

**THE PAROCHIAL REGISTERS OF
SAINT GERMAIN-EN-LAYE:
JACOBITE EXTRACTS OF BIRTHS,
MARRIAGES AND DEATHS. VOL.
II, 1703-1720**

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The parochial registers of Saint Germain-en-Laye: Jacobite extracts of births, marriages and deaths. Vol. II, 1703-1720 by C. E. Lart

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JACOBITE EXTRACTS

FROM THE PAROCHIAL REGISTERS
OF ST. GERMAIN-EN-LAYE

THE PAROCHIAL REGISTERS
OF SAINT GERMAIN-EN-LAYE

OF BIRTHS MARRIAGES
AND DEATHS

with Notes and Appendices

EDITED BY

C. E. LART

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171

VOLUME TWO

1703 — 1720

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1912

NOTE

In the marriages in vol. I the Wives were not indexed. They have therefore been included in an index which will be found at the end of this volume.

ERRATA TO VOL. I.

- P. xiv, line 1 : for XVII century, read XVIII century.
- P. 19 : Martin-Cartan. Add date 1701.
- P. 21 : O'Mulryan-O'Mulryan. Add date 1700.
- P. 38 : Beesley. Add date 1702.
- P. 107 : Nash. Add date 1700.
- P. 112 : Owen. Add date 1702.
- P. 166 (Index) : after Credde add Crevaux, 71.

INTRODUCTION

On the day after his death the body of James II was embalmed, and at eight o'clock in the evening was taken to Paris, and deposited in the Chapel of the English Benedictines, where a dais and inscription—"ci gist Jacques II, roi de La Grande Bretagne"—existed till the Revolution. His heart was placed in a Casket, and given to the convent of the nuns of Sainte-Marie at Chaillot: part of his brain was left to the Scots College in Paris: an inscription to his memory is in the Parish Church of St. Germain-en-Laye, where on Nov. 8th 1702, the abbé Anselme preached a funeral sermon from the text "Non inveni tantam fidem in Israel."

On Sept. 13 of the same year the young King James III held a levée at the Vieux Chateau, after being proclaimed King of Great Britain and Ireland by the French King.

Under his governors Herbert Duke of Powis, and Drummond, Earl and titular Duke of Perth, and his tutor Dr. Betham, he led a quiet uneventful life, until in April 1708 he left St. Germain, under the title of the "Chevalier de St. George", for Dunkirk, where he embarked on his first attempt to land in the kingdom of his forefathers. This was abortive, owing to the vigilance of the British Fleet, and the Chevalier was forced to land on French shores, where he joined the army under the Duc de Bourgogne, and fought through the Flanders Campaign, in which he distinguished himself on several occasions.

Except for a few short visits to his mother and sister, he is seen no more in St. Germain, where the Queen Mother lived until her death in 1718, except for occasional retreats at Chaillot, where she prayed the God of Battle to stay the Sun in the Valley of Ajalon, and to arrest the course of marching events.

Vain prayers—for on the northern horizon shone Marlborough's brilliant star, and from all along the frontier there came to break the calm of the quiet backwater at St. Germain the rumble of artillery wag-gons, the noise of galloping squadrons, the tread of marching feet: while England was waking from her long sleep, and carrying her banners from the North Sea to the Danube.

Every now and again there came a courier spurring up the hill, bearing news of the young king : and sometimes came an officer or soldier of the Irish Brigade, broke in the wars, to end his days in the graveyard by the Chateau.

So the years go by, until the nuns begin to notice the failing health of the Queen, who visits them more often : one by one the older folk die, and some leave a failing cause. Poverty reigns supreme. A threadbare Court, but a good one, which beside that of the Most Christian King at Versailles, shines like a jewel in a muck heap.

In 1713 there died one whose name had once been on everyone's lips. On a Wednesday, the twelfth of April, at half past nine in the evening, in a room on the second floor of a house in the street of the Vieilles Boucheries there were met several gentlemen of the Court : the very high and puissant James FitzJames, Duke of Berwick, Livia and Xerica, Peer and Marshal of France, Grandee of Spain, Knight of the Garter and Toison d'Or, Governor and Lieutenant General of the Province of High and Low Linoisin, General of the armies of his Majesty and of Catalonia : and with him James Drummond, Duke of Perth : Mr. William Dicconson, Treasurer General of the Queen Mother : one James Kirk, a Catholic Gentleman about the Court, who acted as interpreter : and two French notaries, Le Grand and Veillard. On the bed lay dying an old woman of 77, Judith Wilkes, née Collingwood, widow long ago of William Wilkes, a London lawyer, and in 1688 midwife to the Queen of England, and nurse to the Prince ; and once again she swore, " Comme preste de paraitre au tribunal de Dieu " that he who was now known as James the third of Great Britain, was the child born at the Palace of St. James in London on the tenth of June 1688.

Unheeded and unasked for, the affidavit has lain for two hundred years, and those whose signatures are appended are only names in books of history.

The Queen's last years were embittered by disagreement with her son on account of his open religious toleration towards his Protestant followers, who composed half his retinue at Avignon, and for whom he allowed two chaplains, Leslie and Hamilton. For some time previous to her death she had suffered from cancer in the breast but the immediate cause of death was pneumonia following on a chill caught when walking one evening in the gardens of the Chateau. Her body was buried with the nuns of Chaillot.

Since her death St. Germain has slept, and even to day it is a place where it is always afternoon ; but when the Church is closed, and the concierge at the Chateau over the way has locked the doors, these

revenants come back. There are the King and Queen : the little Princess who was born and died here ; Middleton and Sarsfield. Tyrconnell and the beautiful Frances Jennings : a crowd of courtiers : the Highland chief : the soldier : and besides these there come lesser folk in scratch wigs and common garb : the Dublin attorney : the starveling fiddler : the laundress, the wig maker : the groom : the dancing master. A light wind stirs the leaves on the Terrace : it comes from forest and glen, from bog and river and fell, seeking those who will come and go no more.

In spite of all, they are still a part of us, and the hopeless bitterness of the words which flash from the facade of Versailles has no counterpart at St. Germain—" *A toutes les gloires de France.*" Whatever faults he committed in his earlier years, he strove to atone for in his later life, and James the Second of Great Britain and Ireland has earned an epitaph which Louis the Fourteenth of France cannot claim. "*Il eut quatre royaumes ; l'Angleterre, l'Ecosse et l'Irlande : quel fut le quatrième ? l'Empire sur lui-même. Les trois premiers purent lui être ravis : le quatrième lui resta tout entier.*"

One looks in vain for the Old Chevalier or his son Charles Edward at St. Germain. Neither there nor at Holyrood is their "aura" still luminous: and they who would seek the last of the Stuarts must follow hard after upon the ways they trod, if they would catch the last vanishing dust of their chariot upon the distant hill : and he who would see James Stuart face to face, must sit on the bridge of St. Benedet, in June, when the sun is low, and the breeze blows warm from the shore, sweet with the scent of the broom, and sings a song of home.

It was on April 2, 1716, after the fatal '15 that James came to Avignon, followed by two hundred of his friends, and for a brief ten months, halted upon the inevitable path to Rome : behind him lay England and crushed hopes, before him the unknown road : but when he was not enjoying the hospitality of the Papal Legate, and his friends the Doni, and picnicing at Vaucluse, he would slip away from his roystering court, and sit on the broken bridge, fit emblem of his fortunes ; and the ripple of the river as it runs towards the sea, was to him as the lapping of the water on far off Arisaig : the echo of cool green northern seas breaking on cliffs of Home.

Though he has left few tangible traces of his visit, for all that James lives more vividly in the City of the Sounding Isle, than at St. Germain or at Rome. For a while he withdrew from the field of action, and had brief leisure to review the road over which he had travelled ; as a traveller halts on a summit and looks back across a distant country.

Even so had he halted as a child with the Queen his mother and Judith Wilkes his nurse, on the hill above Beauvais, 26 years before, and the sound of the bells as they sped them on their way repeated the refrain—
" no more, we return no more. "

We meet him there, a tall pale young man with aquiline nose, and oval face pitted with small pox, clear brown complexion, a trifle melancholy, in the street of the Grand Mas, on his way to daily prayers in the church of St. Didier : in the empty halls and passages of the papal palace ; but more often on the bridge of St. Benedet

Before him to the west lay the blue mass of the Cevennes, where his half brother Berwick, had fought in vain against the Cevenol peasantry, now in their thousands in the ranks of Marlborough's army. Hard by to the north west, lay Bagnols among the hills, where Henry FitzJames, Duke of Albemarle, lay buried. Beyond the nearer hills, a few leagues to the west, lay the towers of Montcuquet, from whence had gone, but a few years before, the three famous brothers Ligonier, one of whom died at the head of Ligonier's Horse at Falkirk, and another Jean Louis Ligonier de Montcuquet, was to become a British Field Marshall, and die Earl Ligonier of Ripley—" the finest cavalry soldier in Europe ".

The stars in their courses and the sins and mistakes of their forefathers fought against the last of the Stuarts : the best of them all, a great soldier and stainless gentleman, the Duke of Berwick, was illegitimate — and he would have made a perfect King. The friendship of Louis and the treachery of their own household completed their ruin, but the glamour of a lost Cause which was an unfortunate, but not a bad one, will gild their cloud palaces with a light which will never leave them cold and grey. Even now there are some who say " if they came again, we would go with them "—and so long as one brown page remains with a child's laboured writing between two pencilled lines, " Louise Marie ", so long will she live, a Royal Princess,—a child of the home, who has passed from us for a while, and plays in the fields of Paradise.

C. E. LART.