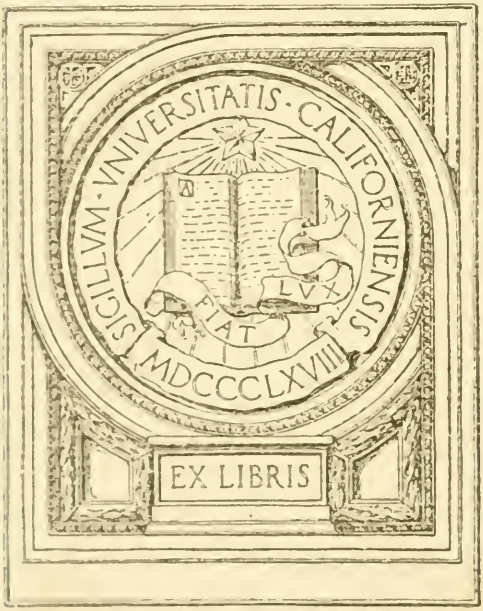

MEMOIRS
OF
COUNT GRAMMONT.

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LE COMTE ANTOINE HAMILTON.

Memoirs

OF

Count Grammont

BY

ANTHONY HAMILTON

A NEW EDITION

EDITED, WITH NOTES, BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

WITH SIXTY-FOUR PORTRAITS ENGRAVED BY EDWARD SCRIVEN

IN TWO VOLUMES

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LIST OF PORTRAITS.

VOL. I.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

ANTHONY HAMILTON.

OF Anthony Hamilton, the celebrated author of the Grammont * Memoirs, much cannot now be with certainty known. The accounts prefixed to the different editions of his works, down to the year 1805, are very imperfect; in that year a new, and, in general, far better edition than any of the preceding ones, was published in Paris, to which a sketch of his life was also added; but it contains rather just criticisms on his works, than any very novel or satisfactory anecdote concerning himself. It is not pretended here to gratify literary curiosity as fully as it ought to be, with regard to this singular and very ingenious man; some effort, however, may be made to communicate a few more particulars relative to him, than the public has hitherto, perhaps, been acquainted with.

Anthony Hamilton was of the noble family of that name:

* For uniformity's sake the writer of this sketch has followed the Memoirs in the spelling of this name; but he thinks it necessary to observe that it should be Gramont, not Grammont.

Sir George Hamilton, his father, was a younger son of James, Earl of Abercorn, a native of Scotland. His mother was daughter of Lord Thurles, and sister to James, the first Duke of Ormond; his family and connections therefore, on the maternal side, were entirely Irish. He was, as well as his brothers and sisters, born in Ireland, it is generally said, about the year 1646; but there is some reason to imagine that it was three or four years earlier. The place of his birth, according to the best family accounts, was Roscrea, in the county of Tipperary, the usual residence of his father when not engaged by military or public business.* It has been always said, that the family migrated to France when Anthony was an infant; but this is not the fact: "Sir George Hamilton," says Carte, "would have accompanied his brother-in-law, the Marquis of Ormond, to France, in December, 1650: but, as he was receiver-general in Ireland, he stayed to pass his accounts, which he did to the satisfaction of all parties, notwithstanding much clamour had been raised against him." When that business was settled, he, in the spring of 1651, took Lady Hamilton and all his family to France, and resided with Lord and Lady Ormond, near Caen, in Normandy,† in great poverty and distress, till the Marchioness of Ormond, a lady whose mind was as exalted as her birth, went over to England, and, after much solicita-

* In September, 1646, Owen O'Neale took Roscrea, and, as Carte says, "put man, woman, and child to the sword, except *Sir George Hamilton's lady*, sister to the Marquis of Ormond, and some few gentlewomen whom he kept prisoners." No family suffered more in those disastrous times than the house of Ormond. Lady Hamilton died in August, 1680, as appears from an interesting and affecting letter of her brother, the Duke of Ormond, dated Carrick, August 25th. He had lost his noble son, Lord Ossory, not three weeks before.

† Hence possibly Voltaire's mistake in stating that Hamilton was born at Caen, in his *Catalogue des Ecrivains du Siècle de Louis XIV.*

tion, obtained two thousand pounds a-year from her own and her husband's different estates in Ireland. This favour was granted her by Cromwell, who always professed the greatest respect for her. The Marchioness resided in Ireland, with the younger part of her family, from 1655 till after the Restoration; while the Marquis of Ormond continued for a considerable part of that period with his two sisters, Lady Clancarty and Lady Hamilton, at the Feuillatines, in the Faubourg St. Jacques, in Paris.

It appears from a letter of the Marquis to Sir Robert Southwell, that, although he himself was educated in the Protestant religion, not only his father and mother, but all his brothers and sisters, were bred, and always continued, Roman Catholics. Sir George Hamilton also, according to Carte,* was a Roman Catholic; Anthony, therefore, was bred in the religion of his family, and conscientiously adhered to it through life. He entered early into the army of Louis XIV., as did his brothers George, Richard, and John, the former of whom introduced the company of English gens d'armes into France, in 1667, according to Le Père Daniel, author of the History of the French Army, who adds the following short account of its establishment: Charles II., being restored to his throne, brought over to England several catholic officers and soldiers, who had served abroad with him and his brother, the Duke of York, and incorporated them with his guards; but the parliament having obliged him to dismiss all officers who were Catholics, the king permitted George Hamilton to take such as were willing to accompany him to France, where Louis XIV. formed

* That historian states that the king (Charles I.) deprived several *papists* of their military commissions, and, among others, Sir George Hamilton, who, notwithstanding, served him with loyalty and unvarying fidelity.

them into a company of gens d'armes, and being highly pleased with them, became himself their captain, and made George Hamilton their captain-lieutenant.* Whether Anthony belonged to this corps I know not; but this is certain, that he distinguished himself particularly in his profession, and was advanced to considerable posts in the French service.†

Anthony Hamilton's residence was now almost constantly in France. Some years previous to this he had been much in England, and, towards the close of Charles II.'s reign, in Ireland, where so many of his connections remained.‡ When James II. succeeded to the throne, the door being then opened to the Roman Catholics, he entered into the Irish army, where we find him, in 1686, a lieutenant-colonel in Sir Thomas Newcomen's regiment. That he did not immediately hold a higher rank there, may perhaps be attributed to the recent accession of the king, his general absence from Ireland, the advanced age of his uncle, the Duke of Ormond, and, more than all, perhaps, to his Grace's early disapprobation of James's conduct in Ireland, which displayed itself more fully afterwards, especially in the ecclesiastical promotions.

Henry, Earl of Clarendon, son to the lord-chancellor, was at that time lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and appears, notwithstanding his general distrust and dislike of the Catholics, to have held Anthony Hamilton in much estimation: he speaks of his knowledge of, and constant attention to, the duties of

* They were composed of English, Scotch, and Irish.

† It is not to be forgotten that, at this time, John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, served under Marshal Turenne, in the same army.

‡ Hamilton had three sisters: the Countess of Grammont; another married to Matthew Forde, Esq., of the county of Wexford; and another to Sir Donogh O'Brien, ancestor to the present Sir Edward O'Brien,—a branch of the Thomond family.

his profession; his probity, and the dependance that was to be placed on him, in preference to others of the same religious persuasion, and, in October, 1686, wrote to the Earl of Sunderland respecting him, as follows: "I have only this one thing more to trouble your lordship with at present, concerning Colonel Anthony Hamilton, to get him a commission to command as colonel, though he is but lieutenant-colonel to Sir Thomas Newcomen, in regard of the commands *he has had abroad:* and I am told it is often done in France, which makes me hope it will not be counted an unreasonable request. I would likewise humbly recommend to make Colonel Anthony Hamilton a privy-councillor here."* Lord Clarendon's recommendations were ultimately successful: Hamilton was made a privy-councillor in Ireland, and had a pension of £200 a year on the Irish establishment; and was appointed governor of Limerick, in the room of Sir William King, notwithstanding he had strongly opposed the new-modelling of the army by the furious Tyrconnel. In the brief accounts which have been given of his life, it is said that he had a regiment of infantry; but, though this is very probable, there is no mention whatever of his commanding a regiment in the lists published of King James's army, which are supposed to be very accurate: he is indeed set down among the general officers. Lord Clarendon, in one of his letters to the lord-treasurer, states, "That the news of the day was, that Colonel Russell was to be lieutenant-colonel to the Duke of Ormond's regiment, and that Colonel Anthony Hamilton was to have Russell's regiment, and that Mr. Luttrell was to be lieutenant-colonel to Sir Thomas Newcomen, in the place of Anthony Hamilton."†

It is not known whether Anthony was present at the battle

* Chapel-Izod, July 11, 1686.

† Dublin Castle, October 23, 1686.

of the Boyne, or of Aughrim: his brother John was killed at the latter; and Richard, who was a lieutenant-general, led on the cavalry with uncommon gallantry and spirit at the Boyne: it is to be wished that his candour and integrity had equalled his courage; but he acted with great duplicity; and King William's contemptuous echoing back his word to him, when he declared something on *his honour*, is well known.* He is frequently mentioned by Lord Clarendon, but by no means with the same approbation as his brother. After the total overthrow of James's affairs in Ireland, the two brothers finally quitted these kingdoms, and retired to France. Richard lived much with the Cardinal de Bouillon, who was the great protector of the Irish in France, and kept (what must have been indeed highly consolatory to many an emigrant of condition) a magnificent table, which has been recorded in the most glowing and grateful terms, by that gay companion, and celebrated lover of good cheer, Philippe de Coulanges, who occasionally mentions the "amiable Richard Hamilton"† as one of the cardinal's particular intimates. Anthony, who was regarded particularly as a man of letters and elegant talents, resided almost entirely at St. Germain: solitary walks in the forest of that place occupied his leisure hours in the morning; and poetical pursuits, or agreeable society, engaged the evening: but much of his time seems to have rolled heavily along; his sister, Madame de Grammont, living more at court, or in Paris, than always suited his inclinations or his convenience. His great resource at St. Germain was the family of the Duke of Berwick (son of James II.): that nobleman appears to have been amiable in private life, and his attachment to Hamilton was steady and sincere. The Duchess of Berwick was also his

* This anecdote has been erroneously recorded of Anthony.
† So Coulanges calls him.

friend. It is necessary to mention this lady particularly, as well as her sisters: they were the daughters of Henry Bulkeley, son to the first viscount of that name: their father had been master of the household to Charles: their mother was Lady Sophia Stewart, sister to the beautiful Duchess of Richmond, so conspicuous in the Grammont Memoirs. The sisters of the Duchess of Berwick were Charlotte, married to Lord Clare,* Henrietta, and Laura. They all occupy a considerable space in Hamilton's correspondence, and the two last are the ladies so often addressed as the Mademoiselles B.; they are almost the constant subjects of Hamilton's verses; and it is recorded that he was a particular admirer of Henrietta Bulkeley; but their union would have been that of hunger and thirst, for both were very poor and very illustrious: their junction would, of course, have militated against every rule of common prudence. To the influence of this lady, particularly, we are indebted for one or two of Hamilton's agreeable novels: she had taste enough to laugh at the extravagant stories then so much in fashion, "plus arabes qu'en Arabie,"† as Hamilton says; and he, in compliance with her taste, and his own, soon put the fashionable tales to flight, by the publication of the *Quatre Facardins*, and, more especially, *La Fleur d'Épine*. Some of the introductory verses to these productions are written with peculiar ease and grace; and are highly extolled, and even imitated, by Voltaire. La Harpe praises the *Fleur d'Épine*, as the work of an original genius: I do not think, however, that they are much relished in England, probably because very ill translated. Another of his literary productions was the

* (O'Brien) ancestor to Marshal Thomond. Lord Clare was killed at the battle of Ramillies.

† They were wretched imitations of some of the Persian and Arabian tales, in which everything was distorted, and rendered absurd and preposterous.

novel called *Le Belier*, which he wrote on the following occasion: Louis XIV. had presented to the Countess of Grammont (whom he highly esteemed) a remarkably elegant small country house in the park of Versailles: this house became so fashionable a resort, and brought such constant visitors,* that the Count de Grammont said, in his usual way, he would present the king with a list of all the persons he was obliged to entertain there, as more suited to his Majesty's purse than his own: the countess wished to change the name of the place from the vulgar appellation of *Le Moulineau* into that of *Pentalie*: and Hamilton, in his novel, wrote a history of a giant, an enchantment, and a princess, to commemorate her resolution. It has however happened that the giant *Moulineau* has had the advantage in the course of time; for the estate, which is situated near Meudon, upon the Seine, retains its original and popular designation.

About the year 1704, Hamilton turned his attention to collecting the memoirs of his brother-in-law, the Count de Grammont, as we may conjecture, from the epistle beginning "Honneur des rives éloignées"† being written towards the close of the above year: it is dated, or supposed to be so, from the banks of the Garonne. Among other authors whom Hamilton at first proposes to Grammont, as capable of writing his life (though, on reflection, he thinks them not suited to it),

* Le bel air de la cour est d'aller à la jolie maison, que le roi a donnée à la *Comtesse de Gramont* dans le Parc de Versailles. C'est tellement la mode, que c'est une honte de n'y avoir pas été. La Comtesse de Gramont se porte très-bien : il est certain que le roi la traite à merveille. Paris, le 5 Août, 1703."—*Lettre de Madame de Coulanges à Madame de Grignan.*

† A translation of this epistle, which is a complete sketch of the Grammont Memoirs, is subjoined to this Biographical Sketch of the Author.

is Boileau, whose genius he professes to admire; but adds that his muse has somewhat of malignity; and that such a muse might caress with one hand and satirize him with the other. This letter was sent by Hamilton to Boileau, who answered him with great politeness; but, at the same time that he highly extolled the epistle to Grammont, he, very naturally, seemed anxious to efface any impression which such a representation of his satiric vein might make on the Count's mind, and accordingly added a few complimentary verses to him: this letter is dated, Paris, 8th February, 1705. About the same time, another letter was written to Hamilton on the subject of the Epistle to Grammont, by La Chapelle, who also seemed desirous that his life should be given to the public, but was much perplexed which of the most celebrated ancients to compare the count to. Mecænas first presented himself to his imagination: absurdly enough, in my opinion; for there was not a trace of similitude between the two characters. This, however, afforded him some opportunity, as he thought, of discovering a resemblance between Horace and Hamilton, in which he equally failed. Petronius is then brought forward, as affording some comparison to the Count;—a man of pleasure, giving up the day to sleep, and the night to entertainment; but then, adds La Chapelle, it will be suggested that, such is the perpetual activity of the Count of Grammont's mind, he may be said to sleep neither night nor day; and if Petronius died, the Count seems determined never to die at all. (He was at this time about eighty-five years of age.) It may well be supposed that all this, though now perfectly vapid and uninteresting, was extremely flattering to Grammont; and the result was, that he very much wished to have his life, or part of it, at least, given to the public. Hamilton, who had been so long connected with him, and with whose agreeable talents he was

now so familiarized, was, on every account, singled out by him as the person who could best introduce him historically to the public. It is ridiculous to mention Grammont as the author of his own Memoirs: his excellence, as a man of wit, was entirely limited to conversation. Bussy Rabutin, who knew him perfectly, states that he wrote almost worse than any one. If this was said, and very truly, of him in his early days, it can hardly be imagined that he would, when between eighty and ninety years of age, commence a regular, and, in point of style, most finished composition. Besides, independent of everything else, what man would so outrage all decorum as to call himself the admiration of the age? for so is Grammont extolled in the Memoirs, with a variety of other encomiastic expressions; although, perhaps, such vanity has not been without example. Hamilton, it is true, says that he acts as Grammont's secretary, and only holds the pen, whilst the Count dictates to him such particulars of his life as were the most singular, and least known. This is said with great modesty, and, as to part of the work, perhaps with great truth: it requires, however, some explanation. Grammont was more than twenty years older than Hamilton; consequently, the earlier part of his life could only have been known, or was best known, to the latter from repeated conversations, and the long intimacy which subsisted between them. Whether Grammont formally dictated the events of his younger days, or not, is of little consequence: from his general character, it is probable that he did not. However, the whole account of such adventures as he was engaged in, from his leaving home to his interview with Cardinal Mazarin (excepting the character of Monsieur de Senantes, and Matta, who was well known to Hamilton), the relation of the siege of Lerida, the description of Gregorio Brice, and the inimitable discovery of his own magnificent suit of clothes on

the ridiculous bridegroom at Abbeville; all such particulars must have been again and again repeated to Hamilton by Grammont, and may therefore be fairly grounded on the count's authority. The characters of the court of Charles II., and its history, are to be ascribed to Hamilton: from his residence, at various times, in the court of London, his connection with the Ormond family, not to mention others, he must have been well acquainted with them. Lady Chesterfield, who may be regarded almost as the heroine of the work, was his cousin-german.* But, although the history altogether was written by Hamilton, it may not perhaps be known to every reader that Grammont himself sold the manuscript for fifteen hundred livres; and when it was brought to Fontenelle, then censor of the press, he refused to license it, from respect to the character of the Count, which, he thought, was represented as that of a gambler, and an unprincipled one too. In fact, Grammont, like many an old gentleman, seems to have recollected the gaieties of his youth with more complaisance than was necessary, and has drawn them in pretty strong colours in that part of the work which is more particularly his own. He laughed at poor Fontenelle's scruples, and complained to the chancellor, who forced the censor to acquiesce: the license was granted, and the Count put the whole of the money, or the best part of it, in his pocket, though he acknowledged the work to be Hamilton's. This is exactly correspondent to his general character: when money was his object, he had little, or rather no delicacy.

The History of Grammont may be considered as unique: there is nothing like it in any language. For drollery, knowledge of the world, various satire, general utility, united with great vivacity of composition, Gil Blas is

* She was born at the castle of Kilkenny, July, 1640, as appears from Carte's life of her father, the Duke of Ormond.

unrivalled: but, as a merely agreeable book, the Memoirs of Grammont perhaps deserve that character more than any which was ever written: it is pleasantry throughout, and pleasantry of the best sort, unforced, graceful, and engaging. Some French critic has justly observed, that, if any book were to be selected as affording the truest specimen of perfect French gaiety, the Memoirs of Grammont would be selected in preference to all others. This has a Frenchman said of the work of a foreigner: but that foreigner possessed much genius, had lived from his youth, not only in the best society of France, but with the most singular and agreeable man that France could produce. Still, however, though Grammont and Hamilton were of dispositions very different, the latter must have possessed talents peculiarly brilliant, and admirably adapted to coincide with, and display those of his brother-in-law to the utmost advantage. Gibbon extols the "ease and purity of Hamilton's inimitable style;" and in this he is supported by Voltaire, although he adds the censure, that the Grammont Memoirs are, in point of materials, the most trifling; he might also in truth have said, the most improper. The manners of the court of Charles II. were, to the utmost, profligate and abandoned: yet in what colours have they been drawn by Hamilton? The elegance of his pencil has rendered them more seductive and dangerous, than if it had more faithfully copied the originals. From such a mingled mass of grossness of language, and of conduct, one would have turned away with disgust and abhorrence; but Hamilton was, to use the words of his admirer, Lord Orford, "superior to the indelicacy of the court," whose vices he has so agreeably depicted; and that superiority has sheltered such vices from more than half the oblivion which would now have for ever concealed them.

The Count de Grammont died in 1707. Some years after the publication of his Memoirs, Hamilton was engaged in a very different work: he translated Pope's Essay on Criticism into French, and, as it should seem, so much to that great poet's satisfaction, that he wrote a very polite letter of thanks to him, which is inserted in Pope's Correspondence. Hamilton's Essay was, I believe, never printed, though Pope warmly requested to have that permission: the reign of Louis XIV. had now ceased; and, for several years before his death, the character of the old court of that prince had ceased also: profligacy and gaiety had given way to devotion and austerity. Of Hamilton's friends and literary acquaintance few were left: the Duke of Berwick was employed in the field, or at Versailles: some of the ladies, however, continued at St. Germain; and in their society, particularly that of his niece, the Countess of Stafford (in whose name he carried on a lively correspondence with Lady Mary Wortley Montague), he passed much of his time. He occasionally indulged in poetical compositions, of a style suited to his age and character; and when he was past seventy, he wrote that excellent copy of verses, *Sur l'Usage de la Vie dans la Vieillesse;* which, for grace of style, justness, and purity of sentiment, does honour to his memory.

Hamilton died at St. Germain, in April, 1720, aged about seventy-four. His death was pious and resigned. From his poem, entitled *Reflections*,* he appears, like some other authors,

* Voltaire, upon slight evidence, had imputed to him, at an earlier period, sentiments of irreligion similar to his own :

> Auprès d'eux le vif Hamilton,
> Toujours armé d'un trait qui blesse,
> Médisait de l'humaine espèce,
> Et même d'un peu mieux, dit-on.

But whether Voltaire had any better foundation for insinuating this

to have turned his mind, in old age, entirely to those objects of sacred regard, which, sooner or later, must engage the attention of every rational mind. To poetry he bids an eternal adieu, in language which breathes no diminution of genius, at the moment that he for ever recedes from the poetical character. But he aspired to a better. The following lines are interesting, for they evidently allude to his own situation; and may every one, who, from a well-directed, or mistaken, but pure and generous zeal, is, through the course of a long life, assailed by the temptations of poverty, find that consolation in an innocence of manners, which Hamilton so well invoked, and, it is to be hoped, not altogether in vain:

"Fille du ciel, pure Innocence !
Asile contre tous nos maux,
Vrai centre du parfait repos !
Heureux celui, dont la constance,
Vous conservant dans l'abondance,
Ne vous perd point, dans les travaux
D'une longue et triste indigence !"

Whatever were Hamilton's errors, his general character was respectable. He has been represented as grave, and even dull, in society; the very reverse, in short, of what he appears in his Memoirs: but this is probably exaggerated. Unquestionably, he had not the unequalled vivacity of the Count de Grammont in conversation; as Grammont was, on the other hand, inferior, in all respects, to Hamilton when the pen was in his hand; the latter was, however, though reserved in a large society, particularly agreeable in a more

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charge than the libertine tone of Hamilton's earlier works, joined to his own wish to hold up a man of genius as a partisan of his own opinions, must remain doubtful; while it is certain that Hamilton, in his latter years, sincerely followed the Christian religion.

select one. Some of his letters remain, in which he alludes to his want of that facility at impromptu which gave such brilliancy to the conversation of some of his brother wits and contemporaries. But, while we admit the truth of this, let it be remembered, at the same time, that when he wrote this, he was by no means young; that he criticised his own defects with severity; that he was poor, and living in a court which itself subsisted on the alms of another. Amidst such circumstances, extemporary gaiety cannot always be found. I can suppose, that the Duchess of Maine, who laid claim to the character of a patroness of wit, and, like many who assert such claims, was very troublesome, very self-sufficient, and very *exigeante*, might not always have found that general superiority, or even transient lustre, which she expected in Hamilton's society: yet, considering the great difference of their age and situation, this circumstance will not greatly impeach his talents for conversation. But the work of real genius must for ever remain; and of Hamilton's genius, the Grammont Memoirs will always continue a beauteous and graceful monument. To that monument may also be added, the candour, integrity, and unassuming virtues of the amiable author.

EPISTLE TO THE COUNT DE GRAMMONT,

BY ANTHONY HAMILTON,

IN HIS OWN AND HIS BROTHER'S NAME.*

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

To you, sir, this invocation must needs be addressed; for

* It is dated from Grammont's villa of Semeat, upon the banks of the Garonne, where it would seem Philibert and Anthony Hamilton were then residing.

† Corisande and Menadaure were both ancestresses of the Count de Grammont, and celebrated for beauty.

whom else could it suit? But you may be puzzled even to guess who invokes you, since you have heard nothing of us for an age, and since so long an absence may have utterly banished us from your recollection. Yet we venture to flatter ourselves it may be otherwise.

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

Even in these distant and peaceful regions, we hear, by daily report, that you are more agreeable, more unequalled, and more marvellous than ever. Our country neighbours, great newsmongers, apprized by their correspondents of the lively sallies with which you surprise the court, often ask us if you are not the grandson of that famous Chevalier de Grammont, of whom such wonders are recorded in the History of the Civil Wars? Indignant that your identity should be disputed in a country where your name is so well known, we had formed a plan of giving some faint sketch of your merits and history. But who were we, that we should attempt the task? With talents naturally but indifferent, and now rusted by long interruption of all intercourse with the court, how were it possible for us to display taste and politeness, excelling all that is to be

* Don Brice is celebrated in the *Memoirs*, but Donna Ragueza does not appear there.

found elsewhere, and which yet must be attributes of those fit to make you their theme?

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

We therefore limited our task to registering all the remarkable particulars of your life which our memory could supply, in order to communicate those materials to the most skilful writers of the metropolis. But the choice embarrassed us. Sometimes we thought of addressing our Memoirs to the Academy, persuaded that as you had formerly sustained a logical thesis,* you must know enough of the art to qualify you for being received a member of that illustrious body, and praised from head to foot upon the day of admission. Sometimes, again, we thought, that, as, to all appearance, no one will survive to pronounce your eulogium when you are no more, it ought to be delivered in the way of anticipation by the reverend Father Massillon or De La Rue. But we considered that the first of these expedients did not suit your rank, and that, as to the second, it would be against all form to swathe you up while alive in the tropes of a funeral sermon. The celebrated Boileau next occurred to us, and we believed at first he was the very person we wanted; but a moment's reflection satisfied us that he would not answer our purpose.

* I presume, when he was educated for the church.

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

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

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

To seize the honour'd name of poet.
Some scream, on mistuned pipes and whistles,
Pastorals and amorous epistles;
Some, twining worthless wreath, bestow it
On bards and warriors of their own,
In camp and chronicle unknown.
Here, never rare, though ever new,
Riddle, in veil fantastic screening,
Presents, in his mysterious mask,
A useless, yet laborious task,
To loungers who have nought to do,
But puzzle out his senseless meaning.
'Tis here, too, that in transports old,
New elegies are monthly moaning;
Here, too, the dead their lists unfold,
Telling of heirs and widows groaning;
Telling what sums were left to glad them,
And here in copper-plate they shine,
Shewing their features, rank, and line,
And all their arms, and whence they had them.

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

O! thou of whom the easy strain
Enchanted by its happy sway,

Sometimes the margin of the Seine,
Sometimes the fair and fertile plain,
  Where winds the Maine her lingering way;
  Whether the light and classic lay
Lie at the feet of fair Climène;
  Or if, La Fare, thou rather choose
  The mood of the theatric muse,
  And raise again, the stage to tread,
  Renowned Greeks and Romans dead;
  Attend!—And thou, too, lend thine aid,
  Chaulieu! on whom, in raptur'd hour,
  Phœbus breath'd energy and power;
  Come both, and each a stanza place,
  The structure that we raise to grace;
  To gild our heavy labours o'er,
  Your aid and influence we implore.

The invocation was scarce fairly written out, when we found the theatric muse a little misplaced, as neither of the gentlemen invoked appeared to have written anything falling under her department. This reflection embarrassed us; and we were meditating what turn should be given to the passage, when behold! there appeared at once, in the midst of the room, a form that surprised without alarming us:—it was that of your philosopher, the inimitable St. Evremond.* None of the tumult which usually announces the arrival of ghosts of consequence preceded this apparition.

* With whom, as appears from the *Memoirs*, the Count, while residing in London, maintained the closest intimacy. St. Evremond was delighted with his wit, vivacity, and latitude of principle: He called him his hero; wrote verses in his praise; in short, took as warm an interest in him as an Epicurean philosopher can do in any one but himself.

The sky was clear and still o'erhead,
No earthquake shook the regions under,
No subterraneous murmur dread,
And not a single clap of thunder.
He was not clothed in rags, or tatter'd,
Like that same grim and grisly spectre,
Who, ere Philippi's contest clatter'd,
The dauntless Brutus came to hector:
Nor was he clad like ghost of Laius,
Who, when against his son he pled,
Nor worse nor better wardrobe had,
Than scanty mantle of Emaeus:
Nor did his limbs a shroud encumber,
Like that which vulgar sprites enfold,
When, gliding from their ghostly hold,
They haunt our couch, and scare our slumber.

By all this we saw the ghost's intention was not to frighten us. He was dressed exactly as when we had first the pleasure of his acquaintance in London. He had the same air of mirth sharpened and chastened by satirical expression, and even the same dress, which undoubtedly he had preserved for this visit, Lest you doubt it—

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

* One of St. Evremond's peculiarities was, that, instead of a wig, the universal dress of the time, he chose to wear his own grey hair, covered with the leathern cap described in the text.

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

As he arrived unannounced, he placed himself between us without ceremony, but could not forbear smiling at the respect with which we withdrew our chairs, under pretence of not crowding him. I had always heard that it was necessary to question folks of the other world, in order to engage them in conversation; but he soon showed us the contrary; for, casting his eyes on the paper which we had left on the table,—"I approve," said he, "of your plan, and I come to give you some advice for the execution; but I cannot comprehend the choice you have made of these two gentlemen as assistants. I admit, it is impossible to write more beautifully than they both do; but do you not see that they write nothing but by starts, and that their subjects are as extraordinary as their caprice?

Love-lorn and gouty, one soft swain
Rebels, amid his rhymes profane,
Against specific water-gruel;
Or chirrups, in his ill-tim'd lay,
The joys of freedom and tokay,
When Celimena's false or cruel:
The other, in his lovely strain,
Fresh from the font of Hippocrene,
Rich in the charms of sound and sense,
Throws all his eloquence away,
And vaunts, the live-long lingering day,
The languid bliss of indolence.

"Give up thoughts of them, if you please; for though you

have invoked them, they won't come the sooner to your succour: arrange, as well as you can, the materials you had collected for others, and never mind the order of time or events: I would advise you, on the contrary, to choose the latter years of your hero for your principal subject: his earlier adventures are too remote to be altogether so interesting in the present day. Make some short and light observations on the resolution he has formed of never dying, and upon the power he seems to possess of carrying it into execution.*

That art by which his life he has warded,
And death so often has retarded,
'Tis strange to me,
The world's envy
Has ne'er with jaundiced eye regarded:
But, mid all anecdotes he tells
Of warriors, statesmen, and of belles,
With whom he fought, intrigued, and slept,
That rare and precious mystery,
His art of immortality,
Is the sole secret he has kept.

"Do not embarrass your brains in seeking ornaments, or turns of eloquence, to paint his character: that would resemble strained panegyric; and a faithful portrait will be his best praise. Take care how you attempt to report his stories, or *bons mots*: The subject is too great for you.† Try only, in relating his

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

† Bussi-Rabutin assures us, that much of the merit of Grammont's *bons mots* consisted in his peculiar mode of delivering them, although his

adventures, to colour over his failings, and give relief to his merits.

'Twas thus, by easy route of yore,
My hero to the skies I bore.*

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reputation as a wit was universally established. Few of those which have been preserved are susceptible of translation; but the following may be taken as a specimen:

One day when Charles II. dined in state, he made Grammont remark, that he was served upon the knee; a mark of respect not common at other courts. "I thank your majesty for the explanation," answered Grammont; "I thought they were begging pardon for giving you so bad a dinner." Louis XIV., playing at tric-trac, disputed a throw with his opponent. The bystanders were appealed to, and could not decide the cause. It was referred to Grammont, who, from the farther end of the gallery, declared against the king. "But you have not heard the case," said Louis. "Ah, sire," replied the Count, "if your majesty had but a shadow of right, would these gentlemen have failed to decide in your favour?"

* St. Evremond, whose attachment to Grammont amounted to enthusiasm, composed the following epitaph upon him, made, however, long before the Count's death, in which he touches many of the topics which he here is supposed to recommend to Hamilton.

Here lies the Count de Grammont, stranger!
Old Evremond's *eternal* theme:
He who shared Condé's every danger,
May envy from the bravest claim.
Wouldst know his art in courtly life?
It match'd his courage in the strife.
Wouldst ask his merit with the fair!—
Who ever liv'd his equal there?
His wit to scandal never stooping
His mirth ne'er to buffoon'ry drooping:
Keeping his character's marked plan,
As spouse, sire, gallant, and old man.
But went he to confession duly?
At matins, mass, and vespers steady?
Fervent in prayer?—to tell you truly,
He left these cares to my good lady.

For your part, sketch how beauties tender,
Did to his vows in crowds surrender:
Show him forth-following the banners
Of one who match'd the goddess-born:
Show how in peace his active manners
Held dull repose in hate and scorn:
Show how at court he made a figure,
Taught lessons to the best intriguer,
Till, without fawning, like his neighbours,
His prompt address foil'd all their labours.
Canvas and colours change once more,
And paint him forth in various light:
The scourge of coxcomb and of bore;
Live record of lampoons in score,
And chronicle of love and fight;
Redoubted for his plots so rare,
By every happy swain and fair;
Driver of rivals to despair;
Sworn enemy to all long speeches;
Lively and brilliant, frank and free;
Author of many a repartee:
Remember, over all, that he
Was most renown'd for storming breaches.
Forget not the white charger's prance,
On which a daring boast sustaining,
He came before a prince of France,
Victorious in Alsace campaigning.*

We may once more see a Turenne;
Condé himself may have a double;
But to make Grammont o'er again,
Would cost dame Nature too much trouble.

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

Tell, too, by what enchanting art,
Or of the head, or of the heart,
If skill or courage gain'd his aim ;
When to Saint Albans' foul disgrace,
Despite his colleague's grave grimace,
And a fair nymph's seducing face,
He carried off gay Buckingham.*
Speak all these feats, and simply speak—
To soar too high were forward freak—
To keep Parnassus' skirts discreetest;
For 'tis not on the very peak,
That middling voices sound the sweetest.
Each tale in easy language dress,
With natural expression closing;
Let every rhyme fall in express;
Avoid poetical excess,
And shun low miserable prosing:
Doat not on modish style, I pray,
Nor yet condemn it, with rude passion;
There is a place near the Marais,
Where mimicry of antique lay
Seems to be creeping into fashion.
This new and much-admired way,
Of using Gothic words and spelling,
Costs but the price of Rabelais,
Or Ronsard's sonnets, to excel in.

* Grammont is supposed to have had no small share in determining the Duke of Buckingham, then Charles the Second's favourite minister, to break the triple alliance ; for which purpose he went to France with the Count, in spite of all that the other English ministers, and even his mistress, the celebrated Countess of Shrewsbury, could do to prevent him.

With half a dozen ekes and ayes,
Or some such antiquated phrase,
At small expense you'll lightly hit
On this new strain of ancient wit.

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

Still may his wit's unceasing charms
Blaze forth, his numerous days adorning;
May he renounce the din of arms,
And sleep some longer of a morning:
Still be it upon false alarms,
That chaplains come to lecture o'er him; *
Still prematurely, as before,
That all the doctors give him o'er,
And king and court are weeping for him.
May such repeated feats convince
The king he lives but to attend him;
And may he, like a grateful prince,
Avail him of the hint they lend him:

* De Grammont having falling seriously ill, at the age of seventy-five, the king, who knew his free sentiments in religious matters, sent Dangeau to give him ghostly advice. The Count, finding his errand, turned to his wife, and cried out, "Countess, if you don't look to it, Dangeau will cheat you of my conversion."

Live long as Grammont's age, and longer,
Then learn his art still to grow younger.

Here ceas'd the ghostly Norman sage,
A clerk whom we as well as you rate
The choicest spirit of his age,
And heretofore your only curate:
Though not a wight, you see, his spectre
Doth, like a buried parson's, lecture.
Then off he glided to the band
Of feal friends that hope to greet you,
But long may on the margin stand,
Of sable Styx, before they meet you.
No need upon that theme to dwell,
Since none but you the cause can tell;
Yet, if, when some half century more,
In health and glee, has glided o'er,
You find you, maugre all your strength,
Stretch'd out in woeful state at length,
And forc'd to Erebus to troop,
There shall you find the joyous group,
Carousing on the Stygian border!
Waiting, with hollo and with whoop,
To dub you brother of their order:
There shall you find Dan Benserade,
Doughty Chapelle and Sarazine,
Voiture and Chaplain, gallants fine,
And he who ballad never made,
Nor rhymed without a flask of wine.
Adieu, sir Count, the world around
Who roam'd in quest of love and battle,
Of whose high merits fame did tattle,
As sturdy tilter, knight renown'd.

Before the warfare of the Fronde,
Should you again review Gironde,
Travelling in coach, by journeys slow,
You'll right hand mark a sweet chateau,
Which has few ornaments to show,
But deep, clear streams, that moat the spot,
'Tis there we dwell,—forget us not!

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

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

PHILBERT COMTE DE GRAMMONT

MEMOIRS

OF

COUNT GRAMMONT.

CHAPTER I.

AS those who read only for amusement are, in my opinion, more worthy of attention than those who open a book merely to find fault, to the former I address myself, and for their entertainment commit the following pages to press, without being in the least concerned about the severe criticisms of the latter. I further declare, that the order of time and disposition of the facts, which give more trouble to the writer than pleasure to the reader, shall not much embarrass me in these Memoirs. It being my design to convey a just idea of my hero, those circumstances which most tend to illustrate and distinguish his character shall find a place in these fragments just as they present themselves to my imagination, without paying any particular attention to their arrangement. For, after all, what does it signify where the portrait is begun, provided the assemblage of the parts forms a whole which perfectly expresses the original? The celebrated Plutarch, who treats his heroes as he does his readers, commences the life of the one just as he thinks fit, and diverts the attention of the other with di-

gressions into antiquity, or agreeable passages of literature, which frequently have no reference to the subject; for instance, he tells us that Demetrius Poliorcetes was far from being so tall as his father, Antigonus; and afterwards, that his reputed father, Antigonus, was only his uncle; but this is not until he has begun his life with a short account of his death, his various exploits, his good and bad qualities; and at last, out of compassion to his failings, brings forward a comparison between him and the unfortunate Mark Antony.

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

What I have said upon this subject is not meant to reflect upon this historian, to whom, of all the ancients, we are most obliged; it is only intended to authorize the manner in which I have treated a life far more extraordinary than any of those he has transmitted to us. It is my part to describe a man whose inimitable character casts a veil over those faults which I shall neither palliate nor disguise; a man distinguished by a mixture of virtues and vices so closely linked together as in appearance to form a necessary dependence, glowing with the greatest beauty when united, shining with the brightest lustre when opposed.

It is this indefinable brilliancy, which, in war, in love, in gaming, and in the various stages of a long life, has rendered the Count de Grammont the admiration of his age, and the delight of every country wherein he has displayed his engaging

wit, dispensed his generosity and magnificence, or practised his inconstancy: it is owing to this that the sallies of a sprightly imagination have produced those admirable bons-mots which have been with universal applause transmitted to posterity. It is owing to this that he preserved his judgment free and unembarrassed in the most trying situations, and enjoyed an uncommon presence of mind and facetiousness of temper in the most imminent dangers of war. I shall not attempt to draw his portrait: his person has been described by Bussi and St. Evremond,* authors more entertaining than faithful. The former has represented the Chevalier Grammont as artful, fickle, and even somewhat treacherous in his amours, and indefatigable and cruel in his jealousies. St. Evremond has used other colours to express the genius and describe the general manners of the Count; whilst both, in their different

* Voltaire, in the age of Louis XIV., ch. 24, speaking of that monarch, says, "even at the same time when he began to encourage genius by his liberality, the Count de Bussi was severely punished for the use he made of his: he was sent to the Bastile in 1664. *The Amours of the Gauls* was the pretence of his imprisonment; but the true cause was the song in which the king was treated with too much freedom, and which, upon this occasion, was brought to remembrance to ruin Bussi, the reputed author of it.

Que Deodatus est heureux,
De baiser ce bec amoureux,
Qui d'une oreille à l'autre va!

See Deodatus with his billing dear,
Whose amorous mouth breathes love from ear to ear!

"His works were not good enough to compensate for the mischief they did him. He spoke his own language with purity: he had some merit, but more conceit: and he made no use of the merit he had, but to make himself enemies." Voltaire adds, "Bussi was released at the end of eighteen months; but he was in disgrace all the rest of his life, in vain protesting a regard for Louis XIV." Bussi died 1693. Of St. Evremond, see note, *postea.*

pictures, have done greater honour to themselves than justice to their hero.

It is, therefore, to the Count we must listen, in the agreeable relation of the sieges and battles wherein he distinguished himself under another hero; and it is on him we must rely for the truth of passages the least glorious of his life, and for the sincerity with which he relates his address, vivacity, frauds, and the various stratagems he practised either in love or gaming. These express his true character, and to himself we owe these memoirs, since I only hold the pen, while he directs it to the most remarkable and secret passages of his life.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

CHAPTER II.

IN those days affairs were not managed in France as at present. Louis XIII.* then sat upon the throne, but the Cardinal de Richelieu† governed the kingdom; great men commanded little armies, and little armies did great things; the fortune of great men depended solely upon ministerial favour, and

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

† Of this great minister Mr. Hume gives the following character:—"This man had no sooner, by suppleness and intrigue, gotten possession of the reins of government, than he formed at once three mighty projects;—to subdue the turbulent spirits of the great; to reduce the rebellious Huguenots; and to curb the encroaching power of the house of Austria. Undaunted and implacable, prudent and active, he braved all the opposition of the French princes and nobles in the prosecution of his vengeance; he discovered and dissipated all their secret cabals and conspiracies. His sovereign himself he held in subjection, while he exalted the throne. The people, while they lost their liberties, acquired, by means of his administration, learning, order, discipline, and renown. That confused and inaccurate genius of government, of which France partook in common with other European kingdoms, he changed into a simple monarchy, at the very time when the incapacity of Buckingham encouraged the free spirit of the commons to establish in England a regular system of liberty." (*History of England*, vol. iv., p. 232.) Cardinal Richelieu died 1642.

blind devotion to the will of the minister was the only sure method of advancement. Vast designs were then laying in the heart of neighbouring states the foundation of that formidable greatness to which France has now risen: the police was somewhat neglected; the highways were impassable by day, and the streets by night; but robberies were committed elsewhere with greater impunity. Young men, on their first entrance into the world, took what course they thought proper. Whoever would, was a chevalier, and whoever could, an abbé: I mean a beneficed abbé: dress made no distinction between them; and I believe the Chevalier Grammont was both the one and the other at the siege of Trino.*

This was his first campaign, and here he displayed those attractive graces which so favourably prepossess, and require neither friends nor recommendations in any company to procure a favourable reception. The siege was already formed when he arrived, which saved him some needless risks; for a volunteer cannot rest at ease until he has stood the first fire: he went therefore to reconnoitre the generals, having no occasion to reconnoitre the place. Prince Thomas† commanded the army; and as the post of lieutenant-general was not then known, Du Plessis Pralin‡ and the famous Viscount

* Trino was taken 4th May, 1639.

† Of Savoy, uncle of the reigning duke. He died 1656.

‡ Afterwards Maréchal and Duke de Choiseul. He retired from the army in 1672. Monsieur Hénault, in his History of France, under that year, says, "Le Maréchal du Plessis ne fit pas cette campagne à cause de son grand âge; il dit au roi, qu'il portoit envie à ses enfans, qui avoient l'honneur de servir sa majesté, que pour lui il souhaitoit la mort, puisqu'il n'étoit plus bon à rien: le roi l'embrassa, et lui dit: '*M. le Maréchal, on ne travaille que pour approcher de la réputation que vous avez acquise: il est agréable de se reposer après tants de victoires.*'"

Turenne* were his majors general. Fortified places were treated with some respect, before a power which nothing can withstand had found means to destroy them by dreadful showers of bombs, and by destructive batteries of hundreds of pieces of cannon. Before these furious storms which drive governors under ground and reduce their garrisons to powder, repeated sallies bravely repulsed, and vigorous attacks nobly

* This great general was killed July 27, 1675, by a cannon-shot, near the village of Salzbach, in going to choose a place whereon to erect a battery.—"No one," says Voltaire, "is ignorant of the circumstances of his death; but we cannot here refrain from a review of the principal of them, for the same reason that they are still talked of every day. It seems as if one could not too often repeat, that the same bullet which killed him, having shot off the arm of St. Hilaire, lieutenant-general of the artillery, his son came and bewailed his misfortune with many tears; but the father, looking towards Turenne, said, 'It is not I, but that great man, who should be lamented.' These words may be compared with the most heroic sayings recorded in all history, and are the best eulogy that can be bestowed upon Turenne. It is uncommon, under a despotic government, where people are actuated only by their private interests, for those who have served their country to die regretted by the public. Nevertheless, Turenne was lamented both by the soldiers and people; and Louvois was the only one who rejoiced at his death. The honours which the king ordered to be paid to his memory are known to every one; and that he was interred at St. Denis, in the same manner as the Constable du Guesclin, above whom he was elevated by the voice of the public, as much as the age of Turenne was superior to the age of the constable."

In former editions, the quotation from Voltaire was yet longer. It is more germane to the present matter to observe, that it appears, from the Memoirs of St. Hilaire, where Voltaire found his anecdote, that Count Hamilton was present at the death of Turenne. Monsieur de Boze had twice sent to Turenne, to beg him to come to the place where the battery was to be erected, which Turenne, as if by presentiment, declined. Count Hamilton brought the third anxious request from De Boze; and in riding to the place where he was, Turenne received his death-blow. The horse of Montecuculi, the opposite general, was, in the course of the same day, killed by a cannon-shot.

sustained, signalized both the art of the besiegers and the courage of the besieged; consequently, sieges were of some length, and young men had an opportunity of gaining some knowledge. Many brave actions were performed on each side during the siege of Trino; a great deal of fatigue was endured, and considerable losses sustained; but fatigue was no more considered, hardships were no more felt in the trenches, gravity was at an end with the generals, and the troops were no longer dispirited after the arrival of the Chevalier Grammont. Pleasure was his pursuit, and he made it universal.

Among the officers in the army, as in all other places, there are men of real merit, or pretenders to it. The latter endeavoured to imitate the Chevalier Grammont in his most shining qualities, but without success; the former admired his talents and courted his friendship. Of this number was Matta:* He was agreeable in his person, but still more by

*Matta, or Matha, of whom Hamilton has drawn so striking a picture, is said to have been of the house of Bourdeille, which had the honour to produce Brantôme and Montresor. The combination of indolence and talent, of wit and simplicity, of bluntness and irony, with which he is represented, may have been derived from tradition, but could only have been united into the inimitable whole by the pen of Hamilton. Several of his bons-mots have been preserved; but the spirit evaporates in translation. "Where could I get this nose," said Madame D'Albret, observing a slight tendency to a flush in that feature. "At the side-board, Madame," answered Matta. When the same lady, in despair at her brother's death, refused all nourishment, Matta administered this blunt consolation: "If you are resolved, madame, never again to swallow food, you do well; but if ever you mean to eat upon any future occasion, believe me, you may as well begin just now." Madame Caylus, in her *Souvenirs*, commemorates the simple and natural humour of Matta as rendering him the most delightful society in the world. Mademoiselle, in her Memoirs, alludes to his pleasantry in conversation, and turn for deep gaming. When the Memoirs of Grammont were subjected to the examination of Fontenelle, then censor of the Parisian

the natural turn of his wit; he was plain and simple in his manners, but endued with a quick discernment and refined delicacy, and full of candour and integrity in all his actions. The Chevalier Grammont was not long in discovering his amiable qualities; an acquaintance was soon formed, and was succeeded by the strictest intimacy.

Matta insisted that the Chevalier should take up his quarters with him; to which he only consented on condition of equally contributing to the expense. As they were both liberal and magnificent, at their common cost they gave the best designed and most luxurious entertainments that had ever yet been seen. Play was wonderfully productive at first, and the Chevalier restored by a hundred different ways that which he obtained only by one. The generals, being entertained by turns, admired their magnificence, and were dissatisfied with their own officers for not keeping such good tables and attendance. The Chevalier had the talent of setting off the most indifferent things to advantage; and his wit was so generally acknowledged, that it was a kind of disgrace not to submit to his taste. To him Matta resigned the care of furnishing the table and doing its honours; and, charmed with the general applause, persuaded himself that nothing could be more honourable than their way of living,

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press, he refused to license them, on account of the scandalous conduct imputed to Grammont in this party at quinze. The count no sooner heard of this than he hastened to Fontenelle, and having joked him for being more tender of his reputation than he was himself, the license was instantly issued. The censor might have retorted upon Grammont the answer which the count made to a widow who received coldly his compliments of condolence on her husband's death: "Nay, madame, if that is the way you take it, I care as little about it as you do." He died in 1674. "Matta est mort sans confession," says Madame Maintenon, in a letter to her brother. Tome I., p. 67.

and nothing more easy than to continue it; but he soon perceived that the greatest prosperity is not the most lasting. Good living, bad economy, dishonest servants, and ill-luck, all uniting together to disconcert their housekeeping, their table was going to be gradually laid aside, when the Chevalier's genius, fertile in resources, undertook to support his former credit by the following expedient.

They had never yet conferred about the state of their finances, although the steward had acquainted each, separately, that he must either receive money to continue the expenses, or give in his accounts. One day, when the Chevalier came home sooner than usual, he found Matta fast asleep in an easy chair, and, being unwilling to disturb his rest, he began musing on his project. Matta awoke without his perceiving it; and having, for a short time, observed the deep contemplation he seemed involved in, and the profound silence between two persons who had never held their tongues for a moment when together before, he broke it by a sudden fit of laughter, which increased in proportion as the other stared at him. "A merry way of waking, and ludicrous enough," said the Chevalier; "what is the matter, and whom do you laugh at?" "Faith, Chevalier," said Matta, "I am laughing at a dream I had just now, which is so natural and diverting, that I must make you laugh at it also. I was dreaming that we had dismissed our maître-d'hôtel, our cook, and our confectioner, having resolved, for the remainder of the campaign, to live upon others as others have lived upon us: this was my dream. Now tell me, Chevalier, on what were you musing?" "Poor fellow!" said the Chevalier, shrugging up his shoulders, "you are knocked down at once, and thrown into the utmost consternation and despair at some silly stories which the maître-d'hôtel has been telling you as well as me. What!

after the figure we have made in the face of the nobility and foreigners in the army, shall we give it up, and like fools and beggars sneak off, upon the first failure of our money! Have you no sentiments of honour? Where is the dignity of France?" "And where is the money?" said Matta; "for my men say, the devil may take them, if there be ten crowns in the house; and I believe you have not much more, for it is above a week since I have seen you pull out your purse, or count your money, an amusement you were very fond of in prosperity." "I own all this," said the Chevalier, "but yet I will force you to confess, that you are but a mean-spirited fellow upon this occasion. What would have become of you if you had been reduced to the situation I was in at Lyons, four days before I arrived here? I will tell you the story."

CHAPTER III.

"THIS," said Matta, "smells strongly of romance, except that it should have been your squire's part to tell your adventures."

"True," said the Chevalier; "however, I may acquaint you with my first exploits without offending my modesty; besides, my squire's style borders too much upon the burlesque for an heroic narrative.

"You must know, then, that upon my arrival at Lyons—"

"Is it thus you begin?" said Matta. "Pray give us your history a little further back. The most minute particulars of a life like yours are worthy of relation; but above all, the manner in which you first paid your respects to Cardinal Richelieu: I have often laughed at it. However, you may pass over the unlucky pranks of your infancy, your genealogy, name and quality of your ancestors, for that is a subject with which you must be utterly unacquainted."

"Pooh!" said the Chevalier; "you think that all the world is as ignorant as yourself;—you think that I am a stranger to the Mendores and the Corisandes. So, perhaps I don't know that it was my father's own fault that he was not the son of Henry IV. The King would by all means have acknowledged him for his son, but the traitor would never consent to it. See

what the Grammonts would have been now, but for this cross-grained fellow! They would have had precedence of the Cæsars de Vendôme.* You may laugh if you like, yet it is as true as the gospel: but let us come to the point.

"I was sent to the college of Pau,† with the intention of being brought up to the church; but as I had quite different views, I made no manner of improvement: gaming was so much in my head, that both my tutor and the master lost their labour in endeavouring to teach me Latin. Old Brinon, who served me both as valet-de-chambre and governor, in vain threatened to acquaint my mother. I only studied when I pleased, that is to say, seldom or never: however, they treated me as is customary with scholars of my quality; I was raised to all the dignities of the forms, without having merited them, and left college nearly in the same state in which I entered it; nevertheless, I was thought to have more knowledge than was requisite for the abbacy which my brother had solicited for me. He had just married the niece of a minister, to whom every one cringed: he was desirous to present me to him. I felt but little regret to quit the country, and great impatience to see Paris. My brother having kept me some time with him, in order to polish me, let me loose upon the town to shake off my rustic air, and learn the manners of the world. I so thoroughly gained them, that I could not be persuaded to lay them aside when I was introduced at court in the character of an Abbé. You know what kind of dress was then the

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

† Pau was the capital of the principality of Bearne, and lies on an eminence on the Gave Béarnois, being indeed small and well built, and formerly the seat of a parliament, a bailiwick, and a chamber of accounts. In the palace here was born Henry IV. Exclusive of an academy of sciences and liberal arts, there was in it a college of Jesuits, with five convents and two hospitals.

fashion. All that they could obtain of me was to put a cassock over my other clothes, and my brother, ready to die with laughing at my ecclesiastical habit, made others laugh too. I had the finest head of hair in the world, well curled and powdered, above my cassock, and below were white buskins and gilt spurs. The Cardinal, who had a quick discernment, could not help laughing. This elevation of sentiment gave him umbrage; and he foresaw what might be expected from a genius that already laughed at the shaven crown and cowl.

"When my brother had taken me home, 'Well, my little parson,' said he, 'you have acted your part to admiration, and your parti-coloured dress of the ecclesiastic and soldier has greatly diverted the court; but this is not all: you must now choose, my little knight. Consider then, whether, by sticking to the church, you will possess great revenues, and have nothing to do; or, with a small portion, you will risk the loss of a leg or arm, and be the *fructus belli* of an insensible court, to arrive in your old age at the dignity of a major-general, with a glass eye and a wooden leg.' 'I know,' said I, 'that there is no comparison between these two situations, with regard to the conveniences of life; but, as a man ought to secure his future state in preference to all other considerations, I am resolved to renounce the church for the salvation of my soul, upon condition, however, that I keep my abbacy.' Neither the remonstrances nor authority of my brother could induce me to change my resolution; and he was forced to agree to this last article in order to keep me at the academy. You know that I am the most adroit man in France, so that I soon learned all that is taught at such places, and, at the same time, I also learnt that which gives the finishing stroke to a young fellow's education, and makes him a gentleman, viz. all sorts of games, both at cards and dice; but the truth is, I thought, at first,

that I had more skill in them than I really had, as experience proved. When my mother knew the choice I had made, she was inconsolable; for she reckoned, that had I been a clergyman I should have been a saint; but now she was certain that I should either be a devil in the world, or be killed in the wars. And indeed I burned with impatience to be a soldier; but being yet too young, I was forced to make a campaign at Bidache* before I made one in the army. When I returned to my mother's house, I had so much the air of a courtier and a man of the world, that she began to respect me, instead of chiding me for my infatuation towards the army. I became her favourite, and finding me inflexible, she only thought of keeping me with her as long as she could, while my little equipage was preparing. The faithful Brinon, who was to attend me as valet-de-chambre, was likewise to discharge the office of governor and equerry, being, perhaps, the only Gascon who was ever possessed of so much gravity and ill-temper. He passed his word for my good behaviour and morality, and promised my mother that he would give a good account of my person in the dangers of the war; but I hope he will keep his word better as to this last article than he has done as to the former.

"My equipage was sent away a week before me. This was so much time gained by my mother to give me good advice. At length, after having solemnly enjoined me to have the fear of God before my eyes, and to love my neighbour as myself, she suffered me to depart, under the protection of the Lord and the sage Brinon. At the second stage we quarrelled. He had received four hundred louis d'or for the expenses of the campaign: I wished to have the keeping of

* A principality belonging to the family of the Grammonts, in the province of Gascony.

them myself, which he strenuously opposed. 'Thou old scoundrel,' said I, 'is the money thine, or was it given thee for me? You suppose I must have a treasurer, and receive no money without his order. I know not whether it was from a presentiment of what afterwards happened that he grew melancholy; however, it was with the greatest reluctance, and the most poignant anguish, that he found himself obliged to yield. One would have thought that I had wrested his very soul from him. I found myself more light and merry after I had eased him of his trust; he, on the contrary, appeared so overwhelmed with grief, that it seemed as if I had laid four hundred pounds of lead upon his back, instead of taking away these four hundred louis. He went on so heavily, that I was forced to whip his horse myself, and turning to me, now and then, 'Ah! sir, said he, my lady did not think it would be so.' His reflections and sorrows were renewed at every stage; for, instead of giving a shilling to the post-boy, I gave him half-a-crown.

"Having at last reached Lyons, two soldiers stopped us at the gate of the city, to carry us before the governor. I took one of them to conduct me to the best inn, and delivered Brinon into the hands of the other, to acquaint the commandant with the particulars of my journey, and my future intentions.

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

"Brinon, who was quite out of temper at the many questions which the governor had asked him, returned more surly than an old ape; and seeing that I was dressing my hair, in order to go downstairs: 'What are you about now, sir?' said he. 'Are you going to tramp about the town? No, no; have we not had tramping enough ever since the morning? Eat a bit of supper, and go to bed betimes, that you may get on horseback by day-break.' 'Mr. Comptroller,' said I, 'I shall neither tramp about the town, nor eat alone, nor go to bed early. I intend to sup with the company below.' 'At the ordinary!' cried he; 'I beseech you, sir, do not think of it! Devil take me, if there be not a dozen brawling fellows playing at cards and dice, who make noise enough to drown the loudest thunder!'

"I was grown insolent since I had seized the money; and being desirous to shake off the yoke of a governor, 'Do you know, Mr. Brinon,' said I, 'that I don't like a blockhead to set up for a reasoner? Do you go to supper, if you please; but take care that I have post-horses ready before daybreak.' The moment he mentioned cards and dice, I felt the money burn in my pocket. I was somewhat surprised, however, to find the room where the ordinary was served filled with odd-looking creatures. My host, after presenting me to the company, assured me that there were but eighteen or twenty of those gentlemen who would have the honour to sup with me. I approached one of the tables where they were playing, and thought I should have died with laughing: I expected to have seen good company and deep play; but I only met with two Germans playing at backgammon. Never did two country loobies play like them; but their figures beggared all description. The fellow near whom I stood was short, thick, and fat, and as round as a ball, with a ruff, and prodigious high-

crowned hat. Any one, at a moderate distance, would have taken him for the dome of a church, with the steeple on the top of it. I inquired of the host who he was. 'A merchant from Basle,' said he, 'who comes hither to sell horses; but from the method he pursues, I think he will not dispose of many; for he does nothing but play.' 'Does he play deep?' said I. 'Not now,' said he; 'they are only playing for their reckoning, while supper is getting ready; but he has no objection to play as deep as any one.' 'Has he money?' said I. 'As for that,' replied the treacherous Cerise, 'would to God you had won a thousand pistoles of him, and I went your halves; we should not be long without our money.' I wanted no further encouragement to meditate the ruin of the high-crowned hat. I went nearer to him, in order to take a closer survey; never was such a bungler; he made blots upon blots; God knows, I began to feel some remorse at winning of such an ignoramus, who knew so little of the game. He lost his reckoning; supper was served up; and I desired him to sit next me. It was a long table, and there were at least five-and-twenty in company, notwithstanding the landlord's promise. The most execrable repast that ever was begun being finished, all the crowd insensibly dispersed, except the little Swiss, who still kept near me, and the landlord, who placed himself on the other side of me. They both smoked like dragoons; and the Swiss was continually saying, in bad French, 'I ask your pardon, sir, for my great freedom,' at the same time blowing such whiffs of tobacco in my face as almost suffocated me. Mr. Cerise, on the other hand, desired he might take the liberty of asking me whether I had ever been in his country? and seemed surprised I had so genteel an air, without having travelled in Switzerland.

"The little chub I had to encounter was full as inquisitive as

the other. He desired to know whether I came from the army in Piedmont; and having told him I was going thither, he asked me, whether I had a mind to buy any horses; that he had about two hundred to dispose of, and that he would sell them cheap. I began to be smoked like a gammon of bacon; and being quite wearied out, both with their tobacco and their questions, I asked my companion if he would play for a single pistole at backgammon, while our men were supping; it was not without great ceremony that he consented, at the same time asking my pardon for his great freedom.

"I won the game; I gave him his revenge, and won again. We then played double or quit; I won that too, and all in the twinkling of an eye; for he grew vexed, and suffered himself to be taken in so that I began to bless my stars for my good fortune. Brinon came in about the end of the third game, to put me to bed, he made a great sign of the cross, but paid no attention to the signs I made him to retire. I was forced to rise to give him that order in private. He began to reprimand me for disgracing myself by keeping company with such a low-bred wretch. It was in vain that I told him he was a great merchant, that he had a great deal of money, and that he played like a child. 'He a merchant!' cried Brinon. 'Do not believe that, sir! May the devil take me, if he is not some conjurer.' 'Hold your tongue, old fool,' said I; 'he is no more a conjurer than you are, and that is decisive; and, to prove it to you, I am resolved to win four or five hundred pistoles of him before I go to bed. With these words I turned him out, strictly enjoining him not to return, or in any manner to disturb us.

"The game being done, the little Swiss unbuttoned his pockets, to pull out a new four-pistole piece, and presenting it to me, he asked my pardon for his great freedom, and seemed

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

"I durst not go up to my chamber for fear of Brinon. By good luck, however, he was tired with waiting for me, and had gone to bed. This was some consolation, though but of short continuance. As soon as I was laid down, all the fatal consequences of my adventure presented themselves to my imagination. I could not sleep. I saw all the horrors of my misfortune, without being able to find any remedy; in vain did I rack my brain; it supplied me with no expedient. I feared nothing so much as daybreak; however, it did come, and the cruel Brinon along with it. He was booted up to the middle, and cracking a cursed whip, which he held in his hand, 'Up, Monsieur le Chevalier,' cried he, opening the curtains; 'the

horses are at the door, and you are still asleep. We ought by this time to have ridden two stages; give me money to pay the reckoning.' 'Brinon,' said I, in a dejected tone, 'draw the curtains.' 'What!' cried he, 'draw the curtains! Do you intend, then, to make your campaign at Lyons? you seem to have taken a liking to the place. And for the great merchant, you have stripped him, I suppose? No, no, Monsieur le Chevalier, this money will never do you any good. This wretch has, perhaps, a family; and it is his children's bread that he has been playing with, and that you have won. Was this an object to sit up all night for? What would my lady say, if she knew what a life you lead?' 'M. Brinon,' said I, 'pray draw the curtains.' But instead of obeying me, one would have thought that the devil had prompted him to use the most pointed and galling terms to a person under such misfortunes. 'And how much have you won?' said he; 'five hundred pistoles? what must the poor man do? Recollect, Monsieur le Chevalier, what I have said, this money will never thrive with you. It is, perhaps, but four hundred? three? two? well if it be but one hundred louis d'or, continued he, seeing that I shook my head at every sum which he had named, there is no great mischief done; one hundred pistoles will not ruin him, provided you have won them fairly.' 'Friend Brinon,' said I, fetching a deep sigh, 'draw the curtains; I am unworthy to see daylight.' Brinon was much affected at these melancholy words, but I thought he would have fainted, when I told him the whole adventure. He tore his hair, made grievous lamentations, the burden of which still was, 'What will my lady say?' And, after having exhausted his unprofitable complaints, 'What will become of you now, Monsieur le Chevalier?' said he, 'what do you intend to do?' 'Nothing,' said I, 'for I am fit for nothing. After this, being somewhat eased after making him my

confession, I thought upon several projects, to none of which could I gain his approbation. I would have had him post after my equipage, to have sold some of my clothes. I was for proposing to the horse-dealer to buy some horses of him at a high price on credit, to sell again cheap. Brinon laughed at all these schemes, and after having had the cruelty of keeping me upon the rack for a long time, he at last extricated me. Parents are always stingy towards their poor children; my mother intended to have given me five hundred louis d'or, but she had kept back fifty, as well for some little repairs in the abbey, as to pay for praying for me. Brinon had the charge of the other fifty, with strict injunctions not to speak of them, unless upon some urgent necessity. And this you see soon happened.

"Thus you have a brief account of my first adventure. Play has hitherto favoured me; for, since my arrival, I have had, at one time, after paying all my expenses, fifteen hundred louis d'or. Fortune is now again become unfavourable: we must mend her. Our cash runs low; we must, therefore, endeavour to recruit."

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

"Your raillery would be very seasonable," said the Chevalier, "if you knew how to extricate us out of this difficulty. You must certainly have an overflow of wit, to be throwing it away upon every occasion as at present. What the devil! will you always be bantering, without considering what a serious situation we are reduced to. Mind what I say, I will go to-morrow to the head-quarters, I will dine with the Count de

Cameran, and I will invite him to supper." "Where?" said Matta. "Here," said the Chevalier. "You are mad, my poor friend," replied Matta. "This is some such project as you formed at Lyons: you know we have neither money nor credit; and, to re-establish our circumstances, you intend to give a supper."

"Stupid fellow!" said the Chevalier, "is it possible, that, so long as we have been acquainted, you should have learned no more invention? The Count de Cameran plays at quinze, and so do I; we want money; he has more than he knows what to do with; I will bespeak a splendid supper, he shall pay for it. Send your maître-d'hôtel to me, and trouble yourself no further, except in some precautions, which it is necessary to take on such an occasion." "What are they?" said Matta. "I will tell you," said the Chevalier; "for I find one must explain to you things that are as clear as noon-day."

"You command the guards that are here, don't you? As soon as night comes on, you shall order fifteen or twenty men, under the command of your sergeant La Place, to be under arms, and to lay themselves flat on the ground, between this place and the head-quarters." "What the devil!" cried Matta, "an ambuscade? God forgive me, I believe you intend to rob the poor Savoyard. If that be your intention, I declare I will have nothing to say to it." "Poor devil!" said the Chevalier, "the matter is this; it is very likely that we shall win his money. The Piedmontese, though otherwise good fellows, are apt to be suspicious and distrustful. He commands the horse; you know you cannot hold your tongue, and are very likely to let slip some jest or other that may vex him. Should he take it into his head that he is cheated, and resent it, who knows what the consequences might be? for he is commonly attended by eight or ten horsemen. Therefore, however he may be

provoked at his loss, it is proper to be in such a situation as not to dread his resentment."

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

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

Supper being done, the sergeant La Place posted his ambuscade, and the Chevalier de Grammont engaged his man. The perfidy of Cerise, and the high-crowned hat, were still fresh in remembrance, and enabled him to get the better of a few grains of remorse, and conquer some scruples which arose in his mind. Matta, unwilling to be a spectator of violated hospitality, sat down in an easy chair, in order to fall asleep, while the Chevalier was stripping the poor Count of his money.

They only staked three or four pistoles at first, just for amusement; but Cameran having lost three or four times, he

staked high, and the game became serious. He still lost, and became outrageous; the cards flew about the room, and the exclamations awoke Matta.

As his head was heavy with sleep, and hot with wine, he began to laugh at the passion of the Piedmontese, instead of consoling him. "Faith, my poor Count," said he, "if I were in your place, I would play no more." "Why so?" said the other. "I don't know," said he, "but my heart tells me that your ill-luck will continue." "I will try that," said Cameran, calling for fresh cards. "Do so," said Matta, and fell asleep again. It was but for a short time. All cards were equally unfortunate for the loser. He held none but tens or court-cards; and if by chance he had quinze, he was sure to be the younger hand, and therefore lost it. Again he stormed. "Did not I tell you so?" said Matta, starting out of his sleep. "All your storming is in vain; as long as you play you will lose. Believe me, the shortest follies are the best. Leave off, for the devil take me if it is possible for you to win." "Why?" said Cameran, who began to be impatient. "Do you wish to know?" said Matta; "why, faith, it is because we are cheating you."

The Chevalier de Grammont was provoked at so ill-timed a jest, more especially as it carried along with it some appearance of truth. "Mr. Matta," said he, "do you think it can be very agreeable for a man who plays with such ill-luck as the Count to be pestered with your insipid jests? For my part, I am so weary of the game, that I would desist immediately, if he was not so great a loser." Nothing is more dreaded by a losing gamester, than such a threat; and the Count, in a softened tone, told the Chevalier that Mr. Matta might say what he pleased, if he did not offend him; that, as to himself, it did not give him the smallest uneasiness.

The Chevalier de Grammont gave the Count far better

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

This adventure having recruited their finances, fortune favoured them the remainder of the campaign, and the Chevalier de Grammont, to prove that he had only seized upon the Count's effects by way of reprisal, and to indemnify himself for the losses he had sustained at Lyons, began from this time to make the same use of his money, that he has been known to do since upon all occasions. He found out the distressed, in order to relieve them; officers who had lost their equipage in the war, or their money at play; soldiers who were disabled in the trenches; in short, every one felt the influence of his benevolence: but his manner of conferring a favour exceeded even the favour itself.

Every man possessed of such amiable qualities must meet with success in all his undertakings. The soldiers knew his person, and adored him. The generals were sure to meet him in every scene of action, and sought his company at other times. As soon as fortune declared for him, his first care was to make restitution, by desiring Cameran to go his halves in all parties where the odds were in his favour.

An inexhaustible fund of vivacity and good humour gave a certain air of novelty to whatever he either said or did. I know not on what occasion it was that Monsieur de Turenne,

MARESCHAL DE TURENNE.

towards the end of the siege, commanded a separate body. The Chevalier de Grammont went to visit him at his new quarters, where he found fifteen or twenty officers. M. de Turenne was naturally fond of merriment, and the Chevalier's presence was sure to inspire it. He was much pleased with this visit, and, by way of acknowledgment, would have engaged him to play. The Chevalier de Grammont, in returning him thanks, said, that he had learned from his tutor, that when a man went to see his friends, it was neither prudent to leave his own money behind him, nor civil to carry off theirs. "Truly," said Monsieur de Turenne, "you will find neither deep play nor much money among us; but, that it may not be said that we suffered you to depart without playing, let us stake every one a horse."

The Chevalier de Grammont agreed. Fortune, who had followed him to a place where he did not think he should have any need of her, made him win fifteen or sixteen horses, by way of joke; but, seeing some countenances disconcerted at the loss, "Gentlemen," said he, "I should be sorry to see you return on foot from your general's quarters; it will be enough for me if you send me your horses to-morrow, except one, which I give for the cards."

The valet-de-chambre thought he was bantering. "I speak seriously," said the Chevalier, "I give you a horse for the cards; and, what is more, take whichever you please, except my own." "Truly," said Monsieur de Turenne, "I am vastly pleased with the novelty of the thing; for I don't believe that a horse was ever before given for the cards."

Trino surrendered at last. The Baron de Batteville,* who

*This officer appears to have been the same person who was afterwards ambassador from Spain to the court of Great Britain, where, in

had defended it valiantly, and for a long time, obtained a capitulation worthy of such a resistance. I do not know whether the Chevalier de Grammont had any share in the capture of this place; but I know very well, that during a more glorious reign, and with armies ever victorious, his intrepidity and address have been the cause of taking others since, even under the eye of his master, as we shall see in the sequel of these memoirs.

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the summer of 1660, he offended the French court, by claiming precedence of their ambassador, Count d'Estrades, on the public entry of the Swedish ambassador into London. On this occasion the court of France compelled its rival of Spain to submit to the mortifying circumstance of acknowledging the French superiority. To commemorate this important victory, Louis XIV. caused a medal to be struck, representing the Spanish ambassador, the Marquis de Fuente, making the declaration to that king, "No concurrer con los ambassadores des de Francia," with this inscription, "Jus præcedendi assertum," and under it, "Hispaniorum excusatio coram xxx legatis principum, 1662." A very curious account of the fray occasioned by this dispute, drawn up by Evelyn, is to be seen in that gentleman's article in the *Biographia Britannica*. Lord Clarendon, speaking of Baron de Batteville, says, he was born in Burgundy, in the Spanish quarters, and bred a soldier, in which profession he was an officer of note, and at that time was governor of St. Sebastian, and of that province. He seemed a rough man, and to have more of the camp, but, in truth, knew the intrigues of a court better than most Spaniards; and, except when his passion surprised him, was wary and cunning in his negotiation. He lived with less reservation and more jollity than the ministers of that crown used to do, and drew such of the court to his table and conversation as he observed to be loud talkers, and confident enough in the king's presence.—*Continuation of Clarendon*, p. 84.

CHAPTER IV.

MILITARY glory is at most but one half of the accomplishments which distinguish heroes. Love must give the finishing stroke, and adorn their character by the difficulties they encounter, the temerity of their enterprises, and finally, by the lustre of success. We have examples of this, not only in romances, but also in the genuine histories of the most famous warriors and the most celebrated conquerors.

The Chevalier de Grammont and Matta, who did not think much of these examples, were, however, of opinion, that it would be very agreeable to refresh themselves after the fatigues of the siege of Trino, by forming some other sieges, at the expense of the beauties and the husbands of Turin. As the campaign had finished early, they thought they should have time to perform some exploits before the bad weather obliged them to repass the mountains.

They sallied forth, therefore, not unlike Amadis de Gaul or Don Galaor after they had been dubbed knights, eager in their search after adventures in love, war, and enchantments. They were greatly superior to those two brothers, who only knew how to cleave in twain giants, to break lances, and to carry off fair damsels behind them on horseback, without

saying a single word to them; whereas our heroes were adepts at cards and dice, of which the others were totally ignorant.

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

Though the men of Turin were extremely handsome, they were not, however, possessed of the art of pleasing. They treated their wives with respect, and were courteous to strangers. Their wives, still more handsome, were full as courteous to strangers, and less respectful to their husbands.

Madame Royale,* a worthy daughter of Henry IV. rendered her little court the most agreeable in the world. She inherited such of her father's virtues as compose the proper ornament of her sex; and with regard to what are termed the foibles of great souls, her highness had in no wise degenerated.

The Count de Tanes was her prime minister. It was not

* Christina, second daughter of Henry IV., married to Victor Amadeus, Prince of Piedmont, afterwards Duke of Savoy. She seems to have been well entitled to the character here given of her. Keysler, in his *Travels*, vol. i., p. 239, speaking of a fine villa, called La Vigne de Madame Royale, near Turin, says, "During the minority under the regent Christina, both the house and garden were often the scenes of riot and debauchery. On this account, in the king's advanced age, when he was, as it were, inflamed with an external flame of religion, with which possibly the admonitions of his father-confessor might concur, this place became so odious to him, that, upon the death of Madame Royale, he bestowed it on the hospital." She died in 1663.

difficult to conduct affairs of state during his administration. No complaints were alleged against him; and the princess, satisfied with his conduct herself, was, above all, glad to have her choice approved by her whole court, where people lived nearly according to the manners and customs of ancient chivalry.

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

Matta was far from being averse to gallantry; but would have liked it more simple than as it was practised at Turin. The ordinary forms would not have disgusted him; but he found here a sort of superstition in the ceremonies and worship of love, which he thought very inconsistent: however, as he had submitted his conduct in that matter to the direction of the Chevalier de Grammont, he was obliged to follow his example, and to conform to the customs of the country.

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

Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain was in the bloom of youth; her eyes were small, but very bright and sparkling, and, like her hair, were black; her complexion was lively and clear, though not fair: she had an agreeable mouth, two fine rows of teeth, a neck as handsome as one could wish, and a most delightful shape; she had a particular elegance in her elbows, which, however, she did not show to advantage; her hands were rather large and not very white; her feet, though not of the smallest, were well shaped; she trusted to Providence, and used no art to set off those graces which she had received from nature; but, notwithstanding her negligence in the embellishment of her charms, there was something so lively in her person, that the Chevalier de Grammont was caught at first sight; her wit and humour corresponded with her other qualities, being quite easy and perfectly charming; she was all mirth, all life, all complaisance and politeness, and all was natural, and always the same without any variation.

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

She had a husband whom it would have been criminal even

* Lord Orford says, the family of Senantes still remains in Piedmont, and bears the title of Marquis de Carailles.

in chastity to spare. He piqued himself upon being a Stoic, and gloried in being slovenly and disgusting in honour of his profession. In this he succeeded to admiration; for he was very fat, so that he perspired almost as much in winter as in summer. Erudition and brutality seemed to be the most conspicuous features of his character, and were displayed in his conversation, sometimes together, sometimes alternately, but always disagreeably: he was not jealous, and yet he was troublesome; he was very well pleased to see attentions paid to his wife, provided more were paid to him.

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

The Duchess of Savoy gave the very next day an entertainment at La Venerie,* where all the ladies were invited.

* This place is thus described by Keysler, *Travels*, vol. i., p. 235 —"The palace most frequented by the royal family is La Venerie, the court generally continuing there from the spring to December. It is about a league from Turin: the road that leads to it is well paved, and the greatest part of it planted with trees on each side: it is not always in a direct line, but runs a little winding between fine meadows, fields, and vineyards." After describing the palace as it then was, he adds,— "The palace garden at present consists only of hedges and walks, whereas formerly it had fine water-works and grottoes, besides the fountain of Hercules and the temple of Diana, of which a description may be seen in the Nouveau Théâtre de Piedmont. But now nothing of these remains, being gone to ruin, partly by the ravages of the French, and

The Chevalier was so agreeable and diverting, that he made his mistress almost die with laughing. Matta, in leading his lady to the coach, squeezed her hand, and at their return from the promenade he begged of her to pity his sufferings. This was proceeding rather too precipitately, and although Madame de Senantes was not destitute of the natural compassion of her sex, she nevertheless was shocked at the familiarity of this treatment; she thought herself obliged to show some degree of resentment, and pulling away her hand, which he had pressed with still greater fervency upon this declaration, she went up to the royal apartments without even looking at her new lover. Matta, never thinking that he had offended her, suffered her to go, and went in search of some company to sup with him: nothing was more easy for a man of his disposition; he soon found what he wanted, sat a long time at table to refresh himself after the fatigues of love, and went to bed completely satisfied that he had performed his part to perfection.

During all this time the Chevalier de Grammont acquitted himself towards Mademoiselle de Saint Germain with universal applause; and without remitting his assiduities, he found means to shine, as they went along, in the relation of a thousand entertaining anecdotes, which he introduced in the general conversation. Her Royal Highness heard them with pleasure, and the solitary Senantes likewise attended to them. He perceived this, and quitted his mistress to inquire what she had done with Matta.

"I!" said she, "I have done nothing with him; but I don't

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partly by the king's order that they should be demolished, to make room for something else; but those vacuities have not yet, and probably will not very soon be filled up."

know what he would have done with me if I had been obliging enough to listen to his most humble solicitations."

She then told him in what manner his friend had treated her the very second day of their acquaintance.

The Chevalier could not forbear laughing at it: he told her Matta was rather too unceremonious, but yet she would like him better as their intimacy more improved, and for her consolation he assured her that he would have spoken in the same manner to her Royal Highness herself; however, he would not fail to give him a severe reprimand. He went the next morning into his room for that purpose; but Matta had gone out early in the morning on a shooting party, in which he had been engaged by his supper companions in the preceding evening. At his return he took a brace of partridges and went to his mistress. Being asked whether he wished to see the Marquis, he said no; and the Swiss telling him his lady was not at home, he left his partridges, and desired him to present them to his mistress from him.

The Marchioness was at her toilet, and was decorating her head with all the grace she could devise to captivate Matta, at the moment he was denied admittance: she knew nothing of the matter; but her husband knew every particular. He had taken it in dudgeon that the first visit was not paid to him, and as he was resolved that it should not be paid to his wife, the Swiss had received his orders, and had almost been beaten for receiving the present which had been left. The partridges, however, were immediately sent back, and Matta, without examining into the cause, was glad to have them again. He went to court without ever changing his clothes, or in the least considering he ought not to appear there without his lady's colours. He found her becomingly dressed; her eyes appeared to him more than usually sparkling, and her

whole person altogether divine. He began from that day to be much pleased with himself for his complaisance to the Chevalier de Grammont; however, he could not help remarking that she looked but coldly upon him. This appeared to him a very extraordinary return for his services, and, imagining that she was unmindful of her weighty obligations to him, he entered into conversation with her, and severely reprimanded her for having sent back his partridges with so much indifference.

She did not understand what he meant; and highly offended that he did not apologize, after the reprimand which she concluded him to have received, told him that he certainly had met with ladies of very complying dispositions in his travels, as he seemed to give to himself airs that she was by no means accustomed to endure. Matta desired to know wherein he could be said to have given himself any. "Wherein?" said she: "the second day that you honoured me with your attentions, you treated me as if I had been your humble servant for a thousand years; the first time that I gave you my hand you squeezed it as violently as you were able. After this commencement of your courtship, I got into my coach, and you mounted your horse; but instead of riding by the side of the coach, as any reasonable gallant would have done, no sooner did a hare start from her form, than you immediately galloped full speed after her; having regaled yourself, during the promenade, by taking snuff, without ever deigning to bestow a thought on me, the only proof you gave me, on your return, that you recollected me, was by soliciting me to surrender my reputation in terms polite enough, but very explicit. And now you talk to me of having been shooting of partridges and of some visit or other, which, I suppose, you have been dreaming of, as well as of all the rest."

The Chevalier de Grammont now advanced, to the interruption of this whimsical dialogue. Matta was rebuked for his forwardness, and his friend took abundant pains to convince him that his conduct bordered more upon insolence than familiarity. Matta endeavoured to exculpate himself, but succeeded ill. His mistress took compassion upon him, and consented to admit his excuses, for the manner, rather than his repentance for the fact, and declared that it was the intention alone which could either justify or condemn, in such cases; that it was very easy to pardon those transgressions which arise from excess of tenderness, but not such as proceeded from too great a presumption of success. Matta swore that he only squeezed her hand from the violence of his passion, and that he had been driven, by necessity, to ask her to relieve it; that he was yet a novice in the arts of solicitation; that he could not possibly think her more worthy of his affection, after a month's service, than at the present moment; and that he entreated her to cast away an occasional thought upon him when her leisure admitted. The Marchioness was not offended, she saw very well that she must require an implicit conformity to the established rule of decorum, when she had to deal with such a character; and the Chevalier de Grammont, after this sort of reconciliation, went to look after his own affair with Mademoiselle de St. Germain.

His concern was not the offspring of mere good nature, nay, it was the reverse; for no sooner did he perceive that the Marchioness looked with an eye of favour upon him, than this conquest, appearing to him to be more easy than the other, he thought it was prudent to take advantage of it, for fear of losing the opportunity, and that he might not have spent all his time to no purpose, in case he should prove unsuccessful with the little St. Germain.

In the mean time, in order to maintain that authority which he had usurped over the conduct of his friend, he, that very evening, notwithstanding what had been already said, reprimanded him for presuming to appear at court in his morning suit, and without his mistress's badge; for not having had the wit or prudence to pay his first visit to the Marquis de Senantes, instead of consuming his time, to no purpose, in inquiries for the lady; and, to conclude, he asked him what the devil he meant by presenting her with a brace of miserable red partridges. "And why not?" said Matta: "ought they to have been blue, too, to match the cockade and sword-knots you made me wear the other day? Plague not me with your nonsensical whimsies: my life on it, in one fortnight your equal in foppery and folly will not be found throughout the confines of Turin; but, to reply to your questions, I did not call upon Monsieur de Senantes, because I had nothing to do with him, and because he is of a species of animals which I dislike, and always shall dislike: as for you, you appear quite charmed with being decked out in green ribands, with writing letters to your mistress, and filling your pockets with citrons, pistachios, and such sort of stuff, with which you are always cramming the poor girl's mouth, in spite of her teeth: you hope to succeed by chanting ditties composed in the days of Corisande and of Henry IV., which you will swear yourself have made upon her: happy in practising the ceremonials of gallantry, you have no ambition for the essentials. Very well: every one has a particular way of acting, as well as a particular taste: your's is to trifle in love; and, provided you can make Mademoiselle de St. Germain laugh, you are satisfied: as for my part, I am persuaded, that women here are made of the same materials as in other places; and I do not think that they can be mightily offended, if one sometimes leaves off

trifling, to come to the point: however, if the Marchioness is not of this way of thinking, she may e'en provide herself elsewhere; for I can assure her, that I shall not long act the part of her squire."

This was an unnecessary menace; for the Marchioness in reality liked him very well, was nearly of the same way of thinking herself, and wished for nothing more than to put his gallantry to the test. But Matta proceeded upon a wrong plan; he had conceived such an aversion for her husband, that he could not prevail upon himself to make the smallest advance towards his good graces. He was given to understand that he ought to begin by endeavouring to lull the dragon to sleep, before he could gain possession of the treasure; but this was all to no purpose, though, at the same time, he could never see his mistress but in public. This made him impatient, and as he was lamenting his ill-fortune to her one day: "Have the goodness, madam," said he, "to let me know where you live: there is never a day that I do not call upon you, at least, three or four times, without ever being blessed with a sight of you." "I generally sleep at home," replied she, laughing; "but I must tell you, that you will never find me there, if you do not first pay a visit to the Marquis: I am not mistress of the house. I do not tell you," continued she, "that he is a man whose acquaintance any one would very impatiently covet for his conversation: on the contrary, I agree that his humour is fantastical, and his manners not of the pleasing cast; but there is nothing so savage and inhuman, which a little care, attention, and complaisance may not tame into docility. I must repeat to you some verses upon the subject: I have got them by heart, because they contain a little advice, which you may accommodate, if you please, to your own case."

RONDEAU.

Keep in mind these maxims rare,
You who hope to win the fair ;
Who are, or would esteemed be,
The quintessence of gallantry.

That fopp'ry, grinning, and grimace,
And fertile store of common-place ;
That oaths as false as dicers swear,
And iv'ry teeth, and scented hair ;
That trinkets, and the pride of dress,
Can only give your scheme success.
Keep in mind.

Has thy charmer e'er an aunt ?
Then learn the rules of woman's cant,
And forge a tale, and swear you read it,
Such as, save woman, none would credit :
Win o'er her confidante and pages
By gold, for this a golden age is ;
And should it be her wayward fate,
To be encumbered with a mate,
A dull, old dotard should he be,
That dulness claims thy courtesy.
Keep in mind.

"Truly," said Matta, "the song may say what it pleases, but I cannot put it in practice: your husband is far too exquisite a monster for me. Why, what a plaguey odd ceremony do you require of us in this country, if we cannot pay our compliments to the wife without being in love with the husband!"

The Marchioness was much offended at this answer; and as she thought she had done enough in pointing out to him the path which would conduct him to success, if he had deserved it, she did not think it worth while to enter into any farther explanation; since he refused to cede, for her sake, so trifling

an objection: from this instant she resolved to have done with him.

The Chevalier de Grammont had taken leave of his mistress nearly at the same time: the ardour of his pursuit was extinguished. It was not that Mademoiselle de Saint Germain was less worthy than hitherto of his attentions: on the contrary her attractions visibly increased: she retired to her pillow with a thousand charms, and ever rose from it with additional beauty: the phrase of increasing in beauty as she increased in years seemed to have been purposely made for her. The Chevalier could not deny these truths, but yet he could not find his account in them: a little less merit, with a little less discretion, would have been more agreeable. He perceived that she attended to him with pleasure, that she was diverted with his stories as much as he could wish, and that she received his billets and presents without scruple; but then he also discovered that she did not wish to proceed any farther. He had exhausted every species of address upon her, and all to no purpose: her attendant was gained: her family, charmed with the music of his conversation and his great attention, were never happy without him: in short, he had reduced to practice the advice contained in the Marchioness's song, and everything conspired to deliver the little Saint Germain into his hands, if the little Saint Germain had herself been willing: but alas! she was not inclined. It was in vain he told her the favour he desired would cost her nothing; and that since these treasures were rarely comprised in the fortune a lady brings with her in marriage, she would never find any person, who, by unremitting tenderness, unwearied attachment, and inviolable secrecy, would prove more worthy of them than himself. He then told her no husband was ever able to convey a proper idea of the sweets of love, and that nothing could be more different than

the passionate fondness of a lover, always tender, always affectionate, yet always respectful, and the careless indifference of a husband.

Mademoiselle de Saint Germain, not wishing to take the matter in a serious light, that she might not be forced to resent it, answered, that since it was generally the custom in her country to marry, she thought it was right to conform to it, without entering into the knowledge of those distinctions, and those marvellous particulars, which she did not very well understand, and of which she did not wish to have any further explanation; that she had submitted to listen to him this one time, but desired he would never speak to her again in the same strain, since such sort of conversation was neither entertaining to her, nor could be serviceable to him. Though no one was ever more facetious than Mademoiselle de Saint Germain, she yet knew how to assume a very serious air, whenever occasion required it. The Chevalier de Grammont soon saw that she was in earnest; and finding it would cost him a great deal of time to effect a change in her sentiments, he was so far cooled in this pursuit, that he only made use of it to hide the designs he had upon the Marchioness de Senantes.

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

other his friend, which was not very difficult: Matta was not at all suspicious: and the stupid Senantes, towards whom the Chevalier had already behaved as Matta had refused to do, could not be easy without him. This was much more than was wanted; for as soon as ever the Chevalier was with the Marchioness, her husband immediately joined them out of politeness; and on no account would have left them alone together, for fear they should grow weary of each other without him.

Matta, who all this time was entirely ignorant that he was disgraced, continued to serve his mistress in his own way. She had agreed with the Chevalier de Grammont, that to all appearance everything should be carried on as before; so that the court always believed that the Marchioness only thought of Matta, and that the Chevalier was entirely devoted to Mademoiselle de Saint Germain.

There were very frequently little lotteries for trinkets: the Chevalier de Grammont always tried his fortune, and was sometimes fortunate; and under pretence of the prizes he had won, he bought a thousand things which he indiscreetly gave to the Marchioness, and which she still more indiscreetly accepted: the little Saint Germain very seldom received any thing. There are meddling whisperers everywhere: remarks were made upon these proceedings; and the same person that made them communicated them likewise to Mademoiselle de Saint Germain. She pretended to laugh, but in reality was piqued. It is a maxim religiously observed by the fair sex, to envy each other those indulgences which themselves refuse. She took this very ill of the Marchioness. On the other hand, Matta was asked if he was not old enough to make his own presents himself to the Marchioness de Senantes, without sending them by the Chevalier de Grammont. This roused him; for of himself, he would never have perceived it: his suspicions, how-

ever, were but slight, and he was willing to have them removed. "I must confess," said he to the Chevalier de Grammont, "that they make love here quite in a new style; a man serves here without reward: he addresses himself to the husband when he is in love with the wife, and makes presents to another man's mistress, to get into the good graces of his own. The Marchioness is much obliged to you for——" "It is you who are obliged," replied the Chevalier, "since this was done on your account: I was ashamed to find you had never yet thought of presenting her with any trifling token of your attention: do you know that the people of this court have such extraordinary notions, as to think that it is rather owing to inadvertency that you never yet have had the spirit to make your mistress the smallest present? For shame! how ridiculous it is, that you can never think for yourself?"

Matta took this rebuke, without making any answer, being persuaded that he had in some measure deserved it: besides, he was neither sufficiently jealous, nor sufficiently amorous, to think any more of it; however, as it was necessary for the Chevalier's affairs that Matta should be acquainted with the Marquis de Senantes, he plagued him so much about it, that at last he complied. His friend introduced him, and his mistress seemed pleased with this proof of complaisance, though she was resolved that he should gain nothing by it; and the husband, being gratified with a piece of civility which he had long expected, determined, that very evening, to give them a supper at a little country seat of his, on the banks of the river, very near the city.

The Chevalier de Grammont answering for them both, accepted the offer; and as this was the only one Matta would not have refused from the Marquis, he likewise consented. The Marquis came to convey them in his carriage at the hour

appointed; but he found only Matta. The Chevalier had engaged himself to play, on purpose that they might go without him: Matta was for waiting for him, so great was his fear of being left alone with the Marquis; but the Chevalier having sent to desire them to go on before, and that he would be with them as soon as he had finished his game, poor Matta was obliged to set out with the man who, of all the world, was most offensive to him. It was not the Chevalier's intention quickly to extricate Matta out of this embarrassment: he no sooner knew that they were gone, than he waited on the Marchioness, under pretence of still finding her husband, that they might all go together to supper.

The plot was in a fair way; and as the Marchioness was of opinion that Matta's indifference merited no better treatment from her, she made no scruple of acting her part in it: she therefore waited for the Chevalier de Grammont with intentions so much the more favourable, as she had for a long time expected him, and had some curiosity to receive a visit from him in the absence of her husband. We may therefore suppose that this first opportunity would not have been lost, if Mademoiselle de Saint Germain had not unexpectedly come in, almost at the same time with the Chevalier.

She was more handsome and more entertaining that day than she had ever been before; however, she appeared to them very ugly and very tiresome: she soon perceived that her company was disagreeable, and being determined that they should not be out of humour with her for nothing, after having passed above a long half hour in diverting herself with their uneasiness, and in playing a thousand monkey tricks, which she plainly saw could never be more unseasonable, she pulled off her hood, scarf, and all that part of her dress which ladies lay aside, when in a familiar manner they intend to pass the day

anywhere. The Chevalier de Grammont cursed her in his heart, while she continued to torment him for being in such ill-humour in such good company: at last the Marchioness, who was as much vexed as he was, said rather drily that she was obliged to wait on her Royal Highness: Mademoiselle de Saint Germain told her that she would have the honour to accompany her, if it would not be disagreeable: she took not the smallest notice of her offer; and the Chevalier, finding that it would be entirely useless to prolong his visit at that time, retired with a good grace.

As soon as he had left the house, he sent one of his scouts to desire the Marquis to sit down to table with his company without waiting for him, because the game might not perhaps be finished as soon as he expected, but that he would be with him before supper was over. Having despatched this messenger, he placed a sentinel at the Marchioness's door, in hopes that the tedious Saint Germain might go out before her; but this was in vain, for his spy came and told him, after an hour's impatience and suspense, that they were gone out together. He found there was no chance of seeing her again that day, everything falling out contrary to his wishes; he was forced therefore to leave the Marchioness, and go in quest of the Marquis.

While these things were going on in the city, Matta was not much diverted in the country: as he was prejudiced against the Marquis, all that he said displeased him: he cursed the Chevalier heartily for the tête-à-tête which he had procured him; and he was upon the point of going away, when he found that he was to sit down to supper without any other company.

However, as his host was very choice in his entertainments, and had the best wine and the best cook in all Piedmont, the

sight of the first course appeased him; and eating most voraciously, without paying any attention to the Marquis, he flattered himself that the supper would end without any dispute; but he was mistaken.

When the Chevalier de Grammont was at first endeavouring to bring about an intercourse between the Marquis and Matta, he had given a very advantageous character of the latter, to make the former more desirous of his acquaintance; and in the display of a thousand other accomplishments, knowing what an infatuation the Marquis had for the very name of erudition, he assured him that Matta was one of the most learned men in Europe.

The Marquis, therefore, from the moment they sat down to supper, had expected some stroke of learning from Matta, to bring his own into play; but he was much out in his reckoning; no one had read less, no one thought less, and no one had ever spoken so little at an entertainment as he had done: as he did not wish to enter into conversation, he opened his mouth only to eat, or ask for wine.

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

"Since you are my wife's gallant——" "I!" said Matta. who wished to carry it discreetly: "those who told you so, told a damned lie." "Zounds, sir," said the Marquis, "you speak in a tone which does not at all become you; for I would have you to know, notwithstanding your contemptuous airs, that the Marchioness de Senantes is perhaps as worthy of your attentions as any of your French ladies, and that I have

known some greatly your superiors, who have thought it an honour to serve her." "Very well," said Matta, "I think she is very deserving, and since you insist upon it, I am her servant and gallant, to oblige you."

"You think, perhaps," continued the other, "that the same custom prevails in this country as in your own, and that the ladies have lovers, with no other intentions than to grant them favours: undeceive yourself if you please, and know, likewise, that even if such events were frequent in this court, I should not be at all uneasy." "Nothing can be more civil," said Matta; "but wherefore would you not?" "I will tell you why," replied he: "I am well acquainted with the affection my wife entertains for me: I am acquainted with her discretion towards all the world; and, what is more, I am acquainted with my own merit."

"You have a most uncommon acquaintance then," replied Matta; "I congratulate you upon it; I have the honour to drink it in a bumper." The Marquis pledged him; but seeing that the conversation dropped on their ceasing to drink, after two or three healths, he wished to make a second attempt, and attack Matta on his strong side, that is to say, on his learning.

He desired him, therefore, to tell him, at what time he thought the Allobroges came to settle in Piedmont. Matta, who wished him and his Allobroges at the devil, said, that it must be in the time of the civil wars. "I doubt that," said the other. "Just as you like," said Matta. "Under what consulate?" replied the Marquis: "Under that of the League," said Matta, "when the Guises brought the Lansquenets into France; but what the devil does that signify?"

The Marquis was tolerably warm, and naturally savage, so that God knows how the conversation would have ended, if

the Chevalier de Grammont had not unexpectedly come in to to appease them. It was some time before he could find out what their debate was; for the one had forgotten the questions, and the other the answers, which had disobliged him, in order to reproach the Chevalier with his eternal passion for play, which made him always uncertain. The Chevalier, who knew that he was still more culpable than they thought, bore it all with patience, and condemned himself more than they desired: this appeased them; and the entertainment ended with greater tranquillity than it had begun. The conversation was again reduced to order; but he could not enliven it as he usually did. He was in very ill humour, and as he pressed them every minute to rise from table, the Marquis was of opinion that he had lost a great deal. Matta said, on the contrary, that he had won; but for want of precautions had made perhaps an unfortunate retreat; and asked him if he had not stood in need of Serjeant La Place, with his ambuscade.

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

The Duchess, who knew the character of the Marquis, was charmed with the account which the Chevalier de Grammont gave her of the entertainment and conversation: she sent for Matta to know the truth of it from himself: he confessed, that before the Allobroges were mentioned the Marquis was

for quarrelling with him, because he was not in love with his wife.

Their acquaintance having begun in this manner, all the esteem which the Marquis had formerly expressed for the Chevalier seemed now directed towards Matta: he went every day to pay Matta a visit, and Matta was every day with his wife. This did not at all suit the Chevalier: he repented of his having chid Matta, whose assiduity now interrupted all his schemes; and the Marchioness was still more embarrassed. Whatever wit a man may have, it will never please where his company is disliked; and she repented that she had been formerly guilty of some trifling advances towards him

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

He told Matta, that they ought to invite the Marquis to supper at their lodgings, and he would take upon himself to provide everything proper for the occasion. Matta desired to know if it was to play at quinze, and assured him that he should take care to render abortive any intention he might have to engage in play, and leave him alone with the greatest blockhead in all Europe. The Chevalier de Grammont did not entertain any such thought, being persuaded that it would be impossible to take advantage of any such opportunity, in whatever manner he might take his measures; and that they

would seek for him in every corner of the city rather than allow him the least repose: his whole attention was therefore employed in rendering the entertainment agreeable, in finding out means of prolonging it, in order ultimately to kindle some dispute between the Marquis and Matta. For this purpose he put himself in the best humour in the world, and the wine produced the same effect on the rest of the company.

The Chevalier de Grammont expressed his concern, that he had not been able to give the Marquis a little concert, as he had intended in the morning; for the musicians had been all pre-engaged. Upon this the Marquis undertook to have them at his country-house the following evening, and invited the same company to sup with him there. Matta asked what the devil they wanted with music, and maintained that it was of no use on such occasions but for women who had something to say to their lovers, while the fiddles prevented them from being overheard, or for fools who had nothing to say when the music ended. They ridiculed all his arguments: the party was fixed for the next day, and the music was voted by the majority of voices. The Marquis, to console Matta, as well as to do honour to the entertainment, toasted a great many healths: Matta was more ready to listen to his arguments on this topic than in a dispute; but the Chevalier, perceiving that a little would irritate them, desired nothing more earnestly than to see them engaged in some new controversy. It was in vain that he had from time to time started some subject of discourse with this intention; but having luckily thought of asking what was his lady's maiden name, Senantes, who was a great genealogist, as all fools are who have good memories, immediately began by tracing out her family, by an endless confused string of lineage. The Chevalier seemed to listen to him with great attention; and

perceiving that Matta was almost out of patience, he desired him to attend to what the Marquis was saying, for that nothing could be more entertaining. "All this may be very true," said Matta; "but for my part, I must confess, if I were married, I should rather choose to inform myself who was the real father of my children, than who were my wife's grandfathers." The Marquis, smiling at this rudeness, did not leave off until he had traced back the ancestors of his spouse, from line to line, as far as Yolande de Senantes: after this he offered to prove, in less than half an hour, that the Grammonts came originally from Spain. "Very well," said Matta, "and pray what does it signify to us from whence the Grammonts are descended? Do not you know, sir, that it is better to know nothing at all, than to know too much?"

The Marquis maintained the contrary with great warmth, and was preparing a formal argument to prove that an ignorant man is a fool; but the Chevalier de Grammont, who was thoroughly acquainted with Matta saw very clearly that he would send the logician to the devil before he should arrive at the conclusion of his syllogism: for which reason, interposing as soon as they began to raise their voices, he told them it was ridiculous to quarrel about an affair in itself so trivial, and treated the matter in a serious light, that it might make the greater impression. Thus supper terminated peaceably, owing to the care he took to suppress all disputes, and to substitute plenty of wine in their stead.

The next day Matta went to the chase, the Chevalier de Grammont to the bagnio, and the Marquis to his country house. While the latter was making the necessary preparations for his guests, not forgetting the music, and Matta pursuing his game to get an appetite, the Chevalier was meditating on the execution of his project.

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

Madame Royale, alarmed at this advice, immediately sent for the Chevalier de Grammont: he appeared surprised when her highness mentioned the affair: he confessed, indeed, that some high words had passed between them, but that he did not believe either of them would have remembered them the next day. He said that if no mischief had yet taken place, the best way would be to secure them both until the morning, and that if they could be found, he would undertake to reconcile them, and to obliterate all grievances: in this there was no great difficulty. On inquiry at the Marquis's they were informed that he was gone to his country-house: there certainly he was, and there they found him; the officer put him under an arrest, without assigning any reason for so doing, and left him in very great surprise.

Immediately upon Matta's return from hunting, her Royal Highness sent the same officer to desire him to give her his word that he would not stir out that evening. This compliment very much surprised him, more particularly as no reason was assigned for it. He was expected at a good entertainment he was dying with hunger, and nothing appeared to him more unreasonable than to oblige him to stay at home, in a situation like the present; but he had given his word, and not knowing to what this might tend, his only resource was to send for his friend; but his friend did not come to him until his return from the country. He had there found the Marquis in the midst of his fiddlers, and very much vexed to find himself a

prisoner in his own house on account of Matta, whom he was waiting for in order to feast him: he complained of him bitterly to the Chevalier de Grammont: he said that he did not believe that he had offended him; but that, since he was very desirous of a quarrel, he desired the Chevalier to acquaint him, if he felt the least displeasure on the present occasion, he should, on the very first opportunity, receive what is called satisfaction. The Chevalier de Grammont assured him that no such thought had ever entered the mind of Matta; that on the contrary, he knew that he very greatly esteemed him; that all this could alone arise from the extreme tenderness of his lady, who, being alarmed upon the report of the servants who waited at table, must have gone to her Royal Highness, in order to prevent any unpleasant consequences; that he thought this the more probable, as he had often told the Marchioness, when speaking of Matta, that he was the best swordsman in France; for, in truth, the poor gentleman had never fought without having the misfortune of killing his man.

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

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

One being thus safely lodged, his next step was to secure the other: he returned immediately to town: and as soon as

Matta saw him, "What the devil," said he, "is the meaning of this farce which I am obliged to act? for my part, I cannot understand the foolish customs of this country; how comes it that they make me a prisoner upon my parole?" "How comes it?" said the Chevalier de Grammont, "it is because you yourself are far more unaccountable than all their customs; you cannot help disputing with a peevish fellow, whom you ought only to laugh at; some officious footman has no doubt been talking of your last night's dispute; you were seen to go out of town in the morning, and the Marquis soon after; was not this sufficient to make her Royal Highness think herself obliged to take these precautions? The Marquis is in custody; they have only required your parole; so far, therefore, from taking the affair in the sense you do, I should send very humbly to thank her Highness for the kindness she has manifested towards you in putting you under arrest, since it is only on your account that she interests herself in the affair. I shall take a walk to the palace, where I will endeavour to unravel this mystery; in the mean time, as there is but little probability that the matter should be settled this evening, you would do well to order supper; for I shall come back to you immediately."

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

The Chevalier de Grammont returned in about half an hour, with two or three gentlemen whom Matta had got acquainted with at the chase, and who, upon the report of the quarrel, waited upon him, and each offered him separately his services against the unassisted and pacific Marquis. Matta having re-

turned them his thanks, insisted upon their staying supper, and put on his robe de chambre.

As soon as the Chevalier de Grammont perceived that every thing coincided with his wishes, and that towards the end of the entertainment the toasts went merrily round, he knew he was sure of his man till next day: then taking him aside with the permission of the company, and making use of a false confidence in order to disguise a real treachery, he acquainted him, after having sworn him several times to secrecy, that he had at last prevailed upon the little Saint Germain to grant him an interview that night; for which reason he would take his leave, under pretence of going to play at Court; he therefore desired him fully to satisfy the company that he would not have left them on any other account, as the Piedmontese are naturally mistrustful. Matta promised he would manage this point with discretion; that he would make an apology for him, and that there was no occasion for his personally taking leave: then, after congratulating him upon the happy posture of his affairs, he sent him away with all the expedition and secrecy imaginable; so great was his fear lest his friend should lose the present opportunity.

Matta then returned to the company, much pleased with the confidence which had been placed in him, and with the share he had in the success of this adventure. He put himself into the best humour imaginable in order to divert the attention of his guests; he severely satirised those, whose rage for gaming induced them to sacrifice to it every other consideration; he loudly ridiculed the folly of the Chevalier upon this article, and secretly laughed at the credulity of the Piedmontese, whom he had deceived with so much ingenuity.

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

for his friend; and, if we may credit appearances, this friend enjoyed the fruit of his perfidy. The amorous Marchioness received him like one who wished to enhance the value of the favour she bestowed; her charms were far from being neglected; and if there are any circumstances in which we may detest the traitor while we profit by the treason, this was not one of them; and however successful the Chevalier de Grammont was in his intrigues, it was not owing to him that the contrary was not believed; but, be that as it may, being convinced that in love whatever is gained by address is gained fairly, it does not appear that he ever showed the smallest degree of repentance for this trick. But it is now time for us to take him from the court of Savoy, to see him shine in that of France.

CHAPTER V.

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

Zealously attached to the Prince de Condé * from inclina-

* Louis of Bourbon, Duke d'Enghien, afterwards, by the death of his father in 1656, Prince de Condé. Of this great man Cardinal de Retz says, "He was born a general, which never happened but to Cæsar, to Spinola, and to himself. He has equalled the first: he has surpassed the second. Intrepidity is one of the least shining strokes in his character. Nature had formed him with a mind as great as his courage. Fortune, in setting him out in a time of wars, has given this last a full extent to work in: his birth, or rather his education, in a family devoted and enslaved to the court, has kept the first within too straight bounds. He was not taught time enough the great and general maxims which alone are able to form men to think always consistently. He never had time to learn them of himself, because he was prevented from his youth, by the great affairs that fell unexpectedly to his share, and by the continual success he met with. This defect in him was the cause, that with the soul in the world the least inclined to evil, he has committed injuries; that with the heart of an Alexander, he has, like him, had his failings; that with a wonderful understanding, he has

PRINCE DE CONDE.

tion, he was a witness, and, if we may be allowed to say it, his companion, in the glory he had acquired at the celebrated battles of Lens, Norlinguen, and Fribourg;* and the details he so frequently gave of them were far from diminishing their lustre.

So long as he had only some scruples of conscience, and a thousand interests to sacrifice, he quitted all to follow a man, whom strong motives and resentments, which in some manner appeared excusable, had withdrawn from the paths of rectitude: he adhered to him in his first disgrace, with a constancy of which there are few examples; but he could not submit to the injuries which he afterwards received, and which such an

acted imprudently; that having all the qualities which the Duke Francis of Guise had, he has not served the state in some occasions so well as he ought; and that having likewise having all the qualities of the Duke Henry of Guise, he has not carried faction so far as he might. He could not come up to the height of his merit; which, though it be a defect, must yet be owned to be very uncommon, and only to be found in persons of the greatest abilities." *Memoirs*, vol. i., p. 248, edit. 1723. He retired from the army, soon after the death of Turenne, to Chantilly, "from whence," says Voltaire, "he very rarely came to Versailles, to behold his glory eclipsed in a place where the courtier never regards anything but favour. He passed the remainder of his days, tormented with the gout, relieving the severity of his pains, and employing the leisure of his retreat, in the conversation of men of genius of all kinds, with which France then abounded. He was worthy of their conversation; as he was not unacquainted with any of those arts and sciences in which they shone. He continued to be admired even in his retreat; but at last that devouring fire, which, in his youth, had made him a hero, impetuous, and full of passions, having consumed the strength of his body, which was naturally rather agile than robust, he declined before his time; and the strength of his mind decaying with that of his body, there remained nothing of the great Condé during the last two years of his life. He died in 1686." *Age of Lewis XIV.*, chap. 11. He was aged 66 years.

* These were fought in the years 1648, 1645 and 1644

inviolable attachment so little merited. Therefore, without fearing any reproach for a conduct which sufficiently justified itself, as he had formerly deviated from his duty by entering into the service of the Prince de Condé, he thought he had a right to leave him to return again to his duty.

His peace was soon made at Court, where many, far more culpable than himself, were immediately received into favour, when they desired it; for the queen,* still terrified at the dangers into which the civil wars had plunged the State at the commencement of her regency, endeavoured by lenient measures to conciliate the minds of the people. The policy of the minister† was neither sanguinary nor revengeful: his

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

† Cardinal Mazarin, who, during a few of the latter years of his life, governed France. He died at Vincennes the 9th of March 1661, aged 59 years, leaving as heir to his name and property the Marquis de la Meilleray, who married his niece, and took the title of Duke of Mazarin. On his death, Louis XIV. and the court appeared in mourning, an honour not common, though Henry IV. had shewn it to the memory of Gabrielle d'Estreés. Voltaire, who appears unwilling to ascribe much ability to the cardinal, takes an opportunity, on occasion of his death, to make the following observation.—"We cannot refrain from combating the opinion, which supposes prodigious abilities, and a genius almost divine,

favourite maxim was rather to appease the minds of the discontented by lenity, than to have recourse to violent measures; to be content with losing nothing by the war, without being at the expense of gaining any advantage from the enemy; to suffer his character to be very severely handled, provided he could amass much wealth, and to spin out the minority to the greatest possible extent.

His avidity to heap up riches was not alone confined to the thousand different means, with which he was furnished by his authority, and the situation in which he was placed: his whole pursuit was gain: he was naturally fond of gaming; but he only played to enrich himself, and therefore, whenever he found an opportunity, he cheated.

As he found the Chevalier de Grammont possessed a great deal of wit, and a great deal of money, he was a man according to his wishes, and soon became one of his set. The Chevalier soon perceived the artfulness and dishonesty of the Cardinal, and thought it was allowable in him to put in practice those talents which he had received from nature, not only in his own defence, but even to attack him whenever an opportunity offered. This would certainly be the place to mention these particulars; but who can describe them with such ease and elegance as may be expected by those who have heard his own relation of them? Vain is the attempt to endeavour to transcribe these entertaining anecdotes: their spirit seems to

in those who have governed empires with some degree of success. It is not a superior penetration that makes statesmen; it is their character. All men, how inconsiderable soever their share of sense may be, see their own interest nearly alike. A citizen of Bern or Amsterdam, in this respect, is equal to Sejanus, Ximenes, Buckingham, Richelieu, or Mazarin; but our conduct and our enterprises depend absolutely on our natural dispositions, and our success depends upon fortune." *Age of Louis XIV.*, chap. 5.

evaporate upon paper; and in whatever light they are exposed the delicacy of their colouring and their beauty is lost.

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

The Spanish army, commanded by the Prince de Condé and the archduke,* besieged Arras. The Court was advanced as far as Peronne.† The enemy, by the capture of this place, would have procured a reputation for their army of which they were in great need; as the French, for a considerable time past, had evinced a superiority in every engagement.

The Prince supported a tottering party, as far as their usual inactivity and irresolution permitted him; but as in the events of war it is necessary to act independently on some occasions, which, if once suffered to escape, can never be retrieved; for want of this power it frequently happened that his great abilities were of no avail. The Spanish infantry had never recovered itself since the battle of Rocroy;‡ and he who had ruined them by that victory, by fighting against them, was the only man who now, by commanding their army, was capable of repairing the mischief he had done them. But the jealousy

* Leopold, brother of the Emperor Ferdinand the III.

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

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

CARDINAL MAZARINE.

of the generals, and the distrust attendant upon their counsels, tied up his hands.

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

The Cardinal, whose genius was happily adapted to such junctures, where deceitful negotiations could extricate him out of difficulties, was filled with terror at the sight of imminent danger, or of a decisive event: he was of opinion to lay siege

* Voltaire observes, that it was the fortune of Turenne and Condé to be always victorious when they fought at the head of the French, and to be vanquished when they commanded the Spaniards. This was Condé's fate before Arras, August 25, 1654, when he and the archduke besieged that city. Turenne attacked them in their camp, and forced their lines: the troops of the archduke were cut to pieces; and Condé, with two regiments of French and Lorrainers, alone sustained the efforts of Turenne's army; and, while the archduke was flying, he defeated the Marshal de Hoquincourt, repulsed the Marshal de la Ferté, and retreated victoriously himself, by covering the retreat of the vanquished Spaniards. The king of Spain, in his letter to him after this engagement, had these words: "I have been informed that everything was lost, and that you have recovered everything."

to some other place, the capture of which might prove an indemnification for the loss of Arras; but Monsieur de Turenne, who was altogether of a different opinion from the Cardinal, resolved to march towards the enemy, and did not acquaint him with his intentions until he was upon his march. The courier arrived in the midst of his distress, and redoubled his apprehensions and alarms; but there was then no remedy.

The Marshal, whose great reputation had gained him the confidence of the troops, had determined upon his measures before an express order from the Court could prevent him. This was one of those occasions in which the difficulties you encounter heighten the glory of success. Though the general's capacity, in some measure, afforded comfort to the Court, they nevertheless were upon the eve of an event, which in one way or other must terminate both their hopes and their fears: while the rest of the courtiers were giving various opinions concerning the issue, the Chevalier de Grammont determined to be an eye-witness of it; a resolution which greatly surprised the court; for those who had seen as many actions as he had, seemed to be exempted from such eagerness; but it was in vain that his friends opposed his resolutions.

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

He set out in the dusk of the evening with Caseau, whom Monsieur de Turenne had sent express to their majesties.

JAMES DUKE OF YORK.

The Duke of York,* and the Marquis d'Humières,† commanded under the Marshal: the latter was upon duty when the Chevalier arrived, it being scarce daylight. The Duke of York did not at first recollect him; but the Marquis d'Humières, running to him with open arms, "I thought," said he, "if any man came from court to pay us a visit upon such an occasion as this, it would be the Chevalier de Grammont. Well," continued he, "what are they doing at Peronne?" "They are in great consternation," replied the Chevalier. "And what do they think of us?" "They think," said he, "that if you beat the Prince, you will do no more than your duty; if you are beaten, they will think you fools and madmen, thus to have risked everything, without considering the consequences." "Truly," said the Marquis, "you bring us very comfortable news. Will you now go to Monsieur de Turenne's quarters, to acquaint him with it; or will you choose rather to repose yourself in mine? for you have been riding post all last night, and perhaps did not experience much rest in the preceding." "Where have you heard that the Chevalier de Grammont had ever any occasion for sleep?" replied he: "Only order me a horse, that I may have the honour to attend the Duke of York; for, most likely, he is not in the field so early, except to visit some posts."

The advanced guard was only at cannon shot from that of the enemy. As soon as they arrived there, "I should like,"

* Priorato, in his Memoirs of Cardinal Mazarin, mentions other Englishmen besides the Duke of York being present; as Lords Gerrard, Barclay, and Jermyn, with others. *Memoirs*, 12mo, 1673, tome i., part 3, p. 365.

† Louis de Crévans, Maréchal of France. He died 1694. Voltaire says of him, that he was the first who, at the siege of Arras, in 1658, was served in silver in the trenches, and had ragoûts and entremets served up to his table.

said the Chevalier de Grammont, "to advance as far as the sentry which is posted on that eminence: I have some friends and acquaintance in their army, whom I should wish to inquire after: I hope the Duke of York will give me permission." At these words he advanced. The sentry, seeing him come forward directly to his post, stood upon his guard: the Chevalier stopped as soon as he was within shot of him. The sentry answered the sign which was made to him, and made another to the officer, who had begun to advance as soon as he had seen the Chevalier come forward, and was soon up with him; but seeing the Chevalier de Grammont alone, he made no difficulty to let him approach. He desired leave of this officer to inquire after some relations he had in their army, and at the same time asked if the Duke d'Arscot was at the siege. "Sir," said he, "there he is, just alighted under those trees, which you see on the left of our grand guard: it is hardly a minute since he was here with the Prince d'Aremberg, his brother, the Baron de Limbec, and Louvigny." "May I see them upon parole?" said the Chevalier. "Sir," said he, "if I were allowed to quit my post, I would do myself the honour of accompanying you thither; but I will send to acquaint them, that the Chevalier de Grammont desires to speak to them:" and, after having despatched one of his guard towards them, he returned. "Sir," said the Chevalier de Grammont, "may I take the liberty to inquire how I came to be known to you?" "Is it possible," said the other, "that the Chevalier de Grammont should forget La Motte, who had the honour to serve so long in his regiment?" "What! is it you, my good friend, La Motte? Truly, I was to blame for not remembering you, though you are in a dress very different from that which I first saw you in at Bruxelles, when you taught the Duchess of Guise to dance the triolets:

PRINCE D'ARENBERG.

and I am afraid your affairs are not in so flourishing a condition as they were the campaign after I had given you the company you mention." They were talking in this manner, when the Duke d'Arscot, followed by the gentlemen above mentioned, came up on full gallop. The Chevalier de Grammont was saluted by the whole company before he could say a word. Soon after arrived an immense number of others of his acquaintance, with many people, out of curiosity, on both sides, who, seeing him upon the eminence, assembled together with the greatest eagerness; so that the two armies, without design, without truce, and without fraud, were going to join in conversation, if, by chance, Monsieur de Turenne had not perceived it at a distance. The sight surprised him: he hastened that way; and the Marquis d'Humières acquainted him with the arrival of the Chevalier de Grammont, who wished to speak to the sentry before he went to the head-quarters: he added, that he could not comprehend how the devil he had managed to assemble both armies around him, for it was hardly a minute since he had left him. "Truly," said Monsieur de Turenne, "he is a very extraordinary man; but it is only reasonable that he should let us now have a little of his company, since he has paid his first visit to the enemy." At these words he despatched an aide-de-camp, to recal the officers of his army, and to acquaint the Chevalier de Grammont with his impatience to see him.

This order arrived at the same time, with one of the same nature, to the enemy's officers. The Prince de Condé, being informed of this peaceable interview, was not the least surprised at it, when he heard that it was occasioned by the arrival of the Chevalier de Grammont. He only gave Lussan orders to recal the officers, and to desire the Chevalier to meet him at the same place the next day; which the Chevalier

promised to do, provided Monsieur de Turenne should approve of it, as he made no doubt he would.

His reception in the king's army was equally agreeable as that which he had experienced from the enemy. Monsieur de Turenne esteemed him no less for his frankness than for the poignancy of his wit: he took it very kindly that he was the only courtier who came to see him in a time so critical as the present: the questions which he asked him about the court were not so much for information, as to divert himself with his manner of relating their different apprehensions and alarms. The Chevalier de Grammont advised him to beat the enemy, if he did not choose to be answerable for an enterprise which he had undertaken without consulting the Cardinal. Monsieur de Turenne promised him he would exert himself to the utmost to follow his advice, and assured him, that if he succeeded, he would make the queen keep her word with him; and concluded with saying, that he was not sorry the Prince de Condé had expressed a desire to see him. His measures were taken for an attack upon the lines: on this subject he discoursed in private with the Chevalier de Grammont, and concealed nothing from him except the time of execution: but this was all to no purpose; for the Chevalier had seen too much, not to judge, from his own knowledge, and the observations he had made, that from the situation of the army, the attack could be no longer deferred.

He set out the next day for his rendezvous, attended by a trumpet, and found the Prince at the place which Monsieur de Lussan had described to him the evening before. As soon as he alighted: "Is it possible," said the Prince, embracing him, "that this can be the Chevalier de Grammont, and that I should see him in the contrary party?" "It is you, my lord, whom I see there," replied the Chevalier, "and I refer

it to yourself, whether it was the fault of the Chevalier de Grammont, or your own, that we now embrace different interests." "I must confess," said the Prince, "that if there are some who have abandoned me like base ungrateful wretches, you have left me, as I left myself, like a man of honour, who thinks himself in the right: but let us forget all cause of resentment, and tell me what was your motive for coming here, you, whom I thought at Peronne with the court." "Must I tell you?" said he: "why, faith then, I came to save your life. I know that you cannot help being in the midst of the enemy in a day of battle; it is only necessary for your horse to be shot under you, and to be taken in arms, to meet with the same treatment from this Cardinal, as your uncle Montmorency* did from the other. I come, therefore, to hold a horse in readiness for you, in case of a similar misfortune, that you may not lose your head." "It is not the first time," said the Prince, smiling, "that you have rendered me this service, though the being taken prisoner at that time could not have been so dangerous to me as now."

From this conversation, they passed to more entertaining subjects. The Prince asked him many questions concerning the court, the ladies, play, and about his amours; and returning insensibly to the present situation of affairs, the Chevalier having inquired after some officers of his acquaintance, who had remained with him, the Prince told him that if he chose, he might go to the lines, where he would have an opportunity not only of seeing those whom he inquired after, but likewise the disposition of the quarters and entrenchments. To this he

* Henry, Duke of Montmorency, who was taken prisoner first September, 1692, and had his head struck off at Toulouse in the month of November following.

consented, and the Prince having shown him all the works and attended him back to their rendezvous, "Well, Chevalier, said he, "when do you think we shall see you again?" "Faith," replied he, "you have used me so handsomely, that I shall conceal nothing from you. Hold yourself in readiness an hour before daybreak; for, you may depend upon it, we shall attack you to-morrow morning. I would not have acquainted you with this, perhaps, had I been entrusted with the secret, but, nevertheless, in the present case you may believe me." "You are still the same man," said the Prince, again embracing him. The Chevalier returned to Monsieur de Turenne's camp towards night; every preparation was then making for the attack of the lines, and it was no longer a secret among the troops.

"Well, Monsieur le Chevalier, were they all very glad to see you?" said Monsieur de Turenne; "the Prince, no doubt, received you with the greatest kindness, and asked a great number of questions?" "He has shown me all the civility imaginable," replied the Chevalier; "and, to convince me he did not take me for a spy, he led me round the lines and entrenchments, and showed me the preparations he had made for your reception." "And what is his opinion?" said the Marshal. "He is persuaded that you will attack him to-night, or to-morrow by daybreak; for you great captains," continued the Chevalier, "see through each other's designs in a wonderful manner."

Monsieur de Turenne, with pleasure, received this commendation from a man who was not indiscriminately accustomed to bestow praise. He communicated to him the disposition of the attack; and at the same time acquainted him, that he was very happy that a man who had seen so many actions was to be present at this; and that he esteemed it no small advan-

tage to have the benefit of his advice, but as he believed that the remaining part of the night would be hardly sufficient for his repose, after having passed the former without any refreshment, he consigned him to the Marquis d'Humières, who provided him with a supper and a lodging.

The next day the lines of Arras were attacked, wherein Monsieur de Turenne, being victorious, added additional lustre to his former glory; and the Prince de Condé, though vanquished, lost nothing of his former reputation.

There are so many accounts of this celebrated battle, that to mention it here would be altogether superfluous. The Chevalier de Grammont, who, as a volunteer, was permitted to go into every part, has given a better description of it than any other person. Monsieur de Turenne reaped great advantage from that activity which never forsook the Chevalier either in peace or war; and that presence of mind which enabled him to carry orders, as coming from the general, so very apropos, that Monsieur de Turenne, otherwise very particular in such matters, thanked him, when the battle was over, in the presence of all his officers, and despatched him to court with the first news of his success.

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

He had taken eight or ten troopers, commanded by an

officer of his acquaintance, to escort him half way to Bapaume,* being persuaded that the greatest danger would lie between the camp and the first stage. He had not proceeded a league before he was convinced of the truth of what he suspected, and turning to the officer who followed him closely, "If you are not well mounted," said he, "I would advise you to return to the camp; for my part, I shall set spurs to my horse, and make the best of my way." "Sir," said the officer, "I hope I shall be able to keep you company, at whatever rate you go, until you are out of all danger." "I doubt that," replied the Chevalier, "for those gentlemen there seem prepared to pay us a visit." "Don't you see," said the officer, "they are some of our own people who are grazing their horses?" "No," said the Chevalier; "but I see very well that they are some of the enemy's troopers." Upon which, observing to him that they were mounting, he ordered the horsemen that escorted him to prepare themselves to make a diversion, and he himself set off full speed towards Bapaume.

He was mounted upon a very swift English horse; but having entangled himself in a hollow way where the ground was deep and miry, he soon had the troopers at his heels, who, supposing him to be some officer of rank, would not be deceived, but continued to pursue him without paying any attention to the others. The best mounted of the party began to draw near him; for the English horses, swift as the wind on even ground, proceeded but very indifferently in bad roads; the trooper presented his carbine, and cried out to him, at some distance, "Good quarter." The Chevalier de Grammont, who perceived

* A fortified town in Artois, seated in a barren country, without rivers or springs, and having an old palace, which gave rise to the town, with a particular governor of its own, a royal and forest court. In 1641 the French took it from the Spaniards.

that they gained upon him, and that whatever efforts his horse made in such heavy ground, he must be overtaken at last, immediately quitted the road to Bapaume, and took a causeway to the left, which led quite a different way; as soon as he had gained it, he drew up, as if to hear the proposal of the trooper, which afforded his horse an opportunity of recovering himself; while his enemy, mistaking his intention, and thinking that he only waited to surrender, immediately exerted every effort, that he might take him before the rest of his companions, who were following, could arrive, and by this means almost killed his horse.

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

During this short meditation, the trooper who followed him was arrived within shot, and still presenting his carbine, offered him good quarter, but the Chevalier de Grammont, to whom this offer, and the manner in which it was made, were equally displeasing, made a sign to him to lower his piece; and perceiving his horse to be in wind, he lowered his hand, rode off like lightning, and left the trooper in such astonishment that he even forgot to fire at him.

As soon as he arrived at Bapaume, he changed horses; the commander of this place showed him the greatest respect, assuring him that no person had yet passed; that he would keep the secret, and that he would retain all that followed him, except the couriers of Monsieur de Turenne.

He now had only to guard against those who would be

watching for him about the environs of Peronne, to return as soon as they saw him, and carry his news to court, without being acquainted with any of the particulars. He knew very well that Marshal du Plessis, Marshal de Villeroy, and Gaboury, had boasted of this to the Cardinal before his departure. Wherefore, to elude this snare, he hired two well-mounted horsemen at Bapaume, and as soon as he had got a league from that place, and after giving them each two louis d'ors, to secure their fidelity, he ordered them to ride on before, to appear very much terrified, and to tell all those who should ask them any questions, "that all was lost, that the Chevalier de Grammont had stopped at Bapaume, having no great inclination to be the messenger of ill news; and that as for themselves, they had been pursued by the enemy's troopers, who were spread over the whole country since the defeat."

Everything succeeded to his wish: the horsemen were intercepted by Gaboury, whose eagerness had outstripped the two marshals; but whatever questions were asked them, they acted their parts so well, that Peronne was already in consternation, and rumours of the defeat were whispered among the courtiers, when the Chevalier de Grammont arrived.

Nothing so enhances the value of good news, as when a false alarm of bad has preceded; yet, though the Chevalier's was accompanied with this advantage, none but their Majesties received it with that transport of joy it deserved.

The queen kept her promise to him in the most fascinating manner: she embraced him before the whole court; the king appeared no less delighted; but the Cardinal, whether with the view of lessening the merit of an action which deserved a handsome reward, or whether it was from a return of that insolence which always accompanied him in prosperity, appeared at first not to pay any attention to what he said, and

being afterwards informed that the lines had been forced, that the Spanish army was beaten, and that Arras was relieved: "Is the Prince de Condé taken?" said he. "No," replied the Chevalier de Grammont. "He is dead then, I suppose?" said the Cardinal. "Not so, neither," answered the Chevalier. "Fine news indeed!" said the Cardinal, with an air of contempt; and at these words he went into the queen's cabinet with their majesties. And happy it was for the Chevalier that he did so, for without doubt he would have given him some severe reply,* in resentment for those two fine questions, and the conclusion he had drawn from them.

The court was filled with the Cardinal's spies: the Chevalier, as is usual on such an occasion, was surrounded by a crowd of courtiers and inquisitive people, and he was very glad to ease himself of some part of the load which laid heavy on his heart, within the hearing of the Cardinal's creatures, and which he would perhaps have told him to his face. "Faith, gentlemen," said he, with a sneer, "there is nothing like being zealous and eager in the service of kings and great princes: you have seen what a gracious reception his Majesty has given me; you are likewise witnesses in what an obliging manner the queen kept her promise with me; but as for the Cardinal, he has received my news as if he gained no more by it than he did by the death of Peter Mazarin."†

* This spirit seems not always to have attended him in his transactions with the Cardinal. On occasion of the entry of the king in 1660, "Le Chevalier de Grammont, Rouville, Bellefonds, and some other courtiers, attended in the cardinal's suite, a degree of flattery which astonished everybody who knew him. I was informed that the Chevalier wore a very rich orange-coloured dress on that occasion." *Lettres de Maintenon*, tome i. p. 32.

† Peter Mazarin was father to the Cardinal. He was a native of Palermo in Sicily, which place he left in order to settle at Rome, where he died in the year 1654.

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

The spies very faithfully discharged their duty: however, the affair took a very different turn from what they expected. The next day, when the Chevalier de Grammont was present while their Majesties were at dinner, the Cardinal came in, and coming up to him, everybody making way for him out of respect: "Chevalier," said he, "the news which you have brought is very good, their Majesties are very well satisfied with it; and to convince you it is more advantageous to me than the death of Peter Mazarin, if you will come and dine with me we will have some play together; for the queen will give us something to play for, over and above her first promise."

In this manner did the Chevalier de Grammont dare to provoke a powerful minister, and this was all the resentment which the least vindictive of all statesmen expressed on the occasion. It was indeed very unusual for so young a man to reverence the authority of ministers no farther, than as they were themselves respectable by their merit; for this, his own breast, as well as the whole court, applauded him, and he enjoyed the satisfaction of being the only man who durst preserve the least shadow of liberty, in a general state of servitude; but it was perhaps owing to the Cardinal's passing over

this insult with impunity, that he afterwards drew upon himself some difficulties, by other rash expressions less fortunate in the event.

In the mean time the court returned: the Cardinal, who was sensible that he could no longer keep his master in a state of tutelage, being himself worn out with cares and sickness, and having amassed treasures he knew not what to do with, and being sufficiently loaded with the weight of public odium, he turned all his thoughts towards terminating, in a manner the most advantageous for France, a ministry which had so cruelly shaken that kingdom. Thus, while he was earnestly laying the foundations of a peace so ardently wished for, pleasure and plenty began to reign at court.

The Chevalier de Grammont experienced for a long time a variety of fortune in love and gaming: he was esteemed by the courtiers, beloved by beauties whom he neglected, and a dangerous favourite of those whom he admired; more successful in play than in his amours; but the one indemnifying him for want of success in the other, he was always full of life and spirits; and in all transactions of importance, always a man of honour.

It is a pity that we must be forced here to interrupt the course of his history, by an interval of some years, as has been already done at the commencement of these memoirs. In a life where the most minute circumstances are always singular and diverting, we can meet with no chasm which does not afford regret; but whether he did not think them worthy of holding a place among his other adventures, or that he has only preserved a confused idea of them, we must pass to the parts of these fragments which are better ascertained, that we may arrive at the subject of his journey to England.

The peace of the Pyrenees,* the king's marriage,† the return of the Prince de Condé,‡ and the death of the Cardinal, gave a new face to the state. The eyes of the whole nation were fixed upon their king, who, for nobleness of mien, and gracefulness of person, had no equal; but it was not then known that he was possessed of those superior abilities, which, filling his subjects with admiration, in the end made him so formidable to Europe. Love and ambition, the invisible springs of the intrigues and cabals of all courts, attentively observed his first steps: pleasure promised herself an absolute empire over a prince who had been kept in ignorance of the necessary rules of government, and ambition had no hopes of reigning in the court except in the minds of those who were able to dispute the management of affairs; when men were surprised to see the king on a sudden display such brilliant abilities, which prudence, in some measure necessary, had so long obliged him to conceal.

An application, inimical to the pleasures which generally attract that age, and which unlimited power very seldom refuses, attached him solely to the cares of government: all admired this wonderful change, but all did not find their account in it: the great lost their consequence before an absolute master, and the courtiers approached with reverential awe the sole object of their respects and the sole master of their fortunes: those who had conducted themselves like petty tyrants in their provinces, and on the frontiers, were now no more than governors: favours, according to the king's

* This treaty was concluded 7th November, 1659.

† Louis XIV. with Maria Theresa of Austria. She was born 20th September, 1638, married 1st June, 1660, and entered Paris 26th August following. She died at Versailles 30th July, 1683, and was buried at St. Denis.

‡ 11th April.—See *De Retz's Memoirs*, vol. iii. p. 119.

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pleasure, were sometimes conferred on merit, and sometimes for services done the state; but to importune, or to menace the court, was no longer the method to obtain them.

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

By many years' experience under an able general he had acquired a talent for war; but this during a general peace was of no further service to him. He therefore thought that, in the midst of a court flourishing in beauties and abounding in wealth, he could not employ himself better than in endeavouring to gain the good opinion of his master, in making the best use of those advantages which nature had given him for play, and in putting in practice new stratagems in love.

He succeeded very well in the two first of these projects, and as he had from that time laid it down as the rule of his conduct to attach himself solely to the king in all his views of preferment, to have no regard for favour unless when it was supported by merit, to make himself beloved by the courtiers

and feared by the minister, to dare to undertake anything in order to do good, and to engage in nothing at the expense of innocence, he soon became one in all the king's parties of pleasure, without gaining the ill will of the courtiers. In play he was successful, in love unfortunate; or, to speak more properly, his restlessness and jealousy overcame his natural prudence, in a situation wherein he had most occasion for it. La Motte Agencourt was one of the maids of honour to the queen dowager, and, though no sparkling beauty, she had drawn away lovers from the celebrated Meneville.* It was sufficient in those days for the king to cast his eye upon a young lady of the court to inspire her with hopes, and often with tender sentiments; but if he spoke to her more than once, the courtiers took it for granted, and those who had either pretensions to, or love for her, respectfully withdrew both the one and the other, and afterwards only paid her respect; but the Chevalier de Grammont thought fit to act quite otherwise, perhaps to preserve a singularity of character, which upon the present occasion was of no avail.

He had never before thought of her, but as soon as he found

* These two ladies at this period seem to have made a distinguished figure in the annals of gallantry. One of their contemporaries mentions them in these terms: "In this case, perhaps, I can give a better account than most people; as, for instance, they had raised a report, when the queen-mother expelled Mademoiselle de la Motte Agencourt, that it was on his score, when I am assured, upon very good grounds, that it was for entertaining the Marquis de Richelieu against her majesty's express command. This lady, who was one of her maids of honour, was a person whom I was particularly acquainted with; and that so much, as I was supposed to have a passion for her: she was counted one of the finest women of the court, and therefore I was not at all displeased to have it thought so; for except Mademoiselle de Meneville, (who had her admirers,) there was none that could pretend to dispute it." *Memoirs of the Comte de Rochfort*, 1696, p. 210. See also Anquetil, *Louis XVI. sa Cour et le Régent*, tome i. p. 46.

that she was honoured with the king's attention, he was of opinion that she was likewise deserving of his. Having attached himself to her, he soon became very troublesome, without convincing her he was much in love. She grew weary of his persecutions, but he would not desist, neither on account of her ill-treatment nor of her threats. This conduct of his at first made no great noise, because she was in hopes that he would change his behaviour; but finding him rashly persist in it, she complained of him: and then it was that he perceived that if love renders all conditions equal, it is not so between rivals. He was banished the court, and not finding any place in France which could console him for what he most regretted—the presence and sight of his prince—after having made some slight reflections upon his disgrace, and bestowed a few imprecations against her who was the cause of it, he at last formed the resolution of visiting England.

CHAPTER VI.

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

This man, whose ambition had opened him a way to sovereign power by the greatest crimes, maintained himself in it by accomplishments which seemed to render him worthy of it by their lustre. The nation, of all Europe the least submissive, patiently bore a yoke which did not even leave her the shadow of that liberty of which she is so jealous; and Cromwell, master of the Commonwealth, under the title of Protector, feared at home, but yet more dreaded abroad, was at his highest pitch of glory when he was seen by the Chevalier de Grammont; but the Chevalier did not see any appearance of a court. One part of the nobility proscribed, the other removed from employments; an affectation of purity of manners, instead of the luxury which the pomp of courts displays

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all taken together, presented nothing but sad and serious objects in the finest city in the world; and therefore the Chevalier acquired nothing by this voyage but the idea of some merit in a profligate man, and the admiration of some concealed beauties he had found means to discover.

Affairs wore quite a different appearance at his second voyage. The joy for the restoration of the royal family still appeared in all parts. The nation, fond of change and novelty, tasted the pleasure of a natural government, and seemed to breathe again after a long oppression. In short, the same people who, by a solemn abjuration, had excluded even the posterity of their lawful sovereign, exhausted themselves in festivals and rejoicings for his return.*

The Chevalier de Grammont arrived about two years after the restoration. The reception he met with in this court soon made him forget the other; and the engagements he in the end contracted in England lessened the regret he had in leaving France.

This was a desirable retreat for an exile of his disposition

* Bishop Burnet confirms this account. "With the restoration of the king," says he, "a spirit of extravagant joy spread over the nation, that brought on with it the throwing off the very professions of virtue and piety. All ended in entertainments and drunkenness which overrun the three kingdoms to such a degree, that it very much corrupted all their morals. Under the colour of drinking the king's health, there were great disorders, and much riot everywhere: and the pretences of religion, both in those of the hypocritical sort, and of the more honest, but no less pernicious enthusiasts, gave great advantages, as well as they furnished much matter to the profane mockers of true piety."—*History of his own Times*, vol. i. p. 127, 8vo. edit. Voltaire says, King Charles "was received at Dover by twenty thousand of his subjects, who fell upon their knees before him; and I have been told by some old men who were of this number, that hardly any of those who were present could refrain from tears." *Age of Louis XIV.*, chap. 5.

Everything flattered his taste, and if the adventures he had in this country were not the most considerable, they were at least the most agreeable of his life. But before we relate them it will not be improper to give some account of the English court, as it was at that period.

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

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

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

With this little court, in such high esteem for merit, the King of England returned two years prior to the period we mention, to ascend a throne which, to all appearances, he was to fill as worthily as the most glorious of his predecessors. The magnificence displayed on this occasion was renewed at his coronation.*

* There is some reason to believe that the Count de Grammont, whose circumstances at his first arrival at the court of Britain were inferior to his rank, endeavoured to distinguish himself by his literary acquirements. A scarce little book, in Latin and French, upon the coronation, has been ascribed to him with some probability. The initials subscribed

in different places of the work are P. D. C., which may correspond to Philibert de Cramont, in which manner the family name was often spelt; and the dedication seems to apply accurately to the count's circumstances. The full title runs :—

"Complementum Fortunatarum Insularum, sive Galathea Vaticinans; being part of an epithalamium upon the auspicious match of the most puissant and most serene Charles II., and the most illustrious Catharina, Infanta of Portugal; with a description of the Fortunate Islands. Written originally in French, by P. D. C., Gent.,* and since translated by him into Latin and English. With the translations also of the Description of S. James's Park, and the late Fight at S. Lucar, by Mr. Edmund Waller; the Panegyric of Charles the Second, by Mr. Dryden; and other pieces relating to the present times. London, printed by W. G., 1662.

It is dedicated to James Boteler, Earl of Ossory, Viscount Thorle, afterwards Duke of Ormond, previous to his going to Ireland,† which dedication concludes thus; "The utmost height of my ambition, and the utmost scope of my design at present, my lord, is only since I have no other means left me to provide for my attendance upon your lordship and the heads of your honourable family, in this your journey, that you will be pleased to accept of me, in this slender garb, being every way otherwise disappointed by the frowns of fortune, and so unfit to pretend admittance in so splendid a train; unless it be

Nelle scorta di Febo, che a vos s'inchina,
Tutta ridente, tutta di scherzi piena.

But, my lord, my own words on another occasion :

——— Si, quelque jour, la Fortune
Met en plus grande liberté
Mon Génie persecute
Des rigueurs de cette importune,—
Peut-être d'un burin plus sure
Et d'un vers rempli de douceur—
D'Ormond j'entreprendrai l'image ;

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* The state of his fortune at this period not allowing the splendour of a French nobleman, he was only considered a private gentleman, and this he hints at in the dedication that follows.

† Philibert, Count Grammont married the Duke of Ormond's sister.

Et dans les beaux exploits de tous ses déscendans
La dépeindrai si bien que la plus fière rage
Respectera ses traits jusqu'à la fin des temps.

This is the vow, this is the serious wish of him, my lord, who desires, for no better end, to be once again restored to the state of his former fortune, than to become thereby more ready and capable to wait hereafter on your lordship otherwise than by his pen, and so declare, by some more real deed than poetical expressions, how unfeignedly he is,

My lord,
Your lordship's
Most true and most devoted servant,
P. D. C.

The contents of this book consist chiefly of poetry of a complimentary nature. The following well-known lines of Waller's, on Westminster Abbey, he has given with much taste :—

"From hence he does that antique pile behold,
Where royal heads receive the sacred gold ;
It gives them crowns, and does their ashes keep ;
There made like gods, like mortals there they sleep."

"Passant plus outre il voit la chapelle où nos rois
Reçoivent l'or sacrée, et leur gardant les loix ;
La terre aussi sacrée également leur donne
La droit de sépulture et la droit de couronne."

The contents of the volume are :—

A Song of the Sea Nymph Galatea, upon the marriage of Charles II. and the Princess Infanta of Portugal, (15 stanzas of ten lines each).

The same in Latin.

The same in French.

St. James's Park, by Waller, in English, French, and Latin.

Of the late War with Spain, 1657, and our Victory at St. Lucar, near Cadiz, by the same, in English and French.

On his sacred Majesty's Coronation, by Dryden, English and French.

The Fortunate Islands, being part of a larger poem written formerly in French, upon the happy inauguration of Charles II.—By P. D. C.; and since by him translated in English and Latin. Dedicated to his dear friend Edmund Waller, Esq., with a specimen of an English version.

Another dedication : "To Prince Rupert, as a monument of his

DUKE OF GLOCESTER.

The death of the Duke of Gloucester,* and of the Princess

devoted respects and due esteem of his Highness's celebrated virtues and great experience in sea voyages ; and as a deserved acknowledgment of his Highness's indefatigable endeavours in promoting English plantations, P. D. C. humbly dedicates this Pindaric Rapture : being part of his poem of the Fortunate Islands, formerly written in French, and addressed to the King's Majesty upon the solemnity of his auspicious coronation."—25 Stanzas of ten lines each.

The same in Latin.

The King's excursion on the Thames, July anno 1661 ; An extempore Ode, " To the great and illustrious William, Earl of Devonshire, the noble and judicious Mæcenas of polite literature ; P. D. C. dedicates it in obedient and grateful testimony," &c.

A short Ode of about 60 lines.

If we are correct in imputing this work to Grammont, he must have been in England at the time of the Coronation, which agrees tolerably with the vague expression in the text that he arrived *about* two years after the Restoration. For this ceremony did not take place until after the deaths of the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess of Orange. It was celebrated 22d and 23d April, 1661, with uncommon magnificence; the whole show as Lord Clarendon observes, being the most glorious in the order and expence, that had ever been seen in England. The procession began from the Tower, and continued so long, that they who rode first were in Fleet-street when the king issued from the Tower. The whole ceremonial took up two days. See *Continuation of Clarendon*, p. 29. *Kennet's Register*, 411.

* This event took place September 3rd, 1660. He died of the small-pox. " Though mankind," as Mr. Macpherson observes, " are apt to exaggerate the virtues of princes who happen to die in early youth, their praises seem to have done no more than justice to the character of Gloucester. He joined in himself the best qualities of both his brothers: the understanding and good-nature of Charles, to the industry and application of James. The facility of the first, was in him a judicious moderation. The obstinacy of the latter, was in Gloucester a manly firmness of mind. Attached to the religion, and a friend to the constitution of his country, he was most regretted, when his family regarded these the least. The vulgar, who crowd with eminent virtues and great actions the years which fate denies to their favourites, foresaw future misfortunes in his death ; and even the judicious supposed that the measures of Charles might have derived solidity from his judgment

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

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and promising parts. The king lamented his death with all the vehemence of an affectionate sorrow." The Duke of York was much affected with the loss of a brother, whose high merit he much admired. "He was a prince," says James, "of the greatest hopes, undaunted courage, admirable parts, and a clear understanding." He had a particular talent at languages. Besides the Latin, he was master of the French, the Spanish, the Italian, and Low Dutch. He was, in short, possessed of all the natural qualities, as well as acquired accomplishments, necessary to make a great prince. *Macpherson's History of Great Britain*, ch. 1. Bishop Burnet's character of this young prince is also very favourable. See *History of his Own Times*, vol. i. p. 238.

* Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I., born November 4th, 1631, married to the Prince of Orange, 2nd May, 1641, who died 27th October, 1650. She arrived in England, September 23rd, and died of the small-pox, December 24th, 1660,—according to Bishop Burnet, not much lamented. "She had lived," says the author, "in her widowhood for some years with great reputation, kept a decent court, and supported her brothers very liberally; and lived within bounds. But her mother, who had the art of making herself believe anything she had a mind to, upon a conversation with the queen-mother of France, fancied the King of France might be inclined to marry her. So she wrote to her to come to Paris. In order to that, she made an equipage far above what she could support. So she ran herself into debt, sold all her jewels, and some estates that were in her power as her son's guardian; and was not only disappointed of that vain expectation, but fell into some misfortunes that lessened the reputation she had formerly lived in." *History of his Own Times*, vol. i., p. 238. She was mother of William III.

† "The Infanta of Portugal landed in May (1662) at Portsmouth. The king went thither, and was married privately by Lord Aubigny, a secular priest, and almoner to the queen, according to the rites of Rome, in the queen's chamber; none present but the Portuguese ambassador, three more Portuguese of quality, and two or three Portuguese women. What made this necessary was, that the Earl of Sandwich did not marry her by proxy, as usual, before she came away. How this hap-

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

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

The character of the Duke of York† was entirely different:

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pened, the duke knows not, nor did the chancellor know of this private marriage. The queen would not be bedded, till pronounced man and wife by Sheldon, bishop of London."—Extract 2, from King James II.'s Journal.—*Macpherson's State Papers*, vol. i. In the same collection is a curious letter from the King to Lord Clarendon, giving his opinion of the queen after having seen her.

* Charles II. was born 29th May, 1630, and died 6th February, 1684-5. His character is very amply detailed, and accurately depicted by George Saville, Marquis of Halifax, in a volume published by his granddaughter, the Countess of Burlington, 8vo., 1750. See also Burnet, Clarendon, and Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham.

† James, Duke of York, afterwards King James II. He was born 15th October, 1633; succeeded his brother 6th February, 1684-5; abdicated the crown in 1688; and died 6th September, 1701. Bishop Burnet's character of him appears not very far from the truth.—"He was," says this writer, "very brave in his youth; and so much magnified by Monsieur Turenne, that till his marriage lessened him, he really clouded the king, and passed for the superior genius. He was naturally candid and sincere, and a firm friend, till affairs and his religion wore out all his first principles and inclinations. He had a

he had the reputation of undaunted courage, an inviolable attachment for his word, great economy in his affairs, hauteur, application, arrogance, each in their turn: a scrupulous observer of the rules of duty and the laws of justice; he was accounted a faithful friend, and an implacable enemy.

His morality and justice, struggling for some time with prejudice, had at last triumphed, by his acknowledging for his wife Miss Hyde,* maid of honour to the Princess Royal,

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great desire to understand affairs: and in order to that he kept a constant journal of all that passed, of which he showed me a great deal. The Duke of Buckingham gave me once a short but severe character of the two brothers. It was the more severe, because it was true: the king, (he said,) could see things if he would: and the duke would see things if he could. He had no true judgment, and was soon determined by those whom he trusted: but he was obstinate against all other advices. He was bred with high notions of kingly authority, and laid it down for a maxim, that all who opposed the king were rebels in their hearts. He was perpetually in one amour or other, without being very nice in his choice: upon which the king once said, he believed his brother had his mistress given him by his priests for penance. He was naturally eager and revengeful: and was against the taking off any, that set up in an opposition to the measures of the court, and who by that means grew popular in the house of commons. He was for rougher methods. He continued many years dissembling his religion, and seemed zealous for the church of England, but it was chiefly on design to hinder all propositions, that tended to unite us among ourselves. He was a frugal prince, and brought his court into method and magnificence, for he had 100,000*l.* a-year allowed him. He was made high admiral, and he came to understand all the concerns of the sea very particularly."

* Miss Anne Hyde, eldest daughter of Lord Chancellor Clarendon. King James mentions this marriage in these terms.—"The king at first refused the Duke of York's marriage with Miss Hyde. Many of the duke's friends and servants opposed it. The king at last consented, and the Duke of York privately married her, and soon after owned the marriage. Her want of birth was made up by endowments; and her

ANN HYDE, DUCHESS OF [illegible]

whom he had secretly married in Holland. Her father,* from that time prime minister of England, supported by this new interest, soon rose to the head of affairs, and had almost ruined them: not that he wanted capacity, but he was too self-sufficient.

The Duke of Ormond† possessed the confidence and esteem

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carriage afterwards became her acquired dignity." Again. "When his sister, the princess royal, came to Paris to see the queen-mother, the Duke of York fell in love with Mrs. Anne Hyde, one of her maids of honour. Besides her person, she had all the qualities proper to inflame a heart less apt to take fire than his; which she managed so well as to bring his passion to such an height, that, between the time he first saw her and the winter before the king's restoration, he resolved to marry none but her; and promised her to do it: and though, at first, when the duke asked the king his brother for his leave, he refused, and dissuaded him from it, yet at last he opposed it no more; and the duke married her privately, owned it some time after, and was ever after a true friend to the chancellor for several years."—*Macpherson's State Papers*, vol. i.

* Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, "for his comprehensive knowledge of mankind, styled the chancellor of human nature. His character, at this distance of time, may and ought to be impartially considered. Designing or blinded contemporaries heaped the most unjust abuse upon him. The subsequent age, when the partisans of prerogative were at least the loudest, if not the most numerous, smit with a work that defied their martyr, have been unbounded in their encomium."—*Catalogue of Noble Authors*, vol. ii. p. 18. Lord Orford, who professes to steer a middle course, and separate his great virtues as a man from his faults as an historian, acknowledges that he possessed almost every virtue of a minister which could make his character venerable. He died in exile, in the year 1674.

† James Butler, Duke of Ormond, born 19th October, 1610, and died 21st July, 1688. Lord Clarendon, in the Continuation of his Life, observes, that "he frankly engaged his person and his fortune in the king's service, from the first hour of the troubles, and pursued it with courage and constancy, that when the king was murdered, and he deserted by the Irish, contrary to the articles of peace which they had

of his master: the greatness of his services, the splendour of his merit and his birth, and the fortune he had abandoned in adhering to the fate of his prince, rendered him worthy of it: nor durst the courtiers even murmur at seeing him grand steward of the household, first lord of the bed-chamber, and lord-lieutenant of Ireland. He exactly resembled the Marshal de Grammont, in the turn of his wit and the nobleness of his manners, and like him was the honour of his master's court.

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made with him, and when he could make no longer defence, he refused all the conditions which Cromwell offered—who would have given him his vast estate if he would have been contented to live quietly in some of his own houses, without further concerning himself in the quarrel—and transported himself, without so much as accepting a pass from his authority, in a little weak vessel into France, where he found the king, from whom he never parted till he returned with him into England. Having thus merited as much as a subject can do from a prince, he had much more credit and esteem with the king than any other man."—*Continuation of the Life of Lord Clarendon*, p. 4, fol. edit. Bishop Burnet says of him, "he was a man every way fitted for a court; of a graceful appearance, a lively wit, and a cheerful temper; a man of great expence; decent even in his vices, for he always kept up the form of religion. He had gone through many transactions in Ireland with more fidelity than success. He had made a treaty with the Irish, which was broken by the great body of them, though some few of them adhered still to him. But the whole Irish nation did still pretend, that though they had broke the agreement first, yet he, or rather the king, in whose name he had treated with them, was bound to perform all the articles of the treaty. He had miscarried so in the siege of Dublin, that it very much lessened the opinion of his military conduct. Yet his constant attendance on his master, his easiness to him, and his great suffering for him, raised him to be lord-steward of the household, and lord-lieutenant of Ireland. He was firm to the Protestant religion, and so far firm to the laws, that he always gave good advices; but when bad ones were followed, he was not for complaining too much of them."—*History of His Own Times*, vol. i., p. 230.

The Duke of Buckingham* and the Earl of St. Albans† were the same in England as they appeared in France: the one full of wit and vivacity, dissipated, without splendour, an immense estate upon which he had just entered: the other, a man of no great genius, had raised himself a considerable fortune from nothing, and by losing at play, and keeping a great table, made it appear greater than it was.

Sir George Berkeley,‡ afterwards Earl of Falmouth, was the

* "The Duke of Buckingham is again one hundred and forty thousand pounds in debt; and by this prorogation his creditors have time to tear all his lands to pieces."—*Andrew Marvell's Works*, 4to. edit., vol. i. p. 406.

† Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, and Baron of St. Edmond's Bury. He was master of the horse to Queen Henrietta, and one of the privy-council to Charles II. In July, 1660, he was sent ambassador to the court of France, and, in 1671, was made lord-chamberlain of his majesty's household. He died January 2, 1683. Sir John Reresby asserts that Lord St. Alban's was married to Queen Henrietta. "The abbess of an English college in Paris, whither the queen used to retire, would tell me," says Sir John, "that Lord Jermyn, since St. Alban's, had the queen greatly in awe of him; and indeed it was obvious that he had great interest with her concerns; but that he was married to her, or had children by her, as some have reported, I did not then believe, though the thing was certainly so."—*Memoirs*, p. 4. Madame Bavière, in her letters, says, "Charles the First's widow made a clandestine marriage with her *chevalier d'honneur*, Lord St. Alban's, who treated her extremely ill, so that, whilst she had not a faggot to warm herself, he had in his apartment a good fire and a sumptuous table. He never gave the queen a kind word, and when she spoke to him he used to say, *Que me veut cette femme?*" Hamilton hints at his selfishness a little lower.

‡ This Sir George Berkeley, as he is here improperly called, was Charles Berkley, second son of Sir —— Berkley, of Bruton, in Gloucestershire, and was the principal favourite and companion of the Duke of York in all his campaigns. He was created Baron Berkley of Rathdown, and Viscount Fitzharding of Ireland, and Baron Bottetort and Earl of Falmouth in England, 17th March, 1664. He had the address

confidant and favourite of the King: he commanded the Duke of York's regiment of guards, and governed the Duke himself He had nothing very remarkable either in his wit, or his person; but his sentiments were worthy of the fortune which awaited him, when, on the very point of his elevation, he was killed at sea. Never did disinterestedness so perfectly characterise the greatness of the soul: he had no views but what

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to secure himself in the affections equally of the king and his brother at the same time. Lord Clarendon, who seems to have conceived, and with reason, a prejudice against him, calls him "a fellow of great wickedness," and says, "he was one in whom few other men (except the king) had ever observed any virtue or quality, which they did not wish their best friends without. He was young, and of an insatiable ambition; and a little more experience might have taught him all things which his weak parts were capable of."—*Clarendon's Life*, p. 34, 267. Bishop Burnet, however, is rather more favourable. "Berkley," says he, "was generous in his expence; and it was thought if he had outlived the lewdness of that time, and come to a more sedate course of life, he would have put the king on great and noble designs."—*History*, vol. i., p. 137. He lost his life in the action at Southwold Bay, the 2nd June, 1665, by a shot, which, at the same time, killed Lord Muskerry and Mr. Boyle, as they were standing on the quarter-deck, near the Duke of York, who was covered with their blood. "Lord Falmouth," as King James observes, "died not worth a farthing, though not expensive."—*Macpherson's State Papers*, vol. i. "He was, however, lamented by the king with floods of tears, to the amazement of all who had seen how unshaken he stood on other assaults of fortune."—*Clarendon's Life*, p. 269. Even his death did not save him from Marvell's satire.

> Falmouth was there, I know not what to act,
> Some say, 'twas to grow duke too by contract;
> An untaught bullet, in its wanton scope,
> Dashes him all to pieces, and his hope:
> Such was his rise, such was his fall unpraised,—
> A chance shot sooner took him than chance raised;
> His shattered head the fearless duke disdains,
> And gave the last first proof that he had brains.
>
> *Advice to a Painter*, p. i.

tended to the glory of his master: his credit was never employed but in advising him to reward services, or to confer favours on merit: so polished in conversation, that the greater his power, the greater was his humility; and so sincere in all his proceedings, that he would never have been taken for a courtier.

The Duke of Ormond's sons and his nephews had been in the king's court during his exile, and were far from diminishing its lustre after his return. The Earl of Arran* had a singular address in all kinds of exercises, played well at tennis and on the guitar, and was pretty successful in gallantry: his

* Richard Butler, Earl of Arran, fifth son of James Butler, the first Duke of Ormond. He was born 15th July, 1639, and educated with great care, being taught everything suitable to his birth, and the great affection his parents had for him. As he grew up, he distinguished himself by a brave and excellent disposition, which determined him to a military life. When the duke his father was first made lord-lieutenant of Ireland, after the restoration, his majesty was pleased, by his letter, dated April 23, 1662, to create Lord Richard, Baron Butler of Cloghgrenan, Viscount Tullogh, in the county of Catherlough, and Earl of Arran, with remainder to his brother. In September, 1664, he married Lady Mary Stuart, only surviving daughter of James, Duke of Richmond and Lennox, by Mary, the only daughter of the great Duke of Buckingham, who died in July, 1667, at the age of eighteen, and was interred at Kilkenny. He distinguished himself in reducing the mutineers at Carrick-Fergus, and behaved with great courage in the famous sea-fight with the Dutch in 1673. In August that year, he was created Baron Butler of Weston, in the county of Huntingdon. He married, in the preceding June, Dorothy, daughter of John Ferrars of Tamworth Castle, in Warwickshire, Esq. In 1682 he was constituted lord-deputy of Ireland, upon his father's going over to England, and held that office until August, 1684, when the duke returned. In the year 1686, he died at London, and was interred in Westminster Abbey, leaving an only daughter, Charlotte, who was married to Charles, Lord Cornwallis.

elder brother, the Earl of Ossory,* was not so lively, but of the most liberal sentiments, and of great probity.

The elder of the Hamiltons,† their cousin, was the man who of all the court dressed best: he was well made in his person, and possessed those happy talents which lead to fortune, and procure success in love: he was a most assiduous

* Thomas, Earl of Ossory, eldest son of the first, and father of the last Duke of Ormond, was born at Kilkenny, 8th July, 1634. At the age of twenty-one years he had so much distinguished himself, that Sir Robert Southwell then drew the following character of him: "He is a young man with a very handsome face; a good head of hair; well set; very good natured; rides the great horse very well; is a very good tennis-player, fencer, and dancer; understands music, and plays on the guitar and lute; speaks French elegantly; reads Italian fluently; is a good historian; and so well versed in romances, that if a gallery be full of pictures and hangings, he will tell the stories of all that are there described. He shuts up his door at eight o'clock in the evening, and studies till midnight: he is temperate, courteous, and excellent in all his behaviour." His death was occasioned by a fever, 30th July, 1680, to the grief of his family and the public.

† Lord Orford, in a note on this passage, mentions George Hamilton, and the author of this present work, as the persons here intended to be pointed out; and towards the conclusion of the volume has attempted to disentangle the confusion occasioned by the want of particularly distinguishing to which of the gentlemen the several adventures belong in which their name occurs. The elder Hamilton, however, here described, was, I conceive, neither George nor Anthony, but James Hamilton, their brother, eldest son of Sir George Hamilton, fourth son of the Earl of Abercorn, by Mary Butler, third sister to James the first Duke of Ormond. This gentleman was a great favourite of king Charles II., who made him a groom of his bedchamber, and colonel of a regiment. In an engagement with the Dutch he had one of his legs taken off by a cannon ball, of which wound he died 6th June, 1673, soon after he was brought home, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. George Hamilton was afterwards knighted, made a count in France, and maréchal-du-camp in that service. He married Miss Jennings, hereafter mentioned, and died, according to Lodge, 1667, leaving issue by her, three daughters.

COUNTESS OF OSSORY

courtier, had the most lively wit, the most polished manners, and the most punctual attention to his master imaginable: no person danced better, nor was any one a more general lover: a merit of some account in a court entirely devoted to love and gallantry. It is not at all surprising, that with these qualities he succeeded my Lord Falmouth in the King's favour; but it is very extraordinary that he should have experienced the same destiny, as if this sort of war had been declared against merit only, and as if this sort of combat was fatal to none but such as had certain hopes of a splendid fortune. This, however, did not happen till some years afterwards.

The beau Sydney,* less dangerous than he appeared to be,

* Robert Sydney, third son of the Earl of Leicester, and brother of the famous Algernon Sydney, who was beheaded. This is Lord Orford's account; though, on less authority, I should have been inclined to have considered Henry Sydney, his younger brother, who was afterwards created Earl of Rumney, and died 8th April, 1704, as the person intended. There are some circumstances which seem particularly to point to him. Burnet, speaking of him, says, "he was a graceful man, and *had lived long in the court, where he had some adventures that became very public.* He was a man of a sweet and caressing temper, had no malice in his heart, but too great a love of pleasure. He had been sent envoy to Holland in the year 1679, where he entered into such particular confidences with the prince, that he had the highest measure of his trust and favour that any Englishman ever had."—*History of his Own Times*, vol. ii., p. 494.

In the Essay on Satire, by Dryden and Mulgrave, he is spoken of in no very decent terms.

"And little Sid, for simile renown'd,
Pleasure has always sought, but never found:
Though all his thoughts on wine and women fall,
His are so bad, sure he ne'er thinks at all.
The flesh he lives upon is rank and strong;
His meat and mistresses are kept too long.
But sure we all mistake this pious man,
Who mortifies his person all he can:

had not sufficient vivacity to support the impression which his figure made; but little Jermyn was on all sides successful in his intrigues. The old Earl of St. Albans, his uncle, had for a long time adopted him, though the youngest of all his nephews. It is well known what a table the good man kept at Paris, while the King his master was starving at Brussels, and the Queen Dowager, his mistress,* lived not over well in France.

What we uncharitably take for sin,
Are only rules of this odd capuchin;
For never hermit, under grave pretence,
Has lived more contrary to common sense."

These verses, however, have been applied to Sir Charles Sedley, whose name was originally spelt Sidley. Robert Sydney died at Penshurst, 1674.

* To what a miserable state the queen was reduced may be seen in the following extract from De Retz.—"Four or five days before the king removed from Paris, I went to visit the Queen of England, whom I found in her daughter's chamber, who hath been since Duchess of Orleans. At my coming in she said, 'You see I am come to keep Henrietta company. The poor child could not rise to-day for want of a fire.' The truth is, that the cardinal for six months together had not ordered her any money towards her pension; that no tradespeople would trust her for anything; and that there was not at her lodgings in the Louvre one single billet. You will do me the justice to suppose that the Princess of England did not keep her bed the next day for want of a faggot; but it was not this which the Princess of Condé meant in her letter. What she spoke about was, that some days after my visiting the Queen of England, I remembered the condition I had found her in, and had strongly represented the shame of abandoning her in that manner, which caused the parliament to send 40,000 livres to her majesty. Posterity will hardly believe that a Princess of England, grand-daughter of Henry the Great, hath wanted a faggot, in the month of January, to get out of bed in the Louvre, and in the eyes of a French court. We read in histories, with horror, of baseness less monstrous than this; and the little concern I have met with about it in most people's minds, has obliged me to make, I believe, a thousand

HENRY JERMYN EARL OF ST ALBANS.

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

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times, this reflection,—that examples of times past move men beyond comparison more than those of their own times. We accustom ourselves to what we see; and I have sometimes told you, that I doubted whether Caligula's horse being made a consul would have surprised us so much as we imagine."—*Memoirs*, vol. i., p. 261. As for the relative situation of the king and Lord Jermyn, (afterwards St. Albans,) Lord Clarendon says, that the "Marquis of Ormond was compelled to put himself in prison, with other gentlemen, at a pistole a-week for his diet, and to walk the streets a-foot, which was no honourable custom in Paris, whilst the Lord Jermyn kept an excellent table for those who courted him, and had a coach of his own, and all other accommodations incident to the most full fortune: and if the king had the most urgent occasion for the use but of twenty pistoles, as sometimes he had, he could not find credit to borrow it, which he often had experiment of." —*History of the Rebellion*, vol. iii., p. 2.

* Henry Jermyn, younger son of Thomas, elder brother of the Earl of St. Albans. He was created Baron Dover in 1685, and died without children, at Cheveley, in Cambridgeshire, April 6, 1708. His corpse was carried to Bruges, in Flanders, and buried in the monastery of the Carmelites there. St. Evremond, who visited Mr. Jermyn at Cheveley, says, "we went thither, and were very kindly received by a person, who though he has taken his leave of the court, has carried the civility and good taste of it into the country."—*St. Evremond's Works*, vol. ii., p. 223.

behaviour. All his wit consisted in expressions learnt by rote, which he occasionally employed either in raillery, or in love. This was the whole foundation of the merit of a man so formidable in amours.

The Princess Royal was the first who was taken with him:* Miss Hyde seemed to be following the steps of her mistress: this immediately brought him into credit, and his reputation was established in England before his arrival. Prepossession in the minds of women is sufficient to find access to their hearts: Jermyn found them in dispositions so favourable for him, that he had nothing to do but to speak.

It was in vain they perceived that a reputation so lightly established, was still more weakly sustained: the prejudice remained: the Countess of Castlemaine,† a woman lively

* It was suspected of this princess to have had a similar engagement with the Duke of Buckingham as the queen with Jermyn, and that was the cause she would not see the Duke on his second voyage to Holland, in the year 1652.

† This lady, who makes so distinguished a figure in the annals of infamy, was Barbara, daughter and heir of William Villiers, Lord Viscount Grandison, of the kingdom of Ireland, who died in 1642, in consequence of wounds received at the battle of Edgehill. She was married, just before the restoration, to Roger Palmer, Esq., then a student in the Temple, and heir to a considerable fortune. In the 13th year of King Charles II. he was created Earl of Castlemaine in the kingdom of Ireland. She had a daughter, born in February, 1661, while she cohabited with her husband; but shortly after she became the avowed mistress of the king, who continued his connection with her until about the year 1672, when she was delivered of a daughter, which was supposed to be Mr. Churchill's, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, and which the king disavowed. Her gallantries were by no means confined to one or two, nor were they unknown to his majesty. In the year 1670 she was created Baroness of Nonsuch, in Surrey, Countess of Southampton, and Duchess of Cleveland, during her natural life, with remainder to Charles and George Fitzroy, her eldest and third son, and their heirs male. In July, 1705, her husband died,

DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND.

and discerning followed the delusive shadow; and though undeceived in a reputation which promised so much, and performed so little, she nevertheless continued in her infatuation: she even persisted in it, until she was upon the point of embroiling herself with the King; so great was this first instance of her constancy.

Such were the heroes of the court. As for the beauties, you could not look anywhere without seeing them: those of the greatest reputation were this same Countess of Castlemaine, afterwards Duchess of Cleveland, Lady Chesterfield, Lady Shrewsbury,* the Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Middleton, the

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and she soon after married a man of desperate fortune, known by the name of Handsome Fielding, who behaving in a manner unjustifiably severe towards her, she was obliged to have resource to law for her protection. Fortunately it was discovered that Fielding had already a wife living, by which means the duchess was enabled to free herself from his authority. She lived about two years afterwards, and died of a dropsy, on the 9th of October, 1709, in her 69th year. Bishop Burnet says, "she was a woman of great beauty, but most enormously vicious and ravenous; foolish, but imperious; very uneasy to the king, and always carrying on intrigues with other men, while yet she pretended she was jealous of him. His passion for her, and her strange behaviour towards him, did so disorder him, that often he was not master of himself, nor capable of minding business, which, in so critical a time, required great application.—*History of his Own Times*, vol. i. p. 129.

* Anna Maria, Countess of Shrewsbury, eldest daughter of Robert Brudenel, Earl of Cardigan, and wife of Francis, Earl of Shrewsbury, who was killed in a duel by George, Duke of Buckingham, March 16, 1667. She afterwards re-married with George Rodney Bridges, Esq., second son of Sir Thomas Bridges of Keynsham, in Somersetshire, knight, and died April 20, 1702. By her second husband she had one son, George Rodney Bridges, who died in 1751. This woman is said to have been so abandoned, as to have held, in the habit of a page, her gallant, the duke's horse, while he fought and killed her husband; after which she went to bed with him, stained with her husband's blood.

Misses Brooks,* and a thousand others, who shone at court with equal lustre; but it was Miss Hamilton and Miss Stewart who were its chief ornaments. The new queen gave but little additional brilliancy to the court,† either in her person or in her retinue, which was then composed of the Countess de Panétra, who came over with her in quality of lady of the bedchamber; six frights, who called themselves maids of honour, and a duenna, another monster, who took the title of governess to those extraordinary beauties.

* One of these ladies married Sir John Denham, and is mentioned hereafter.

† Lord Clarendon confirms, in some measure, this account. "There was a numerous family of men and women, that were sent from Portugal, the most improper to promote that conformity in the queen that was necessary for her condition and future happiness that could be chosen; the women, for the most part, old, and ugly, and proud, incapable of any conversation with persons of quality and a liberal education: and they desired, and indeed had conspired so far to possess the queen themselves, that she should neither learn the English language, nor use their habit, nor depart from the manners and fashions of her own country in any particulars: which resolution," they told, "would be for the dignity of Portugal, and would quickly induce the English ladies to conform to her majesty's practice. And this imagination had made that impression, that the tailor who had been sent into Portugal to make her clothes could never be admitted to see her, or receive any employment. Nor when she came to Portsmouth, and found there several ladies of honour and prime quality to attend her in the places to which they were assigned by the king, did she receive any of them till the king himself came; nor then with any grace, or the liberty that belonged to their places and offices. She could not be persuaded to be dressed out of the wardrobe that the king had sent to her, but would wear the clothes which she had brought, until she found that the king was displeased, and would be obeyed; whereupon she conformed, against the advice of her women, who continued their opiniatrety, without any one of them receding from their own mode, which exposed them the more to reproach."—*Continuation of Clarendon's Life*, p. 168. In a short time after their arrival in England, they were ordered back to Portugal.

MISS BROOKS afterwards LADY [illegible]

CATHARINE of BRAGANZA

Among the men were Francisco de Melo, brother to the Countess de Panétra; one Taurauvédez, who called himself Don Pedro Francisco Correo de Silva, extremely handsome, but a greater fool than all the Portuguese put together: he was more vain of his names than of his person; but the Duke of Buckingham, a still greater fool than he, though more addicted to raillery, gave him the additional name of Peter of the Wood. He was so enraged at this, that, after many fruitless complaints and ineffectual menaces, poor Pedro de Silva was obliged to leave England, while the happy duke kept possession of a Portuguese nymph more hideous than the queen's maids of honour, whom he had taken from him, as well as two of his names. Besides these, there were six chaplains, four bakers, a Jew perfumer, and a certain officer, probably without an office, who called himself her highness's barber. Katharine de Braganza was far from appearing with splendour in the charming court where she came to reign; however, in the end she was pretty successful.* The Cheva-

* Lord Clarendon says, "the queen had beauty and wit enough to make herself agreeable to him (the king); and it is very certain, that, at their first meeting, and for some time after, the king had very good satisfaction in her. . . . Though she was of years enough to have had more experience of the world, and of as much wit as could be wished, and of a humour very agreeable at some seasons, yet, she had been bred, according to the mode and discipline of her country, in a monastery, where she had only seen the women who attended her, and conversed with the religious who resided there; and, without doubt, in her inclinations, was enough disposed to have been one of that number: and from this restraint she was called out to be a great queen, and to a free conversation in a court that was to be upon the matter new formed, and reduced from the manners of a licentious age to the old rules and limits which had been observed in better times; to which regular and decent conformity the present disposition of men or women was not enough inclined to submit, nor the king enough disposed to exact."—*Continuation of Lord Clarendon's Life*, p. 167. After some struggle, she submitted to the

lier de Grammont, who had been long known to the royal family, and to most of the gentlemen of the court, had only to get acquainted with the ladies; and for this he wanted no interpreter: they all spoke French enough to explain themselves, and they all understood it sufficiently to comprehend what he had to say to them.

The queen's court was always very numerous; that of the duchess was less so, but more select. This princess* had a majestic air, a pretty good shape, not much beauty, a great deal of wit, and so just a discernment of merit, that, whoever of either sex were possessed of it, were sure to be distinguished by her: an air of grandeur in all her actions made her be considered as if born to support the rank which placed her so near the throne. The queen dowager returned after the mar-

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king's licentious conduct, and from that time lived upon easy terms with him, until his death. On the 30th March, 1692, she left Somerset-house, her usual residence, and retired to Lisbon, where she died, 31st December, 1705, N. S.

* "The Duchess of York," says Bishop Burnet, "was a very extraordinary woman. She had great knowledge, and a lively sense of things. She soon understood what belonged to a princess, and took state on her rather too much. She wrote well, and had begun the duke's life, of which she showed me a volume. It was all drawn from his journal; and he intended to have employed me in carrying it on. She was bred in great strictness in religion, and practised secret confession. Morley told me he was her confessor. She began at twelve years old, and continued under his direction till, upon her father's disgrace, he was put from the court. She was generous and friendly, but was too severe an enemy."—*History of his Own Times*, vol. i., p. 237. She was contracted to the duke at Breda, November 24, 1659, and married at Worcester-house, 3rd September, 1660, in the night, between eleven and two, by Dr. Joseph Crowther, the duke's chaplain; the Lord Ossory giving her in marriage.—*Kennet's Register*, p. 246. She died 31st March, 1671, having previously acknowledged herself to be a Roman Catholic.—See also her character by Bishop Morley.—*Kennet's Register*, p. 385, 390.

riage of the princess royal,* and it was in her court that the two others met.

The Chevalier de Grammont was soon liked by all parties: those who had not known him before were surprised to see a Frenchman of his disposition. The king's restoration having drawn a great number of foreigners from all countries to the court, the French were rather in disgrace; for, instead of any persons of distinction having appeared among the first who came over, they had only seen some insignificant puppies, each striving to outdo the other in folly and extravagance, despising everything which was not like themselves, and thinking they introduced the *bel air,* by treating the English as strangers in their own country.

The Chevalier de Grammont, on the contrary, was familiar with everybody: he gave in to their customs, eat of everything, and easily habituated himself to their manner of living, which he looked upon as neither vulgar nor barbarous; and as he showed a natural complaisance, instead of the impertinent affectation of the others, all the nation was charmed with a man,

† Queen Henrietta Maria arrived at Whitehall, 2nd November, 1660, after nineteen years absence. She was received with acclamations; and bonfires were lighted on the occasion, both in London and Westminster. She returned to France with her daughter, the Princess Henrietta, 2nd January, 1660-1. She arrived again at Greenwich, 28th July, 1662, and continued to keep her court in England until July, 1665, when she embarked for France, "and took so many things with her," says Lord Clarendon, "that it was thought by many that she did not intend ever to return into England. Whatever her intentions at that time were, she never did see England again, though she lived many years after."—*Continuation of Clarendon's Life*, p. 263. She died at Colombe, near Paris, in August, 1669; and her son, the Duke of York, pronounces this eulogium on her: "She excelled in all the good qualities of a good wife, of a good mother, and a good Christian." —*Macpherson's Original Papers,* vol. i.

who agreeably indemnified them for what they had suffered from the folly of the former.

He first of all made his court to the king, and was of all his parties of pleasure: he played high, and lost but seldom: he found so little difference in the manners and conversation of those with whom he chiefly associated, that he could scarcely believe he was out of his own country. Everything which could agreeably engage a man of his disposition, presented itself to his different humours, as if the pleasures of the court of France had quitted it to accompany him in his exile.

He was every day engaged for some entertainment; and those who wished to regale him in their turn, were obliged to take their measures in time, and to invite him eight or ten days before hand. These importunate civilities became tiresome in the long run; but as they seemed indispensable to a man of his disposition, and as they were the most genteel people of the court who loaded him with them, he submitted with a good grace; but always reserved to himself the liberty of supping at home.

His supper hour depended upon play, and was indeed very uncertain; but his supper was always served up with the greatest elegance, by the assistance of one or two servants, who were excellent caterers and good attendants, but understood cheating still better.

The company, at these little entertainments, was not numerous, but select: the first people of the court were commonly of the party; but the man, who of all others suited him best on these occasions, never failed to attend: that was the celebrated Saint Evremond, who with great exactness, but too great freedom, had written the history of the treaty of the Pyrenees: an exile like himself, though for very different reasons.

STEVREMOND.

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

* Charles de St. Denis, Seigneur de Saint Evremond, was born at St. Denis le Guast, in Lower Normandy, on the 1st of April, 1613. He was educated at Paris, with a view to the profession of the law; but he early quitted that pursuit, and went into the army, where he signalized himself on several occasions. At the time of the Pyrenean treaty, he wrote a letter censuring the conduct of Cardinal Mazarin, which occasioned his being banished France. He first took refuge in Holland; but, in 1662, he removed into England, where he continued, with a short interval, during the rest of his life. In 1675, the Duchess of Mazarin came to reside in England; and with her St. Evremond passed much of his time. He preserved his health and cheerfulness to a very great age, and died 9th of September, 1703, aged ninety years, five months, and twenty days. His biographer Monsieur Des Maizeaux, describes him thus: "M. de St. Evremond had blue, lively, and sparkling eyes, a large forehead, thick eyebrows, a handsome mouth, and a sneering physiognomy. Twenty years before his death, a wen grew between his eye-brows, which in time increased to a considerable bigness. He once designed to have it cut off, but as it was no ways troublesome to him, and he little regarded that kind of deformity, Dr. Le Fevre advised him to let it alone, lest such an operation should be attended with dangerous symptoms in a man of his age. He would often make merry with himself on account of his wen, his great leather cap, and grey hair, which he chose to wear rather than a periwig." St. Evremond was a kind of Epicurean philosopher, and drew his own character in the following terms, in a letter to Count de Grammont. "He was a philosopher equally removed from superstition and impiety; a voluptuary who had no less aversion from debauchery than inclination for pleasure: a man who had never felt the pressure of indigence, and who had never been in possession of affluence: he lived in a condition despised by those who have everything, envied by those who have nothing, and relished by those who make their reason the foundation of their happiness. When he was young he hated profusion, being persuaded that some degree of wealth was necessary for the conveniencies of a long life: when he was old, he could hardly endure economy, being of opinion that want is little to be dreaded when a man

The Chevalier was from that time his hero: they had each of them attained to all the advantages which a knowledge of the world, and the society of people of fashion, could add to the improvement of good natural talents. Saint Evremond, less engaged in frivolous pursuits, frequently gave little lectures to the Chevalier, and by making observations upon the past, endeavoured to set him right for the present, or to instruct him for the future. "You are now," said he, "in the most agreeable way of life a man of your temper could wish for: you are the delight of a youthful, sprightly, and gallant court: the king has never a party of pleasure to which you are not admitted. You play from morning to night, or, to speak more properly, from night to morning, without knowing what it is to lose. Far from losing the money you brought

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has but little time left to be miserable. He was well pleased with nature, and did not complain of fortune. He hated vice, was indulgent to frailties, and lamented misfortunes. He sought not after the failings of men with a design to expose them; he only found what was ridiculous in them for his own amusement: he had a secret pleasure in discovering this himself, and would, indeed, have had a still greater in discovering this to others, had not he been checked by discretion. Life, in his opinion, was too short to read all sorts of books, and to burden one's memory with a multitude of things, at the expense of one's judgment. He did not apply himself to the most learned writings, in order to acquire knowledge, but to the most rational, to fortify his reason: he sometimes chose the most delicate, to give delicacy to his own taste, and sometimes the most agreeable, to give the same to his own genius. It remains that he should be described, such as he was, in friendship and in religion. In friendship he was more constant than a philosopher, and more sincere than a young man of good nature without experience. With regard to religion, his piety consisted more in justice and charity than in penance or mortification. He placed his confidence in God, trusting in His goodness, and hoping that in the bosom of His providence he should find his repose and his felicity."—He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

hither, as you have done in other places, you have doubled it, trebled it, multiplied it almost beyond your wishes, notwithstanding the exorbitant expenses you are imperceptibly led into. This, without doubt, is the most desirable situation in the world: stop here, Chevalier, and do not ruin your affairs by returning to your old sins. Avoid love, by pursuing other pleasures: love has never been favourable to you.* You are sensible how much gallantry has cost you; and every person here is not so well acquainted with that matter as yourself. Play boldly: entertain the court with your wit: divert the king by your ingenious and entertaining stories; but avoid all engagements which can deprive you of this merit, and make you forget you are a stranger and an exile in this delightful country.

* "Saint Evremond and Bussi-Rabutin, who have also written on the life of the Count de Grammont, agree with Hamilton in representing him as a man less fortunate in love than at play; not seeking for any other pleasure in the conquest of a woman but that of depriving another of her; and not able to persuade any one of his passion, because he spoke to her, as at all other times, in jest: but cruelly revenging himself on those who refused to hear him; corrupting the servants of those whom they did favour, counterfeiting their handwriting, intercepting their letters, disconcerting their rendezvous; in one word, disturbing their amours by everything which a rival, prodigal, indefatigable, and full of artifice, can be imagined to do. The straitest ties of blood could not secure any one from his detraction. His nephew, the Count de Guiche, was a victim: he had in truth, offended the Count de Grammont, by having supplanted him in the affection of the Countess de Fiesque, whom he loved afterwards for the space of twelve years. Here was enough to irritate the self-love of a man less persuaded of his own merit."

Hamilton does not describe the exterior of the count, but accuses Bussi-Rabutin of having, in the following description, given a more agreeable than faithful portrait of him: "The chevalier had laughing eyes, a well-formed nose, a beautiful mouth, a small dimple in the chin, which had an agreeable effect on his countenance, a certain delicacy in his physiognomy, and a handsome shape, if he had not stooped."

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

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

"My little philosophical monitor," said the Chevalier de Grammont, "you talk here as if you were the Cato of Normandy." "Do I say anything untrue?" replied Saint Evremond: "Is it not a fact, that as soon as a woman pleases you, your first care is to find out whether she has any other lover, and your second how to plague her; for the gaining her affection is the last thing in your thoughts. You seldom engage in intrigues, but to disturb the happiness of others: a mistress who has no lovers would have no charms for you, and if she has, she would be invaluable. Do not all the places through

which you have passed furnish me with a thousand examples? Shall I mention your *coup d'essai* at Turin? the trick you played at Fontainebleau, where you robbed the Princess Palatine's courier upon the highway? and for what purpose was this fine exploit, but to put you in possession of some proofs of her affection for another, in order to give her uneasiness and confusion by reproaches and menaces, which you had no right to use?

"Who but yourself ever took it into his head to place himself in ambush upon the stairs, to disturb a man in an intrigue, and to pull him back by the leg when he was half way up to his mistress's chamber? yet did not you use your friend the Duke of Buckingham in this manner, when he was stealing at night to —— although you were not in the least his rival? How many spies did not you send out after d'Olonne?* How many tricks, frauds, and persecutions, did you not practise for the Countess de Fiesque,† who perhaps might have

* Mademoiselle de la Loupe, who is mentioned in De Retz's Memoirs, vol. iii., p. 95. She married the Count d'Olonne, and became famous for her gallantries, of which the Count de Bussi speaks so much, in his *History of the Amours of the Gauls.* Her maiden name was Catherine Henrietta d'Angennes, and she was daughter to Charles d'Angennes, Lord of la Loupe, Baron of Amberville, by Mary du Raynier. There is a long character of her by St. Evremond, in his works, vol. i., p. 17. The same writer, mentioning the concern of some ladies for the death of the Duke of Candale, says, "But his true mistress (the Countess d'Olonne) made herself famous by the excess of her affliction, and had, in my opinion, been happy, if she had kept it on to the last. One amour is creditable to a lady; and I know not whether it be not more advantageous to their reputation than never to have been in love."—*St. Evremond's Works*, vol. ii., p. 24.

† This lady seems to have been the wife of Count de Fiesque, who is mentioned by St. Evremond, as "fruitful in military chimeras; who, besides the post of lieutenant-general, which he had at Paris, obtained a particular commission for the beating up of the quarters,

been constant to you, if you had not yourself forced her to be otherwise? But, to conclude, for the enumeration of your iniquities would be endless, give me leave to ask you, how you came here? Are not we obliged to that same evil genius of yours, which rashly inspired you to intermeddle even in the gallantries of your prince? Show some discretion then on this point here, I beseech you; all the beauties of the court are already engaged; and however docile the English may be with respect to their wives, they can by no means bear the inconstancy of their mistresses, nor patiently suffer the advantages of a rival: suffer them therefore to remain in tranquillity, and do not gain their ill-will for no purpose.

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

Such were Saint Evremond's lectures; but they were all to no purpose: the Chevalier de Grammont only attended to them for his amusement; and though he was sensible of the truth they contained, he paid little regard to them: in fact,

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and other rash and sudden exploits, which may be resolved upon whilst one is singing the air of La Barre, or dancing a minuet."—*St. Evremond's Works*, vol. i., p. 6. The count's name occurs very frequently in De Retz's Memoirs.

MRS MIDDLETON,

being weary of the favours of fortune, he had just resolved to pursue those of love.

Mrs. Middleton was the first whom he attacked: she was one of the handsomest women in town, though then little known at court: so much of the coquette as to discourage no one; and so great was her desire of appearing magnificently, that she was ambitious to vie with those of the greatest fortunes, though unable to support the expense. All this suited the Chevalier de Grammont; therefore, without trifling away his time in useless ceremonies, he applied to her porter for admittance, and chose one of her lovers for his confidant.

This lover, who was not deficient in wit, was at that time a Mr. Jones, afterwards Earl of Ranelagh:* what engaged him to serve the Chevalier de Grammont, was to traverse the designs of a most dangerous rival, and to relieve himself from an expense which began to lie too heavy upon him. In both respects the Chevalier answered his purpose.

Immediately spies were placed, letters and presents flew about: he was received as well as he could wish: he was permitted to ogle: he was even ogled again; but this was all: he found that the fair one was very willing to accept, but was tardy in making returns. This induced him, without giving up his pretensions to her, to seek his fortune elsewhere.

Among the queen's maids of honour, there was one called

* Richard, the first Earl of Ranelagh, was member of the English house of commons, and vice-treasurer of Ireland, 1674. He held several offices under King William and Queen Anne, and died 5th January, 1711. Bishop Burnet says, "Lord Ranelagh was a young man of great parts, and as great vices: he had a pleasantness in his conversation that took much with the king; and had a great dexterity in business." —*History of his Own Times*, vol. i., p. 373.

Warmestre:* she was a beauty very different from the other. Mrs. Middleton† was well made, fair, and delicate; but had in her behaviour and discourse something precise and affected. The indolent languishing airs she gave herself did not please everybody: people grew weary of those sentiments of delicacy, which she endeavoured to explain without understanding them herself; and instead of entertaining she became tiresome. In these attempts she gave herself so much trouble, that she made the company uneasy, and her ambition to pass for a wit, only established her the reputation of being tiresome, which lasted much longer than her beauty.

Miss Warmestre was brown: she had no shape at all, and still less air; but she had a very lively complexion, very sparkling eyes, tempting looks, which spared nothing that might engage a lover, and promised everything which could preserve him. In the end, it very plainly appeared that her

* Lord Orford observes, that there is a family of the name of Warminster settled at Worcester, of which five persons are interred in the cathedral. One of them was dean of the church, and his epitaph mentions his attachment to the royal family. Miss Warminster, however, was probably only a fictitious name. The last Earl of Arran, who lived only a short time after the period these transactions are supposed to have happened, asserted, that the maid of honour here spoken of was Miss Mary Kirk, sister of the Countess of Oxford, and who, three years after she was driven from court, married Sir Thomas Vernon, under the supposed character of a widow. It was not improbable she then assumed the name of Warminster. In the year 1669, the following is the list of the maids of honour to the queen:—1. Mrs. Simona Carew. 2. Mrs. Catherine Bainton. 3. Mrs. Henrietta Maria Price. 4. Mrs. Winifred Wells. The lady who had then the office of mother of the maids was Lady Saunderson.—See *Chamberlayne's Angliæ Notitia*, 1669, p. 301.

† Mrs. Jane Middleton, according to Mrs. Granger, was a woman of small fortune, but great beauty. Her portrait is in the gallery at Windsor.

[illegible] KIRK, [illegible] MISS WARMESTRY.

consent went along with her eyes to the last degree of indiscretion.

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

Miss Stewart's* beauty began at this time to be celebrated.

* Frances, Duchess of Richmond, daughter of Walter Stewart, son of Walter, Baron of Blantyre, and wife of Charles Stewart, Duke of Richmond and Lennox: a lady of exquisite beauty, if justly represented in a puncheon made by Roettière, his majesty's engraver of the mint, in order to strike a medal of her, which exhibits the finest face that perhaps was ever seen. The king was supposed to be desperately in love with her; and it became common discourse, that there was a design on foot to get him divorced from the queen, in order to marry this lady. Lord Clarendon was thought to have promoted the match with the Duke of Richmond, thereby to prevent the other design, which he imagined would hurt the king's character, embroil his affairs at present, and entail all the evils of a disputed succession on the nation. Whether he actually encouraged the Duke of Richmond's marriage, doth not appear; but it is certain that he was so strongly possessed of the king's inclination to a divorce, that, even after his disgrace, he was persuaded the Duke of Buckingham had undertaken to carry that matter through the parliament. It is certain too that the king considered him as the chief promoter of Miss Stewart's marriage, and resented it in the highest degree. The ceremony took place privately, and it was publicly declared in April, 1667. From one of Sir Robert Southwell's dispatches, dated Lisbon, December $\frac{1}{3}$, 1667, it appears that the report of the queen's intended divorce had not then subsided in her native country.—*History of the Revolutions of Portugal*, 1740, p. 352. The duchess became a widow in 1672, and

The Countess of Castlemaine perceived that the king paid attention to her; but, instead of being alarmed at it, she favoured, as far as she was able, this new inclination, whether from an indiscretion common to all those who think themselves superior to the rest of mankind, or whether she designed, by this pastime, to divert the king's attention from the commerce which she held with Jermyn. She was not satisfied with appearing without any degree of uneasiness at a preference which all the court began to remark: she even affected to make Miss Stewart her favourite, and invited her to all the entertainments she made for the king; and, in confidence of her own charms, with the greatest indiscretion, she often kept her to sleep. The king, who seldom neglected to visit the countess before she rose, seldom failed likewise to find Miss Stewart in bed with her. The most indifferent objects have charms in a new attachment: however, the imprudent countess was not jealous of this rival's appearing with her, in such a situation, being confident, that whenever she thought fit, she could triumph over all the advantages which these opportunities could afford Miss Stewart; but she was quite mistaken.

The Chevalier de Grammont took notice of this conduct, without being able to comprehend it; but, as he was attentive to the inclinations of the king, he began to make his court to him, by enhancing the merit of this new mistress. Her figure was more showy than engaging: it was hardly possible for a woman to have less wit, or more beauty: all her features were fine and regular; but her shape was not good: yet she was slender, straight enough, and taller than

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died October 15, 1702. See *Burnet's History*, *Ludlow's Memoirs*, and *Carte's Life of the Duke of Ormond*. A figure in wax of this duchess is still to be seen in Westminster-abbey.

Mrs HYDE.

the generality of women: she was very graceful, danced well, and spoke French better than her mother tongue: she was well bred, and possessed, in perfection, that air of dress which is so much admired, and which cannot be attained, unless it be taken when young, in France. While her charms were gaining ground in the king's heart, the Countess of Castlemaine amused herself in the gratification of all her caprices.

Mrs. Hyde* was one of the first of the beauties who were prejudiced with a blind prepossession in favour of Jermyn: she had just married a man whom she loved: by this marriage she became sister-in-law to the duchess, brilliant by her own native lustre, and full of pleasantry and wit. However, she was of opinion, that so long as she was not talked of on account of Jermyn, all her other advantages would avail nothing for her glory: it was, therefore, to receive this finishing stroke, that she resolved to throw herself into his arms.

She was of a middle size, had a skin of a dazzling whiteness, fine hands, and a foot surprisingly beautiful, even in England: long custom had given such a languishing tenderness to her looks, that she never opened her eyes but like a Chinese; and, when she ogled, one would have thought she was doing something else.

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

* Theodosia, daughter of Arthur, Lord Capel, first wife of Henry Hyde, the second Earl of Clarendon.

Jacob Hall (the famous rope-dancer)* was at that time in vogue in London; his strength and agility charmed in public, even to a wish to know what he was in private; for he appeared, in his tumbling dress, to be quite of a different make, and to have limbs very different from the fortunate Jermyn. The tumbler did not deceive Lady Castlemaine's expectations, if report may be believed; and as was intimated in many a song, much more to the honour of the rope-dancer than of the countess; but she despised all these rumours, and only appeared still more handsome.

While satire thus found employment at her cost, there were continual contests for the favours of another beauty, who was not much more niggardly in that way than herself; this was the Countess of Shrewsbury.

The Earl of Arran, who had been one of her first admirers, was not one of the last to desert her; this beauty, less famous for her conquests than for the misfortunes she occasioned, placed her greatest merits in being more capricious than any other. As no person could boast of being the only one in her

* "There was a symmetry and elegance, as well as strength and agility, in the person of Jacob Hall, which was much admired by the ladies, who regarded him as a due composition of Hercules and Adonis. The open-hearted Duchess of Cleveland was said to have been in love with this rope-dancer and Goodman the player at the same time. The former received a salary from her grace."—*Granger*, vol. ii., part 2, p. 461. In reference to the connection between the duchess and the rope-dancer, Mr. Pope introduced the following lines into his "Sober Advice from Horace:"

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

JACOB HALL

favour; so no person could complain of having been ill received.

Jermyn was displeased that she had made no advances to him, without considering that she had no leisure for it; his pride was offended; but the attempt which he made to take her from the rest of her lovers was very ill-advised.

Thomas Howard, brother to the Earl of Carlisle,* was one of them; there was not a braver, nor a more genteel man in England; and though he was of a modest demeanour, and his manners appeared gentle and pacific, no person was more spirited nor more passionate. Lady Shrewsbury, inconsiderately returning the first ogles of the invincible Jermyn, did not at all make herself more agreeable to Howard; that, however, she paid little attention to; yet, as she designed to keep fair with him, she consented to accept an entertainment which he had often proposed, and which she durst no longer refuse. A place of amusement, called Spring Garden,† was fixed upon for the scene of this entertainment.

* Thomas Howard, fourth son of Sir William Howard. He married Mary, Duchess of Richmond, daughter of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and died 1678.—See *Madame Dunois' Memoirs of the English Court*, 8vo., 1708.

† This place appears, from the description of its situation in the following extract, and in some ancient plans, to have been near Charing-Cross, probably where houses are now built, though still retaining the name of gardens. The entertainments usually to be met with there are thus described by a contemporary writer: "The manner is, as the company returns, (*i.e.* from Hyde Park,) to alight at the Spring Garden, so called in order to the park, as our Tuileries is to the course: the enclosure not disagreeable, for the solemness of the grove, the warbling of the birds, and *as it opens into the spacious walks at St. James's;* but the company walk in it at such a rate, you would think all the ladies were so many Atalantas contending with their wooers; and, my lord, there was no appearance that I should prove the Hippomenes, who could with much ado keep pace with them: but as fast as they run,

As soon as the party was settled, Jermyn was privately informed of it. Howard had a company in the regiment of guards, and one of the soldiers of his company played pretty well on the bagpipes; this soldier was therefore at the entertainment. Jermyn was at the garden, as by chance; and, puffed up with his former successes, he trusted to his victorious air for accomplishing this last enterprise; he no sooner appeared on the walks, than her ladyship showed herself upon the balcony.

I know not how she stood affected to her hero; but Howard did not fancy him much; this did not prevent his coming up stairs upon the first sign she made to him; and not content with acting the petty tyrant, at an entertainment not made for himself, no sooner had he gained the soft looks of the fair one, than he exhausted all his common-place, and all his stock of low irony, in railing at the entertainment, and ridiculing the music.

Howard possessed but little raillery, and still less patience; three times was the banquet on the point of being stained with blood; but three times did he suppress his natural

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they stay there so long as if they wanted not time to finish the race; for it is usual here to find some of the young company till midnight; and the thickets of the garden seem to be contrived to all advantages of gallantry, after they have refreshed with the collation, which is here seldom omitted, at a certain cabaret, in the middle of this paradise, where the forbidden fruits are certain trifling tarts, neats' tongues, salicious meats, and bad Rhenish, for which the gallants pay sauce, as indeed they do at all such houses throughout England; for they think it a piece of frugality beneath them to bargain or account for what they eat in any place, however unreasonably imposed upon."—*Character of England*, 12mo., 1659, p. 56, written, it is said, by John Evelyn, Esq. Spring Garden is the scene of intrigue in many of our comedies of this period.

COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY

impetuosity, in order to satisfy his resentment elsewhere with greater freedom.

Jermyn, without paying the least attention to his ill-humour, pursued his point, continued talking to Lady Shrewsbury, and did not leave her until the repast was ended.

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

In this duel fortune did not side with the votaries of love: poor Rawlings was left stone dead; and Jermyn, having received three wounds, was carried to his uncle's, with very little signs of life.

While the report of this event engaged the courtiers according to their several interests, the Chevalier de Grammont was informed by Jones, his friend, his confidant, and his rival, that there was another gentleman very attentive to Mrs. Middleton: this was Montagu,* no very dangerous rival on account of his person, but very much to be feared for his assiduity,

* Ralph Montagu, second son of Edward, Lord Montagu. He was master of the horse to the queen, and, in 1669, was sent ambassador-extraordinary to France; on his return from whence, in January, 1672, he was sworn of the privy-council. He afterwards became master of the great wardrobe, and was sent a second time to France. He took a very decided part in the prosecution of the popish plot, in 1678; but on the sacrifice of his friend, Lord Russell, he retired to Montpelier during the rest of King Charles's reign. He was active at the Revolution, and soon after created Viscount Monthermer, and Earl of Montagu. In 1705 he became Marquis of Monthermer, and Duke of Montagu. He died 7th March, 1709, in his 73rd year, leaving behind him the character of a very indulgent parent, a kind and bountiful master, a very hearty friend, a noble patron of men of merit, and a true asserter of English liberty.

the acuteness of his wit, and for some other talents which are of importance, when a man is once permitted to display them.

There needed not half so much to bring into action all the Chevalier's vivacity, in point of competition: vexation awakened in him whatever expedients the desire of revenge, malice, and experience, could suggest, for troubling the designs of a rival, and tormenting a mistress. His first intention was to return her letters, and demand his presents, before he began to tease her; but, rejecting this project, as too weak a revenge for the injustice done him, he was upon the point of conspiring the destruction of poor Mrs. Middleton, when, by accident, he met with Miss Hamilton. From this moment ended all his resentment against Mrs. Middleton, and all his attachment to Miss Warmestre: no longer was he inconstant: no longer were his wishes fluctuating: this object fixed them all; and, of all his former habits, none remained, except uneasiness and jealousy.

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

The family of the Hamiltons, being very numerous, lived in a large and commodious house, near the court: the Duke of Ormond's family was continually with them; and here persons of the greatest distinction in London, constantly met: the Chevalier de Grammont was here received in a manner agreeable to his merit and quality, and was astonished that he had spent so much time in other places; for, after having made this acquaintance, he was desirous of no other.

All the world agreed that Miss Hamilton* was worthy of

* Elizabeth, sister of the author of these Memoirs, and daughter of Sir George Hamilton, fourth son of James, the first Earl of Abercorn,

the most ardent and sincere affection: nobody could boast a nobler birth, nothing was more charming than her person.

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by Mary, third daughter of Thomas, Viscount Thurles, eldest son of Walter, eleventh Earl of Ormond, and sister to James, the first Duke of Ormond. She married Philibert, Count of Grammont, the hero of these Memoirs, by whom she had two daughters: Claude Charlotte, married, 3rd April, 1694, to Henry, Earl of Stafford; and another, who became superior, or abbess, of the Canonesses in Lorraine.

CHAPTER VII.

THE Chevalier de Grammont, never satisfied in his amours, was fortunate without being beloved, and became jealous without having an attachment.

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

He went in search of her to the queen's drawing-room, where there was a ball; there she was; but fortunately for her, Miss Hamilton was there likewise. It had so happened, that of all the beautiful women at court, this was the lady whom he had least seen, and whom he had heard most commended; this, therefore, was the first time that he had a close view of her, and he soon found that he had seen nothing at court before this instant; he asked her some questions, to which she replied; as long as she was dancing, his eyes were fixed upon her; and from this time he no longer resented Mrs. Middleton's conduct. Miss Hamilton was at the happy age when the charms of the fair sex begin to bloom; she had the finest shape, the loveliest neck, and most beautiful arms in the world; she was majestic and graceful in all her movements; and she was the original after which all the ladies copied in

MISS HAMILTON

their taste and air of dress. Her forehead was open, white, and smooth; her hair was well set, and fell with ease into that natural order which it is so difficult to imitate. Her complexion was possessed of a certain freshness, not to be equalled by borrowed colours: her eyes were not large, but they were lively, and capable of expressing whatever she pleased: her mouth was full of graces, and her contour uncommonly perfect: nor was her nose, which was small, delicate, and turned up, the least ornament of so lovely a face. In fine, her air, her carriage, and the numberless graces dispersed over her whole person, made the Chevalier de Grammont not doubt but that she was possessed of every other qualification. Her mind was a proper companion for such a form: she did not endeavour to shine in conversation by those sprightly sallies which only puzzle; and with still greater care she avoided that affected solemnity in her discourse, which produces stupidity; but, without any eagerness to talk, she just said what she ought, and no more. She had an admirable discernment in distinguishing between solid and false wit; and far from making an ostentatious display of her abilities, she was reserved, though very just in her decisions: her sentiments were always noble, and even lofty to the highest extent, when there was occasion; nevertheless, she was less prepossessed with her own merit than is usually the case with those who have so much. Formed, as we have described, she could not fail of commanding love; but so far was she from courting it, that she was scrupulously nice with respect to those whose merit might entitle them to form any pretensions to her.

The more the Chevalier de Grammont was convinced of these truths, the more did he endeavour to please and engage her in his turn: his entertaining wit, his conversation, lively, easy, and always distinguished by novelty, constantly gained

him attention; but he was much embarrassed to find that presents, which so easily made their way in his former method of courtship, were no longer proper in the mode which, for the future, he was obliged to pursue.

He had an old valet-de-chambre, called Termes, a bold thief, and a still more impudent liar: he used to send this man from London every week, on the commissions we have before mentioned; but after the disgrace of Mrs. Middleton, and the adventure of Miss Warmestre, Mr. Termes was only employed in bringing his master's clothes from Paris, and he did not always acquit himself with the greatest fidelity in that employment, as will appear hereafter.

The queen was a woman of sense, and used all her endeavours to please the king, by that kind obliging behaviour which her affection made natural to her: she was particularly attentive in promoting every sort of pleasure and amusement especially such as she could be present at herself.

She had contrived, for this purpose, a splendid masquerade, where those, whom she appointed to dance, had to represent different nations; she allowed some time for preparation, during which we may suppose, the tailors, the mantua-makers, and embroiderers, were not idle: nor were the beauties, who were to be there, less anxiously employed; however, Miss Hamilton found time enough to invent two or three little tricks, in a conjuncture so favourable, for turning into ridicule the vain fools of the court. There were two who were very eminently such: the one was Lady Muskerry,* who had

* Lady Margaret, only child of Ulick, fifth Earl of Clanricade, by Lady Anne Compton, daughter of William, Earl of Northampton. She was three times married:—1. to Charles, Lord Viscount Muskerry, who lost his life in the great sea-fight with the Dutch, 3rd June, 1665. 2. In 1676, to Robert Villiers, called Viscount Purbeck, who died in 1685. 3. To Robert Fielding, Esq. She died in August, 1698. Lord

married her cousin-german; and the other a maid of honour to the Duchess, called Blague.*

The first, whose husband most assuredly never married her for beauty, was made like the generality of rich heiresses, to whom just nature seems sparing of her gifts, in proportion as they are loaded with those of fortune: she had the shape of a woman big with child, without being so; but had a very good reason for limping; for, of two legs uncommonly short, one was much shorter than the other. A face suitable to this description gave the finishing stroke to this disagreeable figure.

Miss Blague was another species of ridicule: her shape was neither good nor bad: her countenance bore the appearance of the greatest insipidity, and her complexion was the same all over; with two little hollow eyes, adorned with white eye-lashes, as long as one's finger. With these attractions she placed herself in ambuscade to surprise unwary

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Orford, by mistake, calls her Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Kildare. —See Note on vol. ii., p. 210.

* It appears, by *Chamberlayne's Angliæ Notitia*, 1669, that this lady, or perhaps her sister, continued one of the duchess's maids of honour at that period. The list, at that time, was as follows:—1. Mrs. Arabella Churchill. 2. Mrs. Dorothy Howard. 3. Mrs. Anne Ogle. 4. Mrs. Mary Blague. The mother of the maids then was Mrs. Lucy Wise. Miss Blague performed the part of Diana, in Crown's Calisto, acted at court in 1675, and was then styled late maid of honour to the *queen*. Lord Orford, however, it should be observed, calls her Henrietta Maria, daughter of Colonel Blague. It appears she became the wife of Sir Thomas Yarborough, of Snaith, in Yorkshire. She was also, he says, sister of the wife of Sydney, Lord Godolphin. That nobleman married, according to Collins, in his peerage, Margaret, at that time maid of honour to Katherine, Queen of England, fourth daughter, and one of the co-heirs of Thomas Blague, Esq., groom of the bedchamber to Charles I. and Charles II., colonel of a regiment of foot, and governor of Wallingford during the civil wars, and governor of Yarmouth and Languard Fort after the Restoration.

hearts; but she might have done so in vain, had it not been for the arrival of the Marquis de Brisacier. Heaven seemed to have made them for each other: he had in his person and manners every requisite to dazzle a creature of her character: he talked eternally, without saying anything, and in his dress exceeded the most extravagant fashions. Miss Blague believed that all this finery was on her account; and the Marquis believed that her long eyelashes had never taken aim at any but himself: everybody perceived their inclination for each other; but they had only conversed by mute interpreters, when Miss Hamilton took it into her head to intermeddle in their affairs.

She was willing to do everything in order, and therefore began with her cousin Muskerry, on account of her rank. Her two darling foibles were dress and dancing. Magnificence of dress was intolerable with her figure; and though her dancing was still more insupportable, she never missed a ball at court: and the queen had so much complaisance for the public, as always to make her dance; but it was impossible to give her a part in an entertainment so important and splendid as this masquerade: however, she was dying with impatience for the orders she expected.

It was in consequence of this impatience, of which Miss Hamilton was informed, that she founded the design of diverting herself at the expense of this silly woman. The queen sent notes to those whom she appointed to be present, and described the manner in which they were to be dressed. Miss Hamilton wrote a note exactly in the same manner to Lady Muskerry, with directions for her to be dressed in the Babylonian fashion.

She assembled her counsel to advise about the means of sending it: this cabinet was composed of one of her brothers

and a sister, who were glad to divert themselves at the expense of those who deserved it. After having consulted some time, they at last resolved upon a mode of conveying it into her own hands. Lord Muskerry was just going out, when she received it: he was a man of honour, rather serious, very severe, and a mortal enemy to ridicule. His wife's deformity was not so intolerable to him, as the ridiculous figure she made upon all occasions. He thought that he was safe in the present case, not believing that the queen would spoil her masquerade by naming Lady Muskerry as one of the dancers; nevertheless, as he was acquainted with the passion his wife had to expose herself in public, by her dress and dancing, he had just been advising her very seriously to content herself with being a spectator of this entertainment, even though the queen should have the cruelty to engage her in it: he then took the liberty to show her what little similarity there was between her figure, and that of persons to whom dancing and magnificence in dress were allowable. His sermon concluded at last, by an express prohibition to solicit a place at this entertainment, which they had no thoughts of giving her; but far from taking his advice in good part, she imagined that he was the only person who had prevented the queen from doing her an honour she so ardently desired; and as soon as he was gone out, her design was to go and throw herself at her Majesty's feet to demand justice. She was in this very disposition when she received the billet: three times did she kiss it; and without regarding her husband's injunctions, she immediately got into her coach in order to get information of the merchants who traded to the Levant, in what manner the ladies of quality dressed in Babylon.

The plot laid for Miss Blague was of a different kind: she had such faith in her charms, and was so confident of their

effects, that she could believe anything. Brisacier, whom she looked upon as desperately smitten, had wit, which he set off with common-place talk, and with little sonnets: he sung out of tune most methodically, and was continually exerting one or other of these happy talents: the Duke of Buckingham did all he could to spoil him, by the praises he bestowed both upon his voice and upon his wit.

Miss Blague, who hardly understood a word of French, regulated herself upon the Duke's authority, in admiring the one and the other. It was remarked, that all the words which he sung to her were in praise of fair women, and that always taking this to herself, she cast down her eyes in acknowledgment and consciousness. It was upon these observations they resolved to make a jest of her, the first opportunity.

While these little projects were forming, the king, who always wished to oblige the Chevalier de Grammont, asked him, if he would make one at the masquerade, on condition of being Miss Hamilton's partner? He did not pretend to dance sufficiently well for an occasion like the present; yet he was far from refusing the offer: "Sire," said he, "of all the favours you have been pleased to show me, since my arrival, I feel this more sensibly than any other; and to convince you of my gratitude, I promise you all the good offices in my power with Miss Stewart." He said this, because they had just given her an apartment separate from the rest of the maids of honour, which made the courtiers begin to pay respect to her. The king was very well pleased at this pleasantry, and having thanked him for so necessary an offer: "Monsieur le Chevalier," said he, "in what style do you intend to dress yourself for the ball? I leave you the choice of all countries." "If so," said the Chevalier, "I will

dress after the French manner, in order to disguise myself; for they already do me the honour to take me for an Englishman in your city of London. Had it not been for this, I should have wished to have appeared as a Roman; but for fear of embroiling myself with Prince Rupert,* who so warmly espouses the interests of Alexander against Lord Thanet,† who declares himself for Cæsar, I dare no longer think of assuming the hero: nevertheless, though I may dance awkwardly, yet, by observing the tune, and with a little alertness, I hope to come off pretty well; besides, Miss Hamilton will take care that too much attention shall not be paid to me. As for my dress, I shall send Termes off to-morrow morning; and if I do not show you at his return the most splendid habit you have ever seen, look upon mine as the most disgraced nation in your masquerade."

Termes set out with ample instructions, on the subject of his journey: and his master, redoubling his impatience on an occasion like the present, before the courier could be landed, began to count the minutes in expectation of his return: thus was he employed until the very eve of the ball; and that was

* Grandson of James the First, whose actions during the civil wars are well known. He was born 19th December, 1619, and died at his house in Spring Gardens, November 22, 1682. Lord Clarendon says of him, that "he was rough and passionate, and loved not debate: liked what was proposed, as he liked the persons who proposed it; and was so great an enemy to Digby and Colepepper, who were only present in the debates of the war with the officers, that he crossed all they proposed."—*History of the Rebellion*, vol. ii. 554. He is supposed to have invented the art of mezzotinto.—See Note, *post*.

† This nobleman, I believe, was John Tufton, second Earl of Thanet, who died 6th May, 1664. Lord Orford, however, imagines him to have been Nicholas Tufton, the third Earl of Thanet, his eldest son, who died 24th November, 1679. Both these noblemen suffered much for their loyalty.

the day that Miss Hamilton and her little society had fixed for the execution of their project.

Martial gloves were then very much in fashion: she had by chance several pairs of them: she sent one to Miss Blague, accompanied with four yards of yellow riband, the palest she could find, to which she added this note:

"You were the other day more charming than all the fair women in the world: you looked yesterday still more fair than you did the day before: if you go on, what will become of my heart? But it is a long time since that has been a prey to your pretty little *young wild boar's eyes*.* Shall you be at the masquerade to-morrow? But can there be any charms at an entertainment, at which you are not present? It does not signify: I shall know you in whatever disguise you may be: but I shall be better informed of my fate, by the present I send you: you will wear knots of this riband in your hair; and these gloves will kiss the most beautiful hands in the universe."

This billet, with the present, was delivered to Miss Blague, with the same success as the other had been conveyed to Lady Muskerry. Miss Hamilton had just received an account of it, when the latter came to pay her a visit: something seemed to possess her thoughts very much; when, having stayed some time, her cousin desired her to walk into her cabinet. As soon as they were there: "I desire your secrecy for what I am going to tell you," said Lady Muskerry. "Do not you wonder what strange creatures men are? Do not trust to them, my dear cousin: my Lord Muskerry, who, before our

* Marcassin is French for a wild boar: the eyes of this creature being remarkably small and lively, from thence the French say, "Des yeux marcassins," to signify *little, though roguish eyes;* or, as we say, *pigs' eyes.*

marriage, could have passed whole days and nights in seeing me dance, thinks proper now to forbid me dancing, and says it does not become me. This is not all: he has so often rung in my ears the subject of this masquerade, that I am obliged to hide from him the honour the queen has done me, in inviting me to it. However, I am surprised I am not informed who is to be my partner: but if you knew what a plague it is, to find out, in this cursed town, in what manner the people of Babylon dress, you would pity me for what I have suffered since the time I have been appointed: besides, the cost which it puts me to is beyond all imagination."

Here it was that Miss Hamilton's inclination to laugh, which had increased in proportion as she endeavoured to suppress it, at length overcame her, and broke out in an immoderate fit: Lady Muskerry took it in good humour, not doubting but it was the fantastical conduct of her husband that she was laughing at. Miss Hamilton told her that all husbands were much the same, and that one ought not to be concerned at their whims; that she did not know who was to be her partner at the masquerade; but that, as she was named, the gentleman named with her would certainly not fail to attend her; although she could not comprehend why he had not yet declared himself, unless he likewise had some fantastical spouse, who had forbid him to dance.

This conversation being finished, Lady Muskerry went away in great haste, to endeavour to learn some news of her partner. Those who were accomplices in the plot were laughing very heartily at this visit, when Lord Muskerry paid them one in his turn, and taking Miss Hamilton aside: "Do you know," said he, "whether there is to be any ball in the city to-morrow?" "No," said she; "but why do you ask?" "Because," said he, "I am informed that my wife is making great

preparations of dress. I know very well she is not to be at the masquerade: that I have taken care of; but as the devil is in her for dancing, I am very much afraid that she will be affording some fresh subject for ridicule, notwithstanding all my precautions: however, if it was amongst the citizens, at some private party, I should not much mind it."

They satisfied him as well as they could, and having dismissed him, under pretence of a thousand things they had to prepare for the next day, Miss Hamilton thought herself at liberty for that morning, when in came Miss Price, one of the maids of honour to the Duchess.* This was just what she was wishing for: This lady and Miss Blague had been at variance some time, on account of Duncan,† whom Miss Price had drawn away from the other; and hatred still subsisted between these two divinities.

Though the maids of honour were not nominated for the masquerade, yet they were to assist at it; and, consequently, were to neglect nothing to set themselves off to advantage. Miss Hamilton had still another pair of gloves of the same sort as those she had sent to Miss Blague, which she made a present of to her rival, with a few knots of the same riband, which appeared to have been made on purpose for her, brown as she was. Miss Price returned her a thousand thanks, and

* Our author's memory here fails him: Miss Price was maid of honour to the queen. Mr. Granger says, "there was a Lady Price, a fine woman, who was daughter of Sir Edmond Warcup, concerning whom see *Wood's Fasti Oxon.* ii., 184. Her father had the vanity to think that Charles II. would marry her, though he had then a queen. There were letters of his wherein he mentioned, that "his daughter was one night and t'other with the king, and very graciously received by him."—*History of England*, vol. iv., p. 338.

† I believe this name should be written Dongan. Lord Orford says, of this house were the ancient Earls of Limerick.

MISS PRICE.

promised to do herself the honour of wearing them at the ball. "You will oblige me if you do," said Miss Hamilton, "but if you mention that such a trifle as this comes from me, I shall never forgive you; but," continued she, "do not go and rob poor Miss Blague of the Marquis Brisacier, as you already have of Duncan: I know very well that it is wholly in your power: you have wit: you speak French: and were he once to converse with you ever so little the other could have no pretensions to him." This was enough: Miss Blague was only ridiculous and coquettish: Miss Price was ridiculous, coquettish, and something else besides.

The day being come, the court, more splendid than ever, exhibited all its magnificence at this masquerade. The company were all met except the Chevalier de Grammont: every body was astonished that he should be one of the last at such a time, as his readiness was so remarkable on every occasion; but they were still more surprised to see him at length appear in an ordinary court-dress, which he had worn before. The thing was preposterous on such an occasion, and very extraordinary with respect to him: in vain had he the finest point-lace, with the largest and best powdered peruke imaginable: his dress, magnificent enough for any other purpose, was not at all proper for this entertainment.

The king immediately took notice of it: "Chevalier," said he, "Termes is not arrived then?" "Pardon me, sire," said he, "God be thanked!" "Why God be thanked?" said the king; "has anything happened to him on the road?" "Sire," said the Chevalier de Grammont, "this is the history of my dress, and of Termes, my messenger." At these words the ball, ready to begin, was suspended: the dancers making a circle around the Chevalier de Grammont, he continued his story in the following manner:

"It is now two days since this fellow ought to have been here, according to my orders and his protestations: you may judge of my impatience all this day, when I found he did not come: at last, after I had heartily cursed him, about an hour ago he arrived, splashed all over from head to foot, booted up to the waist, and looking as if he had been excommunicated: 'Very well, Mr. Scoundrel,' said I, 'this is just like you, you must be waited for to the very last minute, and it is a miracle that you are arrived at all.' 'Yes, faith,' said he, 'it is a miracle. You are always grumbling: I had the finest suit in the world made for you, which the Duke de Guise himself was at the trouble of ordering.' 'Give it me then, scoundrel,' said I. 'Sir,' said he, 'if I did not employ a dozen embroiderers upon it, who did nothing but work day and night, I am a rascal: I never left them one moment.' 'And where is it traitor?' said I: 'do not stand here prating, while I should be dressing.' 'I had,' continued he, 'packed it up, made it tight, and folded it in such a manner, that all the rain in the world could never have been able to reach it; and I rid post, day and night, knowing your impatience, and that you were not to be trifled with.'—'But where is it?' said I. 'Lost, sir,' said he, clasping his hands. 'How! lost,' said I, in surprise. 'Yes, lost, perished, swallowed up: what can I say more?' 'What! was the packet-boat cast away then?' said I. 'Oh! indeed, sir, a great deal worse, as you shall see,' answered he: 'I was within half a league of Calais yesterday morning, and I was resolved to go by the sea-side, to make greater haste; but, indeed, they say very true, that nothing is like the highway; for I got into a quicksand, where I sunk up to the chin.' 'A quicksand,' said I, 'near Calais?' 'Yes, sir,' said he, 'and such a quicksand that, the devil take me, if they saw anything but the top of my head when they pulled me out: as for my

DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

horse, fifteen men could scarce get him out; but the portmanteau, where I had unfortunately put your clothes, could never be found: it must be at least a league under ground.'

"This, sire," continued the Chevalier de Grammont, "is the adventure, and the relation which this honest gentleman has given me of it. I should certainly have killed him, but I was afraid of making Miss Hamilton wait, and I was desirous of giving your Majesty immediate advice of the quicksand, that your couriers may take care to avoid it."

The King was ready to split his sides with laughing, when the Chevalier de Grammont, resuming the discourse, "apropos, sire," said he, "I had forgot to tell you, that, to increase my ill-humour, I was stopped, as I was getting out of my chair, by the devil of a phantom in masquerade, who would by all means persuade me that the queen had commanded me to dance with her; and as I excused myself with the least rudeness possible, she charged me to find out who was to be her partner, and desired me to send him to her immediately: so that your Majesty will do well to give orders about it; for she has placed herself in ambush in a coach, to seize upon all those who pass through Whitehall. However, I must tell you, that it is worth while to see her dress; for she must have at least sixty ells of gauze and silver tissue about her, not to mention a sort of a pyramid upon her head, adorned with a hundred thousand baubles."

This last account surprised all the assembly, except those who had a share in the plot. The queen assured them, that all she had appointed for the ball were present; and the king, having paused some minutes: "I bet," said he, "that it is the Duchess of Newcastle."* "And I," said Lord Muskerry,

* This fantastic lady, as Lord Orford properly calls her, was the youngest daughter of Sir Charles Lucas, and had been one of the maids

coming up to Miss Hamilton, "will bet it is another fool; for I am very much mistaken if it is not my wife."

The king was for sending to know who it was, and to bring her in: Lord Muskerry offered himself for that service, for the reason already mentioned; and it was very well he did so. Miss Hamilton was not sorry for this, knowing very well that he was not mistaken in his conjecture; the jest would have gone much farther than she intended, if the Princess of Babylon had appeared in all her glory.

The ball was not very well executed, if one may be allowed the expression, so long as they danced only slow dances; and yet there were as good dancers, and as beautiful women in this assembly, as were to be found in the whole world: but as their number was not great, they left the French, and went to country dances. When they had danced some time, the king thought fit to introduce his auxiliaries, to give the others a little respite; the queen's and the duchess's maids of honour were therefore called in to dance with the gentlemen.

Then it was that they were at leisure to take notice of Miss Blague, and they found that the billet they had conveyed to her on the part of Brisacier had its effect: she was more yellow than saffron: her hair was stuffed with the citron-coloured riband, which she had put there out of complaisance; and, to

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of honour to Charles the First's queen, whom she attended when forced to leave England. At Paris she married the Duke of Newcastle, and continued in exile with him until the restoration. After her return to England, she lived entirely devoted to letters, and published many volumes of plays, poems, letters, &c. She died in 1673, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Lord Orford says, there is a whole length of this duchess at Welbeck, in a theatrical dress, which, tradition says, she generally wore. She had always a maid of honour in waiting during the night, who was often called up to register the duchess's conceptions. These were all of a literary kind; for her grace left no children.

inform Brisacier of his fate, she raised often to her head her victorious hands, adorned with the gloves we have before mentioned: but, if they were surprised to see her in a head-dress that made her look more wan than ever, she was very differently surprised to see Miss Price partake with her in every particular of Brisacier's present: her surprise soon turned to jealousy; for her rival had not failed to join in conversation with him, on account of what had been insinuated to her the evening before; nor did Brisacier fail to return her first advances, without paying the least attention to the fair Blague, nor to the signs which she was tormenting herself to make him, to inform him of his happy destiny.

Miss Price was short and thick, and consequently no dancer, the Duke of Buckingham, who brought Brisacier forward as often as he could, came to desire him, on the part of the king, to dance with Miss Blague, without knowing what was then passing in this nymph's heart: Brisacier excused himself, on account of the contempt that he had for country dances: Miss Blague thought that it was herself that he despised; and, seeing that he was engaged in conversation with her mortal enemy, she began to dance, without knowing what she was doing. Though her indignation and jealousy were sufficiently remarkable to divert the court, none but Miss Hamilton and her accomplices, understood the joke perfectly: their pleasure was quite complete; for Lord Muskerry returned, still more confounded at the vision, of which the Chevalier de Grammont had given the description. He acquainted Miss Hamilton, that it was Lady Muskerry herself, a thousand times more ridiculous than she had ever been before, and that he had had an immense trouble to get her home, and place a sentry at her chamber door.

The reader may think, perhaps, that we have dwelt too long

on these trifling incidents; perhaps he may be right. We will therefore pass to others.

Everything favoured the Chevalier de Grammont in the new passion which he entertained: he was not, however, without rivals; but, what is a great deal more extraordinary, he was without uneasiness: he was acquainted with their understandings, and no stranger to Miss Hamilton's way of thinking.

Among her lovers, the most considerable, though the least professedly so, was the Duke of York: it was in vain for him to conceal it, the court was too well acquainted with his character to doubt of his inclinations for her. He did not think it proper to declare such sentiments as were not fit for Miss Hamilton to hear; but he talked to her as much as he could, and ogled her with great assiduity. As hunting was his favourite diversion, that sport employed him one part of the day, and he came home generally much fatigued; but Miss Hamilton's presence revived him, when he found her either with the queen or the duchess. There it was that, not daring to tell her of what lay heavy on his heart, he entertained her with what he had in his head: telling her miracles of the cunning of foxes and the mettle of horses; giving her accounts of broken legs and arms, dislocated shoulders, and other curious and entertaining adventures; after which, his eyes told her the rest, till such time as sleep interrupted their conversation; for these tender interpreters could not help sometimes composing themselves in the midst of their ogling.

The duchess was not at all alarmed at a passion which her rival was far from thinking sincere, and with which she used to divert herself, as far as respect would admit her; on the contrary, as her highness had an affection and esteem for Miss Hamilton, she never treated her more graciously than on the present occasion.

LORD WILLIAM RUSSEL.

The two Russells, uncle* and nephew,† were two other of the Chevalier de Grammont's rivals: the uncle was full seventy, and had distinguished himself by his courage and fidelity in the civil wars. His passions and intentions, with regard to Miss Hamilton, appeared both at once; but his magnificence only appeared by halves in those gallantries which love inspires. It was not long since the fashion of high crowned hats had been left off, in order to fall into the other extreme. Old Russell, amazed at so terrible a change, resolved to keep a medium, which made him remarkable: he was still more so, by his constancy for cut doublets, which he supported a long time after they had been universally suppressed; but, what was more surprising than all, was a certain mixture of avarice and liberality, constantly at war with each other, ever since he had entered the list with love.

His nephew was only of a younger brother's family, but was considered as his uncle's heir; and though he was under the necessity of attending to his uncle for an establishment, and still more so of humouring him, in order to get his estate, he could not avoid his fate. Mrs. Middleton showed him a sufficient degree of preference; but her favours could not secure him from the charms of Miss Hamilton: his person would have had nothing disagreeable in it, if he had but left it to nature; but he was formal in all his actions, and silent even to stupidity; and yet rather more tiresome when he did speak.

The Chevalier de Grammont, very much at his ease in all

* Russell, third son of Francis, the fourth Earl of Bedford, and colonel of the first regiment of foot guards. He died unmarried, in November, 1681.

† William, eldest son of Edward Russell, younger brother of the above John Russel. He was standard-bearer to Charles II., and died unmarried, 1674. He was elder brother to Russell, Earl of Orford.

these competitions, engaged himself more and more in his passion, without forming other designs, or conceiving other hopes, than to render himself agreeable. Though his passion was openly declared, no person at court regarded it otherwise than as a habit of gallantry, which goes no farther than to do justice to merit.

His monitor, Saint Evremond, was quite of a different opinion; and finding, that, besides an immense increase of magnificence and assiduity, he regretted those hours which he bestowed on play; that he no longer sought after those long and agreeable conversations they used to have together; and that this new attachment everywhere robbed him of himself:

"Monsieur le Chevalier," said he, "methinks that for some time you have left the town beauties and their lovers in perfect repose: Mrs. Middleton makes fresh conquests with impunity, and wears your presents, under your nose, without your taking the smallest notice. Poor Miss Warmestre has been very quietly brought to bed in the midst of the court, without your having even said a word about it. I foresaw it plain enough, Monsieur le Chevalier, you have got acquainted with Miss Hamilton, and, what has never before happened to you, you are really in love; but let us consider a little what may be the consequence. In the first place, then, I believe, you have not the least intention of seducing her: such is her birth and merit, that if you were in possession of the estate and title of your family, it might be excusable in you to offer yourself upon honourable terms, however ridiculous marriage may be in general; for, if you only wish for wit, prudence, and the treasures of beauty, you could not pay your addresses to a more proper person: but for you, who possess only a very moderate share of those of fortune, you cannot pay your addresses more improperly.

"For your brother Toulongeon, whose disposition I am acquainted with, will not have the complaisance to die, to favour your pretensions: but suppose you had a competent fortune for you both—and that is supposing a good deal—are you acquainted with the delicacy, not to say capriciousness, of this fair one about such an engagement? Do you know that she has had the choice of the best matches in England? The Duke of Richmond paid his addresses to her first; but though he was in love with her, still he was mercenary: however, the king, observing that want of fortune was the only impediment to the match, took that article upon himself, out of regard to the Duke of Ormond, to the merit and birth of Miss Hamilton, and to her father's services; but, resenting that a man, who pretended to be in love, should bargain like a merchant, and likewise reflecting upon his character in the world, she did not think that being Duchess of Richmond was a sufficient recompense for the danger that was to be feared from a brute and a debauchee.

"Has not little Jermyn, notwithstanding his uncle's great estate, and his own brilliant reputation, failed in his suit to her? And has she ever so much as vouchsafed to look at Henry Howard,* who is upon the point of being the first duke in England, and who is already in actual possession of all the estates of the house of Norfolk? I confess that he is a clown, but what other lady in all England would not have dispensed with his stupidity and his disagreeable person, to be the first duchess in the kingdom, with twenty-five thousand a year?

* This was Henry Howard, brother to Thomas, Earl of Arundel, who by a special act of parliament, in 1664, was restored to the honours of the family, forfeited by the attainder of his ancestor, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. On the death of his brother, in 1667, he became Duke of Norfolk, and died January 11, 1683-4, at his house in Arundel Street, aged 55.

"To conclude, Lord Falmouth has told me himself, that he has always looked upon her as the only acquisition wanting to complete his happiness: but, that even at the height of the splendour of his fortune, he never had had the assurance to open his sentiments to her; that he either felt in himself too much weakness, or too much pride, to be satisfied with obtaining her solely by the persuasion of her relations; and that, though the first refusals of the fair on such occasions are not much minded, he knew with what an air she had received the addresses of those whose persons she did not like. After this, Monsieur le Chevalier, consider what method you intend to pursue: for, if you are in love, the passion will still increase, and the greater the attachment, the less capable will you be of making those serious reflections that are now in your power."

"My poor philosopher," answered the Chevalier de Grammont, "you understand Latin very well, you can make good verses, you understand the course, and are acquainted with the nature of the stars in the firmament; but, as for the luminaries of the terrestrial globe, you are utterly unacquainted with them: you have told me nothing about Miss Hamilton, but what the king told me three days ago. That she has refused the savages you have mentioned is all in her favour: if she had admitted their addresses, I would have had nothing to say to her, though I love her to distraction. Attend now to what I am going to say: I am resolved to marry her, and I will have my tutor Saint Evremond himself to be the first man to commend me for it. As for an establishment, I shall make my peace with the king, and will solicit him to make her one of the ladies of the bed-chamber to the queen: this he will grant me. Toulongeon will die, without my assistance,*

* Count de Toulongeon was elder brother to Count Grammont, who,

M[illegible]TEWART, afterwards DUCHESS DE RICHMOND.

and notwithstanding all his care; and Miss Hamilton will have Semeat,* with the Chevalier de Grammont, as an indemnification for the Norfolks and Richmonds. Now, have you anything to advance against this project? For I will bet you an hundred louis, that everything will happen as I have foretold it."

At this time the king's attachment to Miss Stewart was so public, that every person perceived, that if she was but possessed of art, she might become as absolute a mistress over his conduct as she was over his heart. This was a fine opportunity for those who had experience and ambition. The Duke of Buckingham formed the design of governing her, in order to ingratiate himself with the king: God knows what a governor he would have been, and what a head he was possessed of, to guide another; however, he was the properest man in the world to insinuate himself with Miss Stewart: she was childish in her behaviour, and laughed at everything, and her taste for frivolous amusements, though unaffected, was only allowable in a girl about twelve or thirteen years old. A child, however, she was, in every other respect, except playing with a doll: blind man's buff was her most favourite amusement: she was building castles of cards, while the deepest play was going on in her apartments, where you saw her surrounded by eager courtiers, who handed her the cards, or young architects, who endeavoured to imitate her.

She had, however, a passion for music, and had some taste for singing. The Duke of Buckingham, who built the finest towers of cards imaginable, had an agreeable voice: she had

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by his death, in 1679, became, according to St. Evremond, on that event, one of the richest noblemen at court.—See *St. Evremond's Works*, vol. ii., p. 327.

* A country seat belonging to the family of the Grammonts.

no aversion to scandal: and the duke was both the father and the mother of scandal, he made songs, and invented old women's stories, with which she was delighted; but his particular talent consisted in turning into ridicule whatever was ridiculous in other people, and in taking them off, even in their presence, without their perceiving it: in short, he knew how to act all parts with so much grace and pleasantry, that it was difficult to do without him, when he had a mind to make himself agreeable; and he made himself so necessary to Miss Stewart's amusement, that she sent all over the town to seek for him, when he did not attend the king to her apartments.

He was extremely handsome,* and still thought himself

* George Villiers, the second Duke of Buckingham, was born 30th January, 1627. Lord Orford observes, "When this extraordinary man, with the figure and genius of Alcibiades, could equally charm the presbyterian Fairfax and the dissolute Charles; when he alike ridiculed that witty king and his solemn chancellor: when he plotted the ruin of his country with a cabal of bad ministers, or, equally unprincipled, supported its cause with bad patriots,—one laments that such parts should have been devoid of every virtue: but when Alcibiades turns chemist; when he is a real bubble and a visionary miser; when ambition is but a frolic; when the worst designs are for the foolishest ends,—contempt extinguishes all reflection on his character."

"The portrait of this duke has been drawn by four masterly hands. Burnet has hewn it out with his rough chisel; Count Hamilton touched it with that slight delicacy that finishes while it seems but to sketch; Dryden caught the living likeness; Pope completed the historical resemblance."—*Royal Authors*, vol. ii., p. 78.

Of these four portraits, the second is in the text; the other three will complete the character of this extraordinary nobleman.

Bishop Burnet says, he "was a man of noble presence. He had a great liveliness of wit, and a peculiar faculty of turning all things into ridicule, with bold figures, and natural descriptions. He had no sort of literature, only he was drawn into chemistry; and for some years he thought he was very near the finding the philosopher's stone, which had the effect that attends on all such men as he was, when they are drawn in, to lay out for it. He had no principles of religion.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

much more so than he really was: although he had a great deal of discernment, yet his vanity made him mistake some civilities

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virtue, or friendship:—pleasure, frolic, or extravagant diversion was all that he laid to heart. He was true to nothing; for he was not true to himself. He had no steadiness nor conduct: he could keep no secret, nor execute any design without spoiling it. He could never fix his thoughts, nor govern his estate, though then the greatest in England. He was bred about the king, and for many years he had a great ascendency over him; but he spake of him to all persons with that contempt, that at last he drew a lasting disgrace upon himself. And he at length ruined both body and mind, fortune and reputation equally. The madness of vice appeared in his person in very eminent instances; since at last he became contemptible and poor, sickly, and sunk in his parts, as well as in all other respects; so that his conversation was as much avoided as ever it had been courted."—*History of His Own Times*, vol. i., p. 137.

Dryden's character of him is in these limes:

"In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was everything by starts, and nothing long.
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes;
So over violent, or over civil,
That every man with him was god or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late;
He had his jest, and they had his estate:
He laugh'd himself from court, then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;

as intended for his person, which were only bestowed on his wit and drollery: in short, being seduced by too good an

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For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Ahitophel:
Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left."

Absalom and Ahitophel.

Pope describes the last scene of this nobleman's life in these lines:

"In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw;
The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies:—alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Clieveden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or, just as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimic'd statesmen, and their merry king.
No wit, to flatter, left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends."

Moral Essays, Epist. iii., l. 299.

He died 16th April, 1688, at the house of a tenant, at Kirby Moor Side, near Helmsly, in Yorkshire, aged 61 years, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Though this note is already long, the reader will hardly complain at an extension of it, by the addition of one more character of this licentious nobleman, written by the able pen of the author of Hudibras. "The Duke of Bucks is one that has studied the whole body of vice. His parts are disproportionate to the whole, and, like a monster, he has more of some, and less of others, than he should have. He has pulled down all that nature raised in him, and built himself up again after a model of his own. He has dammed up all those lights that nature made into the noblest prospects of the world, and opened other little blind loop-holes backward, by turning day into night, and night into day. His appetite to his pleasures is diseased and crazy, like the pica in a woman, that longs to eat that which was never made for food, or

opinion of his own merit, he forgot his first project and his Portuguese mistress, in order to pursue a fancy in which he mistook himself; for he no sooner began to act a serious part with Miss Stewart, than he met with so severe a repulse that he abandoned, at once, all his designs upon her: however, the familiarity she had procured him with the king, opened the way to those favours to which he was afterwards advanced.

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a girl in the green sickness, that eats chalk and mortar. Perpetual surfeits of pleasure have filled his mind with bad and vicious humours, (as well as his body with a nursery of diseases,) which makes him affect new and extravagant ways, as being sick and tired with the old. Continual wine, women, and music, put false value upon things, which, by custom, become habitual, and debauch his understanding so, that he retains no right notion nor sense of things. And as the same dose of the same physic has no operation on those that are much used to it, so his pleasures require larger proportion of excess and variety, to render him sensible of them. He rises, eats, and goes to bed by the Julian account, long after all others that go by the new style, and keeps the same hours with owls and the antipodes. He is a great observer of the Tartar customs, and never eats till the great cham, having dined, makes proclamation that all the world may go to dinner. He does not dwell in his house, but haunts it like an evil spirit, that walks all night, to disturb the family, and never appears by day. He lives perpetually benighted, runs out of his life, and loses his time as men do their ways in the dark: and as blind men are led by their dogs, so is he governed by some mean servant or other, that relates to his pleasures. He is as inconstant as the moon which he lives under; and although he does nothing but advise with his pillow all day, he is as great a stranger to himself as he is to the rest of the world. His mind entertains all things very freely that come and go, but, like guests and strangers, they are not welcome if they stay long. This lays him open to all cheats, quacks, and impostors, who apply to every particular humour while it lasts, and afterwards vanish. Thus, with St. Paul, though in a different sense, he dies daily, and only lives in the night. He deforms nature, while he intends to adorn her, like Indians that hang jewels in their lips and noses. His ears are perpetually drilled with a fiddlestick. He endures pleasures with less patience than other men do their pains."—*Butler's Posthumous Works*, vol. ii., p. 72.

Lord Arlington* took up the project which the Duke of Buckingham had abandoned, and endeavoured to gain possession of the mind of the mistress, in order to govern the master. A man of greater merit and higher birth than himself might, however, have been satisfied with the fortune he had already acquired. His first negotiations were during the treaty of the Pyrenees: and though he was unsuccessful in his proceedings for his employer, yet he did not altogether lose his time; for he perfectly acquired, in his exterior, the serious air and profound gravity of the Spaniards, and imitated pretty well their tardiness in business: he had a scar across his nose, which was covered by a long patch, or rather by a small plaister, in form of a lozenge.

Scars in the face commonly give a man a certain fierce and

* Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, principal secretary of state, and lord-chamberlain to King Charles II: a nobleman whose practices, during that reign, have not left his character free from reproach. Mr. Macpherson says of him, that he "supplied the place of extensive talents by an artful management of such as he possessed. Accommodating in his principles, and easy in his address, he pleased when he was known to deceive; and his manner acquired to him a kind of influence where he commanded no respect. He was little calculated for bold measures, on account of his natural timidity; and that defect created an opinion of his moderation, that was ascribed to virtue. His facility to adopt new measures was forgotten in his readiness to acknowledge the errors of the old. The deficiency of his integrity was forgiven in the decency of his dishonesty. Too weak not to be superstitious, yet possessing too much sense to own his adherence to the church of Rome, he lived a protestant in his outward profession, but he died a catholic. Timidity was the chief characteristic of his mind; and that being known, he was even commanded by cowards. He was the man of the least genius of the party: but he had most experience in that slow and constant current of business, which, perhaps, suits affairs of state better than the violent exertions of men of great parts."—*Original Papers*, vol. i. Lord Arlington died July 28, 1685. See a character of him in Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham's Works.

martial air, which sets him off to advantage; but it was quite the contrary with him, and this remarkable plaister so well suited his mysterious looks, that it seemed an addition to his gravity and self-sufficiency.

Arlington, under the mask of this compound countenance where great earnestness passed for business, and impenetrable stupidity for secrecy, had given himself the character of a great politician; and no one having leisure to examine him, he was taken at his word, and had been made minister and secretary of state, upon the credit of his own importance.

His ambition soaring still above these high stations, after having provided himself with a great number of fine maxims, and some historical anecdotes, he obtained an audience of Miss Stewart, in order to display them; at the same time offering her his most humble services, and best advice, to assist her in conducting herself in the situation to which it had pleased God and her virtue to raise her. But he was only in the preface of his speech, when she recollected that he was at the head of those whom the Duke of Buckingham used to mimic; and as his presence and his language exactly revived the ridiculous ideas that had been given her of him, she could not forbear bursting out into a fit of laughter in his face, so much the more violent as she had for a long time struggled to suppress it.

The minister was enraged: his pride became his post, and his punctilious behaviour merited all the ridicule which could be attached to it: he quitted her abruptly, with all the fine advice he had prepared for her, and was almost tempted to carry it to Lady Castlemaine, and to unite himself with her interests; or immediately to quit the court party, and declaim freely in parliament against the grievances of the state, and particularly to propose an act to forbid the keeping of mis-

tresses; but his prudence conquered his resentments; and thinking only how to enjoy with pleasure the blessings of fortune, he sent to Holland for a wife,* in order to complete his felicity.

Hamilton was, of all the courtiers, the best qualified to succeed in an enterprise, in which the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Arlington had miscarried: he was thinking upon it; but his natural coquetry traversed his intentions, and made him neglect the most advantageous prospects in the world, in order unnecessarily to attend to the advances and allurements thrown out to him by the Countess of Chesterfield. This was one of the most agreeable women in the world: she had a most exquisite shape, though she was not very tall; her complexion was extremely fair, with all the expressive charms of a brunette; she had large blue eyes, very tempting and alluring; her manners were engaging; her wit lively and amusing; but her heart, ever open to tender sentiments, was neither scrupulous in point of constancy, nor nice in point of sincerity. She was daughter to the Duke of Ormond,† and Hamilton, being her cousin-german, they might be as much as they pleased in each other's company without being particular; but as soon as her eyes gave him some encouragement, he entertained no other thoughts than how to

* This lady was Isabella, daughter to Lewis de Nassau, Lord Beverwaert, son to Maurice, Prince of Orange, and Count Nassau. By her, Lord Arlington had an only daughter, named Isabella, who married, August 1, 1672, Henry, Earl of Euston, son to King Charles II., by Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, created afterwards Duke of Grafton; and, after his death, to Sir Thomas Hanmer, Bart. She assisted at the coronation of King George I., as Countess of Arlington, in her own right, and died February 7, 1722-3.

† And second wife of the Earl of Chesterfield. She survived the adventures here related a very short time, dying in July, 1665, at the age of 25 years.

COUNTESS OF [illegible]

please her, without considering her fickleness, or the obstacles he had to encounter. His intention, which we mentioned before, of establishing himself in the confidence of Miss Stewart, no longer occupied his thoughts: she now was of opinion that she was capable of being the mistress of her own conduct: she had done all that was necessary to inflame the king's passions, without exposing her virtue by granting the last favours; but the eagerness of a passionate lover, blessed with favourable opportunities, is difficult to withstand, and still more difficult to vanquish; and Miss Stewart's virtue was almost exhausted, when the queen was attacked with a violent fever, which soon reduced her to extreme danger.

Then it was that Miss Stewart was greatly pleased with herself for the resistance she had made, though she had paid dearly for it: a thousand flattering hopes of greatness and glory filled her heart, and the additional respect that was universally paid her, contributed not a little to increase them. The queen was given over by her physicians:* the few Portuguese women that had not been sent back to their own country filled the court with doleful cries; and the good nature of the king was much affected with the situation in which he saw a princess, whom, though he did not love her, yet he greatly esteemed. She loved him tenderly, and thinking that it was the last time she should ever speak to him,

* This happened in October, 1663. Lord Arlington, in a letter to the Duke of Ormond, dated the 17th of that month, says, "the condition of the queen is much worse, and the physicians give us but little hopes of her recovery; by the next you will hear she is either in a fair way to it, or dead: to-morrow is a very critical day with her: God's will be done. The king coming to see her this morning, she told him she willingly left all the world but him; which hath very much afflicted his majesty, and all the court with him."—*Brown's Miscellanea Aulica*, 1702, p. 306.

she told him, that the concern he showed for her death, was enough to make her quit life with regret; but that not possessing charms sufficient to merit his tenderness, she had at least the consolation in dying to give place to a consort who might be more worthy of it, and to whom heaven, perhaps, might grant a blessing that had been refused to her. At these words, she bathed his hands with some tears, which he thought would be her last: he mingled his own with hers; and without supposing she would take him at his word, he conjured her to live for his sake. She had never yet disobeyed him; and, however dangerous sudden impulses may be, when one is between life and death, this transport of joy, which might have proved fatal to her, saved her life, and the king's wonderful tenderness had an effect, for which every person did not thank heaven in the same manner.

Jermyn had now for some time been recovered of his wounds: however, Lady Castlemaine, finding his health in as deplorable a condition as ever, resolved to regain the king's heart, but in vain: for notwithstanding the softness of her tears, and the violence of her passions, Miss Stewart wholly possessed it. During this period the court was variously entertained: sometimes there were promenades, and at others the court beauties sallied out on horseback, and to make attacks with their charms and graces, sometimes successfully, sometimes otherwise, but always to the best of their abilities: at other seasons there were such shows on the river, as the city of London alone can afford.

The Thames washes the sides of a large though not a magnificent palace of the kings of Great Britain:* from the stairs of this palace the court used to take water, in the summer

* This was Whitehall, which was burnt down, except the banqueting-house, 4th January, 1698.—See *Harleian Miscellany*, vol. vi. p. 367.

evenings, when the heat and dust prevented their walking in the park: an infinite number of open boats, filled with the court and city beauties, attended the barges, in which were the Royal Family: collations, music, and fireworks, completed the scene. The Chevalier de Grammont always made one of the company, and it was very seldom that he did not add something of his own invention, agreeably to surprise by some unexpected stroke of magnificence and gallantry. Sometimes he had complete concerts of vocal and instrumental music, which he privately brought from Paris, and which struck up on a sudden in the midst of these parties; sometimes he gave banquets, which likewise came from France, and which, even in the midst of London, surpassed the king's collations. These entertainments sometimes exceeded, as others fell short of his expectations, but they always cost him an immense deal of money.

Lord Falmouth was one of those who had the greatest friendship and esteem for the Chevalier de Grammont: this profusion gave him concern, and as he often used to go and sup with him without ceremony, one day finding only Saint Evremond there, and a supper fit for half a dozen guests, who had been invited in form: "You must not," said he, addressing himself to the Chevalier de Grammont, "be obliged to me for this visit. I come from the king's *coucher*, where all the discourse was about you; and I can assure you that the manner in which the king spoke of you, could not afford you so much pleasure as I myself felt upon the occasion. You know very well, that he has long since offered you his good offices with the King of France; and for my own part," continued he, smiling, "you know very well that I would solicit him so to do, if it was not through fear of losing you as soon as your peace is made; but, thanks to Miss Hamilton, you

are in no great haste: however, I am ordered by the king, my master, to acquaint you, that while you remain here, until you are restored to the favour of your sovereign, he presents you with a pension of fifteen hundred Jacobus's: it is indeed a trifle, considering the figure the Chevalier de Grammont makes among us; but it will assist him," said he, embracing him, "to give us sometimes a supper."

The Chevalier de Grammont received, as he ought, the offer of a favour he did not think proper to accept: "I acknowledge," said he, "the king's bounty in this proposal, but I am still more sensible of Lord Falmouth's generosity in it; and I request him to assure his Majesty of my perfect gratitude: the king, my master, will not suffer me to want, when he thinks fit to recall me; and while I continue here, I will let you see that I have wherewithal to give my English friends now and then a supper."

At these words, he called for his strong box, and showed him seven or eight thousand guineas in solid gold. Lord Falmouth, willing to improve to the Chevalier's advantage the refusal of so advantageous an offer, gave Monsieur de Comminge,* then ambassador at the English court, an account of it; nor did Monsieur de Comminge fail to represent properly the merit of such a refusal to the French court.

Hyde Park, every one knows, is the promenade of London:†

* This gentleman was ambassador in London, from the court of France, during the years 1663, 1664, and 1665. Lord Clarendon, speaking of him, describes him as something capricious in his nature, which made him hard to treat with, and not always vacant at the hours himself assigned; being hypochondriac, and seldom sleeping without opium.—*Continuation of Clarendon's Life*, p. 263.

† The writer already quoted gives this description of the entertainments of the place, at this period:—

"I did frequently, in the spring, accompany my lord N—— into a

nothing was so much in fashion, during the fine weather, as that promenade, which was the rendezvous of magnificence and beauty: every one, therefore, who had either sparkling eyes, or a splendid equipage, constantly repaired thither; and the king seemed pleased with the place.

Coaches with glasses* were then a late invention: the ladies were afraid of being shut up in them: they greatly preferred the pleasure of showing almost their whole persons, to the conveniences of modern coaches: that which was made

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field near the town, which they call Hyde Park; the place is not unpleasant, and which they use as our course; but with nothing of that order, equipage, and splendour; being such an assembly of wretched jades, and hackney coaches, as, next a regiment of carmen, there is nothing approaches the resemblance. This park was (it seems) used by the late king and nobility for the freshness of the air, and the goodly prospect, but it is that which now (besides all other excises) they pay for here, in England, though it be free in all the world besides; every coach and horse which enters buying his mouthful, and permission of the publican who has purchased it; for which the entrance is guarded with porters and long staves."—*A Character of England, as it was lately presented to a Nobleman of France*, 12mo, 1659, p. 54.

* Coaches were first introduced into England in the year 1564. Taylor, the water poet, (*Works*, 1630, p. 240,) says,—"One William Boonen, a Dutchman, brought first the use of coaches hither; and the said Boonen was Queen Elizabeth's coachman; for, indeed, a coach was a strange monster in those days, and the sight of them put both horse and man into amazement." Dr. Percy observes, they were first drawn by two horses, and that it was the favourite Buckingham, who, about 1619, began to draw with six horses. About the same time, he introduced the sedan. *The Ultimum Vale of John Carleton*, 4to, 1663, p. 23, will, in a great measure, ascertain the time of the introduction of glass coaches. He says, "I could wish her (*i. e.* Mary Carleton's) coach (which she said my lord Taff bought for her in England, and sent it over to her, made of *the new fashion, with glasse*, very stately; and her pages and lacquies were of the same livery.) was come for me," &c.

for the king not being remarkable for its elegance, the Chevalier de Grammont was of opinion that something ingenious might be invented, which should partake of the ancient fashion, and likewise prove preferable to the modern; he therefore sent away Termes privately with all the necessary instructions to Paris: the Duke of Guise was likewise charged with this commission; and the courier, having by the favour of Providence escaped the quicksand, in a month's time brought safely over to England the most elegant and magnificent calash that had ever been seen, which the Chevalier presented to the king.

The Chevalier de Grammont had given orders that fifteen hundred louis should be expended upon it; but the Duke of Guise, who was his friend, to oblige him, laid out two thousand. All the court was in admiration at the magnificence of the present; and the king, charmed with the Chevalier's attention to everything which could afford him pleasure, failed not to acknowledge it: he would not, however, accept a present of so much value, but upon condition that the Chevalier should not refuse another from him.

The queen, imagining that so splendid a carriage might prove fortunate for her, wished to appear in it first, with the Duchess of York. Lady Castlemaine, who had seen them in it, thinking that it set off a fine figure to greater advantage than any other, desired the king to lend her this wonderful calash to appear in it the first fine day in Hyde Park: Miss Stewart had the same wish, and requested to have it on the same day. As it was impossible to reconcile these two goddesses, whose former union was turned into mortal hatred, the king was very much perplexed.

Lady Castlemaine was with child, and threatened to miscarry, if her rival was preferred; Miss Stewart threatened,

that she never would be with child, if her request was not granted. This menace prevailed, and Lady Castlemaine's rage was so great, that she had almost kept her word; and it was believed that this triumph cost her rival some of her innocence.

The queen dowager, who, though she had no share in these broils, had no objection to them, and as usual being diverted with this circumstance, she took occasion to joke with the Chevalier de Grammont, for having thrown this bone of contention among such competitors; and did not fail to give him, in the presence of the whole court, those praises which so magnificent a present deserved: "But how comes it," said she, "that you have no equipage yourself, though you are at so great an expense? for I am told that you do not keep even a single footman, and that one of the common runners in the streets lights you home with a stinking link." "Madam," said he, "the Chevalier de Grammont hates pomp: my link-boy, of whom you speak, is faithful to my service; and besides, he is one of the bravest fellows in the world. Your Majesty is unacquainted with the nation of link-boys: it is a charming one, I can assure you: a man cannot step out in the night without being surrounded by a dozen of them. The first time I became acquainted with them, I retained all that offered me their services; so that when I arrived at Whitehall, I had at least two hundred about my chair: the sight was new; for those who had seen me pass with this illumination, asked whose funeral it was. These gentlemen, however, began fighting about some dozen shillings I had thrown among them then; and he whom your Majesty mentions having beaten three or four of his companions, I retained him for his valour. As for the parade of coaches and footmen, I despise it: I have sometimes had five or six valets-de-chambre

at once, without having a single servant in livery, except my chaplain Poussatin." "How!" said the queen, bursting out laughing, "a chaplain in your livery! he surely was not a priest?" "Pardon me, madam," said he, "and the first priest in the world for dancing the Biscayan jig." "Chevalier," said the king, "pray tell us the history of your chaplain Poussatin."

END OF VOL. I.

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