

was scrupulously kept in the same state in which it was wont to be during her life. Her toilette-table, with its costly plate and ornaments, the gift of Louis XIV., was set out daily, as if for her use, with the four wax candles in the gilt candlesticks ready to light, just as if her return had been expected,—such at least are the traditionary recollections of the oldest inhabitants of the town of St. Germain, relies themselves of a race almost as much forgotten in the land, as the former Jacobite tenants of the royal château.

A time-honoured lady, who derives her descent from some of the noble emigrants who shared the exile of James II. and his consort, has favoured me with the following particulars in corroboration of the French traditions of the palace of the royal Stuarts:—"I was a very young girl," writes her ladyship, "when I saw the castle of St. Germain: there were apartments there still occupied by the descendants of king James's household. Among these were my father's aunt, Miss Plowden,"—no other, gentle reader, than that 'petite Louison' whose childish burst of grief and disappointment, at not seeing her mother among the ladies in attendance on the queen, moved her majesty's kind heart to pity,—“niece to the earl of Stafford, and my mother's aunt; also an old maiden lady, sister to my grandfather, lord Dillon. The state-rooms were kept up, and I remember being struck with the splendour of the silver ornaments on the toilette of the queen. At the French revolution, all was plundered and destroyed.”

An original portrait of Mary Beatrice, probably the last that was ever painted of her, is one of the few relics of the royal plunder that has been traced, authenticated, and preserved.¹ Its value is not as a work of art, but as affording a faithful representation of this unfortunate queen in her last utter loneliness. She is in her widow's dress, sitting by the urn which enshrines her husband's heart: she points to it with a mournful air. A large black crape veil is thrown over her head, according to the fashion of the royal widows of France, one corner forming a point on the forehead, and the rest of the drapery falling like a mantle

¹ In the collection of the late James Smith, esq., of St. Germain.