crowd on whose ears this outcry of desperate maternity did not fall sterile. This was the sergeant who had been so nearly done to death by the favourite's orders. His wounds still smarted, and, hurrying to the Hotel Condé, he led the onrush of the prince's servants upon the house of Ancre, in the Faubourg St Germain, distant but a stone's throw. Here they drew into the attacking force the masons who were employed in building the new Palace of the Luxembourg for the queen-mother. With building tools and great baulks of timber they stormed the dwelling, hurling great stones through the windows and battering in the doors. Within, they wrecked everything, throwing the splendid furniture from the windows and wreaking the maniac hatred of a mob on the inanimate objects of the curio collection amassed by the Florentine couple. The house was gutted, even the roof receiving damage, while the neighbouring abode of the Maréchal's secretary was similarly dealt with.

Within the palace the Court party heard of the onslaught with consternation. Greatly relieved were they, says the naïve chronicle, to find that the popular fury had been satisfied to expend itself upon the furniture. Blood, at least, had not flowed in this mimic "Terror."

As soon as the housebreaking frenzy had died down stringent orders were issued by the queen-mother. None might leave the city, any attempting it would be arrested. Guards were sent out to keep order in the streets, and

a message was sent off to the royal stand-by, the Comte d'Auvergne, to lead troops into Paris, which he proceeded to do.

Tardily upon the Maréchal's inflated egoism had been borne in the sense of total disaster. It remained for a domestic calamity to completely unnerve the arrogant alien. To the mismatched pair had been born a son and a daughter, and for the latter a marriage with a prince of the blood had already been discussed. In January 1617 the girl died, and Bassompierre tells how on the day of her death the bereaved father sent to ask him to come to him in the house on the quai du Louvre which he had been allowed to build for himself close to the palace. Bassompierre found him weeping uncontrollably, and tried to reason with him. "Come: pull yourself together," he adjured him, "you must remember what is due to the dignity of a marshal of France. Lamentations such as these are all very well for your wife, but not for you. True that you have lost a charming daughter who might have forwarded your fortunes to a yet higher pitch, but you still have nieces of whom you can dispose in marriage to influential families."

On the outside this may seem to have been a breaking of the bruised reed, but Bassompierre knew his man and knew the age to which they both belonged.

"I might bear this with fortitude," rejoined the Maréchal, "but it is the prospect of the ruin of myself, of my wife and of my son which I see right ahead, and which my wife's incurable obstinacy renders inevitable—this breaks me down. Vainly have I, when I saw misfortune threatening, implored my wife to leave the country and return with me to our far-off native land, where, with the fortune derived from the queen's liberality and our own efforts, we might have lived and married our children into honourable families. I had provided for a place of retirement by my offer to the Pope of the sum of six hundred thousand crowns for a grant of the duchy of Ferrara, where we might have spent the remainder of our days in peace and have bequeathed two millions in gold to our children."

He recounted the extent of his estate, adding, "besides

what we have lost in the pillage of our house, in furniture, gems, silver plate, and ready cash."—He bewailed his deprivation of the governorship of Amiens and other posts:—" and then the disasters which have come on me through a disreputable shoemaker who had insulted me, a marshal of France! Under our very nose they hanged two of our servants for having, at our orders, given a thrashing to that scoundrel of a shoemaker. Now comes the death of my daughter as the culmination of our ruin. Were it not that it would be cowardly and ungrateful towards the queen and also to my wife, to whom I owe so much, I would leave the Maréchale and retire to a country where neither the nobility nor the people of France would seek me out."

The gods were crazing Ancre to lead him to his doom. Not at the hand of the noble or the mob was to come the final blow. The Maréchal forgot to reckon with the ignored boy, kept at play with trifles in the palace; the nobles were indeed irate when he stared into the shop windows and failed to salute them as they passed, but the king's resentment was unthought of.

One November day of 1616 the Maréchal had entered the great gallery of the Louvre looking out upon the river. Near one of the windows stood the king. Without uncovering, without a sign to mark recognition of his sovereign's presence, Ancre went into the embrasure of another window and received obeisance from a hundred persons who had accompanied him and who doffed their headgear in his honour. Broiling with resentment, Louis left the Louvre for an afternoon visit to the Tuileries.

We left the Prince de Condé in his grated chamber at the Louvre. Perhaps in fear of poison, the prisoner would not eat until his own servants were allowed to wait upon him. This privilege was afterwards withdrawn, because a letter from outside was found in a pie that was being served at his table, and the palace servants then took charge. Then he was removed for greater safety to the Bastille, and finally to the fortress of Vincennes, where he spent two years, and where his wife obtained leave (" for the look of the thing," sneered a cynic) to share his captivity.

Louis had now reached the point when he was determined to rid himself of the Maréchal. Few were in his secret. "You are to confer with De Luynes," were the king's commands to Vitry, the captain of the body-guard, "and do as he tells you."

On the morning of April 24, 1617, the Maréchal, reading a letter, came leisurely across the bridge, the subject of so many ribald tales, into the courtyard of the Louvre. Suddenly Vitry tapped him on the arm, saying, "I arrest you in the King's name," and before the Maréchal could turn round, three pistol shots were fired by one of the guard and his body fell lifeless to the ground. The stray bullets left their mark on a beam in the courtyard. The corpse was dragged away by the few attendants present. The posy of flowers fell from the dead hand, one of the clogs, worn to protect the shoes, was dragged off the foot, and no time was lost by the underlings in rifling the dead. The silken scarf was torn from the body, and a famous diamond which, for safety, the Maréchal always carried with him was abstracted. The body, wrapped in a dirty table-cloth, tied at the head and feet with red ribbons, lay that afternoon in the small tennis-court of the palace, and when night fell it was taken silently, without funereal rite or chant, to the church of St Germain l'Auxerrois and buried beneath the organ—a priest, his server and the sexton alone being present. The spot was plastered up that it might seem untouched.

The report of the pistol which killed Ancre had alarmed the palace and the doors had been closed. In the apartments of the queen-mother the dresser Cathérine leaned from a window, and, seeing Vitry, called to him and asked what was the matter.

"The Maréchal d'Ancre is dead," was the curt reply.

Breathless, Cathérine repeated the news to Marie de Médicis.

"God help me!" cried the queen-mother; "I have reigned for seven years; now the only crown to which I can look forward will be a heavenly one."

The general emotion was one of joy unalloyed.

CONCINI, MARQUIS D'ANCRE

FROM AN ENGRAVING BY B. MONTORNET

"I was compelled to kill him, Sire, for he resisted," was the word of Vitry as he entered the presence. Enthroned upon a billiard table, Louis tasted the early moments of supremacy.

To the ministry of "Les Jeunes" the shock of the favourite's downfall was overwhelming. Dependent as they were upon the favour of the dead Maréchal and of the queen-mother, where were they now? It is said that in their bewilderment they hid themselves in the royal stables. It is difficult to believe that the Bishop of Luçon, though his nervous faculties were highly developed, would long skulk in so undignified a shelter. At any rate he soon resolved to appear before the king, where he at once learned that his political career was to be suspended. Cold was the young king's aspect. Already he had summoned the former ministers, and the seals were handed over to De Vair.

Marie de Médicis was being kept virtually a prisoner in her own apartments. Armed guards were at the doors, and the baleful bridge over which the Italian favourite had passed to his doom, that *Pont d'Amour* of the lampoonist, was broken down by the king's orders.

The fate of Ancre did not move the queen-mother to any huge regret. She had outgrown her infatuation for the man and for Leonora too. Her attendants suggested that she alone could suitably break the dreadful news to the widowed Maréchale, but she would not visit her. Perhaps it was a family trait; at all events both Louis and his mother seem to have forgotten, as soon as their favourites' power of personal diversion or ministration had vanished, all feeling of attachment to them.

Within a day the Paris crowd had learned of the death, and had discovered the burial place of the abhorred Italian. They tore the wretched body from its stone hiding-place beneath the organ, and cutting down the bell-ropes of the church, they tied them to the corpse and dragged it through the streets, then hanged it, head downwards, from a gallows on the Pont Neuf, which the murdered man had himself set up to strike terror into the insubordinate. Then, with hideous rancour, they obliterated the features, and again

dragged the trunk through the streets, past the Bastille, to the house of the deceased in the Faubourg St Germain. Here a fire was made in the street and the corpse set on to burn. A bystander stretched forth his hand and from the knife-slashed body tore forth the heart and made his teeth meet in the half-charred flesh.

"Ah! that tastes good," he snarled, with blood-stained lips.

We need survey this scene of Polynesian savagery no further, nor linger with the Bishop of Luçon, who, in the midst of all, drove past in his coach with his flesh creeping.

"Cry 'Long live the King!'" he called to his attendants, and so, covered by this loyal demonstration, drove on unharmed by the maddened crowd.

What of Leonora, widowed by so dire a stroke? Grief for her husband does not seem to have formed a notable part of her distress. The passion for the Florentine roué had burned itself out long before. She was now chiefly possessed by terror for herself. She collected all valuables of a portable kind, chiefly gems, and hid them in the mattress of her bed, on which she then lay down. Her sanctuary was not long left inviolate; the soldiers burst into her room and soon rifled the hoard, which included some of the crown jewels. They carried away her clothing even, and the wretched woman had to borrow stockings (or money for them) from her young son to clothe herself for her departure from the Louvre. She was taken to the Bastille, where the news of her arrival rejoiced the imprisoned Condé. His enemies at length were in the dust. Yet his own release was long deferred.

Merciless was the cross-examination inflicted on the Maréchale. Her dealings with Jews and necromancers were brought up against her. Alleged midnight incantations over cocks and pigeons in a Paris church pointed to a Satanic alliance. The witch-woman must suffer for *lèse-majesté* against the divine and human powers. She rose to the occasion and faced the accusers in a final burst of valour. Then in a collapse of reaction she cried for respite for the cause of coming maternity—though in an earlier stage she

had avowed her dissociation for years past from her husband. The plea was threadbare, and on July 8, 1617, Leonora, foster-sister of a queen of France, risen from a humble rank to arrogant enjoyment of riches and nobility, pointed the moral of Court favour when her head rolled on the Place de la Grève and her body was consumed upon the pyre ot shame. "The deed," said one, "was unworthy of the august assembly that decreed it."

The Concini were at an end ; orphaned, dispossessed and outlawed, their son obtained a temporary refuge in the Louvre at the intercession of the young queen, Anne, herself lonely and without a part in the movements of her world.

CHAPTER VI

PALACE DOMESTICITIES

LOUIS had resolved to make a clean sweep. "I will be king myself in future," he announced from the billiard-table on which he received the homage of the courtiers on the day of the Concini downfall; and very drastic was the re-arrangement of affairs. The "Barbons" were already reinstated, and the next step, one even more significant, was the banishment from Court of the queen-mother. She was to leave behind her favourite son, Gaston Duc d'Anjou, and her young daughters, Christine and Henriette-Marie. Blois was to be her place of exile. The king consented to take a formal leave of her, but upon the condition that she made no allusion to the recent events. She was to leave Paris on May 4. All the morning of that day preparations were going on—the loading up of baggage, the arrangements for the journey. Louis held a council at which the speech to be made by the king and the answer of the queen-mother were prescribed and put in writing.

Marie de Médicis received her son in her ante-chamber, the door of which was guarded by Capitaine Vitry. The three Luynes brothers walked with the king, who held Charles, the favourite, by the hand, and Bassompierre and another gentleman followed. The queen maintained her composure until her eyes fell upon her son, then she burst into violent weeping, but hid her face behind her handkerchief and fan. She led the king up to a window which looked over the garden, and then, uncovering her face, she spoke in humble tones words of regret for not having governed the realm according to his satisfaction. In stiff phrases the king replied.

Then said the queen :—

"Monsieur, I beg that you will grant me one favour, let me retain the services of Barbin as comptroller of my household."

The king, taken by surprise, stared at her and remained speechless. She spoke once more, and then, quelled by his stony silence, she curtseyed and then kissed him. (The absence of a motherly embrace had long been one of the young king's grievances against her.) Louis responded with a bow and then turned his back on her. She turned to Luynes, and was speaking with him in an undertone, when suddenly the king called three times in hurried tones the favourite's name, and Luynes, with an explanatory gesture, turned to follow his sovereign.

Then the queen gave way, and leaning against the wall between the windows, she wept most bitterly. The courtiers kissed her dress, their eyes streaming with compassion, but she could neither speak nor see them through her blinding tears. Then she left the great gateway in her coach, and in a coach behind her drove the Bishop of Luçon, who was to share her exile, while from the balcony of his wife's room Louis watched them out of sight, and then hurried to the gallery overlooking the Seine to see the banished queen pass over the Pont Neuf. To "save the face" was not his habitude; his mother, it is true, had set him no example on this head—the whip—the *médecine noire*—the subordination to her parasites—all the injuries of the long years of boyhood,—now he had scored off the administrator.

The hopes of the king's entourage and of the public for improved conditions now that the hated Maréchal was removed were soon streaked with disappointment and distrust. King Log might be dethroned but King Stork reigned. Luynes speedily became as greedy as the dead Florentine, the obsession of his influence grew fixed. Louis heaped him with gifts and favours. The property of the Marquis d'Ancre, taken into the hands of the crown, was granted to the favourite, and Louis was ready to encourage his marriage with the half-sister, Henriette de Vendôme, but De Luynes had set his heart and his aspirations on a more enthralling person. Marie de Rohan, the seventeen-

year-old daughter of Hercule, Duc de Montbazon, was the bride whom De Luynes had chosen, and who, as the Duchesse de Chevreuse (by a second marriage), was destined to become a historic personage.

On September 13, 1617, at five o'clock in the afternoon, De Luynes married his lovely bride in the royal chapel in the tower of the Louvre. In her *corbeille* were the jewels of the dead Marquise d'Ancre. At night the bridegroom gave a wedding supper. De Luynes was great in suppers and festivities, which the king attended with much enjoyment. The fun was a little coarse, the romping rather unkingly.

"Un peu de *confusion*!" notes the guardian physician in his diary, and into this annotation some modern commentators have read a meaning of orgies of the most sinister description. We may easily picture, it is true, a certain rowdiness. A sovereign who in the midst of his pastry-making labours in the *gobelet*, delighted to fling handfuls of flour upon the passers-by, and who, at one provincial inn, pelted his subjects with apples from the windows, might easily indulge in tricks compatible with such a primitive sense of humour. In the tenth year of his reign did he not tickle his sleeping attendants with a straw and daub their hands with ink? To-day, the undignified quality of such horse-play would be portrayed in the blank faces of the royal entourage—not to speak of the drastic cataplasm of the press. The worse than wickedness of such vulgarisms would not halt in home-coming. The commentators have quite wantonly pitchforked this their reading of monstrous debauchery between the lines without troubling to set against the blackness of their sordid dye even one illuminant which is supplied by Cardinal Bentivoglio, who was present at some of these noisy gatherings. This prince of the Church, a very dignified Italian, remarks:—

"The court is crowded . . . they seem here to delight in a splendour of tumult and noise . . . all have access, there intrude on His Majesty not only the nobility but those of humble rank, and except at close quarters and when speaking in a loud voice, it is impossible to make the king hear what one has to say."

At such assemblages where a mixed company, representative of Paris, of which the population was then over half a million, might be found, all hungry for novelty, all brimming with the French vivacity of speech and of demeanour, doubtless there did arise *un peu de confusion.*

An ambassador to the Court of St James, in 1626, speaks of an entertainment given by the Duke of Buckingham at York House, and says that the ballroom was entered by a turnstile *sans aucune confusion.* These scrambling parties of De Luynes were very likely in his mind as one of the things they did not "do better in France." To come to a later day. In a letter from Queen Victoria to the King of the Belgians, August 23, 1855, referring to a visit to Napoleon III., the queen says "Everything is beautifully *monté* at Court, *very* quiet and in excellent order. I must say we are both much struck with the difference between this and the poor king's time, when the noise, confusion, and bustle were great."

Again, September 1 (To Stockmar) the queen says: "The Court and whole house infinitely more *regal* and better managed than in poor Louis Philippe's time when all was in great noise and confusion, and there was no Court."

Louis Philippe, as we know, was a descendant of Louis XIII., and the Court "confusion" still existed, harmless if undignified.

So the commentators have tortured the marginal note of three centuries ago, and so, by the light of other observers, we may prick their flimsy bubble.

From the marriage of De Luynes let us turn to the affairs of Louis and his queen. The king was still afflicted with the awkward stammering manners of his boyhood. Smooth-faced (for he did not need to shave till he was twenty-three) with the heaviness of feature and expression of the Medici, and without robust health, a defect which some attribute to over fatigue in hunting, he lacked impressiveness, even of a superficial kind. The description of him by an English visitor is, we may hope, unkind.

"His words were never many, as being so extreme a

stutterer that he would sometimes hold his tongue out of his mouth a good while before he could speak so much as one word: he had besides a double row of teeth. . . . He was noted to have two qualities incident to all who were ignorantly brought up—suspicion and dissimulation."

Anne, at this time, was in the bloom of young womanhood, with her Austrian fairness, her blue-green eyes and her bright red lips. Those early years of married life must have held much of dreariness for her. The augury of happiness, which those first interviews with the boy bridegroom had seemed to hold, had died unfulfilled. The young king grumbled when a visit to the *salon* of his wife was suggested. Reluctantly he spent an evening with her and her ladies. After four years of marriage there was still no promise of an heir, though Anne herself seemed well qualified to play the part of motherhood.

Then it began to be rumoured that nuptial relations had not taken place.

It would need a long and difficult discussion to deal with the matter of the alleged neglect of consummation of the marriage, and we can only sum up the matter as far as necessary to understanding of the domestic and foreign complications involved.

Louis certainly did not bestow his attention in other feminine directions. The amorous propensities of Henri le Grand, like other of his qualities, seem to have skipped a generation, to re-appear in his grandsons, *le grand Monarque*, and Charles II., of England.

"I kissed the king, your father, Sire," said mine hostess of the "Ecu de Bretagne," at Dieppe, "but you, I think, I shall not kiss. But may you live long and may God bless Your Majesty."

It was on De Luynes that the young king poured out his affection and his confidence; with him he spent the hours while Anne remained among her ladies. Loyal were these women to their neglected mistress; we need not wait for Madame de Motteville and her admiring chronicle later in the reign, for, in the midst of her sorrows, Anne had the power of gaining love and respect from the ladies of the

court. Even the woman whom it has been the custom of historians to dismiss with curt epithet as the "infamous" Duchesse de Chevreuse, tried to cheer the young queen in her dreary existence. Poor Anne! one of those women designed by temperament for

"The joys of silent marriage hours,"

and the culmination of maternity, her portion was to look on while her sovereign-consort tinkered at the forge or romped in the apartments of De Luynes.

The queen, as all agree, behaved with gentle dignity in her sad and trying position, and was quick to respond to any advances of the sluggish king. Like many other women, Anne craved the affection of her husband, and was not naturally inclined to wander in other directions for the satisfaction of her emotions. So it was in the earlier years at any rate. How far she was alienated and perverted by the strain of life with such a churlish partner must be always closed to exact calculations.

It does not seem possible, in considering the situation, to assign to Louis any ethereal refinement as a cause of his hesitation. His outbursts of prudery seem often to have been prompted by a merely spiteful streak. He could go beyond the customary crudities of the day upon occasion, and from two grave authorities we hear of his almost impish indelicacy at the marriage of his half-sister, Henriette de Vendôme, to the Duc d'Elbœuf.

"Yes, Sire," retorted the bride, "it would be well for you if you would pay the attentions of a husband to the queen."

Here, now, was France, impatient for the appearance of an heir-apparent which would have furthered political stability, for the Condé faction would smoulder as long as the vision of the Prince's possibilities with regard to the succession was not blocked out by issue of the blood royal. The sovereign was childless, while "Monsieur" (Gaston) was eleven only, and unmarried.

Spain, again, was kindling with resentment; here was a princess of her royal house neglected in public and avoided

in the marital capacity. Humanity did not act thus in general. It was a grave implication of lack of merit and attraction. The question was one in need of delicate handling.

The Pope was apprised of the *impasse*, and Cardinal Bentivoglio was delegated to take this intimate matter in hand with all the resources of his tactfulness.

Pourparlers between the representatives of the Most Catholic Sovereign and those of the French court ensued,[1] and negotiations went forward with due form and solemnity, but without effectiveness.

That which the august personages and diplomacies had stumbled over was eventually accomplished *vi et armis* by De Luynes. On a night of January, 1619, he came to the king's room, took him from his bed, and dragged his royal master, who showed reluctance even to the verge of tears, along the corridor and landed him, scuffling, within the queen's apartments.

The news of the honeymoon, thus forcibly induced, spread next day through Paris, and many a pious vow was paid to heaven in anticipation of coming motherhood to the young queen. The news, too, allayed the irritation of Spain, and relieved the tension at Rome.

Unhappily, children did not come in the train of the event to consolidate the succession and to bring to Anne maternal pride and joy. Twenty long years had yet to pass, with an occasional hope ended by disappointment. We hear, for instance, how the queen was returning from a visit to the apartments of the Princesse de Condé, at the Louvre, at midnight one day in Lent, 1622. Mme. de Luynes and Henriette, Duchesse d'Elbœuf, held her by the arms and, "romping like any schoolgirls," they urged her to run through the long galleries. Anne slipped and fell violently to the floor, and the early hope of offspring perished. Tardily the matter was reported to the king, who became very angry and threatened the two ladies-in-waiting with exile from the Court. However, by the end of that year he had recovered from this extreme recrimination,

[1] Foreign Archives cited in *Le Roi chez la Reine*. A. Baschet.

for we find him and the Duchesse de Chevreuse, as she had then become, standing as joint sponsors for a godson.

The presence of the Princesse de Condé at the Louvre is explained by the fact that in October, 1619, the imprisoned Condé and his wife had been released from Vincennes and conducted by De Luynes to the king's presence at Chantilly. On his knees, the Prince sued for pardon ; the king raised him to his feet, "All this must be forgotten," he said ; then, relieved to escape formality, he took his cousin off to visit his aviaries.

At this point we must engage in retrospect, for with Marie de Médicis and Richelieu are happenings of greater significance than those of the Court under the régime of "le Roi Luynes."

Let us turn aside into their exile.

CHAPTER VII

THE EXILES

WHEN on May 4th, 1617, the little company of exiles—the queen-dowager, with the officers of her household, Madame de Guercheville, her lady-in-waiting, and Cathérine, her dresser, accompanied by Richelieu, the deposed Secretary of State—passed over the Pont Neuf on their journey to Blois, the weight of calamity lay heavy upon them, the iron had entered into their souls. For Marie de Médicis there was abasement from the dominance of her seven years regency, there was stupefaction at the sudden upheaval of that inert personality, her son, there was the separation from her young children. There was again the weight of her public humiliation, her comprehension of what had hitherto been a vague wave of rumour flowing in from the city to the inner chambers of the palace, namely the construction put by the mob of Paris on her favouritism for the alien Ancre.

For Richelieu, a man entering on the prime of his manhood, with the consciousness of his own powers strong within him, the blow was a terrible backhander from the arm of Fate. He left behind him mediocrity installed in office, while he was himself thrust out on to a future—formless at the moment—in which his genius might die sterile. On the heels of the bleak gloom, which had stunned his intellect for the moment, pressed a sense of the need for wary walking. Within him lay that diplomatic *flair* which impelled him by his own adroitness to reeve the broken strands of circumstance.

The miniature court of the exiled queen established itself at Blois. In the crash of doom Marie de Médicis turned for the stilling of her shaken being to the cold magnetism of her fellow-exile. She must from the very

beginning have seethed with the bitter foam of outcast impotence—the atmosphere was electric with revolt. Letters sped to and fro, De Luynes reserving to himself the safeguard of a *visa.* At the Court it leaped to the perception that they had sent forth into the wilderness, with the banished queen, a personality who formed a dangerous piece in the Court game. The bishop must be taken from the board. All this in one short month. The Marquis de Richelieu got wind of the hostile impulse. He wrote to his brother at Blois. The prelate, still dwelling on the recent cataclysm and with nerves racked by the hideous savagery with which a mob had vented its black bile on that other favourite of the queen-mother, resolved to give no colour to any new-born calumny. There must have been a stormy quarter of an hour for Richelieu on that June evening when the household waited for their royal mistress to come to supper. At last came a message—the queen would not appear that evening. Then it was announced that Monsieur de Luçon was leaving the château on the following morning. The bishop went first to his native place in Poitou, and then to Coussay, of which he held the priory. His course of action was justified by a letter from the king, expressing approval of his departure from Blois and ordering him to reside in his diocese at Luçon. The party at the Louvre was warm with satisfaction at the news. The step on which they now rested themselves in peace was in reality one on the descent to insecurity. Their reading of Richelieu was a mistaken one. The mental tactics of the diplomat were unlikely to impel him to any course of action or even to any attitude which could constitute a technical treason. Belief in any strong sex attraction as regards the queen-mother would mean too great credulity. The age, it is true, reading by the light displayed from many standards, accredited to every man a series of amours—Richelieu, as we know, was taxed with various liaisons. The thing is piled so high that we must handle it with suspicion. Richelieu, we may believe, was no Chastelard to imperil all for one wild possibility, and again Marie de Médicis had not the nameless thrall of Mary of Scotland.

The man of marble doubtless brought influence to bear on some women, and sometimes made weapons of that sex impulse which he believed to be unfailing. Sometimes he erred in his prognosis, the subject did not prove responsive to the treatment—women of the kind, we shall come upon later. Richelieu, for his own credit, would have kept the brake upon the insurgent leanings of Marie de Médicis, later this became clear to the powers who now hailed with joy his departure to his diocese.

In this manner, after a short draught of place and power, the statesman had returned to the restricted field of prelacy. The Bishop of Luçon was not, however, the man to gnaw his thumbs effetely. Polemics and theology claimed his energies. Père Arnoux, a Jesuit, lately appointed as the king's confessor, had preached before the court a sermon condemning the Huguenots, and decrying in particular their ignorance of the sacred Scriptures. Fierce of tongue and pen, they of the *religion prétendue reformée* burst into protest; a memorial was drawn up by four of their chief pastors and presented to the king. With a want of tact most astonishing it hurled invective against the national Catholic Church. The royal response was shocked and condemnatory of such outrage on "our Holy Church." Here was a field for Richelieu! In six weeks he had completed a treatise combatting the Protestant heresies, in spite of the fact that from her solitude at Blois Marie de Médicis rained on him letters urging him with passionate entreaty to return to her. Richelieu was still too near at hand to please the watchers in Paris—Luynes and his spies. Within a year there fell a heavier blow than before.

"There is," said a royal missive, "too much coming and going in every place in which you are."

It is a common indictment against his kind, says M. Hanotaux, "they accused Richelieu of being an artisan of intrigues." He was ordered to withdraw to Avignon, a city half Italian, into a banishment more extreme by far than that of Luçon. Here, as before, the bishop avoided giving occasion to the enemy. On the Wednesday in Holy Week the royal mandate reached him. He was preparing to

celebrate the chief festival of the year pontifically in his Cathedral, but he accepted marching orders with the promptitude of his soldier days. "The day after to-morrow, I will leave," he wrote back, and on Good Friday he went forth on that further progress into oblivion as he may well have believed it to be. The Marquis de Richelieu and his brother-in-law Pontcourlay received sentence of banishment at the same time. It was also debated whether Marie de Médicis should not be confined in a fortress or a convent. Here the king's advisers made one more blunder adverse to their cause, for it is always a serious mistake to give the adversary any opening to pose in martyrdom. The indignities offered to the queen-mother, her sufferings, her isolation and her separation from her youthful daughters—all these combined to move the heart of Paris which had been calmed by the death of Ancre. *Tout passe*; at the Louvre, the broken "Pont d'Amour" even had been rebuilt. Marie de Médicis herself, deprived of the calming influence of the astute churchman, was ready for any outburst.

There had been, among the household of the queen-mother, an Italian secular priest, one Ruccelai, who was bound to the Concini couple by ties of birthplace, since he also hailed from Florence. Moving about the country, this man stirred up the cauldron of intrigue with more energy than acumen. The agents of De Luynes were primed, and they were on the watch to intercept the correspondence between Blois and the outer world. To Barbin—the imprisoned ex-minister—letters of violent urgency were addressed by the exiled queen; poor man! on their account he received a yet more rigorous guard in the Bastille. There was, however, working in favour of the Queen, one more of those thousand broils between the noblesse and the self-assertive members of the Cabinet. On that very Easter day, which saw Luçon so suddenly deprived of its bishop, the Court was attending the Easter Mass in state at St Germain l'Auxerrois. As was his custom, one much resented by the nobles, the Chancellor, Du Vair, took his seat above the peers of the realm. This time it proved too much for them to bear, and the Duc d'Epernon strode up

and dragging the Chancellor from his place compelled him to retire. Foaming with rage, Du Vair quitted the church and, as soon as the mass was over, he sought out De Luynes, and poured into his ears the tale of the assault, investing it with all the magnitude of a secret rebellion of the peers. This was more than Epernon had bargained for; he did not wish to share the prison of Condé at Vincennes, and he hurriedly left Paris and shut himself up in Metz, a frontier town, the garrison of which was faithful to his interests. Epernon was getting an old man. We have seen him as companion to the dead Henri IV. at the time of his assassination, and as the first to swear fealty to the widowed queen and her son. He was still, as ever, a valiant warrior, and the idol of the army. Marie de Médicis was reaching out, first to one, then to another in her fierce resentment. She sent to the Duc de Bouillon in Sedan. He cautiously demurred. His own skin, as we know, was very dear to Bouillon. He hinted to the queen that Epernon was her man, and to Epernon she turned. Ruccelai was entrepreneur; Vincentio Ludovici, a former secretary of the Maréchal d'Ancre, recently released from prison, undertook to carry correspondence. Luynes' hawks were on the alert. Vincentio, travelling between Blois and Metz, was arrested at Tours—and searched. His coat was taken from him and ripped in several places in quest of the expected documents. Vincentio proved his mettle, for in so supreme a moment he did not turn a hair. The Sherlock Holmes of the occasion was thrown off the scent by so much sangfroid. The coat, with the undiscovered letters safe within its lining, was returned to the suspect and he proceeded on his way. The intrigue grew to a head, and Epernon plotted with the queen to effect her escape from Blois. The plan was carried out on the night of February 22nd. A valet raised ladders to a window of the queen's rooms, and climbing them, tapped upon the pane. Only a few were already in the secret; the rest were filled with consternation when the plan was laid before them. The danger and the uncertainty of the result scared the little band. However, when they heard that Epernon was back-

ing the venture, the aspect changed. Jewels and portable treasures were packed in a chest. Then came the moment of descent. A gentleman-in-waiting went down the ladder first, then came the queen, and after her another of her gentlemen, and the rest of the little band of fugitives. The queen had put on a short skirt, but the descent of the first ladder to the terrace proved an overwhelming feat. Marie was now aged forty-six and was of portly dimensions, and the dress and customs of the day did not lend themselves to feminine athleticism. " I can go no farther," gasped the queen, as she landed on the terrace. Here was a facer for the plotters. All was not lost, however, for part of the wall had fallen away, and from the terrace to the ground was a declivity. A cloak was spread and, seated on this improvised toboggan, the queen slid to the ground. Then, with her gentlemen supporting her on either side, she set out for the neighbouring bridge where a coach was to await her. As they went forward in the darkness, they were met by some of the inmates of the castle. These, seeing a woman with male escort but without a linkman, drew their casual inference. In such a way as this no person of quality, nor decent burgess matron, went abroad. They bandied flippancies fitting the supposed occasion.

" See," whispered the queen, with smothered laughter, " they take me for a gay woman ! "

This flamboyant jest, however, could not relieve the situation when upon coming to the bridge there was no sign of the expected coach. A pause of dreadful suspense ensued while the gentlemen went in search of it. A few minutes later one of the queen's footmen ran breathless to the spot and explained that the coach had been drawn up in a back lane to which he guided the little party. Marie de Médicis with the dresser Cathérine, who was the witness of so many episodes of the Court history, mounted into the coach, followed by the two gentlemen, and drove away to Loches where Epernon had deputed his son, the Archbishop of Toulouse, to receive the queen. Epernon had decided to retire from Metz, leaving, as he knew, a faithful garrison, and to make for Angoulême. With an escort of

two hundred cavalry he accompanied Marie de Médicis on her journey from Loches to Angoulême. Meanwhile the city-fathers of Blois had hurried to Paris with the news of the escape and Marie herself had written to inform Luynes of her adventure. The ebullition of the little court at Blois shook the kingdom. The king was absent at St Germain-en-Laye, and the Comte de Brienne was despatched to break the news. He, like Bassompierre, was a man of the great world, but of a very different calibre from that of the sportive warrior.

Louis, hurrying back to Paris, summoned advisers of every condition to confer upon the situation. The looker-on may speculate on the contingencies of a military rebellion. Epernon, the god of battles, might well have blinded the eyes of the troops and led them en masse for the outraged dowager. And he will not lose sight of the logical position as a rebel which the queen had now assumed. Stung to resentment, wounded in her maternity, she may well have been. Had not her young daughter, Christine, been married on February 10, to Victor Amadée, Prince of Piedmont, without a word of reference to her mother? Louis had not spared her the wound of ignoring her existence. To some extent he had tried to fill the breach, had shown for a moment a quasi-paternal solicitude for the un-mothered girl, to which the looker-on will hang as to a hint of his increased humanity.

"Be gentle with my sister, for she is but a child," he had adjured the prince when after the marriage ceremony and supper, he left him with the girl bride. Yet, taking all her grievances into review, we must still see clearly that Marie de Médicis was sailing perilously close to the wind of treason. Louis was her son, but he was also *de jure*, her sovereign, and the ruler of the realm. Now he was calling upon all and sundry to counsel him in this crisis.

Great were the activity and zeal displayed against the dangerous exile. The Ducs de Vendôme, Mayenne, and Longueville were officious with offers to lead out troops against the arrogant Epernon. Du Vair, smarting still with recollection of the Easter Day affair, egged on De Luynes

to come down heavily on the author of that outrage. One man alone, President Jeannin, raised his voice for more dignified measures. He, taking an estimate, saw the evils of such an exposé, the outrage of civil strife between *la mère et le fils*, the shocked correctitude of the great powers who would look on, and the ribald obscenity of the Paris mob, chuckling behind its hand at this royal family face-scratching, He urged measures of strategy, overtures to the queen-mother, and a mission to her champion duke at Angoulême.

Another there was who had not relaxed his efforts to restore the banished Richelieu to the light of favour. This was the Capuchin Père Joseph. He, it might be believed, had no merely personal axe to grind. Of a noble house and vowed by choice to the ranks of the regular clergy, he brought some weight with his representations. He could remind the king of the loyalty through generations of the Duplessis-Richelieu house, unfailing even where *la religion* had estranged Louis' ancestors for a time from Holy Church. Richelieu himself—urged the Capuchin—when had he been wanting in allegiance? His fidelity to the regent had it not been in essence, fidelity to the sovereign power vested in her by the reigning king's authority? Had he not deferred in every particular, to the kingly will since Louis had taken the executive upon himself? They had, he would humbly submit, made a most mistaken judgment, and had quite unnecessarily banished the prelate from his state duties and from the queen-mother's entourage. He was, in reality, the one whose influence on her was sound—he was the safe man of the situation. The Capuchin's voice prevailed. His brother, the Sieur du Tremblay, was despatched to treat with the rebel queen, and a message was sent to Richelieu at Avignon, commanding him to join the king's mother at Angoulême without delay. The papal nuncio, Bentivoglio, was also drawn into the matter, and left the capital, accompanied by priestly adjutants, to help with the mediations.

The Richelieu exiles at Avignon had known other sorrows than political disaster in their banishment. The young wife of the Marquis had died at the family château in Poitou,

leaving an infant heir which had survived but a short time. The bishop sorrowed with his brother, for, man of steely aspect as he was, he had all the Frenchman's warmth for his near kin. It must have been a glad surprise when the royal command to rejoin Marie de Médicis reached him, for what a proof of restored confidence it provided. It was a rigorous winter, and snow lay deep, but as before, the bishop was off with military despatch. On Wednesday in Holy Week 1618 he had been called upon to leave Luçon, on the corresponding day in 1619, he rejoined his royal patroness at Angoulême, "led," as he says, "by my inclination and my duty. But here when I expected a sure haven I find nothing but turmoil. Not one had a friendly eye for me but Madame de Guercheville."

This was the queen's lady. Marie de Médicis herself seems to have felt, and not unreasonably, some distrust of the designs which had led to the sudden re-appearance of the bishop. She was, for the time being, under the dominance of Epernon and his party. Richelieu seems to have done his best to assume the attitude of a sitter-on-the-fence, for though he took his place at the Queen's Council he restrained himself almost entirely from speech.

The king's troops were now within an ace of attacking the seditious townships which had sided with the queen. Even Epernon turned round and urged her to listen to Richelieu's advice, and effect a compromise. A treaty was drawn up, Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld being the prime mover towards this end. The gentle Cardinal de Bérulle posted arduously between Angoulême and the capital to draw up the articles. The Treaty was concluded on April 30, and granted exemption from all past offences to the parties in the queen-mother's rebellion. It provided also for the payment of pecuniary satisfaction in lieu of the governorship of Normandy which had been held by her, and which she had upon the insistence of De Luynes, surrendered into the king's hands.

On May 7, the king left Paris and journeyed into Touraine to preside nearer at hand over the carrying-out of the treaty.

"Never was an agreement more aptly concluded," says Richelieu, "*car Annibal était aux portes.*" The Abbé Ruccelai, was even now striving to inflame the queen's mind; his outrageous schemes became too much even for Marie de Médicis. One of his designs reached almost to the grotesque, the proposition to wed the queen-mother to James of the Union, a plot which seems almost fit to fall into the rank of comic opera. Epernon urged the queen not to cherish this viper; he was indeed so carried away by anger that he nearly came to blows with the turbulent priest. Ruccelai repulsed, turned on his royal mistress and casting in her teeth his own eminent services, in planning her escape, left and went off to the Court to stir up animosities against his former patroness. The threads of intrigue whirl in and out again till perception becomes dazed by their entanglement. At last the shears were brought into play. The king wrote to his mother inviting her to an interview at Tours.

"Couzières it was that deprived Tours of the happy lot of being the place of meeting."

Marie de Médicis was lodged at the Hôtel de la Bordesière, a residence of the Duc de Montbazon, and on the following morning, Thursday, September 5, her son left Tours and went to see her. He was conducted to the queen-mother in the garden where in a pathway she came towards him weeping. They embraced, and there was a general round of demonstration. Richelieu expends some rhetoric on the rapprochement, but all the same there is a haunting sense of hollowness, a suspicion of the tongue in the cheek in both the royal parties. However, a *modus vivendi* had been secured for the time being. The queen-mother visited the court at Tours and was greeted with respectful homage by her daughter-in-law and the court personages. Of Anne we hear but little, but gather that a spell of happier days had befallen her, for the king—so notes a faithful chronicler—*se montrait très attentif pour la reine sa femme.*

On September 19 the Court left Tours for Paris, but the queen-mother was not permitted to accompany it. Here was a fresh wound, for she had received undertakings on

the point. To Angers she retired, ready again in her disappointment to mutiny against the enactments of De Luynes. At Angers, or near that place, she received a visit from her daughter, Christine, and the new son-in-law, now on their way home to Turin where the girl bride had a splendid reception. In later years she too was to be involved in hostilities against her brother Louis XIII.

At Angers once more the flame of rebellion burst forth. Again the factions of the princes took their sides. The Comte de Soissons and his mother, the Ducs de Longueville and Vendôme, the younger Vendôme, Grand Prior of France, the Ducs de Mayenne and De Retz and others joined the queen-mother's party. The ladies quitted the Court, the men took arms in the departments of their respective governments. The outbreak was soon quelled ; the king's troops routed the rebels at the Pont de Cé, and a second treaty of peace, unconditional this time, was devised. Epernon was sent to expend his energy in the king's service in the Béarn campaign. From the queen-mother he received a ring set with a heart of matchless brilliants and a gemmed watch, as a memento of his fidelity.

Then for a time there was silence among the vanquished.

CHAPTER VIII

RICHELIEU IN THE ASCENDANT

ONCE more the star of Richelieu was in the ascendant. Yet he restrained all sign of visible exultation. There was ever, in this master-spirit, a feline streak which made for reticence, for a crafty handling of the wires of destiny. None better knew how to *reculer pour mieux sauter.* Between himself and Luynes the tactics of the sheathed claw were kept in play. An alliance by marriage was to further their good entente ; a niece of Richelieu being contracted to Combalet, a nephew of the favourite. There was, indeed, a great deal of giving in marriage in the early part of 1620. In February the elder son of the Duc de Guise was contracted to the baby daughter of the Prince de Condé,[1] born during her parents' captivity and as yet not publicly named. She who was to become the historic Duchesse de Longueville. On the same day the younger son was contracted to the little daughter of De Luynes. On June 8 little Mademoiselle de Bourbon, Condé's daughter, was baptized by the name of Anne, the king standing as sponsor.

In the course of this year the Court was moving about the provinces, and Anne of Austria was attacked by illness, during which her husband displayed a concern for her sufferings rarely seen in him.

The queen-mother we left at Angers but in less isolation than in her previous stay at Blois. Her children visited her, and in the late summer there was a further meeting between Louis and his mother and the young Gaston amid a scene of family demonstration, and the position of Marie de Médicis was henceforward on a better footing.

[1] This marriage did not take place.

At Christmas the Court returned to Paris where Luynes found that his duchess had become the mother of an heir.

The favourite still held the reins of power. Already created a duke, he was, in 1621, made Constable of France, an office which had remained in abeyance since the death of the Duc de Montmorenci in 1614. Condé, who made it his business to toady to the favourite, had furthered the appointment. The duke watched, like a cat, the temper of his royal master. He had wedged himself between the king and the Maréchal d'Ancre, and he guarded against a repetition of history. Bassompierre tells, with his customary *bonhomie* of the manœuvres of De Luynes to oust him from the Court on suspicion of his ascendency over the enervated king.

"I saw," he says, "that it was much as when a husband is always in fear of being deceived and is suspicious of the attentions paid to his wife by even the most honourable of men. It was clear that all would be well as long as I did not make sheep's eyes at His Majesty."

Since the reconciliation between Louis and his mother, she had been urgent with him to obtain the cardinal's hat for her favourite, the Bishop of Luçon. There seems to have been an understanding of the back-scratching kind with regard to the Cardinalate. The bishop had himself promised to further the application made on behalf of Archbishop la Valette, a son of the Duc d'Epernon, upon a tacit understanding that he would in his turn support the candidature of Richelieu. Here a whole volume of double-dealing is laid before us. On the open page there was Louis sending the Marquis de Cœuvres (a brother of Gabrielle d'Estrées) on a special embassy to intimate his desires to the Pontiff, while a minor ecclesiastic, friendly to Richelieu, was more informally despatched on the same mission. On a hidden page, however, stratagems were counterpoised. Bentivoglio was deputed to bring to the ears of Paul V. the hint that the king of France had, in reality, no desire that the honour publicly claimed for the favourite of Marie de Médicis should be accorded. The tale leaked out, a letter

was shown to Richelieu's friends in Rome, couched in the sense indicated above: the old story of the substituted baptism certificate was dug up, or perhaps then first started on its rounds. Richelieu, himself, had already smelt the trick when, in January 1621, the creation of Cardinals took place. The Archbishop of Toulouse (Valette) received the sacred purple but Richelieu was ignored.

The old rancours of Paris, stilled by the Concini downfall, were waking hot against De Luynes whose political gymnastics were still more light-headed than those of the dead-and-gone Italian. Again the man in the street uttered his ribaldry concerning the Constable. Under the likeness of Cerberus, a three-headed Luynes monster, the brothers were involved in a common obloquy of figure. Luynes was drunk with power—it was not enough for him to be Constable, but when, about the time of the appointment, the Chancellor, Du Vair, died, he took the seals into his own hands. The dismissal of the king's confessor Arnoux was almost the final act of Luynes' influence over the sovereign. Then suspicion of the favourite began to gnaw the king; the matter of the seals had affronted him; the vanity of the degenerate raised its crest against the high-handed tactics of the Constable. There were not wanting tongues which whispered to the king that here again was one despoiling him of sovereignty. The tide was full in 1621, during the campaign in Béarn against the Huguenots. The king was with the army after the siege of St Jean d'Angéley, and with him was Bassompierre who says:—

"At length . . . one morning as the Constable, returning from dinner with an escort of the guards, entered the king's quarters, followed by courtiers and military commanders, the King, who was watching him from a window, said to me: 'See, Bassompierre, here comes the King.' 'Pardon me, Sire, here comes a Constable, highly favoured by his sovereign, who is drawing attention to your greatness and displaying your benefits before the eyes of men.'"

Louis rejected, with bitterness, the soothing assurances of the urbane courtier, and Bassompierre continued:—

"Sire, it is most unfortunate that you should get such notions into your head, alike for him, because you have such suspicions against him, and still more for me that you should confide them to me, for one of these days you and he will have a little outburst and then you will calm down again, and on the top of that you will do exactly what a man and his wife do who kick out the flunkies to whom they have confided the misunderstanding which has arisen between them, directly they have made up their quarrel."

Not long after this, Death, the great arbitrator, cut off De Luynes after a short illness, during the siege of Montauban which Louis was conducting in person. Lackeys played at cards upon the coffin of the once mighty favourite. The king showed very moderate concern about the death of the man who had once been the object of his infatuated devotion. Nor did the widowed duchess long bemoan her loss. In a few months she was married again to Claude, Duc de Chevreuse, a son of the Duc de Lorraine.

The death of Luynes was, from other considerations however, one of those events on which were hinged contingencies so great that speculation loses its way in an attempt to estimate the possible alternatives. It advanced by years and may even have been the entire promoter of that dominance of Richelieu which was to establish on a solid footing the power of the French crown upon the abasement of the mutinous peers of the realm.

For Marie de Médicis also, the death of Luynes meant a temporary renewal of her own authority. Louis, swaying like a ship whose helmsman has been washed from the tiller, was ready to come to again under the presiding forces of his childhood. The queen-mother saw her opening. Gregory XV. was now the reigning Pontiff, Cardinal de Retz[1] was dead, leaving a vacant hat for France. Marie de Médicis pressed the matter anew. Rome also was a little tired of being involved in the tricks of the French Court. The Pope spoke with no uncertain sound; pressure

[1] Henri de Gondi, Bishop of Paris. He was uncle to Cardinal de Retz (Jean François Paul de Gondi) author of the Memoirs. He died in camp during the Béarn Campaign in 1622.

CARDINAL DE RICHELIEU

FROM A PORTRAIT BY PHILIPPE DE CHAMPAIGNE IN THE LOUVRE

was redoubled, and on September 5, 1622, Richelieu became a Prince of the Holy Catholic and Roman Church, and for twenty years to come the sacred purple was to be borne by the virtual ruler of France.

When we think of all that the Cardinal-Statesman performed as Minister of War and Naval Superintendent of France, as diplomat, as financier, as regulator of the Home Department and of the colonial enterprise of France, as ecclesiastic and as courtier, and again as patron of the arts, of literature and of industrial enterprise, and in more personal lines as promoter of fortune for his family, and as amasser of wealth ; and, above all, if we consider how, with relentless progress and icy patience, he attained to dominance over the State and over the mind of the sovereign, we can only remain amazed before all that was brought about in those twenty years. Hated, feared, misjudged by the small observers who could not share the vast sweep of his mental horizon, conscious of his own innate potentialities, unflinching before the plots aimed at his life, though not without that capacity for tremor which possesses organizations so highly wrought as his, hesitating not before bloodshed, cold and imperturbable in his dealings with those whom he had adjudged to be the enemies of the State ; not entirely exempt from self-deception—chilling the public soul by death and imprisonments which, perpetrated by a popular idol, might have been passed with a shrug of the shoulders or which, if committed in the name of religion, would have been even held as meritorious, such and still more was Richelieu—the aspects of the man are multiplex.

Popular estimation is always floored by the aspect of a being who is apart and who cannot be assorted, docketed, and comfortably thrust into the pigeon-hole of understood varieties, and in some departments Richelieu was inscrutable. In others we come across the weaknesses of all great personalities. We recognize his errors of judgement, his minor vanities, his blunders on the subject of women. We shall find him, later, foiled by very simple souls. He wielded over the king an influence for which we can find no match in history. It was doubtless due to his clear

interpretation of the monarch's character and to his unwearied assiduity in playing on the temperament of the man. The favourites were incapable students of Louis' personality; they blundered and were destroyed because of this lack of apprehension. Louis was not drawn under the spell of Richelieu by reason of his capacity for estimating the greatness of his minister. It is impossible for some of us to agree with the views of such historians as have depicted the king as inspired by a manly reverence for the Cardinal's powers, judgement and performance. It seems much clearer that the king's attitude was due to the characteristics of degeneracy, and with every turn we are forced into stronger conviction of this as the solution of the relation between them.

There are so many indications. The taint in the blood—we think of Charles IX. and of Henry IV. with his enervating orgies. The whole history of Louis' childhood is neurotic—we may divine the symptoms between the lines of the nursery chronicle, but we are not concerned here with a treatise on pathology. Then come the morbid infatuations, the inaptitude for self-reliance, the outbursts of injured vanity. Then in October 1616, there is that sudden illness which seems to have been clearly an epileptic seizure. The attack occurred on the eve of All Saints, and so alarmed the queen-mother that she commanded Bassompierre to have the guards in readiness at the Louvre to maintain order should the young king die. In the morning Louis, however, awoke in a much improved condition. Other minor points call our attention, the sour aspect towards the loose jests of his courtiers coupled with his inconsistent indelicacy in flagrant and gratuitous outbursts. Finally there is the imperative need for a strong arm to lean upon, joined with capricious peevishness at any slight to his sovereign attributes. Richelieu had an absolute mastery of his temperament. He held him in a grip which paralysed his half-fledged *ego* while he never abandoned a demeanour towards the king which gave him a fictitious aspect of supremacy before the world. He turned his natural tendencies into weapons to further the great scheme. He gave forth the utterances of a dictator with the servility of

a sycophant. He allowed no strain upon the bonds which fettered Louis, the captive was generally ignorant of his shackles, for his attention was diverted by a thousand artifices based upon his natural tastes. Inspired by his monitor, he drew up paragraphs for the Court circular, or was diverted from dangerous interference in the capital by military manœuvres in the provinces. If he showed an inconvenient keenness on the trail, the cardinal did not fail with the herring of distraction. When Richelieu wished to pursue some mighty end, untrammelled, he provided human toys to keep the king amused. Sometimes, as we shall see, he failed to make the puppets work, sometimes the unawaited candour of a feminine accessory would foil his aim.

Into the depths of him we cannot hope to penetrate. Richelieu was a human document written in a cypher which has not been mastered and which will never be entirely solved.

The death of Luynes had left the fairway unblocked by any serious consideration. Marie de Médicis, installed once more in Paris, was his ally, while the handling of her son would be attained by his own stagecraft.

Louis and his mother soon fell into their former relations. The power which had dispensed black draught and the whip of old had returned to its coercion of the adolescent. Alone with him, in her own apartments, Marie de Médicis held consultations, while the captain of the guard stood before the door. Again we find him as a man of twenty-one supping with the queen-mother, awkwardness and old habits hindering him from asking for a helping of the marchpane-cake which long ago his baby fingers had snatched from the plate of little Henriette de Vendôme; and then, at the end of the meal, furtively asking for some from an attendant and dividing it with his brother Gaston.

Louis and his wife were still on friendly terms. The dressing-gown-and-slipper visits of familiar domesticity continue, and they would dine together sometimes before his frequent hunting expeditions. Still there was no heir, and again the simmering of intrigue began among the princes of the blood. Condé could not put away the

remembrance of his own nearness in the succession. Did not a bend alone in his Bourbon coat distinguish his arms from those of the reigning family? *Barre-à-bas*! had not this been one of the catch-words of the seditious hour which came before the Bastille and Vincennes? In the defect of sons, a nephew is the forced resource of rulers. It became fitting that Gaston, Duc d'Anjou, should be provided with a bride. Already, in the lifetime of Henry IV., there had been talk of marrying the infant Duc d'Orléans, his second son, to a distant cousin, Marie de Bourbon, the heiress of Montpensier. The Condé faction had pricked their ears at this suggested union which might, if carried out, be a new barrier between them and the throne. The baby duke had died and now Gaston was proposed as a husband for this same Mademoiselle de Montpensier. The queen-mother used all her efforts to bring about the marriage, while Richelieu tactfully impressed on the king the desirableness of such an alliance, in comparison with one with a foreign princess. Gaston himself, however, showed great reluctance at first to the proposals, but later on, becoming more favourably impressed, he began to seek the girl's company, especially at the evening parties which assembled at the house of the Princesse de Conti. Those who loved gossip or hoped for some advantage set the tale afloat and whispered of the ills that might arise. To the young queen it was suggested that her prestige would suffer if a son were born to Monsieur while she was childless; to Madame la Princesse it was demonstrated how her hopes for her offspring's succession would be overthrown. The jealous princes of Lorraine were reminded how, by such a match, Mademoiselle de Montpensier would take precedence of themselves. Most of all they tried to persuade Louis that such an alliance would be to his own injury. Gaston and his mother would have things all their own way; was not he already the favourite son? The harmless routs at which young Gaston flirted with the heiress became the objects of a cabal which worked to do away with such large assemblies. Bassompierre, the man of *savoir-vivre*, was consulted by the Princesse de Condé. With astuteness quite delicious he advised her to

suggest to Condé a feigned approval of the proposed match.

"For, observe, Madame," remarked the wily warrior, "if this marriage should be finally resolved upon, opposition will be useless, and being once arranged, the apparent furtherance of Monsieur le Prince will secure the undying friendship of the Guise relations.[1]

The princess was cajoled by such diplomacy. She made a point, henceforward, of showing herself at Madame de Conti's parties.

Among Gaston's intimates, however, there still existed a cabal against the marriage. Ornano, the prince's *gouverneur*, and Henri de Talleyrand-Perigord, Comte de Chalais, Keeper of the Wardrobe, together with some others, fell under suspicion of a plot which included the assassination of Richelieu. The king, with his mother and Gaston, in the course of a provincial tour, arrived in July, 1626, at the Chateau of Nantes. It had been observed of late by Richelieu's spies how Chalais in his dressing-gown would visit Gaston's room at night-time. The midnight talks were, rightly or wrongly, supposed to be of treasonable character. Ornano and Chalais were arrested, the former was imprisoned at Vincennes, while Chalais was lodged in the basement of a tower of the Château at Nantes.

The king was now on good terms with the heir-presumptive. In brotherly fashion they had shared a sleeping-chamber at some of the halting-places on the recent tour and again at Nantes; where Chalais pined in his dungeon.

Gaston had by this time definitely agreed to marry Mademoiselle de Montpensier, and a few days after the arrest of Chalais, she and her mother, the Duchesse de Guise, arrived at the Château for the event. There were the usual florid official commentaries, but the wedding ceremonies seem to have been hurried through in a somewhat perfunctory manner. On August 5, 1626, the marriage was performed by Richelieu, in the king's closet, in the

[1] Mme. de Montpensier had married the Duc de Guise after the death of her first husband.

presence of the parish priest, and on the following day the nuptial mass took place at the Franciscan Church. The bride was decked with pearls, her own, and those of the queen and queen-mother being crowded on to her, but Monsieur, it is related, did not even have a new suit.

But he had a fine appanage, including the Duchy of Orleans, and from this date he took his title of Duc d'Orléans. Chalais heard the firing of the volleys in honour of the marriage, and heard soon after that Monsieur had left Nantes. "Then I am lost indeed!" he exclaimed. The matter of Chalais had not been fully disclosed when he was thrust into the cellars of Nantes. Now it was said that even darker deeds than the projected murder of the Cardinal were at his door, namely, a plot to murder Louis and marry his brother and heir to the widowed Anne of Austria. Report was circumstantial, Chalais, it was said, had drawn back the curtain of the king's bed one night, prepared to strike the fatal blow, but his courage had failed at sight of the sleeping king.

"How absurd were such rumours," exclaims a contemporary, "seeing that it is never the Keeper of the Wardrobe who attends in the bedchamber while the king sleeps, but the first gentleman of the bed-chamber, or the valet, and one or the other never leaves the presence as long as the king is asleep." Then for the unhappy Anne began the history of saturnine suspicion which was to embitter so many years. Worked upon by agencies hostile to the queen, Louis was persuaded to believe her a willing accomplice in the alleged conspiracy.

Chalais, unnerved by imprisonment and the prospect of death, was persuaded to make a confession of a secret understanding between himself and Anne, the only foundation being her venial fault of opposition to the Montpensier marriage to which she had been urged by injudicious advisers. The confession thus obtained was moulded into the avowal of a heinous plot. Richelieu was the prime agent in the compiling of evidence. "L'appétit vient en mangeant," and perhaps the taste of power had rendered acute the passion for dominance. Remorselessly the great engine

MARIE DE MONTPENSIER, DUCHESSE D'ORLÉANS

AFTER THE PICTURE BY N. REGNESSON

turned all obstacles out of the track. The ostensible supremacy of the crown, the virtual pre-eminence of the power behind the throne, had become the root idea to which all others were but servitors.

The king held a special Council with Richelieu and the queen-mother, before which Anne was summoned to appear. We are told that she suffered the indignity of being given a folding-seat as though a criminal at the bar, instead of being seated on the *fauteuil* due to her royalty. In this scene she was cross-examined like a common malefactor, and here she displayed a sudden fierce outburst of assailed and outraged dignity and innocence.

> "And, knowing that We are a Queen,
> My drops of tears I'll turn to sparks of fire."

The fair-haired, girlish daughter of Spain trampled on the accusations by a sudden and paralysing retort.

"Marry the brother of Your Majesty!" she exclaimed bitterly, with the sparkle of disdain lighting her gentle eyes, "little should I have gained by the exchange. Was I indeed supposed to be ready to blacken my soul for so small a profit!"

Then, with an imperiousness not often displayed, she turned on Marie de Médicis and accused her of being an accessory with the Cardinal in bringing such charges against her. Marie de Médicis was startled into conciliation. She endeavoured to calm and console her daughter-in-law.

The Comte de Chalais reaped no benefit from his moment of weakness. He was condemned to die for his alleged treason, and was beheaded on August 19, 1626, with circumstances of peculiar horror, for the headsman, failing to despatch him at the first stroke, became unnerved, and a common soldier was called in to complete the execution which was accomplished in no less than twenty-six strokes of the axe. On the scaffold Chalais made reparation to the woman whom, though unwillingly, he had so nearly sacrificed, by sending, through his confessor, a message requesting pardon from the queen for the injury he had done her. His

mother, whose heroic figure as she stood by him in his awful end, will be unforgotten on the background of all Time, was also deputed to make the *amende* for her son's cowardice.

Coming back to Anne, we may now ask what was the ground for Richelieu's animosity, for such he certainly displayed towards her. Some have believed it to be rooted in an amorous passion which she had repulsed. The queen herself was of this belief—at least so says her ardent admirer and biographer, Madame de Motteville.

" It is affirmed that Cardinal Richelieu felt for the queen more love than hatred, and seeing that she was not favourably moved towards him, he, either for revenge, or in order to compel her to temporize with him, did her an ill turn with the king. His persecution was in reality the earliest sign of his affection. Of this all were witnesses, and we shall see that this novel fashion of loving lasted to the end of the Cardinal's life. It seems incredible that this passion, so belauded by the poets, should have had such a strange effect upon his mind. Still, the Queen did tell me that one day he was addressing her with far too much gallantry for any enemy, and that he made her a most passionate speech, when, just as she was going to answer him with anger and contempt, the king entered the room, and by his presence put an end to her reply, and that she had never cared to renew the matter for fear she should seem to flatter him by showing a recollection even of the occasion, but that she had by her demeanour ever since shown her detestation of him."

Baffled passion passes for one theory of Richelieu's hostile attitude towards the queen-consort. We need not cry out against the accusation because such behaviour seems puny. No! for at every turn we come upon the jarring of such unexpected pettiness among the large endowment of the great.

Tantaene irae? Yes! and the paltry streak crops up a thousand times among a thousand gods. Nothing is more ignored, yet nothing is more certain than the feet of clay, or the flaw in these great intellects.

The aspect of power and of vicissitude will imprison reason to the end of time.

There are other interpretations. Discount the tale against the self-importance of the chronicler and against some self-deception in Anne herself.

To the looker-on there is plausibility in the view that, unguessed by Anne herself, Richelieu was merely making a tool of a feigned *empressement* to work upon her by methods which his estimate of women in high places had seemed to justify. Anne had failed to rise to the fly. He was baffled and resentful of her unexpected front. Here was an example of his limitations. The tortuous mind he could grasp and follow its convolutions but Anne's very candour and simplicity made him miss the mark. She moved in a straight line and left him empty-handed. This is of her youthful days. Anne of the Regency, made subtle by the bitterness of fate, belongs to another story.

Here then, at the council, she sat before her accusers on the *strapontin* of ignominy, this simple creature, so hungry for the affection of a husband, so easily delighted in the oases of the boorish desert of that husband's demeanour, this being with the fair hair and the white hands. The premier had looked for an outburst of weak womanhood, for the suitable hysterics, and behold the baby mouth had answered back with cynic speech, the rosy lips had parted with a shaft, forceful because of its very incongruity.

"Un si petit interêt." It was "not good enough," as the slang of a recent day would have put it. They had hurled their missiles and Anne had returned them—cold. The cardinal-premier must have felt rather a fool. To feel a fool—this would not be forgotten. Secretly and openly his hatred would follow the woman who had done this thing. We can assert no power to read the riddle of the Sphinx, we can only serve up hypotheses for others to dissect.

Soon the youthful Madame proclaimed her coming motherhood, flaunting the prospect and her surety of an heir in the face of all the Court. Anne must have felt a grip at her own heart, the aspirants must have pulled wry faces. The factions might have spared their apprehensions. On June 4, 1627, the Duchesse d'Orléans died, leaving a new-born daughter, who as Anne-Marie-Louise de Bourbon,

Duchesse de Montpensier, was to become historic as "La grande Mademoiselle."[1]

Besides his difficulties in handling the revolted Anne, the cardinal was at this time in some perplexity with regard to the king's new favourite Barradas. Richelieu had not yet established himself upon that plinth of iron from which in later years he could look down untroubled upon these episodes of the harmless king's vapourish infatuations. Later on he knew how to carve and turn and chisel the ephemeral events in furtherance of his own designs; he placed them too, in the king's way as toys are placed to occupy a child while larger business is going forward. Time passed, and Richelieu knew how to handle his mixed team. The days of Luynes were not repeated, with one transient exception, no object of the weak-kneed king's passing fancy obtained any handling of the cards, the favourites had no place at meetings of the privy council. And now, leaving Richelieu to work upon the edifice of the national advancement and his own supremacy, we may come to the relations of the French Court with its neighbour across the Channel.

[1] So called to distinguish her from her younger half-sisters, Gaston's daughters by his second marriage.

Note.—The author has used the term *Chancellor* indiscriminately. At the beginning of the reign of Louis XIII. the offices of Chancellor and Keeper of the Seals were separate. At a later date, they were both vested in the Chancellor.

CHAPTER IX

RELATIONS WITH THE COURT OF ST JAMES

THE plan of matrimonial alliances between the French and English royal families had been an early story in the childhood of Louis XIII., Henry, Prince of Wales, being spoken of as a prospective husband for Madame of France, his junior by six years. Henry, full of the promise of manhood, not unmixed with signs of autocratic tendencies as a prospective ruler, was cut off in early youth, in 1612, leaving his brother Charles, who might otherwise so creditably have filled the office of Primate, to become, instead, a king, and to suffer by reason alike of his own incapacity and of the brutality which pervaded the Parliament of Great Britain at the middle of the seventeenth century. Elisabeth, as we know, soon found a husband elsewhere. The Dauphin kept up an occasional correspondence with the English royalties, signing his letters with the name "Henry" which he himself preferred, before his own name of Louis became an official one. To his childish mind, his own birthright was to be esteemed far above that of the heir of Britain. Teased by a courtier with: "Tell me, are you not the Prince of Wales?" "I should rather think not indeed," retaliated the four-year old son of France. "I am the DAUPHIN!"

In the first September of his reign, the boy king received the Earl of Hamilton as special ambassador from James I., bringing messages of condolence on the death of the late king, and assurances of the continuance of friendly relations between the two powers. The ambassador dined with the young sovereign who ordered his own dishes to be handed to him, and who drank the health of the king of England in white wine.

His mind remained quite clear as to the place of England in his estimation.

"Do you like Spain or England best?" his mother asked him at the age of ten.

"Spain, for I think it a country of greater magnificence," he answered.

In 1612 the Comte de Brienne was sent to England to condole upon the death of Prince Henry, and the following year he represented France at the marriage of Elizabeth, Princess of Great Britain, to the Elector-Palatine.

In 1614 fresh movements took place in the direction of marriage between the French and English families, a contract being mooted between Charles, Prince of Wales, and Christine, second sister of the King of France. The Pope, Paul V., however, viewed with great disfavour this project of mixed marriage. The days of Elizabeth and the proscription of her Catholic subjects under the harsh penal laws of the reign, were still fresh in the remembrance of the Holy See. Catholics in England—so Richelieu stated—were classed with criminals and fined as misdemeanants. He did not forget, upon the other hand, to deplore the butchery of St Bartholomew in the annals of France. The marriage negotiations in any case did not come to anything.

In 1614, at the time of the broils between the recalcitrant princes of the blood and the government, a party headed by the Protestant Duc de Bouillon was anxious to secure the participation of the English sovereign as a guarantor of the treaty of Loudun. The ministry of the "Barbons," voiced by Villeroy, however, offered so strenuous an opposition that the English ambassador had no alternative but to withdraw from the Hotel Condé where the treaty was being drawn up.

In 1618 Louis received from the Queen of England six horses and a pack of forty hounds which must have been a gift quite after his own heart.

The idea of a marriage between France and England still persisted. Marie de Médicis had her youngest child, Henriette Marie, to dispose of. Matrimonial projects were, however, for a time put on one side on account of the

attitude of James the First as general champion of the Protestant cause, called upon to interfere in the internal affairs of France on behalf of the Huguenot subjects of Louis XIII. Some were ready to resent his action as an impertinence. The principal agents were not, however, disposed for international recriminations. Devices of *ménagement* were thought more profitable. A special mission, invested with every flourish of impressiveness, was arranged and entrusted to Cadenet, the youngest brother of De Luynes.

On New Year's Day, 1621, the Maréchal de Cadenet embarked at Calais with a large suite of nobility and, happier than other contemporary Channel passengers, reached Dover the same evening. There the company took a good rest, not leaving again until January 4, when they proceeded to "Cantorbéri," making use of the twenty coaches and three hundred riding horses which had been provided for them by the Earl Marshal of England.

At Canterbury the High Sheriff, with a noble company welcomed them on behalf of the king, and they proceeded to London, receiving addresses and guards of honour from the towns upon the road. At "Gravesingues" (the spelling is irresistible) the Earl of Arundel awaited them and conducted Cadenet and the principal members of the embassy to the royal barge for the river journey to London. Twenty-five other boats, gay with paint and rich with carpets, conveyed the members of the suite.

Arrived in London they were lodged in the palace of the late queen[1] which had been splendidly done up for the occasion, and here state visits were exchanged between the royal family, the resident ambassadors of Europe and the French visitors. A state banquet of two hundred covers was served under the direction of the Duke of Lennox.

On Sunday, January 10, the Marquis de Bouquinhan (George Villiers, whom we shall recognize in his Gallicized version) escorted Cadenet to a state audience with the king where, amidst a concourse of French and English peers, he was received with every mark of ceremony, in a scene

[1] Anne of Denmark, wife of James I. She had died in 1619.

of the most festal character. On the same evening James sent for the ambassador and accorded him a still more flattering audience of two hours' length in complete privacy.

Banquets, receptions, hunting parties, crowded the days until the return to Paris, where Cadenet was welcomed by Parliament and rewarded with a peerage as Duc de Chaulnes.

This is all very fine and dazzling, but authorities cool the glow by saying that Cadenet got no undertaking out of the King of England of any value, in connection with his future fingering of the pie of Protestantism.

As is well-known, a foreigner's unaccustomed eye will note points which pass a native chronicler without suggestiveness. It is, for instance, an ambassador of Great Britain who complains that the ignorance of De Luynes on foreign affairs was so colossal, that at the time of the troubles of the Palatinate, the favourite asked whether Bohemia were on the coast, or whether it was an inland town. ("There happening throughout the whole kingdom of Bohemia to be no sea-port town whatever." "How the deuce should there—Trim?" cried my Uncle Toby.)

What, we wonder, did our representative, Lord Herbert, think of his own William Shakespeare on this point—if he ever read him.

The same ambassador takes credit to himself for the improvement of the *entente* between the French and English.

"They were," says he, "in very ill intelligence with each other, insomuch that one Buckley said he was assaulted upon the Pont-Neuf."

(*Ex uno*; possibly there is some naïveté of inference in our country's representative). The worthy man had certainly a simple British confidence in his own achievement. Hear him further.

". . . Nevertheless, after I had been in Paris about a month, all the English were so welcome that no other nation was acceptable among them."

Later on, he tells us of his convalescence from a fever. "When I had the comfort of divers visits from many principal grandees of France, and particularly the Princess of Conti

who would sit by my bedside for two or three hours and with cheerful discourse entertain me."

This was the lady of those evening parties which were so ill-regarded by the Condé faction.

Then our ambassador bemoans the absence of his wife—the lady having flatly refused to accompany him to France, which gave him some additional cares of housekeeping in his dwelling in the Faubourg St Germain which had previously been the house of Ancre so unhappily connected with the unlucky business of the sergeant at the Porte Bussy. Does he not own as well to episodes of irregularity grudgingly engaged upon, in the absence of the lawful lady, for which *mutatis mutandis* he "asks pardon of God and of Mrs Ingoldsby," rubbing in the salve that yet "never did he do harm to another in these adventures." The ladies, probably, knew how to take care of themselves. The gallantries of the court and of the age did not invariably consider the odds so benevolently; some of the courtiers whom we come across regarding the feelings of the feminine factor as a *quantité néligeable.* The episodes made excellent "copy" and met with no other consideration.

Franco-British marriage projects had fallen for a time into abeyance, being supplanted by suggestions of an Anglo-Spanish alliance between Charles, Prince of Wales, and Doña Maria, younger sister of the Queen of France. In 1624, Charles and the Duke of Buckingham set off for Madrid to negotiate a marriage with the infanta of Spain. Passing through Paris, Charles heard that a ballet-rehearsal, in which the French queen was to perform, was to take place at the Louvre, and he arranged with Buckingham to attend the spectacle incognito. Perhaps connivance was not lacking. Marie de Médicis had been much disappointed when it came out that the Earl of Carlisle was visiting Paris in the matter of the Huguenots and not for overtures relating to her youngest daughter. At all events, the prince and Buckingham saw the show and were both surprised and delighted at the beauty of the court ladies. There, too, they saw Madame Henriette, then fifteen years of age, full of the

sparkle of a daughter of Henri de Navarre. Here too Buckingham first saw the Queen of France. Still it was to see Doña Maria and not Madame Henriette that they had crossed the Channel.

We know that their visit to Madrid proved a failure. Doña Maria turned out to be a timorous and nun-like maiden, while the graver habits of the Court of Spain brooked ill Buckingham's horse-play. The Spanish match was off but Madame Henriette of France was still unbetrothed. The royal suitor went back to England and very soon negotiations were on foot for sounding the French royal family on a suggested alliance with Henriette-Marie. Lord Rich and the Earl of Carlisle were both despatched upon this special matter. Buckingham also approached the Comte de Tillières, French ambassador in London, who at once sent off an attaché to inform his master, Louis XIII. The French minister, Vieuville, was favourable, having, as it happened, designs against Spain which England, at the moment, was inclined to further.

Four commissioners were appointed by the King of France to treat with the English concerning an alliance of the two nations against Spain in the interests of the Prince-Palatine, son-in-law of James I., and also to deal with the marriage negotiations. Considerable obstacles had to be dealt with in the matter of the French princess's religious liberties. A chapel for her own worship and that of the English Catholics was an indispensable condition. This, the ambassador pointed out, would be against the laws of the constitution. The debate was stubborn, and it was proposed to compromise the matter by an exchange of letters between the sovereigns. So a document was drawn up and Vieuville went off to Versailles, then a hunting-lodge of moderate proportions, where Louis was at the moment, and brought back word that De Brienne was to send off a letter in the terms arranged between the minister and the English ambassadors. But the letter was a risky one and might commit France to acquiescence in the betrothal without any security as to the religious exactions. De Brienne saw the rocks ahead and he devised a trick.

Lord Holland, like Englishmen of later date, had a most imperfect knowledge of the French language, and so it fell out that he carried off with him no document of state importance but a harmless missive concocted by De Brienne giving an account of Louis's social diversions. Then Brienne informed Vieuville of his action, upbraiding him at the same time for having consented to the proposition about the letters. Vieuville saw the matter in the same light and commended Brienne "because he had done wisely." The injudicious proposals, being brought before the French king, accompanied by certain representations unfavourable to De Tillières, Louis recalled that ambassador and accredited the Marquis d'Effiat, a confidant of Vieuville, to the English Court in his place.

The new ambassador managed to worm himself into favour both with King James and his son, and with Buckingham, and things began to move. James I.—says De Brienne—was not so much personally averse from the Catholics as in fear of the disapproval with which Parliament and the Anglican episcopacy would view his indulgence towards Popery. Richelieu states that the queen of James I. had practised the Catholic religion without any opposition from her husband who was fully aware of her tenets. Vieuville's day was already waning. The favour of kings is proverbially a ricketty stand-by, and we can hardly instance any period of history more convincing on this head. The disgrace of A., B. or C. blots every page of the archives of France. The mushroom growth of Vieuville was arrested, and the ambassador in England foresaw the change which would arise now that Richelieu had become premier, for the Cardinal would press the cause of Catholics up to the hilt. Effiat lost his nerve and asked to be recalled, but pressed by Brienne and assured of the Cardinal's support, he consented to remain in office. Just at that time the Prince of Wales had had a fall in the hunting-field, and Louis was inspired to the happy attention of sending an envoy to present polite inquiries and regrets to the King of England upon the accident.

At length the hum-and-ha of the matter was brought to

a point of settlement. Catholics were to receive such privileges as would have been accorded had the marriage of Charles with the Spanish infanta been carried out. All things must, however, still depend upon whether the Pope would grant a dispensation, without which no marriage valid among Catholics could be accomplished. Several were named for the papal negotiations and finally the Cardinal de Bérulle, a nominee of Brienne, was despatched, and was provided with a carefully compiled memorial in which, says De Brienne, " I did not forget to point out how greatly a daughter of France had already contributed to the conversion of England."

A congregation of cardinals sat to examine into the matter at Rome, and at last a promise of dispensation was accorded by His Holiness, accompanied by stringent exactions regarding the indissoluble character of marriage. Perhaps the Pontiff had in his mind that English sovereign who had received from Rome the title of *Fidei Defensor*, and who after his secession had so airily contrived, with the help of Archbishop Cranmer, to dispense himself from marriage vows.

It was required that an act under the Great Seal should be drawn up securing the liberties of the English Catholics and, most extreme of all, it was enacted that all children of the marriage, even if Charles, Prince of Wales, should succeed to the throne, should be brought up in the Catholic faith until the age of thirteen. " Give me the years of the child —I ask no more," say the sons of St Ignatius de Loyola. Such a condition, to Protestant England, must have been of an indigestibility indeed!

Brienne was now despatched to England to lay matters before James I. He landed in December 1624 and passed through London to Cambridge where the English court was temporarily established. Here he was received by Buckingham and the Earl of Montgomery, and on the following day had an audience of the king.

" I was surprised," he says, " to see the Prince of Wales bareheaded, for it appears that he never covers in the presence of his royal father, who, however, insisted that *I*

should put on my hat; this, I was unwilling to do until I had claimed sanction by bowing most respectfully to him (the Prince) and at this he seemed so pleased that he returned me thanks. He left the chamber of audience directly after, in order not to cause any hitch in the ceremonial."

James proved most conciliatory with regard to the articles demanded by the Pope and directed the Foreign Secretary to furnish the necessary ratification. To avoid the appearance of too great importunity, Brienne requested leave to withdraw to London, which was granted; a state banquet being held prior to his departure. James himself, prostrated by one of his gouty seizures, was unable to appear, but the prince presided in his place and, in order that all the accessories of honour might grace the occasion, was served in sovereign state. In a royal loving-cup the invalid toasted the King of France in his own chamber, and then sent the same to his son at the banquet by the hands of Buckingham, who offered it on bended knee. Following the Prince of Wales, Brienne and Effiat pledged in their turn. The ambassadors were then received by James in his own room. They returned to spend Christmas in the capital where, says Brienne, "there was pomp and solemnity equal to that in any Catholic country, our chapel being never empty from midnight to mid-day."

Now came a complication, due to the hospitable intent of the Cabinet ministers.

The Lord Chancellor Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, invited the ambassadors to a supper, and also to prayers for the English sovereign in a church of which he was Dean.

Brienne felt he had been let in for this by the mismanagement of Effiat, and he pointed out reproachfully how urgently important it was that the ambassadors of France should not attend Protestant religious services. To get out of the situation, Brienne devised a gentle stratagem. He resolved to leave their lodgings very late, and to go direct to the Deanery and not to the church at all. But the courtly Bishop of Lincoln, determined to do all things in style, was waiting in his robes, surrounded by his clergy, to receive

the pair. There was no help for it, and Brienne was constrained to take the chair arranged for his use. But he struck at joining in the service, at any bowing in the House of Rimmon.

"While hymns and psalms proceeded," he explains, "I knelt down, and to show that I was taking no part whatever in their progress, I told my beads. This greatly edified the English Catholics who were all agog to spy out the doings of the French envoy so that they might report on them to the Spaniards with whom they were on very friendly terms."

Urban VIII. accorded the dispensation early in 1625, and when the Court returned to London, Brienne went out to meet the king at Theobalds to announce the fact. So pleased was James that he took everything else for granted and urged on Brienne to return to Paris.

"This," says the Frenchman, "I was by no means reluctant to do, especially as in the ratification forwarded to me the title of King of France and Navarre had been inscribed, contrary to the ancient custom of England which gives only the style of King of the French to His Most Christian Majesty, for—say they—though the people recognize and obey this prince, yet we claim lawfully that the lands and territory of France nevertheless belong to His Britannic Majesty."

There was, besides, an article requiring the release of all the priests who were in prison in England under the Catholic penal laws. Over this the officers of state made much demur, and at length hit upon a trick to save the situation. They declared that the prisoners were only detained on account of debts contracted by them during their imprisonment. The French ambassador was even with them.

"*Je ne fus pas la dupe!* I asked for the account and said that I would discharge it, and this made them feel so small that on that very day all the priests and other clergy were set at liberty."

Everything being now settled, the ambassadors with the bridegroom-designate attended a display of tilting at the

ring, Buckingham as a proud father, offered the highest mark of friendship by presenting his young son and daughter to Brienne, and then gave in his honour a farewell banquet of great magnificence, attended by all the élite of the Court. A diplomat has need of patience. Just as Brienne was ready to depart an urgent complication arose. France could not permit English troops, proceeding to the succour of the Elector Palatine, to pass through the country. At the moment, an attempt to land at Calais had been frustrated. Hurriedly, Brienne sent for Effiat and together they sought the Duke. The affair, however, is outside the scope of Court politics, and we may leave the ministers to exercise their felinities upon each other without further detail. Brienne then hurried off to Dover, a journey generally taking three days. "Je m'y rendis en trente-six heures."

Everything was now in train for the wedding to take place after Lent, when, on April 6, the King of England died, and the marriage now resolved itself into one with a reigning sovereign. "But," says a contemporary, "Madame was no less ready to become a queen than to marry the heir-apparent," and the preparations for her alliance with the ill-fated Charles I. proceeded. Brienne, pressed by Richelieu to give his views on that monarch, responded :—

"He seemed to me to be very reserved, and this made me think that he is either a man of extraordinary character or of mediocre capacity. If his reticence were affected to avoid rousing any jealous feeling in his father, it is a sign of consummate cautiousness, but if natural, and not the result of finesse, an entirely contrary deduction should be made."

At the time of announcing his father's death, Charles pressed the French Court with regard to a promise that Effiat, the ambassador to England, should be made a Knight of the Holy Ghost. Louis XIII. was annoyed with Brienne for his strong insistence upon this matter, but, says the latter, "I followed the wishes of the King of Great Britain, undeterred by threats of my own sovereign's indig-

nation, and was unwearied in pointing out to His Majesty that for the sake of an ell of blue ribbon we stood in danger of losing the work of more than a year. The Cardinal supported me, and lent weight to my words."

The matter of the knighthood was settled at last, and then came the execution of the marriage articles which were signed by the king, by the queen-consort, and Marie de Médicis, by Henriette Marie, by Gaston, and by the Earls of Holland (Rich) and Carlisle, acting as plenipotentiaries. The Duc de Chevreuse was deputed by the King of England to be his proxy, and a stipulation was made that the Lorraine family should be seated with the royal party at the marriage ceremony, in virtue of the descent of Charles I. from Mary, queen-consort of James V. of Scots, a princess of that house.

Unhappily, the ceremony was not carried through without dissensions among the high clergy. Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld had recived a papal brief nominating him to co-operate in the sacramental rite, and this gave offence to the Archbishop of Paris, who withdrew in a huff from any share in the event.

A platform was put up in the space before the Cathedral of Nôtre-Dame, and the marriage was here celebrated on May 11, 1625, in the presence of the ambassadors of England. They were absent from the accompanying nuptial mass, and, as a point of etiquette, the Duc de Chevreuse also absented himself, as being proxy for a Protestant ruler.

Chevreuse and his duchess escorted the queen-consort of England to her new home. The lovely duchess was, say the gossips, well pleased at the opportunity of being with her lover, Lord Holland. All the same, in strict fact, the time happened to be a most inconvenient one for the lady's journey.

There was a great send-off for Queen Henrietta Maria. The king went with her as far as Compiègne, and the queen and Marie de Médicis continued with her until Amiens was reached. At Boulogne she embarked to the firing of salutes from the escorting British squadron,

THE DUCHESS DE CHEVREUSE

AFTER THE PICTURE BY MOREELSI, ONCE IN THE POSSESSION OF CHARLES I

and the Port of Dover was made in seven hours on a most placid sea.

Dover Castle, sumptuously furnished with crown property for her reception, was the first resting-place of the young queen, where, after a splendid supper, she retired to rest. Next morning King Charles arrived to welcome his bride, and preparations were made for the journey to Canterbury where the completion of the marriage was to take place.

There was some friction over the right of certain ladies to ride in the queen's coach, but at last this was smoothed over and away went the royal procession to Canterbury. Half-way, a deputation of great ladies met their new queen, who descended from her coach and reciprocated their obeisance according to their order of nobility with curtseys or her hand to kiss. This, says an eye-witness, took a pretty good time. At the City gate, the Mayor and Aldermen of Canterbury received her with an address, and at last she reached the archbishop's palace where Madame de Chevreuse handed her her night-attire with royal ceremony and assisted her at the bridal *coucher*. Next day a courier was sent off to the queen-mother bearing, in letters from several of the court ladies, the news of the meeting of the bridal pair, and of the happy fulfilment of the marriage.

Plague was raging at the time in England, and shortly after, the king was obliged to prorogue Parliament and to move to Hampton Court. A royal residence at Richmond was assigned to the French suite, and here the Duchesse de Chevreuse gave birth to a daughter, the Demoiselle de Chevreuse, who was to play her part in the future troubles of the Fronde. There was some haggling over the dower brought by Henrietta Maria, the English rather discourteously pointing out the inferior standard of French coinage, and other matters too delayed the return of the ambassadors. De Brienne was entertained at several country houses of the English nobility and the Duc de Chevreuse received the Garter, and at length they sailed again for France, and this time were forty hours in crossing the Channel.

Now we come to the romance of Anne of Austria and Buckingham, though their story has been staled by telling. While Charles, incognito, stood looking on at the rehearsal of the ballet at the Louvre and watching Henriette who was to be his bride, Buckingham saw for the first time Anne, queen-consort of Louis XIII. He would be told of the young wife and of the ungainly husband with his outbursts of moroseness. He saw the queen in the bloom of her young matronhood. Next year he came over for the wedding, and was lodged at the Hotel Chevreuse near the Louvre. This time he developed an ardent fit of gallantry towards the queen. The airy tone of French manners perhaps seduced him into the willing assurance that his handsome person and his fascination would help him to all lengths with the queen. On the physical side Buckingham was undoubtedly a fine specimen of humanity. His dress too was most resplendent, blazing with jewels, some borrowed from the English Crown possessions. The gems, so lavishly attached, dropped from his person in the dance. There was no reticence about his methods—his attentions to the queen were quite unveiled, but Anne was too little sophisticated to meet them, in the early stages at any rate. Under the tutelage of Madame de Chevreuse she had conceived a certain light desire for skirmishing with gallantry. Perhaps, too, the expressive eyes, dwelling so ardently upon her and the warmth of compliment and of utterance inflected by passion, however transient, moved poor Anne to some reciprocation. Feminine capacity for idealizing dross into pure gold is always staggering. Buckingham's vulgarity which hit staid courtiers in the eye, was lost in the haze of her own imaginative faculty.

Travelling with the bridal suite, Buckingham had halted at Amiens. Here, as there was no dwelling worthy to accommodate three queens at once, each was separately housed. The lodging of the Queen of France was near the river Somme, and had a garden stretching along the river bank.

Here Anne walked one evening with her attendants, and rested in their company in a summer-house. After a time

she rose to continue her stroll and Buckingham kept by her side, engrossed in soft-toned conversation. The queen's equerry, unwilling to be an eavesdropper, but without *arrière-pensée*, dropped a little way behind, and Anne and the amorous Villiers in the misty twilight entered a pleached alley of the garden. The propitious moment moved Buckingham beyond control, and he caught the queen in his arms with the most urgent importunity of embrace.[1] Anne, startled by the outburst, cried out, and her equerry hurried up, and laying hands on Buckingham compelled him to retire. Anne, perhaps reflecting that the world always blames the woman, did her best to hush up the affair. She was probably moved with feminine self-reproach at her own maladroitness in the matter. The offender knew well how to excuse himself for his impetuosity. Then came the parting. Anne was in her coach with the Princesse de Conti. The bride of England and her cortège were bidding farewell, and Buckingham must take leave of the queen. He hid his face in the curtain of the coach, for glass windows were as yet unused, and spoke softly to Anne from the folds of it, while his eyes, half hidden, streamed with tears. A *poseur* we are half inclined to label him.

"I'll answer to His Majesty for your virtue, Madame," cried the Princesse de Conti, "but for your heart, no! for the tears of such a lover must surely have melted it."

Thus, at least, we may paraphrase the princess's words which reeked with the flavour of freedom.

At the coast contrary winds postponed the bride's departure, and Buckingham's passion did not cool while he was kicking his heels at Boulogne. Devising a tale of urgent matters of state, he hurried back to Amiens. Here he first presented himself to the queen-mother and then sought an audience of Anne who seems to have regarded his return with real or feigned amusement. The Comtesse de Lannoy, Anne's lady-in-waiting, was ili-pleased at the

[1] One *raconteur* asserts that his violence was such that the gold lace upon his dress left marks on the queen's person.

suggested visit, and represented to Marie de Médicis its undesirableness, and that it might perhaps cause displeasure to the king if Anne received such a visit before rising.

"And pray why?" inquired Marie de Médicis, "have not I myself received him in bed?"

It was too delicate a matter for Madame de Lannoy to point out the difference between the two cases of the youthful Anne and her mother-in-law of over fifty. She was compelled to accept the situation, but, jealous for her royal mistress's reputation, she hastened to hedge round the interview with every accompaniment of formality.

Summoning the Princesses of Condé and Conti and other ladies in the queen's name, she installed them beside the royal couch. Carefully the chronicler relates these strategic measures. We can feel the jealous resolve that the English intruder should not compromise their royal mistress, and that her own regrettable short-sightedness should not lead to her undoing. This body-guard being now disposed, the duke was admitted. But even this *chevaux-de-frise* took no edge off Buckingham's impetuosity. With ardour shining in his eyes, he dropped on his knees before the queen, ignoring the seat which had been placed for him. Anne, herself, was a little taken aback at this very overt love-making.

"Rise, M. le Duc!" said the lady-in-waiting, in tones of austerity. "Your attitude is one to which the Court of France is unaccustomed."

"Ah! indeed," rejoined Buckingham, unabashed, "but I am not a Frenchman, and therefore am not bound by your code of manners."

The duke was at length got out of the room, but the tale was dished up for Louis' benefit, and in consequence he dismissed Putange, the equerry of the garden episode, and several others of the queen's attendants.

When Buckingham next invited himself to the French court an intimation was made to him that his presence was not desired. His behaviour had been that of a cad, and

probably Anne, freed from the glamour of his presence, soon came to her senses. Court gossip attributed to Madame de Chevreuse, the creation of the episode. To cover her intrigue with Lord Holland, she had, the gossips averred, devised an *affaire* between Buckingham and the queen. Perhaps this was the case. What, however, might be for the flippant-hearted duchess a mere frothy adventure, might prove a large disaster for the simpler deeps of Anne of Austria. She lacked the lightness of touch so necessary for the success of the *femme galante*. Again one cannot avoid a suspicion that the whole matter was faked by Buckingham to stir up strife for some private policy of his own. Probably the adventure told against the queen in the affair of Chalais and the Montpensier marriage of the coming year.

The Queen of England had been married little more than a year when troubles arose in connection with her marriage treaty. Her French attendants were expelled from the country, together with all the priests who had accompanied her, except her confessor. This proceeding was necessarily deeply resented by Louis XIII. and by the queen-dowager. Lord Castleton came to Paris to try and induce them to accept the situation, but was very coldly received, while Montague, arriving to congratulate Gaston and his family upon the Montpensier marriage, was curtly requested to return at once to London.

To deal with the situation, Bassompierre was hurriedly despatched to London on a special mission. He travelled through Kent, passing Rochester, where the king's great men-o'-war were then stationed, and at Gravesend was met by Queen Henrietta-Maria's barge. He journeyed up the Thames, passing the East-India House, and Greenwich Palace where he changed into the king's barge. At the Tower he was met by royal carriages which conveyed him to his lodging. Yet the King of England did not entertain him at his own expense, and the reception by the Earl of Dorset was grudgingly accorded. On the night of his arrival, October 7, Buckingham and Montague paid him a secret visit, and next day a friendly call was made by

him on Buckingham at York House—a sumptuous dwelling, relates the French ambassador.

On the 9th, the king sent to order that Père Sancy who had come over with the Maréchal, should be sent back to France, but Bassompierre distinctly declined, adding that he was his confessor, and that if the king was not pleased with his retinue, he himself could easily return at once to France. This boldness of speech seems to have prevailed with the king's emissaries. Two days later, Bassompierre and the suite were conveyed in royal carriages to Hampton Court where sumptuous refreshments were provided. Then Buckingham came to lead the ambassador to the audience chamber, telling him that His Majesty wished to know beforehand what he was going to say, and that he must confine himself to the matter indicated. But the hardy Bassompierre answered that the king would learn from his own mouth what he had to say, and that the utterances of an ambassador, voicing his sovereign, were not subject to restriction. He could still return home if they preferred it.

Once more the threat prevailed. King Charles consented to withdraw the restrictions but intimated his desire to arrange with the ambassador for a postponement of state business until a later audience of more private character, and to this Bassompierre consented. He was then introduced into the presence. The king and queen, seated on a raised platform, both rose as he did obeisance. Then the audience was postponed for a more private occasion, and Charles handed the ambassador over to the queen who was eager for family news. This ruse, Bassompierre had accepted in good part, but the vacillating Charles, and Buckingham, the real god of the machinery, still contrived to put off the audience. Four days later the Duke of Montague again went with Bassompierre from London to Hampton Court, intimating that, in spite of the retention of Père Sancy, the king had graciously decided to grant an audience.

Charles received the minister in one of the galleries of the palace, and a long and heated interview took place

Charles lost his temper while Bassompierre, as far as he could without lack of respect, continued to press him in reference to the objects of his mission. Buckingham, who was in attendance, provoked the ambassador to a burst of indignation.

"I was witness of the boldness, not to say impudence, of the duke, who, when he saw that we were both heated with the discussion, came between the king and me, saying, 'Look here! I am going to put a stop to your squabbles.'"

Then Bassompierre was up and at him.

"I uncovered, and, as long as he was there, I refused to put on my hat again, in spite of all the persuasion of the king and the duke. But when he retired, I, at once, put on my hat, without even waiting for the king to tell me."

Afterwards the artful diplomat explained to the duke that he had done this only out of respect for him, Buckingham himself being uncovered. The plausible compliment was swallowed by the favourite.

"But," explains Bassompierre, aside, "I had another reason for doing it, which was that the occasion had ceased to be one of audience, and had become a private conversation directly he intervened as a third speaker."

The days in London were filled with visiting. The Court had returned to the capital, and Bassompierre visited the king at Whitehall and the queen in her own palace of "Sommerset." (Here we easily recognize the present-day home of Inland Revenue and Probate.) Great names of noble entertainers fill the pages of the ambassador's diary. One day, in his presence, Charles and Henrietta Maria indulged in a domestic squabble, after which the king led the ambassador to his own room and kept him for some time listening to his grumbling about the queen.

Buckingham and the queen were on ill terms; indeed Henrietta Maria attributed some of the misunderstanding between herself and her husband to his ill offices. This state of things Bassompierre managed to amend and was rewarded by the king's gratitude. Next day, however, the

queen and Bassompierre had a dispute at Somerest House, but the subject is not revealed, and two days later the quarrel was patched up.

"English as she is spelt" by our French memoirist is mystifying. We think that *Valinfort* and *Walingforthaus* are identical but *Inhimthort* we have not contrived to master, and must leave it to the reader's ingenuity.

Daily, conferences and collations were intermingled.

On Lord Mayor's Day our Bassompierre joined the queen at Somerset House where she had gone to see the Lord Mayor pass by upon the river with a splendid procession of barges, on his way to take the oath at Westminster. Later on, with the queen and Buckingham, he drove to Cheapside to see the Show, "the greatest which occurs at the installation of any official throughout the world." While waiting in the queen's coach for the procession, the trio and the Earl of Dorset wiled away the time in card-playing. After this, the ambassador went with Buckingham to the Lord Mayor's banquet, which was attended by more than eight hundred guests, and he finished up the day by taking a constitutional in the neighbouring Moorfields.

Another night there was a splendid supper at "Jorckhaus," with music and a ballet arranged with stage scenery. After the banquet came another ballet in which Buckingham himself took part, in a large ball-room, entered, Bassompierre explains, by a turnstile, *sans aucune confusion.* (Those scrambling parties of De Luynes, so darkly painted by modern commentators were very probably in the mind of the French courtier.)

After Buckingham's performance, all the guests took part in square dances till four in the morning when refreshments were served in five different rooms.

Leave-taking, the receipt of despatches, and a visit to the Royal Exchange, filled up the final days. The king presented Bassompierre with a splendid diamond ornament, the Earl of Carlisle sent six horses, and the Earl of Suffolk one, as parting gifts. The queen, too, gave him a diamond at the farewell audience. It was a sumptuous send-off, but, alas! for Bassompierre, never were greater obstacles

encountered than by him in getting away from our stormy island.

It was mid-winter when the ambassador arrived at Dover with a suite of four hundred persons, who were to make the passage with him. Among these were seventy priests, whose release, from English prisons, he had effected. The nautical superstition relative to the ill-effects of clerical passengers, received justification in this case. Bassompierre was defraying all expenses out of his own pocket, and the first item was a bill of 14,000 crowns at Dover, where, owing to the gale, this large company had to be entertained for a fortnight!

An attempt had been made to put to sea on December 9, but the wind drove the vessels down upon Dieppe and compelled them to put back and berth again upon the English side. A *rendezvous* with Buckingham at Canterbury passed away some of the time. The Duke was ardently desirous of coming again to Paris while Bassompierre was as eager to dissuade him from the idea. Returning to Dover on December 15, Bassompierre found that the suite had taken ship. Disaster crowded in on the unfortunate Frenchmen. For five days they were at the mercy of the Channel in violent gales, and so serious was the danger that everything available was jettisoned to save the water-logged vessels. Bassompierre's two coaches with other deck-hamper went by the board. All the objects destined as presents, for which he had paid 40,000 francs, were stowed in these coaches and shared their fate. The sufferings of the passengers may be dealt with by the most sluggish imagination. Most miserable of all was the fate of twenty-nine wretched horses which perished from thirst, for no supply of fresh water had been taken on board for a crossing, which in fine weather, could be sailed in three hours, but which was stretched over five days.

On the morning of December 18, Bassompierre himself set sail in a gale of wind for Calais where he landed for dinner and where, he adds: "je demeurai le reste du jour, pour me remettre du mal de la mer."

The matter of Buckingham's proposed visit was laid

before the king and queen upon Bassompierre's arrival in Paris, and was coldly declined; Anne herself wrote requesting him not to pursue the idea. During the civil war with the Huguenots we shall come upon Buckingham again. These are things that belong to the succeeding chapter.

Note.—"A daughter of France," p. 102, l. 10. This refers presumably to Bertha, the Christian wife of Ethelbert, King of Kent, who was a Frank Princess.

CHAPTER X

THE COURT ON CAMPAIGN

THE writer upon Court life is not called upon to deal with the larger questions of warfare, nor to discuss international complications or military tactics. Elsewhere may be found the history of France's intervention in the Mantuan succession and of her campaign in the Valteline. In other works her share in the Thirty Years' War and the details of internal rebellions may be studied. With the by-play of campaign we may, however, concern ourselves, for it is there that we may look for the Court pictures to appear; not on the stage of battle, nor amid the main scenery but rather in the wings is our point of view.

We see the boy-king, when twelve years old, present in the queen-regent's council-chamber when she signed the declaration for war relating to the Mantuan succession, in the interests of her nephew, Ferdinand, Cardinal Gonzaga, and according his approval of her act; probably in haste to return to the dearer company of his dogs and the more engrossing questions of toy-soldiers or cage birds. Then, and for long afterwards, he was a dummy king. Vicegerents dealt with the abortive outburst of the partizans of Marie de Médicis in 1619. Jeannin and the moderates would discountenance a personal appearance. A king taking the field against his mother would evoke grim visions of Greek tragedy.

It was during the operations in Béarn, against the Protestants, 1621-1622, that we see something of the king in battle array, and of the Court established in neighbouring townships.

A few words as to the subject of hostilities.

Louis's grandmother, Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre,

a Protestant, had, in her friendship for her co-religionists, confiscated the churches and the revenues of the people of the Béarn province in Southern France. When her son, Henri IV., sought the papal confirmation as King of France (" car un royaume vaut bien une messe"), Clement VIII. made it an indispensable condition of the absolution from heresy that the inhabitants of Lower Navarre and the Béarn provinces should be allowed free enjoyment of their religion, and, in accordance with this stipulation, places of worship were provided for the Catholics and stipends were accorded to their clergy. An article of the Edict of Nantes also provided for the restitution of the temporal goods of the deprived Catholic churches. By a quibble, however, based on the pretext that Béarn was not a Crown appendage, the restitution in that province had been evaded. By an edict, in 1620, Louis now commanded the restitution of these estates, and a commissioner was sent to enforce the provisions. So much opposition did this commissioner encounter from the Huguenot governor and others that Louis, who was then at Poitiers, decided to go and see the matter carried through in person. This masterful stroke of the young king produced its effect on the Huguenots in general, though among them there were some tough customers to be dealt with. Louis came first to St Julien, where the garrison was under the Duc de Soubise, a relative of the family of the Duchesse de Luynes (Marie de Rohan). The king commanded the duke to give up the keys and to resign his command. This Soubise refused to do, saying that he was under the orders of his brother, the Sieur de Rohan. This was a facer, but the king and his advisers were equal to the emergency. A council was held, and next day, June 3, 1621, siege was laid to the recalcitrant stronghold. The king, proceeding with his suite to a neighbouring village, became so engrossed in discussion that the watching garrison of St Julien took the opportunity to train a cannon on to the royal party. Suddenly the ball was seen wheezing towards them. It fell within ten paces of the king, who, declares an admirer, betrayed no more perturbation than at anything else. We hail the kingly sangfroid in this

unimpressive sovereign. Louis, indeed, seems to have risen to the occasion throughout the campaign. When provisions ran short, he dined upon a half-ration of bread. A military critic says, indeed, that he knew nothing of a leader's duty—still the "helmet of Navarre" was there, if with a lesser lustre. Many Court habitués were round him, the Constable and his brothers, Luxembourg and Chaulnes—to use their titles in the peerage. Bassompierre had a command and was a moving genius of the play. The faithful physician, Héroard, did not tire of watching and recording every mouthful of his royal charge. Ecclesiastics, of course, were in the camp, according to the manner of the time, Ruccelai, now hand-in-glove with the Constable, among them; and lodged near the scene of operations was the young queen, Anne, with her ladies. These were perhaps the happiest days of her young life, when she moved among the warriors in the camp, or received the flying visits of her husband, who, for the nonce may well have been enlarged into a hero by martial glamour and the rosy vision of her love. There were days of happy picnicking, when commanding officers wove green boughs into a shelter to protect the queen and her ladies from the blazing sun. The king's early taste for cooking really became useful, for he helped to prepare and serve meals for the court party. The villagers near the field were reasonably dealt with; yet churlish folk, they were at times. If the bread is all commandeered for the troops, prices will go up—they argued. The generals were affronted. Later, the economic wranglers, wishing to amend the situation, brought a gift of wine.

"No," said Bassompierre, loftily, "if you are so disloyal as to refuse bread to your king for payment, I do not feel inclined to allow you the honour of offering him wine."

Elsewhere, we come upon our Bassompierre in his dealings with the laundry-women, busy beneath the arches of a bridge, two hundred of them, in fear of the invading cannon.

"'Tis Bassompierre!" said the washer-women, "they say he has a soft place in his heart for the women." They despatched a message by a drummer, begging the general not to fire in their direction. This he had already received

directions to avoid, but this did not lessen the self-glorification with which he graciously acceded to their prayer. Of course, the hearts of the two hundred were conquered by this warrior who left them scatheless to their soap suds, and to their work upon the shirts of loyalist or rebel. How he enjoys the recollection in his anecdotage! Incorrigible flirt! he does not forget how, moved by the tale of the two hundred laundresses, the women of Montauban, begged a truce in the cannonading (or so declares our Bassompierre) and came out on the ramparts to have a look at him. The *principal* ladies—he takes care to tell us—and also how on this one day, September 15,

"I made myself decent, and dressed in my best to have a chat with them."

There were tight corners too for our *raconteur* when a mine exploded prematurely and he had to leap in fearful haste beneath a vat, which did not save him from being nearly buried by the mass of earth which fell on him, and out of which he struggled, trampling on the corpses of the royal troopers who had been killed by the explosion. At another place he saw, for the first time, women helping in the combat, throwing volleys of great stones with a force and animosity exceeding all his powers of imagination, while, on another occasion women handed up stones for the soldiers to use. Missiles were of various kinds, cooking-pots mingling with grenades in the defence.

Again, one November day, there came the necessity of crossing a river where boats, expected for the transit, did not turn up. To camp at the spot, within danger of a sortie from Montauban, was impossible. Bassompierre had soundings taken, and found a ford where the water would not come above the men's waists. It was bitter cold, but the plunge must be made. The men got hold of a horse and urged their leader to mount and ford the stream on horseback.

"Not I!" declared the general. So they all were taking off their boots, when, behold! there came in sight a boat laden with sacks of oats. The boat was seized, the oats carefully landed, and then, by companies of fifty, the

eight hundred men were ferried across, Bassompierre with the last detachment. By the time they were across, the winter darkness had fallen. Three villages were near at hand and on their inhabitants the troops were billetted for the night.

Bassompierre's high spirits never failed. Knocked senseless by a heavy stone, he was carried by his Swiss Guards to the rear, but directly his senses returned, he hastened to lead the attack. The wound bled much, but there was no time for dandy ways, and while disfigured and unrecognizable from the blood which had caked on his face the queen arrived in camp and entered the king's tent where Bassompierre was receiving orders.

Anne asked De Luynes who "the dreadful man" was.

"He is a gentleman of the neighbourhood, named Curton," replied the duke.

"Heavens! how ugly he is," exclaimed Anne.

As he passed the king, Luynes said in an undertone.

"Sire, do present Bassompierre to the queen and tell her he is the Comte de Curton."

Louis grasped the joke, and the pseudo country-squire kissed the hem of the queen's dress, and was then presented to the Princesse de Conti and to Henriette de Verneuil and the other ladies who were with the queen, whom he greeted with a kiss, the customary salutation. He heard their whispers.

"What a funny man, and how dirty he is. Really he has good sense to keep hidden away in the country!"

And at this the disfigured courtier burst out laughing and showed his teeth and—"by my laugh and by my teeth they recognized me, and were full of commiseration, and became more so when, in the afternoon, we marched off again to the fighting."

There were sterner moments for the king when noble combatants fell at his side in the trenches. The young Duc de Mayenne, who, but a moment before, had been speaking to him, was struck by a ball (which passed also through the hat of Marshal Schomberg) and fell dead on the spot.

The churchmen, if they did not draw the sword, had a word to say in the conduct of the siege.

"There came into the camp a certain bare-footed Carmelite who had been present at the battle of Prague, and by whose advice it had been fought. The Constable asked him how he thought they should proceed in order to take Montauban. 'If—said the holy man—'you will have four hundred blank rounds fired into the city, the inhabitants will be so terrified that they will certainly capitulate.'"

So, by the king's command, the said four hundred rounds were duly fired at the obstinate inhabitants, *mais les ennemis ne se rendirent pour cela* (!).

Another story of monastic tactics is reserved for later pages.

The clergy were substantial in their support of the campaign. In October the bishop of Nantes sent a deputation to the king in camp, offering a million in gold currency to carry on the war in Béarn.

Success was with the royal troops. Montauban, St Jean d'Angely, and Nègrepelisse capitulated. Louis, visiting the ruins of St Jean, was much affected at the sight of the dismantled fortifications and the walls razed by royal mandate. He uncovered and averted his eyes from the scene of desolation.

Nègrepelisse met with the sorest fate of all, for everyone was put to the sword and the city burnt.

From these grim details we turn again to lighter moments and find Louis playing cards with his generals or carrying on a sham fight with the Prince de Joinville (later, the Duc de Chevreuse), the ammunition consisting of unripe plums. Elsewhere we see him receiving deputations of his loyal subjects. The gentlemen of the *robe longue* came to receive him on his entry into Amboise. It was a winter day and snow lay upon the ground. No sooner were the formalities concluded than the legal cap and gown were made targets for a volley of snowballs by the courtiers.

The rebellion was quelled towards the end of 1622, when a treaty, confirmatory of the Edict of Nantes, was executed. In it we may trace the influence of Richelieu's cold-blooded impartiality. Other intellects might have

halted, might rather have antedated the Revocation by some fifty years.

In December of this year there was a large royal gathering at Lyons, which Louis visited for the first time. Here his parents had first met, and here once more came Marie de Médicis to join her son and his wife, while a few days later there was a meeting with the sister Christine, Princess of Piedmont, as she passed through the neighbourhood. Here it was that the honour so long debated and delayed came to Richelieu, for on December 10, in the church at Lyons, Louis, on behalf of the Pope, handed to the bishop the Cardinal's hat which had arrived from Rome.

After the operations in 1622, the Ile de Rhé, a Protestant stronghold on the west coast of France, was kept in hand and garrisoned by royal troops. This was a thorn in the side of the Rochellois, the inhabitants of the neighbouring town, who had hitherto held the island and its fortress of St Martin. Through Soubise they made their plaint to the King of England, about the time of Bassompierre's embassy to London in 1626. The English fleet was in fighting order, having been lately hovering about the coasts of the Peninsula but without coming to operations in that quarter. Buckingham, smarting under the snubbing of the royal family at Paris, and also disappointed in some negotiations he had tried to carry through with Richelieu, was well-pleased to have a chance of revenge through the malcontent Huguenots. A squadron was ordered to the French coast to make an attack on the Ile de Rhé. Toiras, the military commandant, prepared to defend the fort of St Martin which had been put into good defensive condition by the government, with some aid from his own private purse. Buckingham resolved to starve out the garrison. Richelieu, hearing of the descent of the hostile forces from England, at once sent orders and ready cash to all the French sea-ports to have the ships put into commission. We must not forget that the French navy was an outcome yet to be of his administration. He had lately been made Lord High Admiral and President of the Board of Trade. He asked for ships from Spain, and four were sent but struck no blow

for their allies, for on reaching La Rochelle they turned tail at once and sailed for their own country!

Louis now decided to proceed himself to the scene of operations. He had been recently obliged to leave a sitting of his *lit-de-justice* on account of illness :—

"I am trembling with fever," he said to Bassompierre, as he staggered from the council-chamber.

"Sire, it is the enemy rather, who will have to tremble at your presence," rejoined the adroit maréchal.

"I shall be better in the country air," the king assured him, and he set out for Villeroy, where, after some suffering, the attack passed off. The affair of Chalais had come since the campaign of 1622, and Anne was no longer the happy companion of her husband in the intervals of warfare. He refused her presence even as he lay on his sick bed at Villeroy. Orders had been given to exclude all visitors, but the gentleman of the bed-chamber then on duty, never dreaming that the order included the queen, allowed her to enter. For this he received his congé from the king. Petty outrages were piled on poor Anne after the Chalais business; —the Buckingham affair had ill-disposed the sourly cautious king with Richelieu at his ear. She was debarred.

Borne in a litter by his guards, Louis was able to proceed to La Rochelle in August, but before then the situation in the Fort St Martin had become critical, and it was imperative to obtain reinforcements from the mainland, but to communicate seemed an impossibility. A brother of Toiras hit upon an expedient. He bribed three soldiers of a territorial regiment of Champagne, who were first-rate swimmers to carry despatches across five miles of the strait which separates the Ile de Rhé from the mainland. They agreed to make the attempt. Messages in cipher were enclosed in tin cartridge-cases and, being made waterproof by a coating of wax, were fastened to the neck of each swimmer, who was also provided with a small barrel to buoy himself up in the water. One of the brave venturers was drowned, another became exhausted and fell into the hands of the enemy, who put him to death, but the third succeeded. Being seen in the water, he was pursued by an English

vessel and dived, coming up at intervals to breathe. The watchers concluded that it was a porpoise and gave up the chase. There were no feeding-bottles with hot soup or milk-and-egg for that Channel swimmer, and when he got ashore he was so exhausted that he could only crawl up the beach, where a peasant found him and guided him to the Duc d'Angôuleme who was commanding the royal forces in the vicinity. His body was bleeding from the bites of fish which attacked him as he swam. Peter the Gascon (his family name is left undecided among the chroniclers) received a royal pension of a hundred crowns derived from the salt excise.

Later came the siege of La Rochelle, the Huguenot stronghold on the mainland, all details of which are well known in their hideousness. We do not therefore need to follow at length the operations of the royal army. Here, we know, was built with pain and labour, under the direction of two Parisian engineers, employed by Richelieu, the famous dyke which was to keep the alien fleet of England at bay. "Cette Digue fameuse de ce grand ouvrage de l'Art qui fit violence à la Nature, qui donna de nouvelles bornes à l'océan."

Richelieu and the king were both on the scene during that winter of 1627-8, and the former was the master-spirit in heading off the heavy odds of the English attacking fleet. One night in January, the noise of firing startled Louis from his sleep. It was a farewell cannonade from the departing vessels of the rebel fleet which had raised anchor and which escaped in safety to England.

Then the hapless Rochellois had to stand their siege waiting for the long-deferred succour promised by the King of England. A small portion of bread and vegetables was their ration, or soup and bouilli made of hides from a few cattle. Do we not, in a later day, owe to these same Huguenots, then refugees in England, the recipe for the soup from the ox-tails, till their advent discarded with the offal. In yet more dreadful straits, the graveyards in the besieged township had to be guarded from the horrid violation of the desperate inhabitants. Non-combatants were thrust forth

without the gates, only to be driven back at the point of the besiegers' halberds. Of women, we hear less than in the campaign of 1622.

Here again, with the royal forces, is found a strong, clerical contingent, and at times dissension broke out between the state and the church militant.

Here, for instance, was le père Joseph, that *alter ego* of the Cardinal, nicknamed among the courtiers as "l'éminence grise," and very free he was with his advice to some of the commanding officers during the siege of "the stronghold of heresy." Hearing that there was a conduit through which the sewage of La Rochelle was conveyed outside the town, he decided that it was by this channel that the royalist forces would be able to enter. He took upon himself to make preparations to this end and ordered the construction of *une terrible machine* to further the attempt. First, however, it was necessary to reconnoitre in order to find out if the channel were practicable for troops and, to arrange for this, Père Joseph sought out General De Pontis, who was commanding a division. De Pontis relates his small taste for undertakings such as these, from which he derived small honour though exposed to imminent peril, and, on hearing of the scheme, he lay low, but, being unearthed, was summoned to an audience with the king. The passage of arms between the general and the officious Capuchin makes sport for the looker-on. This is what De Pontis has to say on the subject:—

"Then this worthy father, assuming the function of commander-in-chief of the army, told me all about his plan and went on to say, with zeal, ill-tempered with discretion: 'Monsieur de Pontis, now that the king has chosen you out of a thousand for this important enterprise you must consider how best to justify His Majesty's favourable opinion. If you do not feel yourself possessed of the necessary qualifications, it will be better for you to withdraw.'

"'Father,' I replied, furious at this lecture from the Capuchin which was anything but agreeable to me, 'you do me an injustice, and you have no right to speak to me in this fashion. His Majesty has not as yet given me any

commands which I have not carried out as becomes my honour, and were this but a matter of less risk, I should ask the king to allow me to decline it, on account of the insult you have offered me in his presence.' "

Here the king intervened to stroke down the angry general, telling Père Joseph that he knew De Pontis well and would answer for him.

"So off I went," continues De Pontis, "on a night when there was a heavy gale which favoured our enterprise."

Detachments of foot-soldiers were posted at frequent intervals to succour the general and his aides-de-camp if attacked by the enemy. Arrived at the sewer, they took soundings with a pole, and everywhere they found *une terrible profondeur de boue* (!) and, having carefully examined the passage, could find no indications of any point of entry into the town. So they returned to camp, and the general sent in his report which was to the effect that forty thousand men might be sacrificed as surely as two, and that there was no hope of success in such an undertaking.

Now it was the turn of Père Joseph to fly into a temper.

"That cannot be," he shouted, "for I know to the contrary from one of the inhabitants of La Rochelle."

"Well then," exclaimed the general boldly, "if you can catch the fellow, have him hanged for his impudence. Even if there had been any passage there is no bridge over the moat, except a plank across which the men can only pass in single file."

"Well!" cried the monk, louder than ever, "I ordered the thing to be done and so it ought to be."

The end of the business was that as there was no bridge, and as the "machine" received some serious damage and was rendered useless, the project melted away. After the capitulation of La Rochelle Louis himself went to inspect the fateful sewer and justified his general by demonstrating to the grey monk to what a serious danger De Pontis would have exposed the troops in such an enterprise.[1]

It was during this campaign that, at the beginning of the

[1] The amusing nature of this story justifies its insertion in spite of the fact that the memoirs of De Pontis are considered to be of apocryphal authorship.

year 1628, the death took place of the faithful servant and physician-in-ordinary, Jean Héroard, at nearly eighty years of age. From the day that he anointed the new-born Dauphin with attar of roses, he had not failed in the watchfulness of a mother. His therapeutics were indeed after the drastic kind of his age, we shall go into them later, but according to his lights he never failed in care of his royal master. The last act of his career was a consultation with the surgeons at which it was decided to draw blood from the unfortunate king, a constant victim of this operation.

Spring had come, before, on May 11, the eagerly-awaited armament from England appeared. Bassompierre was giving a dinner to the Archbishop of Bordeaux and other guests when the pre-arranged signal of three guns was fired from one of the forts. The French vessels got under weigh and, before long, sighted the English fleet which was composed of some fifty vessels of varying tonnage. Bassompierre was at once reassured, seeing that, for effective purposes, the French fleet was superior to the enemy whose large vessels (500 tons!) would draw too much to find water in the channel. Welcomed, besides, by fifty rounds of ball which killed some of the men in the tops and pierced the hulls of several vessels, the fleet stood out again and anchored in the roads off the Straits of Antioch.

The French fleet was now brought to stations in the channel, where also thirty-six small quick-working galleys were at hand both to harass the invader and also to repress any attempt of the besieged Rochellois to make a sortie.

The king was recalled from a temporary absence and councils were held while the camp hospitalities continued. Richelieu was ever on the alert and engaged in conference with the field-marshals. Bassompierre in his own quarters, entertained his sovereign.

"I received him at the St Anne redoubt, gave him some supper, and had a comfortable bed prepared for him, then I went off to do my round of inspection of the fleet and of the roadstead. When I came back I could find no other sleeping-place than my coach."

(Ah ! Bassompierre, giving up your bed to your king, who, in later years, was to give you a lodging in the Bastille !)

More splendid entertainment was accomplished later on when the king and a large company were feasted by the resourceful Maréchal.

From time to time something would be learned of the internal state of the besieged city from casual visitors who were entertained by the women camp-followers. One of these at least, of the name of Gabrielle, had an understanding with the royalist officers and acted as a go-between. Attempts would be made at intervals to smuggle provisions into the starving stronghold. A false alarm that a hundred head of oxen had been got past the lines caused much commotion and some worry to Maréchal Bassompierre.

In August another attempt was made to get in thirty sacks of flour, but the agents being attacked, fled, leaving the flour as booty for the king's troops.

Richelieu, like Louis, seems to have been in the thick of operations. One day his coach was filled with earth thrown up by a ball which took the ground close by.

Then, on September 13, 1628, came momentous news, that of Buckingham's murder by Felton at Portsmouth. There are those who tell of the cruel gibes uttered by the Cardinal in the queen's presence, relating to the death of her admirer, but the story is not well defined.

At length, on a day in October, the desperate Rochellois sent a request that the Cardinal would receive a deputation. They promised allegiance, and implored for pardon.

This Richelieu answered favourably, promising that when the king returned in a week's time from a little tour he was making he would report to him upon the matter.

Then one of the deputies carried beyond endurance, cried out :—

" What, my lord ! (the appellation of " Eminence " was of later custom) in a week's time, do you say ? Why, there is not food in La Rochelle for so much as three days ! "

The Cardinal sent off a request for the king's immediate return, which took place on the third day. A treaty was executed, and, on October 30, the royal forces entered the

town. On All Saints' Day, a great religious celebration signalled the capitulation, and just a week later heavy seas destroyed part of the *digue* built to repel the English, and the same storm drove seven of the alien fleet ashore, while the rest, making an unsuccessful attempt to put to sea, were fired, as a desperate device, by order. At last, at daybreak on November 11, the English sailed, less the two-and-twenty vessels which had been lost, burnt, or sunk by the French.

Here was reached a peak of glory for the prime minister and admiral, and, in respective degrees, for the faithful generals and troops who had carried out the manœuvres of that year's civil warfare.

CHAPTER XI

THE DAY OF DUPES

THE years which had passed between the queen-dowager's return to Paris after her exile of 1616-19, and the triumph of the royal arms at La Rochelle, in 1628, had seen a great shifting of the relative positions of Richelieu and his royal patroness. At the earlier date, the young prelate, even while exercising a mental influence upon the queen, was yet in an attitude of subservience as towards a benefactress. The queen herself did not lose sight of her own contribution towards the advancement of her protégé—indeed, she fell into the error of the self-complacent of exaggerating her own importance as goddess of the machinery. She regarded herself as the adviser, in deference to whom Gregory XV. had handed over the coveted hat. Richelieu perhaps held another view, regarding the queen-mother merely as the useful exponent of qualities and powers which were there for all the world to see, and for the elect to appraise at their high value. Many there are in every age who knock away the lower ladders by which they have climbed to the higher ranges of fame. Marie de Médicis, in her place, was all very well among the other factors of his success, but Richelieu had no mind to share his throne. His operations were too vast and too engrossing for emotional retrospect. To bring France forth as a mistress of nations, to crush the head of the aristocratic anarchy, to present the king as an illustrious figure-head before the curtain while handling him as a tool behind the scenes—to keep his hand upon the many levers of state-craft, his finger on the pulse of affairs, and every faculty of observation on the pressure-gauge of international events—here was work cut out on an imperial

scale, and not to be impeded by any complications of petticoats.

The dictator reigned in his Palais Cardinal, hated with the hatred which implies respect, for it is a significant implication of power ; feared as the impenetrable is feared by the baffled ; the demi-god of a clique whose mental faculty gave them a standard for the appraisement of his genius. The sphinx of his own day, and still the sphinx of ours in this iridium-pointed age which peels and shreds unhindered every personality of the world gone by, yet fails ofttimes to reach the core.

Vested with the weight of office he spoke the sovereign's will, and alleged the sovereign command for state enactments. In private conference with the weak-kneed yet well-intentioned king he drew more firmly those bonds which were to become a habit indispensable to the weaker man, but which, by constant and consummate manipulation, were seldom allowed to press at any conscious point. By a well-organised system of secret service he was apprised of every happening. His sardonic humour may have been moved to grim amusement at the ineptitude of the Court units and of their combinations ; the ostrich tactics which their self-importance took for subtle counter-stroke may even have evoked a human smile, but the unflinching gaze betrayed nothing of all this. Only, it knew how to hypnotize the liar into unwilling avowal, and how to paralyse the revolting will into impotence.

Sometimes, as we know, there came an unexpected obstacle, some simple feminine entity, it may have been, which failed to correspond to the pattern, somewhat crude in fashioning, which had been evolved in the laboratory of the priest or in the workshop of the man. We have already seen Anne of Austria turning the point of his weapon—we shall see other candid souls resisting his obsession.

Marie de Médicis, untaught by the misfortunes of the past, did not fail to perceive and fret over her own insignificant position as compared with that vicegerency which she had planned in her visions ; with her Cardinal as the grateful adjutant of her designs. She was, as she saw,

every year a person of less consideration with her son. Fortified by the strong hand of the premier, Louis was passing out of the tutelage of the nursery days and of the regency which had trailed with its atmosphere so far into the reign. Fretting in the splendid palace of the Luxembourg which she had built, the dowager by degrees conceived an angry resentment towards the minister, who with such impassive urbanity put aside her attempts to get her hand upon the helm. Unmatched, even in hell, is the fury of the "woman scorned," and, like many another, Marie de Médicis had not the power to appear unknowing of her own disappointed ambition. She lacked the strength which is to sit still. Her unwisdom is undeniable, her misplaced energy regrettable. She figures as one of those "managing women" who make themselves a nuisance in all ages and in all strata of society. Yet none can look on her and her history without compassion. Her wifely feelings had been sorely tried by the discursive amorosities of Henri le Grand —her intellect was not equal to the adjustment of herself and her own functions as regent in their proper standing towards the kingdom and the sovereign. She had debased her son in the public eye and had raised alien vulgarians to high estate. Her self-importance blinded her to the difference between the mother and the regent. The whip should have been hidden in the darkest cupboard, yet it invaded, figuratively, at all events, the very chamber of the privy council.

Having burnt her fingers in the fire of treasonable movement she was, unhappily, not warned. And yet there is pathos in the spectacle of this woman, ageing and unattractive, struggling with so little dignity for place and power which she might, with such happy effect, have diverted to more gentle undertakings. Marie de Médicis, like Louis XIII., was misplaced by the accident of birth. What a success she might have made of a commercial undertaking, as so many of the bourgeois matrons of France have done—the trading instincts and attainments of the Medici could have had their scope within a beneficial area.

To the eyes of every woman flaws are visible in her son's

wife, and Anne of Austria did not escape the penalties of the situation. But again, the primitive instinct of combination against a common enemy drew the two together as their separate animosity towards the Cardinal grew more intense. Perhaps their alliance was strengthened by the growing estrangement between Anne and her husband, whose morbid imagination still attributed to her designs connected with his own assassination.

Then came a sudden family reconciliation. We must turn aside to Louis who, at the end of the Huguenot struggle, found himself drawn into the quarrel between the Duke of Savoy and the new Prince of Mantua with regard to the rival claims of these rulers to the Marquisate of Montferato. The heavy details of negotiation need not detain us, but we must note one figure which passes across the film and which was to be dominant in the days to come. It was at Lyons, where he and the king were engaged in negotiations, that Richelieu, in the spring of 1630, first met with Guilio Mazarini, the Italian on whom his mantle as minister of France was to fall in days to come. Mazarin was leagued with the nuncio of the day in furthering the adjustments of the Savoy-Mantuan disturbance, and after an interview with him Richelieu declared himself as greatly impressed by the splendid powers of the youthful diplomat. Mazarin was received in audience by the king, and laid the proposed measures before him. From that day Richelieu kept the younger man in view, and as time went on acquired the habit of designating him as his successor. Deep called to deep in this great pair. Richelieu, grinding in his ruthless course against opponents whom he conceived to be inimical to his imperial aims, could yet hail, with generous esteem, the powers of the rising man, and welcome his kinship in intellect and subtlety.

Mazarin, however, does not belong to our Court scene except as an occasional apparition.

Now let us come to the king's illness at Lyons in the summer of 1630, when both the queens were with him. Louis knew of his mother's bitterness against the Cardinal. Richelieu, in his own impersonal manner, never condescend-

ing to invective, probably took care that Louis was made aware of the animus of the queen-dowager. Marie de Médicis never mastered the art of impassivity, she gave herself away. Moved, on the one hand, to intrigue by the bias towards dissimulation which, says a writer of the times, is a matter for study in every other land, but comes by nature to an Italian—she yet, upon the other, exposed herself at every turn. Her old attachment to the Cardinal, struggling with her later resentment, maddened the unhappy woman and impelled her to her own destruction. Louis had ordered the Chancellor Marillac to Lyons to keep a check upon his mother's doings while he himself advanced towards the borders of Savoy. The land was plague-stricken, and at length the king was compelled to return to Lyons, sleeping in the open fields or in such houses as were free from the pestilence. One night he arrived at a village called Argentine. He had just turned in for the night when St Simon, his favourite, who was in attendance, heard that the mistress of the house had just been stricken with the fatal malady. Great was the alarm and also the perplexity of the attendants with regard to letting the king know of the evil news. Louis overheard their whisperings and saw the startled faces. He demanded imperatively to know the cause, and, having heard it, betrayed no fear but rather the courage of a son of Henri IV., or that unexpected valour to which such feminine temperaments as his will rise in an emergency. "Go," he ordered, "to your lodgings, and pray that *your* hostesses may not share the fate of *mine.* Now draw the curtains of my bed. I will try to sleep, and to-morrow we will get away early without any disturbance."

Upon his return to Lyons Louis had a severe illness. So serious was his condition that he made his preparations for death. Now was Anne's opportunity. With the indestructible affection of woman she nursed the stricken man, and by her gentle care moved his suspicious soul to some tenderness and gratitude. Yet round the sick-bed were woven designs for the contingency of the king's death, though these we will pass over for the present.

The crisis passed, and as the king improved in health Anne sought to strengthen her own position by alienating her husband from his minister. It was another of her unhappy errors, for, under the influence of happier conjugal relations, Anne might have retained the better feelings of her husband's nature, and have had less to fear from the Cardinal, whose enmity she only made more dangerous by attracting so much attention to its existence. She had not that fortunate duplicity which would have helped her to keep the Cardinal's name out of the conversation. Egged on by her mother-in-law she ended in driving the king up against the aspect of a future in which he should be left without the strong arm which eased so many irksome features in the toil of government. This was a prospect he could not face ; the affection of his wife could not replace the effect of that mighty engine which cleared the way of kingship for his feet. Poor Anne! had she but set out her little feast of candied fruit before the ungracious husband, as in those childish years after her marriage, she might have done herself more good. How could her simple tactics escape the arch discerner! To his mother, also, Louis, in the face of death, had shown more gentle feeling. On his birthday, September 27, 1630, the illness was at its height, and he bade her farewell as one prepared to die. The crisis passed, however, and though still weak, he was able to return to the capital in November. And here, a great passage of arms and a great cataclysm were to come to pass.

Louis had halted at Versailles and entered Paris on November 9. The Louvre was under repair, and the king took up his temporary residence at the former Hôtel d'Ancre in the Faubourg St Germain, which had, since 1617, been assigned as a residence for foreign ambassadors. Louis had been exerting himself just then to improve the state of feeling, to smooth down his mother into a better disposition towards the Cardinal ; let her wait, at all events, he pleaded, till the affair of Savoy was set in order before letting herself go in the matter of Richelieu—but Marie de Médicis remained implacable. She lent her ear to the

Princesse de Conti and to Henriette, Duchesse d'Elbœuf (the Vendôme half-sister) when they incited her to bring the matter to an issue. The Chancellor Marillac even, we are told, lent his weight to the same end—a final rupture with Richelieu. In furtherance of this design the queen-mother dismissed Madame de Combalet, Richelieu's niece, who was her lady-in-waiting, and also another relative. Richelieu, on his side, seems to have spared no pains to pacify the angry woman. He had arranged to escort her from Lyons, hoping to play upon her nature as of old. His sense of dignity was consistent in the main, let what will be gossiped of his petty spites, and would make him averse from open and violent rupture with the woman of whom he no longer, it is true, stood in any need, and he would not fail to recognize that his own prestige with the world might suffer by a public revelation of her resentment. Persecution of the queen-mother was an allegation not to be courted by the minister.

On Sunday, November 10, St Martin's Eve, we hear that Bassompierre attended the king on a visit to his mother at the Luxembourg. Alone, and with locked doors, they sat in the queen-mother's private chamber leading out of the oratory. Louis was in the heat of discussion with regard to the postponement of the rupture with the Cardinal, when suddenly, in the doorway leading from the oratory, the Cardinal stood before them. He had tried the various doors of the antechamber and the queen's closet and had found them locked. The brewing of mischief was a certainty in his mind and called for trenchant action. Rendered more certain of his inferences by his discovery, and knowing well the ins-and-outs of the palace he then passed into the oratory and found that the door into the queen's own room had been overlooked.[1]

There, in the doorway, the unshrinking eyes took in the scene. The king was so startled that he cried out: "Why, here he is!" his expectation cringing before the feared reproaches of his dominator.

[1] One account says that he bribed a chambermaid to show him the means of ingress.

"I feel sure that you were discussing me," said the deep tones of incrimination.

The queen-mother, quelled by the appearance of the enemy in the flesh, shrunk into a stammering denial :—

"We were not——"

The stern gaze pierced her, and the deep-set tones adjured her :—

"Avouez le, Madame!"

Then, fluttering in a corner, Marie de Médicis collapsed and owned the fact. Then came a reaction of fury, and in a torrent of half-choked speech she poured forth the burden of her lacerated pride and of her bitterness. Then, says one recorder of the episode, the Cardinal sought by a suave demeanour to appease her and restore tranquillity—bowing himself to the dust. She spurned his overtures, and declared that she would have no more of him, and the heated *scena* was only terminated by the king's departure for dinner.

The passage of such a storm could not fail to becloud the issues. Louis was temporarily cowed by the furious outburst, and the Cardinal may well have retreated in some uneasiness as to the outcome of the three-cornered conflict. That night the intoxication of triumph rose to the brain of Marie de Médicis. Jubilant at her assumed victory, she received the homage of the sycophants who thronged her palace directly the rumour of the Cardinal's downfall had run riot through the Court circles. From mouth to mouth the tale spread onwards, bringing fresh accessions to the crowd which, on that Sunday evening, filled the reception rooms to congratulate the queen-mother on her splendid victory.

Yet all the time the very manner of their first reception of him at the threshold of the door gives away the abject condition of the mother and the son. What calm disapprobation and icy dismissal from the presence would have marked the effect on a more kingly sovereign, or on a stately queen. Theirs was the struggle of the degenerate against the hypnosis induced by intellect and the lashings of hysteria against the rampart of perfect self-control.

The king, exhausted by the episode, fled for peace to Versailles, while Richelieu set his household to pack baggage

for a retreat to Havre. Ostensibly at any rate, and some aver that he seriously anticipated his own downfall. Was he contemplating a possible future in which Louis, still tremulous from recent illness, might be dead, and he himself squeezed out between Gaston and the triumphant Marie de Médicis? This may, of course, be so, and yet we hazard the proposition that these activities of packing were a feint. To descend to the ridiculous for a prop to the contention let us come to a time two centuries later than that day, when two small English exiles lived in a foreign land and were tended by an English nurse. At times, like other human boys, they taxed the patience of that nurse by misdemeanours. Then the worthy woman would retaliate by a fearful stratagem. Tying her bonnet-strings and folding herself in her shawl, she would announce her instant departure by the Channel packet. The dreadful threat never failed to bring the mutineers to terms, in earlier days, at all events, for all devices may grow effete with overuse. At first, at all events, it was a thunderbolt. Now did Richelieu in like manner wish to rub into the wretched king the vision of his own condition deserted by the minister who at every turn had made himself a necessity?

On the evening of that day came the climax. If, some say, the queen-mother had sought her son and nailed him down the minister might really have been unseated. Marie de Médicis, however, was babbling of her triumphs. Then the situation was clinched by Cardinal de la Valette. Though a son of Marie's champion, Epernon, it was to Richelieu's judicious intervention that he owed the Roman hat. He took Richelieu by the sleeve and whispered in his ear. Was not the king alone there at his hunting-lodge, his mind a ferment of unquiet contention? If Richelieu would but go after him the situation might be saved. The minister listened. He left the packing operations and hastened to Versailles. The wretched king was harassed as a ship without a rudder in the storm of his own incertitude. It was the psychic moment. Richelieu had him in the thrall again upon the spot, and the subordination of the queen-mother was assured. The news raced to the Luxembourg; the house of cards

fell in a confused heap, and the abasement of the wretched woman was complete—to the dregs she drank the cup of trembling.

The rats forsook the sinking ship—the courtiers crowded to Versailles to pay their respects to the king. Even Epernon here seems to have relinquished the ancient attitude. Nor were there wanting among the more high principled some who honestly deplored the hot-headedness of the queen-mother and of Anne of Austria and their entourage. One of the young queen's ladies had been very active and very credulous in the matter of the Cardinal's deposition.

" I felt pity for the blunders of Madame du Fargis," says De Brienne, " who had taken for granted that she and her mother were a power sufficient to bring about the downfall of the Cardinal."

His own function was an ungracious one to De Brienne, for he had been sent to interview the queen-mother, and the mission, flavoured as it was with a taint of espionage, was repugnant to a gentleman. He looked upon the crowds that offered homage at the Luxembourg in distress lest he should be asked by the sovereign for a report. " Happily," he says, " no question on the subject was put to me."

The *débâcle* involved others. Marillac was dismissed and Châteauneuf received the seals. Several of Anne's personal attendants were sent away, and she herself received a lesson on the subject of forming wild and hasty hopes.

Richelieu's sentiments, whether " The pangs of despised love," or merely a cold disapproval of recalcitrant femininity, were probably intensified at this crisis. Yet it must be allowed that, throughout, the minister refrained himself from vulgarisms. The tone of his letters, even those in which he deplores the dismissal, by Marie de Médicis, of his own relatives, displays a simple dignity. They might indeed be written for posterity. Here, as elsewhere, his cold refinement gave him a long pull over the fussy, petty-minded dowager. For Anne, one must, with De Brienne, find rather pity than blame for her as the dupe of ignorant advisers.

The *crise* involved a tragedy of women it is true, but it

was a fortunate event for France. Speculation as to the result of another spell of the anarchy of the past regency is a dizzy business. The helmsman of the realm remained in office, cold and inscrutable, with his gaze upon the larger issues ; unperturbed by the chattering crowd upon her decks, he handled the ship of state, reefed the canvas of diplomacy in time of stress, and kept her head unflinching to the seas.

CHAPTER XII

FAMILY FEUDS

IT must be owned that the Bourbons of our period were a very quarrelsome family. There is quite a middle-class flavour about their petty squabbles, and the attempts made by one to get his oar in before the other. In their dissensions state and court and family were alike divided into camps. We have already seen something of this when "les grands" plotted against each other to curry favour with the royal head of their house or with the Regent. Marriage is proverbially an occasion for dissension, and we know the cabals which wove themselves round Gaston's marriage, and which were intensified by his widowerhood. These were, however, quite small outbursts compared with what came after. The affairs of the Duc d'Orléans stirred up the family feuds into a perfect tornado. After Madame's early and tragic death Gaston plunged into dissipated courses, viewed with distress and disapproval by his relatives. The lowest houses of the city knew his frequentation; poor "Louison" bewailed, among more silent victims, the ill results of her *tendresse* for Monsieur.

"Very well," argued Gaston, "find me a wife, and I will settle down."

No one was more anxious than his mother to find a suitable bride for the bereaved roué. Bassompierre, who cannot resist the temptation of letting us know his confidential relations with the reigning family, had, of course, his say in the matter. It was his vain-glorious personality which made a third at the debates between Gaston and his mother, where possible princesses were passed in critical review. We may amuse ourselves as interlopers.

"My son!" Marie de Médicis would affirm, "a matter so

GASTON DE FRANCE, DUC D'ORLÉANS

important to the state and to your own interests should not be deferred. We (here she indicated Bassompierre) have been reckoning up the marriageable princesses both in France and abroad. Well now, in France, are only three, Mademoiselle de Guise, your late wife's sister, but of her you must not think, nor of Mademoiselle de Vendôme, for she is your niece. Mademoiselle de Nevers, well, she is no doubt a fine girl and a pretty one but—— (Here Marie de Médicis entered upon details of immoderate physicking which might have rendered the princess inapt for maternity.) Then, there is the Duc de Lorraine's sister, a nun, I believe, but I am not certain on that point."

Here Bassompierre chimes in.

"I told her that I had seen her during the preceding year, and that she was a girl of thirteen or fourteen and very lovely. I saw then that I had said something amiss, and that she was aiming at something else. She interrupted me——"

"They say," she went on, "that the Duke of Bavaria has a marriageable niece, but of her I know nothing either. The Emperor has a daughter but would not give her to you unless you were a reigning sovereign. Besides these, there are the two princesses of Savoy (these were old maids of forty, while Gaston was nineteen!) and the two daughters of Florence, one of whom is very beautiful, and is to be married to the Duke of Parma. I believe that the other one is not so handsome, but they tell me she is not unattractive."

This was an unlucky suggestion.

"Ah! Madame," expostulated Monsieur, "they say she is a perfect fright, though the other is a splendid creature."

Marie de Médicis thought this was far enough to show what might be done with her son, and she sent off an emissary to Florence to try and break off the match with the Duke of Parma, in favour of Gaston. But Marguérite, the elder princess, did not become available, and Anna, the younger, continued to be too plain for Gaston to consider her for a moment. What did he do but turn his attention to Mademoiselle de Nevers. She, Marie de Gonzaga, was

daughter of the Duke of Nevers, who by this time had become Duke of Mantua, and who was now claiming the Marquisate of Montferato from the Duke of Savoy.

The princess, at this time, was about seventeen, and was on a visit to France. Now Marie de Médicis hated the Duke of Mantua. "The family of Gonzaga were princes before the Medici were even gentlemen," was the proud allegation of the house, and was it not the Duc de Nevers who had tried to dissuade Henri IV. from marrying the Princess of Tuscany, even alleging that he had declined her for himself. How could a woman brook him after this? Marie de Médicis strove to alienate Gaston from the design, and Monsieur, whose profligate affections were not of much sincerity, saw, it is said, his way to suck no small advantage from the situation. Pressed to abandon the project, he agreed to do so on condition of receiving the command in Italy, where the Mantuan-Savoy hostilities were then brewing, together with the sum of fifty thousand crowns for his military equipment, while, that his face might be saved, the Duke of Mantua was to be called upon to send for his daughter.

In this fashion, the spoiled boy, Gaston, was making himself a nuisance all round when the English descent upon the Ile de Rhé took place, and he hurried off for the scene of action. When, however, Louis arrived before La Rochelle in the autumn of 1627, he handed over the command held by his brother to Richelieu, and Gaston, in much dudgeon, returned to Paris, where he spent a good deal of his time in the company of Anne of Austria, with no profit to her reputation in days to come.

Louis XIII. had hardly returned to Paris after the capitulation of La Rochelle, when he was off again to the Italian frontier to take part in the Mantuan conflict. Gaston started with him but, hipped at not receiving a command of importance, and hearing also that his mother had now made the Princess Marie a prisoner, he returned to Paris. If Gaston's real sentiments were not sincere, he certainly contrived to hoodwink his mother completely upon the subject. The princess must be kept under lock and key.

At length, upon his giving an undertaking to relinquish the idea of the marriage, Marie de Médicis consented to release the princess from the fortress of Vincennes, and to transfer her to her own apartments in the Louvre. She was, as is suggested in another place, a dreadfully managing being this queen-dowager, and among other instances we find Gaston seeking recovery of his late wife's jewels which his mother had taken into her own keeping, and which she was most reluctant to surrender. Indeed, some of them seem to have remained in her possession until her death, when, by her will, she restored them to Gaston's daughter, Mademoiselle de Montpensier. Gaston returned to sulk in his own Duchy of Orleans, and in the autumn of 1629, upon the invitation of the Duc de Lorraine, he left the kingdom and took up his residence at Nancy, in the duke's territory. Here was a fine state of things, these territorial despots were still a power to reckon with, for their neck had not as yet been ground beneath the iron heel of Richelieu. Two high officers of state were sent by the king to negotiate with Monsieur for his return to France upon favourable terms, and with the bribe of an addition to his appanage—a requirement upon which the spoiled boy traded whenever strained conditions arose.

So in February 1630, Gaston came back to Paris, but did not long remain there. We know that in November of that year came the "Day of Dupes" with its downfall of the queen-mother and other consequences. Marillac, the Chancellor, had fallen, and upon this followed a process against his brother, "Marillac l'Epée" as he was nicknamed, who had been one of the king's intermediaries with Gaston. The real grounds were suspicion of his understanding with the queen-mother, but the ostensible ones were misappropriation of funds entrusted to him for military outlay.

An agent of the Cardinal was sent to the Maréchal's house in Paris to seize his papers. None were found, because, some days before, Madame de Marillac, suspecting danger, had sent every document out of the house to the custody of a friend, one Mademoiselle Fabri, a lady living in lodgings somewhere near the family hotel of the Duc

d'Epernon. In the darkness of a winter evening the Maréchale's secretary led the way, followed by a servant who carried the despatch boxes containing the incriminating documents. Richelieu, the hundred-eyed, was soon aware, and his agent, baffled at the house of Marillac, was, later, sent to the lodging of the demoiselle—the guardian of the papers. Here the cases were seized and officially sealed and then removed to the Cardinal's palace, where for the time they were reserved unopened; for Richelieu was "icily-regular" in his formality. He sent a summons to Madame de Marillac, in whose presence the seals were broken, and the cases unlocked by keys which she was obliged to produce. Jewels and personal objects were handed over to the lady, while the papers were impounded by the Treasury. We may not deny that Richelieu carried out his official purposes with a cold external refinement which is a strong contrast to the clumsy methods of the queen-dowager and of Louis XIII. The outcome of the matter was doubly tragic, for Marillac was beheaded and his widow died of grief.

The combination of events had exasperated Marie de Médicis to extremity. Furiously, she repelled any overtures of the Cardinal and his courteous pleading for a readjustment between them. She was altogether *impayable.* Her confessor, Père Suffren, a Jesuit, intervened, endeavouring to soften her asperity. He, a man of perfect integrity and unmoved by sordid motives, pleaded with her to put away her hatred in the light of Christianity. Faithfully, both now and in those future days in which she was to reach the bedrock of calamity, did this son of Ignatius cleave to the outlawed dowager, and fervently he strove with her to temper her ill-will against the enemy.

Marie de Médicis listened neither to the courtly overtures of diplomacy, nor to the impassioned pleadings of the man of God. Then anger, real or feigned, carried away the Cardinal, and he upbraided her harshly for her obduracy, and the injustice of her resentment. Then the queen, her coarse fibre quelled by the drastic treatment, broke into hysteric tears. She begged the Cardinal to be seated. He

haughtily retorted that it was not for a man, disgraced as he had been, by the public utterances of the queen-mother, to sit in the seat of the favoured. Tears arose in his eyes, ("he had always tears at command," says a great lady of the time) and Suffren too wept with the rest. A long disgorgement of the queen's grievances followed. Then a temporary lull succeeded to the storm, and on December 27, the queen-mother was present at a privy council meeting for the first time since the fatal day of St Martin.

Gaston, as a change from his fit of sulking in Lorraine, had now veered round to the cause of his mother, and the suspected machinations of the pair and their understanding with the Duc de Lorraine kept the Cardinal upon tenter-hooks. Again, the echoes stirred with the story of a marriage-plot between Anne of Austria and Monsieur, the king's death from ill health, or even a violent end, furnishing the way. On the other hand whisperers hinted to poor Anne of a plot between Richelieu and the king for her repudiation, a declaration from Rome of nullity of marriage, and her forced return to Spain. Unnerved and fretful, she played off her feelings upon Louis, refusing pettishly to accompany him to this or that state function. In the face of rumour such as that with which the air throbbed round her, she may be generously dealt with. The Cardinal, they told her, had a wife in hand for the king—a new queen for France, his own favourite niece, Madame de Combalet, ennobled in her widowhood as the Duchesse d'Aiguillon. The unlikelihood, the difficulties with which the Roman Curia would beset any such proposal did not serve to pull forth the sting from such a tale. We of to-day may be ready to dismiss it even if we adopt with hesitation that other tale of a projected match between the favourite niece and Monsieur, which was also laid at the Cardinal's door.

Round all these centre points wavered the haze of intrigue. Bassompierre and the Princesse de Conti were among others involved in venial or heinous degree; for to make a certain judgment is beyond our faculty in an atmosphere so

thickened with hot-headed clamouring. Madame de Motteville who has a taste for declaring herself as a repository of confidences in general, asserts that Bassompierre confessed to her that he had taken part in a cabal for wedding Monsieur to the queen, upon the death of the weakly Louis XIII. Bassompierre in his reminiscences, however, nowhere, gives himself away.

Vautier, physician-in-ordinary to Marie de Médicis, was one of those suspected of an evil influence on her mind, and was also dismissed.

Richelieu, with the war in Italy to carry on and the Austrian power to pare down, was now harassed in addition on all sides by the Court broils.

There would be no peace, he decided, until Marie de Médicis was removed to some distant provincial residence. To arrange her forcible withdrawal from the capital would be impolitic, and he therefore advised Louis to take up quarters at Compiègne, and to invite his mother to join him there. This plan was carried out with success, but when it came to any further removal the minister came upon a deadlock, for Marie de Médicis entirely declined to withdraw to any more distant retirement from the Court and from Paris. Anne and her mother-in law were still on fairly good terms. Some little assumption of superiority by the "Princess of Spain" over the "daughter of the Medici," alone seems to have marred their unanimity as directed against their common ogre. For a week the queen-dowager remained immovable. Then the king and his minister took action. The partizans of Marie de Médicis and of Gaston were arrested or banished from the Court. Bassompierre was lodged in the Bastille which held a goodly accession to its inmates in connection with these real or fancied conspiracies. The Duchesse d'Elbœuf (she was Henriette, sister of the Duc de Vendôme) was classed with her husband's family as a suspect, and shared the exile of other royal and noble ladies.

The king, having decided on his measures, avoided scenes of parting. At an early hour on February 23, 1631, he rose and gave instructions to Père Suffren to inform Marie

de Médicis of his departure from the palace, Brienne being charged with other arrangements.

Louis retired to the neighbouring monastery of the Capuchins and sent Châteauneuf, the Chancellor, to summon Anne to his presence. The queen, who was asleep in her own room at Compiègne, was roused by a knocking at her door. None but the king could thus demand admittance, and in those days of estrangement no friendly visit could be looked for.

Drawing her bed-curtains, she peeped out into the room and saw that daylight was just creeping through the windows. Bad news then it certainly must be, sentence of banishment, perhaps, she decided in her mind, recalling tales upon this head. Then she summoned all her courage to bear the blows of Providence, and ordered her attendants to open the door. When she heard that the Chancellor waited with a message from the king her worst fears seemed confirmed. In a few words, however, Châteauneuf abated her delusion. His orders were to summon her to the king, and she was to leave without seeing Marie de Médicis, whom the king was leaving under the guard of Maréchal d'Estrées, Marquis de Cœuvres. Anne quickly rose to obey her husband's summons, but felt she could not leave without a word to the unhappy queen-mother. A little scheme was hatched. She sent telling Marie de Médicis that for urgent reasons she needed a pretext for visiting her, and asking her to invite her at once to her bedside. The pre-arranged message was brought by Cathérine, the faithful dresser. Anne, waiting only to put on a dressing-gown over her night-attire, hurried to her mother-in-law, whom she found sitting up in bed, clasping her knees and rocking herself to and fro in the anguish of apprehended misfortune.

"Ah! my daughter," she cried out as Anne appeared, "this must mean death or imprisonment. Is the king going to leave me here, or what is he going to do with me?"

Weeping with compassion, Anne threw herself into the arms of the wretched woman. A little later, with tender endearments, they took leave of one another, and Anne never again saw her mother-in-law.

Marie de Médicis waited not for developments. That

night she took flight for Flanders [1] where she was kindly received by the Infanta Clara, Governor of the Low Countries.[2] At this point she disappears from the Court life of France, though her stormy wake troubled both Court and camp for eleven years to come.

From the news of the queen-dowager's flight, the Court and the Cabinet turned to the affair of Monsieur, now openly leagued with his host, the Duc de Lorraine, in hostility against the realm. Troops were already crossing the border of the Duchy and engaging with the royal army sent against them. And then came rumours of a complication more intimate and more pernicious. For Gaston, it was said, had secretly married the pretty little Princesse Marguérite, sister of the Duc de Lorraine. She, we remember, had come into the conversation about his second marriage through the unwary intervention of Bassompierre. Here was indeed a bomb-shell in Court circles, this stolen marriage with a hostile house.

To get at the facts of the case was found to be no easy matter. There was, to be sure, Puylaurens, a confidant of Gaston, and he was plied with questions to which he turned the artifice of pretended ignorance. How, in any case, could he give away the situation? Was there not an elder sister of Marguérite (the Princesse de Phalsbourg of later days), on whom Puylarens had set his own aspirations? He was not going back on the family of his divinity. In time, the truth came out. The marriage had been accomplished on January 3, 1632, in a monastery at Nancy, the ceremony being performed under a special licence from the Cardinal de Lorraine, the bride's uncle, which dispensed alike with banns and with the customary presence of the parish priest. A Lorraine aunt who was a nun, and Marguérite's *gouvernante* were the bride's witnesses, while the Duc d'Elbœuf, also in disgrace, and Puylaurens stood for the prince.

[1] So says one account, but another historian asserts that Marie de Médicis was too lacking in energy to have started so promptly, and that it was a month before she left Compiègne.

[2] A daughter of Philip II. of Spain, the consort by his first marriage of Queen Mary of England.

The gauntlet had been flung with a vengeance at the feet of all sovereign rights: a marriage without royal licence, contracted with a family which at the very moment was leagued with the Austrian foe without and with the rebellious heir-presumptive of the realm.

Gaston took the precaution of sending a secret notification of the marriage to the Pope, counting on the support of His Holiness in the disturbance which must inevitably ensue. All this took place in the midst of the hostilities, and Gaston and his new wife had a very short honeymoon. He left her at Nancy and returned to the field.

The royal party entered into interminable investigations and attempts to disqualify the ceremony. Such a contract, they alleged, was deprived of sacramental character because entered into in criminal defiance of the royal enactments. The royal forces triumphed in the conflict with the rebel army, and the Lord of Lorraine was forced to come to terms. He must have been already tired of his new relative, the trivial Gaston who, at the very moment when negotiations of peace were going on, had looted a baggage wagon loaded with specie, destined for payment of the royal troops. The ducal party made urgent pressure upon the royal swash-buckler to restore the booty, pointing out the invidious situation in which his act would involve the duke, and upon their representations the free-booter consented to amend his risky practical joke by restoration of the plunder.

The Duke of Orleans finally decided to try a change of hospitality, and went off to join his mother at Brussels, where the Infanta Clara (a most generous lady this) received him with kindness and furnished him with troops for further operations in France.

Meanwhile, the youthful Madame was left behind in her grass-widowhood at Nancy where her husband had paid her a flying visit once or twice from the camp, and kept her comforted by messages of assurance as to his being a loving and a faithful spouse. Indeed the gentleman did protest too much, for, knowing his flimsy soul, we cannot fence with the suspicion that he contrived some cheer for his forlorn condition. All Richelieu's search-lights were turned on

Nancy in the expectation that the new Madame would make a bolt to join her husband at Brussels. Cardinal de Lorraine prophesied smooth things, implying the surrender of Madame into the king's hands. Could he, he inquired, receive a passport for his own coach to leave the town? This was granted without hesitation, and the wily churchman drove out of the town gates with a youth in his travelling coach. This youth was Marguérite, Duchesse d'Orléans, and, thus disguised, she later on took horse and reached the Flemish capital. Leaving her in charge of his mother, Gaston, shortly after, took his Spanish reinforcements into France and very soon sustained severe reverses. Now was the time to bring the troublesome heir to his knees and restore him to reason. Louis and Richelieu did not spare the outstretched hand. Into the maze of diplomatic adjustment we do not need to follow. After years of disputation, the marriage was recognized and (in Anne's regency), Madame was received at Court. It is from about this time that Gaston's style as Royal Highness dates.

The shallow Orleans had no care at all for his foreign supporters and, in their anger at such base ingratitude, the Spaniards in Brussels made it very disagreeable for the French whom he had left behind. The warrant of Monsieur to a Brussels shoemaker, hung with a portrait of the royal customer as a sign before the tradesman's shop. Upon this unresentful picture *faute de mieux* the furious inhabitants vented the rancour of their soreness against the ungrateful son of France.

CHAPTER XIII

SPLENDID REBELS

"TELL me," said a Spanish cardinal to the French ambassador in the antechamber of the presence at Madrid, "what was the real cause of the execution of the Duc de Montmorenci?"

"*Sus falsas*" (his crimes), rejoined the ambassador.

"No!" responded the cardinal, "I think not. Rather it was the excessive clemency of the predecessors of Louis XIII. who were generally satisfied to make terms with the rebels instead of punishing them."

"I think," interposed Olivarez, the Premier, "that this example of severity may be useful; it accords with Spanish precedent which never by indulgence gives an opening for a second offence, but it is opposed to that of France where impunity has obtained from time immemorial."

These Spaniards give us a clue to the situation of the moment, and also furnish one reason for the intense hatred roused against Richelieu by his action in advising the death of Montmorenci, convicted of high treason for conspiracy with the rebellious Gaston. For Richelieu's act was that of the cold, clear-brained lawgiver; it was a grim surprise, it was a pioneer action of reform. A popular hero of warmer blood might have done some great wrong with small damage to the idolatry of the crowd, but here was the extreme of hate poured forth upon the perpetrator of crude justice. There was nothing about the minister which heated the brain or blurred the vision of the onlooker into enthusiastic admiration; with Montmorenci it was another story; about him was the glamour of the hero, his was a picturesque figure on the national happening of the hour, his death-scene reached deeps of human feeling seldom stirred, he met, unflinching,

the ultimate horror; he was, in short a "splendid" rebel. He was remembered by some in his early youth figuring in the "Carrousel" of the royal betrothal in 1612. Born in 1595, while his father was one of the best friends of Henri le Grand, our Henri, last Duc de Montmorenci, was a godson of that king. He was a handsome fellow, though, as one gossip of the day tells us, he had a squint. In deed and gesture he was readier than in speech; in fact he had great difficulty sometimes in making the simplest statement. Cardinal de la Valette helped him out on one occasion in a friendly fashion while the courtiers could scarce conceal their laughter, but then with a wave of his splendid arms he could outdo mere words. Cardinal de la Valette's elder brother, the Duc de Candale, cried out admiringly: "Heavens! what a lucky fellow this is to have such a pair of arms!" His mind worked slowly, it is true, but on the other hand he was brave, wealthy, a gallant figure, a good dancer and horseman—so says our gossip, and what more can one man expect?

Henri was a virile stripling: at fifteen years of age he looked quite twenty, and the courtiers chuckled when, for royal ends, it was spread about that the lad was over-youthful for a bridegoom. Even as he sprang lightly from his coach in the courtyard of the Louvre he had the air of the grand seigneur, the indefinable, inimitable stamp of race.

Henri was early an object of marriage projects. Henri IV. wished him to be betrothed to his irregular daughter, Mademoiselle de Vendôme, but the Constable Montmorenci had secretly planned for his son's marriage with a Breton heiress. Young Henri made his escape from Court tracked by fleet messengers at the king's command. The bride elect was also pursued, but both arrived unhindered at the place of meeting. It was a point much in dispute whether the marriage had not been irrevocably accomplished. It was quashed, however, by royal intervention. The other royal plan came to nothing, too, for Henriette de Vendôme, as we know, married the Duc d'Elbœuf later on, but the queen-regent provided a bride for young Montmorenci after the death of his father in 1614. Her cousin and god-

FROM AN ENGRAVING BY P. ALEX. TARDIEU

daughter, Maria Orsini, related to Pope Sixtus V., was brought from Italy. Marie Félicie des Ursins, for by the French adaptation she was more commonly known, was a daughter of the Duc de Bracciano, and was five years younger than Montmorenci. Tender-hearted, weeping as she left her family and her native shores so that "the ribbon of her bodice burst," the girl duchess poured out upon her husband an ardent love which lasted through many bitter years of widowhood. "Our cousin is pensive," said Marie de Médicis, watching the young wife left behind in Paris in her husband's absence, "her body is here with us, it is true, but her spirit is away in Languedoc." The duchesse loved young Henri through all his lapses from fidelity ; she bargained only with him that he should not conceal them from her. Henri was a squire of dames—had not his father worn the colours of Mary of Scotland in his helm—his son loved many ladies in degree. There was Mademoiselle Paulet, the friend of Voiture and relative of the inventor of the tax of "La Paulette" (a curse on him that gives and him that takes), "La Lionne" as they called her for her tawny hair and gleaming eyes. She was the idol of calf-love. Others followed her, fleeting loves with whom we need not dwell. Then came the knightly ardour for Anne of Austria, "hindered by England," say the gossiping recorders, reminding us of the episode of Buckingham. And again, was not the Princesse de Guimenée, the loveliest woman at the Court, his mistress? So that Madame la Duchesse had enough tests for her fortitude. Sometimes the young wife would reveal her mental suffering by her pale and altered face. Montmorenci remarked one day upon her appearance. "My face may be changed but my heart is not," answered Marie Félicie in a tone of gentle sorrow. Her husband understood the implication with self-reproach, for in his heart he loved the gentle soul, though he seemed unable to combat his outbursts of sensuality. We will not go into the military and naval career of Montmorenci, his part in the Béarn campaign of 1621, and in the siege of La Rochelle in 1627 ; they added lustre to the name of Montmorenci, say the chroniclers, we will leave them at that and come to

the time when Montmorenci became entangled in the affairs of the worthless Gaston.

The Duc d'Orleans had established relations with Montmorenci at the time when the Duc de Lorraine was getting tired of his son-in-law's vagaries, and had entered into treaty with the King and Richelieu for patching up his own malfeasance, as we have seen in the previous chapter. Montmorenci, like his forefathers, held the governorship of Languedoc, and Gaston had incited him to raise the province in his cause. Montmorenci, who had hitherto kept himself sedulously aloof from the Court broils, responded, from motives which have been variously assigned. He was known to have fretted at not receiving the Constableship of France which had been held by Anne, his grandfather, and Henri, his father. Then there was animosity to the Cardinal common to many. Again "Monsieur" had the power, which we see and marvel at in other royalties of insignificant fibre, of rousing for the time an ardent devotion to his cause. Some elusive streak, some debonair quality which can never be pasted into any insentient category. Was not his a "joly" personality, and *joly* in those days meant what it does in our English use of it, *jolly* not *pretty* as in the French of to-day. Froth and rubbish filled the measure of Gaston, heir-presumptive—but his bubbles showed their rainbow-tints to his partisans.

Then there is another reason given, and round it rumour is thickest. They tell us that Montmorenci's action in espousing the cause of Monsieur was principally due to the persuasion of his wife. Ardently she loved her lord, and now she wished to stir him up to chivalric valour for the favourite son of her royal cousin. About it all, however, there is a good deal of mist. Montmorenci took the field for Gaston against his sovereign. Louis, who after the affair of Lorraine, was travelling peaceably towards Paris, "believing that Monsieur's conflagration was but the burning of a little straw," was brought up short upon his journey by the news of Montmorenci's rising. The people of Languedoc backed their governor who was to them a more potent certainty and a far more glorious figure-head than

the nebulous King of France and of Navarre. Through the tale of warfare we need not wander. At Castelnaudary the royal forces routed the rebels, and Montmorenci, wounded in several places, was taken prisoner. Then came a maze of negotiations. Monsieur, the King, Richelieu, the Princesse de Condé, who was Montmorenci's sister, and the Duchesse strove, either on the side of state justice or of impetration respectively, concerning the life of the prisoner. Monsieur, the major evil-doer, was spared once more. Richelieu states clearly that "the sons, brothers, and other relatives of kings are subject like the rest to the law, and especially when it is a question of the crime of high treason."

Yet as Puylaurens, Monsieur's intimate, said at the time, "What can the king do? Can he put Monsieur to death—his own brother and heir-presumptive?"

The childless state of Louis XIII. must have sorely complicated all these questions. Monsieur was passed over, but Montmorenci was to suffer. "It was essential," states Richelieu, "that the Duc de Montmorenci should be put to death, in order that the partisans of Monsieur might be for the future deterred from their conspiracies." It is hard to gainsay this dictum.

Weeping and petition followed; the Cardinal was assailed on every side.

"Do not forget the former friendship between your Eminence and the Maréchal de Montmorenci," implored the Princesse de Guimenée.

"Madame," said Richelieu, grimly, "it was not I that ruptured it."

As for Louis, it seemed, said some, as though he longed to display royal clemency but dared not thwart the will of the strong minister. The weeping duchesse failed. Or was the king's mind disposed perhaps to the severer course by the discovery of that diamond bracelet containing the queen's portrait which Montmorenci wore upon his arm, and which a spy of the Cardinal's took from him when he fell wounded at Castelnaudary.

The Duc d'Epernon hurried, despite his eighty years,

with the unabated fervour of youth, to throw himself at the feet of King and Cardinal—"Remember that there were days when his Eminence and I alike took sides with the queen-mother in opposition to your Majesty."

The iron form of Richelieu did not waver at the retrospect.

Montmorenci's trial took place before the Parliament of Toulouse. At first he resented this, claiming to be tried before his peers in Paris. "Yet what matter after all," he averred, a little later, "where I am tried, since I have been guilty of wrong-doing?" He asked for the services of Père Arnoux, a Jesuit[1] and made a lengthy confession. Sentence of death was passed, and neither private efforts nor the popular dissent could reverse it. Montmorenci made preparations for death. To his wife he sent the long curl worn on one side of the moustache, a fashion set by a younger brother of the Constable de Luynes, and also a letter:—

"MY DEAR HEART,—I bid you the last farewell with the same love as has always been between us. By the repose of my soul, which I trust will soon be in heaven, I conjure you to moderate your resentment, and to accept this sorrow from the hand of our tender Redeemer. By His mercy I have received such grace that you ought to have every cause for consolation. *Adieu, encore une fois, mon cher cœur, adieu!*"

Was this last love-letter put together by the help of the spiritual director for the gallant Frenchman who had such slowness of expression and who, in the days of his flesh, had hired the poetasters of the Court to make him verses for fair ladies?

"Tell my wife that you have seen my wounds, and that there is one in my heart worse than all the rest," were his orders to the messengers.

The duchesse meanwhile was lying prostrate on her bed, stunned and hardly conscious.

Then the duke arranged for some parting gifts, and among

[1] This was presumably the same Jesuit who had been at one time confessor of Louis XIII.

them was a picture of a saint—Sebastian say some, and Francis others—which was to be given to the Cardinal. A reminder of his own martyrdom, say the supporters of the St Sebastian subject, but we cannot all hold with their view of such a recrimination. The truer reason would be in the token of forgiveness of the enemy urged by the confessor in that hour of making up the earthly ledgers. (Montmorenci outdid Marie de Médicis on this point.

" Madame," urged the minister of the last sacraments at her deathbed, ten years later, " you have forgiven his Eminence ; will you not send him some little present as a token ? "

The dying woman turned her face from the bystanders.

" Ah ! c'est trop fort ! " she muttered to the wall.)

The last meal was taken, the *bouillon* gave pain to the wounded throat.

" Let it remind me of the gall which our Lord tasted," said the condemned man. He gave his clothing to the gaoler, selecting a white vest for the execution. The scaffold was erected in the quadrangle of the Parliament House, the Capitol of Toulouse.

There was fear of an outbreak of the people. " For the trial and death of the Duc de Montmorenci, they had to fill the streets with troops." Armed men stood round the scaffold which reached to the level of the first-floor windows facing on the quadrangle, and these were filled with the men of the law, in their red robes of state. The surgeon's hand trembled as he tried to cut the hair of the condemned. Montmorenci took the scissors from him with a rallying word and gave them to the executioner who carried out the task. Then he adjusted his head upon the block—painfully—for the wounded throat was sensitive. " Wait a moment ! " he said, and altered his position.

" And now strike true ! " he cried to the headsman, and with one blow the deed was finished and the gallant blood spurted forth and splashed the statue of Henri IV., the royal godfather, which looked upon the scene. Montmorenci had begged the Jesuits to save his head from falling to the ground. They removed it from the scaffold, and together with the lifeless trunk it was conveyed by emissaries of the

Archbishop of Toulouse to the Abbey of St Sernin. There the corpse was embalmed and buried amid requiem masses. The execution took place on October 30, 1632, and on November 1 and 2, the days of All Saints and All Souls, the abbey was crowded. The members of Parliament went in detachments to join in the commendatory prayers, and the parish churches were left empty, for their congregations had crowded to St Sernin to sprinkle the dead hero's tomb with holy water.

Thus did this "splendid" rebel pass; the last male of his line.

The widowed duchesse, almost senseless on her couch, could not ask for news, and those around her feared to tell her the awful tidings brought to her at the Château La Grange in Languedoc by two monks. "Only by the weeping of her servants and by their dreadful mien she knew what had befallen." Poor, tender, cruelly tortured soul, elsewhere we will tell something of her later years.

Gaston, whimpering, averred that the life of Montmorenci had been promised him as part of the price of his own submission. The workings of that false soul we cannot follow. Some paint his fear lest Montmorenci should have divulged, on conscientious grounds, the knowledge he had gained of the stolen marriage. Upon the pretext of his grievance concerning Montmorenci, or perhaps quite independently of it, he went back on all his undertakings and took flight for Flanders as we have already seen. The other rebel ringleaders who were condemned with Montmorenci—the Duc d'Elbœuf being one of them—saved themselves by flight. The death sentence was therefore carried out upon their effigies, a proceeding less satisfactory to the administrators of the law than to the living subjects of the retribution. "La Disgrace" more terrible than death to noble minds—would not greatly afflict these traitors—them also the spirit of the age would display in the light of "splendid" rebels.

The estates of Montmorenci, forfeited to the crown by his high treason, were subsequently, in greater part, divided by royal clemency among the sisters of the dead duke. Condé had never had much friendship for his wife's brother, and

while her heart was still bleeding at his cruel end, he compelled Madame la Princesse to go before the assessor in reference to the partition. The avarice of his sordid soul shut out all thoughts but that of the desirable accretion to his wealth. Thus the Paris hotel of the Montmorenci family passed with other property to the Condé princes, and the Château de la Grange in Languedoc, where the unhappy widow had heard of the dreadful fate of her lord, became a portion of the appanage of Armand, Prince de Conti, the second son of Condé and of Charlotte de Montmorenci, and nephew to the heroic figure of Toulouse.

To give an object lesson in allegiance to the sovereign, Louis XIII. made a progress through Languedoc, which was trembling with the unrestful horror with which the people of the province had been filled at the death of their governor and their hero.

Henri, last Duc de Montmorenci, was not the first of his race to suffer for high treason during the reign of Louis XIII., though in the case of his cousin, François de Montmorenci, the crime was on a lower scale of technicality. Duelling was his offence, and many splendid rebels stand before us in connection with this practice. Edicts against the duel there were, of course, before the days of Louis XIII. Henri le Grand had signed them too, but it was well understood during his reign that the king would have looked upon any courtier as a "smug" who stood back under the challenge. With the regency of Marie de Médicis came a change upon this head, and finding that the new edicts were not any longer to be winked at, a loophole for evasion was soon found in pretexts that the combats were chance encounters and not formal engagements. Then, in the earliest days of 1613, came a tragedy which threw the regent's weight more than ever into the scale of opposition. The Baron de Luz was killed by the Chevalier de Guise in a very unequal combat in the Rue St Honoré.

The queen-mother was much upset, and wept as she waited for the ministers for whom she had sent to give her counsel in the emergency.

"You see, Bassompierre," she exclaimed, "how they treat

me; it's a fine business truly to kill an aged and defenceless gentleman, without a word of warning too. Well, it is the kind of trick of their house (Guise)."

Bassompierre tried to reduce this exaggerated view to a more rational level, and the Duc de Guise and his wife, the relatives of the Chevalier, also intervened in an apologetic spirit. More edicts were passed by which the duel was declared an act of high treason, but this did not put an end either to challenge or to combat. With the ascendency of Richelieu and his cold, unwavering administration of the law, came the day when terrible examples were made of the law-breakers. Richelieu, it must be remembered, suffered from a bitter personal grievance against the custom, his own brother, the Marquis de Richelieu, having been killed in 1619 by De Thémines, the eldest son of the Maréchal, in consequence of some alleged insult offered by the latter to the Marquis, to whom, by Richelieu's influence, had been assigned the governorship of the Castle of Angers, which Thémines coveted. Richelieu had a strong attachment for his family and his lineage. Here, then, was the head of it, and the last male, cut off in the prime of his manhood. The minister of state and the Carthusian monk as clergy could not carry on their line, and it fell therefore to the spindle side. From the duel had come this bitterness, and rigorously should duelling be put down that the law might not be made a mockery, and that desolation might not visit other households.

François de Montmorenci, Comte de Bouteville, was a noted figure in the combat. He spared not time nor place, for on Easter Day, 1624, he fought the Comte de Pongibaut, and although their friends stopped the fight, the Parliament of Paris ordered that both the principals and their seconds should be hanged in effigy upon a gibbet in the Place de la Grève—the scene of public executions. But in the night, the flunkies of the culprits came and broke down the gibbet and carried off the picture of the criminals which hung upon it. Parliament was not to be outdone, and the "contempt" was purged by a new gibbet and a new picture, and by the proclamation, at every cross-road in the city, of the decrees to the sound of the trumpet. Before these reprisals the

culprits quavered, and Bouteville fled in his coach and six, with an escort of two hundred armed men to keep off the officers of the law.

Nothing, however, could cure Bouteville and some of his kind. One duellist, indeed, who was arrested explained that he fought for pure bravado and to make up his "century."

Two years later the Comte fought in a duel of three against three, where two of his opponents fell, and again at the beginning of 1627 he fought, and after this he and his friend, the Comte des Chapelles, retired to cool their heels in Brussels. Now arose the Marquis de Beuvron, a friend of Torigny, who had died in the triple combat of the year before. Beuvron pursued Bouteville to Brussels, and here the Infanta Clara Eugenia, Governor of the Netherlands, tried to patch up the quarrel, and ordered one of her courtiers to take the matter in hand. The Spanish grandee thought that nothing could be better than a good dinner to bring about a better feeling between the hostile parties. So on Candlemas Day he gave a banquet, inviting Bouteville, Des Chapelles, and Beuvron, and a large company of French and Spanish and local magnates to meet them. Outwardly, nothing could have been more successful. The chief guests kissed each other, and promised publicly to give up their bloodthirsty designs. Their lips declared, but in their hearts it was otherwise, for Beuvron, coming close up to Des Chapelles, whispered beneath his breath that he would never rest content till he had met him sword in hand, and later on he said the same direct to the Comte de Bouteville. The combat could not be renewed on Flemish soil ; that was a point of honour towards the Infanta. Shortly after the feast which had so failed of its object, Bouteville and Des Chapelles departed for Lorraine, while Beuvron returned to Paris. Then a vigorous correspondence ensued, Bouteville trying to persuade Beuvron to come into Lorraine and settle the matter, while Beuvron wrote explaining his inability to get out of the capital. Bouteville was inclined to suspect treachery in this attempt of his adversary to lure him back to Paris, and he now turned his attention to the

matter of obtaining a royal pardon, and sought the intervention of his good friend, the Infanta Clara. The king, however, declined to overlook the past, and the most favourable answer he would give to the princess on account of her protégé was that Bouteville's movements would not be too closely regarded as long as he remained in the provinces, but that any idea of returning to Paris and the Court must be abandoned. The young noble was angered by the royal response, and in the heat of the moment he cried, "Well, then, if I cannot have a pardon, I will go without fail and fight in Paris, in the Place Royale!"

The Comte and Des Chapelles hurried to Paris, and on Wednesday, May 12, 1627, a further triple combat took place in the full light of day, at 2 p.m. in the Place Royale. One of the supporters of Beuvron was killed, and he himself set off to escape to England, while Bouteville and Des Chapelles fled as fast as their horses could carry them for the Duchy of Lorraine. The dead duellist's family were soon on their track, and at a little country town they came up with them. The provost of the district rode at early dawn, surrounded by his guards, up to the inn where the fugitives had spent the night. The provost ordered the chambermaid to let him quietly into the room where the duellists were sleeping. They were arrested, and at the end of May were lodged in the Bastille. The families of the prisoners left no stone unturned to gain their pardon from the judges and the king. The wife of Bouteville threw herself at the feet of Louis as he left a mass at which he had received the Holy Communion, entreating him in that most sacred moment to spare her husband. He regarded her silently and then moved on. "The woman rouses my compassion," he said to those who were with him; "but I must, and will, maintain my authority."

The prisoners were condemned to death, and June 22 was the day fixed for the execution. Then the wretched Comtesse de Bouteville made one last desperate essay to extort the royal clemency. Accompanied by the Princesse de Condé and other ladies, she went to the Louvre, where the Princesse by a little feint contrived to bring the

supplicant into the king's presence. Knocking at the door of the King's apartment, she gave a message, asking that His Majesty would grant her an audience.

"Let Madame la Princesse go to the queen's apartments and I will be with her immediately," replied the king.

There the women threw themselves on their knees before the king, imploring mercy. The hapless wife of Bouteville, a mother expectant, fainted at his very feet, and wine was sent for to restore her to consciousness. The king flinched for a moment, but recovering himself, said to the Princesse de Condé, "I feel their doom as much as you, but my conscience forbids me to pardon them."

Meanwhile the prisoners were being prepared for death by the Bishop of Nantes and other clergy.

The turnkey asked for parting gifts, and not satisfied with the first offering, begged for their gloves. At this Bouteville's hot blood foamed up, and he angrily flung the gloves through the window of his cell.

At five in the afternoon they were beheaded in the Place de la Grève. Death they met with splendid fortitude—*noblesse oblige*—and these peers of France would not give themselves away before the mob. They would not even have their eyes bandaged before kneeling at the block. The corpses were delivered to the relatives, and, by special order, were not stripped before or after death. Shortly after, the widowed Comtesse de Bouteville bore a son, who lived to be the famous Maréchal de Luxembourg. Grief does not kill, for the widowed Comtesse lived to be nearly a centenarian.

Let us finish with a touch of the ridiculous to relieve this gloomy chapter.

Montmorenci, the hero of Toulouse, made, as was the fashion of the day, a rhyming valentine upon the Duc de Chevreuse. If he did not make it, at least he got some ready scribbler to do so for him.

"Monsieur de Chevreuse
L'œil pourri
Et la dent creuse"

was an unflattering description of the husband of the lovely Duchesse, and nothing would satisfy him but a challenge to young Montmorenci. And so, in the very courtyard of the Château of Monceaux, where the Court was then staying, the two dukes met. The palace guards rushed on them with drawn swords, but not in time to prevent several passes between them. This was in 1631. The tea-cup storm got to the king's ears, and some have said that it conduced to his inflexibility against Montmorenci in the following year's trial for treason. It may also have called forth the further crop of enactments against the duel which were passed in the 'thirties of the seventeenth century.

Ten years later in the Court pictures rise the forms of other " splendid rebels."

CHAPTER XIV

THE ROYAL FAMILY

IN order not to obscure the narrative, only a few of the crowd of performers in the Court life of our period have received more than a passing indication. Now some further attention may be paid to the units of the assemblage. As with the physical world in general and the more restricted world of humanity, the Court can show us its various types, modified again by the thousand artificial influences of a particular social environment.

The king, Louis XIII., set by birth in a socket which he fitted with uneasiness, we have already seen and considered; we have noted his personal appearance, marred by the heavy features of the Medici and by his own personal peculiarities, the hanging mouth and ill-adjusted tongue. Yet in his boyhood, at all events, he had not been entirely unattractive, his brown eyes and dark hair, and the complexion which went with them, made him a picturesque contrast to the fair-haired bride who had smiled back at him during the nuptial mass at Bordeaux. We see his mental characteristics, his more serious tendencies towards rectitude warring with the petty impulses of the degenerate taint, then his morbid streaks and his frigid prudery giving way in sudden moments to outbursts of the unwholesome grossness of the age. His more general attitude was one of heavy melancholy. Even in childhood his laughter was rare enough to be noted in the minute chronicle of his chief physician. Sometimes he did burst forth into a fit of childish glee, as at the age of five and a half when he had made a Court musician play the bagpipes to one of his dogs. The finer sense of humour he did not possess, and, like others having the same deficiency, he could make sport of

circumstances which, to the true humorist, would have been rather food for tears. Thus we hear that he made fun of a poor hunchbacked woman in the village of Fontainebleau. While the favourites were allowed a licence quite undignified on the one hand, on the other some relaxation of ceremony would be visited with an outbreak of morose recrimination both excessive and undignified. Caprices such as these and others were symptoms of the morbid mental outfit of the king. On the other hand, we find many indications of a desire to act by the light of higher principle. We must not lose sight of the many influences which served to the further deterioration of the king's temperament among the broils of his minority, and the treachery and rebellion of his near kin, both regular and irregular, which lasted through his reign. Without the able understanding and firm dealing of Richelieu, we may picture a condition of chaos which would have left France as the puppet of seditious nobles and of foreign powers alike. Bloodshed more extensive than what arose from the judicial remorselessness of the hated minister would have ensanguined the chronicle of France, and she would have been degraded among the nations. Richelieu, at least, made of his sovereign a presentable figure-head before the world, both in domestic and foreign dealings.

Anne of Austria we know already as an ingenuous girl ready to give affection and fidelity to the awkward husband. Too ready, indeed, thought the stiff Spanish lady through whom the girlish messages passed to the French ambassador before the marriage.

"Tell His Majesty how much I look forward to seeing him," said the unsophisticated Infanta, and the unfortunate episode of Buckingham gained its dangerous aspect from the docile temperament of the French queen far more, we may feel sure, than from any wanton tendencies in herself or from any honest emotion in the showy Villiers. "She was always kind to all," says an English ambassador, "and anxious to patch up misunderstandings."

Her woman heart was pleased by the romantic homage of Bellegarde, the Master of the Horse, no longer a young

ANNE OF AUSTRIA, CONSORT OF LOUIS XIII

FROM A MINIATURE IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM

man, and of Montmorenci, who fell wearing the portrait of his queen upon his arm ; but it was ever ready to respond to the advances of her lawful lord, though bursting now and then with wounded pride at the indignities offered by that husband's morbid distrustfulness.

Along those twenty-three years of childlessness there was ever the bitterness of the woman who has failed in her vocation and left the succession without the consolidation of an heir-apparent. We have had views of her, and shall have others, in her days of weariness and in the little spells of bliss which crowned her long patience. We know of her family pride, of her gentle amenity to her companions, and of her rare outbursts into the louder complaint of the tortured human soul. Her moderate dower of beauty left her, it is true, behind some of the Bourbon family and of the Court ladies in point of appearance. " Her nose was always a little too large," says Madame de Motteville. Still she had the assets of her fairness and the bloom of full health and development.

The queen-mother is there as well in the Court life, dwelling amid her own entourage in the suite of royal apartments on the entrance floor into which she had, rather unwillingly, to move when the young queen arrived at Court and necessitated her vacation of the apartments of the queen-consort on the first floor of the Louvre which she had hitherto occupied. Her style is large and florid ; she is slow in movement and encumbered by the portliness of middle age, to say nothing of the dress of her day. Her mind is cast in a heavy mould with its stolid obstinacy and its solid virtues. Managing, officious, and unwise, direful experience did not suffice to warn her against further blunders. Accused, on the one hand, of sensual inclination, she is exonerated, almost as unkindly, on the other, by one commentator who thinks that her lethargic habits would have safeguarded her from any amorous energy. Let us touch in passing on the tales which have sought to make Henri IV. the father of one only of the offspring of Marie de Médicis, namely the youngest, Henriette-Marie. Some have given to the bride, in the very opening of her married life, lovers in

the Italian gentlemen of her suite, Orsini and Concini. And on what grounds? One wishes to look carefully into these things, but the chief ground would seem to be that Louis XIII. and his brother and sisters did not resemble Henri IV. but had the features of the Medici! But the most reputable of offspring may permissibly resemble the mother's side of the family! To insist upon the amount of resemblance that should exist between a young child and a father fifty years its senior is stupidity, since the one is undeveloped, the other, already seared by the passions and the episodes of existence. When Henri IV. died his eldest son was only eight years old. Again, Henri IV. joined his bride at Lyons on December 9, 1600. Louis XIII. was born on September 27, 1601. If an unlawful father intervened in the few days of possibility—well, we can only say that it was very quick work. Giordano Orsini was, after all, a relative of Marie de Médicis, and accompanied her, quite in a natural way, to France, after the marriage by procuration, where the Duc de Bracciano, the head of the Orsini family, had stood as proxy for the French bridegroom. A portrait shows Orsini as a full-faced, curly-bearded man of no special distinction in appearance. So much for him, but to return for a moment to the matter of the likeness to parents of the children of Marie de Médicis. There seems to be quite as strong a resemblance between some of the portraits of Henrietta-Maria and those of her mother as between those of any of the elder children and the queen. Yet we are allowed to give Henrietta-Maria a royal father. It is conceded, moreover, that several of Henri's irregular offspring bore no likeness to him. Some have said, in this connection, that the only one of his sons who bore any strong resemblance was the son of the Comtesse Moret, Antoine, Comte de Moret, named presumably after Antoine de Bourbon, Henri's father. Yet there has been no avidity to deprive the irregulars of royal fatherhood, though paternity in their case is far more open to discussion.

With regard to the Concini scandal, we must face the question—How could such an amour have remained a secret from Concini's wife, Leonora, the queen's confidant

and life-long favourite? And if she were a party to the situation, would the tongue of this woman never have blurted out the damning reprisals in some moment of exacerbation, before time had worn out her passion for Concini and her jealousy of him. Popular rumour was certainly pointed. The songs of the street leave us in no doubt of the sentiments of the canaille. Here is a verse of one of these productions which was sung to the air "Les Guéridons," a melody which, as Mrs Carlyle would have put it, it may be more interesting not to record:—

Année 1617.
"Si la Reine alloit avoir
Un enfan dan le Venir
Il seroit bien noir
Car il seroit d'Ancre."

The *calembour* alone gives a fillip of vivacity to this sample of loutish malignity.

We know how the infatuation of the queen-mother brought disaster to herself and public scandal on the palace, and we know that, as with other direful lessons, experience never taught her wisdom.

"You are going to France," said Urban VIII. in farewell audience to his nuncio to that Court; "you will see the Queen-Mother, she has a strong leaning towards Spain—she cares for her son only as far as interest prompts her; she is one of the most obstinate persons in the whole world."

"Monsieur" comes next before us with his fresh colouring and vulgar joviality, his natural abilities and regrettable limitations. The mother's pet, quick to trade upon his prestige, the spoiled boy, grasping at his own selfish ends, assuming, without hesitation, his own divine right, sordidly faithless to poor Louison, the low-born object of his coarse attachment, yet displaying *bonhomie* in unexpected places. Considerate to the second wife, though in the opinion of the bystanders she was but *une sotte*, and elsewhere tolerant in the manner of a larger mind. For when one day at his *lever* it was found that Gaston's favourite gold striking-watch was missing, and some one proposed that the gentlemen present should be searched—

"Oh! no!" replied the prince, "rather let them all clear out without delay, lest the watch, by striking, should betray the thief!" There is a tinge of Henri le Grand in his youngest son's retort.

"Monsieur" received the remaining rites of baptism[1] in 1614, at the age of six, together with his younger sister Henriette-Marie. He received the names of Gaston Jean-Baptiste, Cardinal Joyeuse and the ex-queen Marguérite being his sponsors. In the following year he was placed under a tutor, M. de Brèves, who seems to have watched over his royal charge with careful eye. The young Duc d'Anjou was guarded from too familiar discourse on the part of his night attendants by the tutor, who slept on a straw mattress on the floor near the prince's bed, in order to be at hand if the prince should wake during the night. Gaston profited little by the care of De Brèves. He was inattentive at his lessons, and showed disinclination for creditable pursuits. Louis XIII., forgetful, perhaps, of his own similar aversion from study, blamed the tutor, and dismissed him from the post. Gaston's conscience was touched, he burst into tears, and, choking with emotion, exclaimed, "I'd rather you gave me five hundred strokes of the whip. I'd give my right arm for it not to have happened. I'll go and throw myself at the king's feet." The tutor, however, forbade this act of penitence, saying that the king would think he had put his pupil up to it.

This was in 1618, the year after the queen-mother had been banished from the Court and from her children. De Brèves wrote an account of his dismissal to her, and received a letter in answer from the Château of Blois. In the end, De Brèves was given the post of Master of the Wardrobe to the Duc d'Anjou, with succession to the office to his sons in turn; but the arrangement, with its contingent emolument, was not carried out until 1625.

Of Gaston, as the centre point of intrigue and civil trouble, we hear in other pages.

Of the three princesses, the sisters of Louis XIII., we hear

[1] The essential rite had been already performed by Cardinal Bonzi on the day after his birth in 1608.

little as far as their lives at the French Court are concerned during the reign of their brother. "Madame" (Elizabeth) never returned to Paris after her marriage. Christine and her brother were to become bitter enemies as time went on. Of Henriette-Marie we learn in the chronicle of England and in those later years when, a broken woman, she returned to France during the regency of Anne of Austria. In their years of childhood they made small impression on the observation of the courtiers. The memoir writers of the day confuse them with each other, assigning one and then another as a bride to Charles I. The confusion is due, in great part, to the various negotiations, ruptured by different causes, for marriages between the French princesses and Henry, Prince of Wales, who died unmarried, and then with Charles as Prince of Wales, who was at one time spoken of as a suitor for Madame Christine, but who, in the end, in an unexpected manner, turned his thoughts in later years to Madame Henriette.

"Madame," had urged a great official as he stood by the widowed Marie de Médicis, "you must think how to secure your own safety and that of your sons."

The little princesses seemed hardly to have entered the minds of the courtiers who thronged round the dead form of Henri IV. The security of the dynasty was the first consideration. Before they were sixteen they were all married and had left the Court. Their lives then form no serious part of our story.

Note.—Page 170. Orsini appears to have been not more than eleven years of age when he accompanied Marie de Médicis to France.

CHAPTER XV

SOME COURTIERS

LET us turn from the royal personages and see something of the courtiers who surrounded them, offering them faithful service, or, it may be, harassing them with underhand intrigue.

First come the princes of the blood. We remember that at the birth of Louis XIII. three of them were present, the Prince de Conti, the Comte de Soissons, and the Duc de Montpensier. These were all princes of the House of Bourbon. Conti and Soissons were brothers, and were uncles to that Henri, Prince de Condé, "Monsieur le Prince," whom we have already seen plotting in his inner chamber against the succession.

It was this Conti and this Soissons whose coaches met on a memorable occasion in the narrow way, obstructed by butchers' stalls, called the Croix du Tiroir. The postillion of Soissons not recognizing the coach of the other, called upon the Prince de Conti in the most insolent manner to give way, and when this did not have the desired effect, the servants of the two princes fought each other in the streets. Soissons, discovering that the recalcitrant coach was that of his brother, sent an apology next day for his postillion's behaviour, and the affair, like many others, was patched up in the presence of the queen-regent and her son at the Louvre. This was in January 1611. In the following year Charles, Comte de Soissons, died, and was succeeded in the title by his son Louis. François, Prince de Conti, survived his brother by two years, and died in 1614, having married, as his second wife, in 1605, Louise Marguérite de Lorraine, a daughter of Henri le Balafré, Duc de Guise. Of the Princesse de

Conti we shall have something to say in the next chapter. Louis, the young Comte de Soissons, was a man much disappointed in his marriage arrangements. First he was thought of as a husband for Marie de Montpensier. She was, however, to become, as we have already seen, the wife of the heir-presumptive, while the Comte de Soissons received encouragement to think of a still more honourable alliance with Madame Henriette. Here, again, he was defrauded when Henriette became a queen. Altogether Louis, Comte de Soissons, must have been a disappointed man and ready to pay off such old scores against his sovereign in later days of rebellion.

Condé has played his part before our eyes with the rest, and with their women-kind, intriguing from the earliest days of the reign. Condé, displaying symptoms of degeneracy too revolting to detain us, challenging the servile fools in his train to swallow unnamable filth—Condé, cast into prison, and there joined by the young wife, once the object of King Henry's infatuation, with whom his relations had been somewhat strained; perhaps vanity had caused her to turn an eye of complacency upon her royal adorer?—Condé, in the prison of Vincennes, becoming father of the Grand Condé and of the lovely Anne, later Duchesse de Longueville.

The irregular scions played their part in the history of things. A troublous brood they were, an undesirable legacy from dead Henri de Navarre. César, Duc de Vendôme, had some of the same characteristics as the king, the morose melancholy which later on developed into a morbid love of solitude. In the intrigues of the regency he joined hands with the princes of the blood against the queen-mother and Concini. He headed the revolt in Brittany, an act of treason, since he was the governor appointed by the sovereign. But fearing for his skin, when a temporary patching-up had been accomplished between the princes and the royal party by the Treaty of Ste. Ménéhould, he hastened to Nantes, where Louis and his mother had arrived to hold a meeting of the Etats de Bretagne, or local Parliament, and found the king at dinner.

The king greeted him coldly, and as he would have done an ordinary gentleman, without turning to him. "Sire," said M. de Vendôme, "I did not wish to miss the earliest chance of coming to find Your Majesty, directly I received the earliest command to do so, in order to assure you that I have no other wish than to be Your Majesty's most humble and obedient servant, desiring to prove the same by the sacrifice of my life." The king, with a voice which trembled and with a face white with anger, rejoined: "Serve me better in future than you have in the past, and understand that the greatest honour you have in the world is that of being my brother." "I feel that," answered M. de Vendôme.

Alexandre, the Chevalier de Vendôme, the younger brother, was Grand Prior of Toulouse in the Order of St John of Jerusalem of Malta. In 1615 Louis deputed him to go an important mission to Rome to make the act of obedience of the Sovereign of France to the Pope, Paul V.

In the conspiracy of Chalais both the Vendôme brothers were implicated, and were arrested and lodged in the fortress of Vincennes, where the Grand Prior died in 1629, "not without suspicion of poisoning." Perhaps he had the same typhus which attacked his elder brother in the unhealthy confinement of Vincennes.

César received his liberty in 1630, and went to serve in Holland.[1]

Henriette d'Elbœuf, sister to the Vendômes, was, we know, joined in the cabal of Monsieur, and banished from the Court.

The children of the Marquise de Verneuil were less turbulent. Henri, the son, born within a month of Louis XIII., became an ecclesiastic, as had been arranged for him in early childhood, and lived to the age of eighty-one.

There was another son of Henri le Grand who mixed himself in sedition: this was Antoine, son of the Comtesse de Moret. He had, as an infant of two months old, a marvellous escape from death by lightning which struck the room where he was in his nurse's arms, but did no harm

[1] Note to Journal of Héroard, by MM. Soulié et de Barthélemy.

to anyone. He joined Montmorenci in the rebellion of 1631, and fought with him at Castelnaudary; there he is said to have fallen, but there is some mystery about his end, and tales are told of his survival to a great age in monastic seclusion.

An importation from an earlier day was the Duc d'Angoulême, that Comte d'Auvergne who had been let loose by the queen-mother to aid her in combating the princely factions. In ability he was not wanting, but nullified all his better qualities by his avarice. So hardened was he that he remained quite unabashed when his official peculations were flung in his face. In repartee he could be nimble.

"What do you pay your secretaries?" he asked the Duc de Chevreuse.

"A hundred crowns."

"That isn't much. Why, the salaries of mine are double. It's true I never pay them!"

When his household staff rose in rebellion against these methods—

"The Hotel d'Angoulême faces upon four thoroughfares," he retorted; "what finer situation could you have? It's for you to profit by the spoils of the highway."

Left a widower after his first marriage to Charlotte, a relative of the Constable de Montmorenci, Angoulême sought, in common with others, the hand of one of the maids of honour who just then was the object of the king's harmless attentions. Unrequited by her, he married in old age a youthful wife from the provinces, who suffered sorely from the hot fires which, even in summer, she was compelled to endure on account of the senile chilliness of her high-born lord. Angoulême outlived both Louis XIII., Richelieu, and many others of the reign, and died at eighty years of age.

There were, of course, many churchmen among the familiar figures of the Court, effective alike by obvious impression and by the subtle implication of their ghostly office.

The great Cardinal—on him we may look for ever without solving the mystery of that hidden being. In his earlier years we see him bearing an expression more benign

than in the years of his zenith, when the obsession of power and the weariness of the cynic had marked his features. Then the eyes were full and open, looking with an air of candour on the world, while a questioning expression is imparted by the slightly elevated eyebrows.[1] In later portraits, the prevailing fashion of the averted gaze and the exaggerated upturn of the moustaches towards the eyes imparts a vulpine aspect to the face which also has received an impress from within. The delicate, tapering hands might owe something to the conventions of the portrait painter, yet they may also speak of the nervous refinement of the subject. Clothed in the purple before his fortieth year, he moves among the other *dramatis personæ*, inscrutable, the hated politician, the genius, the magnificent personality, streaked with those "faults" which are encountered in the human as in geologic formations. Hated with that fear which, born in common minds, may be a homage more effective than their love, watchful of every episode which might provide a clue to some new element of Court intrigue; coldly intolerant of opposition from the lesser mind; living always with a chill lining of apprehension of secret attack upon his life—that creeping dread so much more awful than the healthy threatening of open battle,[2] with an intellect far above the appraisement of the crowd, Richelieu pursues his course before our speculation. There were outbursts of genial wit which left the hearer open-mouthed at their unexpectedness. In the moments when he plays, half in amusement, half in scorn, with the popular conception of him he utters the histrionic dictum :—

"Je couvre tout de ma soutane rouge."

There were other examples of the statesman type of ecclesiastic, dignified men of the world, attentive to the

[1] We recall the earlier Richelieu, ardent, but facing the future without the assurance, as yet, of consummation.

Says M. Hanotaux, in a matchless sentence, "L'Evêque de Luçon s'avance dans la foule des inconnus, du pas ferme d'un homme qui se sent parti pour des longs chemins."

[2] From the time of the affair of Chalais, Richelieu had been accorded a bodyguard.

duties of nunciature or discipline; genial *bon-vivants* some of them, having, as a wit of the nineteenth century said of an English Cardinal, their "lobster-salad side"; and, again, there were those almost angelic personalities who walked unsmirched amid the evil of the world. Here we have Cardinal de Bérulle, whom we have seen toiling arduously in the negotiations between Louis XIII. and the queen-mother, and of whom we shall hear again in a later chapter. His ability was again made useful in the negotiations between the Holy See and the English Court relating to the marriage and religious complications of Queen Henrietta-Maria. He gave all his forces to the work, but from motives differing widely from those of some of his colleagues. Bérulle it was again who, grieving over the strained relations between the king and his wife, sought, without departure from courtly deference, to bring about a happier feeling. One day he was summoned by the king to inspect the royal apartments at the Louvre. In due course the king and Bérulle came to those of the queen.

"Your Majesty must pardon me," said Bérulle, "if I cannot fully admire these rooms while the queen, their chief ornament, is absent."

To this remark Louis made no immediate response, but having sent a gentleman to desire Anne's presence—

"I wish," he said, turning to the gentle prelate, "that to you she should feel herself indebted for this summons."

Next we look upon the general crowd coming and going from the camp or the duties of statecraft, and imparting their separate characteristics into the picture: Brienne de Loménie (called also by his title of "Ville-aux-Clercs"), with an almost English stolidity about him, standing aloof from the froth of general gallantry.

Again, there is our friend Bassompierre, who leaves his mark at every turn. Him we see in many parts, able in warfare and diplomacy, and with it all a gay dog; having a streak of vulgarity in his relations with women, a taint of the cad even, as in his dealings with Cathérine de Balzac, a sister of the Marquise de Verneuil, of whom he speaks with

an utter want of reticence when his temporary inclination towards her had left her with a disastrous resultant.

"She persuaded me to say that she was contracted to me, that she might mitigate her mother's anger!" And there is a cruel and sordid glee in the tone with which he discusses the loopholes in the documentary undertaking he had furnished to the lady who was anticipating maternity. François de Bassompierre came of German stock, and was sometimes addressed by the king by his original family name of *Bestein.* In his early days he had been, he tells us, an aspirant for the hand of Charlotte de Montmorenci, afterwards Condé's wife, but abandoned his pretension at the urging of Henri IV., who had himself, as we know, fixed an eye upon the young beauty and had his own designs. He was *persona grata* with the royal family, the confidant of the queen-mother and the recipient of the grievances conceived by Louis against De Luynes. When, in a spiteful fit, Louis was moved to stir up jealousy between the duke and his beautiful duchess, he confided the idea to Bassompierre. The baron spoke his mind.

"It is a very bad business, Your Majesty, to sow dissension between a man and his wife."

Bassompierre spoke feelingly, for he had himself been in an uncomfortable hole owing to a "*brouillerie* between a husband and wife, of which I was, to my regret, the principal cause." In that same year (1615) his affairs were in a bad way on all sides, for he was heavily in debt; a young girl was in imminent danger of disgrace on his account, and he was engaged in a law-suit with Mademoiselle d'Entragues, in reference to the promise of marriage made to her to appease her mother's anger. But all ended well for the jovial warrior. His mother's death made him heir to a fortune, the matrimonial squabble was patched up, the young girl came, undiscovered, through her maternal difficulties, while, says our warrior, "I went off to Rouen, where I gained the day against Entragues, so that almost simultaneously I was freed from these diverse and worrying annoyances."

At every turn he gloats over some episode of amorous

FRANÇOIS DE BASSOMPIERRE
FROM AN ENGRAVING BY L. BOISSEUIN

adventure, the written page could not resent the tale which tried the patience of his companions in captivity (for the Memoirs were written in the Bastille).

In the summer of 1608 he was invited to the funeral of the Duc de Lorraine, and was absent from the capital for three weeks.

"I can't tell how much trouble the ladies took to send me messages, despatching couriers, letters, and presents. The planet Venus was very much in the ascendant just then. I returned to Paris, and four ladies came in their coaches as far as Pantin, pretending they were just taking a drive, and took me in their coach to the Porte St Honoré, where I mounted my post horses again to ride into Paris."

There were startling moments too in the jovial courtier's life. Bassompierre was among the company of lords and gentlemen in that upper chamber at Tours where Marie de Médicis, returning towards the capital after her son's marriage, was holding a council, on Friday, January 29, 1616, when suddenly the floor gave way, and Bassompierre with twenty-seven others, Louis, Comte de Soissons, and the Duc d'Epernon among them, fell with it. The queen-mother remained upon a beam which had held firm amid the ruin, and, crawling over her bed, which also remained, she escaped unhurt, but Bassompierre was damaged in several places, and had two ribs broken as his share in the adventure.

Earlier in the same year the flooring had given way close to the seats of the king and the regent during their reception of a deputation concerning the tax "la paulette."

Again, in the very height of his young gallantries, came an adventure which makes a sombre set-off to the heedless levity of the gay young soldier, and which, for poignancy and dramatic quality, is worth relating in outline. The story deals with a beautiful seamstress at the sign *Aux Deux Anges*, near to one of the smaller bridges over the Seine, and before the building of the Pont-Neuf.

For a long time the youthful gallant had noticed how this woman pursued him with her gaze as he crossed the bridge, and how she curtseyed deep to him, and he had

offered his exchange of greeting. At last one day she spoke to the handsome horseman, and Bassompierre, having the *flair* for an amorous episode, sent her a tentative message by a lackey. The seamstress left no ambiguity about her views. She was prepared to dispense her favours in no half-hearted fashion, and indicated a house of *rendez-vous* for this end. Thither did Bassompierre repair. The beauty of the unknown seamstress is chronicled together with an account of her slippers, her fine linen, and her skirt of green diagonal—even her dressing-gown—all receive attention.

"In short—she pleased me well!"

He sought a further opportunity. It was then Thursday (or Friday, for his memory is clouded on that point), would she appoint Sunday? "But," responded the needlewoman, "save for you, I have been a faithful wife to my husband, and one occasion must not count for custom. For love of you, have I come to this ill-famed abode. What, indeed, will not one do for the beloved, and him a Bassompierre? But if you are to visit me a second time, it must be at the house of one of my aunts."

Then she described to him a street near the markets, and the third door from the Rue St Martin. "There I will wait for you from ten to midnight, leaving the door ajar."

Sunday evening came, and Bassompierre made his way to the house indicated. Here every storey was brightly lighted up, but the door, contrary to arrangement, was locked.

"I knocked," says our adventurer, "to give warning of my arrival, but it was a man's voice which replied, inquiring who was there. I walked into the next street, and returning shortly, found the door now open, and I went up to the second floor, where I discovered that the brilliant light arose from the burning of bed-straw, and also that two naked corpses lay stretched upon a table. Utterly astonished, I came away, jostling on the stairway with *les corbeaux*,[1] who inquired my business; but I, drawing my sword, pushed

[1] These were the men who carried away the bodies of those who had died from the pestilence.

past them and returned to my lodging, somewhat agitated by this unlooked-for sight, and here I drank three or four glasses of wine neat, which is a German safeguard against the plague, and then slept that I might be ready to depart next morning for Lorraine. In spite of all the trouble I took to find out what had become of the woman, I could never discover anything. I even went to the 'Deux Anges', where she lodged, to ask for her, but the other inmates could only tell me that they knew nothing about their fellow lodger. I wish to tell the story," concludes the adventurer, "though it relates to a person of small condition, for so lovely was she that I mourn her, and I longed greatly to have seen her once again."

With all his frivolity, our Bassompierre was a gallant soldier and saw much service. In early life he fought the Turks; more than once he was so severely wounded that his splendid vitality alone could have helped him to survive. He took part in many campaigns, and in important diplomatic affairs. In 1621 we find him at Madrid on a special mission from his sovereign to the Most Catholic King, the subject being extraneous to our interests. It was during this visit that the king, father of Anne of Austria, died. Bassompierre says that the fatal illness was the result of erysipelas brought on through overheating at a fire and subsequent chill, and he tells how the matter was caused by the cast-iron punctilio of the Spanish Court. For Philip III. was plainly suffering from the nearness of the glowing brazier, but did not complain, and the gentlemen-in-waiting could do nothing because the particular grandee whose duty it was to attend to the matter was not present. Before the absent Duca d'Usseda could be brought, the perspiration was falling from the king's forehead in great drops. Bassompierre attended the elaborate funeral ceremonies, but in the midst of everything he kept open house in his heart for the ladies.

Watching a religious procession from a balcony, he courteously insisted that the ambassador ordinary of France should take the remaining chair, "while as for me, I would go and sit with the ladies at the end of the balcony. And

I then went to ask them to let me join them, and also for a little stool on which I might sit. Charming women they were, and considered it an honour to have me among them. And as luck would have it, I found myself sitting next to Doña Anna de Sanazar, whom I had met twenty-five years before at Naples, where we had been greatly in love with each other. She felt sure she had seen me somewhere, but could not imagine where. I, too, had a vague recollection of her face, but both of us were so changed that recognition was no easy matter. But at last we remembered each other with the greatest pleasure, and she afterwards sent me several presents and received me at her house, with banquets and assemblies. She had married a very wealthy man, secretary of the council of *hazienda*, to whom she had brought a hundred thousand crowns in dowry."

So much for Bassompierre and this old flame, encountered thus by chance, when he was forty-two. She must have needed some disentangling from the coil of so many fleeting loves.

It was always alleged that Bassompierre was for many years the secret lover of the Princesse de Conti, one of the most intellectually brilliant of the Court ladies.

She had been so much involved in the Orleans cabal that her friends became objects of suspicion to Richelieu. Bassompierre himself is silent on the subject of his own implication. In February 1631 he suffered for his real or imagined conspiracy, and was arrested and imprisoned in the Bastille, where he remained for twelve long years. At intervals he was saddened by the news of his friends' deaths, the princess whom he loved, and to whom he was, said rumour, secretly married, and the Duc de Guise, who had fled to Florence, "au même temps que je fus mis à la Bastille où je plains sa mort et ma liberté." And now—poor old Bassompierre!—in the intervals of writing his memoirs, time hung heavy on his hands, and he became a bore among his fellow-prisoners with his ceaseless tales of amorous adventure, served up often, in forgetfulness, to the same hearer. Some consolation he found in the society of a female prisoner, and was even said to have involved her

in difficulties, but this at least, declared a contemporary, was a calumny.

In the last days of the reign, after the death of Richelieu, he was released, and had an audience of the king, who inquired his age.

"I am fifty, Sire."

"I thought," said Louis, "that you were nearer sixty."

Then Bassompierre made answer, with matchless and courtly irony :—

"Sire! I count those years as non-existent in which I was unable to serve Your Majesty."

The last years of his life come into the regency of Anne of Austria, where he fell into the place of the old roué, laughed at by the young bloods of the Court for his pretentious attempts at hospitality and the poor display entailed by his diminished fortune. With these days, however, we have not to deal.

Then we come to the favourites who succeeded the stablemen and soldier confidants of the king's boyhood. De Luynes, to whom the king clung with an affection which tastes of the nursery, and who, in common with his successors, traded on the royal master's infatuation; De Luynes, who worked up the final heat of the Court revolution of 1617, and who, in his turn, passed into lesser favour before his end. He and Brantes were time-servers, faithless to their friends as soon as they had touched a higher rung of fortune's ladder. Cadenet, the youngest, was the most genuine personality of the three.

To Luynes succeeded those figures without distinction who were the objects of the wry-minded monarch's invertebrate affections, with whom he might discuss his puny grievances and indulge his rhapsodies over his cage-birds and his many lesser solicitudes. With them he would engage in the jealous squabbles of an anæmic schoolgirl, casting them aside as his fancy tired, or the suspicious streak of his degeneracy gained the upper hand. Some are too shadowy to bear a name. Baradas came after De Luynes, "a young gentleman who gained the favour of the King so rapidly that in six months' time he had attained to the

offices of principal equerry, first gentleman of the bed-chamber, Captain of St Germain and King's Lieutenant in Champagne. Such was his Majesty's devotion to him that he had his hand always on his shoulder, and could not bear him to be out of his sight for a moment. This excessive favour caused much jealous displeasure to the Cardinal, who used all his artifice for two years to destroy him, but at last on the return from Nantes (after Gaston's first marriage) he was sent away and deprived of all his offices."

St Simon was then introduced by Richelieu as a useful instrument to keep the king amused and to divert him from a desire for meddling too intimately with affairs of state. He was a tactful subject, this St Simon, and did not lift his heel against the Cardinal. It is said by the Duc de St Simon, son of the favourite, that it was by the advice of St Simon that the king sent for Richelieu at Versailles, after the cataclysm of the Luxembourg upon the Day of Dupes. All these favourites were, after De Luynes, kept outside political affairs ; none gained a place at the privy council meetings, nor was any attempt made by Louis to introduce them there until the day of Cinq-Mars, who is yet to come in our story. We dimly see them hanging round the sovereign, loathed by the more virile of the onlookers for their boot-licking capacities, hateful as the parasite is hateful to the healthier animal. *Ce petit punais !* so Bassompierre, who had a special aversion for St Simon, would style him ; nameless vermin—rather harsh this—but they dealt in highly seasoned vituperation in the seventeenth century. Creatures servile between two masters—the king *de jure* and the king *de facto*—who purred and stroked the self-esteem of the boneless entity Louis XIII. in his leisure hours.

Literati there were among the crowd in the presence-chamber, the embryo of the Académie-Française and of the Salons ; and we will give them more attention in another place.

Some we must pass over as eclipsed by a more famous wife. We have not much to tell of Claude, Duc de Chevreuse. His mock-heroics over the rude verse of

Montmorenci we touched upon in an earlier page. As an older man he became very deaf and rather tiresome. The Prince de Guimenée, related to Chevreuse, was also rather blotted out by a wife who was the loveliest woman at Court.

Rochefoucauld and his father were both at Court; the former, then known as the Prince de Marsillac, was a youth of seventeen at the time of the Day of Dupes. He has drawn his own portrait with much detail in later life, and the salient features would be true in earlier years.

"I am of middle height, active and well-proportioned. I have a dark but even colouring, a forehead high and of reasonable breadth, eyes black, small and deep set, and thick black eyebrows, not ill-shaped. . . . My mouth is large . . . and my teeth white and even. I have been told that my chin is rather too large, and I have just looked in the glass to see whether this is so; and upon my word, I cannot make up my mind on the point. My hair is black and naturally curly.

"I am of the melancholic temperament, and very reserved with strangers.

"Wit I possess, and have no difficulty in expressing it. . . . My passions are subdued and orderly; seldom have I been seen in a rage, and never have I hated anyone.

"Ambition does not trouble me—I fear few things, and death not at all."

"There was," says one who knew him, "a *je ne sais quoi* about M. de la Rochefoucauld. . . . He was by nature somewhat undecided, but I can't attribute it to the fruitfulness of his fancy, which has nothing lively about it, nor to the absence of judgment. He has never been a warrior though quite a military man—nor has he ever been in himself a good courtier, though he has always meant to be so."

The *maximes* were for a future day. François de Marsillac was yet to coin his immortal dictum, "We have all courage enough to bear the ills of others," and, "There are many worthy marriages, but few delightful," and the rest.

His time in the reign of Louis XIII. was taken up with the plots and counter-plots which circulated round Richelieu

and round Anne of Austria, and which involved Madame de Chevreuse, whom he ardently admired.

It is Rochefoucauld who tells us the story of the plot of Richelieu and the Countess of Carlisle, who, at the time when Buckingham returned to England after the episode with Anne of Austria, saw that the duke was wearing, somewhat ostentatiously, some diamond tags which she had not observed on him before. "Never doubting that they had been given to him by the Queen of France, she took the opportunity at a ball of chatting privately with Buckingham, and managed to cut off the tags with the idea of sending them to the Cardinal. Buckingham, perceiving his loss the same evening, and guessing at once that the Countess of Carlisle had taken them, was alarmed at the prospect of her jealous action (there was an old attachment between the duke and the countess), and thought that she might send them to the Cardinal in order to ruin the queen. In this extremity he issued urgent orders to close all the English ports, and forbade all persons to leave any of them under any pretext whatever before a certain time had elapsed. Meanwhile he had tags, similar to the ones that had been taken, made as quickly as possible, and sent them to the queen (of France) explaining what had happened. The precaution of closing the ports checkmated the Countess of Carlisle; she saw that the Duke of Buckingham had had all the time he needed to safeguard his misdoing. Thus the queen escaped the vengeance of the angry woman, and the Cardinal lost a certain means of convicting the queen and enlightening the king with regard to his suspicions of her, for the tags had belonged to him, and he had made a present of them to his wife."

It makes a good story, and we can believe it or not as we please, and the same with the gossip which credited the queen with sending Buckingham her diamond garter.

We can only offer a few types out of the gay crowd which thronged the Louvre, the Châteaux of Fontainebleau or St Germain-en-Laye, or followed the king on his provincial tours. Together they watched the coil of the royal domesticities, the bitterness between *la mère et le fils*,

the spurns to which Anne of Austria was subjected or the gallant episodes of the officers of the household and of the ladies-in-waiting. Ready they were to dot the *i* and cross the *t* to the blackest of their power. It was a ribald atmosphere though yet a joyous one—the grossest comment, the lewdest jest—the feminine not spared. We shall come in another chapter to more details of their daily doings. For the present we will quit the masculine hemisphere of the Court world.

CHAPTER XVI

FAIR WOMEN

PLACE aux Dames!

The Court of Louis XIII. presents, in one aspect above all others, a forcible contrast to those of his father, Henri le Grand, and of his son, Le Grand Monarque, and this is in the peculiar character of the king's attitude towards women. The successive phases of Henri's amorosity, and of the jealous intolerance of Marie de Médicis and the brilliantly picturesque, though hollow, episodes of kingly favour in the reign of Louis XIV., had at least the kinship of the expected, they were of the type of royal amours. But in the relations of Louis XIII. with the women who surrounded him, sparkling, beautiful, and intriguing as they might be, there was no likeness to the common tale of the loves of his kinsmen or of the many sovereigns who have furnished an example in such matters. The lovely wife of De Luynes lived with her husband at the Louvre, and the king was much in her society; often they would chat playfully together, for the brilliant duchess was provocative of gaiety, yet—rather baldly says a ribald writer—"il n'eut jamais l'esprit de faire le Connétable cocû." We perceive that a certain amused contempt is the dominant feeling of the beholder for a king who knew so little how to profit . . . and so on.

We have spoken of the princes of the blood, and now we come to their wives and daughters. There is Madame la Princesse in the days when Condé, released from Vincennes, brought his fair and beautiful wife to Court; did she not, as a Court lady of the regency tells us, keep her beauty still at fifty years of age, and her air of proud distinction? Had she not always a voice unmatched for

THE DUCHESS DE LONGUEVILLE

sweetness in its speaking tones? Her daughter, Anne de Bourbon, inherited this charm and in other respects was to outshine her mother even at an early age, so angelic was the beauty of her face, her pearl-white skin, her blue eyes and hair incomparable—gold cooled in moonlight. Such in her girlhood was the Duchesse de Longueville. Hear what a Court poet has to say of her :—

"There is a *demoiselle* fair of hair and of complexion, rounded of form and more gay and lovely than the most glorious days of the present season. In her eyes all the light of the world seems centred, her complexion throws everything else into the shade ; such is her mouth that all others in the world cannot duly acclaim it ; full of character and charm, it never opens nor closes except with wit or wisdom.

". . . From her earliest childhood, she robbed both lily and ivory of their whiteness, and pearls of their purity and lustre. Loveliness and light she borrowed from the stars, and, moreover, rarely does a day pass in which she does not filch a sun-ray and deck herself therewith before the eyes of all. Lately, in an assembly at the Louvre, she took the grace and sparkle out of all the ladies, as well as from the diamonds which were set thick on her own person. Even the crown jewels on the queen's head she did not spare, but drew from them the choicest of their brilliancy and beauty."

This was how Voiture wrote of her to the Cardinal de la Valette (son of the Duc d'Epernon), a youthful prelate who had a romantic *tendresse* for the mother and the daughter in succession.

There was the Princesse de Conti, sister to the Duc de Chevreuse, and married, in 1605, as his second wife, to François, Prince de Conti, when she was about twenty-two years of age. Louise Marguérite de Lorraine was one of the most brilliantly intellectual women of the Court. She mixed herself dangerously in the political and family factions of her husband's family and of her own. It was at her house that the famous parties, which were regarded with so much disfavour by the Condé faction, took place.

During thirty years, it was said, Bassompierre was her

lover, and some declared that, after her first husband's death, she secretly married the brilliant roué, to regularize the amatory past. She had one daughter, of whose birth Bassompierre writes in his memoirs, but who did not long survive. One thing is noticeable, that the Maréchal treats her name with more reserve and respect than he generally accorded to the ladies whose society he frequented. She is a figure in many brilliant ceremonies. She helped to dress the Dauphin on the day of his baptism, and she drove in the coach with him and Elisabeth in their farewell journey when the princess left for Spain.

Bassompierre was suspected of being associated in her intrigues regarding the succession in 1631, and was imprisoned in the Bastille on that account, but the generally spontaneous and talkative memoirist keeps his own counsel; neither by word nor implication does he give himself or the lady away. Soon after his imprisonment he heard of her death, which must have been a secret blow to the caged lion.

"I heard," he writes, "of the death of Madame la princesse de Conti, which caused me the distress due to the honour which had been extended to me from my arrival at court by this princess, who, besides the many other perfections which made her admirable, possessed that of being a loyal friend, and a most kindly one. I shall revere her memory and mourn her all my days. She was so broken-hearted at being separated from the Queen-Mother, with whom she had lived ever since she came to France, and so grieved to see her household persecuted and her friends and servants in disgrace, that she neither could nor would survive, and died on a Monday, the last day of April, in that unlucky year 1631."

From Bassompierre, the light-tongued, this reverence of speech is significant.

"Madame," the Duchesse d'Orléans, had been too transient a figure at the Court to leave a history. She was, indeed, remembered chiefly for her overweening airs at the prospect of her coming maternity, and of giving an heir to France. She had died within a year, but the little daughter whom

she left behind, Anne-Marie-Louise, was growing up to be a personality. Mademoiselle de Montpensier inherited her mother's title as well as her wealth, and until the flight of Marie de Médicis to the Low Countries, in 1631, the queen dowager acted as a guardian of her granddaughter who was housed at the "Dôme,"—the familiar appellation of the Tuileries—under the care of her *gouvernante*, Madame de St Georges, a daughter of the "Mamanga" of Louis the Thirteenth's babyhood. Richelieu and Anne of Austria had stood as godparents to the little girl. Her father, selfish, shallow and intriguing, could have been little comfort to the motherless child.

"The beginning of the troubles of my house happened soon after my birth," writes La Grande Mademoiselle in her well-known memoirs, "for it was followed by the death of my mother, which greatly impaired the happy prospects which the rank I hold entitled me to expect. The great wealth left by my mother at her death, and of which I am sole heiress, might well, in the opinion of most people, console me for her loss. But I, who now appreciate what an advantage her care would have been in my education, and her influence joined to her tenderness for my settlement in life—I can myself never sufficiently deplore her loss."

We find the little girl dancing with a small niece of the Cardinal in a ballet, and visiting the young daughters of the Duchesse de Chevreuse in their convent. Her father for some years she did not see at all, for he was either in Lorraine or the Low Countries on his own graceless undertakings. Mademoiselle was yet another of the prospective brides who failed for the Comte de Soissons. Soissons was slain in battle while she was still a small child, but from her nursery days mademoiselle's mind was stored with ambitious notions regarding her future. The sovereigns of Europe were reviewed by her, and yet somehow the brilliant visions faded into nothingness one by one. Mademoiselle in the more susceptible years of declining youth was to cast her affections away upon the worthless Lauzun. But all this is far ahead. Reunited to her father in 1634, upon his

return from disgrace, the child seems to have been drawn to the light-hearted scapegrace. Driving together in their coach, the father and daughter entered Blois, receiving the homage of the Corporation. We see her too in a fit of childish delight chasing Gaston up and down a stairway in the Château de Chambord—a stairway quite deliciously mysterious, for the ascending and descending passengers, though visible to one another, were, by its special construction, never able to meet. So the child ran up and down stairs, ready to catch the new found parent, and ever cheated in a manner that made failure a thing of fairy stories, while Gaston watched the little figure bounding towards its ever-defeated object with delighted laughter.

"I," says little Marie-Louise, "was delighted to see him so amused, and still more so when I got to him at last."

The purer moments of Gaston did not tarry, he was off to Tours, "drawn by the attraction of Louison Roger." This flame of his the Duc d'Orleans positively presented among other ladies to his daughter, encouraging her to be gracious to the young person. The old harem days of Henri IV. fleet before our vision.

"Louison was a brunette, of a good figure and medium height, with an attractive face and very good address for a girl of her station who had never been to Court."

The *gouvernante*, perturbed at the encounter, inquired whether Louison were a well-conducted young woman, inquired, too, on the point of no less a person than Monsieur himself, who rejoined with praises of the charmer's virtue.

"I," explains Mademoiselle, "had such a horror of impropriety that I said to Madame de St Georges :—Maman (I called her so), if Louison is not a good girl, even though my father loves her, I won't have anything to do with her."

"She replied that she was perfectly correct, of which I was very glad.

We may stare and question who was the biggest fraud on this occasion. Anyhow, mademoiselle tells the story without winking. A wondrous faculty of seeing again with the eyes of childhood must mademoiselle have possessed.

Another little girl made a fleeting appearance at Court. This was Françoise Bertaut, who in years to come, as Madame de Motteville, was to be a champion and historian of Anne of Austria. The child, at seven years of age, spoke Spanish well, her mother being a Spaniard, and this alone would please Anne who took her into her household and granted her a pension, for her family were much impoverished, but within three years, owing to Richelieu's not ill-grounded suspicion of the influence of the Spanish mother, the pair were banished, and it was not till after the death of Louis XIII. that the young woman, now married to the elderly Seigneur de Motteville, was recalled to Court by Anne, then Regent

We told, among the list of Montmorenci's loves, of the Princesse de Guimenée, the most beautiful woman at Court, with her perfection in every feature and her many lovers. Richelieu hated her, says Retz in his memoirs, because she interfered with his overtures of passion to the queen (there was, we see, a strong belief among their contemporaries in Richelieu's amorous sentiments towards the queen whom he persecuted), and carried his letters to the queen-mother instead of to Anne, for whom they were intended.

So lovely was she that Anne of Austria confessed long afterwards that both she and Madame de Chevreuse used to do everything they could to keep her from appearing at the Court balls, lest she should outshine them. It is distressing to be obliged to own that the only portrait accessible to our research is so ill-favoured that it seems better to suppress it lest it should condemn faith to be indeed " believing what you know ain't."

So far did their fears of their rival carry the queen and Madame de Chevreuse that when she arrived, a peerless figure, among the lovely women present, they would join together to assure her that she was not looking at all nice.

Upon which, without even looking in the glass, she would run away and hide, quite duped by the mischievous trickery of the queen and the duchess.

Madame de Montbazon was another beauty—the most profligate of Court ladies, too, we are assured. Tall and striking, she exacted admiration and awaited love at every turn. Her perfect forehead needed no device of curls to help it out. Her lips were too thin but her teeth were beautiful and her bust was " such as the most able sculptors represent in the classic beauties of Rome and Greece."

When the chastity of a certain lady was praised in the presence of Madame de Montbazon she laughed mockingly at the speaker, " making it clear that she set small store by this virtue."

These two last mentioned of the Court ladies were relatives of Madame de Chevreuse, Madame de Montbazon being her step-mother, though younger than herself. She was to blaze more brilliantly than ever during the Regency.

We must give a passing word to two women who though not belonging to Court circles were too much associated with their times to be neglected, Ninon de l'Enclos and Marion de Lorme, famed for their beauty, mental vivacity and promiscuous adventures in the regions of amorosity. Both born in respectable stations, both, following some strange instinct in the blood, engaged in the career of the *amoureuse.* Ninon, or rather Anne, daughter of a *viveur* and of a pious mother, recalls by the strange mingling of her gifts and faculties the figure of the classic harlot. She was the Aspasia of the seventeenth century. Brown-eyed and laughter-loving, yet not suggestive of mere mirth,—" I had always a serious expression," she avers. She was in the young days of her ninety years when Louis XIII. reigned, her fullest lustre was to come, and her admirable years of ripeness of age when she displayed so rare a knowledge of *l'art de vieillir.* She who had been the sharer of amorous intrigue among a large range of adorers, was to become a quasi-Salonière, not rejected by the quite reputable matrons who

NINON DE L'ENCLOS

FROM A MINIATURE IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM

were the earliest of the "Précieuses." All this belongs to other days and is beyond our scope.

Marion de Lorme was a being of inferior calibre to her colleague in the lists of gallantry. "Little better than a prostitute," says Cardinal Retz. She herself was careful to rank as a personage not venal to the level of common currency. "Money she would not take but gifts in kind." Things to wear, bric-à-brac for her rooms—of these she told the tale with pride. Richelieu she visited, so she said, dressed as a page. His costly gifts she displayed with special self-gratulation. The partner of her earliest aberration was Desbarreaux—the decadent poet of the day. "She really loved but seven" after all, she would aver in the recital of her *Liber Amoris*. Fable tells of her living to an extraordinary age, but again the ruthless gossip of her time relates that the manner of her death necessarily implied the eventualities of maternity. There is a portrait of her, bearing the date of birth, 1606, and of death, 1741, but research will have none of this immensity. When over thirty years of age we shall see her as the mistress of a royal favourite in the later days of the reign of Louis XIII.

The names of Ninon and Marion are found in the more solemn chronicle as well as in the tittle-tattle of the light-tongued babblers of their time, yet their history, as with their compeers of all time, is but a meagre thing. For the chronicle of such as they is written in the secret pages of many lives.

We must get back to Court and to a personality which has outshone all others down to the latest year, for on every page of gallantry, intrigue or diplomatic episode is found allusion to the brilliant Marie de Rohan, Duchesse de Luynes by her first marriage and de Chevreuse by her second, with her laughing blue eyes (were they so dark as to seem black, as some have said?) under their white and drooping lids, with a man's intellect diverted to all a woman's wiles, beguiling even, in his more careless moments, the stern Richelieu, who looked on perhaps with the admiration felt for the gambols of a lovely kitten, but who yet

proved adamant when it came to interference with the solid affairs of state. The sprightly activities of the merry duchess made brighter the atmosphere of the neglected queen. Her attachment to Madame de Chevreuse lived through many vicissitudes, and the duchess, in a way, rather careless and self-seeking perhaps, did her best to cheer the neglected wife of Louis XIII.

Perhaps she used her power to form a cover for her own romantics—we have told already how the affair of Buckingham was warmed up as a blind to the duchess's own affairs with Rich, her English lover. Or so they say. She might greatly dare, the jesting duchess—if we believe the chatter of the day. Did she not cry to Anne as the queen left a country-house where the king had halted for the night :—

" Good-bye then, madame ; go then if you will ! As for me, I am quite comfortable here."

For was she not herself quite sure of hospitality though the only beds were those of her husband and the king, while Anne had no such certainty ? The roguish jest was laughed off in good part, for was not the lively duchess a " good pal ! "

She was often on the brink of disgrace and yet escaped. Chalais, Châteauneuf and Rochefoucauld (Prince de Marsillac) were her adorers and confederates alike. She captivated all in the early days of her resplendent womanhood.

Days of blackness were to come when the duchess was implicated in the matter of the treasonable correspondence which was laid to Anne's account in 1637, when Louis XIII., and Anne's brother, Philip IV. of Spain, were at enmity. This we shall come to later, and so we will only tell of how, when it became clear that the country was too hot to hold her, the duchess planned with her friend, the queen, for a due warning as to her course of safety. If, it was decided, the inquisition on the queen's affairs turned favourably, it was agreed that one of the ladies in waiting should send a prayer-book bound in green to Madame de Chevreuse, but if danger were to be feared, then the binding should be red. The book arrived in due course, but some

confusion occurred over the binding on one side or the other, for, although the peaceable colour was received, Madame de Chevreuse accepted the book as a monitor of ill and fled in haste towards the Spanish frontier. In the cataclysm she confided in the Archbishop of Tours, "an ancient man of eighty years, more zealous for her interests than became a man of his age and profession," says La Rochefoucauld.

"He will do anything for me if I but suffer him to touch me," boasted the duchess.

That the archbishop was really so deeply in the toils of the enchantress seems not proven, but at any rate he provided her with a road-map and letters of introduction to relatives of his own upon the Spanish border. And so the duchess, dressing herself as a man, set off with a couple of mounted men as her sole escort, but in exquisitely casual fashion, contrived to leave the letters and the map behind. When this was discovered it was too late to return, and so she took the alternative of sending to Rochefoucauld who was in that part of the country, and he, without betraying his acquaintance with her, which might have been fatal to her incognita, provided her with fresh horses for her flight. From the frontier she later sent him jewels to the value of two hundred thousand crowns to keep for himself if she died without seeing him again, and if she returned then she would claim them at his hands. Many were the adventures of this Mademoiselle de Maupin. The Gascon women fell in love with the handsome cavalier as she rode through their villages. One morning, at an inn, the chambermaid, entering the sleeping-room, surprised the lady without the wig which disguised her by day into male semblance. Madame beat a hasty retreat. For some part of the way she was accompanied by a young girl dressed also in boy's dress. One night, worn out with riding, they came to the house of a village priest and sought a sleeping-place. They tried to bargain with the holy man, but the curé was not going to turn out of his bed for any one. To share it they were at liberty, and so the village pastor and the pseudo-cavaliers slept treble for the night. Madame rode gaily

away next morning, leaving a note from which the stupefied curé learnt that he had slept that night with Madame de Chevreuse. The chattering chronicler does not say what incantations chased the phantom visitant from that pious couch before the worthy man could of clear conscience rest in it once more.

Thus we see her in her earlier days. Her later years belong to the days when Richelieu and Louis XIII. were both dead and Anne had found more urgent interests in life.

So the lighter spirits at the Court carried on their play with the primal passions of humanity, quick of gesture and of tongue, sparkling with Gallic vivacity ; of some they made their puppets while for others they conceived the ardour of the unattainable. One eye was on them all ; feared and resented, the inscrutable red robe passed among them ; under the velvet glove none failed to feel the iron of the relentless Richelieu. They jested, even the fairest and the best, with a crudity which rasps upon the finer feelings of to-day. Marie de Médicis tolerated jests which cannot be recorded in the most distant paraphrase, and even gentle Anne would join in the laugh at the discomposure of a maid-of-honour in an episode which could scarcely be matched to-day in the most unpurged of slums.

We pass on now to two Court ladies who interest us from widely differing characteristics, and in whom much of the Court story is carried on.

It was in 1628, that there arrived at Court, from a provincial château, an old lady, Madame de la Flotte Hauterive and her granddaughter, a girl of fourteen years, already displaying delicate beauty and fascination. The Princesse de Conti invited the young girl to drive with her, and the youthful beauty drew much attention as she passed in the great coach. Marie de Hautefort with her golden hair and the pearl and rose-colour which went with it, showed then that innocence in joy, that eagerness for life and its enchantments and that reticence from ill which make her one of the rarer figures on the tapestry of time. For we know the

worldling and the ascetic in their separate identities, but the woman eager to handle the things of this life yet never growing smirched by her intimacy, filled with light and laughter yet clean from inward stain, is a type rarer than the extremer ones. The girl, kneeling in prayer that she might some day go to Court, is a lovely picture. Marie obtained her wish, and, shortly after, the Demoiselle de Hautefort became a maid-of-honour to the dowager-queen. It was while she held that post that Louis XIII. first saw the fair-haired girl and began to bestow on her attentions which made the courtiers open their eyes, for with women he had generally small concern. But now, with furtive speech in corners, he told her of his horses and his dogs, Marie, bubbling with secret amusement the while, for the kingly efforts at dalliance were clumsy, even in the eyes of this young girl, and his attempts at softer nothings called out the spark of raillery. " But," says one, " his erotics went no further than speech," and Marie soon divined that she had nothing to fear beyond the possibility of boredom from her royal admirer. Louis, in his strange, jealous fashion, was fascinated by the girl, and when his mother fled to Flanders he placed Marie de Hautefort among his wife's entourage. Anne, writhing under the suspicion of a dawning infidelity, received the young maid of honour with cold reserve, but it was not long before the king's attitude, coupled with the delicate and courtly tact of Mademoiselle de Hautefort, calmed her anxiety. Among the women whose fidelity lightened the burden of the despised consort, none stands forth in more lovely colours than Marie de Hautefort. None spoke with more loyal tongue of her royal mistress or withstood with greater firmness those who were inimical to her. She pitted herself against the grim Cardinal whose real gifts she could never have divined but who stood with her and others for the embodiment of cruel tyranny. She knew how to turn the king's infatuation to account in her own attitude towards the queen. The maids-of-honour, clustering round the queen in chapel, sat, as was the custom, on the floor. Louis sent one day, from his own place, a velvet footstool for Mademoiselle de Hautefort's

use. Such an action was a pronounced and overt mark of favour, but Marie, with the instincts of the great ones of the earth, was equal to the occasion. Her eyes sought those of her royal mistress who, smiling, signed to her to take the proffered kneeling-stool. Marie, bending towards the king, then placed the stool beside her, accepting the attention with the humility of a subject and not with the triumph of a mistress.

If Louis's amorosity was but half-warmed, his jealousy was of full intensity. There had been talk of a marriage between Marie de Hautefort and the Marquis de Gevres, who was shortly after killed in action. The king himself broke the news to Mademoiselle de Hautefort, speaking kindly words to soften her distress. Yet, when a few days later, he chanced upon her unawares, and found her reciting Vespers of the Dead, coupled with the name of her slain lover, he became beside himself with jealousy of the dead man. Marie suffered a temporary eclipse, and none might dare to speak her name.

We know nothing of how deeply Marie's heart was engaged in this affair. It is certain that she did not marry for some years though many were her admirers and the aspirants for her hand. The Duc de Lorraine and the Duc d'Angoulême were of the number, and the Abbé Bois-Robert, a protégé of Richelieu, was among the most importunate of her admirers. However Marie seems to have brought him to reason, for we find him writing, "I will remove myself entirely from the ranks of your adorers. Tell your companions of my saintly metamorphosis."

To them all indeed she was irresponsive. For her royal mistress she had an ardent devotion and Anne learned how to profit by this as well as by the king's strange fantasies.

One day a note reached the queen, and wishing to keep its contents in her mind she pinned it to the tapestry hangings of her apartment. Unexpectedly, the king came to her room and his eye fell on the note, which he desired to read. With some real or feigned reluctance to his doing so, Anne seized the note and thrust it under the neckerchief

of her maid-of-honour. Then she cried, laughing to the king, "I challenge you to take it!"

Louis was in a fix, no disrespectful finger would he lay upon the lady, yet he itched to handle and to read the missive. He stood there fidgeting, and then picked up a pair of silver fire-tongs from the hearth and tried with them to draw the note out of its hiding-place. But all in vain, and the baffled king retired ungratified.

Marie de Hautefort was another of those who fell into disgrace at the time of the Spanish troubles in 1637.

She was banished from the Court and went to Le Mans, but returned upon the regency of Anne of Austria, the mistress whom she had so devotedly served. It was not long before she perceived a change in Anne's attitude towards her. Another lady, and one of inferior rank, had become the queen's confidante, and there ensued that most significant incident when Anne signified by this agency that she did not desire Madame de Hautefort any longer to kneel beside her at the prie-dieu in her oratory. That was in the days of those long evening interviews with Mazarin, held at first with open doors, but later, in secrecy with ushers on the stairs to bar the passage of all comers, those interviews at which the attendants of Louis XIV. pointed with sinister finger, till the seven-year-old boy learnt to ask the cynic questions of enlightenment.

"Were the usual carryings-on proceeding?"

Madame de Hautefort, jealous with the fervour of her purity for her mistress's reputation, went to the length of putting before the Regent the current evil tales and the justification that might be alleged from Anne's own conduct. We may not expect that a woman, tasting, for the first time, perhaps, the danger-draught of unlicensed passion, would be easily turned from it by this daring protest of the lady-in-waiting. Perhaps we may accept as the truest confirmation of the rumours of those days regarding Anne's lowered ideals, this refusal to let the prayers of the high-souled Marie de Hautefort mingle with her own.

With the later years of our heroine and her marriage

to the Duc de Schomberg we have less to do. We have good cause to hope that she found happiness and peace in her married life. We know that she was a widow in 1663.

We come now to the second of the queen's ladies with whom our story is closely interwoven. The early history of Louise de la Fayette is not distinct, but about 1637, she became the object of the most thorough attachment to the feminine which Louis XIII. seems to have experienced.

Her earliest desire had been for the religious life, and, like many who have a real vocation of this kind, she had a bright and joyous temperament. She was a contrast to Marie de Hautefort in appearance, being a brunette. She sang and danced with sweetness and with spirit and was ready to join in merriment or silence with her companion-courtiers. Like Marie de Hautefort, she looked up to her mistress with affectionate loyalty, and served her cause whenever tact permitted. Louis really came near to manly ardour in his attachment to her, and to him her heart was drawn with one of those ideal loves blended of the latent instinct of maternity and an ardour for the spiritual weal of the beloved, which here and there shine out from the grosser aggregate of sexuality. There were many who watched, of course, some with suspicion, others in hope of their own advantage, her favour with the king. Richelieu, always in anxiety with regard to the vacillating king's next tendency, began to consider the question of Mademoiselle de la Fayette's removal from the Court. There is talk of a furtherance given for this end to her vocation for the cloister. Her confessor was to bring influence to bear in his most private offices. On the other hand there were those who hoped to share the benefits which might accrue to them from her influence over Louis. These sought to retain her in the world. We are not sorry to think that perhaps, in reality, the girl may have owned in her spiritual director one who fathomed what would be the fall of such a pure and proud nature, of this "la Vallière manquée," as she has been called.

LOUISE DE LAFAYETTE

The anguish of renunciation while still unsoiled would weigh less heavy on her than the despair of the tarnished soul.

Père Caussin, the Jesuit, who was the king's confessor, was on the side of those who wished to retain her at the Court. He wrote to her as follows :—

"I thought it my duty to beguile you like the serpent in order to fathom the depths of your heart. What!—said I,—leave the world and the Court, a sovereign who loves you, and so many brilliant prospects, to take the veil and bury yourself alive within four walls! There are only too many wretched girls who have blindly thrown themselves into the cloister, without your adding to the number. You don't know what it is to give up your own right of judgment and your own will and to live according to the discretion of unknown and perhaps vexatious persons who will not allow you to arrange a pin without their consent. Up till now at Court you have been as a humming-bird feeding on amber and cinnamon ; you have received nothing but praise, amenity and admiration, you will be overwhelmed when they place a heavy cross upon your shoulders and march you to Calvary quicker, perhaps, than you care about. If you were some old woman who had only a few days to devote to penitence, after having given up so many others to pleasure, no one would think your conduct in any way unusual : but a girl of seventeen, perfectly pure and innocent, who flees from a king in order to hasten to a prison! Has his conversation ever caused you any scruples? Don't you know that you have left the interviews as unsullied as when you entered? You know all this too well to have any fear that he will ever require of you anything which God would not permit you to grant him. Continue then to live in his society and do all the good you can by his means since God has given you such influence over his mind."

So argued Père Caussin, but danger was more urgent than the Jesuit imagined. The crisis came one day when Louis, moved suddenly by an ardour beyond the sum of all his invertebrate emotions, implored Louise to leave the

palace for the little hunting-lodge of Versailles *pour être toute à lui.* The young girl, trembling before this outburst of passion to which her own emotions rose responsive, knew that the danger-point was reached. Her own soul and the soul of her royal lover were the stakes—to ransom both, let her withdraw into the sexless shadows of the cloister.

Her confessor came to announce to the king her desire to leave the world. She had desired to enter a convent in a suburban quarter, far from the Louvre, but this the king would not permit. "Remind her that I could forbid all the religious houses of my realm to receive her. Yet," he continued, while tears fell from his eyes, "I will not impede her in her vocation, dear as she is to me,—if it be the will of God."

We do not hear that Louise gave way to public tear-shedding, yet her woman-heart tore at her when she took her last look at her lover from the window of the quarters of the maids-of-honour.

The king was too agitated to eat, and leaving his dinner untouched, drove off to Versailles. His coach drew up in the courtyard of the Louvre: entering it, he drove away and was lost to sight.

"Alas! I shall see him no more!" sighed poor Louise.

She entered as a postulant, a convent of the Visitation, in the Rue St Antoine, near the palace, and soon we find that the king visited her and held long conversations through the *grille.* The abbess offered him the sovereign right of entering the cloister, but Louis remained firm in denying himself this prerogative.

All her efforts were used to soften Louis towards the queen with whom his relations at that time were strained to the uttermost. So behind her grating, while the professed sister told her beads in the background, did this pure and beautiful spirit speak soft words for the neglected wife, words unheard by the little group of gentlemen-in-waiting attending the king in the public parlour.

Anne also visited her former maid-of-honour, and when the day of clothing came, it was from the queen's own

hands that the young novice received the habit. Many and constant were the prayers of those pure lips, and many there were who ascribed to Sœur Angélique in her cloister, the quasi-miracle of the birth, after twenty-three long years of waiting, of the Dauphin. And of this more shall be told in its place.

CHAPTER XVII

MEALS, MODES AND MANNERS

NOW that we have seen something of the representative figures at the Court of Louis XIII. let us turn to the matter of their daily life, the food they ate, the clothes they wore and the customs, fads and fancies of the passing hour. What did the king have for dinner? We look perhaps for a description of splendid banquets and it would have been interesting to print the bills-of-fare of these and to discover the composition of the dishes. But, to tell the truth, research in such directions is not rewarded. The banquets at the official baptism of Louis XIII. or at his cornation may have been served by princes and nobles on goodly dishes to the sound of the trumpet, but of what was on the dishes the official records say nothing. Perhaps—we hazard—such reticence was in keeping with a sense of royal reserve. It would have been thought a vulgar ostentation to publish to the world the regal fare. Again, we recollect that in the Court life of our own times, although state formality may be carefully observed and, on occasions of moment may rise to every attribute of splendour, yet the redundant luxury which marks the entertainments of lesser personages and of the upstart above all, will be entirely absent. So we search among the doings of the court of Louis XIII. but without any result as regards splendour of feeding. We do find that at a banquet given by Richelieu, great admiration was excited by some *surprise* in sugar-work, a kind of set-piece in confectionery, which, alight with flaming spirit, was handed round to the delighted guests. The attention paid to the affair would suggest the rarity of such a *tour de force* even on the part of the artists of the Cardinal's kitchen.

We are thinking of course only of the *dîner de parade*, for we know of course that the faithful medico who watched over every bodily function of his royal master and patient has noted the matter of meals with a meticulousness of detail which descends to mouthful measurement. Of course here seemed the place to look for what we wanted. But we were no more fortunate; royal entertainments, the wedding feast, the christening banquet, provide us with nothing which goes beyond the *cuisine bourgeoise* of present-day France. Note however that when we say this we are saying a good deal, as any one knows who enjoys the delightful meals across the Channel.

What says a British ambassador to the Court of Louis XIII.?

" . . . Arrived shortly after at Calais, where I remember my cheer was twice as good as at Dover and my reckoning half as cheap."

To begin at the beginning, we find that Louis started in life with the fine appetite of the Bourbons and that the efforts of the earlier wet-nurses had to be supplemented by pap made of boiled bread. Then came *panade*, a composition of farina, eggs and broth or else of minced meat. At times, as we have seen, the child received a helping from the dishes at his parents' table. At supper he would share the onion soup, the oysters cooked or *sur l'écaille*, and the sole pasty which were served to Henri IV. The meals were similar in service to those of the present day—the hours not very different to those still observed by the middle class or by the Catholic clergy of to-day in France.

The light morning refreshment, *déjeuner* as it was called, corresponds to the *petit déjeuner*. Bread, with milk or *bouillon* was served without much variety, about 8.30 A.M. in the nursery, perhaps a little earlier for the grown-ups. *Dîner* was a mid-day meal, sometimes as early as 10.30, but in general beginning between eleven o'clock and noon, as *déjeuner* does to-day in less fashionable quarters.

Soups, such as *bouillon* and some more elaborate kind would start the meals. It might be one with poached eggs similar to the Soupe Colbert, named after the minister of

Louis XIV. Sorrel and parsley were used for flavouring. Veal boiled or braised to a brown finish or *rissolé* with bread-crumbs, sweet-bread, slices of fried ox-kidney, ducks, capons, hare, partridge and pheasant, teal and venison were served in various fashion but apparently without any great elaborateness of preparation. Kid is also in the list and we hear that the young king ate the eyes and ears and a portion of the foot, so these were perhaps reckoned as choice portions.

Henri IV. sent the foot of the buck he was dining from to his son, and the child in return amusingly cut off the claw of his pheasant, saying, "Take that to papa from me!"

Oysters there were cooked or raw, and these we learn elsewhere could be preserved with salt and spices, also cray-fish and a variety of items which would be served to-day as *hors-d'œuvres*, such as slices of sausage, French and Italian olives, foie-gras and melon and more rarely tunny-fish. The giblets of fowls were common and included items neglected by the English caterer; chicken palates formed a dish at the royal table as well as cocks'-combs. Marrow-bones were often served, and the tongues of sheep and of the carp are mentioned.

Ortolans were a choicer dish. From more general sources we gather that pork appeared at the tables of the great, *cochon à la Daube* (this could be served up cold with its own jelly coloured with a little saffron). *Sauce Robert*, probably a much more ancient accompaniment to roast pig than the seventeenth century, was compounded of the dripping from the joint with onion fried in it and the gravy also added, and was finished off with a dash of vinegar. Pork too could be disguised and served as wild boar's head, a more renowned dish. Pork was among the Court provisions but was not apparently served at the king's table. Young Louis, once at Fontainebleau, watched the butcher scraping a hog, but ran away when the man was about to rip up the carcase.

Heron and turtle were among the raw material of the day, and frogs appear for soup and pasty in the cookery books

of the reign. We recognise, too, familiar sauces in these works, *poivrade*, *beurre noir* and *sauce verte*, the last differing however from its modern descendant. *Sauce rousse* was made with vinegar and onion. The lists of dishes in the cookery books show good variety. There were pasties of many kinds and the *tourte* which was filled with meat or fruit and which we may consider to have been flat as opposed to the raised pie or pasty. A special list is given, and a very good one too, of dishes suitable for camp or country cookery. The worth of olive oil as an occasional substitute for butter in cooking, is proclaimed, and advice is given of the efficacy of putting in it a piece of toasted bread to prevent it from smelling while in process of boiling.

We come to vegetables, and here we find that *pointes d'asperges* were on the *menu*, they were called however *bouts d'asperges*.

The compôte of *carottes sauvages* was probably an entremets. Royalty ate of garlic laid on bread and butter, and a red mark on the person of her eldest son was ascribed by Marie de Médicis to her craving for beetroot at a pre-natal period. Then come salads of fennel leaves, hop-shoots or the flowers of bugloss, dressed with oil and vinegar. Onions, turnips and cabbage appeared in soups and seasoning. Fruits there were in fair variety, melons, cherries, red currants and gooseberries, pears, grapes and apricots. Strawberries were served with wine or sugar. Plums and apples were cooked in tarts or eaten raw. There were oranges and lemons and such dried fruit as raisins and currants. The quince appeared frequently cooked in *tourte* or jam on the royal table.

The excellence of the French preserved fruits and jams was well established, and the corporation of Paris were accustomed to offer such as part of a suitable and lawful tribute to royalty and to distinguished foreign guests.

Sweet dishes were served in plentiful variety. The English ambassador, Lord Herbert, provided for his household "pies and tarts after the French manner and a dozen dishes of sweetmeats every meal constantly." Yet at Court again there is no outburst of luxury on the royal table,

a *tourte aux pommes* being served as a special treat on the patronal feast of St Louis or on his birthday for the Dauphin's *goûter*. The *goûter* or afternoon snack was eaten at various times from 2.30 to 3.30. P.M. Bread with candied cherries, or other fruit, and a slice or two of *massepain* stayed the appetite till supper, which was at six or sometimes later. *Goûter* was more a nursery than a grown-up meal perhaps. We find the Duc de Sully shaking plums off a tree at his residence at the Arsenal for the afternoon refreshment of the Dauphin there on a passing call.

The *omelette au lard* was a favourite dish everywhere and one that Louis would sometimes cook himself. He would also poach eggs and make a dish of his own invention, *œufs hachés au lard*, which we may hazard to have been hard boiled eggs chopped up and mixed with bacon. The classic eggs of England as fried with bacon would have a French relation in the *œufs au miroir*, already a standard dish at the palace as elsewhere.

The prescriptions of the Church concerning abstinence and the fasts of Lent and other seasons called forth the consideration of cooks and inventors of dishes. There is a worthy choice of vegetable soups and egg dishes for the less severe, and of fish for the more rigorous occasions. Fresh-water fish was of course made much of in inland France. Carp and trout would be furnished from palace lake or country stream. We are a little puzzled over the *plie de Loire* which turns up occasionally at the royal meals, a flat fish regarding which and its manner of swimming we find talk going on between Louis and his tutor. Plaice again was bought from Boulogne fishing smacks in 1620 by the young king when visiting the port.

At an early age the Dauphin began to observe the Friday abstinence by command of Henri IV. To this, says the good Héroard, he showed no objection, and a childish verse of his composition is recorded in evidence.

> "Il est aujourd'hui vendredi,
> Dont je ne suis pas marry (*sorry*)
> Car je mangerai du ris
> En la ville de Paris."

The *libertins* of the reign of Louis XIII. were however less exact than their ruler. Desbarreaux, the poet, was among the transgressors. One day in Lent, this associate of Marion de Lorme entered an inn and ordered for himself and a convive the desirable *omelette àu lard.* As they sat at table, there arose a fearful thunderstorm which shook the house as though it would destroy it. *Lèse-majesté* was clearly indicated. Desbarreaux went on eating but after a few minntes more of the thunderous accompaniment he rose from the table and opening the window threw out the offending food, exclaiming "Heavens! what a deadly row over a wretched bacon omelette!"

The kitchen department of the royal household was manned by a crowd of officials, cooks and scullions. The officers of *la bouche* travelled from one royal residence to another in charge of the affairs of the commissariat. The kitchen of the sovereign was distinct from that of the heir-apparent, and from that of the royal household.

The provisioning of the Court was to some extent in the hands of contractors, though the palace gardens at St Germain-en-Laye and Fontainebleau would supply vegetables and fruit; game, too, would be furnished from the royal coverts. At Fontainebleau, young pheasants were hatched out under the farm-yard hen just as they are by modern gamekeepers.

The royal supplies were not always of good quality. One day at Fontainebleau, the Dauphin complained of the bread served for his *déjeuner.* "He was quite right, it was not good," says the physician, "being made of musty wheat. He ate some of our brown bread."

Bread was also fetched for him from the village as that served from his department of *la bouche* continued to be bad.

Sometimes a dish would be named after its inventor or, as now, in honour of some great personage. Thus we hear of a *tourte aux prunes* made in the manner of "*Monsieur François,*" *écuyer de la bouche de la reine* (Marie de Médicis), which was served to her son at a country-house near Paris. *Tourte à la Combalet*, filled with a lemon cheesecake mixture,

was named after a niece of Cardinal Richelieu. The *Parfait* perhaps dates from a royal chef of this reign. *Petit choux* and fritters may be added to the list of sweet-course dishes. The cookery books speak of coloured jellies, green, red, yellow, violet and blue. Ices had been introduced by Catherine de Médicis.

We gather from the cookery books that several sorts of pastry were in vogue. *Feuilletage*, the French puff-pastry, and paste made with hot water, while again that *à l'Anglaise* is described as being "folded like a napkin," the English manner of folding the paste alternately with layers of butter to make a "puff-paste" being no doubt indicated by the description.

Fish dishes with a pastry crust were much eaten, the sole pasty being mentioned as an offering worthy of friendship. And oh!—what a cheese must that have been which the Sieur de Balzac, a Court littérateur, acknowledges in a letter to his country cousin, Madame de Lachelardie:—

"My dear *Cousine*,

"The sense of taste possesses no delight which I do not find gratified by your Cheese. No mere aseasoned Cream is it but something both wondrous and choice which, with a piquancy that titillates the tongue, combines also a suavity that pervades the whole mouth. You must indeed be a favourite of Heaven to have been given a land flowing with milk and honey."

Everybody seems to have had a turn for cooking in those days. Louis, we know, was seldom happier than when busy in pastry-making or preparing dishes for the royal party on their journeys about the kingdom. Sometimes his own dishes did not quite agree with his digestion and he would retire to bed on a piece of toast with sugar, though not before he had attended to the evening meal for the rest of his party. He had not been married a month before he took a turn at preparing the *olla podrida* of several kinds of meat which he had eaten and enjoyed as served to his girl bride. By the following July, Anne seems to have given up her Spanish ways at table, "being served entirely in the

French manner." Even on his death-bed the king used to occupy himself in stringing together the dried mushrooms and morels provided for winter use.

The courtiers and household were no less capable. If "Mademoiselle" Héroard, the doctor's wife, was famous for apricot syrup, the great lady, Françoise de Longuejoue, Baronne de Montglat, "Gouvernante des Enfants de France," was not a whit behind with her conserve of quinces. Again, did not Mademoiselle Rambouillet and a girl friend make jam all one morning on a stove in a corner of the classic "chambre bleue" of the famous Salon? "One blew the fire while the other kept bringing me samples of the syrup on a plate," says Voiture the Court-poet who, enshrined in a gauzy tent as his *cabinet de travail* in the same room, varied literary composition with criticism upon the successive stages of the jam-boiling. Perhaps their jam-pots, like those of a worthy bourgeoise of whom we read in a funny little print called *Les Caquets de l'Accouchée*, came alike from the shop in the Rue St Jacques where such pots were on sale. Was not Ninon de l'Enclos, too, an excellent housekeeper in her quiet little ménage behind the royal silk factories?

Besides the meals already mentioned there was at times the *collation*. This would mean in general, light refreshments of a recherché kind, confectionery, candied fruits and wine offered by municipalities or country *noblesse*, and sometimes treated rather disdainfully, we find, by the youthful Dauphin.

"A collation does he offer, but why? I have my own," was the ungracious comment on the announcement that a country magnate had provided this sort of refreshment for his prince who was passing by. Or perhaps some noble abbess would entertain the Dauphin, less irresponsive on that occasion, with biscuits and jam when he visited her nunnery.

Then there would be the collation of Lent or other fasts, restricted as to kind and quantity and replacing the usual evening meal, just as it does among the fasting Catholics of our own day.

Sometimes, some special provisions or local produce

would be sampled by the king, cheese of the Grande Chartreuse, salt butter from Brittany, or Normandy cider, which Louis ordered to be served henceforward at his table. Cider, which Guy Patin, a medical littérateur of the day, says, was so little esteemed that it was a common belief that the drinking of it was a sort of curse under which the Normans suffered. Wine, mixed generally with water, was then, as now, the common national drink. *Vin clairet* is the one most often mentioned as the royal drink, and *hippocras*, having the character of a liqueur, is frequently alluded to. In the field, Bassompierre took good care that a waggon-load of bread and one of wine should be at hand for his troops. Cider was sometimes the drink of sailor-men and in the *Mercure Français* of 1608 we read how it froze on ships that were wintering in Canada.

Here is our Bassompierre again with a pleasant story of his king in 1629.

" The king went off first, giving us a *rendez-vous* at Grenoble. The evening before he left he found that I was rather short of money. He asked me for some cider such as I was in the habit of giving him,—rarely good it is!—which some of my friends, knowing that I like it, send to me from Normandy. I sent him a dozen bottles and in the evening when I was receiving the pass-word from him, he said to me:

" ' Bestein, you've given me a dozen bottles of your cider and now I am going to give you twelve thousand crowns: go and find D'Effiat, who will have them handed to you.'

" I replied :—

" ' Sire, I have the whole cask at my quarters, and if you desire it I'll give it all to you at that figure.' "

" But he remained contented with a dozen bottles and I equally so with his generosity."

Louis XIII., though the careful Héroard seems to have feared some too great inclination for wine, was apparently a moderate drinker. He was a young boy when wine was first served regularly at his table. Drunkenness was not common even among the *viveurs*. Bassompierre tells

naïvely of one or two exaggerations on his own part and implies his general moderation.

Once he was the object of revenge for having himself made some of his boon companions drunk.

"To make me tipsy," he relates, "they put some brandy in my wine—or so I believe, though since, they have assured me that it was not so but that it was merely the wine of Lesperg, which is so strong and heady that I had not drunk more than ten or a dozen glasses before I lost my senses and fell into such a stupor that they were obliged to bleed me several times and compress my arms and legs with garters.

"I remained five days at Zabern in this condition, and so lost my taste for wine in consequence that for two years I was not only unable to drink any but could not even smell it without disgust."

The provisioning of households *per capitem* seems to have been the common arrangement. Lord Herbert, H.B. Majesty's ambassador, says:—

"Gave the best order concerning the expenses of my house, family and stable, allowing, according to the manner of France, so many pounds of beef, mutton, veal and pork, and so much in turkeys, capons, pheasants, partridges and all other fowls."

Our ambassador kept up the British reputation for hospitality. Among other instances, he entertained Prince Henry of Nassau, on his visit to Paris, at a banquet of a hundred dishes, costing in all £100. This, on the comparative scale of values, was a decent sum in the seventeenth century. "Freak" dinners were, however, yet undreamed of.

French living suited our ambassador very well, for after eighteen months in France he had gained in stature.

"My tailor, Andrew Henley, . . . who now lives in Blackfriars, demanded of me half a yard of satin more for a suit."

My lord suspected the tailor-man of getting at him, but found that it was of truth a necessity. Did the wily

Henley delicately turn into upward growth that increase in waist-measurement which the tactful tailor does conceal from his patrons?

The clergy were, as in other days, gastronomists and given to entertainment. The splendour of Richelieu's ménage is commented upon by many contemporaries.

"His household cost a thousand crowns a day, and the king could not attempt to vie with its magnificence." Several tables were daily served, though ill-health often obliged the Cardinal to take solitary and simple meals.

Cardinal Gondi was one of those who had kept open house for Henri IV., but Louis XIII. was less disposed than his father to make use of such accommodation. Still the Hôtel Gondi was of use, for on one occasion at least ice was sent from it to the royal palace.

Again, among the secular clergy, we find Ruccelai, the Italian protégé of Marie de Médicis, who "with his income of two thousand crowns lived in great style—no table was so well served as his."

The Court was not lavish in hospitality. Sometimes we hear of a foreign ambassador or other guest dining "at the king's expense," but at other times the meal will be at the charges of some high official or member of the royal household. Henri IV. often took his meals with the queen, and we see them joined by the royal children and by the half-brothers and sisters, but Louis XIII. more often dined alone, sitting at the middle place of the length of an oblong table none too wide. Attendants stood behind the chairs, the heir-apparent being served thus as soon as early nursery days were over. The food and drink were tasted by a court official in the presence of the sovereign—a caution coming down from the days of mediæval poisoning, but having become a mere form, for we find that the Dauphin himself sometimes performed the essay at his father's meals. Table manners were somewhat free, and the use of fingers was not always supplanted by that of the three-pronged forks. Spain and Italy would not be shy of such habits, and they would remain unaltered therefore when Marie de Médicis or Anne

of Austria arrived at the Court of France. Madame de Motteville's account of the supper of the ladies-in-waiting during the regency of Anne of Austria has often been cited in proof of the simple style of things. "We ate what the queen had left, using the same plates."

Drinking tankards or glasses were not placed on the table, but brought at command with the wine and removed again when the diner had taken a draught, by the functionary who had the matter in charge. The table ware was chiefly of silver, porcelain was more rare, and glass not common. Sometimes a presentation cup would be used, such as the one of gold presented to Louis as a child by Madame de Loménie—a lady of the Comte de Brienne's family.

The honour of handing the serviette to the sovereign or other royal persons was a distinguished one. Soon after his release from Vincennes, we find the Prince de Condé coming to blows with the Comte de Soissons because the former alleged his right as premier prince of the blood to perform this act for Louis XIII. The king adjusted the matter by sending for Monsieur to perform the office.

On the other hand "Madame la Princesse" (de Condé) was surprised and annoyed at having to hand the serviette to Madame (Gaston's first wife) on the day after the marriage. The Montpensier bride was elevated immeasurably by that act alone above the Princesse.

Though entertainment was not extensive within the palace walls, we find on the other hand that the king and his officers had care for the feeding of the objects of royal bounty. For the nourishment of the inmates of the Hôtel-Dieu, the hospice for the sick and destitute, exact regulations were laid down. They were to have two loaves a day of prescribed weight made of good wheaten flour, and a certain weight of uncooked meat which was to be dressed for them, also soup; on *maigre* days a *soupe aux choux* or one of leeks was to be substituted, with eggs in place of meat, while in Lent one large herring or two small ones were to flank the fast. Beans or peas (probably dried) cooked in

salted water were included in the dietary, but drinks such as wine, beer and cider were reserved for special orders.

The troops fortified with bread and wine at the worst we have already noticed, and among the countless activities of Richelieu we note in 1636 this *minute de la main du secrétaire de nuit.*

"We have this day sent to Calais, Dieppe and Rouen for oats, cheese, candles, butter, codfish, peas and beans, . . . and also for firewood for the troops."

The fish would be salted and the pulse dried for army rations.

Here is a recipe for the famous *massepain* which Louis was so fond of.

"Take almonds, peel them, steep them in water, changing it till the water remains quite clear. Pound them with white of egg and orange-flower water, then dry them with a little sugar over the fire. Then you will pound them with four or five blows of a *mortar* and will work them as you intend."

Probably the blows would be given with the *pilon* (pestle) rather than with the mortar.

The *massepain* turns out to be just our almond icing such as forms the second layer on a wedding-cake. It was sometimes so used, sometimes it filled a tartlet and again was eaten alone as a sweetmeat. The recipes of the day are all a little vague and we are reminded of the cook in Rev. P. H. Ditchfield's book, *The Old Time Parson*, who boiled eggs soft while singing three verses or hard while singing five verses of a hymn. "Infuse for the time of three *Paters* (Lord's Prayer)" say the cookery-books, heedless of the speediness or absent-mindedness of the operator.

From food we turn to clothing. To begin with, the infant Dauphin, like the rest of his father's subjects, wore his swaddling bands. His first baby shirt and the next one are noted. At seven months he delights his mother in his silken hat, and on June 2, 1602, in the year after his birth the Court shoemaker measures him for a pair of shoes,

which he wore a week later, with a *corset* and silk stockings and a robe of white satin striped with silver. On July 17, leading-strings were fastened to his clothing to help him in his first steps, and these were retained, out of doors at least, till he was several years older. By them he could be saved from tumbling down the steps leading to the palace gardens and so on. A tunic from his mother was the next addition. His eldest sister's dress was much the same as his, and this annoyed the boy of three or four. The garments were rather long, for he tumbled over them sometimes. We see the kind of thing in pictures of our English royal children of the same date.

The honour of handing the *chemise* was coveted and shared by the courtiers.

The Vendôme children are to the front. On Sunday, April 11, 1603, the Duc de Longueville and Melle. de Vendôme disputed as to which should hand the shirt; the rocker of the cradle referred the matter to the Dauphin. "Monsieur, who is to give you your *chemise?*" He answered, "Madame de Montglat." Then M. de Longueville tore it from the hands of Mademoiselle de Vendôme! Young Henri de Montmorenci, who had come in that morning to see the child in his cradle, then handed one of his *bandes* (straps for the arms ?) and M. de Longueville the other.

His long stockings were held up by suspenders of ribbon attached to his *cotillon*. (This word means to-day a short petticoat. It was perhaps a coatlet or stay-band in his case.) Dissatisfied with his own pinafore, which was trimmed with embroidery, the child demanded one of plain linen as worn by the Vendômes. A *parasol* was used to shield the child from rain in the gardens of one of the palaces.

When three years old we find him strutting delightedly in boot and spur with his cumbersome garments tucked up to give freedom to his limbs.

Next he leaves off the nursery clothes and appears in a doublet of white satin and pleated trunks of carnation satin with the hose attached. A more princely garment is

the robe of violet velvet and gold lace with which he proudly sported his tutor's gift, a bandolier of the same coloured velvet. A drum of blue colour appears about this time. The boy was fond of blue and would pick out a piece of silk from the samples under inspection by the *gouvernante*, saying "That is my colour!"

A cloak of white satin lined with plush was a sumptuous covering. Panne satin lined another cloak.

The regal violet, sprigged with golden fleur-de-lis, appeared of course on all state occasions, as we have already noted in the accounts of the baptism, coronation and parliamentary ceremonies.

The men's dress of the day was scarcely less resplendent than the feminine. We find the satin doublet, the collar of costly foreign lace, the silk hose and lace frilling at the knees, the cloak of splendid silk or velvet trimmed (*chamaré*) with rich embroidery of gold lace, the plumed hat with the gemmed badge which held the feathers in place, with colour in variety, subject to some sumptuary restrictions of rank as we shall note later. Splendour ran riot in gems. We will hear once more the well-known story of our Bassompierre and his Court suit in 1606, when the Dauphin was baptized at Fontainebleau.

"I was very much concerned at having no new suit for the baptism, having worn all the ones I had at the wedding in Lorraine. (He had been there to represent Henri IV. at the wedding of a relative of that sovereign.) But just as my sister and (her friend) had come to greet me on my return and were telling me how all the tailors and embroiderers were so busy that one couldn't get hold of them for any money whatever, my own tailor arrived with my embroiderer to tell me that, upon the rumour of the magnificence of the baptism, a merchant of Antwerp had brought a horse-load of pearls to sell by weight and that with these a suit could be made for me which would outshine all others at the ceremony, and my embroiderer volunteered to undertake the work on condition of receiving six hundred crowns for the workmanship alone. So the ladies and I planned out the suit for which not less than

50 livres of pearls would be required. I wished it to be of cloth-of-gold in a design of interlacing palm leaves. In the end before I left, I, who had not more than seven hundred crowns in my purse, arranged for the making of a suit which would cost fourteen thousand crowns and at the same time I sent for the merchant, who brought me specimens of his pearls, and arranged with him the price per ounce. He asked for four thousand crowns deposit and I put him off till the next morning. M. d'Epernon was passing my house and, knowing I was there, he came in to see me and told me that there would be good company that night at his house for supper and cards and invited me to join them. I went there with my seven hundred crowns, with which I won five thousand.

" Next day came the merchant to whom I gave the four thousand crowns deposit. I also gave something to the embroiderer and then contrived with my winnings at cards not only to pay for the suit and for a diamond sword costing five hundred crowns, but I had still five or six thousand crowns left with which to have a good time."

The finery of the French courtiers was sometimes thrown into the shade by the splendour of the foreign guest. It was so when Buckingham paid his historic visits. Listen to the account of an anonymous spectator :—

" It must be confessed that the Duke of Buckingham had the finest outfit one could see in a life-time. I am moved to describe it. It was of gris-de-lin coloured (écru) satin, embroidered with pearls, the embroidery being in bands ; the pearls in the middle of the band might be worth ten crowns apiece, those on the edge twenty, at the least. The buttons were pearls of twenty crowns in value, the button-holes of pearl embroidery and the tags were also made of pearls in graduated sizes. He had a chain which went six times round his neck, made of pearls of immense value. His girdle was worth at the least thirty thousand crowns. In his hat was a plume of heron's feathers at the base of which was a badge of five very large diamonds and three superb pear-shaped pearls. From his ear hung a large pearl with

a great diamond at the ear-clasp, but this scarcely showed because his hair was so long and so much curled as to hide it.

" His order of St George was fastened at the top by five great pearls while six of them hung from its lower edge. Nor had his Garter been forgotten, on which appeared an enormous pearl. His rosettes were made of many pearls so arranged as to evoke admiration alike for the artist and for the gems. The court-mantle was of the same embroidery as the suit."

The courtiers wore hats generally, even at table, only uncovering for the purpose of salutation and before the Royal Family. Beaver and silk were the materials of the royal head-gear, and the resources of *La Nouvelle France* included among others the *castor* skins suitable for the purpose.

Then, as now, ecclesiastical vestments with their symbolic tints and delicate needlework provided a fine addition to the general *coup d'œil.* Even the undress robes of the princes of the Church were a rich accession of colouring. A cardinal's garments were of a somewhat more scarlet tone than the tint as now worn, and which may be best described as the *cerise* of mid-Victorian fashion columns.

Richelieu we see in the red *barette*, the square-shaped headgear which, as far as form was concerned, was the common wear of Frenchmen from the Middle Ages downwards. The " Cardinal's hat " proper—as we know, was a large brimmed hat with knotted cords dependent at the back. It is seldom worn to-day, and only on pontifical occasions was it worn in the day of Louis XIII.

For more intimate use the red skull-cap was worn as we see in Champaigne's portrait of Richelieu. Ecclesiastics were not shaved. We see some of them with beards as unrestrained as those of to-day's Capuchins.

The hat worn by our Tudor sovereigns and by Henri IV., and which we see in Holbein pictures, was replaced in turn by the large and waving brimmed cavalier hat with its rakish plumes, or *sombrero*, as we know it down to our own time. The cloak swinging from the shoulders and the sword, often

gemmed at the hilt, were part of the outdoor equipment of "A Gentleman of France."

To come to the feminine.

The Court dress in its fullest splendour was to be seen at the coronation of Marie de Médicis and at royal marriages and christenings. "The queen was in her corset and long robe of ermine with her hair ornament. Her mantle of velvet sprigged with golden fleur-de-lis and lined with ermine was seven ells in length. (Probably between five and six yards English.) The hair ornament (or diadem) was set with gems, and the robe was embellished with large diamonds, rubies and emeralds of untold value."

The hoop or farthingale, *vertugadin* was its French name, in an exaggerated form appears on the royal ladies and on those of the Court. Marie de Médicis in one portrait is arrayed in such a redundant specimen that her arms cannot fall by her sides but are supported on the excrescent framework.

With the name of this queen we shall ever associate the Medici ruff, which ought to be set against all her failings. The light and graceful frame which the upstanding open *fraise* of delicate lace provided for the face and neck is known from a thousand portraits and from modern wearers. The *fraise fermée*, the Elizabethan ruff as we should call it, had preceded it, and Anne was wearing this style when she arrived in France at the time of her marriage. She wore Spanish dress at first, and one is described of green satin embroidered with gold and silver with falling sleeves looped up on the arms by large diamonds. A small green cap was worn, and in it "a heron's plume which by its blackness accentuated the beauty of her fair hair."

Satin, taffetas and Turkey velvet formed the principal materials of the dresses, which were lavishly adorned with bands and rosettes of pearls and other precious stones, which often outlined a *bouillonée*, as we should now call it, a portion of material fulled into a wavy condition and laid as trimming on the plainer background of the dress, along the sleeve or from shoulder to waist on the bodice. Venetian point and Flemish lace gave delicacy to the rich draperies.

Gloves were a valuable gift still from Spanish relatives; sometimes they came from England. Henrietta-Maria sent the Queen of France, her sister-in-law, a casket of them in 1637, a fateful casket, as we shall hear in a later chapter.

Silk stockings were a costly item and were dealt with by experts, for we read that a woman received a crown for mending those of Marie de Médicis.

The royal ladies were not *en grande tenue* all day by any means. Marie de Médicis as Regent conducted affairs of state in her stays and petticoat and with her hair as yet undressed. A cap was generally worn by the Court ladies until the hair dresser or their own attendants had arranged the coiffure for the day.

The queen-mother was quite able to do up the early morning arrangement of hair for herself, while the ex-Queen Margaret was an accomplished hand at hair-dressing. The style was similar to that with which portraits of Queen Elizabeth have made us familiar, high and smoothed back relentlessly from the forehead over an elevating pad of some description.

Then came the knot behind and the tight side ringlets which we see worn by Stewart queens. Anne of Austria is most often represented with this style. Madame de Montbazon the second needed no softening forehead curls, so peerless was her beauty.

Extra hair was often required to bring the structure up to the fashionable dimensions. Marie de Médicis received money from her husband to give to her wigmaker for some hair, and Queen Margot, who wished to retain the blonde locks of youthfulness and fashion as a bald-headed lady of sixty, kept fair-haired lackeys to be shorn at intervals to furnish her with wigs.

Gems adorned the head-dress for state occasions—a jewelled badge would support an aigrette or stiff plume of feathers fastened at the side above the ear. Again, we see a tiny diadem worn far back, clinging to the head.

In the matter of dress as in that of feeding we may compare royalty with the lesser world and find them less

headlong in the matter of display. Anne of Austria, for instance, was quite moderate in style and expenditure in general. She had brought jewellery from home, and to this additions were made by her husband and the queen-dowager. Louis, we remember, had sent by the Spanish ambassador his portrait in a bracelet. This was made of enamels of various colours and was set with some of the crown diamonds. On her arrival in her new home she received earrings of gold and enamel set with crown diamonds, and a necklace of thirty large round pearls which was also among the crown jewels. Other gifts were a striking-clock of gold enamelled in several colours and set with diamonds, and a cross of gold and black enamel. There were five sprays of flowers in diamonds of various sizes, and three in enamel and diamonds.[1]

Marie de Médicis had a store of precious stones—we have seen her decked with thousands of them at her son's baptism. The jewels of Madame were also noteworthy and were inherited by her daughter, La Grande Mademoiselle, but the queen-dowager kept them in her own custody, it would seem till her death in 1642.

We hear also of a three-cornered watch belonging to Madame de Montglat, as well as the striking (or repeating) watch of Gaston. An alarum-clock was often used by Louis XIII. Coral was obtained from the French fisheries on the coast of Barbary, and the Dauphin wore a necklet of it early in his babyhood, while a rosary of coral beads was used by Henriette de Vendôme, and other rosaries of square coral beads and set with miniatures were given to the Dauphin as specimens of Italian work.

The Comtesse de Moret received a rope of two thousand pearls from her royal lover, Henri IV. They were called chains of pearls in those days.

Although personal ostentation might be absent, sumptuary regulations prevailed, though they seem to have been enacted as much for economic as exclusive reasons. Henri IV. had been very strong in his encouragement of home manufactures.

[1] "Communiqué à M. Armand Baschet, par M. Feuillet de Conches." Printed in *Le Roi chez la Reine*.

He had established a Chamber of Commerce and had set up manufactories for Dutch linen and for Milanese silk and cloth-of-gold in his kingdom. By his command the white mulberry had been extensively planted for feeding silk-worms. He had forbidden the importation of Italian goods, and had imposed certain restrictions on the wearing of precious stones. The royal family and the ladies of the household were, however, privileged in these repects.

Above all, he had waged warfare against the gold lace, or *passement de Milan*, and Louis XIII. further interdicted the same *passement* in 1617. Whether from public obstinacy or from the disturbed state of affairs during the early years of the reign of Louis XIII., we find that all these worthy efforts of his father had come to nothing, "*aujourd'hui il ne parait marque ne vestige!*" This was in 1617, the year of the overthrow of the Regent and her clique at the palace.

The enactments of Louis decreed further that gold and silver might not be worn on clothes or trimmings by any but the privileged under heavy fines. Even the sham metal did not escape proscription, while gemmed embroidery was as accurst as the *passement de Milan*.

Coaches too might not be adorned with gilding, and gentlemen and *seigneurs* were to clothe their servants not in silk but woollen liveries with restricted ornament. The malcontents must have tried to evade these regulations, for we next find that tailors were prohibited from making the illegal garments. Sumptuary laws have always been unpopular, and these certainly needed a great deal of rubbing in, for in 1623 there was a fresh promulgation against the alien *passement de Milan*.

Powder and rouge were in common use at Court. Louis, in a fit of childish petulance, one day threw his mother's powder about the room with the puff. After the manner of Spain, Anne put on these cosmetics rather too thickly. The patch (*mouche*) also made its appearance, the Princesse de Conti setting the fashion. It was most often applied to one side of the forehead or to one cheek. One day when the Dauphin had a pimple on his face, a bit of plaster was applied by order of his physician, who told him that if

he did not like that kind he could have a little patch put on instead.

"*Une mouche !*" cried the boy in bantering tones; "oh! no! I don't want to be a beauty. It's Madame la Princesse de Conti who puts little *mouches* on her face to make herself look pretty." This suggests that the patch of coquetry may have originated from the patch of healing, which had been found of good effect in heightening by contrast the brilliancy of the feminine complexion.

Masks were worn out of doors, sometimes indoors as well. They were of black silk, and M. Gidel says that they were lined with white satin, and were retained in position by a piece of metal which was held between the teeth of the wearer, and which by disguising the voice aided the incognito.[1]

The common functions of the modern toilet were little practised. MM. de Soulié and Barthélemy point out that although the account of the combing, dressing and breakfasting of the Dauphin are given with scrupulous exactitude, washing is scarcely mentioned. We have already seen how the first bath was chronicled, and foot-washing was a noticeable event. The society of unwashed royalty was not agreeable on all occasions. Marie de Médicis as a bride is said to have required the assistance of flasks of scent brought from home to palliate the companionship of her husband.

Louis XIII. was also sensitive to ill odours. When the rough servant who brought wood for the fires passed through his room the child exclaimed that he was *puant*, and insisted on having the air purified by the burning of branches of juniper. Rose-attar and spices heated in a little silver saucepan were also used, but "Mamanga's" remedy was the juniper bough, and Louis swore by this disinfectant. The king's purveyors supplied rose-scented sachets to place among his clothing. A special perfume of jessamine was given by Christine of Piedmont to Dubois, the faithful valet of Louis XIII., and he offered this to Anne of Austria to alleviate the closeness of the sick-room in the king's last

[1] *Histoire de la Mode.* M. Charles Gidel.

illness. Anne declared that she had never smelt a perfume more delicious.

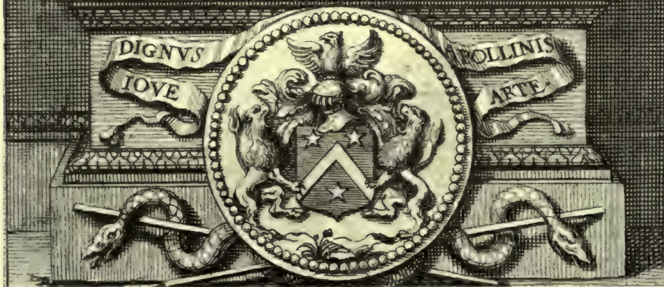
We may cry out in disgust at the unsavoury conditions indicated, but still we must not lose sight of the fact that the water-supply in those times was in many instances a poor one. Even a century and a half later the public fountains of Paris were few and ill kept up, and water had to be bought by the householder in general. True there was a water service to the Louvre in the reign of Louis XIII., water being pumped up from the Seine at the Pont Neuf and conducted to a reservoir near at hand, whence pipes conveyed it to the palace. It seemed very likely, however, that when the Court was in the provinces water might be short for the courtiers. It would be a cover to such deficiency rather than a merely degrading effeminacy that prompted " M. le Grand " to anoint himself with " rose odours," and to explain that it was *plus propre.* Officials who watched during the night in the royal sleeping chamber or slept there on a mattress, or even on occasion shared the king's bed, might be expected to combat the unwashed state of things by the nearest means available.

Tooth-picks are heard of, but zealous search has not unearthed a tooth-brush. When Louis, as Dauphin, cleaned his gums after a meal with his fingers, he was reproved by the watchful Héroard. " Monsieur, you should clean them with your tongue " (!!!).

Nor, although tobacco was known, have we found a single courtier smoking it.

The beauty-doctor found a place in Court affairs. The Dame Boursier, the *sage femme* who attended at the birth of Louis XIII., was among them. Some of her prescriptions are inoffensive. Fresh butter, oiled in the *Bain-Marie* and spread on the face and left to dry, was not out of the way as a preventive of wrinkles : it was of special efficacy in the month of May ; but who would care to try for whitening the skin a mixture of fowl's flesh, goat's milk, lemons, camphor, almonds, borax, and *ceruse de Venise* (white lead) macerated in rose-water and finished off with new-laid eggs and essence of the bean-flower ? For removing red blotches

I. HEROARD S. D. VAVGRIGNEVSE.
P.^r MEDECIN DV ROY LOVIS XIII.



on the face there is her remedy of marrow from sheep's trotters mixed with virgin wax and with infusion of vine-leaves. Bullock's gall and the herb *tripe-madame* enter into the composition of several cosmetics.

The medical history of the Court of Louis XIII. would fill a volume. We can only note a few of the points of interest. Louis XIII. himself, born as other infants are, with a decent allowance of health, suffered many things of many physicians. Court intrigue seems to have circled even round the matter of a wet-nurse. Several in succession were found unequal to the infant's healthy appetite. Then one approved by the good Héroard was dismissed through some underhand trickery. "May God forgive those who worked this thing!" says the distressed physician. We saw in the early chapters the boy revolting at the loathsome purge. Here is the prescription of the hated *médecine noire*, it seems next kin to our own black draught.

"1 once de casse infuse,
2 drachmes de séné,
4 scrupules de rhubarbe,
½ once de sirop de limon,
,, decoction de chicorée blanche,
,, oseille,
,, buglosse,
,, agrimoine,
,, raisins de corinthe,
,, linnières de fenouil,
,, de citron et un peu de conserve de violette."

The night before the boy, then eleven, took a dose of the purgative indicated above, he had been coaxed and scolded for two hours by his mother and his tutor, had wept and had at last been birched, but all in vain. Next night he agreed at length to swallow the horrid draught with orgeat. These drastic medicaments laid, in the opinion of modern authorities, the foundations of the later ill-health and fatal disease of Louis XIII. The gentle Héroard is excused by his constant if misguided care. He really was mild in his

methods compared to his successors, one of whom administered to Louis in a single year 215 purges and 212 injections and bled him also forty-seven times. The practice of blood-letting was universal. The king was bled for the first time on November 1, 1616, the day after the fit (of epilepsy?) which has been recorded in Chapter VIII.

Anne of Austria was first bled soon after her arrival in France.

There are always two sides to a question, and that of blood-letting would seem to have had something in its favour. Here is an extract from the diary of our Bassompierre for the year 1629.

> "Thursday, 22nd March, I fell ill and was bled.
> Friday. I took medicine.
> Saturday. I was again bled.
> 26th. I continued ill.
> Tuesday, 27th. I was bled again.
> 29th. Beginning to feel better (!!!)."

He was a hardy subject, our Baron!

The prostrating effects of these fierce doses was considerable and the victim remained in seclusion. We find the poet Voiture composing a rondeau, an almost unused form of verse, to amuse Mademoiselle de Bourbon, *qui avait pris médecine*, and do not let us hurry away with the idea that the weaker sex alone was thus cast down. By no means. Did not Madame de Montglat send kind inquiries to the Steward of the Household in similar circumstances? The youthful Dauphin also sent a message, but unfortunately it is unprintable; while Bassompierre records how a certain hostile accquaintance played so low as to challenge him to a duel in a similar condition. "But," says our valiant and vain-glorious one, "I arose, *avec ma médecine dans le corps*, and repaired to the appointed rendez-vous!" Again, a criminal desiring to lie *perdu*, furnished an ample excuse for remaining indoors upon a kindred allegation.

Smallpox must have been almost universal. Hardly one of the royalties or courtiers we have mentioned escaped it.

It was not always of a malignant character by any means. Louis XIII. himself had the slightest touch of it, and we cannot recall the death of any notable from the disease, though the Princesse de Condé was in great danger from an attack in 1614.

Simples were in use for home doctoring. A cauldron of hot water with infused herbs was used as a foot-bath in some slight ailment by Madame de Montglat in the Dauphin's apartment, much to the annoyance of the prince, who was always touchy on points of such familiarity. A bruised onion was applied to the burns of the baby Orleans which resulted from sparks leaping from the open fire. Conserve of rose-leaves was one gentle remedy, and Louis, who coveted their pinafores, also insisted on sharing the treacle-posset of his Vendôme brethren.

The most interesting theory with regard to the physical condition of Louis XIII. is the modern one of M. Lacour Gayet, who considers that the king was a sufferer from adenoids and that tuberculosis of the lungs and intestines resulted as a secondary from this condition.

One contemporary alleges that the king was ruptured, and although he is apparently unsupported, the condition might have existed, as it did in others to our knowledge, and may have been due to the rough riding of the time. The coach-travelling was so trying that the royal ladies, when expecting offspring, were carried in litters to secure them from the ill-effects of the jolting conveyances.

Several medicinal waters were in vogue, Pougres and Plombières being patronised by Henri IV. and his queen.

" Never has the queen looked so well," says Malherbe when Marie de Médicis returned from a cure-course at one of these places, and the successful pregnancy of Anne of Austria in 1638 was attributed by her physician to the waters of Forges. The baths of Balarue were patronized by the Duchesse de Montmorenci.

At the time of the king's final illness we hear of a drinking-cup of his own invention which he used in bed, and other invalid appliances, now common, receive notice, which indicates that they were then a novelty.

The royal residences present to our retrospect a picture of splendour not unmixed with squalor. We must of course remember the great difference between the half-finished palaces of Louis XIII. and the completed buildings as we know them in our own day. The Louvre was being built all through the reign. The young king laid the first stone of the "Pavillon," which fronted on the gardens, in 1624. We know of the "galerie" looking on the river as the scene of Concini's impudence (see Chapter V.). Beneath it were the booths and workshops of royal purveyors, which Louis, especially as Dauphin, was fond of visiting. There were "salles" where balls and court festivities took place, and the "salons," named after their Italian counterparts, which were the scene of diplomatic audience.

Louis and his queen, the queen-dowager and Monsieur had their respective suites.

The royal bed-chamber or *chambre* was used as the sleeping-room and often for meals as well. The *cabinet*, or king's closet, was the private sitting-room or study where audiences of lesser importance would be given. In the *cabinet de la Reine* the queen would sit with her ladies; it was the queen's closet, or private sitting-room, the *boudoir* of modern novels. The *garderobe*, a small suite of rooms, adjoined the royal bed-chamber.

Space in the palaces was restricted, and we know well that the Court ladies lived and received their friends in their bedrooms.

Any idea of refined luxury in sanitary details may be at once dismissed. High-sounding enactments concerning some details of sanitation there might be, but the reality was a state of things less well supervised than a modern cattle-market.[1]

When, as a baby of two months old, Louis arrived for the first time at the palace of St Germain-en-Laye, he was accompanied by a goodly suite, including the Archer-Guards,

[1] The condition of parts of the royal palaces in the seventeenth century is indescribable. It became imperative to decree that promiscuous defilement, such as was customary on the stairways and corridors of the Louvre and Fontainebleau, should be punished by fines. The Dauphin himself was whipped for a misdemeanour, probably consequent upon adult example.

among whom we find a Scot, one Jacques Du Glasc (James Douglas), but there was no solid comfort indoors. In the room assigned to the infant not a thing was ready, so that he had to be placed in his mother's chamber while his room was prepared.

"Such was the care taken of so precious a treasure that there was nothing ready for his reception. Presumably they are to blame whose office it is to look after such matters," records the grieved physician, Héroard. Another time it was so cold in the ill-heated room that the Dauphin's drinking-glass froze to its cover.

Nor must we think of permanent furniture in the royal dwellings. Even the tapestry hangings were moved from one palace to another as the Court was transferred. Henri IV. wrote to Sully to ask him to send some hangings from Paris for the rooms at Fontainebleau. The Dauphin, always insistent on his own rights, was peevish when he saw his tapestry covering the nursery walls of his baby brother, the unnamed Duc d'Orléans. The royal apartments were cleared out down to the *oratoire*, and we see Louis himself helping to fold the bedding and to pack the portable altar and fittings. Great inconvenience occurred when the baggage did not turn up at a halting-place or when, as we shall see in Chapter XX., the king was detained behind. Queens slept then upon the cushions of their coaches, and La Grande Mademoiselle can tell us how a crowd of royal and courtly personages slept in one room on mattresses placed on the floor in some royal progress. Nor was there much in the way of guest-room at the palace; the suburban villa of our London may have its "spare room" for a visitor, but at the Court of France hospitality could not always be offered in those days.

"Why, how have you got here so early?" asked Henri IV. of the Sieur Arnauld at the Château of Monceaux. "Do not be jealous, sire—I slept in the queen's closet," replied the courtier. The king laughed heartily at the explanation.

Marie de Médicis, concerned at seeing M. Arnauld turned out to ride some distance to his lodgings at a neighbouring

village, had ordered her attendants to put a mattress on the floor of her sitting-room for his accommodation.

Distinguished foreign guests were lodged at the embassies or in the houses of the nobles. Buckingham was at the Hôtel Chevreuse during his stay in Paris.

The great officers had not always rooms in the palace. The Master of the Horse (Bellegarde) refused to grant any to Ancre and his wife, and it was in consequence of this that they obtained a special grace to build their house, with its ill-famed Pont d'Amour, in the garden of the Louvre.

We have said that there was no furniture to spare, but what there was at least was fitted to stand the wear and tear of generations. The bedsteads with their carving and rich hangings were not unworthy to be bequeathed to royalty. Richelieu included more than one in his splendid legacy to Louis XIII.

We know how our own Shakespeare left to his wife his *second-best* bedstead, and how commentators have tortured this into an affront to the lady, although it cannot be more reasonably considered so perhaps than the provision of the dower-house, for example. The chief bed was a family possession, descending in the direct line, no doubt. The state bed was brought into requisition on the most momentous occasions of existence. In it Louis XIV. saw the light, and in the same his father closed his eyes upon this world.

The sumptuous curtains would be closely drawn, Henri IV. and his queen slept behind them, while Sully waited with his New Year's gifts, careful not to disturb his sovereign.

Anne, awakened by the summons at Compiègne, looked out between her curtains and saw that it was not yet dawn.

Madame de Balzac d'Entragues again put out her head most inauspiciously, and saw that her daughter's bed was empty, and so discovered the open door of the secret staircase by which young Cathérine had crept to visit her expectant lover Bassompierre.

Here is a little tribute in verse to the family bedstead, belonging to the reign of Louis XIII.:—

> " Enfin je vous revois, vieux lit de lamas verd,
> Vos rideaux sont d'été, vos pentes sont d'hiver,
> Je vous revois vieux lit, si chéri de mes pères
> Où jadis toutes mes grands-mères,
> Lorsque Dieu leur donnoit d'heureuse accouchements
> De leur fécondité recevoient compliments,
> Hélas ! que vous avez une taille écrasée
> On ne voit plus en vous ni grace ni façon,—
> Autant de modes que d'années
> Aujourd-huy le tapissier Bon
> A si bien fait par ses journées,
> Qu'un lit tient toute une maison."

Beds were large and were expected to accommodate a couple of courtiers. The three Luynes brothers shared a room, and it was common for attendants or even royal persons to occupy a mattress on the floor. Henri IV., would take his siesta on a *paillasse* on the floor of the king's closet. Once he rested on the bed of Madame de Montglat in the boy Dauphin's apartments. No doubt it was desirable to keep the great beds unrumpled during the day.

Nor was there any superfluity of washing apparatus. The queen's basin was used to wash the Dauphin's feet, and again we find his own silver basin being made use of in some service in the royal chapel.

The ewer and basin and the washing service in general was of silver. We find the Dauphin bartering some of his own plate for an item of the service belonging to Mademoiselle de Vendôme. There was quite a discussion as to the number of salt-cellars, and such small pieces as would be equivalent in value to the coveted possession.

The insignificant amount of personal washing was done in a basin in the sleeping-chamber, while the *garderobe* might be the scene of the rarer operation of a bath. Here, too, was stored the royal clothing, and, at times, servants slept upon its floor.[1]

[1] The *chaise-percée* was part of the equipment of the *garderobe*. The office of *gentilhomme* (*et dame*) *de la chaise-percée* was one of high honour, corresponding

Before the reign of Louis XIII. glass mirrors had been imported. French glass was altogether an innovation indeed, though there was before this reign a glass-blowing factory at Nevers out of which the royal glass-works developed later. Pottery was made at Fontainebleau, and many little figures of soldiers, animals and monks were among the toys of the Dauphin and his brothers and sisters. A nightingale which could be made to sing by filling it with water and blowing into it has had its counterpart a thousand times down to our own nursery days.

Windows were of rock-crystal. At the Luxembourg the panes were set in silver. So conservative was one great lady that she refused to visit a nephew who had substituted modern glass for the older transparency.

Coach windows were protected by thick leather curtains until this reign, and it was Bassompierre who set the fashion of having them glazed.

The dearth of furniture is brought before us in striking manner at Gaston's marriage, when the bridal chamber had to be furnished piecemeal with contributions from the other rooms. This for the wedding of the heir-presumptive to the richest heiress of the blood!

Weddings were celebrated at the Court by ceremonies taking place on two days.

The essential contract took place on the one, and on the following or perhaps third day the nuptial mass and benediction would succeed. The rite of the first day was sufficient for validity. We see that Henri IV. completed his marriage before the final ceremonies were performed, but there was evidently a sentiment in favour of fulfilling the full ceremonial before married life began.

The Duchesse de Guise, for instance, "would not permit Monsieur the privileges of a husband" until after the

to that of the Groom of the Stole at the English Court. The Duchesse de Chevreuse held this post when attending Henrietta-Maria on her journey to England as a bride. That such attendance was not merely nominal is implied by the statement of one of Louis's favourites, that what he should most dislike in the king's position was the solitude at meals and the publicity of the *chaise-percée.* In his boyhood too we find games of skill and conversation proceeding on such occasions.

nuptial benediction had been pronounced over him and her daughter, Marie de Montpensier.

The ribaldry of the Middle Ages still clung round the wedding feast. The friends of the bridegroom and the bride respectively attended them at the *coucher*, and the palace bridal was not exempt from these embarrassing accompaniments. Louis XIII. visited his half-sister of Vendôme on her marriage to the Duc d'Elbœuf *pour lui faire la guerre* (to make fun or to tease her), and he did so unrestrainedly.

Even the more dignified efforts of Madame de Guise were frustrated, for by some means—perhaps intentional—a miserable dog was shut up in the apartment of Monsieur and Madame, and the bride's mother had to rise from her bed in the next room and liberate the howling cur to ensure the peace of the newly married pair.

How did the royal people and the courtiers pass their time when state business and fighting were done with?

Hunting and falconry were the principal out-door diversions. Then there was tennis in closed courts and pêle-mêle. The knightly tourney graced state events. Tilting at the ring celebrated the royal betrothal in 1612, and many other occasions. The ring would be given by one of the princesses or by some great lady. Once there was a hue-and-cry because one of the tassels adorning *la bague* which had been presented by "Madame" (Elisabeth) before her marriage was missing. Whether these tassels were added to notify some special addition to the prowess we have not been able to decide, but at all events we must infer some value, intrinsic or sentimental, in such appendages.

Indoors we find that they played billiards (which Louis would sometimes play at the village public tables), chess, draughts and cards, and that plenty of money changed hands over the last amusement. We see the Dauphin playing *hoc*, a very gambling game, with the Princesse de Conti, who obligingly arranged to lose several times to the child. Then there were dances of all kinds, the bourrée, coranto, sarabande, gaillarde, bohémienne and the branle with its

variations. Louis XIII. often danced the passepied de Bretagne, which was popular at Court. Who was it, we wonder, who endorsed a letter of the period with the note, "résolu d'apprendre le Passepied de Bretagne"?

Montmorenci was a beautiful dancer and Bassompierre a bad one, and a duel very nearly resulted when some courtier heckled the Maréchal on his deficiency.

In the royal nurseries too were dances and folk-songs. Such were St Jean-des-Choux, in which the chief feature consisted in kicking the dancer in front of one. Then there were games, *Est-ce que la compagnie vous plaira?* and the surviving *Sur le pont d'Avignon.*

Of toys we spoke in the first chapter. Some more elaborate ones there were—mechanical toys and a splendid doll's house in which, among other things, appeared *maman*, *bébé* and the nurse in full fidelity. Madame Elisabeth had a toy bed with Judith and Holofernes (beheaded) as its gruesome occupants.

There were the pets, dogs, monkeys, a yellow parrot, a chameleon, and even a tame quail, besides the cage birds.

The children had again the annual delight of the Foire St Germain, which lasted from February up to Easter, and often beyond. The little Vendômes received money from their royal father to buy themselves a fairing in an early year of the century, and we know how La Reine Margot gave presents to the Dauphin. The goldsmiths, whose work was of high excellence in the reigns of Henri IV. and Louis XIII., were prominent as stall-holders. The fair was held at the end of the Rue Tournon.

Scarron, the poet husband of Madame de Maintenon, wrote a humorous poem on the Foire from which we give a few lines.

"Ces Cochers ont beau se hâter
Ils ont beau crier gare gare,
Ils sont contraints de s'arrêter
Dans la presse rien ne demare
Les bruits des pénétrans sifflets
De flutes et des flageolettes
Des cornets, hautbois et musettes,
Des vendeurs et des acheteurs,

Se meslent, celui des sauteurs,
Et des tabourins, et sonnettes
Des joueurs de Marrionnettes.

. . . . .

Que de gâteaux et pain d'épices
Que les souillans de Gauffriers
Font sentir l'odeur du fromage

. . . . .

Adieu ! la Foire St Germain."

The principal Court entertainment was provided by the *ballet*, and this being a subject of artistic importance will be dealt with in the following chapter.

The gay crowd sparkles before our contemplation, not perhaps so different from ourselves in the long run, but showing everything upon the surface. We, in modern England, the greater hypocrites, some would tell us. We must not be led by the gossiping chroniclers of the age to accuse all men of libertinism or all women of wantonness. As well accept unquestioned the highly flavoured *historiettes* of a Tallémant as the vulgar rags of to-day's society journalism. We know that there were grand and holy qualities in the midst of the hubbub, and that many harmless persons must have been maligned. There was very little attempt at suppression of private details in the jesting chatter of the age. The stainless Marie de Hautefort spread her skirt over her knees when warming her feet in the company of some of the queen's pages, and joined in a jest on the publicity given to her nether limbs. It was a dazzling and alluring froth which topped the Court-life, a genial fellowship—at times, at others a turn of spitefulness. Practical joking was unabashed. How scandalized was our Lord Herbert at the lengths permitted. He was walking one day with the young queen among the orange trees which grew in the Tuileries gardens, where Louis was amusing himself by shooting small birds. Suddenly, a sprinkling of spent shot fell upon the queen who, however, beyond a little fright, received no harm. She took a few pellets out of her hair and an attendant ran to warn the king that she was near. Some of the suite, hearing the story, came towards the queen, and the old Duc de Bellegarde,

Master of the Horse, stole softly behind her, and taking some *confetti* from his pocket dropped them on to her. Feeling the sugary missiles falling on her, the queen was startled into the belief that they were another charge of shot. Such school-boy pranking was too much for the worthy Briton; with an asperity which borders on the priggish he took Bellegarde to task.

"Truly, I marvel," he exclaimed irascibly, "that so old a courtier as yourself can find no means of amusing ladies except by frightening them!" (A box of comfits or lozenges was commonly carried in the pocket by the courtiers.)

The fool or jester and the dwarf were royal playthings and privileged courtiers. Mathurine, a dwarf and half-witted creature, is often mentioned. She belonged to Marie de Médicis. There was a little nigger too, *le petit More.*

"You shall have him to sleep with you," said Henri IV., teasing his baby son.

"Oh! please not, Papa, he will come off black on the sheet," protested the Dauphin.

A most pathetic figure among the human playthings was a poor little Redskin sent from La Nouvelle France. "Le petit Canada" soon fell a victim to the white plague of phthisis. The boy Dauphin saw him at a window and ordered some of his soup to be sent to the little invalid. A short time after he put aside half his dessert of cherries in a porringer for the child, but "le petit Canada" was no longer in need of soup or cherries from royal bounty. He had died the day before, a good Christian, for baptism had been administered when he arrived at Court, the Vendômes being god-parents.

In 1615, much interest seems to have been felt in an embassy from a Japanese ruler to Spain and Italy. The delegates were sent in connection with some request to the Propaganda at Rome, and were received in audience by the Pope to whom they presented letters which had been translated from their own tongue into Latin during their stay in Spain. They wore, we are told, robes of black silk which they changed for ones of red and green for the

papal audience. Small men they were and swarthy, with the face and the back of the head shaved, and a great knot of hair in front. A green silk umbrella was held over the Japanese ambassador. They ate dexterously with two sticks and used handkerchiefs of paper made from tree-bark, carrying several quires of this paper in the bosom of their dress and throwing away each handkerchief as used. This custom of our present-day allies is a familiar one.

We know how the members of the royal family were styled Monsieur and Madame; the latter description was also applied to ladies of noble rank or office, even when single. Marie de Hautefort became Madame de Hautefort upon her appointment as Dame d'Atours (lady-in-waiting) to Queen Anne. But Madame, followed by the Christian name alone, was a prerogative distinction of the princesses of the blood royal. Gaston's daughter was Mademoiselle, and the daughter of Condé Mademoiselle de Bourbon. But the wife of the Court physician was *Mademoiselle* Héroard as being of not noble rank. This custom was not always observed, however, among the bourgeoisie. A good woman carrying on a mercery business in Paris came on some matter connected with the same to one of the royal palaces. The Dauphin, hearing her described as *Madame*, asked in surprise what was meant, and was told that among the tradespeople a married woman was often thus described.

Bishops, too, were styled Monsieur, followed by the name of their diocese. Richelieu was "Monsieur de Luçon," and the Bishop of Paris "M. de Paris"—a description which, later, was rather unpleasantly converted into a slang name for the public executioner.

La Grande Mademoiselle, writing in the reign of Louis XIV., tells us that high persons were not so accessible in her grandfather's (Henri IV.) time as then, but to the present-day student this statement is a little puzzling. For there are such frequent instances of familiar dealing between the palace and the villagers of Fontainebleau or St Germain. The village bride, the village beggar, the *demoiselles*, who appeared to be necessitous though not asking

alms, all seemed to have access to the royal children, either within the palace or in the village street. The bridal party danced, the pedlar, who had feared some roystering trick, was overjoyed when his stock was bought by a customer who proved to be the Dauphin of France, and the distressed damsels received money from the boy as he passed on his way. Once he intervened on behalf of the small-holder: a poor man who, in the neighbourhood of Fontainebleau, had built himself a shanty of sods, round which he had planted a few cabbages which, with the milk of his cow, formed his whole support. Desiring to plant a few trees, he had been interfered with; but, by the king's championship, was allowed to remain unmolested. It is a pleasant picture showing Louis XIII. in his more genial moods. He could be a pleasant companion, his niece (la Grande Mademoiselle) assures us. For, says she: "the king would sit between me and Mademoiselle de Hautefort in the coach and make himself most agreeable." It must be added that he seemed specially delightful to these ladies when joining in their invective against Richelieu. For Louis, in some of the moods of his small soul, feared not to stab in the back the minister before whose face he cringed, and without whose guardian hand he could ill have prevailed against the aristocratic anarchists whose cabals raged round him.

There was plenty of superstitious observance at Court. One of Anne of Austria's pages tells us how, when one of the mules which bore the queen's litter fell, it had no sooner got on its legs again than the queen sent off a gentleman-in-waiting to Paris to consult an Italian soothsayer upon the significance of the accident. "This event shows clearly the lengths to which the weaknesses of the highly-placed will carry them," is the comment of the recorder. May was in disfavour for marriages, and the wedding of the Duc de Longueville to his first wife, Melle. de Soissons, was deferred till June on that account.

One official would gravely report on the king's horoscope without offence, while on the other hand one of Louis's physicians was condemned to the galleys for having one in his pocket, the allegation being that he intended to

make some felonious use of it in a state intrigue. The unfortunate man protested vainly that it was his duty as the king's medical attendant to carry the document in question about with him for guidance in treatment of his royal patient.

Marie de Médicis was said to be highly susperstitious. She believed, or perhaps affected to believe, that the bluebottle flies carried secrets, and she would not speak of private matters in their hearing. She was furious when augurs foretold that Richelieu would live and prosper. Even Père Caussin, the Jesuit, is said to have been so overcome by a prognostication regarding his own decease that he took to his bed and died forthwith. Here, however, comes in the question of mental suggestion.

Of quasi-religious beliefs, as well as of religious matters in general, we will talk in Chapter XIX. It is time to pass on to the literary and artistic influences of the Court of Louis XIII.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE COURT AS PATRON OF THE ARTS AND LITERATURE

WE have reserved for this chapter an account of those Court amusements which stand a little higher than the sports and indoor games mentioned in the preceding one. Theatrical representations were given sometimes by outsiders, but more frequently in the form of the Masque or *ballet* by the royal and courtly personages themselves. Companies of strolling players would attend and would receive a royal payment for their expenses and entertainment. Italian, Spanish, and English players visited the Court, and we hear, too, of "les Egyptiennes," who, MM. Soulié and De Barthélemy tell us, were a gipsy company.

The *Ballet* was, however, the typical form of Court entertainment, and it was danced on every occasion of consequence or festivity, and was performed by the royal people assisted by the courtiers.

"*Recorde son ballet*" ("Rehearses his ballet"). This entry is frequent in the record of Louis's daily doings. Marie de Médicis danced in a ballet at the house of Queen Margaret the year before her widowhood. We can best deal with this hotch-potch of miracle-play, classic farce, Rabelaisian burlesque, and modern music-hall spectacle, by giving some examples drawn from the hundreds of performances which took place during the reign of Louis XIII.

On 12th February 1619, two days after the marriage of Madame Christine to the Prince of Piedmont, a splendid ballet was given by the king in the great Salon of the Louvre, which was specially fitted up for the occasion with tiers of seats and two galleries. The stage was adorned with gilded rockwork and verdant moss, and the scenery

represented the Siege of Jerusalem, and a forest so life-like that, " were it not for the golden chestnuts and acorns on the trees, none would have dreamed of artifice."

The ballet performed before this scenery was a typical pot-pourri of miracle-play and classic fable. King Louis, as Godefroi de Bouillon, was besieging the King of Jerusalem, while a magician in an enchanted forest carried on by-play, in which classic gods and mythic personages joined with a splendid incongruity. Pan and sylvan denizens, the Judges of Hell, the Fates, Pluto, and Proserpine (who appeared with her face blackened) succeeded one another; Charon followed on, and Time the Reaper after him. The parts of four Centaurs were played by Bassompierre and Brantès (the second De Luynes brother) with other nobles. The king, as the knight-errant Godefroi, entered with the Comte de Soissons and Alexandre de Vendôme to seek for Tancred, their comrade, whose part was taken by the Duc de Luynes. Then the scene was ringed with fire, in which the knights fought with horrid monsters. Suddenly the flames disappeared and shadows filled the scene. The combat grew more deadly, weird sounds and howlings filled the shades, and then came plaintive wailing of souls separated from the body.

The scene changed: a temple and angel choirs appeared, and finally a great tableau of the sixteen conquerors of Palestine, who, in satin garb of many colours, set with precious stones and metals, gave forth a radiance reflected from flaming torches and enhanced by the facets of the gleaming gems.

Again, five days later, on the same stage, now arranged to represent a lovely garden, was danced the Queen's Ballet, adapted from the story of Psyche. A gilded car, draped with golden gauze, was drawn by two great swans, on which rode two tiny Loves. In the car, on a bed of lilies and roses, reposed Venus and Cupid. A duet between the pair, who had beautiful voices, was accompanied with instrumental music by Flora, Zephyrus, and the Graces, who escorted the Car of Love. Then appeared the inhabitants of the ends of the earth come to do homage to Psyche, and these were in

Sclavonic dress and danced in warlike style. They vanished, and then came Psyche, who was led by Eros before the king, and next there was the Ballet of the Winds. Then was seen the House of Love, where Psyche danced to the strains of hidden strings and mystic voices. Then came Eros, escaping, pursued by Psyche, with all the action of despair.

Next came an ocean scene with a grotto of coral, shells and mother-of-pearl and "with waves moving so naturally that it was hard to believe there was no water." From the waves rose Venus in a car, drawn by dolphins, singing a pæan of Love the Fugitive, Tritons, Nereids, Ceres and Psyche succeeded one another. Then the ocean disappeared, and clouds rolled in from every side. Gods stood around, and then doors opened in heaven, and goddesses, sixteen, no less, appeared, the Queen (Anne) in the midst of them. All eyes were fixed on them, dazzled by their beauty and by their flashing jewels, while a band of musicians advanced towards the king, and a male singer gave a solo recitative. The goddesses danced in their robes of white and scarlet satin. "Their coiffure was of charming style, *avec forces perles* and great streamers of silver tinsel, which hung down to their heels behind."

When the Duc and Duchesse de Montmorenci made a state entry into the province of Languedoc in this same year (1619) there was a great display of allegoric character, in which Montmorenci represented *les aimables et infortunez de l'Europe*—an unconscious prophecy of days to come.

We borrow the following specimens from *Ballets de la Cour*, by M. Lacroix.

In Queen Margaret's Ballet in 1612, the Princesse de Conti wore a dress of cloth of silver closely patterned with peacock's eyes, and the Comtesse de Soissons had a dress covered with jet embroidery.

The Queen (Dowager) made Madame (Elisabeth) dance *Les Canaries* with the Marquis d'Elbœuf. The Duc de Pastrana (the Spanish Envoy) also danced with Madame, but did not hold her by her hand, but only by her long sleeve, which hung to the ground.

Sometimes the performance seems to have resembled

pantomime. Here, for instance, also in *Les Ballets de la Cour*, is the Ballet of the Tower of Babel with a masquerade of the Spoilt Children of the Foire St Germain.

The King in one ballet represented a captain of the Swiss Guards with his beard trimmed à la Suisse.

We find both Mesdemoiselles de Hautefort and De Lafayette dancing together in one ballet.

In the Ballet des Mariages we feel quite in a Christmas pantomime of the past. For here the Second Entrée was danced by

The Sausage and the Mustard.
The third by The Orange and Partridge,
The fourth by The Ham and Bottle,
The fifth by The Pear and Cheese,

and after these came

A "*Grande Bouffonerie dansée en Salade*."

There was a big outlay on materials for dressing the performers in these ballets. Here are a few items. "168 ells of carnation taffetas for 24 long robes for the 24 violinists of the king.

672 livres tournois."[1]

For the same, buckram was provided, and the extravagant length of 360 ells of gold and silver passementerie for trimming, while 16 ounces of sewing silk of colour to match was included.

It took fifteen ells of silk to make a robe for a great colossus or gigantic female figure representing Music.

Twelve rustic musicians came off with four yards apiece of blue silk for skirts.

Pink satin formed the upper portion of two Spanish cloaks worn by the king and one of his Court, who represented players of the guitar.

But why did it take as much as thirty ells of black satin to make doublets for five black demons? Was satin narrow width, or were the demons also *des colosses ?*

[1] The *livre tournois* was minted at Tours, and was of slightly higher value than the ordinary coin.

Dresses were provided for some idiots, but whether so by nature or for the nonce in the performance is not explained. At all events they had a fixed quantity of green and orange satin (this suggests an Irish election), while black cloaks trimmed with green were provided for "*cinq embabuines*," tricksters, jesters or what not.

M. de Liancourt appeared as a female in a dress of green and white satin with sleeves included.

Cardinal Richelieu, who was always to the front in patronage of the arts, had a splendid theatre built in the Palais Cardinal, and here he invited the royal family to witness sumptuous performances. Mademoiselle, Gaston's daughter, danced in a ballet here. She also danced in the same at the Arsenal and at the Town Hall. As a little girl, she appeared with others in one of the palace displays, where one figure was the loosing of a number of canaries from cages.

One of the birds became entangled in the ruff of little Claire de Brézé, niece to the Cardinal, making the child cry with fright. "You may judge from this the age of the performers," explains Mademoiselle.

There was always a good deal of music at Court, and in it the moody king found all through life one of his chief pleasures. He learnt all the rolls of the drum in nursery days, and listened with entrancement to the string and wood-wind players of the Court band. Sometimes he would in childish fashion imitate the flute or hautbois player on a stick. When five years old we find him ordering Hindret, the Court lute player, to place a handkerchief under the strings of his instrument and to play the ballet of the frogs, to which he danced.

The lute player, by the help of the handkerchief, would produce some trick effect suggestive of the frog accompaniment.

At the house of Cardinal Gondi he amused himself one day with an instrument which seems to have corresponded to the Flügel or Pedal piano.[1]

[1] The author makes this tentative suggestion as an alternative to the organ stops suggested by MM. Soulié and Barthélemy.

Intelligo & Catholicum Regem summo sanè ingenio Litanias quasdam cōposuisse, quas quia necdum obtinere licuit vrgentis operis importunitate, eas vel inuitus omittere coactus fui.

Ludouicus XIII. Rex Christianissimus; quanti regium hoc musicæ studium faceret, sequenti cantilena sat demonstrauit; quam hoc loco oportunè interserere placuit; vt maximus ille Rex hoc insigni suo & Regio ingenio dignissimo melismate, & opus hoc musicum ornaret, & eidem vltimum quoque veluti colophonem imponeret.

Melisma Ludouici XIII. Regis Christianissimi.

Tu croisò beausole

Atque hæc sunt, quæ de Musicæ antiquo-modernæ differentijs, & de Musica pathetica rectè instituendæ ratione dicenda existimauimus.

In quo quidquid perfectū, bonorū omniū largitori Deo, quicquid defectuosū mihi Lector adscribas velim; Nihil igitur restat, nisi vt absoluto primo Musurgiæ vniuersalis Tomo, calamum ad secundi Tomi curiosas materias pertractandas conuertamus.

FINIS I. Tomi.

FOUR-PART SONG WRITTEN BY LOUIS XIII

FROM KIRCHER'S "MUSURGIA"

In 1609, at Fontainebleau, we find him sending for the band of the Duc de Bouillon, during his parents' absence in Paris, a lute, a harpsichord, and a viola player, the latter, "one Pradel, a splendid performer if ever there was one."

Again, at St Germain, we find village minstrels entering the palace and playing to the Dauphin, one called "Jug Bottom,"[1] a cripple who played the flageolet, and who penetrated even to the royal saloon and was chased out by the Dauphin. Another time "Jug Bottom" and two violinists played to him at his dinner-time, and the former incurred the child's displeasure by saying in rude fashion, "Monsieur, drink our health." The boy became crimson with annoyance, and said sharply, "I want him to go away, mamma." "Monsieur," said the medical attendant, "He's a poor man, you musn't send him away." "Let him go and play outside then," retorted the affronted prince. Then a few minutes later he explained, "I drink only the healths of papa and mamma."

Louis XIII. played on several instruments, and composed, it is said, a good deal of music, but, whether it was destroyed or remains undiscovered, there is very little known of it to-day. The compositions were chiefly accompaniments to verses written about Marie de Hautefort by the king or by his order. A pile of documents, relating his conversations and arguments with the maid-of-honour, written by the king's own hand, was discovered in the secret drawer of a writing-bureau at his death. Perhaps with these may have been some of the musical settings. There is a four-part song, however, which was introduced by Kircher into his *Musurgia.* "*Tu crois O beau soleil*" are the opening words, and from this composition the critic may form some judgment of the king's capacity.

He had his dislikes too, even in boyhood, when, unwilling to go to the high mass at a Paris church, his tutor coaxed him with the prospect of the music which he would enjoy.

[1] This *Cul-de-Jatte* was a cripple of the sort whom we see to-day propelling himself in a sitting posture upon a little trolley. In France at that day he had to get about on a bowl (whether of wood or earthenware the writer cannot discover, but the former seems more probable). Hence the name.

But it was *le plain chant* which he did not care for. Perhaps some consideration of his tastes may have led to the slightly elaborated chanting *à faux-bourdon* which we hear of at his coronation.

Richelieu also had musicians attached to his household, and he did not scruple (or so says one reporter) to borrow on occasion the royal band, with which to assist, for instance, in the entertainment of Marion de Lorme, to whom he gave a collation in the park of his country house at Ruel, to which, by the agency of Bois Robert and Ninon, the younger courtesan had been introduced to gratify the curiosity of the Cardinal who, from a place of concealment, watched the lovely wanton who beguiled so many of the courtiers and state officials of her day.

There were several Court painters, and portraits were made of Louis in childhood in wax, crayon, and oils. Décourt, Martin, Fréminet, Ferdinand, and other names come before us. The Dauphin, too, would make rude drawings and daub on colours, to the admiration of the faithful Héroard, but the subjects were not always of decent character. Richelieu encouraged artists, and sent to Rome for Poussin to paint the *galerie* of the Louvre a year or two before his own death. Then there was Philippes de Champaigne, whose portrait of the Cardinal would alone immortalize his name. Claude de Lorraine also comes into this reign. But all are distanced by the splendid series of pictures done to the order of Marie de Médicis by Peter Paul Rubens, who came to Paris in 1621 to confer with the dowager queen who was building her palace of the Luxembourg, and who there made studies for the work which he and his pupils executed at Antwerp. We see them still at the civic palace of art at the Louvre in the Salle Rubens,—highly laudatory and allegorical representations of episodes in the career of Marie de Médicis. The birth of the Dauphin, the escape from Blois, her "Triumph" (!) at the Pont-de-Cé, and others. We may cavil at the redundancy of treatment, at the flamboyant accessories, and smile at the almost puerile adulation suggested by the heroic classic and symbolic figures who throng round the queen and her

attendants, but for splendid opulence, both of form and colour, they remain unassailable.

There was much building during this reign, and we must accord to the regent recognition of the large share she had, both in carrying on works already started under Henry IV., and in instituting fresh monuments of architecture and civic decoration or utility.

Salomon la Brosse was the architect of the Luxembourg, with its great gates fronting on to the Rue Tournon and giving entrance to a large quadrangle, at the further end of which was the main building. The marble statues in the grounds were sold with other effects of the queen-dowager after her death in 1642. To make space for her sumptuous projects, she bought and pulled down several houses, and gained their sites and garden spaces for her own palace. Here she had the windows of rock crystal set in silver, and still more, she had the *galerie* adorned by Rubens, which must have atoned to her for the loss of the gilded chamber, adorned with Medicean worthies, which she had to leave behind her at the Louvre.

The Cours la Reine on the right bank of the Seine was formed by the same queen, and planted with four rows of young trees brought from the Low Countries. In the next reign it had become a fashionable airing-place, and hundreds of coaches drove along it bearing courtiers and great ladies.

We have heard in the early chapters of the new and old palaces of St Germain. There was Fontainebleau too, set in the forest, and to it was added, in 1636, the great horse-shoe ascent of steps. Versailles was bought by Louis XIII. from one of the Gondi family, and the hunting-lodge built by him on the estate was truly insignificant as compared with the splendid Château of Le Roi Soleil which succeeded it. St Cloud was also a possession of the Gondi family. Then there was "Madrid," a pleasure lodge in the Bois-de-Boulogne. It fell on evil days in a later century, and became an *usine*. The Court stayed, too, at country houses belonging to the nobility, Monceaux and Ruel among the rest. The great horticulturists, such as Le Nôtre and his successors,

were yet to come, but something in the way of landscape gardening is found at St Germain, with its grottoes and fountains, and at Fontainebleau a fine example of topiary work, the yews being trimmed into the form of sixty human figures fighting with demons.

Noisy, like St Cloud and Versailles, was the property of the Gondi family. No more charming or restful spot than Noisy could be imagined, declares Cardinal Bentivoglio, among those green hills of France which remain verdant all the year. The fertility of the environs of the capital was as remarkable then as now. "Everything seemed to fall from heaven," says Bentivoglio. Perhaps intensive cultivation furthered the gifts of Providence. At the end of Louis's reign he issued an edict forbidding building upon the market-gardens which surrounded the fortifications. Time has pushed the arena of the cultivator far out since the seventeenth century.

Richelieu, never outdone, built the Palais Cardinal for his own residence. Mercier was the architect. Germain Brice considered the building a little too low for perfection. Here the Cardinal had his theatre, his splendid collection of antiquities and bric-à-brac, and here he pursued his strenuous life with the *secrétaire de nuit* at hand to record the plans and statecraft which might visit his wakeful hours. In the garden was a delicious stillness, broken alone by the song of birds in a shrubbery or the tinkle of the fountain. His *galerie* was painted with the heroes of France, from Louis le Jeune to Louis XIII. (!) Bequeathed to Louis with a great part of its magnificent furniture, pictures, and other treasures, the Palais became the Palais Royal, to degrade in time into the home of flash jewellery and the miscellaneous shops of an arcade.

Then there was Richelieu, the splendid Château built by the Cardinal to replace the family country-house of earlier generations, with its vast courtyard, its dome and four pavilions, not to speak of the fine bronzes which filled the niches; it impressed even the Grande Mademoiselle deeply. The homage of the inhabitants to the princess on the occasion of her visit showed itself in a general illumination of

the little township by means of "Chinese" lanterns, which appeared in every window. If the interior was a little cramped in the attempt to preserve the original apartments in which the Cardinal's boyhood had been spent, there was at least no lack of paint and gilding, the work of great Italian masters of decorative art.

Mansard, too, did work in Paris in this reign, and also added the new wing in Renaissance style to the Château of Blois in 1635, when it was the residence of Gaston.

The splendid family Hôtels of the great nobles and their country houses come before our eyes. Bassompierre had his town house in the Rue St Honoré, near the Rue Croix du Tiroir, where we have seen the coaches of Conti and Soissons meeting with such turbulence in the early days of the reign. At Challiot he had his country house, afterwards turned into a nunnery. In the Hôtel Condé, whence we saw the dowager princess drive forth on the day of her son's imprisonment in 1616, were hung, after 1632, the tapestries from the Hôtel Montmorenci, which passed to the Condé family after the death of the gallant Duc Henri.

The names change with successive proprietors. The Hôtel Vieuville becomes the Hôtel de Luynes, later on the Hôtel Chevreuse, still later the Hôtel d'Epernon.

Several bridges were built during this reign, the Pont-Neuf being finished and the equestrian statue of Henri IV. set up in 1615. The statue had been cast in Italy, and had as adventurous a voyage as Cleopatra's Needle in Victorian days, being shipwrecked on the coast soon after starting.

The most original hôtel was that of Rambouillet, adjacent to the Hôtel Chevreuse. The Marquise de Rambouillet, the pioneer Salonière, was an original designer. She first, in her classic *chambre bleue*, ventured to break through the conventions of red and tawny colouring with "panels of blue velvet set in gilding."[1] She had large windows

[1] Thus Somaize describes the decoration in *La Grande Dictionnaire des Precieuses.*

made, and threw out a smaller apartment to supplement the *chambre*, and this was built with great secrecy and sprung upon her friends as a delightful surprise on an evening of *réunion*. At this hotel took place the famous gatherings attended by the courtiers and littérateurs of the day. Richelieu, Bassompierre, the Princesse de Conti, Duchesse de Longueville, Voiture, Melle. de Scudéry, and Mademoiselle Julie, daughter of the house, were a few among the habitués or occasional visitors. With her beautiful singing, Melle. Paulet entertained the visitors. Later, Ninon even, in a delightful older age, seems to have been admitted, eyed with wondering speculation by the great ladies who affected, possibly, a discreet ignorance of her discursive amorosities. Here they talked on intellectual and literary subjects, a little long-windedly, as we should think, perhaps, but not as yet encumbered by the future "preciosity." Their conversation took the place of the reviews and debating societies of a later epoch. Its principal novelty lay, doubtless, in its freedom from the prevailing obscenity of allusion. The Hôtel Rambouillet cannot be detached from the Court picture, although its hosts, loyal though they were, were estranged from the Palace during the Regency of Marie de Médicis by a repugnance to the Concini favourites. The Marquise was a many-sided woman: she brought up, in spotless married life, a family quite immense for France, and for all her intellectual interests was a lover of fun, even to the length of strain in practical jokes. Voiture and other guests must dress up and smear their faces with flour to scare the company, and she would maliciously invite some old gentleman to eat of a dish known to be disliked by him, or of coarse fare distressing to the expectant palate of a gourmet.

Then there were the novels of Mademoiselle de Scudéry, which were there read and discussed, "Le Grand Cyrus," "Ibrahim," and other oriental romances in which the characters covered living French celebrities. Boileau derided them in later years, and we find them wearisome ourselves, but think of the excitement to the *habitués* of the Salon, of the *roman-à-clef*, where "Arthénice" (the anagram of

Cathérine) stood for the Marquise herself, and Clarice was believed to be the counterpart of Ninon. "Astrée" was an earlier production in the way of novels. It was written early in the century by the Marquis d'Urfée, and was read aloud to Henri IV. to beguile him in a gouty seizure. Turgid, wearying, crowded with quasi-classic characters, Phillis, Cleon, Lycidas, and so on, it presents itself to our own age. In 1657 an English translation of it was published, made by "A Person of Quality." It would need determination to plough through the original or a translation, for these novels are all of length most terrible—we think there must be three-quarters of a million words in "Astrée." The Marquis d'Urfée was unhappily married. His wife, Diane by name, was an eccentric personage—"Diane Chasseresse" with a vengeance—her husband found the sleeping chamber encumbered with large sporting-dogs which disputed with him a resting-place upon the bed. It was this Marquise d'Urfée who declined to enter the house of a relative who had glazed his windows with new-fangled panes in place of rock-crystal.

The Princesse de Conti was an author. She is reputed to have been the writer of *Le Grand Alcandre*, which told with thin disguise the tale of Henry IV. and his libidinous enterprises. She also wrote *Les Contes de Perse* a few years before her death.

The extreme contrast of the works of the Marquis d'Urfée and Mademoiselle Scudéry to the mediæval and Renaissance romances perhaps formed their attraction to a more restrained society. The "Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles," and the Heptameron of France or Decameron of Italy were supplanted by the vaporous outpourings of a clique revolting against the gross realism of the earlier works—a milk diet pleased the palate peppered with too much spice in literature.

Voiture, a vulgar little man, son of an innkeeper, was a welcome guest both at court and at the Hotel Rambouillet. From him, as from a court jester, great nobles bore insolence which they would never have tolerated from their equals. Besides being a court poet he held office in the court of

Louis XIII. as Master of the Household. He wrote amusing letters to the Marquise de Rambouillet when travelling abroad, and sent her a crate of crockery from Portugal.

To another correspondent he writes on the same travels :—

" Here I am, the only passenger on a ship laden with sugar, so that I shall arrive in a candied condition." Again we find him writing verses in honour of a shoe of the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, the cardinal's niece :—

" Moi, qui fut pris ce carême
Et qui me vis un pouvoir
D'un beau soulier jaune et noir
Que j'aimais plus que moi-même
Je suis maintenant en feu
Pour un soulier noir et bleu."

Then there was François de Malherbe, who loved to have it thought that he was of aristocratic descent, but who was said to trace back to a tanner. He wrote endless verse in honour of members of the royal family. Here are a couple of stanzas :—

Sur le Mariage du Roi et de la Reine

. . . . . .

" Anne, qui de Madrid fut l'unique miracle
Maintenant l'aise de nos yeux
Au sein de nostre Mars satisfait a l'oracle
Et dégage envers nous la promesse des cieux

. . . . . .

" Heureux couple d'Amans, nostre grande Marie
A pour vous combattu le sort
Elle a forcé les vents et domté leur furie
C'est à vous de gouster les délices du port."

Royal digestions were very stout, we must assume, to assimilate such fulsomeness.

Malherbe would have avowed no fellowship with him who could dispense with the necessities but not with the luxuries of life.

" For superfluities I have the stoicism of a philosopher," he says, " and for necessities I have no other feeling than

that of the working-man. It's easy to go without jam ; but as for bread, one must have it or else die."

He was a true Parisian, "Paris—a place where everything smiles on me. My quarter, my street, my own room, my neighbours, all appeal to me, and offer me a restfulness which I don't believe I could get elsewhere."

He would have been echoed by one great lady of his epoch who loved even the smell of the Paris mud, the pestilential stench of which has evoked so much literature.

There is a sly pinch at woman in some of his sayings. For after the dictum, "God who repented himself of having created man, never did so of having made woman," he goes on to explain that what he most admired in the sex was their generous return ; "for say to them 'My heart!' and they respond with 'My Soul!' Give them but a single kiss, and they glue themselves to our lips."

There were little makers of verse, such as those who worked to the order of the Duc de Montmorenci. Maynard is one name among them. Did not Admiral Joyeuse give a whole abbey for a Sonnet? Bois-Robert, the ecclesiastical littérateur and intimate of Richelieu, whom he contrived to humour so successfully that the physicians used to say, "What you want, Eminence, is a dose of Bois-Robert," he too would burst forth into vers-de-société, and pen lines on a lady's scarf ornamented with a tear-pattern. In more serious mood he made a metrical version of the psalms for Marie de Médicis. But all these lesser men were outshone by Corneille, who was the star of the court and of French literature in the reign. Jean Guez, Sieur de Balzac, was a *prosateur* of eminence, though his pages, like all others of the time, are overloaded with stodgy Greek and Latin instance. He feared not all the same to criticise Plato quite patronizingly.

And for those who are interested in the Feminist movement there is a little book by Marie de Jars, Damoiselle de Gournay, entitled "*L'Ombre*," a somewhat rare little octavo, on the title-page of which we read, as well as the name and authorship:—

"Oeuvre composé de meslanges.
L'homme est l'ombre d'un songe,
et son œuvre est son ombre.
A Paris
Chez Jean Libert, Rue S. Jean
de Latran, près le College Royal.
M.DC.XXVI.
Avec Privilège du Roy."

The work contains essays inscribed to the Regent and to Madame de Guercheville, her lady-in-waiting, all full of classical allusions. There are essays on the education of the royal children, on the equality of men and women (Ninon too held similar views on this point), on *Des Vertues vicieuses*, and on ladies' grievances. The royal license was given to such advanced opinions! Mademoiselle Gournay lies in her tomb in the church of St Eustache, and the Feminist movement still effervesces along nearly three centuries.

Now we must pass on to the great literary event of the reign—the founding of the Académie Française. The meetings of the body began in quite a private manner, just as the little club which developed into the "New Vagabonds" in late Victorian years. A desire for social and intellectual intercourse prompted a few choice spirits to arrange in 1629 for meetings at the house of Monsieur Conrart, one of the number, which was in the centre of Paris. Ecclesiastics and military officers and gentlemen of leisure met on certain days and chatted sociably together, as upon an ordinary afternoon call, upon various topics, business matters, the news of the day, and literature. They were given to literary composition, and the authors would read aloud their works, which the listeners would criticise pretty freely. Sometimes the discussion would be followed by a walk in company, or they would take refreshments together. No doubt the Parisian of those days enjoyed his wine-cup before the tavern door as now he does upon the boulevards. This went on for some years, and so delightful was this unfettered intercourse that the original members, looking back, would talk of those early days as the "golden age":—"without fuss or display, and with no other laws than those

of friendship, they tasted together all that community of intellects and rational existence can offer of sweetness and delight."

They had decided to speak of their doings to no one, and for a time this resolve was closely carried out. The first who broke it was Monsieur de Malleville: "for there is no harm in accusing him of a fault which was wiped out by a most fortunate issue. He said something of the matter to Monsieur Faret, who had just printed his *Honnête Homme*, and who, having obtained permission to attend one of their debates, brought a copy of his book which he presented to them."

Now M. Faret was known to Bois-Robert, to whom he mentioned the little club, and Bois-Robert asked leave to attend a séance.

"There seemed no ground for refusing him the entrée. . . . He came, therefore, and when he had seen the quality of the works which were there discussed, and that it was no case of an interchange of compliments and flattery, but that all faults, even the smallest, were censured with boldness and candour, he was filled with delight and admiration. He was at the time in the highest favour with Cardinal Richelieu, and his utmost pains were employed in giving relaxation to his master's mind, after the turmoil and worry of business, sometimes by amusing stories which he would tell better than anybody, sometimes by bringing him the small gossip of the court or of the city."

We may be sure that when the Cardinal heard from his associate of the little society, he was anxious to be involved in its affairs, partly from the necessity of his nature for a share in every administration, and also from a true affection towards all intellectual occupation. Richelieu was himself an author, and though we may demur at his writings having any great literary merit *per se*, he was certainly well able to appraise the literary faculty in others. His own Memoirs and the *Histoire de la Mère et du Fils*, which was at first ascribed to another historian (Mezeray), may of course have been to some extent the work of a second person. To

cut short such questions — Richelieu, we find, was so pleased with the report of the society that he inquired of Bois-Robert "whether these people would not like to form a body, and to meet regularly under public authorization?"

He then requested Bois-Robert to give them a message of commendation for their enterprise, and to offer himself as patron for the society which he would have enrolled by royal letters patent.

At first the little band was more affected by a fear of losing the sweet intimacy of their meetings than by the dazzling honour proffered to it. Some of the members, too, were "agin the government" as far as Richelieu was concerned. However, the moderate counsels of one member, Chapelain, prevailed, and a favourable answer was returned to the prime minister. This was early in 1634. Another circumstance conspired to push matters, for Conrart getting married, his friends felt that some other house would in future be more suitable for their symposia. And thus, they began to think seriously, according to the wishes of the Cardinal, upon the founding of the Académie. The official title, chosen after some discussion of others, was that of *L'Académie Française*, and this received Richelieu's approval. Conrart drew up the substance of the patent, and after revision by the Academicians the draft was submitted to the Chancellor and the Cardinal. The recital of the letters-patent is unnecessary. We will confine ourselves to one extract which runs:—

"Every one knows the share which our very dear and well-beloved cousin the Cardinal Duc de Richelieu has had in all these matters.

". . . Given at Paris in the month of January in the year of grace 1635, and the twenty-fifth of our reign."

(Signed) LOUIS

(On the fold) Par le Roi. De Loménie. And sealed with the Great Seal in green wax on tags of red and green silk.

The Académie had the use of a room in the Louvre at

a later day, and here hung the portrait of their patron, the man of universality, Richelieu.

Did he, in scrutinizing documents such as this, with its regal approbation of "our dear and well-beloved," revert to the day, only eighteen years earlier, when the boy king, perched on the billiard-table, had told him in such cold tones that he had no further use for his services. "I will be king," the restive boy had declared in a moment of self-assertion. Who was now the king but the then disgraced and exiled prelate, now the head of all affairs, and who even, said gossip, had designs upon the Papacy itself. If his thought paused in retrospect it was but for a moment, for affairs hustled in that great mind, if amidst them now and then a petty streak did peer for a moment, giving clue to the mixed nature of the human *cosmos*.

The royal library does not seem to have received such attention as would be given to any collection of its kind in modern times. It fared rather less well than those of the great nobles. However, Henri IV. had already designed to remedy this state of things, and to provide suitable housing for the books which were then stored at Fontainbleau. He planned the Collège Royal which was built in the Rue St Jacques during the reigns of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. Here on the first floor, accommodation was arranged for the royal books, which formed the nucleus of the National Library of France.

There were learned men who were employed by the owners of libraries to arrange the valuable MSS. One of these was Père Sirmond, a Jesuit, who rescued many rare documents from neglect or oblivion, and wrote upon the result of his researches in works which called forth the admiration of Richelieu. "La Province d'Auvergne a toujours été féconde en beaux ésprits," says the author of a MS. in the British Museum, and the Jesuit Sirmond sustained its reputation. We shall notice him once more in another chapter as one of the confessors of Louis XIII.

Richelieu also set up the royal printing-press. Cardinal Peronne had had his own private press in the early days of the reign.

Now for a few words on the language of the day. Though spelling differed a good deal from that of modern French, it seems to the writer that, as far as phraseology goes, there was less difference between the language spoken by the courtiers of Louis XIII. and the Republican of to-day than between the subjects of Charles Stewart and those of H.M. Edward VII. We see the *y* instead of *i*. Jeudy, Henry; the *ct* where the former consonant is now wiped out as in *Poictiers*. The double consonant where the *accent circonflexe* now indicates a suppression, as in *Vendosme*. But, on the whole, conversation appears less archaic than on our own side. The courtiers were *marry* instead of fâché, they wore *forces perles* (a great quantity). *Je fus* à Amboise implied a movement towards that place. They wondered what was "in the wind" with no difference up to recent times, and were treated to "a flea in the ear" for obtrusiveness. The king would visit the bride and bridegroom, *pour faire la guerre* (to tease or make fun of their newly-married condition), and would resent the behaviour of Condé who *gourmanda* (scolded) the Regent. Here, too, although it has nothing to do with philology, we may mention the custom of the password by the use of which alone, at night-time, persons could obtain ingress or egress to the palace or the camp.

We have seen Maréchal Bassompierre receiving the word from the king, in the preceding chapter. The baby Dauphin was taught the word and blurted it out, being checked by his watchful tutors who explained that it must only be whispered. Then we find the boy declining to give it to his attendants till they had properly arranged his sleeping-chamber, lest they should be off before completing the business for the night. When all things were in order, he supplied these perfunctory beings with the password. "But," said he, "I won't give it to—(an ecclesiastic). Perhaps the clerical dress was a sufficient pass. The writer does not find this point explained.

We have mentioned before the king's contributions to the court news columns under Richelieu's guidance. The "Gazette de France" founded in 1631 by Dr Theophraste

Renaudot was the journal in question. Renaudot was a man almost as wide in his activities as one or two whose names will occur to us all in the newspaper and review world of present-day England. The first idea of the "Gazette" was to provide amusement for Renaudot's patients.[1] Some years later, the sad condition of the sick poor having been borne in upon this literary physician, he sought and obtained by royal license, in 1640, the grant of a plot of land near the Porte St Antoine on which to erect a kind of hospital to be devoted exclusively to the purpose of gratuitous consultations.

An attempt had been made in 1626 to found royal pawnbroking establishments or *Monts-de-Piété* on the model of those already established in Italy, but the definite starting of this form of philanthropy was postponed till the next reign.

We spoke in chapter xvii. of the industrial encouragements of Henri IV. and of his son, and here we may allude to those in the department of higher effort. Tapestry, for instance, for the weaving of which in his kingdom, Henri introduced a Flanders weaver, one François Verrier, and his assistants, early in the century into France. At La Savonnérie, a factory started in his reign and completed by Marie de Médicis, the weaving of tapestries took place. The original object of the institution must surely have been for the making of the foot-soap which was one of the abortive enterprises of Henri of Navarre. Other foreigners came to France to carry on the tapestry-weaving, for which Poussin and other artists of the Louis XIII. period furnished designs, and the royal works were then established at the Hôtel Gobelin where employment was provided for some of the deserving poor among others. Gobelin was Petition-Bearer (Maître des Requêtes) to Louis XIII. "Les Gobelins" still remains as an object of interest to the sightseer in Paris, and furnishes splendid hangings for official use, or for gifts to royalty from the President and Republic of France. Glass blowing, pottery and enamels were other

[1] This statement is made on the authority of P. Danjou, *Archives Curieuses de la France*, Ser. II. vol. v.

royal undertakings, some originated, some taken over, as with the glass works of the Duc de Nevers.

Collectors of bric-à-brac were many among the court-world. We saw the collection of the hated Ancre thrown into the mud or dashed into atoms by the Paris mob in 1616. The ducal house of Nemours had a rare collection which Louis visited in stripling days. The matchless "Slaves" in bronze which belonged to Montmorenci were, after the confiscation of his goods, transported to the Château Richelieu. In the palace, the King's Closet would contain objects of historic interest, the possessions of earlier French kings, or pieces of *vertu*, the golden *nef* studded with diamonds or the sumptuous reliquary, if this did not find its place rather in the sovereign's *oratoire*. Louis XIII. had a splendid collection of weapons beginning from days of childhood, when we find him choosing blue satin to line the armoire which contained them. Chinese curiosities were presented to him as Dauphin by the Princess of Orange, a visitor at Court.

Gaston had a fine collection of medals, and was a skilled numismatist. "He had only to see the obverse to name any medal shown to him." He collected botanical specimens for his herbarium as well.

The royal physic-garden (Jardin des Plantes) is here brought to our thoughts. It was founded in this reign under the ever versatile Richelieu. "He showed us round," says Bassompierre. La Brosse, the first curator, died during office, of a surfeit of melons and wine, says Guy Patin.

With regard to education we have seen Louis's physician and his tutors working on rather inhospitable soil. Héroard wrote a work "*L'Institution du Prince*" on the subject. Probably, however, the king's defects of education would have been of trifling import had he been able to bring a vigorous manliness or kingly dignity to the work of ruling. Louis, however, wrote clearly in a good-sized script.

With the polite world it was not considered good form to be too erudite. That might be left to the clergy. Richelieu, with his characteristic thoroughness, when giving up soldiering for the Church, threw himself into the course

of studies at the Sorbonne. With him, however, book-learning must have formed but a small part of his vast intellectual equipment. He was ever informing himself from the living page of humanity, and eventuality, as much as from the work of other minds. Richelieu rebuilt the Sorbonne at his own expense some time before his death.

There must have been some confusion in pronunciation owing to the different elements which were in influence at court. Marie de Médicis brought her Italian accent. She could not master the French *U* sound, and we hear her speaking of *soucre* for sugar. The Dauphin, too, with his lisp, and stammering, and the maternal example, would be rather mixed in speech.

Anne of Austria again would have needed practice in her adopted tongue as in French customs of dressing and table service. The court ladies, except those who became visitors at the Hotel Rambouillet, would not occupy themselves with heavy reading or literary discussion. Their Book of Hours, a few *vers de société*, or the new romances of Mademoiselle Scudéry, would probably be the chief things they would read. But they could write, many of these great ones, and their memoirs are full of precious things for the student of the time. Bassompierre, Brienne, Montglat (a son of the *Gouvernante*), and Rochefoucauld wrote their experiences in court and field. Richelieu (or his deputy) gives us more serious history.

Many smaller men produced their contributions dealing with topics of the day. And if no other woman of the court had put pen to paper we should have a rare treasure in the *Mémoires de Montpensier*, written by Gaston's daughter, and carrying us on far into the reign of her cousin, Louis XIV. Letter-writing was in great vogue, a dangerous art at all times. Some personage would fall under a cloud —the order was issued to seize letters and documents in general. Sometimes they were burned in time, as those of Condé in 1616. Bassompierre alleges that having got wind of his own coming arrest in 1631, he rose early and burned more than six thousand love-letters he had received from women. What an *incendie*! He explains that they might

have caused an inconvenience if found, but whether his tale covered any state intrigue detailed in written form must remain for ever speculative. The letters of the Princesse de Guimenée found among Montmorenci's effects and those of Marie de Gonzaga at a later day are further examples.

We may see a royal letter or two written on foolscap sheets, folded and endorsed on the outside, and tied with loosely twisted silk, which was sealed with a waxen seal, sometimes on the paper, sometimes dependent from a silken tag. We read in Bodley's Library to-day Louis's congratulations to Charles I. on the birth of the Princess Anne in 1637. The hostilities of the past are waived, and *l'estroite alliance* of the present alone referred to. The soft white silken thread ruptured in the opening of the missive clings still to the document. Whether the king's hand fastened it, or whether that part was left to a secretary, we question. Louis, as Dauphin, helped his father to seal and tie a letter. It lies there soft and frayed, a little voiceless thread out of the mid-seventeenth century in which it had its being. Did not the fingers of the hapless Charles and of Henrietta Maria handle the little thread as they read the words of congratulation from "Monsieur and Dear Brother of France"?

And now we must give a chapter to the more serious moments of the Court.

Note.—P. 246, line 10, "Les Egyptiennes." In the *Memoirs of Edward Vaughan Kenealy, LL.D.*, by Miss Arabella Kenealy, is this passage:—"A young gipsy followed me and begged to tell my fortune. I declined, but gave her a piece of silver. Hers was exactly like the Egyptian faces in the B.M. I have no doubt whence the race came."

CHAPTER XIX

RELIGION À LA MODE

THE title of this chapter is not given in any flippant sense. With the exception of a few insolent spirits in the coteries of literature or so-called philosophy, Frenchmen of the time of Louis XIII. paid formal respect to religious observances. The king, though chafing in the manner of youth at the long chanting or sermons which he was made to attend in his years of pupilage, was, all the same, as a man, very exact in conformity to all the rites and observances of the Catholic Church. He rarely missed the daily mass, and when omitting it for some other engagement, of hunting, it might be, was remorseful at the deed. In his sick chamber chaplains would say mass, in the camp beneath a tent, under the portico of some building in a provincial town ; in various scenes the Holy Sacrifice was daily offered in the king's presence. He alone could occupy a fauteuil, even Anne must sit on a stool or kneel with her ladies on the floor around her. Once, on a hot day, the king himself declined a fauteuil because the queen might not have one in his presence. It was one of his rarer actions of delicacy towards his wife. During the course of the same service we hear that Anne beckoned to one of her ladies to arrange her hair, limp with the heat, and a little toilet performance ensued, the lady adjusting the straightened locks with a hair-pin.

On all the great feasts of the Church the king would receive Holy Communion with solemn special observance. Wafers, as yet unconsecrated, were offered for his choice, and he would select the one which the celebrant was to consecrate for his reception. Ancient fear of poisoning survived in this custom. The king would be served perhaps

by some courtier who would take the golden coin at the offertory, and convey it to the celebrant to place upon the altar at the suitable moment of the ritual ceremonies. Bassompierre was one who thus served his sovereign. When the king and queen were present they alone received aspersion with Holy Water. Anne would make her communion at a separate mass, the king being sometimes present on the occasion. Marie de Médicis was very fervent, communicating more than twenty times a year, with marks of deep emotion even to tears—so the preacher of her funeral panegyric tells us.

The royal children would join in the singing of Christmas carols, and they and their elders too in the distribution of "Twelfth Cake" (*Le gâteau des Rois*) on the Eve of Epiphany. There was "God's Piece," the consumer of which must give alms to the poor; the bean was the king's portion, and, in spite of occasional deprecation, the piece containing it was generally by artful contrivance served to Louis. Easter eggs there were, but whether of natural kind or sugar has escaped our discovery.

The ceremony of most peculiarly royal character was the "touching for the evil." Scrofulous disease, the "king's evil," was held, as in England and other countries, to be remediable by the royal touch. The beautiful words "The king has touched, God will heal" redeemed the ceremony from mere superstition. The performance of it was a sore tax upon the royal fortitude. Louis, even in the early days of his reign, touched more than a thousand sufferers from various forms of this distressing complaint at one ceremony. Unwashed, fetid, dreadful to the eye, the wretched victims knelt before the king and were hurried away, as soon as the touch had been given, by the assistants, lest they should exact attention a second time. Half-fainting, the boy king would falter in the task, his face and hands were washed with wine, and he was able to complete the office. The long fast from the preceding midnight added to the severity of the ordeal.[1] Louis was very scrupulous in the matter of

[1] Sometimes the young king would take a piece of bread and some wine between the mass and the touching.

fasting, always remembering to refuse the déjeuner when about to receive communion, and on the days when this was succeeded by the touching there was no meal till this arduous toil of kingship was completed. Alms were given for *les écrouelles,* which accounted perhaps for the attempt to receive a double share more even than faith. Sometimes some stray foreigner would desire the kingly office. Thus we hear of certain Spaniards who received the touch by special request.

Once Louis was reputed to have performed a miracle, when a child, blind from scrofula, suddenly recovered her sight. But when plague was rife Louis refused to perform the ceremony. "These people take me for a king of cards!" he grumbled.

That which both he and his father chiefly disliked was the washing of the feet on Maundy Thursday. Henri IV. contrived indeed to be indisposed quite curiously often, say Soulié and De Barthélemy, on the day in question. Then he would depute the Dauphin, who also revolted at the task. "Ha! they stink!" he exclaimed. Children were generally made use of to represent the Apostles. After the feet-washing the little people, chosen for their good appearance from poor families in the city, were assembled for a banquet, and waited on by the royal family. If they were too shy to eat they lost nothing, for the good things were packed into baskets which they took back to their homes. On rare occasions the office was deputed to a prince of the blood.

The Forty-Hours' Prayer with Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament was then, as now, a principal devotion of the Catholic Church. The young king expressed his belief that the temporary lull among the recalcitrant princes, in 1614, was due to the *Quarant' Heures.*

Archbishop Valette ordered this devotion to be performed throughout his diocese of Toulouse in 1632, in supplication for the reprieve of Montmorenci from the capital sentence.

Note.—Exposition signifies the display in a prominent place on the Altar, amid special accompaniments, of

the Host (consecrated wafer) contained generally in a monstrance, a support of precious metal often set with costly gems where through a crystal container the Sacred Victim is visible to the devout attendant.

On a Sunday, in 1620, Louis, attending vespers at Le Mans, received a sou as a dole under an ancient bequest, giving this sum to each person who should be seated in the stalls on the first Sunday of the month.

We also find him once at the first mass at St Germain l'Auxerrois in Paris handing *le pain bénit*, which is still offered to the congregation in some Paris churches, and which as common bread *blessed* must not of course be confused with the unleavened wafer of the Mass, which is *consecrated* by the priest during the Holy Sacrifice.

The kingly prerogative of mercy was exercised upon special occasions, captives being pardoned and released from the Bastille or other prisons. The birth of an heir was one of the events which called forth royal clemency.

The baptism of infants was performed generally within a few days of birth. The Dauphin (afterwards Louis XIV.) was *ondoyé* on the day of his birth. The other ceremonies, the salt in the mouth, the anointing of the forehead and heart with the holy chrism, and the naming, were, as we know, reserved for a public occasion years later. The royal children were five or six when the additional ceremonies took place. A name does not appear to have been used at the *ondoiement* or private and essential rite. At any rate it seems that Louis XIII. had not received any definite name prior to the public performance at Fontainebleau in 1606. He signed a baby scrawl with the name "Henry," which he himself preferred. Louis XIV., though baptized, is referred to as "*N.* Dauphin," while the baby Duc d'Orléans, brother of Louis XIII., is also *N.*, for he, though undoubtedly *ondoyé*, died unnamed. Presumably in the indispensable formula this generic *N.* would satisfy the conditions of naming. The assertion of some quite modern genealogists and others that the Duc d'Orléans was named Nicolas suggests one of those curiosities of error arising possibly from marginal comment by a lesser light, and

adopted in a moment of oversight by persons of authority. It has, however, not been possible to hunt the matter down.

The important posts of almoners and chaplains to the king and queen and other royal persons would, if discussed in detail, lead us into a long string of names. For simplicity we have spoken of "chaplains" only. The almoner was however, a more important official, as being dispenser also of royal bounty, charitable doles, and so on. Richelieu was appointed almoner to the young Queen Anne soon after her arrival at the French Court, and he afterwards sold his office to Sebastian Zamet, Bishop of Langres, a son of the great financier, military boot-maker and money-lender, who was also purveyor to the gallantries and orgies of Henri IV.

The office of confessor to Louis XIII. was held, exclusively, we believe, by members of the Society of Jesus. First came Coton, who had been so largely instrumental in Henri's conversion and reconciliation with the Pope,

> "Notre roi
> De *Coton* se bouche l'oreille."

ran the punning doggerel. To him the child Dauphin made his first confession in those years when the religious instinct is often most tender. Then came Arnoux, Seguiran, Suffren, Caussin, Gordon (a Scotsman), Sirmond and Dinet who attended Louis on his death-bed.

Arnoux was dismissed by the influence of De Luynes. Caussin was concerned in the matter of Mademoiselle de Lafayette, as we know, and Sirmond fell under royal displeasure, as we shall tell in the final chapter, during the last days of the reign. It is Suffren who is most worthy of our notice. For here is one of those beautiful souls who are truly steeped in the love of God. It is especially noteworthy that he held the delicate post of confessor to the queen-mother and her son at the same time, and carried out the racking test without fault. When the youthful king was thinking of appointing him, some of his intimates played on his feelings by painting the harsh

discipline he would have to endure from Suffren. They made the king almost ill with apprehension, but to his credit he went through with the matter. Suffren's ardour for souls led him to wrestle hard with the queen-mother and her unforgiving temper towards Richelieu. When she took flight from Compiègne, the faithful Suffren accompanied her. He passed with her from one country to another. Stricken with serious illness, he would have been glad to re-enter France, and Marie de Médicis sought for him this grace from her son. But Louis would not give a passport. The dying Jesuit sailed from England with the queen dowager, and was landed at Flushing only in time to draw his last breath.[1]

The Jesuits were, then as now, often obnoxious to the secular clergy, who considered them, and perhaps with some reason, to be interfering and arrogant. The Curé of one parish in Paris came on a feast day to the Jesuit Church, and tore down the cloths arranged as is customary for the communion of the laity, at the entrance of the Sanctuary, telling his flock that they ought to attend their own parish church ; and this was not a solitary instance of ill-feeling excited by the "*Loyoles*," as Guy Patin calls them.

Louis XIII., however, held the Society in high favour. He was present at the celebration of Ignatius di Loyola's canonization. He built a splendid church in Paris for the order, and both his own heart and that of his father were entrusted to the Jesuits after death.

There was a great accession to the religious orders founded in or extended to Paris during this reign. Marie de Médicis was a good patroness. She assisted in the introduction of the Barefooted Carmelites and the Congregation of the Oratory, besides others. Bérulle, that pure and gentle soul, was the Superior of the latter society. Great ladies gave their co-operation in these schemes, and in those of propagation of the faith. The Duchesse d'Aiguillon was prominent in helping the Jesuit missions in La Nouvelle France. She had indeed desired, upon the

[1] *Le Père Suffren.* Fouqueray.

death of her husband, Combalet, and the disappointment of her attachment to a relative of Sully, to take the veil,[1] but Richelieu desired her to remain in the world. His ambition made him reject the advances of the Comte de Béthune, for he perhaps did cherish hopes of a royal alliance. Madame Combalet (she became Duchesse d'Aiguillon in her own right in 1638 by patent and purchase) continued to live with her uncle, intimately associated with his interests, and perhaps the object of the closest family affection he could experience.

The Marquise de Verneuil, too, is found in the earliest days of the reign contributing to the Jesuits' foreign missions. Perhaps in expiation of too much frivolity in the past, perhaps in her relief at the magnanimity of the Regent. For to her inquiry whether she could safely remain in France, the answer returned by Marie de Médicis was that "all things that had been beloved by the late king would be well treated."

The courtiers, no less than the king and queen, observed their religious duties with respectful exactitude. With some there was a deep and reverent regard for the Catholic Faith. Brienne, a type of the more serious character of the time, speaks thus :—

"I should tell to the glory of Him to whom I refer all my actions, that I was born of a Catholic mother, whose life was passed in the odour of sanctity, who had the happiness of serving God and the consolation of seeing a beloved husband return to the bosom of the Church which he had left through the unhappy circumstances of the times. The assurance that her husband's conversion was profitable to her children increased her joy, and assisted her in dying the death of the righteous. She was furthered in the dread transit by the Sacraments of the Church, and by a perfect confidence in the infinite mercy of Jesus Christ, whose adorable Body and Blood she had received."

This is at the higher end of the matter, but according to respective lights the court world practised pious duties. Even a *viveur* like Bassompierre observed the ordinances.

[1] *Duchesse d'Aiguillon.* Bonneau-Avenant.

"Je fis mes Pâques," he says on many occasions, using the term of the Easter obligations generically for the fulfilment of the necessary observances of the Sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist which occurred on various Church Feasts or in connection with the Order of the Holy Ghost, of which he was a knight. We find him also engaged in gaining the "Jubilee Indulgence." The royal family too would visit special shrines, with a view of gaining indulgences (the remission of punishment after death) by the performance of the prescribed devotions and alms-giving.

Louis XIII. was very respectful to the Papal Sovereign. Early in his reign he sent Alexandre de Vendôme on a special mission to convey the assurance of his fidelity to Paul V. (his godfather). At his marriage a hat and sword were sent him by the Pontiff, while Anne received the Golden Rose, presented to royal ladies, and of which H.M. the present Queen of Spain has been among the latest recipients.

A word with regard to *La Religion*, as the Protestant heresy came to be styled in curtailment of the long-winded *La Religion prétendue réformée.* Henri IV. made his peace with Rome, as we know, but we find his relatives and some of the great nobles remaining Huguenot. The Duchesse de Bar, his sister, presented to Louis his first baby-shirt. "Madam should sign it with the cross," observed the nurse. "I don't know how," said the Duchesse; "please do it for me."

Sully and the Ducs de Bouillon were of *La Religion*, but the Duke of the latter part of the reign reverted to Catholicism, from somewhat interested motives, it was considered. Soubise was another great name among the Protestants.

There was much animosity against the sect in France. Had they been as the Protestants in England, says one English contemporary, retaining a semblance of episcopacy and a picturesque ritual, things might have gone better with them.

Louis made a gentle attempt now and then at conversion. The careful physician brought him one day in his boyhood

a little pot of cream and rose-water to rub on his nose, which was sore. The boy declined it, but told the entourage to eat up the mixture, and handing the pot to a Huguenot attendant, said, " Here, you eat this, it may convert you." On his death-bed the king spoke earnestly to two Protestants, begging them to be converted to Catholicism.

The " Hours of the Virgin " would be the most ordinary book of devotions for the courtier's use. The Scriptures were, in parts, at all events, familiar to Louis from nursery days. The nurse would tell him Bible stories. The *gouvernante* too would read from her Bible about the Tower of Babel or the virtuous woman of King Lemuel's prophecy, or again from the Gospels. When the reading was interrupted once by the daily drive, the Dauphin said to " Mamanga " : " You must bring the Bible with us in the coach and read me some more." He told his tutor one day that it was the Feast of St Peter's Chains. " Ah ! " said he. " You have been reading about that in the lives of the Saints, Monseigneur." " Oh ! no," said the boy, " it was in the Bible."

In one of the queer little papers of the day when the neighbours are gossiping round the bed of the young mother, one of them expresses an opinion that the Bible is a dangerous book for women to read, as they might fall into some of the errors against which the laity were often warned then as now.

Richelieu, always subject to the censure of smaller men, was accused of favouring heresy because he declined to interfere with the religion of the people of the Grisons, but confined himself to dealing with their political rebellion. Yet Richelieu was a strict disciplinarian in Catholic organization as far as his own diocese and the internal affairs of France were concerned. Laxity in his priests was sternly dealt with, and in his retirement at Luçon he produced works on administration, treatises against heresy and a manual for spiritual directors.

As in so many other instances spiritual disorder brought forth great apostles of reform. The bishop of one French see might lament over the hundreds of his priests who had

no true vocation. Have we not even to-day in the Catholic Church the priest, arrogant, gross and imperceptive, and again the shepherd who gives his life for the sheep ; and so it was in the reign of Louis XIII. For there arose out of the disorder not only Bérulle and the saintly Bishop of Geneva, Francis de Sales, but many others. "Monsieur Vincent" gathered the poor and sick into his refuges and tended them, aided by Anne of Austria and others ; and the Sisters of Charity of St Vincent de Paul, with their flapping linen coif, remind us to this day of the pious peasant who rose to serve first as tutor to the children of the great, for he taught the sons of Emmanuel Gondi, Director-General of the Galleys, and who then initiated the world-known organizations which preserve his name. Jane de Chantal, too, was founding in her widowhood the order of the Visitation, into which Louise de Lafayette entered. Catholics themselves may question the conduct of a woman who passed over the prostrate form of the young son who tried to bar his mother's departure from the fatherless home (these things, says one commentator, we must leave between the soul and its God). We must concede that she displayed a master-hand in the work of religious foundation. Between her and De Sales existed one of those rare and wonderful intimacies which it would be dangerous for ordinary persons to imitate. We are not ready perhaps to pin our faith to the tales of vision which Jane believed herself to have had of the Bishop of Geneva before they ever met, but let us at least not rudely deny existence to the spiritual ether-waves.

In this reign another body of nuns became remarkable, though the history of their trials, and, it may be conceded, of their refractory conduct, belongs to a later day, when the Abbé St Cyran and Jansenism filled the air. These were the nuns of Port Royal, who, under the guidance of the Bishop of Langres (Zamet) started a house in Paris for the object of Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. By the advice of Jane de Chantal, Zamet had sent for Mère Arnauld from the provincial house to aid him in his enterprise. It was not long before the Bishop and the community were at variance. The prelate had magnificent

ideas (it was in the blood), and these would crop up in spite of his retirement from the court-world. The habit of the order first provided a theme for discussion. For the striking white and scarlet, with sweeping trains, did not please the austere Superior, though it may have rejoiced the eye of Zamet. Then the parlours at the new house in Paris were thronged with ladies of the court, which was quite as it should be from Zamet's magnificent point of view, but scandalized the holy women of the cloister. It must be conceded that they were a little obtrusive with their desire for reform. The history of their sorrows does not come into this reign, and we will therefore not linger with them. "Pure as angels, pig-headed as demons!" said Péréfixe, Archbishop of Paris, in later days.

Here we may mention that the see of Paris had been elevated into an Archbishopric in 1622, under one of the Gondi family. They are a little puzzling, the Gondi prelates; let us sort them out.

First we have Pierre, Cardinal Gondi, the special friend of Henri IV. He was Bishop of Paris, and was the celebrant at the public baptism of Louis in 1606, and he died in 1616. Then came his nephew, Henri de Gondi, Cardinal de Retz. He too was Bishop of Paris, and went on campaign with the king's forces, dying in camp in 1622. He had petitioned for the erection of the see into an Archbishopric, and was succeeded by his brother Jean François de Gondi, who became Archbishop of Paris in 1623, and who lived on into the following reign.

We see him in portraits wearing the Pallium, the sacred vestment of finest wool shorn from the lambs of St Agnes' Convent in Rome, and delivered to each Archbishop in the Catholic Hierarchy by the Sovereign Pontiff. In general the Archbishop elect journeyed to Rome to receive the Pallium, but exceptions have been made.[1]

Fourthly, there was the nephew of the preceding, Jean François Paul de Gondi, Cardinal Retz, Archbishop of

[1] As for instance, in the case of the late Cardinal Herbert Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster, 1892 to 1903, to whom the Pallium was forwarded in England.

Paris in the reign of Louis XIV. He is the one with whom we feel most familiar, for he wrote the famous Memoirs, curious for their details of the day, and still more so for their cynic self-revelation of a great prelate of the worldly sort. One point more we will mention, the description of one of his offices. For he was "Damoiseau souverain de Commerce." A quaint title truly for an office analogous to that of President of the Board-of-Trade.

It was a lady of the Gondi family who was Abbess of Poissy in Louis's boyhood, and who entertained him with biscuits and sweet things on his visit to her nunnery. It was as a nun that the sad Duchesse de Montmorenci spent her widowhood. How sore a trial she found in the religious life, the conquest of self-indulgence, of her absorbing love for the dead Henri, and still more in the difficulty of forgiveness for Richelieu. The royal family showed her much respect. Louis XIII. visited her or sent sympathetic messages. She lived on into the reign of Louis XIV., and gained permission from Anne, as Regent, to have her husband's body brought to Moulins and buried in a splendid mausoleum.[1]

How melancholy is the thought of the unwilling subject of a religious life. We see the evils arising from forced entry into the priesthood through interested family motives. What a scandal seems the Richelieu family bishopric, and there were worse ones, for Armand du Plessis, having put his hand to the plough, brought thoroughness to the business at all events. And what of superfluous daughters disposed of in the cloister? That baby girl of the princesse de Conti (and Bassompierre?), conveyed to a religious house, where she was destined to take the veil—only death intervened. What a travesty of true religion! Henri de Verneuil, too, the irregular royal offspring, destined from his nursery for the Church. Is it wonderful that discipline did not always prevail against unruly humanity, and that we see the gross and cynic resultant in some cases? One more dark thought. How did religion tolerate the cruelties practised on the wretched victims of ignorance?

[1] *Duchesse de Montmorenci.* Amédée Renée.

Grandier, the Curé of Loudun, was burnt alive in this reign on a charge of sorcery. He was, so they alleged, responsible for the horrid manifestations known as *Les Diables de Loudun*, which visited a local nunnery. This outbreak of hysteria, well recognized as such by alienists of our own day, was then ascribed to devilry in league with the unhappy Grandier.

A nun playing tricks on the convent roof at night, the spread of the excitement through the community, epileptiform seizures and the rest, but the spectators would have none of this. They knew nothing indeed of facts but recounted alone the horrible phenomena.

"The nuns had learned in one day all the evil known to the most debased of men in the extremity of debauchery, and to the most abandoned women."

The wretched Grandier, protesting his innocence, was set alight. Richelieu, they aver, desired to have a branch of the Inquisition established in France as an outcome of the affair. Personally, we may believe, he would have been against any unreasonable dealing with the "Diables" or their human colleagues.

Again, what minor horrors are implied in the intervention of Louis XIII. on behalf of the cats destined to be burned in the bonfire of St John (Midsummer Day).

The French sovereign was *ex officio* guardian of the holy relics in the Sainte-Chapelle, and so it was that on the morning of March 7, 1618, Louis XIII. was awakened at 5.30 to hand over the keys in order that the relics might be placed in security during the disastrous fire which burned down the great hall of the Palais on that date.

The principal relics as they were in the time of Louis XIII. appear to have been:—

A large piece of the True Cross.

The Crown of Thorns and some of the Precious Blood.

The Swaddling Clothes of Our Saviour.

Another piece of the True Cross.

Blood which flowed miraculously from a picture of Our Lord which was struck by a heathen.

A link of Our Lord's chain.

The towel with which He wiped the disciples' feet.
A piece of stone from His Sepulchre.
The Iron of the Lance which pierced His side.
The Purple Robe.
The Reed.
The Sponge.
A part of the Winding Sheet.
Milk of Our Lady.
The Rod of Moses.
The crown of St John Baptist's Head.

These relics were seldom exhibited, and generally to royal persons only. Louis did not inspect them until the year of his accession.

Marie de Médicis owned several sacred relics, including fragments of the True Cross.

In the royal treasury at St Denis, Louis had also inspected in his boyhood the sword of "Jehanne la Pucelle" who, even as these words are being written, is being raised to the altars of the Catholic Church whose dignitaries once joined in her martyrdom *La Bienheureuse Jeanne*—Blessed Joan of Arc—the Maid of Orleans, who, nearly five centuries ago, lighted the market-place at Rouen with the flames of her burning, crying, when her sublime egoism rose above the hideous surprise of torture, "My voices have not deceived me!" while a stern soldier, like the centurion of the Crucifixion, trembled, saying, "We are undone, for we have slain a Saint!"

Joan, for whom official France can scarcely have a use, will by the mouth of every priest utter her pæan in the Lection of her Feast, "Delivered from the lying lips and from an ill-dealing king . . . and, in the midst of the fire, I was not burnt!" Joan, who must have been "so funny" to some of the village maids, if others looked on her with awe half-superstitious; whose wrong-doing was the unpardonable fact of being unlike the common herd. *Sancta Johanna ora pro nobis.*

A great religious event was the procession of the relics of St Geneviève, patroness of Paris. When some national or domestic circumstance called for it the reliquary was

carried in procession through the streets of Paris. Thus we hear of a great drought in which this took place in order to claim the intercession of the virgin saint against destruction of the crops in the great aridity. This was one of the days on which some of the Paris streets were cleaned by order, the Fête-Dieu (Corpus Christi) being another. The procession took place through cleansed streets. The order of the procession of "Madame St Geneviève" was rigidly prescribed. The curé of the Madeleine notified all other parishes. The clergy assembled at Notre Dame and went to the Church of St Geneviève, [1] where the Cathedral clergy sang mass. Then the reliquary was taken from its resting-place to the chanting of the special responsion *Beata virgo Genevefa.*

The clergy, barefooted, venerated the relics and then carried them, with those of several other saints, through the streets. In particular were those of "Monsieur de St Marceau" ("for there is a common proverb that Saint Geneviève never went anywhere unless St Marceau came to fetch her").

Monsieur de Paris, in full pontifical vestments, and the members of Parliament in their red robes, were of the company. The chants changed at certain specified points on the route. The bearers of the reliquaries were to change on arriving at the entrance of the Cathedral, those of St Geneviève being transferred to St Marceau, on account of not clearly explained differences in their respective habit.

The *Salve Regina* followed High Mass in the Cathedral. When they left, the bearers again changed and carried the relics to the Hôtel-Dieu, where the companies separated bearing back St Geneviève and St Marceau to their respective churches. The relics of Madame St Geneviève were solemnly restored to their shrine while all the congregation knelt. The candles used on the occasion were provided by the Corporation of Paris.

In 1638, before the birth of his first child, Louis XIII., encouraged by Richelieu, made a solemn dedication of the kingdom to the Blessed Virgin. This took place on the

[1] Now the Panthéon.

Feast of the Assumption, August 15, and led to a strange scene in the Cathedral, caused, says Bassompierre, "by the very persons who ought to have prevented it, the cause being that Parliament and the Exchequer are in the habit in these processions of passing, one to the right and one to the left, so that, when they enter the choir of Nôtre-Dame, the members of Parliament range themselves on the right, and the members of the Exchequer on the left. . . . There is no prescribed regulation, for everyone arrives without ceremony. But when it comes to walking in the procession the two detachments must necessarily cross to re-arrange themselves, one on the right hand, the other on the left. Now the chief superintendent of the Exchequer asserted his claim to walk immediately after the President of Parliament as they left the choir, but the members of Parliament would not allow anyone except the Governor of Paris, to intervene between their President and themselves, and so they hindered the head of the exchequer from taking that place; and upon this the two bodies began to jostle and to strike one another, in such a fashion that there was great disorder in the church. M. de Montbazon and several archer-guards and others drew swords, and inquired of the matter from each party, but the king, who had been quickly notified of the unseemliness, summoned them all before him to regulate as he judged best."

We have now reviewed the principal relations of royalty and the court to religious observance. We may ask whether their practice of religion was in conformity with their lives in general. The Demoiselle de Gournay, who had views of her own on a good many subjects, offers this opinion to certain ecclesiastics in her work "L'Ombre": "I fear . . . that sacramental confession may be turned to poison among three-fourths of penitents, partly through their own hypocrisy and perversity, and partly through the over-indulgence or ignorance of their confessors." Then we recall the words uttered in later years by Madame de Montespan in response to a similar question.

"Because I have committed one fault, shall I commit all?" answered the mistress of Louis XIV.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER XIX

A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF THE CORONATION OF LOUIS XIII., 1610. (See chap. ii.)

THE king entered the church . . . . and having reached the high altar, was presented by the Bishops of Laon and Chalons to Cardinal de Joyeuse, who, in place of the Archbishop of Rheims, was to perform the ceremony, and, after some prayers, he was placed in his chair, opposite the Cardinal, with the great nobles ranked around him.

Meanwhile, the four barons of whom we have already heard were escorting the ampulla from the Abbey of St Rémy, through streets hung with tapestry. They were accompanied by officers of the law, bearing waxen torches, and by a guard of the inhabitants of a neighbouring town, who, fully armed, with lighted torches and with an oak-leaf in their hats, marched to the beating of drums. All the monks of St Rémy walked in the procession, while their grand prior, mounted on a white horse caparisoned with cloth-of-silver, carried in a casket, hung from his neck, the sacred oil vessel, while four monks in white albs supported a canopy over him.

The office of Tierce having been recited, Cardinal Joyeuse, notified of the arrival of the ampulla, advanced with pontifical ceremony to receive it, with the eight assistant bishops, the canons and choristers. Before handing the holy vessel to him, the monks required, according to custom, a legal undertaking that it should be returned to them on the completion of the coronation, and this, in due form, was given to them.

An anthem was then sung and prayers were offered, and the Cardinal re-entered the Sanctuary, exhibiting the sacred vessel to the people, and eventually placing it upon the altar, upon which the king rose from his chair and venerated it devoutly.[1]

[1] "No one now believes that the holy ampulla really came down from Heaven," avers a writer of the late seventeenth century.

The oaths to support the Church were next administered by the Cardinal. The Bishops of Laon and Chalons raised the king from his chair, and as he stood there they demanded of all present whether they accepted him as king. Though this, says the reporter, was but a form, since the kingship of France had always been hereditary. Then the Cardinal proceeded to administer the second oath towards the state, which the king pronounced, reverently kissing the book of the Gospels upon which his hands were rested.

After this the apparel of coronation was placed upon the altar. This included the imperial closed crown (*la moyenne*,) the royal sceptre, the hand-of-justice, the camisole, the sandals, the spurs, the sword, and those garments which were of sacerdotal character, namely, the tunic, the dalmatic, the regal mantle, and some others. On the left side of the altar the prior of St Denys guarded the royal garments, on the right side the prior of St Rémy kept watch over the holy oil vessel.

The two bishops then led the king up to the altar, and the first gentleman of the bedchamber removed his short robe of silver cloth. The Prince de Condé fastened on the spurs, removing them directly afterwards, while the prayers and blessings proceeded in due form. The Cardinal next blessed the sword in its scabbard and girded it upon the king and, instantly removing it, withdrew it from the scabbard which he placed upon the altar. The sword was then handed to the king, who kissed it and offered it to be placed upon the altar, in token of his zeal in defence of the Church. Again it was handed to him, and receiving it kneeling, he handed it to the deputy of the Constable of France who was to bear it before him.

The Cardinal now prepared the holy anointing oil. Taking from the ampulla with a golden spoon a minute portion of the liquid, he mixed it with his finger with the chrism prepared in the paten for the anointing of the king of France, "who alone on earth shines with the glorious privilege of being anointed with oil bestowed by Heaven." Then the prelates unfastened the openings in the garments, and the king prostrated himself before his prie-dieu. Two

other bishops began the special litany, to which the choir made responses. The Cardinal raised himself to say further prayers over the still prostrate king. Then, holding the paten, he dipped his right thumb into the holy oil and anointed the king, first on the crown of the head, then on the stomach, between the shoulders, then on the right and left shoulders, on the elbows and in the crease of each arm. Then the openings were re-fastened and the king was dressed in the garments laid upon the altar. Then took place a further anointing of the palms of the hands, and the king then pressed them together before his breast and then put on a pair of loose-fitting gloves offered by the celebrant so that he should not from respect to the holy unction, touch anything bare-handed. Then the ring was blessed and placed on the finger of the right hand, and in the same hand was placed the sceptre as a symbol of sovereignty, while in the left was the ivory "hand-of-justice." Then the chancellor, standing at the altar, with his face towards the king, summoned the princes and nobles to draw near. The Cardinal raised the great closed crown from the altar and held it above the head of the king, and the peers immediately stretched out their hands to support it, while the Cardinal, keeping it in his left hand, blessed it. Taking it again into his own hands he placed it on the king's head and left it there, resting his left hand upon it while again the peers laid their hands upon it. Here, for a moment, we may break off from the official account, which has been closely followed, to record the observation of one assistant at the ceremony. He tells how the boy-king gave a playful slap to the Duc d'Elbœuf, who was one of the supporters, and then, having perhaps shaken the crown on his head, he raised both hands to steady it. Yet all the time he appears to have been holding the sceptre and the hand-of-justice.

After this, the Cardinal holding the right sleeve of the king's robe, led him from the high altar, the peers, as far as possible, keeping their hands upon the crown, up the stairway to the royal throne where the Sieur de Roquemont stood to assign to the peers and great officials their seats around the throne. Alexandre, the second son of the Vendôme

family, was the train-bearer. Latin addresses and prayers succeeded, and then the Cardinal enthroned the king, and, bare-headed, made a most humble inclination before him and kissed him, crying twice in a loud voice—Long live the king!—and a third time—May the king live for ever!—The peers did homage in their order and then seated themselves, the spiritual on the king's right, the temporal on the left. The people in the nave, hearing these acclamations, began to shout in turn with the utmost enthusiasm. Musical instruments of all kinds struck up, and the heralds scattered gold and silver coins bearing the king's head crowned, and on the obverse a hand emerging from heaven and bearing the holy ampulla. The Te Deum was then chanted, and the course of the interrupted mass resumed, bishops chanting the Epistle and Gospel, while the boy-sovereign was relieved for a time of his weighty crown by the Prince de Condé, who placed it upon a cushion. The book of the Gospels was then presented for the king and the Cardinal to kiss. At the offertory of the mass the king's offerings were placed on cloths of damask, fringed with gold, to be presented by gentlemen of high rank on the king's behalf. One carried the wine in a vessel of graven gold, others the loaves coated with gold and silver on cushions, while another carried a purse containing thirteen pieces of gold, each of the value of thirteen crowns, and behind them the king advanced, surrounded by the peers. Laying aside the sceptre and the hand-of-justice, the king took the offerings and presented them to the Cardinal, while the chanters and the people joined again in acclamation. Then the mass proceeded according to the order of the day, with special additions. The *pax* or kiss-of-peace, which forms part of the ritual of the solemn mass, was bestowed on the king by Cardinal Joyeuse and was exchanged among the peers in their several orders in token of Christian charity.

After the celebrant's communion, the king entered the confessional for the sacrament of penance, and was then led again to the altar to receive Holy Communion. Again the crown was removed by the Prince de Condé, this time as an

act of reverence to the sacred Host, the temporal peers also uncovering their heads. The king, kneeling, said the *Confiteor* aloud, and the canonical absolution was given by Cardinal Joyeuse as also the Communion of the Body and Blood of the Lord, which was administered in the two species of bread and wine, the king receiving it with deep humility. Again the great crown was rested on his head, though for the return progress to the Archbishop's dwelling, a lighter one was substituted, while the state crown was borne on a pillow by the Duc de Montbazon and the rest of the regalia by others. The sacred oil vessel was at once taken in procession to the abbey of St Rémy.

Upon arrival at the Archbishop's house, the king changed his clothes, giving the shirt and gloves, which had touched the anointing oil, to his first chaplain, so that they might be burned and the ashes used according to ordinance on Ash Wednesday.

The crowns used in the coronation were afterward returned to the royal treasury at Saint Denis.

On the morrow of the coronation, the king received the collar of the Order of the Saint-Esprit from Cardinal Joyeuse. He had already received the cross as a gift from his father some years before. He arrived at the church at three to attend Vespers of the Holy Ghost, accompanied by the officers, prelates, and commanders and knights of the said order dressed in their mantles and collars.

The Cardinal pontificated, and at the *Magnificat* after the ritual censing of the high altar he carried the censer to wave before the king in his chair-of-state within the Sanctuary.

Between the offices of Vespers and Compline the king offered the reliquary which had not been finished on the day of his entry into Rheims. It represented the head of St Louis supported by two angels, and the king, kneeling, presented it for the altar of the church. He took the oath as Grand Master of the Order of the Holy Ghost upon a book of the Gospels and signed the document. He was then clothed in the mantle of the Order with invocation of

the Holy Trinity. The Grand Treasurer handed to Cardinal Joyeuse a cross to be hung from the neck by a sky-blue ribbon and a rosary of a dozen decades, and these the Cardinal presented to the king.

Then the Prince de Condé was led up between the Duc d'Epernon and the Duc de Montbazon to be made a knight of the order. It had also been arranged that Cardinal Joyeuse should be made one on the same occasion, but when he saw that the Prince de Condé was given precedence of himself he declined to be installed after him, These questions of precedence often occurred, giving rise to painful incidents. As a prince of the church Joyeuse no doubt had a just claim to precedence of a prince of the blood. The investiture was marred by the episode; thirty-three years later the yet more solemn circumstance of the lying-in-state of Louis XIII. was to be attended by a dispute equally lamentable.

A Poem upon the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception, discovered, and attributed to François Malherbe, by M. G. Mancel. Published at Caen in 1855.[1]

RONDEAU

Rondeau où la Vierge réfute
Une disjunctive improbable
Faisant contraire probable
Qui évidament la confute.

Ou Dieu a peu ce qu'il n'a voulu faire,
Ou a voulu et n'a pu ce parfaire
Ou il a peu, voulu et n'a pas faict.
Chacun implique, et l'opposite infère,
Qu'il soit ainsi, raison peult satisfaire.
Pour son vouloir son vouloir ne diffaire
A son pouvoir ne le vouloir au faict
Ou Dieu a peu . . . .
Ou Dieu a voulu . . .
Ou il a peu et voulu . . .

[1] The Immaculate Conception, or exemption from the curse of original sin of the Blessed Virgin, has been of faith from early Christian days. It was formally promulgated *ex cathedrâ* by Pius IX, in 1854.

Droict filial en grâce me préfère
Aux autres corps, et tant d'honneur confère
Que fils pour mère a peu mectre en effect,
Par conséquent la loi de vice infect
A mon concept formellement défère

Ou Dieu a peu . . .
Ou Dieu a voulu . . .
Ou il a peu et voulu . . .

CHAPTER XX

DIEU DONNÉ

THE third decade of the seventeenth century saw France involved in the Thirty Years' War. With it, too, had come an ever-increasing estrangement between Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria. The king's naturally suspicious tendencies had been aggravated as years went on by the successive episodes in which the unhappy queen played the part of unwisdom or of maligned innocence. Anne, seeking, as other women have sought, to fill the void of human yearning with the emotions of religious fervour, had formed a habit of visiting at the Convent of the Val de Grâce, the abbess of which, although a distant relative of Richelieu,[1] became a staunch adherent of the unhappy wife.

Unfortunately, these pious retreats and holy consolations were not comfort enough for the aching heart and wounded pride of the queen. Anne was now a woman fully ripe and embittered by the neglect and insult, offered directly or indirectly to her by the strange and dour personality whose love, in moments of softer attitude, she still believed might be her own. Then came the time when she began that secret correspondence with her brother the King of Spain, which was peculiarly open to deprecation because of the ill-feeling existing politically between her native land and the kingdom of her husband. Anne, with all her keen perception of her status as a royalty of Spain, failed to remind herself of that other obligation of fealty owed by her to the crown of France, to which she was allied by virtue of her marriage.

The distress and conflict of royal persons, when the

[1] This relationship is contradicted by one writer.

interests of their realm and their private affections are counter to each other, require no interpretation ; they are easily imagined by the onlooker.

Anne forgot the wrongfulness in her urgent desire to pour out her grievances and to claim the sympathy of her own kin. That she wrote nothing technically treasonable is probable, but she opened the door to unlimited ills of doubt, evil surmise and uncertainty. Her action was particularly provocative of disapproval on the part of her husband and his ministers, for Elizabeth, Queen of Spain, the king's sister, had been forbidden by her husband to hold any communication with the Court of France.

Accomplices were necessary ; there was the ever energetic Duchesse de Chevreuse ready to lend a hand, and for the practical part of the business there was one La Porte, one of the queen's pages, who translated her letters into a prearranged cipher and forwarded them to Spain, and who received the return correspondence, which he similarly reduced from cipher for his royal mistress's reading. Could all this escape the silent tireless watchfulness of Richelieu, whose feelings towards Anne were displayed, or so has been alleged, by a series of persecutions due, as was averred, to an unrequited passion? We still pause before this view :—for is it compatible with the austerity of Richelieu, was the statesman, overwhelmed as he was with toil, with his *secrétaire de nuit* constant to his summons, to carry on the work in the wakeful watches of the dark—was he, we question, at leisure to nurse the rancour of an earlier day?

We may put aside with other indigestible rumour the report that Richelieu had tried to engage the queen in a cold-blooded scheme to perpetuate the royal dynasty by his own intervention in paternity!

It is perhaps enough for us to remind ourselves of the general distrust of the feminine, inculcated in the formal course of theological training, and furthered by observation of an age and of a Court in which no true refinement had prevailed against the lax traditions of the previous reign. Richelieu, looking on with that cold unflinching gaze,

saw how many of the pretty women round him were employed; if others were exempt from suspicion of the intrigues of gallantry, there must, he would argue, be other outlets for their activities in intrigue of state. We must accept as well the results of the long years of struggle with the petty, the foolish and the feeble entities who surrounded him, small curs who yapped upon his track. Richelieu, in 1637, was ready with harsh judgment and Anne was not spared indignity.

It is thought by some that one of the maids of honour, Mademoiselle de Chémérault, a friend of Marie de Hautefort, and believed by her to be attached to the queen's interests, was really a spy of the Cardinal and that she posted him in the matter of the secret correspondence.

The Chancellor Séguier was sent to search the cell in which the queen made her retreats at the Val de Grâce, and to impound all documents. Anne, however, it is said had entrusted her papers to the abbess, who remained loyal to her. Some of the queen's partizans will have none of this tale of the hidden letters however. What did the emissaries of the Cardinal find?—they cry:—nothing indeed, but a hair-shirt and instruments of devotion and piety. What was in the casket upon which the searchers pounced so greedily? Why, merely English gloves and ribbons, a gift from her sister-in-law Henrietta of England. We may ourselves believe that mother-abbess would put in her word with the queen to encourage her in the use of pious practices, in the search for patience and heavenly comfort. The queen was at Chantilly while the inquisition went forward, and there are some who say that she herself did not escape molestation and that her person even was not sacred—that the fingers of the searchers dipped into her pockets and dived beneath her neckerchief in quest of the wrongful writings. Anne herself admitted writing to her brother. She feared that out of this weakness, crime might be construed by her accusers; her thoughts turned to those who had always stood by her and she arranged, as told in Chapter XVI., with her faithful lady-in-

waiting, Madame de Hautefort, the little signal of the book to warn the Duchesse de Chevreuse. The duchesse, however, might have remained at peace, as events proved, had not the confusion about the colour of the binding taken place. La Porte, however, did not get clear—he was arrested and imprisoned in the Bastille. In his possession were letters, it is true, but they were of harmless kind, and he also contrived to hoodwink his inquisitors and, by palming off an impromptu reading of the cipher, still further annulled the danger. La Porte was much afraid that the hiding-place of the key to the cipher in his room might be discovered. It was a hole in the wall stopped by a lump of plaster, but remained undiscovered. He had been staying at the Hotel Chevreuse when arrested. La Porte was in many ways a vulgar-minded character, but he had a fine seasoning of fidelity to his queen in those dark hours. In after days, in dank recesses of his mind, were hatched sinister horrors regarding Mazarin, absurd in their tangle of distorted suspicion. Of more probable events did young Louis XIV. whisper in the page's ear his scornful questions incited by the gossip of the older man in those days of his mother's nightly interviews with the minister, approach to which was barred by guards upon the stair.

La Porte had the company of a good many others in the Bastille. There was Bassompierre for one—also Vautier, physician to Marie de Médicis, the Chevalier de Jars, who had been mixed up with Gaston's intrigues, and the Comte d'Achon, imprisoned as ringleader in a wild plot. This was to kidnap the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, the Cardinal's niece and the dearest to him of human beings, and carry her off to Brussels. The Cardinal's action against the queen-mother and Gaston was by this manœuvre to be interfered with, the duchesse, as a hostage, being set against the dealings of Richelieu with the exiled Marie de Médicis. But the plot came to nothing, and the Comte d'Achon was cast into a terrible cell in the Bastille, without light, and there confined for seven years. "He went in a beardless youth and came out white-headed, Madame d'Aiguillon having interceded for

him." La Porte was twice searched on his entrance, and was then placed in a cell with a soldier warder who slept on a mattress on the floor. Food is not a subject for complaint on La Porte's part. In the early morning bread and wine were brought to the prisoner, and supper was accompanied sometimes by a salad dressed with oil. Of the other use made of this oil we will tell presently. Bassompierre was one of those allowed some freedom of exercise, and other prisoners had privileges which are certainly cut off from prisoners of to-day, even political ones. They seem to have been able to speak in privacy at the *grille* or grated opening in a door of the fortress-prison with Madame de Hautefort among others. The prisoners tried by various occupations to beguile their sad hours and to ward off insanity. Bassompierre prattled of his *bonnes fortunes.* Vautier took more solid refuge in astronomy. La Porte himself learned drawing in perspective, which was taught him by another political prisoner, M. de Fargis. The wretched plotter of abduction occupied himself with mathematics or with teaching dogs to go through a drill, "in which he succeeded admirably."

Anne of Austria, having owned to correspondence with her brother, now felt the urgent necessity of communicating with La Porte in the Bastille in order that he might not unnecessarily perjure himself and complicate the relations between her partizans inside and outside the prison. Through the Chevalier de Jars, on whose collaboration she could rely, she sought to establish communication with her faithful henchman. There was a great friend of the Chevalier's, one Madame de Villarceaux, and so Anne and the ever faithful and fearless Marie de Hautefort hatched a plan to communicate somehow with De Jars and through him with La Porte. And as the waiting-maid of Madame de Villarceaux was used to going to the prison, Marie de Hautefort dressed herself up as the woman and herself visited the Bastille. First the valet of one of the prisoners was gained over. He arranged with some other prisoners in the part of the fortress in which La Porte was confined to bore a hole in the floor of their cell, and to incite

their fellows in the cell below to do likewise, and thus to gain communication with La Porte on a still lower floor. Through the holes thus made letters from the queen's party were to be lowered to La Porte. There seems a strange mixture of laxity and watchfulness about the whole discipline of the prison. La Porte was alone for only a few minutes daily, for the soldier was locked in with him at night-fall, and when one night a great noise and musket shots disturbed the royal page the custodian, though greatly excited by the matter which he knew, though La Porte did not, to betoken an attempted escape, was not able to leave the cell to see what was going on any more than La Porte himself. But there was a short space of time daily in which La Porte was left alone, and this is how it happened. We know well how Paris in general at that day and later emptied the slops from upper windows into the street, regardless at times of the passer-by. And one of the duties of the soldier who guarded La Porte was to act similarly. From the steps, over the balustrade into the *fossé* or wherever it may have been, he every morning performed this travesty of sanitary performance.[1] In this little spell of solitude the prisoners in the cell above contrived to lower the queen's letters on a string. It remained to return an answer. The soldier ate well and doubtless slept heavily. Then his prisoner set about the task of writing an answer. Everything was lacking except the outside sheet of the letter that had been sent to him. This is how he made pen and ink. "I crushed some coal," he relates, "and some ash of burnt straw and moistened them with the oil that remained from the salad at supper, then with a bit of straw sharpened to a point I wrote on the outside of the letter they had left in my pocket." (Overlooked in the search, he means.) During the daily absence of the soldier the letters were passed up again through the two stories, and through De Jars were conveyed outside the prison.

[1] "Une terrine pour mes nécessités naturelles" was part of the meagre furnishing of his cell which La Porte describes.

We must confess frankly that the whole matter teems with conflicting evidence and induces great perplexity. Yet in the main, we cling personally to the view that indiscretion and the outburst of exasperated feeling led Anne into the imbroglio, and not any sinister designs against her husband or his kingdom. If the Cardinal did intercept a letter sent to the queen by Mirabel, *ci-devant* ambassador from Madrid to France, there is no evidence that Anne answered it or that if she did it was in any sense of treasonableness. Spain might have been ready to feel her way through the Queen of France to hostile enterprise. Anne smarted doubtless with wounded feeling at her husband's neglect and the indignities she suffered from him and Richelieu. She would have been far from any vengeance of so dire a kind, we feel assured. She poured her private sorrows in a brother's ears, not schemes for vengeance on the plane of state nefariousness. At all events she suffered sorely. She was threatened with dissolution of her marriage and with being returned to her native country in disgrace. La Rochefoucauld declares that she planned with him to carry her off with Marie de Hautefort to the Low Countries. Perhaps, in a desperate moment she may have given vent to such a desire. Perhaps, too, the intoxicating spirit of youthful adventure mounted to the head of the champion and made him take the matter *au grand sérieux*.

" I can only say," he tells us, " that this project, however full it seemed of difficulty and danger, filled me with a joy hitherto unequalled in my experience. I was at an age when one loves to do things out of the common and startling, and it seemed to me that nothing could be more so than with one accord to carry off the queen from the king her husband and from Cardinal Richelieu, who was jealous of her, and to remove Mademoiselle de Hautefort from the king, who was enamoured of her."

However, he goes on to say that the course of events changed—the queen was not proved guilty, while Madame d'Aiguillon pacified the Cardinal.

In the days that followed on the search visit to the Val

de Grâce, Anne's life became deplorable indeed. The king would scarcely speak to her even before her ladies at the formal evening visit to her apartments. From her sleeping-chamber he had been long estranged. Never now was added to the royal couch the pillow (or bolster) which signalised the king's nuptial visits,—for the queen was not in the habit of using one,—and from which it had been a custom to date those always disappointed hopes of offspring.

Poor Anne!—she paid sorely for her secret letters, for her foolish tampering with intrigue of which her simple nature could only make a failure. Her disgrace was blazoned to the world; some of her allies were far away; even if their hearts still beat for her with loyal affection, their voices could not reach her.

In this darkest hour came the winter of 1637, and in her cell in the Rue St Antoine, Sœur Angélique still prayed alike for the royal lover, whom she had known how to resist, and for the wife to whom her great heart was also open.

It was the afternoon of a day in this December of 1637. The king was lodging at St Maur some leagues from Paris, and there his bed and other furniture and his household had been removed. The officers of *la bouche* and the rest were waiting there for his arrival from the capital. Louis had been to the Rue St Antoine and had spent some time at the grating, talking softly with the nun and listening to her gentle entreaties in favour of the disgraced queen. What were her words and what her arguments none ever heard.

It was a stormy night, and when Louis left the convent to start for St Maur the tempest was at its height. Rain fell in torrents, the torches spluttered and went out before the fury of the blast. It was a sorry night for the king's journey. Yet at St Maur was the king's bed while at the Louvre was neither bed nor supper in his own suite, for *la bouche* were absent. Then Guitaut, captain of the body-guard, who was on terms of freedom with his sovereign, spoke up. Why did not his Majesty stay at the Louvre, sharing the queen's apartment? But of such a plan,

Louis would at first hear nothing. Return to St Maur he must and would. The tempest, like the waves before Canute, paid no regard to royal requirements. The flooded road, the sodden torches—the impenetrable night forbade. Guitaut spoke again :—The queen—and supper—and a bed.

"No!" said the peevish king, "the queen both sups and goes to bed too late for me."

To this the wily captain responded, "The queen would certainly accommodate her hours to your majesty's convenience."

Louis wavered. Personal discomfort fretted him—perhaps too, the still small voice of Sœur Angélique was sounding in his ears. Guitaut marked the turning-point and plunged *in medias.* Spurring his steed, he galloped forward to the palace to announce the coming of the king. Anne, with the incurable tenderness of women, was ready with a welcome. There was shelter, food, and comfort, and the king was softened.

Outside the tempest howled; under the convent roof Sœur Angélique would chant her Compline and recite night prayers. In the palace the miracle which some ascribed to her intervention was accomplished.

Sweeping away heroics from the vision, one vital fact remains, that in the rhythmic time, on September 5, 1638, Louis XIV. was born into the world.

The secret of the queen's hopes was carefully guarded. Anne herself, disappointed in earlier years of expected offspring, spoke little of the coming triumph. For her, it meant not alone the joys of motherhood after long silent years, but a restoration to favour with the king—a clearing away of her own reproach and of the intrigues which had woven themselves round the question of the succession. "Ah, Madame!" had said the grinning Gaston to her after her performance of a *neuvaine*,[1] "you are conspiring with the powers against me; however, I will take the affair in good part provided the king can back the bill!"

She bore her rapture silently; had not dead Madame,

[1] The *novena* is nine days of prayer and devotion offered for a special intention.

Gaston's first wife, cried her coming achievement upon the house-tops, only to end in a daughter and grim death? Yet as the months passed by, the story spread, discredited at first by the cabal of Monsieur, who then, when denial became impossible, uttered their flattering certainties about the sex. A girl—believe them—was all that would result. Gaston lived in a fool's paradise. Paris caught the echoes and raised itself to the tiptoe of questioning excitement. At length a courtier of privilege and standing, daring, in so great a cause, questioned the queen herself:—

"It has been revealed, Madame, to a saintly nun that your Majesty is about to give birth to an heir. May one ask the truth?"

The queen blushed crimson and turned the conversation; but the courtier felt he had not aimed amiss. The rumour spread—became substantial certainty. To St Germain was brought the girdle of the Blessed Virgin belonging to the Capuchins of Notre Dame du Puy, and it was worn by the queen during her time of expectation. The Capuchins in a deputation of twenty-five with their General visited the queen, and presented to her a vase and a rosary made from the wood of St Francis of Assisi.

Many were the prophecies regarding the date of the birth. The result, says a humorous ecclesiastic, "showed that the prophets had not such great intimacy with Heaven as they imagined."

A certain shepherd declared that St Anne had revealed to him the date as September 4, 1638.

It was on September 5, however, that the birth actually occurred. The Princesse de Condé, Comtesse de Soissons, Duchesse de Vendôme and La Connétable de Montmorenci, the mother of the ill-fated Henri, an old woman now, and others, were present, as well as Monsieur, the witness most concerned in the event. The king had just sat down to dinner about 11.30 A.M. when the news came, and he went at once to the queen's apartments where he found that she had given birth to a Dauphin. The child was baptized the same day by the Bishop of Beauvais. Madame de Motteville thinks that Louis did not show that alacrity of

joy as a father that was proper, from the feminine point of view at all events. Louis was slow perhaps to feel conviction of his paternity, indeed it was not till after the birth of the Duc d'Anjou, his second son, that he gave himself up to the joyful conviction of having fathered posterity. The event was not, says a contemporary writer, hailed with the enthusiasm due to its vast importance. On the other hand, public rejoicing took form throughout the kingdom as far as displays of fireworks and country fêtes could be considered expressive of the satisfaction of the nation. The Jesuits at Clermont launched forth into a religious play and fireworks as well. A medal was struck to celebrate the national event, on which an angel leaning from heaven to hand a child to France was represented, while Richelieu by an adulatory letter fulfilled all courtly formality towards the queen. The powers sent congratulations at intervals varying with the distance and time of communication, and from the farthest portion of the king's dominions *les sauvages* of *La Nouvelle France* sent the outfit of a Redskin papoose for the heir-apparent of their sovereign. "Our good king has given us clothes," they said (for the missionaries had been the channels of royal gifts), "we will now send him a gift in return."

Round the Dauphin and his paternity have buzzed and fluttered swarms of myths. The long years of childlessness seemed to make the paternity of Louis XIII. a thing of doubt. There is a long story, vague yet detailed in some non-essential points, with regard to a mysterious being by whose aid Anne of Austria became a mother through the contrivance of Richelieu and the Père Joseph, then (in 1637) her confessor. We have already alluded to another legend—that Richelieu himself designed to be the father of a royal heir. Then again the name of Comminges, nephew of Guitaut, captain of the guard, is brought forward, but careful investigation can discover nothing to substantiate this gossip. Had circumstances made it possible by Mazarin's proximity, there would have been an allegation hard to combat. It remains that a host of scurrilous pamphlets exists, many in the public records of France,

a large number in Dutch at the Hague and Rotterdam,[1] and in the collections of private persons.

Then again we know of the immense controversy over the Man with the Iron Mask in the eighteenth century, and how the mysterious prisoner with the velvet face-mask in the Ile Ste Marguérite and the Bastille was declared by a faction incited by Voltaire to be either a twin-brother of Louis XIV., mysteriously suppressed because he might have complicated the question of succession (! !), or a son of Anne of Austria, born at some prior date and fathered by some fresh accession to the group of shadowy claimants to the honour.

The story of the Iron Mask has been told by many writers, and the bubble of what we may call the Druce Case of the eighteenth century, blown noisily by a clique of *literati*, has been, we may consider, finally pricked.[2]

Michelet says that Louis XIV. resembled Buckingham, then dead ten years, as the consequence of a "maternal impression." Here again we might bring in a Mazarin calumny if we desired, for was not the Italian considered to be like the duke?

What the vulgar section of the populace thought of it we glean from a verse of a street song, sung to the air of "*D Guillon mon amy.*"

"Sur la Naissance de Louis XIV., le 5 Septembre.

"Nous avons un Dauphin
Le bonheur de la France.
Rions, buvons sans fin
A l'heureuse naissance
Car Dieu nous la donné par l'entremise
D'un Prélat de l'Eglise,
Et nous lui verrons la barbe grise."

Contrary to hope and expectation Anne's position in relation to her husband did not show the marked amelioration that had been anticipated. Louis still seemed in doubt and unable to grasp his new position: in his mind

[1] This statement is made on the authority of M. Capefigue.

[2] In a small work on the subject Mr Tighe Hopkins has collected and collated the chief myths and the most probable facts.

may still have rankled uncertainty, born of surrounding whispers or of his own degenerate suspiciousness. However, as we have said, when in September, 1640, little Philippe appeared, his crust of moroseness seems to have been pierced by the joyful assurance of a second fatherhood, and he could rejoice with more whole-heartedness over the infant Duc d'Anjou. Nor must we forget that it is from this younger son of Louis XIII., called Duc d'Orléans after Gaston's death, that the Bourbons of the present non-ruling royal family of France are descended?

To those who enjoy such coincidences it will occur how many events important to Louis XIII. occurred in the month of September. His own birth, that of his queen and those of his children all took place in that month.

May too was a fateful month, for on the 14th had died his father, bringing his own accession. And on the same date Louis was in his turn to die.

We must give a few words to one who was perhaps more moved than any one else by the birth of the Dauphin. This was Mademoiselle, aged eleven. The queen, joking with the little girl, would say, "You shall be my daughter-in-law," and Marie-Louise seems to have taken the matter with a desperate seriousness, regardless of the disparity in age and all other considerations. Her godfather, Richelieu, became seriously annoyed at last when he discovered how far the joke had gone. Indeed, feminine capacity for romance was surely never carried further.

Anne had hoped that a daughter of Madame de Montglat would be appointed as *gouvernante* to the infant Dauphin, but Madame de Lanzac was appointed instead upon the instigation of Richelieu.

It was not long before Anne's fears were roused, perhaps by foolish advisers as of old, with regard to the Cardinal's design to remove her children from her. The morbid king insisted on manufacturing grievances against his wife because the Dauphin once cried with fright at seeing his father in a night-cap. (Louis XIII. wore the extinguisher-shaped affair that came down to the nineteenth century.)

His mother had incited him to regard his father with

fear, said the suspicious being. Poor Anne, her pathway even in maternity was set with thorns. Louis was almost a nonentity in those days, a prisoner, said some, at St Germain by Richelieu's orders, and even the presence of heirs direct had not killed the monster treason. The last great outbreak was at hand.

CHAPTER XXI

CINQ-MARS

WE come now to the story of the last favourite of Louis XIII.—a career comet-like in the brilliant notoriety of its appearance in the social firmament. Cinq-Mars, for so he will always be best known, was the younger son of the Marquis d'Effiat, a marshal of France whom we have already seen as ambassador to the Court of St James in 1624.

Henri Coiffier de Ruzé, to give him for once his full family name, appeared at Court, under the patronage of Richelieu, soon after the birth of the Dauphin, and was then about nineteen years of age. Louis was in need of a fresh associate for his hours of morbid expansiveness—the Cardinal was ready to fill the void with one whom he regarded as a sure adherent of his own. The first favourite, De Luynes, had been some twenty years older than the king, Cinq-Mars was as much his junior. Louis soon fixed his affections on the youth, and the old tale of sickly endearments and flabby quarrels and suspicions was enacted in its familiar phases.

"Cinq-Mars," says a historian of the epoch, "was of fine stature and attractive person. Courage he had, and spirit; he was daring, able for great undertakings, and apt to carry them out with considerable caution and perseverance. But as he was but twenty-one, he lacked experience, and was, moreover, stubborn and presumptuous, faults almost inseparable from great fortune and youth, but all the more dangerous because presumption incites to rash undertakings, while stubbornness hinders the abandonment of them."

It was not long before royal favour, mounting to his head like wine, tilted the balance for the downward trend. The king showered offices on the handsome stripling. He was

HENRI D'EFFIAT, MARQUIS DE CINQ-MARS

FROM AN ENGRAVING BY LANGLOIS

made captain of the bodyguard and master of the wardrobe. Baradas and St Simon had held the post of principal equerry, the latter selling the appointment for a goodly sum, and this office the king also offered to the new favourite, but Cinq-Mars held his head too high to accept honours which had been enough for those lesser lights, his predecessors. He bargained almost insolently for the post of *Grand Ecuyer*, or Master of the Horse, and the adoring monarch hastened to bestow the desired office. And so as " M. le Grand " the favourite was known to the Court during the greater part of his career. There were offices of greater antiquity than that of *Grand Ecuyer* among the Court appointments, it is true, but it had a splendour all its own. Besides his ordinary duties with their emoluments, " M. le Grand " had special functions which made him a picture in the public eye ; for, when the King of France entered any city, before him rode his Master of the Horse upon a charger, a splendid figure, bearing a sword sheathed in blue velvet sprigged with the flowers of France, and suspended from a baldrick of similar material. For such towns as had parliaments, a special addition to his grandeur was reserved. For them his helm was also of the blue velvet, golden-sprigged, and the caparison of the charger of the same, while the canopy which the corporation held above the king became his perquisite.

Many ancient ceremonies took place when the sovereign entered the cities or townships of the provinces on a royal tour. Tribute would be offered by tbe inhabitants upon his first visit—fat beeves, the measure of oats and wine, unwieldy dues dating from immemorial time. Many picturesque touches come to us from the progresses of Louis XIII. throughout his realm ; his journey on a barge where he dined from the *bouilli* fetched from some tavern on the river bank, the country bread which he would enjoy as he rode along, the acclamations, in local *patois*, of " Our good King Louis," his sharing in the pasty sent to his officers by the dominant Richelieu—with these we must not linger.

The Master of the Horse claimed also authority over the postal service of the country but as the actual supervision

was carried out by more work-a-day officials, he was no more than a figure-head.

The impatient spirit of the new favourite was little fitted to brook the tedious endearments of the sovereign. The love-sick quarrels and reconciliations in which the king indulged, their mimic treaties of peace drawn up and signed by the pair and submitted to the eye of the prime minister (food for cynic laughter), the long dawdling interviews in the king's room at his *lever*, the jealous dissatisfaction if the favourite found himself too tired after a hunting expedition to seek the king in his private sitting-room, all these feeblenesses soon irked Cinq-Mars beyond endurance. We cannot blame a healthy animal for fretting under the sickly trivialities of such an existence, but Richelieu, as patron of Cinq-Mars, saw that the favourite's open intolerance was a menace to his own standing, and sent to warn him of the offence he was giving to the king. The confidential envoy found the Master of the Horse wallowing in the tears of exasperation, and cursing fate. More than once he declared that he would rather give up everything than continue to endure the life he was leading in the society of the king, but the friends of Cinq-Mars in general, had soon to warn him of a greater folly. For, intoxicated with the audacity of power, the favourite turned his heel against the protector to whom he owed all, and, not content with private hatred, he exposed publicly his revolt against Richelieu.

Several causes had combined to rouse his resentment. The Cardinal, indeed, had helped him to the place of favourite, which had needed filling. Here he was of use, and, as a docile instrument, could relieve the minister of some part of his surveillance of the king, but it was no part of Richelieu's plan to allow Cinq-Mars any interference in affairs of state. M. le Grand, however, had no limitations to the ambitions of his one-and-twenty years. He begged his infatuated master to let him attend the meetings of the Privy Council. Richelieu, when the matter was broached to him, was carried away beyond the cold urbanity of his usual demeanour.

"Why!" he exclaimed irascibly, "it would lower the

prestige of State transactions in the eyes of all the foreign powers, to see so small a brain as that of Cinq-Mars associated with them."

What he said to the king he also repeated to the aspirant, adding utterance of contempt which sent the self-inflated Grand Ecuyer from his presence in a fury of rage.

The king and Cinq-Mars did not give up the attempt, however, even upon such a rebuff. Louis again approached the minister with a prayer on behalf of his favourite, and here the feline streak of the statesman appears again. For Richelieu temporised on this second occasion, and agreed to give Cinq-Mars a place at a meeting of the Council. The favourite was therefore present, but only to endure the refinement of humiliation; for Richelieu would mention no matter of importance himself, and prevented others present from introducing any such for debate. So, like a snubbed school-boy, the Grand Ecuyer had to leave after the meeting, with the rasping consciousness that he had been "done" by the astute urbanity of the unworkable Richelieu.

The swelled head was not cooled. Cinq-Mars had aspirations of another character, but not less calculated to call forth the amused contempt of the Cardinal. He had set his hopes upon a marriage with Marie, the daughter of the Duke of Nevers and Mantua, a princess of whom we have already heard as an object of the contankerous Monsieur's real or alleged affection. Richelieu laughed the thing to scorn. "I hope, at least," he said, "that the princess has not so far forgotten her birthright as to lower herself to so insignificant a consort."

This was reported to Cinq-Mars, and put the finish on his hatred for the Cardinal.

The favourite had indeed thorns enough among his roses. There were the long séances with the king when the flabby sovereign poured out his little tales of grievance against the guiding hand of the prime minister, or reproached the adored Grand Ecuyer with some lapse from the constant assiduity which it was necessary to observe towards the boneless tyrant. Louis could be very prudish too with regard to the

affairs of his beloved. Cinq-Mars must seek in secret for his *menus-plaisirs.* It was a toilsome life ; when the irritant of the petulant master's society was withdrawn—when the formalities of the *coucher* were safely passed, M. le Grand turned to his own pleasures. In the night, leaving the king asleep—at St Germain-en-Laye, it may be—he would ride hot-spurred to Paris and recompense himself in the society of Marion De Lorme—the mistress of his adolescence—or later on in the company of Marie de Gonzague and her sister, for the tedious hours of daylight. Again at early dawn he must gallop to the post of ill-loved duty. It is not astonishing that with such claims upon the hours of sleep, Cinq-Mars was heavy in the morning, and sometimes absent from the *lever,* one of those minor acts of treason which Louis always pardoned less easily than more impersonal wrongs against the monarchy.

With patience, what might he not have accomplished, says one, seeing how feeble was Richelieu's health, and what a prospect his death might have opened up for the king's favourite, but the heated glory of almighty youth cried down all cautious whisperings.

It was not long before schemes of darkness began to oust from the consciousness of Cinq-Mars the images both of the Princess and of the *amoureuse.*

Hatred of the Cardinal, or fear, both often overstrained, united minds moved by very different motives. Louis XIII. was seized with illness of a serious kind in 1641, it was whispered among his physicians that it was likely to go ill with him ; it was not long before these whispers became an open rumour of the people. Then in many minds arose the question—What will it mean when the king is dead and power is in the hands of the Cardinal whose limitation will be those of his own prescription only ? Monsieur was frothing over with sinister presentiment ; his marriage too was still unlicensed. Anne was in fear lest the tyrant, known to her as the cold inquisitor of her past indiscretions in the matter of Spain, should assume the regency upon the king's death and deprive her of her children. A maternal exaggeration, but in matters maternal reason is kept in prison.

The futile Gaston, egged on by a few seditious spirits, decided to provide against the evil day by securing allies from without. He entered into secret correspondence with Spain which was at the time a hostile power, in order to secure both men and money for his own support against the eventualities which might ensue upon his brother's death. Also he sought the co-operation of the Lord of Sedan, the Duc de Bouillon, in spite of the fact that the powerful aristocrat had declined to further him in his seditious undertakings from Brussels ten years before.

Bouillon, like his father, whom we saw in 1619, was cautious and not in haste to damage his own skin. Cinq-Mars whose lacerated pride disposed him to any undertaking against the Cardinal, was also in secret understanding with Gaston. The Comte de Soissons too was in the plot. M. le Grand was on terms of intimate friendship with François de Thou, a *carrière manquée*, for he had missed fire between the law and arms, but a character of very different calibre from that of the vain and resplendent Master of the Horse. De Thou, having become aware of the conspiracy, felt he could not betray his friend ; he was thus at least an accessory in treason. He became, as well, an intermediary between the parties, for he was sent by M. le Grand to treat with Bouillon. Now, too, arose a complication of the most intimate delicacy, for Anne of Austria, once more distraught between her public duty and her domestic harassments, preferred the latter to the former claims, and approached Bouillon with the request that he would guarantee a refuge in Sedan for her sons should they require a place of safety against the despot Richelieu after her husband's death. For this mission she employed De Thou. Bouillon would certainly be in a tight place in this matter of the Queen's petition. He covered himself with the armour of diplomacy. Certainly Sedan was always open to the *Enfants de France*, was his reply.[1]

The meetings of the conspirators took place in Paris at the Hotel de Venise where monsieur had his stables.

But were they likely to escape the hawk that brooded

[1] This action of the queen's is not borne out by all contemporary evidence.

o'er the city? Richelieu was on the scent before these careless souls had carried out the first formalities. Among the dangers of the situation, he apprehended as the most serious the ascendency of Cinq-Mars over the king in the development of such a conspiracy.

He must deal with the matter without delay and without showing his hand. Disturbance in the provinces was a substantial pretext; he desired the king's presence in the field. Here the self-importance of Louis was gratified. He left with Richelieu for Narbonne. As with the seditions of "les grands" during the regency of Marie de Médicis we find a tangle in the story of the Cinq-Mars conspiracy. We can do no more than keep down the main avenue of narrative leaving branch-ways to individual research.

One fact is, however, quite clear. It is that before the king left Paris to attend to the insurrection in the provinces, the favour of Cinq-Mars had been wearing thin. It was a considerable shock for the favourite to be refused entry to the king's bed-chamber, as he was one morning on arriving at the Louvre. Indeed the perplexity of the door-keeper matched that of M. le Grand. He knew the vacillating king, knew the story of the school-girl squabbles and *raccommodements.* Cinq-Mars had no difficulty in persuading him that the whole affair would soon blow over, as before in lesser breaches. The usher felt for his own part that if he gave offence to the favourite it might turn out badly for him both with king and Grand Ecuyer when the business was patched up. His reasoning was much the same as our friend Bassompierre had employed in the matter of De Luynes.

"I will not get you into trouble," whispered the favourite, "let me come inside the outer door and I will wait till the king receives the general crowd."

For Cinq-Mars had daily held a favoured interview with his master before the *lever* made the company more general and the occasion less august.

So in the dark space, between the outer and the inner door, or in a little passage near at hand, did Cinq-Mars take cover, reading a volume of romance, while the courtiers

believed him closeted as usual with the king. For here he behaved, as says a contemporary, speaking of another instance of like kind, *selon la méthode ordinaire de tous les favoris, qui ne veulent jamais laisser voir la diminution de leur crédit.*

The morning novel-reading periods were doubtless more agreeable in themselves than the tedious endearments and petty pique of the patron, but they must have been times of trembling to the Grand Ecuyer cramped in the alley-way which covered the fact of his suspension from the chief intimacy.

And then amid the ring-leaders of the conspiracy arose a blacker plot—the assassination of the Cardinal, by the hand of Cinq-Mars who had left Paris with the Court. Yet in Richelieu's unflinching personality there was something that quelled even the murderer in design. Cinq-Mars, they say, trembled before the deed and could not bring himself up to the point. First one provincial halting-place was spoken of as the most favourable and then another. Messengers were going to and fro meanwhile between the conspirators in France and Bouillon who was at the time commanding the army in Italy. Sometimes there was delay due to suspicion falling upon an emissary not personally known to the confederates, and so we hear that with so much coming and going, the thing leaked out. The treaty with Spain came by some means into Richelieu's hands and a copy of it was taken. There seems never to have been certainty as to the manner of discovery. We will tell a few of the suggestions made by contemporaries. The carelessness of Gaston, some allege, put the fateful document into the Cardinal's power, treachery, say others. We may ourselves hazard a lawful interference of the minister De Loménie (our friend Brienne) a loyal and law-abiding subject who certainly had wind of the conspiracy and who seems to have tried in a friendly way to persuade De Thou to give up his association in the dangerous game. We may move from one fantastic or involved theory to another or may quit all for the unromantic suggestion of one more reporter that the treaty was perhaps found in a commonplace investigation of the dispatch box which was on its way to the Spanish Ambassador in Paris.

M. le Grand, though disgrace was close upon him, still tacked himself on to the king, who, although Richelieu had forcibly opened his eyes, hesitated to strike outright at the man whose existence had meant so much to his unhealthy mentality. Cinq-Mars lent even now a finger to his own destruction.

Perhaps the last nail was driven home in the coffin when the eager indelicacy of an enemy of Cinq-Mars reported how the Grand Ecuyer had declared he really could not stand a close proximity on account of the king's pestiferous breath.

Louis was for the time at Narbonne, lodging at the archbishop's dwelling, where Cinq-Mars occupied rooms close to those of his royal patron. The camp was embroiled by the factions of the conspiracy. To such a pass had things come, indeed, that the troops had divided themselves into ranks as *Royalistes* and *Cardinalistes*, for it seemed to the outside view that Cinq-Mars would win the day and pit his royal master against Richelieu to the destruction of the latter. A few there were less blind. In the midst of a noisy wine-party the forced merriment of the Grand Ecuyer had not escaped the notice of some of the convives who vaguely suspected the mine beneath the favourite's feet. As they jested riotously together, an unknown youth in grey slipped a morsel of writing into the hand of M. le Grand. "Your life is in danger," read the little slip.

It has been cynically said that out of a hundred who should receive the warning "All is discovered! Flee!" ninety-nine would obey the injunction hot-foot. Cinq-Mars was not the hundredth. Before his judges he afterwards excused himself by a fear of so strange a mystery of peril as the little missive suggested. A feeble explanation for the favourite of a king if his own consciousness had been untarnished. He sought the city gates only to find them closed. The rat must seek a desperate cover. There were in the town two beautiful sisters belonging to the humbler ranks of society, living with their uncle, a small farmer. Their hospitality was of a very liberal kind. Only a few days before his arrest Cinq-Mars had spent a night with one

of them. "Have you been inspecting the fortifications?" sneered the king, when the favourite had appeared before him in the morning.

They tell also of another lair in the house of a maker of gunpowder. Perhaps the fugitive doubled on his trail in the last desperate search for cover. Arrived at the home of the fair and frail sisters, he made the people of the house take off his boots, and then he turned in for the night. The farming uncle was away at work in the fields outside the town, and the extra head would therefore not disturb the usual number in his dwelling. But by ill-luck the farmer turned up unexpectedly, and having heard the story of the missing Master of the Horse, he took careful note of the stranger. A lodger with a search-warrant on his head was no acquisition. The householder notified the authorities, and upon his indication, De la Ricardelle, the Governor of the Citadel, arrived and Cinq-Mars was arrested.

"Let me at least keep my sword as we pass through the streets," begged the proud Frenchman, and this he was allowed to do, thus covering the nakedness of his disgrace from the public eye, for he had fled from the banquet without even his outer cloak to cover him.

The prisoner, with De Thou, who had also been arrested, was taken to Lyons by water, towed in a boat behind the Cardinal's barge, and imprisoned in the Château de pierre-enscize. The trial took place at the local tribunal, and a particular account of it does not concern the readers of court history. The prisoners were confronted with the witnesses of the Treasury and with one another, and perhaps the most coldly terrible of all was that interview of De Thou with Richelieu, who lay helpless on a bed of sickness.

The dreadful urbanity of the minister and his demeanour of the Roman senator must have thrilled De Thou more than the public voices of the law.

"I must ask your pardon, monsieur, for troubling you to come to me," said the quiet voice with its dreadful courtliness of tone and diction.

In the early morning of September 12, 1642, the death sentence was passed on the two conspirators.

The last scene of the tragedy took place on that same Friday. From an eye-witness we have a detailed and emotional description of the final hours, in a document preserved among the Lyons archives. The commentators are chary of suggestion as to its authorship, but it seems to bear a stamp of clericalism. We may at pleasure think of the eye-witness as one of the Jesuit fathers who attended the fallen favourite and the hapless De Thou in the last awful hours. Or was it that *compagnon de confesseur*—the lay-brother who attended to carry out the minor details of the spiritual offices. The account, at all events, comes from one deeply impressed by the grim happenings of that black Friday.

"During the past week we have in this city been spectators of the last act of a strange tragedy. We have beheld the death, in the market-place, of two persons to whom was due a much longer life had not their crime launched them into inevitable disaster. We have seen the favourite of the greatest and most just of Kings losing his head upon the scaffold at the age of twenty-two with a firmness unparalleled in history. We have seen a statesman perish like a saint (*Comm'vn S.*) after a crime which humanity may not justly pardon. None, knowing their treason, can fail to adjudge them worthy of death; few also there will be who, knowing their position and their fine natural gifts, will refrain from lamenting their misfortune. Here is an account, faithful and uncoloured, of their last words and acts which I have collected from those who saw and heard them, I myself being an eye-witness, and very near to the principal performers."

After this opening the narrator continues with the tale of the last hours. "In the centre of the Place des Terreaux a scaffold some seven feet high was erected, and on it was placed the headsman's block and a lower one on which the condemned men were to kneel. A ladder of eight rungs was placed against the scaffold to give access to the little company whose business would be thereon. All the windows of the houses in the square, all walls and roofs, as well as platforms set up for the occasion, were packed with people of every condition, sex, and age."

At five o'clock the officers of the law requested the Jesuit lay-brother to warn the confessor of Cinq-Mars that the time had come for the departure from the courts of justice. In the great hall they met, the headstrong favourite and his friend and fellow-sufferer, De Thou. There they kissed the kiss of parting. Then they went forth, while tears stood in the eyes of the stern lawyers at the grandeur of their bearing. First, was Cinq-Mars hand-in-hand with his confessor. He lacked nothing even in outward bravery and splendour. For his attire was festal. He wore a suit of Dutch linen of dark buff colour trimmed with splendid gold lace, his hose were of green silk, and his trunks of white silk lace-trimmed. On his shoulders was a scarlet cloak, and in his hand a black hat with brim turned up in Spanish style. De Thou was in a mourning-suit. He had begun life as a man of *la robe noire*, and in solemn black he took his farewell of the world.

As they went down the steps of the law courts De Thou, seeing the hired coach which was to convey them to the scaffold, cried to Cinq-Mars in a spirit which recalls our own Sir Thomas More of blessed memory.

"What! monsieur, are they going to drive us in a coach, is that the way one goes to Paradise? I quite expected to be bound and dragged upon a tumbril. *Ces Messieurs* treat us with much courtesy in that they do not bind us and that they drive us in a coach."

Then, as he stepped in, he cried to two soldiers of the guard—

"Just look, my friends, how they are driving us to heaven in a coach!"

In the coach with the condemned drove their confessors and the two Jesuit lay-brothers in attendance.

Behind the coach followed on foot a man advanced in years, and of clumsy build, dressed like a bricklayer's labourer. This was the executioner, who, without experience, had been assigned the office for a fee in the absence of the official headsman of the city who was suffering from a broken leg.

As they went along, the condemned recited with their

confessors the Litany of Loretto, the *Miserere* and other prayers. From time to time they bowed most courteously to the crowds along the streets. Then they sought a last pardon from each other for any offence they might have given.

" Alas ! " cried Cinq-Mars to the humble question of De Thou, "*Hélas Monsieur,* it is I rather who have offended and it is of you that I desire forgiveness."

Then they embraced tenderly.

As they drew near to the *Place* Père Mambrun reminded De Thou that when he was on the scaffold he should seek to gain a Plenary Indulgence[1] by aid of prescribed devotions and a blest medal with which he had provided him. Cinq-Mars, hearing this, asked that, as he was to die the first, De Thou would lend him this medal which would be restored to him after his own execution. Then the friends argued as to which was first to die.

" I," said Cinq-Mars, " for I am the more guilty and was the first condemned."

" And I," replied De Thou, " for I am the older."

Then Père Malavalette interposed saying that M. de Thou as the older should cede to M. Cinq-Mars the privilege of being the first to suffer.

" You wish to show me the way to heavenly glory, Sir," rejoined De Thou.

" Ah ! " exclaimed Cinq-Mars, " I have led you to the precipice, but there ! let us take our plunge into death that we may rise to the life eternal."

And now the scaffold was in sight with the twelve hundred burgher guards who kept the way clear for the doomed. And De Thou with radiant face looked at it and clapped his hands.

Then Cinq-Mars got out of the coach with his head held high and a smiling face and De Thou remained behind. Then a sordid touch comes in for a guardsman of the City-Provost's would have taken away the cloak of the Grand

[1] The indulgence is a remission by the church of punishment due to sin, in the special sense of exemption, entire or partial, from Purgatory, *i.e.* the intermediate stage of suffering between the earthly and heavenly life.

Ecuyer saying it was his perquisite, but the confessor intervening questioned the *Sieur-Prévost* of the guardsman's right, and he replying that there was none, the Jesuit said that he would do with the cloak whatever Cinq-Mars desired. Then M. le Grand handed the scarlet garment to the Jesuit lay-brother bidding him take the gift and pray to God on his behalf.

Then sounded three blasts of the trumpet and upon them the criminal recorder of the city read from horseback near the scaffold the sentence of death which neither of the condemned could hear. While this was going on, the curtains of the coach were drawn so that the scaffold should be hidden from De Thou.

Cinq-Mars, bowing to all near at hand, went lightly up the ladder. But as his foot was on the second rung another mounted guardsman moved up behind him and took his hat off his head. M. le Grand turned sharply round and exclaimed, " Here ! leave my hat."

Again, the Provost intervened, indignant with the guardsman, and Cinq-Mars fixing his hat on again as best he could, went bravely upwards.

Then in that supreme moment, before the staring crowd, the training of the courtier stood him in good stead ; he would not give himself away before the multitude, but with a splendid air he took a turn round the scaffold, then bowed to all the spectators with a smile, and putting on his hat, fell into an attitude of easy grace and looked round upon the vast assemblage with an assured and fearless front. For, with all his faults, his follies, and his vanities the gentleman knows how to die.

Then the confessor whispered the final exhortations and gave the final absolution to the kneeling man who had now thrown his hat upon the scaffold. The lay-brother handed a crucifix which Cinq-Mars kissed devoutly on the feet.

Then he bowed his proud head to see how he should lay it on the block, and then asked whether he should take off his doublet, and being told that he should, he stood up and removed it, the Jesuit Father and lay-brother helping to unbutton it. His gloves he did not remove. Again he

tried the head-block and, as he stood up, the executioner came near with the scissors to cut his hair, but Cinq-Mars took them from his hands not suffering him to touch his person.

"Father, do me this last kindness, cut my hair," he begged, handing the scissors to the Jesuit, and the priest ordered the lay-brother to cut the hair. The executioner however, could not be kept at arms length forever and, coming up behind, he cut open the collar and drew it off. Then Cinq-Mars drew down the top of his shirt to bare his neck, and asking for the medals he uttered the Holy Name three times to gain the indulgence.

The headsman had not as yet withdrawn his knife from the dirty sack in which he carried it.

Cinq-Mars turned on him. "What are you doing there? What are you waiting for?" he queried.

Then he begged the priest, who had withdrawn towards the ladder, to pray, and the Jesuit knelt beside him uttering prayers and claiming them from all who stood around.

And at length the halting headsman drew forth from the vile sack the weapon, like a butcher's chopper and Cinq-Mars clasped the block with his arms and the blow fell. There was one cry, stifled with blood, the victim made one movement as though to rise from his knees and then fell back again. Then, to finish his clumsy work, the headsman, grasping the remaining locks of hair, cut through the wind-pipe and cast the head upon the scaffold from which it bounded to the earth, vibrant with reflexive energy, and with wide open eyes. The executioner then stripped the corpse, and the head, having been handed back upon the scaffold, was placed with the body, both being covered with a cloth.

Now, after this terrible waiting in the coach, came the turn of De Thou. He, least guilty of all the band, advanced to death with the radiant bearing of a saint and of a hero. Even the executioner shared in his final charity with all men for he embraced the ungainly form, and when the grim preliminaries were being carried out and the Jesuit had taken the scissors to hand them to the lay assistant, De

Thou took hold of them and returned them to the headsman, telling him in genial terms to do the work himself.

"Je le baise, cet homme-là, je le baise," he exclaimed, turning to his confessor. Then to the dealer of death :—

"Tien mon amy, fais ton deuoir, coupe moy mes cheueux."

"This the man began to do, but as he was heavy-handed, and awkward, the priest again took the scissors and the lay-brother finished the work.

"Pendant quoy—continues the eye witness—il regardoit d'un visage asseuré et riant ceux qui estoient les plus proches; et leuoit quelque fois amoureusement les yeux au ciel"—we refrain from exposing the emotion of these sentences in our colder English. . . .

It may be, as a priestly writer [1] has said that almost every man is a *poseur* even in the hour of death, but De Thou seems to slip out of the condemnation—for to those standing round he said :—

"I am a coward at the prospect of death, I tremble and my hair rises on my head at the very thought, and whatever firmness you may see in me give the honour to God for to die bravely wants resolution which I lack, but which heaven supplies."

He sought a handkerchief to bind his eyes, and several were stretched out to him by the by-standers, and taking one with signs of gratitude he had his eyes bandaged by the bungling headsman. The last prayers and pious acts were done, with his handkerchief the lay-brother wiped the block, still wet with the blood of Cinq-Mars, and De Thou laid down his head. The headsman struck an ineffective blow, the body fell and turned face upwards, and the executioner would have moved it to finish his work, but cries of obloquy resounded from the crowd, and he struck several blows then at the throat till the head was severed.

Then in the same hired coach were the two corpses carried to the monastery of the Feuillants, where that of Cinq-Mars was buried before the high altar, while that of De Thou was

[1] Father Faber.

embalmed and placed in a leaden coffin to be removed to his own family burying-place.

On the terrace of the Palace of St Germain Louis pulled out his watch as the fatal hour approached.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "before long M. le Grand will be having a bad time."

Marie de Gonzague, with sick horror and distress, had watched the course of the trial for she knew of her letters in the possession of the favourite, letters fatal to her fair fame as a woman, if not as a political conspirator. She turned then to the Cardinal's niece, of whom so many sought the intervention, and by her agency obtained the return of the dangerous missives which had been seized by the Cardinal's agents.

There remained still the Duc de Bouillon to be dealt with. Soissons had died in the field so that with Bouillon's arrest the conspiracy might be considered safely at an end. To arrest him was, however, a difficult enterprise for he was in command of the king's forces in Italy where hostilities on behalf of Savoy were then in course, and to arrest a popular commander in the camp might mean a military rebellion. So on a false pretence he was lured into Casal, a frontier town. Here he found himself trapped. Ignorant of the city he ran into the very hands of the royal troops who were on the look out in order to arrest him. Bouillon took refuge in a hay loft, but being there discovered he threatened to kill any man who touched him. The soldiers of the garrison who had been persuaded by some means that he meant to deliver Casal up to the enemy were eager for his blood, but the commanding officer restrained them, and at length contrived to take the duke prisoner. Like a conquered sovereign, he proceeded now to treat with Louis for a right to retain his fortified city of Sedan. Louis and Richelieu had no idea, however, of relinquishing that place so desirable from a strategic point of view, again into the hands of the rebel Bouillon. Then the Lord of Sedan, or the duchess his wife, sent his sister the Demoiselle de Bouillon, a woman of great prestige and persuasive power, to negotiate with the king. But on her way Mademoiselle de

Bouillon heard of the execution of Cinq-Mars and of De Thou. The dreadful lesson of the bloody head was not wasted on her. She gave up all pretensions on her brother's behalf towards Sedan, and now merely craved his life at the king's hands. And this was granted. Thus was the last attempt of the treacherous Gaston against his brother's realm brought to an end.

CHAPTER XXII

THE COURT IN MOURNING

THE years 1642 and 1643 saw the deaths of the three principal performers in the Court history of Louis XIII. The exiled Marie de Médicis, Richelieu, and the king himself, passed from the scene.

While Richelieu had been grappling with the Spanish plot, and the treason of Gaston and Cinq-Mars, death had carried off the first of the three in the person of the queen-mother. For eleven years she had moved from one country to another, a miserable wanderer. On account of the unwillingness of rulers to harbour her, she had passed from Flanders to the English Court a dangerous guest; when civil trouble began to overwhelm her son-in-law, Charles I., she went over to Holland, where her insolence to his consort roused the resentment of her host the Prince of Orange. Backed by her daughter Christine, then sovereign-consort of Savoy, and by other well-wishers, she sought for re-admission to France, but was refused. If, said Louis, she would retire to her native Duchy of Tuscany, he would be prepared to renew amicable relations, but this proposal the angry old woman resentfully rejected.

At length, in disgrace and banishment, an object of pity by reason of her own unwisdom, as well as by misfortune in general, and a blister in the side of half the ruling powers, she, the "mother-in-law of Europe, who had given queens to Spain and England, a sovereign to Savoy and a king to France"—as says Madame de Motteville—died in July 1642, at Cologne, where Rubens had, for a time at any rate, given her shelter, within the year which saw the death of her quondam friend and long-time enemy, Cardinal Richelieu

She left a will desiring that her property in Paris, which was held forfeit to the Crown, should be sold to pay various legacies and requesting that her body might repose at St Denys beside that of her husband. The faithful Cathérine (Selvaggio) was one of the legatees—she was with her mistress till the end. The news of the death reached Richelieu at Tarascon during the Cinq-Mars troubles, and he ordered a splendid requiem. During the last years of the queen-mother's life, when she had felt the need of money, she had written to ask the intercession of the Duchesse d'Aiguillon. This woman, maligned by the coarse voices of the street, was always ready for mercy. She forgot the insults offered her in 1630 and represented to her uncle the queen-mother's sore condition. Richelieu, on her representation, ordered that a substantial sum of money should be sent to the exiled dowager. In the following year, 1643, after Richelieu's death, the body was brought to France and interred among the royal dead at St Denys. "Marie ne peut-être Marie sans amertume," said her champion Matthieu Morgues in the funeral sermon.

The Corporation of Paris voted a sum of money from the receipts of the *octroi* for civic mourning for the queen-mother. The austerity of court-mourning is implied in the account given by La Grande Mademoiselle, then a girl of sixteen, who had to seclude herself in a room draped with black. She tells us rather bitterly in her retrospect that she needed no precautions to ward off visitors. "As always happens, none sought out the sorrowing." Whether diplomatic circles received such treatment in France as, on occasion in England, does not appear. At the funeral of Henry, Prince of Wales, in 1612, we find, for instance, that there was an order on the Master of the Wardrobe for black cloth for Beaumont, the French ambassador.

"For Monsieur Bowmont [and others] Nyne yardes apeece."

Purple was the colour of the royal clothing when mourning for the sovereign or kindred of the blood royal. For complimentary mourning we find Louis XIII. putting on a black suit when visiting a bereaved courtier.

The exigencies of State in the matter of their Regency would have prevented Marie de Médicis and Anne of Austria from observing the extreme seclusion which was inflicted upon high-born widowhood in general. In darkened chambers the bereaved were expected to seclude themselves for months and even years. Even for "widows indeed" this must have been depressing. Certainly some cut the matter short. The Duchesse de Luynes soon cast her weeds to become Duchesse de Chevreuse. A coif, having a point on the forehead such as survives in certain religious orders of the Catholic Church, was worn by these desolate ladies; the veil which fell behind, also continued their resemblance to the nun. Pearls were at first the only permissible gem. Colours, if ever they were again assumed, must exclude green. Marie de Médicis retained the full gloom of her condition even at her son's wedding, though her maids of honour were in cloth-of-gold. Anne is said to have adopted grey during after years.

The anniversary masses of requiem for preceding sovereigns were duly carried out at the French Court. "Dauphins did not however, attend these ceremonies."

Marie de Médicis had passed out of the court scene eleven years before her end in 1642. A much greater life than hers was drawing to its close in the same year.

Always wearing himself to the utmost, fragile physically, for the mighty brain preyed upon the rest of him, Richelieu, the great state-engine, had come to the hour of pause. He had been so ill while on the provincial journey to Narbonne and Lyons that he and Louis, who was also in bad health, had to confer from their sick beds placed side by side. A portable room, fitted with a bed and other furniture and borne by his guards, who declined to depute the duty to others, conveyed the dying Cardinal about the country. Where water-ways were available he journeyed by them. The room in question was introduced into houses en route for nightly sojourn. A gangway was placed upon wagons and by this means, where feasible, the *chambre portative* was passed into the upper storey. Where ordinary ingress was impossible an opening was made in the house-wall to admit

the portable chamber. In extremity within it lay the magnificent minister. His establishment had long outvied the king's. His retinue was more gorgeous, his musicians even were in greater force. Louis was moved to carp at this outshining of himself. The cynic pacified the peevish sovereign once more. His palace should become the king's, and he made a will to that effect. His own heirs were to have the ancestral possessions. The ducal title, which he had held since 1632, was by special remainder to descend to his nephew, son of the elder of his sisters. For the guidance of this young man the great organiser had already drawn up schemes regulating every item of expenditure in his establishment. His niece Claire de Brézé (she who had danced in Mademoiselle's ballet) was married in 1641 to the young Duc d'Enghien, heir to the Prince de Condé, and afterwards known as "Le Grand Condé." Enghien did not desire the match, but it would seem that none could disdain alliance with the potentate's family. Claire, an awkward schoolgirl, happier in playing with her dolls than in Court pageant, could do little to better the state of things. She was packed off to school after the marriage to get a little education in a nunnery.

With varied feeling France waited for the end. "Daily," says Malherbe, "I awaited the voice that should declare 'Great Pan is dead.'"

One chief support had been removed by death from Richelieu's intimate surrounding. Father Joseph was gone. His quasipaternal, quasi-hero-worshipping companionship was removed. He could utter familiarities equalled by none. It was he who urged Richelieu to conquer his nervousness and to drive forth through Paris when popular feeling was temporarily most strained.. "Didn't I tell you you were only a frightened hen (*une poule mouillee*)?" he exclaimed upon the Cardinal's return from the progress, which had been an impressive one.

On St Andrew's Eve, November 29, acute illness which seems to have been pneumonia, set in. On December 2, the last Sacraments were administered by the curé of St Eustache, the same parish church in which Armand Jean du

Plessis had been baptized. The dying Cardinal's fervent piety is pictured in moving terms by a sympathetic eye-witness. Others there were who held their breath before a firmness which seemed to them presumption. If, in humility, he deprecated his own agency in conveying the blessing of the Most High to the Jesuits in the death chamber, who sought it from his hand for their community, did he not on the other hand face the great unknown of eternity with little of repentant awe for the torrents of blood which had flowed at his bidding?

"Does your Eminence pardon your enemies?" probed a priest assisting in the final preparations for the death transit.

"I have no enemies but those of the State," replied the dying voice with untottering conviction.

Monsieur sent respectful inquiries to the dying minister. Louis XIII. visited the master, unloved yet indispensable, who had established him firmly upon the pedestal of monarchy after so many passages of treason and rebellion. The king himself handed to the dying Cardinal the yolks of eggs which gave a little sustenance to the ebbing life. Near at hand waited the devoted niece who had been perhaps the one feminine solace of his later years. To her he had commended the heirs who were to carry on the family honours and his own nobility. He had, for their sake, conjured her to remain in the world, not even when he was gone carrying out her inspirations towards the life of the cloister. Unclean tongues had associated her with him as the mistress, one of the varied assortment which had been tacked on to the stern disciplinarian by the unfettered clatter of the *on dit*. Yet when he was to be for ever removed from her he thought of her as the desired agent for the great work of seeing to the lustre of the family and guarding the orphan members of it in the days when his own finger should be set in the ineptitude of death. Is there here the trace of a quasi-incestuous association? . . . Perception is at fault in grasping it.

The regular medical attendants had come to the end of their resources. Then occurred one of those feats of

quackery which so often give us pause. For some rank outsider, apparently with Richelieu's approbation, administered a pill or two which gave a fillip of energy to the dying fire of being, and for a moment the affectionate rejoiced and the enemy drew down his lip at a report of amendment. The spark was dimmed in short time. On Thursday, December 4, the end came. Tears and prayers strove together in the death-chamber, where the confessor and the monk, who attended to the more intimate devotions, held the dying hand and received its pressure of consent when the voice could no longer utter protestations of faith and piety.

Père Léon, the monk, uttered the final commendation of the soul, and with a great soft sigh the mighty spirit breathed itself out without a struggle. The unwavering flame of the taper held to the speechless lips told that breathing was at an end. The monk closed the unseeing eyes, and turning to the clergy and seigneurs standing round said the words which also are uttered before the newly elected Roman Pontiff, *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

"Messieurs," said the voice of the Father, "thus passes the glory of this world; you have lost the best of earthly masters; pray God for grace to imitate him, not in the greatness of his state during his life, but in the example of his death."

Thus at fifty-eight years of age died the Cardinal Duc de Richelieu *qui devoit vivre des siècles entiers.*

The Paris crowd thronged the Palais Cardinal during the four days of the lying-in-state.

The great power of the century had passed away, for if the mantle fell on Mazarin it was on a smaller being. The sphinx-like and ruthless force was removed. It had worked for the end it set out to accomplish with a strength unflinching in the main, though strangely streaked with moments of pusillanimity, the physical treacheries of a highly strung temperament. It had mastered the character and constitution of the sovereign, and steered amid a thousand quicksands. It had failed on the other hand, for the great intellect had read sometimes into the doings of the well-designing

trickery, which he had been over alert in combatting. In its turn, the smaller intellect had failed to apprehend the power of the man whose cold judicial steel scared the vision.

Richelieu had had the perpetual harassment of dealing with the unhappy degenerate nominally sovereign of France. His work was not in focus for the judgment of contemporaries. his time had been short to regulate the internal disorders of France, and he had left one force to wreak destruction in the future on the public equilibrium. For Richelieu, who had spent himself upon his *idée fixe* of subordinating the nobles to the sovereign, had left untackled that Third Estate which had raised its head so ominously at the Etats of 1614. He had, it is true, "abaissé les grands," but a terrible power was to strike, not at the monarchy alone, but at the whole of law and order in the realm. The rumblings of La Fronde were to be the precursor of the cataclysm of *La Terreur* which burst one hundred and fifty years after the reign of Louis XIII. upon the royal house of France. Richelieu had broken one insurgent power, but the other, far more direful, was to prevail. The follies and voluptuousness of two reigns were to be avenged upon the innocent ignorance of Louis, the sixteenth of the name. "*Les Grands*" were a baleful force, but the Tiers Etat was to furnish a yet more destructive: for than that of the Mob there is no Tyranny more fearful.

The gossips credited the dead statesman with a variety of amours. Probably curiosity for experiences of all sorts may have led the universalist into some passing adventures of the kind. It seems likely that the tales should be largely discounted. Great men are not exempt from these streaks of licence, but their exploits are often piled unduly high by the stupid cackle of the *on dit.* He left, perhaps, irregular offspring. Chavigny the putative son of Bouthillier, the minister of the Exchequer, was accredited to the Cardinal by an intrigue with Bouthillier's wife in Richelieu's early career.

Some changes followed on the death. Gaston returned from his seclusion at Blois, and several political prisoners were released from the Bastille, Bassompierre among them.

De Jars had been released in 1638 at the instance of the King and Queen of England.

The quondam favourites, Baradas and the Duc de St Simon, also found their way back, *mais sans faveur.*

How Louis would have conducted the affairs of the state, bereft of the all-powerful hand of the virtual ruler remains for ever a matter for speculation, for his time was short.

In five months he too passed from the kingdom which he had governed, nominally, at least, for twenty-six years of his life. In the years before the Coup d'Etat he had not had even the semblance of authority.

It is from a faithful servant, the valet Dubois, that we have the description, exact and touching, of his royal master's final illness and death, at the Château of St Germain-en-Laye. Here again, we cannot do better than reproduce his words in English.

"It was on Saturday, February 21, 1643, that the king fell ill with a protracted and fatal malady . . . which yet seemed to offer some hope of recovery; and as an instance of this, on April 1, the king got up and was out of bed nearly the whole day, busily painting some caricatures, a common amusement of his. On the third, he took a short turn in the gallery, and this was the last walk His Majesty ever took. After that he would get up occasionally but did not dress, and continued ill and becoming weaker until Sunday, April 19. [After some talk with his physicians] "I see clearly," said the king, "that I am going to die. I thought so this morning and asked Monsieur de Méaux [chief almoner] and my confessor for the last sacraments, which they have deferred until now."

All shed tears at the touching words in which the king went on to speak of his coming end. Louis had made the Queen's Closet into a bedroom, and he now bade his attendants open the windows that he might look out upon his final abode. There was a beautiful view, and from there too could be seen St Denis, the burial-place of the kings of France. "This was the abode which was in his mind and in our own also." [We hear, too, how, remembering certain

difficult parts of the road, he gave instructions regarding them for the day of the transport of his remains.]

Pious reading took place between the intervals of exhausted slumber.

La Grande Mademoiselle tells of the *De Profundis* which he composed for use upon his decease.

On April 20 the king accomplished the most solemn and important act of State concern in appointing Anne of Austria regent. Up to the death of Richelieu, and even beyond, there had been much uncertainty among the queen's adherents as to the chances of her appointment. It was on account of his action in representing to the king the propriety of considering the matter and giving directions regarding the queen's regency that Père Sirmond had received his dismissal from his office as confessor. True, the king had no reason to trust his brother nor his cousin Condé, who had made his reign so full of public and domestic harassment. So at length a compromise was arrived at which should, as far as might be, balance the fortunes of the future.

The royal persons and all the principal courtiers were assembled in the death-chamber, and the bed-curtains, by the king's command, were drawn asunder.

"With a cheerful and contented countenance" the king decreed the regency and appointed Monsieur, the Prince de Condé, and Cardinal Mazarin as a Council to act in concert with the queen. La Vrillière, a Secretary of State, read the act aloud, and both the queen and the rest were moved to tears by the king's speech on the subject. "The king, who had that day some colour in his face, showed by his pleased and calm expression that he had no fear of death."

Next day, the more serious symptoms were present in force. While the valet was arranging the bed-covering the king took note of his person. "After looking at himself for a time he said, raising his eyes to heaven, 'Good God, I *am* thin!' Indeed he could not have been thinner for he was but skin and bone; his knees alone seemed a little enlargement in his lower limbs; . . . the rest appeared a skeleton.

"On this same day the Dauphin was baptized in the chapel of the old Château of St Germain, about five o'clock in the afternoon; his godfather being Cardinal Mazarin, and his godmother Madame la Princesse de Condé. He received the name of Louis. All took place in the queen's presence, but without any display or magnificence on account of the king's illness."

The valet attended the baptism, and returning early to the sick room was questioned by the king as to how it had gone off, "which I had the honour of relating. Soon after came the queen, the cardinal and the court, who told the king about the good behaviour of the Dauphin and of other matters."

Dubois subsequently contradicted the current story of the Dauphin's behaviour. When returning to his father after the ceremony the king asked him what his name now was.

"Louis XIV.," answered the young prince. "No, my son, not yet," responded the dying sovereign.

[The cruel tongues could not spare even the hours of death.]

"On the 22nd the king was so ill that the physicians thought it advisable he should receive the Holy Communion; the queen was notified of this so that she might be present and might bring Messeigneurs, her children, to receive the king's blessing. . . . It was a cold and stormy day. . . . So great was the crowd as to cause *une grande confusion*." Dubois awaited the queen at the door of the guardroom.

"The two lords-in-waiting who were there took, one, Monsieur le Dauphin, the other, Monsieur d'Anjou, and forced themselves through the crowd, and so it came to pass that the queen was left alone in her coach with Madame de la Flotte [her lady-in-waiting]. Her Majesty called out, 'Is there no one to help me? Am I to be left alone?' I, who was not bold enough to offer her my hand, pushed into the crowd and managed to bring her *chevalier d'honneur* to her, who escorted her through the King's Closet where the crowd had not penetrated. Reaching the king's bed-chamber, she knelt by the head of his bed weeping, and remained for a long time in private talk

with him, the king evidently addressing her in terms of deep affection."

The little Duc d'Anjou was crying bitterly at being parted from his nurse, who had been unable to get through the crowd. The Duchesse de Vendôme, who held him, handed him over to Dubois, who carried him into the King's Closet and diverted him with the fictitious tale of a toy horse made of gold and diamonds which the king had for him, "*tellement que grace à Dieu je l'appaisai fort bien.*"

The sacred ceremony being accomplished, the children received their father's blessing, and the general company then retired.

"On Thursday, April 23, Louis received Extreme Unction, making the responses to all the prayers and litanies; and when they came to the anointing with the holy oils—'I,' says Dubois, 'with one of my assistants, was nearest to the foot of the bed, and it was my office to uncover his feet.'"[1]

After the solemn and peace-giving ministrations of these days it is harrowing to read that, on the following day, the unhappy king was being pursued with doses of physic. He refused to take a dose of rhubarb, in spite of the prayers of his brother and Condé, and of the cabinet ministers who were present, *ce qui faisoit désespérer tout le monde de sa santé.* Some melted jelly was given him, and pillows stuffed with oat chaff for coolness were placed under his head. He was so much restored in the afternoon that he ordered M. de Niert, the chief valet of the wardrobe, to get his lute, to which he himself sang hymns, and he also ordered a quartette of singers (Sair, Martin, Campfort and Fordenant) to sing part-music composed by himself to M. Godeau's (Antoine Godeau, bishop of Grasse) paraphrase of the Psalms. The king even joined Maréchal de Schomberg in singing the bass.

[1] The priest administering the Sacramemt of Extreme Unction anoints the eyes, ears, mouth, and nostrils, and the hands and feet of the dying, saying with each action, "May the Almighty pardon thee whatever sins thou hast committed by . . ." (the misuse of the respective bodily faculties).

It was the hour of the queen's daily visit, and she was surprised and delighted to hear the music and to see the king so much better.

When those who were present said to the king that he was cured, he replied in quite a loud voice that if it were God's will to restore him to this world it must be to grant him the grace of giving peace to Europe. Vincent de Paul, whom Anne already regarded as a saint, was among those present.

The improvement was fleeting, and on May 7 the king was again very ill and longing for death. The queen ordered a room to be prepared for herself in the new château, and remained very late in the king's chamber.

On the 9th, after a bad day, the king sank into a restful sleep from which, however, the medical attendants insisted on awaking him, fearing that he would pass away from weakness if he took no nourishment.

He spoke peevishly to his chief physician, saying many things *que je laisse au bout de la plume* (says the discreet Dubois). "Is it that you want to see whether I am afraid to die," went on the irritated patient.

On the afternoon of Sunday, 10th, the Dauphin and little Philippe came to visit him. The curtains of the bed were drawn back, and the king lay sleeping with open mouth and distorted eyeballs—an indication of approaching death. "Look carefully at the king as he sleeps and see how he looks, so that you may remember it when you grow up," and the little princes did look carefully.

Then with the astonishing, yet common coarseness with which the young are treated even to this day, the king's usher who had charge of the Dauphin asked him, "Monseigneur, wouldn't you like very much to be king?"

The Dauphin answered, "No."

"But if your papa should die?"

The child answered with his eyes full of tears.

"If my papa were to die I should throw myself into the moat."

Which reply startled the hearers by its desperation. The princes' *gouvernante*, Madame de Lanzac, interposed.

"Don't let us talk to him about it; he has said that twice already. If this calamity befalls we must take great care of him, though he never goes out as it is without being held by his leading-strings."

At six that evening the king started suddenly out of his sleep, and speaking to the Prince de Condé, who was in the space between the bed and the wall (la ruelle), he said; "I was dreaming that your son, the Duc d'Enghien, had engaged the enemy, that the fighting was fierce and persistent, and that victory hung long in the balance, but that after a severe struggle it remained with our forces who achieved the mastery of the field of battle."

This, says the narrator, was a prophecy of the victory of Rocroy which was taking place at the same time when these words were heard from the king's lips. It would, however, appear that the battle of Rocroy was won on May 19, after the death of Louis XIII.

At about ten o'clock the king was seized with coldness which the physicians believed to be the chills of death, and the queen would have passed the whole night in the sick-room had not Monsieur de Souvré persuaded her to leave at 2. A.M., when the faithful valet lighted her to her room which was close at hand. From her sleeping-chamber Anne sent Mademoiselle Filandre, a woman of the bed-chamber, to inquire how the king was going on. Louis was awake, and himself gave her a message for the queen.

The succeeding days were of increasing weakness. On the evening of the 12th, the Holy Communion was given as Viaticum, in the belief that death was imminent, and the queen remained till 3 A.M., while the gentlemen, the Duc de Beaufort and Monsieur de Souvré, stayed all night, taking rest on a mattress.

On Wednesday, 13, the king could take no nourishment. He wished to die on Friday which he said had always been a great day in his life.

The queen did not move from the bedside in spite of the distressing accompaniments of the illness and the details of attendance which the king constantly required. "But her endurance and her affection for the king were so great that

she gave no token of observing anything, although she was one of the most scrupulously particular persons that ever existed. The king, who was also very cleanly, begged her not to stay so near him."

Early in the morning of the 14th the king asked for Mass to be said, and this was done in the presence of a very small company. Afterwards, as the king's confessor was reading to him, Louis ordered him to go and get something to eat while he could, as there would be many things for him to attend to later.

When the doctors told him that they thought it impossible for him to live through the day he spoke with happy relief, and then bade a tender farewell to his wife and children. Anne wept bitterly. She had always been ready with affection for the peevish boy and the strange moody husband, and what she had suffered had passed from her mind, for Death wipes out recollection.

Amidst a crowd of prelates and courtiers weeping and praying, the king entered upon the death-agony, the queen overwhelmed with grief, being led away by Monsieur and Condé.

At a quarter to three on this day, Thursday, May 14, which was Ascension Day, Louis XIII. breathed his last sigh, on the anniversary of his accession, having reigned thirty-three years, almost to the hour.

The dead body was reverently disposed by the valet and his assistants. The hands were clasped upon a little crucifix of ebony and copper finely wrought, which Mademoiselle de Filandre had lent for the purpose.

An elaborate autopsy took place next day, the details of which may be passed over. The disease which caused death, as diagnosed by modern authorities, was tuberculosis of the digestive tract with acute tubercular peritonitis, while internal parasites were present.[1]

The heart was sealed up in lead while a golden casket was being prepared in which to hand it over to the Jesuits, and the eviscerated trunk was carefully embalmed and with

[1] The details of the autopsy may be studied in the account of the valet Dubois and in the works of M. Paul Guillon and Dr Cabanès.

such success that it was found in very good preservation when the coffin was opened in 1793 during the Terror.

In the state bed in which the king had died, his corpse was now disposed for the lying-in-state. Hangings of crimson with gold lace draped the couch, and tapestry the death chamber.

The bed was placed on a high platform on which were erected temporary altars and seats for the clergy. Masses of Requiem, high and low, were intoned at intervals, and monks prayed incessantly, in detachments, being relieved every two hours. Two Scotsmen of the Archer-Guards stood at the head, while heralds wearing mourning beneath their tabards kept guard at the foot.

Even here was strife for precedence, the bishops disputing as to their places in the seats placed on each side of the dead. The contention was referred to the widowed queen, who said that the Bishop of Méaux, who was High Almoner, should take the principal seat *comme pasteur* (as bishop of the diocese ?), this being a special occasion and affording no precedent for general usage.

With the history of Anne's regency we have not to deal. She with the young king, now Louis XIV., had removed after the death of Louis XIII. to the new Palace of St Germain.

On the 19th of the month the last journey was taken. To St Denys the dead king went in all the state of royal obsequies. Thither had gone his murdered father, Henri IV., and his mother, Marie de Médicis. There also in the Chapel of the Valois lay, with her father and mother, Henri II. and Catherine de Médicis, the ex-queen Marguérite. First placed in the private chapel of her house in Paris, the corpse had, in 1616, been removed to St Denys with no more escort than two of the royal body-guard. Such scant ceremony had indeed caused the monks of the Abbey to fear a trick, and they had demurred at first at receiving the coffin.

Now Louis XIII. in his turn passed in the final progress. The coffin, covered with a pall of black velvet which swept the ground and which bore a white cross and escutcheons

charged with the arms of France, was borne upon a gun-carriage drawn by six black horses with the white cross upon their housings. A great crowd of nobility followed. St Simon and Schomberg are familiar names—others are stranger to us. The curé and almost all the parishioners of the village of St Germain joined the procession, and as the cortège passed through other parishes on its way, the inhabitants fell into the ranks, sprinkling the coffin with holy water and praying for the repose of the soul of the deceased monarch.

A large detachment of guards had gone on ahead to await the body near the Abbey. Other detachments of musketeers and guardsmen escorted the coffin with great drum silent and soundless trumpets. In carriages came the ecclesiastical dignitaries and on horseback the Royal Household to the number of three hundred persons. The king's state coach carried the First Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber together with the Bishop of Méaux and Père Dinet, S.J., the late king's confessor.

Le Breton, King-at-Arms, with six tabarded heralds, all mounted, came just before the gun-carriage, which was surrounded by the *Gardes de la Manche* and followed by the Premier Ecuyer (St Simon) and a crowd of royal pages and footmen. A great body of horsemen brought up the procession ; all persons carried tapers or torches, and as night fell these were lighted. At St Denys, every house was lighted up with lamp or torch. Here, the body was confided to the monks of the Royal Abbey.

The *De Profundis* had been chanted as the procession started (we have heard how Louis XIII. is said to have composed the music for it on his death-bed). The monks now uttered the customary commendations of the soul and thrice censed the coffin, walking round it according to funeral regulation. Then was observed the ancient form of asking the chief prelate who accompanied the corpse whether this was indeed the body of the deceased sovereign. And when the Bishop of Méaux had answered that this was indeed the body of Louis XIII., the monks prepared to convey the remains into the church. The Scots Guards bore the coffin from the gun-carriage on to the trestles placed in the Abbey.

Here all was sable draped and lighted with tapers in profusion. "All took their places without rank or seat." Arrogance was quelled before Death, the arch-leveller. Vespers of the Dead were then chanted. It was then between ten o'clock and midnight. On the following day a solemn mass of requiem was chanted, after which alms were distributed to ten thousand poor persons. In all the religious houses at the same hour were offered masses for the repose of the soul of the dead king, and these were daily said until June 22nd, when the coffin was interred in the royal burying-place of the Bourbons. The viscera in their sealed leaden vessel were bequeathed by the king's wish to Notre Dame in Paris, and had to be returned from St Denys, where they had been taken by a mistake. The heart was deposited in the church Louis XIII. had built for the Jesuits in the Rue St Antoine.

Corneille, who had never forgiven Richelieu for adverse criticism on *Le Cid*, composed the following sonnet on the death of Louis XIII., which he would read privately to his intimates, but which was not published till after his death, we are told by Père Griffet, S.J., the historian of this reign.

"It is thought," says the Jesuit Father, "that the reader will not be ill-pleased to find it here."

EPITAPHE DE LOUIS XIII.

SONNET

Sous ce marbre repose un monarque François
Que ne sauroit l'envie accuser d'aucun vice,
Il fut et le plus juste et le meilleur des rois ;
Son règne fut pourtant celui de l'injustice.
Sage en tout, il ne fit jamais qu'un mauvais choix,
Dont longtemps nous et lui portâmes le supplice,
L'orgueil, l'ambition, l'intérêt, l'avarice,
Revêtus de son nom, nous donnèrent des loix.
Vainqueur de toutes parts, esclave dans sa cour,
Son tyran et le nôtre, a peine sort de jour,
Que dans la tombe même, il l'oblige à le suivre,
Jamais pareils malheurs furent-ils entendus.
Après trente et trois ans sur le throne perdus,
Commençant de regner, il a cessé de vivre.

We turn to the happier memorial upon the resting-place of the heart of Louis XIII., a monument erected by his widow in the Jesuit Church which the king had built for the Society in the Rue St Antoine.

Here, near the high altar, two colossal angels bore up the urn which contained the heart, and which was surmounted by a crown of silver-gilt, and there we read among other obituary sayings—

> "Cor, angelorum hic in manibus,
> In cœlo in manu Dei." [1]

And with this final picture we will quit the series we have painted, as best we may, of the Court of Louis XIII.

[1] "Here rests his heart in angel hands,
In Heaven in the hand of God."

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