

"died at St. Germain's after ten or twelve days' illness. Her life, since she had been in France, from the close of the year 1688, had been one continued course of sorrow and misfortune, which she sustained heroically to the last. She supported her mind by devotional exercises, faith in God, prayer, and good works, living in the practice of every virtue that constitutes true holiness. Her death was as holy as her life. Out of 600,000 livres allowed her yearly by the king of France, she devoted the whole to support the destitute Jacobites with whom St. Germain's was crowded." The same contemporary annalist sums up the character of this princess in the following words: "Combined with great sensibility, she had much wit and a natural haughtiness of temper, of which she was aware, and made it her constant study to subdue it by the practice of humility. Her mien was the noblest, the most majestic and imposing in the world, but it was also sweet and modest."<sup>1</sup>

The testimony of St. Simon is fully corroborated by that of a witness of no less importance than the mother of the regent Orleans,—a princess who, from her near relationship to the royal Stuarts, and an acquaintance of nearly thirty years, had ample opportunities of forming a correct judgment of the real characteristics of the exiled queen; and as she is not accustomed to speak too favourably of her own sex, and certainly could have no motive for flattering the dead, the following record of the virtues and worth of Mary Beatrice ought to have some weight, especially as it was written in a private letter of the duchess to one of her own German relatives. "I write to you to-day with a troubled heart, and all yesterday I was weeping. Yesterday morning, about seven o'clock, the good, pious, and virtuous queen of England died at St. Germain's. She must be in heaven. She left not a dollar for herself, but gave away all to the poor, maintaining many families. She never in her life," a strong expression, and from no hireling pen, "did wrong to any one. If you were about to tell her a story of any body, she would say, 'If it be any ill, I beg you not to relate it to me. I do

<sup>1</sup> Mémoires du Duc de St. Simon, vol. xv. pp. 46, 47.