

"As the delight she
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 not only re-
 f others, but
 ications from
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 rners of those
 h smitten to
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 ess of Orleans,
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 I loved this
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wicked cease
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 derers; these,
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 The absurdity
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 tter written by
 rticulars of her
 from a person

Elizabeth Charlotte,
 Ibid.

who was in the room with her when she died, and sat up by her all night, as most of her servants and many others did," adds,¹—

"You will wonder, therefore, upon what your Holland gazetteer could ground such an apparent falsity, as to insinuate that she disowned at her death the chevalier de St. George being her son, for whose safety and happiness she professed, both then and at all times, a much greater concern than for her own life, as was manifest to all that were well acquainted with her, and to above fifty persons that were present at her death; for as she loved nothing in this world but him, so she seemed to desire to live no longer than she could be serviceable to him. She had suffered near thirty years' exile for his sake, and chose rather to live upon the benevolence of a foreign prince, than to sign such a receipt for her jointure as might give the least shadow of prejudicing what she thought her son's right. And yet, what is still more wonderful, the said gazetteer infers, from her desiring to see the maréchal de Villeroi, that it was to disown her son; whereas, quite the contrary, it was to recommend him to the regent of France with her dying breath, hoping that might induce his royal highness to have a greater regard for him; and likewise to recommend her servants and those that depended upon her to his generosity, that he might not suffer them to perish for want in a foreign country.

"The story of her being at variance with her son was as groundless as the rest. There was not a post but they mutually received letters from each other, and packets came from him directed to her every post since her death, and will, undoubtedly, till he hears of it. Her last will was sent to the chevalier de St. George by a courier. In fine, (to use my friend's words,) never mother loved a son better. Never mother suffered more for a son, or laboured more zealously to assist him. But if malicious men will still pursue that oppressed princess with lies and calumnies, even after her death, that with the rest must be suffered. It is easier to blacken the innocent, than to wipe it away."²

It is now evident whence Onslow, the speaker, derived the vague report to which he alludes in his marginal note on Burnet's History of his Own Times, "that the widowed queen of James II. took no notice of her son in her will, and left all she had to dispose of to the regent Orleans." Poor Mary Beatrice! Her effects were literally personal, and those she disposed of as follows, without bestowing the smallest share on the regent: Her heart she bequeathed to the monastery of Chaillot, in perpetuity, to be placed in the tribune beside those of her late husband king James, and the princess their daughter; her brain and intestines to the Scotch college, to be deposited in the chapel of St. Andrew;³ and her body to repose unburied

¹ MS. Lansd. 849, fol. 308.

² This remark illustrates the political maxim of the earl of Wharton, when he reminded his royal friend, William III., "that a clever lie, well believed, answered their purpose as well as the truth."

³ Stuart Papers in the archives of France. The chapel dedicated to St. Andrew, at Paris, still exists, and contains a beautiful monument of marble, erected