

"IT IS PRIDE, NOT NATURE, THAT CRAVES MUCH."

mass of the people, the more especially as it was the popular belief that "pestilence, famine, and war ever dogged her footsteps."

Marie de Medici came over to England on the 31st of October, 1638, and had a grand reception, however; and Waller, the court poet, dedicated a poem to her. Charles I. granted her an annuity of £40,000 a year, and gave her St. James's Palace as a residence, and where she held a little court of her own. When, however, Charles's troubles with his parliament arose, and his powers were curtailed, it is not surprising that the mother of Henrietta should receive her token of popular displeasure, and on the occasion of Strafford's trial she was insulted even in St. James's Palace by the populace. The parliament granted her a temporary guard of a hundred men, but petitioned the king to send her out of the country. The king was quite unable to grant her any real protection, being almost powerless against the parliament, even on his own behalf; and he was coerced into sending her to the continent, with a grant of £10,000, and the escort of Earl of Arundel—not ungenerous treatment when all the circumstances are considered. This was in 1641, and she retired to Cologne—an example of a haughty spirit under adverse circumstances. Lilly, the astrologer, thus notices her departure from London:—

"I beheld the old Queen-mother of France departing from London. A sad spectacle it was, and produced tears from my eyes, and many other beholders, to see an aged, decrepit, poor queen ready for her grave, necessitated to depart hence, having no residence left her, but where the courtesy of her hard fate assigned."

The grant of £10,000 was invested by her friends in an English estate, which was lost to her by the civil war between Charles and his parliament, and she, being absolutely destitute, died the year after leaving England, at Cologne, in a garret, without even the ordinary necessaries of life—a wretched ending for the wife of one of the greatest kings that ever reigned in France, and mother unto one king and two queens, but a sad exemplification of what an insatiable ambition, combined with a haughty and intractable spirit, will bring its possessor to.

It has been said that the forgiveness of Richelieu—for his treacherous conduct in deserting her, the authoress of his elevation, and in joining the young king in his designs against her—was a sore point with Marie de Medici; and though urged by the Pope's legate to do so, when on her death-bed, she would not send the cardinal, as a token of her relenting or forgiveness, a valued bracelet that had never been allowed to leave her arm—her last words being, "It is too much!"

Additional Notes to October.

AN UNNECESSARY ALARM.

(4).—DURING the threats of invasion from France in 1803-4, the spirit of the people of Great Britain for national defence was aroused to a high pitch of enthusiasm, and the coasts of Kent and Sussex were covered with martello towers and lines of defence. In 1804 Bonaparte assembled at Boulogne 160,000 men and 10,000 horses, and a flotilla of 1,300 vessels, and 17,000 sailors, to invade England. The following letter, written by George III to Bishop Hurd, (who was highly esteemed by the King) will show the feelings that prevailed at Court respecting the chances of invasion:—

"We are here in daily expectation that Bonaparte will attempt his threatened invasion. The chances against his success seem so many, that it is wonderful he persists in it. I own I place that thorough dependence on the protection of Divine Providence that I cannot help thinking the usurper is encouraged to make the trial that the ill-success may put an end to his wicked purposes. Should his troops effect a landing, I shall certainly put myself at the head of mine, and my other armed subjects, to repel them. But as it is impossible to foresee the events of such a conflict, should the enemy approach too near to Windsor, I shall think it right the Queen and my daughters should cross the Severn, and shall send them to your episcopal palace at Worcester. By this hint I do not in the least mean that they shall be any inconvenience to you, and shall send a proper servant and furniture for their accommodation. Should this event arise, I certainly would rather have what I value most in life

remain, during the conflict, in your diocese, and under your roof, than in any other place in the island."

ONCE A TAILOR THEN AN ADMIRAL!

(12).—ON October 12, 1702, SIR GEORGE ROOKE, with the combined English and Dutch fleets, attacked the French and Spanish fleet in the port of Vigo, when several men-of-war and galleons were taken, and many destroyed; whilst abundance of valuable effects fell into the hands of the conquerors. Admiral Hobson, on this occasion, was the first in the attack, and broke the boom. His career was a most singular one. He was born of humble parents, and was working as a tailor's apprentice near Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight, when the news flew through the village that a squadron of men-of-war was sailing off the island. He sprang from the shopboard, and ran down with his comrades to the beach, to gaze upon the sight of the fleet, sailing by in majestic grandeur. The boy was suddenly seized with the ambition to be a sailor; and springing into a boat that lay on the beach, he rowed off to the squadron, gained the admiral's ship, and was accepted as a volunteer in the naval service. Years after, it is related, he returned to his native village full of honours, and dined off bacon and eggs in the cottage where he had worked as an apprentice.

THE WRECK OF THE "ROYAL CHARTER."

(26).—DR. SCORESBY, whose name will long be perpetuated in connection with Arctic discovery, within a few months of his death went out (in 1856) in the *Royal Charter* to Melbourne, simply with the view of testing the truth of some invaluable theories which he had advanced on the magnetism of iron ships. It is a singular coincidence, that in his *Voyage to Australia*, he thus depicts an imaginary scene, which was, unhappily, more than realised—for on the night of October 25-26, 1859, the *Royal Charter* was wrecked off Moelfra, on the Anglesea Coast, when 441 lives were lost:—

"Were I a painter, there is no scene which, since my abandonment of Arctic adventure, has come under my personal observation, that I should more earnestly attempt to place upon canvas than the poop-deck of the *Royal Charter*, with the immediate elements for a picture without, during the height of the hurricane. First, in the afterpart of the ship, looking upward, we should have the mizen mast of the ship denuded of all sail, with the cordage swelling out forward under the force of the wind—then the ship herself cast into an oblique heel towards the port side, the stem raised high by a mountain-like wave—then the living pictures at the helm—the attending officer and the directing captain standing sideways, in the foreground of all; then externally the assailing mountain-like wave, following close on the starboard quarter, and giving the direction and angle to the ship's inclined position, yet threatening, as many such waves do, to overwhelm the ship in mightiness of waters; then the atmospheric part of the picture, the mistiness of the storm-drift—the sun throwing a lurid glare through an aperture in the dense masses of cloud flying above—eliciting in the sea-spray of some immediate breaking crest a striking and brilliant segment of a prismatic arch; and, finally, beyond this, stern, or on the left hand of the picture above, an approaching squall shower, thrown by the contrast of the penetrating sunbeams, into the aspect of consummate threatening and blackness."

