

Epilogue.Henry, Duke of Gloucester.

N.P.

Oh, more than human Gloucester, Fate did show [Thee but to earth, and back again withdrew.

Sir ^{William} John Davenant.

The poor little Duke had to endure two more years of lonely captivity in the castle of melancholy memories, under the care of Mr. Lovel, till February, 1653, when the Usurper gave him leave to "transport himself over the seas". He went first to Holland, where he was rapturously welcomed by his sister, Mary, who found him a handsome boy of 13, manly and of strong character. She lavished great affection upon him while he was with her. He then went to his Mother in Paris. She, too, was overjoyed at first to embrace a son whom she had scarcely seen since his birth, but her great hope was to convert him to the Roman Church, though her son Charles had exacted a promise from her not to attempt it. But this did nothing to deter her.

Her instrument in the boy's persecution was Walter Montagu, an English convert to the Roman Church, who was the Abbot of Pontoise, and he first tried unsuccessfully to persuade him to attend the Jesuits' College, to tame him and to cut him off from the English Church. Henry, however, was well grounded by Laud's book against Popery, and he spiritedly combatted all the Abbé's arguments. He told his mother, too, he could never forget his Father's parting injunction to be true to the Church of England, and that his brother, now his Sovereign, also expected this of him. He attended the Anglican services in Paris, held in the private house of Sir Richard Browne, nominal ambassador from the Court of England.

Henrietta then sent the boy to the Abbey of Pontoise, where he spent November, 1654. The Abbé told the Duke that he was to be trained to become a cardinal, so that it would be to his interest to submit to Rome immediately. But Henry remained obdurate, nor had all his Mother's blandishments and endearments, the least effect upon him.

Throughout all this time, the Duke of York did his utmost for his brother, but of no avail. Henrietta thus countered in every way, was so enraged that she instructed her servants to turn his horses out of the royal stables,

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and not to provide him with any dinner. When, on a cold November night, ~~he~~ retired to his lonely room, it was to find all the bed clothes had been removed. At this juncture, a faithful Royalist living in exile in Paris, Baron Hatton, came to his rescue, begging him to make a home with him. For the last time his Mother approached him, but his staunch reply was that he was "more than ever attached to the Church of England, however fallen and distressed she might be".

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Charles was in the Low Countries at the time, but hearing of his brother's persecution, he supported his unflinching attitude ~~by a most forcibly letter. Further~~ For he sent the Marquis of Ormonde to Paris with a strong letter of expostulations to the Queen. She was infuriated at his "interference with the natural authority of a mother", adding that the Duke might do as he pleased: she would never see his face again. Finding him penniless, the Marquis sold the last jewel he possessed to provide the persecuted son of his beloved master with the necessities of life. Henry left Paris in mid-December, 1654.

In 1658 Henry accompanied his brother James to the Spanish campaign, in which he greatly distinguished himself; and at the Restoration, he returned with Charles to England. But this Prince "of extraordinary hopes" only survived a few months, dying of smallpox, "by the great negligence of the doctors", on September 3rd., at the age of 18, in St. James' Palace.

He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the same vault as Mary Queen of Scots; his brother, the Duke of York being chief mourner. Unlike James and Charles II, Henry, Duke of Gloucester, and his sister Elizabeth kept faith with their Father, for to the last they were faithful to the Church of England, of which he was so devoted a son, and for which he had died a martyr.