Mary Stuart

GIVEN TO SIR HENRY CURWEN OF WORKINGTON HALL BY QUEEN MARY

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31958

LIFE OF
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

Scotland
M.

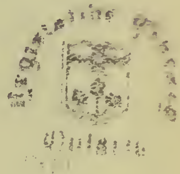
BY THE LATE

AGNES STRICKLAND

AUTHOR OF 'LIVES OF QUEENS OF ENGLAND'

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I



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... November

I most humbly thanke your ma[tie] your pore servand both ...
is not litell to my conmfor[t] ...
long and hapy estate tyl ...
I think long to do and shal ...
your ma[ty] hath accordin[g] ...
hines parden thes rude li[nes] ...
who loves and honers your ...

your ma[ty] most humbel
and lowly servand during
life

E Lennox

The ...
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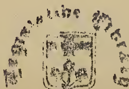

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MARY STUART,

QUEEN REGNANT OF SCOTLAND.

CHAPTER I.

MARY STUART was the youngest and only surviving child of James V. of Scotland, and his second queen, Mary of Lorraine, the widowed Duchess de Longueville,[1] daughter of Claude, Duke of Guise, and Antoinette de Bourbon, daughter of Francis, Count de Vendome, and Marie of Luxembourg. Marie of Luxembourg, the maternal grandmother of Mary of Lorraine, was the representative of John Baliol, through her descent from his sister Ada Baliol.'[2] Thus the blood of the two rival claimants of the crown of Scotland, John Baliol and Robert Bruce, mingled in the veins of Mary Stuart, the heiress of the elder line of Alfred and Queen of England.

With the exceptions of Queen Elizabeth, Catherine de Medicis, and the Countess of Shrewsbury, Mary had no female enemies. No female witnesses from her household came forward to bear testimony against her, when it was out of her power to purchase secresy if they had been cognisant of her guilt. None of the ladies of her court, whether of the reformed religion or the old faith—not even Lady Bothwell herself—lifted up her voice to impute blame to her. Mary was attended by noble Scotch gentlewomen in the days of her royal splendour; they clave to her in adversity, through good report and evil report; they shared her prisons, they waited upon her on the scaffold, and forsook not her mangled remains till they had seen them consigned to a long denied tomb. Are such friendships usual among the wicked? Is the companionship of virtuous women acceptable to the dissolute?—or that of the dissolute to the virtuous?

The apartment in Linlithgow Palace where Mary was born is in the most ancient side of the edifice—that built by James III. The crowned thistle which surmounts the large window, looking into the quadrangle

[1] See the Life of Mary of Lorraine, Lives of the Queens of Scotland, by Agnes Strickland. [2] Heirs of the royal house of Baliol, by Alexander Sinclair, Esq.

court below, is said to have been placed there in commemoration of the fact. Mary was born, December 8, 1542. The announcement of her sex proved a knell to her royal father. He died without bequeathing her his blessing—an ominous prognostic for the infant heiress of the realm. Never did any sovereign commence life and regality under more inauspicious circumstances.

The infant Sovereign was inexpressibly dear to all true hearts in Scotland; she was the representative of the ancient royal line, and on her fragile existence depended its continuance. Born in troublous times, she came, like the dove of hope and comfort, as a pledge of peace to the storm-shaken ark of Scotland. Dangers, however, threatened the unconscious babe from various quarters. Scarcely were her royal father's eyelids closed in death, when the Earl of Arran, next heir to the throne, who claimed the regency of the realm, manifested a determination to tear her from her mother's arms. There is something peculiarly touching in Bishop Lesley's quaint record of the situation of the royal orphan in the first week of her reign. "The Queen, her mother, then lying in childbed in the palace of Linlithgow, kept this young Princess there, albeit with great fear, through divers factions among the principal noblemen, shortly thereafter contending among themselves for the government of the realm and the keeping of the Princess's person." How pertinaciously the Queen-mother, Mary of Lorraine, struggled for the preservation of her maternal rights, in retaining the personal care of the new-born Sovereign, has already been fully related in her biography.[1]

The appointment of nurse to the infant Majesty of Scotland, an office both honourable and important, was bestowed by the Queen-mother on Janet Sinclair, the wife of John Kemp of Haddington—Janet having previously attended on the deceased Prince James, Mary's eldest brother, in the like vocation. Mary, though falsely reported to be sickly and unlikely to live, was a fair and goodly babe, and did ample credit to Mistress Janet's fostering care. She was, however, nursed under the watchful eye of the Queen her mother, and in her own chamber—the warmest, the most salubrious, and the safest, in that pleasant suite of apartments facing the lake.

Mary—an unconscious infant on her nurse's knee—received in this chamber the first acts of homage from the peers and prelates of her realm, when they came to announce the death of her royal father, and to salute her, his new-born daughter and lawful inheritrix, as their Sovereign Lady, Mary Queen of Scotland and the Isles. Here, also, the earliest matrimonial overtures for her tiny hand were proposed by the Earl of Arran in behalf of his little son, Lord Hamilton, and encouragingly received by the Queen-mother, who feared to provoke hostility in the

[1] See vol. ii., Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses.

first prince of the blood and most powerful noble in the realm.[1] She knew that the crown which rests upon a cradle is always a tottering possession.

The baptism of the orphan Sovereign was delayed till she was fully a month old, that the churching of the widowed Queen-mother might take place at the same time. Most affecting to the sympathies of all tender hearts must both ceremonials have been in the midst of the *dool* for King James V., the royal husband and father, whose funeral was solemnized on the 8th of January, 1542-3.[2] "Fifty-four pounds were disbursed in white taffeta of Genoa used at Mary's baptism."[3]

The first thought of Henry VIII., the great-uncle of the royal orphan, was how he might best cozen her out of her inheritance, under the specious pretext of demanding her as a wife for his son Prince Edward; but with the full intention of usurping the sovereignty of the realm during her minority, and keeping it in case of her death. His great desire was to get the infant Queen into his own hands. Falsehood and detraction assailed Mary Stuart from the earliest period of her life. The widowed Queen, her mother, complained to Sir Ralph Sadler "that the Regent Arran had reported that the child was sickly and not likely to live. But," continued she, "you shall see whether he saith truth or not." Then, in the spirit of fond and proud maternity, she took the grave diplomatist into the royal nursery and exultingly displayed the beautiful promising babe to him divested of her royal trappings, for she made the nurse strip her of her purple velvet and miniver, and unswaddle her, that he might see her in her native loveliness.

"I assure your Majesty," writes Sadler to his own sovereign, "it is as goodly a child as I have seen of her age, and as like to live, with the blessing of God."[4]

When Mary was little more than four months of age, Sir Ralph Sadler told the Governor Arran in plain words, that his master, the King of England, had made up his mind to invade Scotland, both by sea and land, unless his demands of being put in possession of her person on his own terms were granted. "I cannot see what cause his Majesty has to make war on us, our sovereign lady being an innocent who hath never offended him," was the reply. "No war is intended against her," rejoined Sadler, "but rather her surety, wealth, preservation, and benefit." "Call you it her benefit to destroy her realm?" asked the Governor. "I call it her benefit and great honour to be made Queen of two realms by a just and lawful title, where now she hath scarce a good title to one," retorted the English diplomatist; to which the Governor with unwonted spirit rejoined, "I would to God that every man had his just right, and we quit of your cumber!"[5] At the same time, for sure preservation of

[1] Sadler's State Papers. Arran became Regent, but in historical documents is always called "Governor." [2] Treasury Records in the Register House, Edinburgh. [3] Ibid. [4] Sadler's State Papers. [5] Ibid.

the Queen's person, and sustentation of her train, it was by the Governor and the Estates agreed, that her most noble person, by reason of her tender age, should remain in the care of the Queen, her mother, during her infancy. Certain rents of the Crown lands were assigned for the expenses of her establishment; and for her safer keeping, eight noblemen were appointed to reside, two and two alternately, every quarter with the infant Sovereign and her royal mother.

The next three months of Mary's nominal reign were consumed in intrigues and negotiations for a marriage between her and her little cousin, Edward Tudor. Henry VIII.'s first demand, that she should be delivered into his hands, being alike opposed to the laws of Scotland and the will of her people, it was stipulated that she should be sent into England at the age of ten years, and, in the mean time, an English lady and gentleman should be placed about her, with forty officials of that nation, to conduct her education after the English manner.

The distrust with which the whole scheme inspired the Queen-mother, first gave rise to the project of providing for the safety of the royal child by sending her to France. "The Governor telleth me," writes Sadler, "that the young Queen cannot be conveniently removed, because she is a little troubled with the breeding her teeth."[1] More serious troubles than these infantine ills threatened the harmless babe; for her trusty kinsman, the Lord Governor, actually avowed to Sir Ralph Sadler an intention of seizing and carrying her off to his castle of Blackness. The project was, however, easier to form than execute; for the true-hearted Scots of low degree would assuredly have torn the Governor to pieces if he had attempted to remove their young Queen from her nursery sanctuary against her mother's will.

The able manner in which the Queen-mother defeated the designs of both Henry VIII. and the Governor, was by inducing her two wooers and their adherents to coalesce, for the purpose of removing herself and the infant Sovereign from the state of thraldom in which they had been kept ever since King James's death at Linlithgow. On the 21st of July this adventure was achieved. Lord Lindsay of the Byres, one of the noble commissioners appointed by Parliament for the safe keeping of their lady Sovereign, entered on his office for the first time that memorable day, having the care of her person consigned to him; when he and the gallant muster triumphantly performed their march to Stirling, and safely lodged their precious charge within those impregnable walls.

Mary's nursery apartments were situated in the strong square tower that looks towards the Highland hills. Nothing can be more healthful and invigorating than the air of Stirling, or more glorious than the situation of the castle, seated on a lofty rock in the centre of the rich valley of Menteith, above the links of Forth, that lovely stream which

[1] Sadler's State Papers.

winds like a silver chain among the green meads it fertilizes, adding pastoral beauty to a scene where so many fierce battles have been fought, whence the castle has received the appropriate name of Striveling.

Unruffled by the fierce excitement which agitated two realms on the premature question of her marriage, Mary grew and flourished in the bracing air of Stirling. The treaty of peace, and marriage with England, pledging her unconscious hand to her cousin Edward, was signed, and sealed, and ratified on the 23rd of August, 1543. Mary being then little more than eight months old, was incapable of uttering a syllable either of assent or dissent. Her consent was not deemed necessary, and her mother's negative was unheeded.

After the ratification of the contract, Sir Ralph Sadler entered into conversation with Sir Adam Otterbourne, a shrewd Scotch statesman, and began to enlarge on the great benefit likely to accrue to both realms from the projected union. "Why think you," said Otterbourne, "that this treaty will be performed?" "Why not?" asked Sadler. "I assure you it is impossible, for our people do not like it," was the reply; "and though our Governor and some of the nobility for certain reasons have consented to it, yet I know that few, or none of them, do like it, and our common people do utterly mislike of it." Sadler remonstrated against this feeling as unnatural, God having, as if by special favour to both realms, ordained that they might be united by the marriage of the young Prince of England with their Queen. "I pray you," said Otterbourne, "give me leave to ask you a question. If your lad were a lass, and our lass a lad, would you then be so earnest in this matter?—and could you be content that our lad should be King of England?" Sadler replied that, considering the great good that might ensue of it, he should not be a friend to his country if he did not consent to it. "Well," rejoined Otterbourne, "if you had the lass, and we the lad, we could be well content with it, but I cannot believe that your nation could agree to have a Scot to be King of England; and I assure you that our nation, being a stout nation, will never agree to have an Englishman King of Scotland; and though the whole nobility of the realm would consent to it, yet our common people, and the stones in the streets, would rise and rebel against it."

The Governor, Arran, heartily ashamed of the pact, and intimidated by the clamours of the populace, who accused him of having sold their Queen to the English, formed a sudden coalition with Cardinal Beton, his former rival, who reconciled him to the Queen-mother. In order to prove his sincerity, Arran took prompt measures for the coronation of the infant Sovereign. This royal ceremonial was solemnized in Stirling church, on Sunday, September 9th, 1543.

The young Queen was crowned with the solemnities generally used at the inauguration of the Kings of Scotland. Mary had barely completed her ninth month when she was taken from her cradle, enveloped in regal

robes, and borne from her nursery sanctuary, in Stirling Castle, by her Lord Keepers and Officers of State, in solemn procession, across the green, into the stately church adjacent, where she was presented to her people, to be publicly recognized by the three Estates as Sovereign Lady of Scotland and the Isles, and to receive the investiture of the glittering symbols of her fatal inheritance. Cardinal Beton placed the crown on her infant brow, the sceptre in the tiny hand which could not grasp it, and girded her with the sword of state, as the representative of the warlike monarchs of Scotland.

Touching sight, that tender, helpless babe, burdened and surrounded with panoply so ill suited to her sex and age ! And the babe wept. It was observed with superstitious terror that she ceased not to shed tears during the whole of the ceremony. Any other infant in her dominions would have done the like at being separated from both nurse and mother, and finding herself in the hands of rough men, surrounded by gazing crowds, and deafened with loud music and acclamations. Every prelate and peer had successively to kneel before the throne, and place his hand on her head while repeating the oath of allegiance to be leal and true to her. The princes of the blood-royal, Arran and Lennox, were privileged to kiss her cheek.

The earliest portraiture known of Mary is her effigy on the small copper coin, called the bawbee. She is there represented in full face, as a smiling infant, about nine months old, wearing the crown of Scotland over a baby cap, with a miniature ruff about her neck. It was thus she probably appeared at her coronation ; and it has been conjectured that this coin obtained its familiar name of *bawbee* on account of bearing the image and superscription of the little Queen.

The coronation of Mary exasperated her uncle, Henry VIII., beyond all bounds, and he instantly ordered her to be seized during her mother's first absence, and conveyed to England. But it was found impossible either to outwit or corrupt her faithful Lord Keepers. "She is kept," said Sir George Douglas, "in the castle of Stirling by such noblemen as were appointed thereunto by the Parliament, such as having the castle well furnished with ordnance and artillery will keep her. The King's Majesty's friends here are not able to get the young Queen out of the castle, for they have no great pieces of ordnance wherewith to besiege the same ; besides that, if the barons which have the custody of her do perceive themselves to be unable to keep and defend her in the said castle, they, being charged with the custody of her person on peril of their lives and lands, might easily convey her person out of the castle into the Highlands, which are not far from Stirling, where it would be impossible to come by her ; therefore, he thinketh it vain to go about by force to remove her out of the custody she is now in."[1] Henry then suggested that

[1] Sadler's State Papers.

the Earl of Angus, with a strong party of his followers, should affect an earnest desire to see their Queen, under pretext that it was reported that she had been removed, and another child substituted in her place; and if Mary were produced, to seize and carry her off to Tantallon, and deliver her into the hands of the English Warden. But so careful was Lord Erskine in his precautions, lest his royal charge should be stolen away, that only one noble at a time was permitted to see her, and that in the presence of one or more of her Lord Keepers. No visitor was to be followed into Stirling Castle by more than two servants at the utmost. The Queen-mother only was allowed to be continually resident with her daughter.

Henry VIII. ceased not to persecute Mary during his life, and strove to injure her after his death by his unjust preference of the posterity of his youngest sister before her in the reversion of the English crown. The determined pursuit of Mary for the bride of her little cousin of England was renewed in the name of that juvenile monarch, after the death of his father, with redoubled vigour. In consequence of the loss of the disastrous battle of Pinkie, September 9, 1547, the young Queen vacated her royal abode at Stirling, and was removed for safety to the Priory in the picturesque isle of Inchmahome, in the lake of Menteith, famous for its beautiful Spanish chesnut trees. Mary was accompanied by her mother, her nurse, Janet Sinclair, her four young namesakes, playmates, class-mates, and maids of honour, Mary Beton, Mary Seton, Mary Livingston, and Mary Fleming, her tutors, her governess, and her Lord Keeper, Livingston. The foundation of her education had been already judiciously and prosperously laid by the Queen-mother; and she, though only in her fifth year, had made a rapid progress both in acquirements and understanding. Inheriting the genius as well as the beauty of her Plantagenet and Stuart ancestry, their fearless courage and elegant tastes, Mary, even at that tender age, appeared formed to add lustre to a throne. She pursued her studies quietly and steadily with her four Maries in the cloister shades of Inchmahome for several months, under the care of John Erskine the Prior, and her schoolmaster, Alexander Scott. French was literally her mother tongue, but she was instructed in history, geography, and Latin, by her learned preceptors; and in the feminine accomplishment of tapestry work and embroidery, by her governess, Lady Fleming, the illegitimate daughter of James IV., and the mother of one of her Maries. And thus, while her realm was convulsed with factions, and devastated by the storms of war, the little Sovereign remained secure and happy in her peaceful refuge.

Inchmahome was chosen for Mary's retreat at this perilous crisis, because the Prior was the son of her faithful Lord Keeper Erskine, and on account of its near proximity to the Highlands, whither, on the first alarm of her foes advancing on Stirling, it was intended to carry her for

refuge and concealment. Mary was at this period arrayed in something closely approaching Highland costume. Her shining hair, which in childhood was of bright golden yellow, was bound with a rose-coloured satin snood ; and she wore a tartan scarf over black silk, fastened with a golden agrafe, engraved with the united arms of Scotland and Lorraine. The little Queen, in this picturesque array, was the delight of every eye, when she was seen pursuing her gay sports with her juvenile court on the lake shore. She possessed a natural charm of manner that won all hearts ; she was adored by her governors, masters, officers, and ladies, and every one who by chance was brought in contact with her, from the gentry and burgesses down to the simple fishers and honest mountaineers.

While Mary was at Inchmahome the preliminary articles for her marriage with the Dauphin, afterwards Francis II., were arranged between the French Ambassador, the Queen her mother, and the Estates of Scotland, and it was agreed that she should be sent to France for the better security of her person and the completion of her education ; she was removed from Inchmahome, where she had spent the autumn and early winter months, and was conducted to Dumbarton by the Lords Livingston and Erskine. She arrived at her rocky fortress on the Clyde—cold quarters for a sovereign of her tender years—on the last day of February, with all her company of preceptors, nurse, governess, and juvenile maids of honour, and there sojourned five months, awaiting the arrival of the French galleys and convoy for her voyage, which at length entered the mouth of the Clyde, and on the 7th of August moved to the foot of the cleft rock of Dumbarton.

All things being ready, and the tide serving, the infant Sovereign was brought, with the ceremonial pomp of royalty, by the Lords Erskine and Livingston, the two noble commissioners for the safe keeping of her person then on duty, and her other officers of state, and ladies, down the steep narrow descent from her chamber in the royal fortress, attended by her four Maries, her nurse, governess, and preceptors, and was formally delivered to the Chevalier de Villegaignon and the Sieur de Brèzé by the Queen her mother, assisted by the Governor Arran. Mary wept silently, after she had received the maternal blessing and parting kiss of the only parent she had ever known ; but, early trained in the royal science of self-control, she offered no resistance, and quietly permitted herself to be carried on board the galley of the King of France, which had been sent for her accommodation. An eye-witness of her embarkation has recorded that "the young Queen was at that time one of the most perfect creatures the God of Nature ever formed, for that her equal was nowhere to be found, nor had the world another child of her fortune and hopes."[1] Mary was then in her sixth year. She was accompanied by a hundred persons of quality. If she had embarked at Leith, she would probably have been carried to

[1] History of the Two Campaigns.

London instead of Paris; for the English fleet, which had been sent out to intercept her, was seen hovering off St Abb's Head the same evening she got out to sea. In consequence of the tempestuous weather, she was tossing on the rough waves off the dangerous coast of Bretagne for many days, and, with her young companions, suffered severely from sea-sickness. Lady Fleming, her governess or lady mistress, as she was in the phraseology of the period entitled, was so ill and weary of the voyage that she besought Monsieur de Villegaignon, the master of the galley, to allow her and her royal charge, and the other children, to go on shore to repose themselves a little; but he peremptorily refused to grant this indulgence—and at last, irritated by her importunity, he told her "that she should not land, but either go to France or drown by the way."

Mary and her train arrived in the city of Morlaix, on Monday the 20th of August. The Lord of Rohan, and all the nobility of that district, came to receive the illustrious little stranger, and conducted her to the Dominican convent, where she was to sleep. Mary attended a service of thanksgiving at the church of Nôtre Dame, where *Te Deum* was sung, on account of her escape from the twofold peril of capture and wreck. On her return from the performance of this duty, just as she had passed the gate of the city called the prison, the drawbridge, not being strong enough to bear the weight of the horsemen thronging it that day, broke under the unwonted pressure, and crashed down into the river, causing great terror and confusion, but happily without loss of life. The Scottish gentlemen, not understanding the nature of the accident, fancied some evil was intended against their young mistress, and raised the cry of "Treason!" Under this misapprehension bloodshed might have followed; but the Lord of Rohan, who was walking beside the litter in which Mary rode, repelled the suspicion by confronting those from whom the accusatory exclamation proceeded, and shouting till his voice was heard above the clamour, "Bretons are never traitors!" This noble burst of national feeling, in vindication of the loyal honour of his countrymen, re-assured Mary's Scottish followers, and the excitement presently subsided. It does not appear that the slightest manifestation of childish alarm was betrayed on this occasion by the little Queen, who, even at that tender period of her existence, manifested the fearless spirit of her race. "My niece," said her warrior uncle, Francis, Duke of Guise, to her one day, in reference to her courageous disposition, "there is one trait in which, above all others, I recognize my own blood in you—you are as brave as my bravest men-at-arms. If women went into battle now, as they did in ancient times, I think you would know how to die well." Little did he who pronounced this opinion imagine how fully his judgment of the heroic temperament of that fair child would be verified by her deportment on a scaffold.

When the royal little stranger arrived at the castle of St Germain, the

King and Queen of France were absent; but the young Princes and Princesses, including her future consort, the Dauphin Francis, were all there in readiness to welcome her. The King of France had written a few days previously to M. de Humières, the governor of the Dauphin, "I would not, on any account, have you and my children remove from St Germain at this time, but wish you and them to wait till my daughter, the little Queen of Scots, arrives, which will be soon, for she is to be brought up with them."

When Henry II. and his Queen-consort, Catherine de Medicis, returned to St Germain, they expressed great admiration of Mary's beauty, fine talents, and endearing manners, and declared "that she was so wise and good for a child of her tender age that they saw nothing they could wish altered."[1] Half Scotch, half French, full of health and vivacity, nature had fitted Mary to excel in the dance, and she profited so well by the lessons of Paul de Rege that in the course of a few weeks she and her young partner, the Dauphin, danced together before the King and Queen, the foreign ambassadors, and a crowded court, at the nuptial fête of Mary's uncle, the Duc d'Aumale, and attracted universal admiration. Mary inherited from both parents a passionate love of music. Her delight in poetry early indicated itself. Like all the princes of the Stuart race, she manifested a strong inclination for sylvan sports. Young as she was when she first arrived at St Germain, she astonished all the French ladies by dressing her pet falcon, casting her off, and reclaiming her with her own hands. St Germain was one of the great hunting palaces of Henry II., and the little Queen of Scots exhibited the greatest glee when she saw the dogs issue from their kennels, and the inspiring preparations for the chase. The energetic temperament of the child manifested itself alike in the ardour with which she achieved her various tasks, or entered into the frolic games of her juvenile associates.

Mary remained at St Germain-en-Laye during the autumn and winter of 1548, and the early spring months of 1549. Her grandmother, and her uncle and aunt, the Duke and Duchess of Guise, Francis le Balafré and Anne d'Este, visited her at that palace in the month of February, as we find from the faithful Lord Keeper Erskine's letter to the Queen-mother. Soon after, the princesses of France were sent for a while to the convent of Poissy; and Mary was removed to Blois. An alteration was then made in the ordering of her Scotch establishment, probably by the direction of Catherine de Medicis, which gave great offence to Janet Sinclair, her little Majesty of Scotland's nurse;—Mistress Janet was deprived of her authority in the nursery department, mulcted of her allowance of wine, fire, and candles, and compelled to sit at table with two Frenchwomen, whom she considered neither in morals nor degree meet company for her. Janet was not a person to take such indignities

[1] Letter of Catherine de Medicis to Mary of Lorraine.

patiently. She appealed first to the grandmother of her royal charge, the Duchess de Guise, who vainly endeavoured to replace her on her original footing. Janet then wrote a memorial of her wrongs to the Queen-mother, Mary of Lorraine, whose intervention probably settled the dispute, for Mistress Janet retained her situation about the little Queen, unmolested by further infringements on the dignity of her vocation.

When in her eighth year, Mary wrote the following letter in French to her grandmother, Antoinette de Bourbon, to communicate to her the pleasant news of the promised visit of her beloved parent, Mary of Lorraine :—

"From St Germain-en-Laye,
"3 *June*, 1550.

"My Lady,—I was very glad to be able to offer you these present lines, for the purpose of telling you the joyful tidings which I have received from the Queen my mother, who has promised me, by her letters dated xxii. of April, to come over very soon to see you and me, and for us to see her, which will be to me the greatest happiness that I could desire in this world ; and this rejoices me to such a degree as to make me think I ought to do my duty to the utmost, in the mean time, and study to become very wise, in order to satisfy the good desire she has to see me all you and she wish me to be. I pray you, my Lady, to increase my joy, if it be agreeable to you, by coming hither soon, and to arm yourself with all the patience which you know is needed in the interim. Inform me, I beseech you, of all your pleasant news, and hold me always in your good graces, to which I beg most humbly to commend myself, and also to those of my aunt, whom I love the more for the good company she is to you. Praying God, my Lady, to give you health and long life, and all you most desire.—Your very humble and obedient Daughter, Marie."

"At Saint Germains, iij. June."

Endorsed—"A ma Dame ma Grandmère, ma Dame la Duchesse de Guyse."

The exhortation of the little Queen, in her eighth year, to her lady grandmother, to arm herself with such patience as will be necessary to sustain her during the interval that must elapse before the arrival of her for whose presence her own heart fondly yearned, is a pretty touch of nature ; as well as her laudable resolution, so naïvely expressed, to perform all her duties in the best manner she could, in the hope of making herself very wise before her mother comes, in order to be found more worthy of her love. This eagerly anticipated meeting between Mary and her mother did not take place till September, 1550, and then in the presence of the assembled Courts of France and Scotland, when the young Queen was compelled to restrain the warm gush of filial affection, and, instead of rushing to the maternal embrace, to act the part of the Sovereign, which had been prescribed to her on this occasion, by delivering a formal speech of welcome, with inquiries after the affairs of Church and State in her realm. This was Mary's first introduction into public life ; and she appears to have excited much admiration.

When Mary was about eight years old, a design of taking her off by force was confessed by Robert Stuart, one of the French King's archer-guard, whose only motive for desiring her death was to place her kinsman,

Matthew, Earl of Lennox, on the throne of Scotland, and bring his Countess, the Lady Margaret Douglas, nearer to the regal succession of England. In truth, such a contingency as Mary's death would have put the Earl and Countess in a position to contest the Crown of both realms.

The hand of Mary was formally demanded for her royal cousin of England, of the King of France, by the Marquis of Northampton, in her own presence, at Nantes, June 20, 1551 ; when she, being in her ninth year, was at least able to decide the question. As she loved her betrothed little partner Francis, the Dauphin—the associate of her tasks, her dancing lessons, and her sports—her answer was of course a hearty negative. Mary parted with her royal mother soon after at Fontainebleau, never to meet again.

CHAPTER II.

The place of Mary's Scotch governess, Lady Fleming, was supplied by Madame Parois, a Roman Catholic devotee, who had been selected by Cardinal de Lorraine, as a person likely to second his views of educating his royal niece in the ultra principles of that Church, which it was so much to the interest of the house of Guise to uphold. He had been entrusted by the Queen-mother, his sister, with the superintendence of Mary's personal arrangements; and while he carefully fulfilled the duty of an uncle towards his precious charge by paying the most vigilant attention to her health, morals, and intellectual culture, he laboured to impress her plastic mind with such sentiments as would render her subservient to his political views. At this early period his influence commenced with Mary Stuart, from whom he received the implicit and dutiful submission of a daughter.

Mary vied in learning, as well as accomplishments, with her royal cousins of the house of Tudor. She acquired an early proficiency in Latin and Italian; she made some progress in Greek, and delighted in the royal sciences of geography and history ; she had a passion for poetry and music, and she excelled in needle-work—that feminine acquirement which afterwards proved so great a solace to her in the house of bondage. Mary's warlike uncle, Francis, Duke of Guise, loved her more dearly than any of his own children, and, fearing the severe routine of so elaborate an education might impair her health, he occasionally carried her off to his fine chateau at Meudon, to renovate her spirits with a thorough change of scene and occupation. He mounted her on horseback, and made her accompany him to the chase. He told her stories of martial deeds, exerted all his ingenuity to prepare agreeable surprises and pleasures for her, and lavished his gifts on her with profuse generosity.

Mary loved him in return, with the ardour of a fond and grateful child; for, however terrible to others, he was all tenderness to her; and if he did not succeed in spoiling her, he treated her with an excess of indulgence, of which she ever retained the most lively remembrance. She was also much attached to his consort, Anne d'Este, and their children.

In the winter of 1552, Mary accompanied the King and Queen, and royal children of France, to the castle of Amboise, where they spent a considerable time together. Cardinal Lorraine, who was of the party, gives the following pleasant account to her royal mother, of Mary's progress and deportment: "Your daughter improves and increases every day in stature, goodness, beauty, wisdom, and worth. She is so perfect and accomplished in all things, honourable, and virtuous, that the like of her is not to be seen in this realm, whether noble damsel, maiden of low degree, or in middle station. The King has taken such a liking for her that he spends much of his time in chatting with her, sometimes by the hour together; and she knows as well how to entertain him, with pleasant and sensible subjects of conversation, as if she were a woman of five-and-twenty."[1] He goes on to point out the leading characteristics of his royal niece, who had only just completed her tenth year. She had attained the age at which it was customary for personages of her high degree to have a suitable establishment. "She came hither the other day," continues the Cardinal, "with my said lords and ladies (the children of France), and brought her train, all that she has been accustomed to have, and it now remains for you to consider what estate and equipage she ought to maintain." He says "he forgets not to remind the young Queen to keep a guard on her lips; for really some of those in that Court were so bad in that respect, that he was very anxious to have her separated from them, by the formation of an establishment of her own."

Mary writes to her royal mother, January 1, 1554, to announce the fact that she had been put in possession of the regal establishment, which had been after some delay arranged for her, and that she was going to do her honours for the first time. "This day," she says, "I have entered into the estate you have been pleased to appoint for me, and in the evening my uncle, Monsieur the Cardinal, comes to sup with me. I hope, through your good ordering, everything will be well conducted." The same year we find the fair young Queen, and two of her Scotch Maries, performing parts in a classical ballet, composed by Queen Catherine de Medicis, for her royal daughters of France and Mary, who, with three other young ladies, were to personate six sibyls, and to address in turn a quatrain verse of compliment and welcome to the King, Henry II., on his return from his southern provinces.

By the advice of the Queen-mother, the royal minor chose Henry II. of France, and her maternal uncles, Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine, and

[1] Prince Labanoff—Recueil des Lettres de Marie Stuart, vol. i. p. 9.

Francis, Duke de Guise, for her guardians,[1] and constituted her mother Queen-regent of Scotland, by her own authority. Mary was at Meudon near Paris with her widowed grandmother, Antoinette de Bourbon, when she signed those papers. It was there that the juvenile Sovereign received the agreeable intelligence that her appointments had been confirmed by the Estates of Scotland. Her letter of congratulation to her royal mother, on her induction into the office of Regent, is written from that place, where she says the King and Queen of France are expected to be present at the baptism of her baby-cousin, the second son of the Duke and Duchess of Guise. At the christening fête, Mary occupied a distinguished place, and we gather from the letter of her uncle, Cardinal Lorraine, to the Queen-mother, that she attracted great attention.

Mary had to give audiences to deputations, to receive addresses and appeals from the rival parties in Scotland, to frame her replies so discreetly as to give offence to none ; and, to avoid embarrassing her mother in her difficult and onerous office, by the utterance of an unguarded sentence, she had also to write clear business-like reports to that anxious parent of everything that passed on such occasions. "I must not fail to apprise you," writes Mary, when only in her twelfth year, to her absent mother, "that the Abbot of Kilwinning has brought me letters from my cousin, the Duke of Châtelherault, and the other Lords also. These I have shown to my uncle, Monsieur the Cardinal ; and by his advice I send you, in order that you may answer them according as it shall seem good to you, fourteen blank sheets with my signature : these I have merely signed *Marie ;* and fifteen signed *La bien votre Marie ;* and six signed *Votre bonne sœur Marie.*" These last were intended for letters written in her name to crowned heads. "I assure you," continues Mary, "the said Abbot of Kilwinning failed not to enlarge on the services done by my cousin, the Duke de Châtelherault, to the late King my father, styling him 'the Governor ;' but I am told that his words are finer than his deeds. The King (Henry of France) made me repeat at length all he said to me,[2] and my uncles also, that they might make out whether it was all right." Many things were communicated to Mary by her mother, with an injunction that she should reveal them to no one ; and these commands, however difficult to a child of her age, were most conscientiously obeyed. "I have received," writes the juvenile Sovereign to her maternal parent, "the letters you were pleased to write to me, by Arthur Erskine, whereby I perceive you were glad that I kept to myself the things you thought proper to send me privately. I assure you, Madam, that nothing which comes from you will ever be disclosed by me.

[1] As the particulars of this first exercise of Mary Stuart's regal prerogative have been related in the Life of Mary of Lorraine, we refer the reader to vol. ii. of Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses.

[2] Balcarras Collection, Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. Châtelherault is the same person as Arran, but called by the title that the King of France had given him.

"I am very glad," continues the royal minor to her maternal Regent, "that you have found means to augment your power. I write now to Monsieur d'Oysell, to thank him for the good services he renders you daily, and have let him know that I have spoken to the King that he may be pleased to allow him to take the rank of Chevalier d'Honneur, to which he has replied, as you will see by the said letters written by me to Monsieur d'Oysell—for they are open in your packet, that you may see if they are such as you approve. I have shown them to Monsieur de Guise, my uncle, who thinks they will do very well." Sentiments of dutiful devotion to her mother's wishes are very prettily expressed thus by the juvenile Sovereign: "I pray you very humbly to believe that I will not fail to obey you in whatever you may be pleased to enjoin, and to think that the chief desire I have in this world is to render you all the services possible. I entreat you never to speak but to command me as your very humble and obedient daughter and servant, for otherwise I should not think I could hold a place in your regard. As to my master," continues the royal pupil, "I do as I am directed." She mentions, though very guardedly, something like a contest between herself and her warrior uncle, Francis, Duke of Guise, who insisted on seeing her mother's private letters. "I have shown," says she, "the letters you were pleased to write to me to my uncle, Monsieur de Guise, perceiving plainly that he would make me do so, notwithstanding the commands that were given me. I would not have shown them to him if I had not been afraid of meddling in that business without his aid."[1] This dispute between Mary and Le Balafré took place in the absence of her accredited monitor, Cardinal of Lorraine, who was not to return in less than three weeks or a month.

In a subsequent letter, Mary states that the Earl of Huntley had written to herself, to solicit permission to visit Rome, and also on the subject of a promised grant of lucrative Church lands, with which the Queen-regent proposed to reimburse him for the forfeitures she had taken from him. The young Queen, who early felt the high responsibilities attached to her vocation, and regarded this proposition as a temptation to violate her duties by anticipation, addressed the following respectful remonstrance to her royal mother in reply: "I entreat you, in all humility, Madam, to pardon me, and not to take it amiss if, in the government of my realm, I follow the example of the King [of France], who never gives away a benefice before the death of the incumbent, on account of the inconveniences with which such practices are fraught. I have returned this answer to the Earl of Huntley, with the assurance that, when an opportunity offers, I will not forget to reward the services he has performed both for you and me."[2] Mary had, however, previously

[1] Mary Stuart to her mother, the Queen-dowager—Balcarras MSS., Advocates' Library. [2] Balcarras MSS., Advocates' Library.

been herself a solicitor to her mother that Church preferment might be bestowed on her nurse's son—"the same," she observes, with a view of touching a tender chord of maternal remembrance, that might incline the royal matron to grant her request, "that Janet had when she was nourishing the Lord Prince, my late brother."[1] In this, and other of her artless little letters to the Queen her mother, Mary mentions, with lively feelings of gratitude, the faithful service her Scotch nurse daily renders her, and frequently urges her mother to raise the wages of Janet's spouse, John Camp or Kemp, who filled the post of valet-de-chambre to his royal foster-daughter.[2] The young Sovereign doubtless found much solace in the affection of this honest pair during the period she was subjected to the harsh domination of her jealous, ill-tempered governess, Madame Parois, who not only treated her most unkindly, but endeavoured to prejudice the Queen of France and her grandmother, the Duchess-dowager of Guise, against her, and at last went so far as to write a letter full of unreasonable complaints to the Queen-mother herself. This ill-will against her royal pupil was excited by Mary having given away some of the rich dresses in her wardrobe, on which the governess had set her affections, and claimed as her own especial perquisites.

A curious page in Mary's early history, which has escaped the research of her numerous biographers, is unfolded in her own artless narrative of the conduct of Madame Parois on that occasion. The young Queen having completed her thirteenth year, and thus attained to what was considered the age of discretion in a royal minor, regal etiquette prescribed that she should assume a more womanly costume than she had hitherto worn. Her juvenile wardrobe, which was exceedingly rich and valuable, being unsuitable for her subsequent use, her mother wrote word to her that she might distribute it in presents according to her own pleasure. It was considered an edifying custom for queens in those days to devote some of their superfluous regal finery to the decoration of churches and religious houses, and Mary of course considered that she was making a very proper use of hers in bestowing one of her most costly robes on her aunt Renée of Lorraine, the abbess of St Pierre des Dames, at Rheims, and two others on her aunt Antoinette de Lorraine, abbess of Farmoustier, to make curtains called *paraments* for the chancels of their churches. Three other dresses of less value she gave to her personal attendants, and was proceeding to the distribution of the rest, when Madame Parois angrily interfered, with this reproachful taunt, "I see you are afraid of my enriching myself in your service; it is plain you intend to keep *me* poor;"—adding, "that the consciences of those who had

[1] Balcarras MSS., Advocates' Library.

[2] An office somewhat similar to that of groom of the chamber, but by no means involving the duties usually connected with that term in modern times.

received these things would be heavily burdened by this proceeding." "What a pity it was she should say so," is the mild comment of the young Queen, in her simple business-like statement of the affair to her absent mother, which evidently she would not have entered into at all, except in self-defence, for she proceeds in these words: "I know very well that she wrote a letter to you, telling you that when we were at Villers-Côterèts, and she made a journey to Paris about her lawsuit, I prevented her on her return from having any further authority over my wardrobe, and would not permit her to take charge any more of that department. Madame, I very humbly beseech you to believe," continues Mary to her mother, "that there is nothing in all this; for, in the first place, I never prevented her from having power over my wardrobe, because I well knew I ought not to do it; but I merely told John, my valet-de-chambre, that when she wished to take anything away he should apprise me, for, otherwise, if I wanted to give it away I might find it gone. As to what she has written to you of my having always had power to do what I pleased with my things, I can assure you I have never been allowed by her the credit of giving away so much as a pin, and thus I have acquired the reputation of being niggardly, insomuch that several persons have actually told me that I did not resemble you in that." These reflections were of course bitter mortifications to a princess of Mary's high and generous spirit, whose greatest pleasure was to act with the munificence that beseemed her rank. Her innate sense of moral justice was besides offended at the misrepresentations of which her governess had been guilty; and she indignantly adds, "I am surprised how she could dare to write to you anything so opposed to truth." Mary speaks with grateful affection of her uncle and aunt, the Duke and Duchess de Guise, "who take," she says, "as much care of me and my concerns as if I were their own child. As for my uncle, Monsieur le Cardinal, I need not speak of him, since what he does is so well known to you; but all my other uncles would do as much, if they had the means. I pray you to write and thank them for their kindness to me, and beg them to continue the same, for their care of me is incredible."

The solid nature of Mary's education and the reflective turn of her mind are testified by the fact, that in her thirteenth year, she daily wrote an account of her reading lesson, with her observations upon it, to her juvenile friend and sister-in-law, Madame Elizabeth of France, in an original letter in French, with a Latin translation on the opposite page. Many of these exercises are in existence, and prove that the young Queen was deeply read in ancient history, and familiar with the characters and writings of Socrates, Plato, and other philosophers, and took a living interest in classic lore. In one of her themes, which is addressed to the Dauphin Francis, her future Consort, who, it seems, had no

great affection for his tutor, our learned little Scottish Queen insinuates the following sage admonition :

"The love I bear you, Monsieur, emboldens me to entreat you to the utmost of your power to cherish virtuous men, and above all to love your preceptor, attending to the example of Alexander, who held Aristotle in such high regard and reverence, that he said he owed as much to him as to his father, because from his father he derived his life, but from his tutor he learned how to live worthily."[1]

Mary astonished the Court of France and all the foreign ambassadors by the ease and grace with which she, on the New Year's Day, 1554-5, recited to the King, in the great gallery of the Louvre, in the presence of that distinguished company, an oration in Latin of her own composition, in the style of Cicero, setting forth, in opposition to the general opinion to the contrary, the capacity of females for the highest mental acquirements, in literature and the fine arts[2]—a proposition which no one who heard and saw the fair and learned young Queen that day felt perhaps disposed to deny. "She both spoke and understood Latin admirably well," says Brantôme, "as I was myself a witness, and induced Antoine Fochain of Chauny, in the Vermandois, to address her in French on the subject of rhetoric, to which, though unprepared, she replied with as much wit and eloquence as if she had been born in France. It was really beautiful to observe her manner of speaking, whether to the high or low. From the time she arrived in France she had dedicated two hours a-day to reading and study, so that there were few sciences, even, on which she could not converse, and she always expressed herself gracefully and well ; but she delighted in poetry above everything, and loved to discourse of it with Ronsard, du Bellay, and Maison Fleur."[3] According to the customs of France, the Queen and Princesses, on festival days, assisted at those picturesque remnants of paganism — the gorgeous processions of the Church. The high rank of the young Sovereign of Scotland gave her, of course, a distinguished place on those occasions. On Palm Sunday she, in company with all the Princesses and ladies of the Court of France, carried a palm branch to and from church ; and on Candlemas day a taper. It was on the latter occasion that a woman, whose enthusiasm was excited by the imposing character of a pageant well calculated to enchant the ignorant, was so dazzled with the beauty and heavenly expression of Mary's countenance, and the splendour of her dress, as to fancy her into a celestial instead of a mortal assistant in the ceremonial ; and, flinging herself at the feet of the royal child, exclaimed, "Are you not indeed an angel ?"

Mary was with the royal family of France at Fontainebleau when the ambassadors from Mary I. of England arrived, and received their first

[1] Themes and Versions of Marie Queen of Scots, Bibliothèque Impériale.

[2] Les Vies des Dames Illustres, par Seigneur de Brantôme. A MS. copy of the Latin Oration spoken by the Queen to the King of France is enumerated in the Catalogue of Queen Mary's library at Holyrood.

[3] Ibid.

audience from Henry II., Feb. 27, 1555. The next day, interest was made with the English ambassadors by some Scottish gentlemen, that they might be present at a grand reception given by Catherine de Medicis, for the Scots longed to see their own Queen and hear her speak. When Mary learned the desire of her subjects, she very courteously came out of her own privy chamber into her presence chamber, where with many gentlemen attached to the English embassy were mingled loyal Scots, whose rank did not entitle them to claim a presentation. Mary, however, spoke to them all, said graciously "she was right glad to see them, and called both English and Scotch her countrymen."[1]

It was probably about this period that the introduction of Lord Darnley's tutor, Elder, to Mary took place. When Elder says, "I showed the Queen of Scots in France my Lord Darnley's hand, which he wrote, being eight years of age." This was perhaps the first time Mary's attention was called to her youthful kinsman's existence, except perhaps as a person likely to be set up by her royal cousin of England as a rival to her claims on the succession of the sister realm. Little could she have foreseen the fatal connection between her destiny and that of her boyish English relative, whose juvenile feats of penmanship were exhibited to her by his pedagogue Elder. The latter received a present of fifty crowns at his departure from the Cardinal de Lorraine.

The original whole-length portrait of Mary Stuart, which formerly graced the royal gallery at Fontainebleau, represents her in her fourteenth year, before she had attained the full stature and proportions of womanhood, and is probably, with the exception of her effigies on her coins, the earliest authentic likeness of this celebrated Queen. The colour of her eyes and hair, which has been as much disputed as the question of her guilt or innocence, is of that rich tint of brown called by the French chestnut ; so are her beautiful eyebrows. Her complexion is clear and delicate, but somewhat pale ; her nose straight, and not so long as in the profile coins that were struck of her in the year 1555. Nothing can be more lovely, refined, and intellectual than her features, yet it is a picture that cannot be contemplated without feelings of painful interest. The smiling animated expression natural to that joyous period of life is absent, and her demeanour is grave and dignified. The roundness of contour, the softness of early youth, are there ; but the cares of early greatness are legibly impressed on her countenance. The importance of her position, from the hour she became, in the first week of her existence, an orphan and a Queen, surrounded her very cradle with the pomp and ceremony of regality, and must have connected her first perceptions of individuality with feelings the very reverse of the healthful vivacity of childhood. Even in infancy she had been tutored to enact the character of a Queen whenever she was carried abroad, and to restrain her natural emotions ;—thus

[1] Harleian MS., 252, f. 15—Journal of Ambassadors from Mary to Henry II., 1555.

the caution and reflective habits of riper years were prematurely forced into action; while her elaborate and learned education accounts not only for the remarkable development of her intellectual organization at that tender age, but for the thoughtful expression which marks her expansive forehead, and compresses her rosy lips. She wears a white satin Scotch cap, placed very low on one side her head, with a rosette of white ostrich feathers, having in the centre a ruby brooch, round which is wrought, in gold letters, Mariæ, Reginæ Scotorum. From this depends a drooping plume formed of small pendant pearls. Her dress is of white damask, fitting closely to her shape, with a small partlet ruff of scalloped point lace, supported by a collar of sapphires and rubies; a girdle of gems, to correspond, encircles her waist. The dress is made without plaits, gradually widening towards the feet, in the shape of a bell, and is fastened down the front with medallions of pearls and precious stones. A royal mantle of pure white is attached to the shoulders of her dress, trimmed with point lace. Her sleeves are rather full, parted with strings of pearls, and finished with small ruffles and jewelled bracelets. Her hands are exquisitely formed. She rests one on the back of a crimson velvet fauteuil, emblazoned with the royal Fleurs-de-lys; in the other she holds an embroidered handkerchief. The arms of Scotland, singly, are displayed in a maiden lozenge on the wall above her—for Mary was not yet *la Reine-Dauphine.* She was at that time caressingly called by Catherine de Medicis and the royal children of France, *notre petite Reinette d'Escosse,* and was the pet and idol of the glittering Court of Valois. But in her hours of privacy, she was rendered so miserable by the domination of her morose governess, Madame Parois, that her spirits became depressed, and her health began to fail. Her uncle, Cardinal de Lorraine, on his return to the French Court, was alarmed at the altered appearance of his precious charge; and, quickly discovering that her malady was caused by uneasiness of mind, drew from her such an account of her domestic misery as induced him to carry her off, for change of scene, to his own house at Villers-Côterêts, whence he addressed an earnest letter to the Queen, her mother, explaining the necessity of providing a different governess for Mary. "Madame de Parois," he says, "remains in Paris sick, having all the symptoms of confirmed dropsy; and she has been for the last four months in a very unfit state to be near her royal pupil; and having been for years a confirmed invalid, she has absented herself by the month together from her post. "It displeases me much," he continues, "to see the Queen, your daughter, at her time of life, without a suitable person with her; although she is so discreet and virtuous that she could not conduct herself better, or more prudently, if she had a dozen *gouvernantes.*" The Cardinal's real mind is contained in the postscript, written with his own hand, in which he tells his sister "that it is absolutely necessary she should come over to France, for several reasons.

As to Madame de Parois," he says, "she herself wishes to retire; and even if her state of health does not compel her to do so, we may hope that, when you come, you will not allow her to remain. She is a good woman; but you and all your race will have cause for lasting regret, if her remaining costs you the life of the Queen your daughter."

There was at this time a strong party in the Council of Henry II. against the completion of the matrimonial engagement between the Dauphin and Mary. But Cardinal de Lorraine regarded no other interests than those of his own family, and the Church, of which he considered himself the leading power. He saw that the gentle and timid heir of France loved his affianced bride, and that her influence over him would "grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength," till it became his ruling passion; and through her, the subtle ecclesiastic saw himself in perspective, the virtual ruler of the empire of his mighty ancestor Charlemagne.

Mary, who had for the last two years pined and faded beneath the yoke of Madame de Parois, confesses that she should not have ventured to address her last humble appeal to her far distant mother for emancipation from such irksome bondage, if she had not been encouraged, nay, enjoined, by the Cardinal her uncle, and her grandmother, to speak her mind plainly on the subject. "They are convinced," she says, "that you would not wish to have anything in my household which gives occasion for people to make unpleasant remarks. Now, Madame, truth to tell, I have less occasion to feel satisfied with Madame de Parois than with any woman in the world; for, as the Cardinal my uncle will bear witness, she has done what she could to deprive me of the affection of my lady grandmother, and also of that of the Queen of France. But I never should have dared to explain myself so plainly to you, unless my uncle, who has understood all that has passed on both sides, had not told me to speak boldly, and tell you that I think she has nearly been the cause of my death, from the fear I have had of losing your regard, and the vexation I have suffered from hearing so much mischief was made by her false reports, which were most injurious to me. Wherefore, Madame, I humbly entreat you to signify (which I know will be very agreeable to the Queen of France) that I prefer having one of her choosing—namely, Madame de Brêne, with whom I should esteem myself very happy for the time to come."[1] Mary then refers to her grandmother, the Duchess-dowager de Guise, who, she says, "will write more fully on the subject, and that she will herself say no more, except humbly to entreat her royal mother to be assured that she is desirous of doing everything in her power to conform herself to her will, that she would suffer much to please her, and would rather die than disobey the least of her commands."

Mary's Latin master was the celebrated George Buchanan, whose poetic

[1] Balcarras Collection.

talents were fully appreciated by the fair young classic student. His elegant laudatory Latin verses were addressed to her whom it afterwards became the profitable business of his latter years to defame. But his royal pupil's star was rising in a horizon bright with golden hopes, when Master George Buchanan outdid Ronsard, and all the Court poets of France, who emulously sang her praise, in his Latin eulogium entitled—

"MARIA REGINA SCOTIÆ PUELLA.

"As Nature moulded Mary's form and face,
So Art adorned her with transcendant grace;
Glorious she shone, thus peerless in her kind,
Blending all beauties with a heavenly mind;
But *she* her talents had so nobly reared,
That Nature rude, and Art inept appeared."

The allusion to the manner in which Mary's delicate taste by self-culture ripened both her natural and acquired endowments is peculiarly happy; because, although emanating from the pen of a time-serving flatterer, it expresses the truth.

Mary's liberality to her dependants was sorely cramped by the rigid economy which the Queen-mother's pecuniary difficulties compelled her to observe. The late Regent Arran having burdened the realm with a heavy debt, and taxation being impracticable, the outgo of money for keeping up a separate regal establishment for the young Queen in France was severely felt, and sometimes placed both mother and daughter in painful straits. "I assure myself," Mary writes to her mother, "that you will not put any other into the place of master of my wardrobe than Jehan of the Chamber, your good old man," (John Kemp her foster-father,) "who takes more and more pains in my service." In the same letter Mary mentions having been to Nanteuil, where, she says, "I paid a visit to my aunt de Guise; she is very well, and her four boys, the most beautiful in the world."[1]

She apologises to her royal mother for not having been able to procure for her a watch that would sound the hours (*une montre qui sonne,*) observing, "that the person who constructed them had been always engaged in working for the King, but she hoped very soon to be able to send her one."[2] This is the first historical mention of striking watches, which were of French invention. In the same letter the young Queen requests that her worked sleeves may be hastened. Now, although it is somewhat unusual to find a royal belle sending from Paris to Scotland for articles of millinery or embroidery, it proves that she did not disdain to patronise the needle-women of her own country.

Mary delighted to appear in the national costume of her native land;

[1] Letter from Mary Stuart to her mother the Queen Regent of Scotland—Balcarras Collection. [2] Ibid.

"and it was not a little surprising," says Brantôme, "that when arrayed *à le sauvage*, as I have seen her, in the outlandish garb of the wild people of her own realm, her mortal form assumed in that heavy and barbarous dress the semblance of a perfect goddess. Those who have seen her thus apparelled can bear witness to the truth of this, and those who have not may see her portrait in this costume, in which I have heard the King and Queen say she looked more beautiful and graceful than in any other.[1] What then," continues our courtly author, warming with the characteristic enthusiasm of his nation on the subject of lady's dress, "would have been the effect if she had been represented in the French or Spanish fashion, the Italian bonnet, or even one of her mourning habits, which so well became her?"[2] In another letter Mary[3] asks the Queen her mother "to send her over some good *haqueneys*, which," says she, "I have promised to Monsieur and the others who have asked me for them." These hackneys, for which the little French Princes, brothers to the Dauphin, had solicited the young Queen of Scotland, were of course Shetland ponies, meet steeds for riders of their size—Monsieur, afterwards Charles IX., being then about eight years old. She entreats her mother in the most earnest manner to come over to see her as soon as she can consistently with safety, for that her presence is greatly needed and desired.

But Mary was never again to receive the maternal embrace for which her affectionate heart pined. The increasing difficulties of the Queen-mother's government in Scotland kept that luckless Princess chained, like Prometheus, to the rock where her life was devoured by cares more torturing than the beaks and talons of the vultures of classic allegory. Not even to assist in the realisation of her ambitious desire of the union of her daughter with the heir of France, could Mary of Lorraine absent herself from her uneasy seat of government, much as she was urged by her brothers to revisit her native land, and endeavour to obviate, by her address, the opposition raised by the enemies of the house of Lorraine to the Scotch marriage. These intrigues were, however, unavailing. Mary was the idol of the French nation;—perfect in grace and beauty, she formed at this period one of the attractions of the Court of Valois. "Our *petite Reinette Escossaise*," said Catherine de Medicis, "has but to smile to turn the heads of all Frenchmen." The ardent affection of the young plighted pair to each other would have been lightly regarded by the selfish arbiter of their destinies, if it had suited Henry's policy to rend asunder those ties with which he had bound them in their unconscious childhood. But the formidable position assumed by Philip II. of Spain, in consequence of his marriage with Mary of England, rendered the alliance of Mary of Scotland necessary to France for a counterbalance of

[1] Vies des Femmes Illustres. [2] Ibid.
[3] In the Balcarras Collection.

power. Intent on securing the advantages derivable from the union of the fair young northern Sovereign with his heir, Henry II. addressed, on the 30th of October 1557, a most affectionate letter to "his dear cousins and great friends, the Princes of the Three Estates of Scotland," expressing in the most complimentary terms his earnest desire of cementing the bonds of the ancient alliance between France and Scotland, by the solemnisation of the marriage of his well-beloved son the Dauphin, and his very dear and beloved sister and daughter, the Queen of Scotland, their Sovereign, of which the project had already been approved by them, and therefore, that no more time may be lost, he requests their lordships to make all ready, that the public solemnisation of the spousal rites between his son and the young Queen, their Sovereign, may take place on the approaching Feast of Kings, January 6, in his city of Paris,[1] desiring that they and any persons they might wish to accompany them might be present, to assist at the solemnity.

This letter was, by the Queen-mother's command, laid before the Lords assembled in Parliament, December 14, 1557, for the express purpose of considering the subject of their youthful Sovereign's marriage with the heir of France. The same day a commission was given to nine of the leading men in Church and State to go over to France to act in behalf of the realm in the negotiation of the marriage articles, and to witness the spousal rites. The deputation consisted of the following persons: James Beton, Archbishop of Glasgow; David Panter, Bishop of Ross, principal Secretary of State; Robert Reid, Bishop of Orkney, President of the Session—for the Church; Gilbert Kennedy, Lord High Treasurer; James Lord Fleming, Lord Chamberlain; George Lesley, Earl of Rothes, a Privy Councillor; James Stuart, Prior of St Andrews, base brother to the young Queen; George Lord Seton, Grandmaster of the Royal Household, for the Nobles, and John Erskine of Dun, Provost of Montrose, for the Burgesses.[2] The Queen-mother, being unable to leave Scotland, deputed her mother Antoinette de Bourbon, Duchess-dowager de Guise, to act as her representative. This procuration, as it is called, bears date February 5, 1557, the numeral year 1558 not commencing till March.

Mary, who was then with the King and Queen of France at Fontainebleau, confirmed these appointments, and issued her royal commission to the aforesaid gentlemen, "empowering them and her illustrious lady grandmother Antoinette, Duchess-dowager de Guise, to act as procurators for her marriage treaty with that serene Prince, the Dolfin, Francis, first-born son of his most Christian Majesty the King of France." The Commissioners sailed on the 8th of February, and encountered, as might have been expected at that season of the year, very stormy weather. "*Two* of their ships were lost by the way." The first of these was wrecked off

[1] Keith's Appendix.

[2] Keith's Hist. Church and State of Scotland, from Parliamentary Records.

St Abb's Head on their own stormy coast; and, as ill luck would have it, that vessel contained all the noblemen's coffers, with their rich array and decorations—no slight mishap, as they were expected, for the honour of Scotland, to appear very brave at the nuptials of their Queen. The other vessel foundered in the road of Boulogne, and every soul perished, except the Earl of Rothes and the Bishop of Orkney, who were picked up by a French fisher-boat.[1] The rest of the ships were so scattered that they all made different ports. These disasters were regarded by the superstitious of all parties as ominous portents, and construed, by the opponents of the French marriage, into manifestations of the Divine displeasure.

Mary's noble Scotch Commissioners acted with due regard to the honour of their nation in the matrimonial treaty, in obtaining, as far as words, oaths, and signatures could be supposed to bind their liege Lady's royal father-in-law, her bridegroom elect, and their successors, security that they should be governed by their own laws; and that, in case of her decease without issue, the rightful blood of the monarchs of Scotland should succeed to the crown of that realm. It was agreed that the arms of Scotland and France should be borne by Francis and Mary on separate shields, surmounted by the Scotch crown; that their eldest son should succeed to both realms; but, if only daughters—incapable by Salic law of reigning in France—should be born of this marriage, then the eldest should be resigned to them, as the rightful inheritrix of Scotland, but endowed with a portion of four hundred thousand crowns, as the eldest princess of France; and every other daughter to receive, in like manner, three hundred thousand crowns from her royal paternal house.[2] Mary's pecuniary interests were carefully looked to by her Scotch Commissioners. They inquired what living the King of France intended to grant her and the Dauphin for the maintenance of their state; and stipulated that she should receive, for her sole and separate use, a pension of thirty thousand crowns while Dauphiness, and seventy thousand crowns per annum, on her royal husband's accession to the throne of France; and that certain lands should be assigned for her jointure in case of widowhood, and that she should be given seisin of the same, so that they should be reputed hers; and, in case of her consort's decease, whether as Dauphin or King, she should have her option and choice either to reside in France or elsewhere; and, if it pleased her to marry again, with the consent of the Estates of her realm, she was to retain, nevertheless, full power to draw the annual rents and immunities derivable from her said jointure for her own free use, wheresoever she might be.[3]

It was to this latter providential clause alone that Mary was indebted for

[1] Lord Herries' Memoirs; Lesley's History.
[2] Keith's Appendix. Settlement of the Matrimonial Treaty, in the Archives of France.
[3] Keith's Appendix.

the means of supplying herself with the few personal comforts she obtained in her dreary English prisons. From Fontainebleau, Mary was conducted to Paris, for the celebration of her nuptials, the preparations for which had occupied all the milliners, goldsmiths, jewellers, tailors, and embroiderers, male and female, in that city for several weeks. The nobility and estates of France having assembled to assist at this solemnity, it was agreed that the previous ceremonial of the *fiançailles*, or "*hand-fasting*," as it was called, should take place on Tuesday the 19th of April.[1] On that day Mary and the Dauphin, Francis, attended by their respective trains, met in the grand hall of the ninth tower of the Louvre: and there, in the presence of the Kings and Queens of France and Navarre, the princes and princesses of the blood-royal, and the great nobles of France, and the nine commissioners of the Queen and Estates of Scotland, the marriage articles were read, ratified, and subscribed by the contracting parties. The signatures of the Dauphin, the Queen of Scotland, and the Duchess-dowager de Guise, Mary's grandmother, stand last in order, being preceded by those of the King and Queen of France, thus—

HENRY.
CATERINE.
FRANCOIS.
MARIE.
ANTOINETTE DE BOURBON.

followed by those of the nine Scotch Commissioners.

The young royal pair then went through the ceremony of a solemn betrothal at the hands of Cardinal de Lorraine, the Dauphin declaring "that of his own free will, and with the full consent of the King and Queen his father and mother, and being duly authorised by them to take the Queen of Scotland for his wife and consort, he promised to espouse her on the following Sunday, April 24, in the face of holy Church." Mary, in like manner, testified "that, of her own free will and consent, and by the advice of her lady grandmother, the Duchess-dowager de Guise, and the deputies of the three Estates of Scotland, she took the Dauphin Francis for her lord and husband, and promised to espouse him on the above-named day, in the face of holy Church." Their plight having been formally exchanged and registered, music struck up, and a ball-royal was immediately opened by the King of France, with the fair young Queen of Scotland for his partner. The King of Navarre danced with the Queen of France, the Dauphin with his aunt, Madame Marguerite, sister to the King of France, and the young Duke of Lorraine with Madame Claude of France, daughter to the King. This distinguished party of eight, all historical characters, appear to have formed a set for a quadrille, but it is noted that they were followed by all the princes and

[1] Lesley's History of Mary, 264.

princesses. The grand display of royal splendour and festivity, in which all ranks of the people of France were to have their share, was reserved for the public celebration of the nuptials on the ensuing Sunday.

CHAPTER III.

MARY had always been the darling of the French. Tender and generous sympathies had been awakened in her behalf in the bosoms of the good and kind of all degrees, when she was brought among them for refuge, like a gentle dove rescued from the pursuit of ravenous vultures. Her infantine charms and promise had bespoken favour for her at first sight, and they had seen her grow up among them, daily increasing in beauty and in grace. She spoke their language ; she had been educated according to their national ideas, in order to render her acceptable to them as their Queen ; and she claimed their respect no less by her prudent and amiable conduct in her own little Court at Meudon, than their admiration when she shone in her glittering *parure* at courtly festivals, as the star of the Louvre.

George Buchanan, by whom the epithalamium on Mary's marriage with the Dauphin Francis was written, bears such testimony to the dignity of her deportment, and the moral purity of her mind and manners, as may well excuse the quotation of a few lines from a literal translation of that celebrated production :—

> "If matchless beauty your nice fancy move,
> Behold an object worthy of your love ;
> How loftily her stately front doth rise,
> What gentle lightning flashes from her eyes,
> What awful majesty her carriage bears,
> Maturely grave, even in her tender years."

"The youthful vanity and levity engendered by a French education," so often objected against this unfortunate Princess, are scarcely compatible with this portrait from the pen of her greatest defamer. But praise from such a source is, at least, worthy of attention as a very remarkable antithesis to the "Detection," by the same author, who thus proceeds in his graphic description of Mary Stuart at fifteen :—

> "Thus outwardly adorned, her sacred mind
> In purest qualities comes not behind ;
> Her nature has the seeds of virtue sown,
> By moral precepts to perfection grown ;
> Her wisdom doth all vicious weeds control,
> Such power has right instruction on the soul."

He proceeds, as addressing the Dauphin, to descant on the illustrious descent of the regal bride :—

"Are you ambitious of an ancient line
Where heralds make the pompous branches shine?
She can a hundred monarchs reckon o'er,
Who in unbroken race the Scotian sceptre bore."

The long-cherished affection of the royal bridegroom for his betrothed consort is thus commemorated :—

"That passion which with infancy began,
Took firmer root as you advanced to man.
You by no proxy, as most monarchs, wooed,
Nor feared deceitful envoys should delude—
Your own fond eyes the peerless nymph surveyed,
A constant witness what she did or said.
Your passion sprung not from her wealth or state,
But from a virtue than her sex more great,
Features divine, no coldly pictured grace,
But life-like conquering beauty in her face."

The closing stanzas of the epithalamium address the royal bride :—

"But let not fond regrets disturb your mind,
Your country and your mother left behind!
This is your country too ; what wealth of friends,
What kindred on your nuptial pomp attends!
All are alike to you where'er you tread,
The mighty living and the mighty dead ;
And one awaits you, dear beyond the rest,
Smiles on his lips and rapture on his breast,
The eldest, gentlest of the royal line,
Linked in fraternal fellowship with thine ;
But shortly he will be to you above
A brother, or a mother's holy love."

Mary slept in the palace of the Archbishop of Paris on the eve of her bridal. The preparations for that solemnity commenced with the dawn of day on Sunday, April 24, 1558. The flourish of trumpets and lively notes of the fifes and drums, echoing through those old monastic courts and cloisters, gave the regal bride and her virgin companions, the four bonny Scotch Maries, a blithe wakening betimes. The excited population of Paris, in eager anticipation of the show, thronged the purlieus of Nôtre Dame, and the streets and bridges in that vicinity were wedged with a struggling mass of life, impervious to horsemen or carriages. The King of France had caused arrangements to be made so as to gratify every creature, however humble, in that mixed multitude, with a satisfactory view of the bridal procession and nuptials of his heir with the beauteous young Queen of Scots. He had ordered a scaffolding or raised stage, twelve feet high, to be erected from the hall of the Episcopal palace to the great gates in front of the cathedral church of Nôtre Dame, forming a long triumphal arcaded gallery, along which the royal bride and bridegroom, and all the illustrious company, were to pass to the open pavilion erected before the gates of Nôtre Dame, where the marriage was to be solemnized in the sight of the people. This splendid gallery, designed by Charles le Conte, the master of the works of Paris, was

embowered overhead with a trellis-work of carved vine leaves and branches, disposed so as to represent a cathedral cloister with its rich groining and Gothic sculpture. The pavilion in which it terminated was called a ciel-royal, being formed of blue Cyprus silk beset with golden Fleurs-de-lys, instead of stars, and emblazoned with the arms of the Queen of Scotland. A velvet carpet of the same colours and pattern covered the floor. The honour of performing the spousal rite was assigned to Mary's uncle, Francis de Lorraine, Cardinal de Bourbon.

The clergy and privileged spectators, nobles, gentlemen, and ladies, were assembled within the church by ten o'clock. Mary's eldest uncle and guardian, Francis, Duke de Guise, was grand master of the ceremonies that day, and headed the procession, which was formed at the Archbishop's palace. Queen Mary's Scotch musicians and minstrels, a very full band, clad in the red and yellow liveries of their royal mistress, led the van, playing on a great variety of instruments, "and singing most melodiously songs and chants to the praise of God." They were followed by a hundred gentlemen of the household of the King of France, preceding the princes of the blood, eighteen bishops and mitred abbots, bearing rich crosses, the archbishops and the cardinals of Bourbon, Lorraine, and Guise, and the cardinal legate in France. The Dauphin was conducted by the King of Navarre, and attended by his two little brothers, the Dukes of Orleans and Angoulême, who subsequently figured in history as Charles IX. and Henry III. of France. Delicate and juvenile in appearance, the boy bridegroom of Mary Stuart passed on with his cortége, without attracting any other attention than that which his important position as the heir of France claimed. The interest of every one, that day, was absorbed in her whom nature had so well fitted to realize the *beau ideal* of a regal bride. When she appeared, in her youth, loveliness, and virgin timidity, led between the King of France and her uncle, Cardinal de Lorraine, she was greeted with rapturous applause and blessings.

"Happy," exclaimed the universal voice of that great city then assembled to behold her—"happy, a hundred times beyond all others, is the Prince who goes to be united to this Princess. If Scotland be a possession of value, she who is Queen of that realm is far more precious, for if she had neither crown nor sceptre, her single person, in her divine beauty, would be worth a kingdom: but since she is a Sovereign, she brings to France, and her husband, double fortune." [1]

"She was dressed," records the official chronicler of the Hôtel de Ville, "in a robe whiter than the lily, but so glorious in its fashion and decorations, that it would be difficult, nay. impossible, for any pen to do justice to its details. Her regal mantle and train were of a bluish grey cut velvet, richly embroidered with white silk and pearls. It was of a marvellous length, full six toises, covered with precious stones, and was supported by young ladies." The estates of Scotland had positively refused

[1] Brantôme, Vies des Femmes Illustres.

to allow their regalia to be carried over to France, to decorate their young liege Lady and her consort at the nuptial solemnity. Yet Mary wore a crown royal on this occasion far more costly than any previous Scottish monarch could ever boast, composed of the finest gold, and most exquisite workmanship, set with diamonds, pearls, rubies, and emeralds of inestimable worth—having in the centre a pendant carbuncle, the value of which was computed at five hundred thousand crowns. About her neck hung a matchless jewel, suspended by chains of precious stones, which, from its description, must have been no other than that well known in Scottish records by the familiar name of the *Great Harry*. This was her own personal property, derived from her royal English great-grandfather, Henry VII., by whom it was presented to her grandmother, Queen Margaret Tudor.

The Bridal party was received at the portals of Nôtre Dame by the Archbishop of Paris, attended by his ecclesiastical suite, and the acolytes bearing two silver chandeliers, full of lighted wax tapers, richly decorated for the occasion. Then the King of France drew from his little finger a ring, which he gave to the Cardinal Bourbon, Archbishop of Rouen, for the nuptial ring of the royal pair. Assisted by the Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Bourbon married them with that ring in the open pavilion before the gates of Nôtre Dame, in the presence of the assembled multitudes below, who made the opposite shores of the Seine resound with their acclamations.[1] The same ceremonies and words as those used in the marriages of persons of the humblest degree were rehearsed, nothing being either changed or altered out of respect to their exalted rank. As soon as the benediction was pronounced, Mary saluted her husband by the title of Francis I., King of Scotland; then all the Scotch commissioners advanced, and performed their homage to him as such. In conclusion, a considerable sum of money in gold and silver was thrown in great handfuls among the people, by the Heralds of France, who proclaimed the marriage, crying at the same time, with a loud voice, "Largesse, largesse, largesse!" Meantime, Monsieur de Guise, attended by two heralds of arms in their tabards, went round the stage for the purpose of clearing it of the nobles and gentlemen, in order to allow the people, who were in the Rue Neuve de Nôtre Dame in great throngs, and at the windows of all the houses in the Place du Pavé, to have an uninterrupted view of the royal spectacle. Then the heralds cried three times again with a loud voice, "Largesse!" and threw among the people a great number of gold and silver coins of all descriptions, as Henrys, ducats, crowns of the sun, pistolets, half-crowns, testons, and douzains. Such a rush and outcry among the people followed, that nothing was ever heard like it, as they precipitated themselves one upon another, in their eager desire to

[1] Cérémonies du Marriage of M. le Dauphin, avec la Royne d'Ecosses—Register of the Hôtel de Ville, Paris.

get some of the pieces: screams for help from the fallen were heard, scolding and wrangling with others, who lost their caps and mantles in the struggle, or had their garments torn. Some were seriously hurt, and others carried fainting out of the press, till at last the more reasonable begged the heralds not to throw any more money, or it would end in a riot.

The royal party entered the church, walking on the raised stage up the nave to the chancel, where a ciel-royal, similar to that already described before the gates, had been raised, and a carpet of cloth-of-gold, spread with cushions of the same for the accommodation of the royal family. On the right side were the King and Queen of France; on the left the King-Dauphin with the Queen-Dauphiness—this newly-wedded pair occupied the same carpet; while the Archbishop of Paris said the mass. During the offertory, pieces of gold and silver were again thrown among the people, in token of liberality and largesse. The regal party left the church as they entered it, walking on the raised platform. King Henry, who was a very good-natured prince, being informed that many of the people had been unable to obtain a full sight of the grand spectacle, made the young Queen of Scots and her bridegroom, with their procession, walk all round the outside of the stage; and, having thus shown themselves to the delighted commons of Paris, they all returned to the Archbishop's palace. A royal banquet was there served up to them with great splendour and magnificence. During dinner, the King of France commanded two Knights of his Chamber, M. de Saint Lever, and M. de Saint Crespin, to support the crown-royal worn by the Queen-Dauphiness his daughter. A ball succeeded the dinner, and was opened by the King of France and the Queen-Dauphiness. Then followed the ball, which concluded between four and five o'clock in the afternoon; and the King and that illustrious company proceeded to the palace by the Rue Saint Christophe.

When the bridal party reached the palace, they found it so grandly and beautifully decorated and fitted up, that it was generally declared that the Elysian Fields could not be more enchanting. The King, Queen, and royal family, including the newly wedded pair, were seated at the marble table, called the table of the bride, where they were regally served.

Supper ended, and the tables lifted, the Queen of Scotland, the Dauphin's bride, opened the ball, taking for her partner her young friend and sister-in-law Madame Elizabeth, daughter of the King. This dance must have been a difficult exercise of skill and feminine grace for the royal bride to perform, seeing that her train was six toises—no less than twelve yards—in length, which was borne after her by a gentleman following the devious mazes of her course. The dance was, of course, some sort of minuet or pavon, but performed by ladies alone. When this dance was finished they went from the chamber of pleading to the Golden Chamber, so called because it was gilded with ducat gold. It was called

also the Grand Chamber, and the Chamber of Peers, for there it was that the peers usually assembled in council. An assembly extraordinary of the Peers of France had met, indeed, there that night, not to debate on grave affairs of state, but to join in festive glee, and take part in the royal pageants enacted on account of the nuptials of their future Sovereign with the Maiden Monarch of Scotland. "Triumphs," says our record, "more brilliant than those which graced the conquests of Cæsar, took place on this occasion."

No sooner was the dancing over than there issued from the Chamber of Requests six beautiful ships with silver masts, and sails of silver gauze, which were industriously inflated by an artificial breeze. Seated on the deck of each vessel, in a chair of state, was a young prince dressed in cloth-of-gold, and masked; and beside him was a beautiful throne, unoccupied. The ships made a mimic voyage round the grand hall, with the same evolutions as if they had been on the sea; and the floor-cloth being painted to imitate waves, was made to undulate, to favour the deception. As the squadron passed before the marble table where the ladies were seated, each prince made a capture. The Dauphin caught his bride, the lovely and doubtless laughing Mary Stuart, and placed her in the vacant throne beside him. The King of Navarre excited great merriment, by capturing a lady who proved to be his own wife, Jeanne D'Albret; while the Huguenot Prince de Condé caught the fair Anne D'Este, the consort of the ultra champion of the Romish faith, Francis, Duke de Guise. This was considered the most attractive of all the pageants, ending as it did in a romp-royal, which, after so many state solemnities, must have been a pleasant relaxation to our bride of fifteen and her juvenile consort, and would have been termed in Scottish parlance "a fine *ploy*." Those who enjoyed the pleasure of witnessing these palatial sports and pastimes, declared that it was impossible to say which blazed most brilliantly—the lamps, the jewels, or the ladies' eyes; and that nothing could have been better managed for giving general satisfaction. The ancient and vast palace of the Tournelles was illuminated on this occasion—and all was beautiful, gay, and jocund, from base to pinnacles. The fêtes were renewed on the morrow at the Louvre, with balls, masques, and plays. Tournaments in honour of this popular bridal were held in the quadrangular court of the Tournelles[1] for three successive days.

In consequence of her marriage with the Dauphin, Mary ordered a new coinage to be struck at her royal mint in the Canongate, Edinburgh, with her regal cypher united with that of her consort, and surmounted with a crown supported with double crosslets, and the motto, "Fecit utraque unum, 1558, R.," with the legend, "Franciscus et Mar. D.G. Scotor. R.R."

Mary's French marriage was rendered unpopular in Scotland by the tax of £60,000 being raised to defray the expenses, which sum proving very

[1] This palace was built by Philippe le Bel.

inadequate, an additional taxation of £150,000 was extorted. It is very possible, that if the people had witnessed the pageantry of the nuptials, they might have been consoled for the demand on their purses; but as this splendid ceremonial was destined to gratify the citizens of Paris, instead of those of the Scottish metropolis, it was regarded as an intolerable grievance.

The consort to whom Mary Stuart was now united in wedlock was thirteen months her junior, being only in his fifteenth year, while she was in her sixteenth. The birth of Francis is always dated by historians, January 24, 1543; but this was in reality 1544—the latter date being incontrovertibly verified by the remarkable circumstance of his having been born in the midst of the great eclipse of the sun, which took place on the 24th of January 1544, old Julian style, about nine o'clock in the morning, on the fourteenth degree of Aquarius; and it is impossible for any ambiguity to exist on the subject, since no eclipse of the sun occurred in the preceding January of 1543. Thus Francis was exactly a year younger than historians, especially those who have reviled him for folly and incapacity, have represented him. His mother, Catherine de Medicis, hated poor Francis, for he was small and feeble; and those dealers in evil auguries, the astrologers, whom she consulted on the subject of his future destiny, predicted that it would be disastrous—a prediction which insured its own fulfilment, by rendering him of a timid and desponding character. His birth, however, had occurred at a fortunate epoch for France, his victorious father, Henry the Dauphin, having repelled the threatened invasion of the Emperor Charles V., and the people were disposed to welcome him with affection. His royal grandsire, withal, in the hope of impressing the world with ideas more auspicious to the fortunes of the new-born Prince than the occult councillors of Catherine had inferred from the aspect of the heavens, on the morning of his nativity, adopted for him a motto and device of a very imposing character, in allusion to the conjunction of the celestial bodies at that period; this device being a lily, symbolical of the future sovereign of France, flanked by the sun and moon, with this motto, "*Inter Eclipsem Exorior*"[1]—(Between these I issued.) Francis was always delicate in health, and timid in deportment; and though learned, kind, and good, he was deficient in the brilliant qualities which might have been expected in the son of that gay and gallant Prince, Henry II. His greatest claim to the favour of France was derived from his connection with Mary Stuart: whatever might be his estimation with others, he was the object of her first affections, and reigned in her heart without a rival.

The public fêtes and triumphs, in honour of the nuptials of the young Queen of Scots with the heir of France, being at length concluded, the newly wedded pair withdrew from the enchantments of Paris to Villers-

[1] Etienne de Pasquier.

Côterêts, near Soissons, to pass some time together in the quiet of the country. Mary was now entitled the Queen-Dauphiness; and her consort, who derived his regal title of King of Scotland from her favour and the consent of her nobles, was scrupulously styled by her "the King my husband," and by every one else, the King-Dauphin. From Villers-Côterêts, Mary wrote on the 26th of June, to the Estates of her realm, to announce that the marriage between her and "her most dear and best beloved husband, King of Scotland and Dauphin of Viennois, had taken effect."[1] After specifying that she had wedded by the advice, and with the consent, of her dearest mother, the Queen-dowager, Regent of her realm, the royal bride proceeds to express her satisfaction at the happy conclusion to which this engagement of her unconscious infancy had been brought. She refers them to the ambassadors, who were the accredited bearers of this missive, to tell them her mind more fully.[2] This was a desire to obtain for her newly wedded lord the grant of the crown-matrimonial of Scotland from the Estates of her realm, which had been vainly asked of the nine Commissioners who had assisted in her marriage treaty. These gentlemen, when the demand was made to them by Cardinal de Lorraine, then Chancellor of France, in the name of their young royal Mistress, prudently replied that the commission they had received from the Estates of Scotland had not invested them with power to grant it, and they dared not exceed their instructions. The King of France detained them for several weeks in the intoxicating pleasures of his court; and endeavoured, by presents and promises, to render them useful instruments in compassing his design. Their young Queen had also many conferences with them on the subject.

She bestowed on the Earl of Cassillis, as a parting token of her favour and regard, that fine original portrait of herself, which has remained ever since as a precious heirloom in the noble family of Kennedy, and is still in the collection of its representative, the Marquess of Ailsa, at Culzean Castle, in Ayrshire. This most beautiful and undoubted likeness of Mary Stuart represents her in the morning flower of her charms, when she appeared at the summit of all earthly felicity and grandeur. It is in a nobler style of portrait-painting than that of Zuchero, worthy, indeed, of Titian or Guercino. The perfection of features and contour is there united with feminine softness and the expression of commanding intellect. Her hair is of a rich chestnut tint. Her complexion is that of a delicate brunette, and this accords with the darkness of her eyes, hair, and majestic eyebrows. Her hair is parted in wide bands across the forehead, and rolled back in a large curl on each temple, above the small, delicately moulded ears. She wears a little round crimson velvet cap, embroidered with gold, and ornamented with gems, placed almost at the back of her

[1] Letter of Queen Mary, June 26, 1558, preserved in the Register House, Edinburgh. [2] Ibid.

head, resembling, indeed, a Greek cap—with this difference, that a coronal frontlet is formed by the disposition of the pearls. Her dress is of rich crimson damask, embroidered with gold, and ornamented with gems. It fits tightly to her bust and taper waist, which is long and slender. Her dress is finished at the throat with a collar band, supporting a lawn collarette, with a finely quilled demi-ruff. Her only ornament is a string of large round pearls, carelessly knotted about her throat, from which depends an amethyst cross.

A beautiful locket was designed by Mary for presentation to the noble Scotch assistants at her nuptials, and those she particularly desired to propitiate. A fine specimen of this jewel is in possession of a noble Scotch family. The outside is of filigree gold, set with a wreath of pearls and *fleurs de souvenance*, in blue turquoise. On touching a spring, it opens each way, to show enamel miniatures of herself and her young consort, in the costumes they then wore. The portrait of Francis is on the largest valve, that of Mary on the inner valve forming the lid ; so that when closed her face rests on his bosom. A bridal medal of Mary was struck for distribution also. Mary Stuart's missal, a small square octavo volume, in vellum, beautifully, but not very elaborately, illuminated, was in the possession of the late James Smith, Esq., at St Germain-en-Laye, where I had the opportunity of examining it in the year 1844. She has written her name in a bold unformed character ; and on the same page is that of Marguerite of France, sister to Henry II. There is a memorandum attesting the fact that the book was given to "Marie, Royne d'Escosses," by "la Royne de France, sa belle mère." The autograph of the donor, Catherine, is written on the margin of one of the pages ; and there are also the autographs of the Princesses of France scattered in different pages. Marguerite of France, the only surviving sister of Henry II., a princess distinguished for her virtues and high mental endowments, had always taken the most affectionate interest in the orphan daughter of her royal friend and brother-in-law, James V. of Scotland. She had assisted in forming Mary's mind, and after her marriage with the Dauphin bears the following high testimony of her character and conduct in a letter to Mary of Lorraine : "The Queen of Scotland your daughter is so much improved in everything that I am compelled to put pen to paper once more, to tell you of the virtues she has acquired since you left her. You may imagine the delight it is to the King and Queen, and all to whom she is related, to see her what she is. As for me, Madam, I esteem Monseigneur [the Dauphin] very happy in having such a wife." [1]

The youthful spouses supported their dignity as Sovereigns, and conducted themselves as a married pair with edifying propriety. They were

[1] Lettres des Hautes Personnages, from the Balcarras MSS. Edited by James Maidment, Esq.

now emancipated from the control of governors, governesses, and preceptors; but Mary continued to read Latin with Buchanan, history with de Pasquier, and poetry with Ronsard. Music, needlework, and the chase, formed her favourite recreations. She and Francis conformed to the customs of France by presiding over their own little Court, being too happy in each other's society to desire to mix in the public gaieties of the Louvre, except at those seasons which etiquette prescribed. She managed her expenditure without either extravagance or parsimony, her greatest delight being to give.

After three brief months of wedded happiness, Mary's young consort was compelled to tear himself from her, in order to serve his noviciate in arms under the auspices of her victorious uncle, Francis, Duke de Guise. He was with the army of defence, near Amiens, for several months, but had no opportunity of signalizing himself by any personal enterprise. Meantime, the Scotch Commissioners, having received their *congé* from the King of France and their youthful Sovereign, softened their refusal to grant the crown-matrimonial to the Dauphin by promising to place the demand in a favourable point of view before those with whom the power of conceding it legally rested; they travelled from Paris to Dieppe, and there embarked for Scotland. They encountered weather no less stormy than the adverse gales which had assailed them in coming, and after suffering much from sea-sickness were driven back into the port of Dieppe, where they were all seized with a dangerous illness, which Knox attributes to poison.

Mary writes a confidential letter to the Queen her mother, dated Sept. 16, acquainting her with the death of their faithful servant, the Bishop of Orkney, at Dieppe, and the sickness of the other Commissioners. It was an unhealthy season apparently, for she says, "As to the news of the Court, the King [of France], the King my husband, and all my uncles, are at the camp. They are all well, God be thanked, though there is much sickness there."

The Estates of Mary's realm convened in Parliament, Nov. 29, 1558, to receive the report of the five surviving Commissioners on her marriage; the crown-matrimonial, to her consort, the Dauphin, was granted.

CHAPTER IV.

The death of Mary I., Queen of England, Nov. 17, 1558, appeared to open a more brilliant destiny for Mary Stuart, by placing her the next in succession to that realm. Not contented with such contingency for his youthful daughter-in-law, (who was more than nine years the junior of

the new Queen of England, Elizabeth,) Henry II. determined to challenge the sovereignty of the whole Britannic Empire for her, as the rightful representative of Henry VII. During the preliminary negotiations for the Peace of Cambray, Queen Elizabeth's demand for the restitution of Calais, as a portion of the English dominions, was met with this insulting rejoinder from the French commissioners : "In that case, it ought to be surrendered to the Dauphin's consort, the Queen of Scots, whom we take to be the Queen of England."[1]

Mary and her husband, as joint sovereigns of Scotland, ratified the Treaty of Cambray in the presence of the English plenipotentiaries in the Chapel Royal of the Louvre. Throckmorton notices that Queen Mary took upon her to speak the most on this occasion, declaring, "that as the Queen of England was her cousin and good sister, she and the King her husband were glad of the peace, and would do all in their power to preserve it." Francis II., in addition to his natural timidity, was troubled with a defective utterance ; Mary, eloquent in speech, and graceful in manner, naturally came to his aid whenever he appeared to have a difficulty in expressing himself.

Elizabeth accredited two envoys expressly to Mary and her consort as King and Queen of Scotland. They both wrote from Paris to acknowledge and thank her for her very acceptable professions of friendship and good-will, signing themselves "Your good brother, sister, and cousins, Francis and Marie." Notwithstanding these diplomatic civilities, Elizabeth was fomenting a revolt in Scotland, and Francis and Mary were decorating their plate and tapestry with the arms of England, to intimate that Mary was the rightful queen of that realm. They were, however, both subservient to the authority of Henry II., by whose direction they acted. Mary was labouring under severe indisposition at this time. The English ambassador gives perhaps an exaggerated description of the sallow hue which had suffused her usually beautiful complexion : "The Scottish queen looketh very ill, very pale and green, (sallow,) and therewithal short-breathed. It is whispered that she cannot live." Again he writes : "In June, the Queen-Dauphiness, being at church, was very evil at ease, and to keep her from swooning they were forced to bring her wine from the altar : indeed, I never saw her look so ill." Mary's illness was aggravated by mental uneasiness, the affairs of her realm having assumed a very alarming aspect at this period. An open rupture had taken place between the Reformers and the defenders of the old faith ; the churches and monasteries had been assaulted, devastated, and given up to the plunder of those active agents in controversial warfare, whom Knox aptly entitles, "the rascail multitude." Her royal palace at Scone had been burned to the ground ; her favourite brother, the Prior of St Andrews—he who had so lately appeared as one of the deputies of the

[1] Sadler's State Papers, vol. i. p. 379—Letter written by Cecil.

Church of Scotland—was now one of the leaders of the revolt. Her young consort the Dauphin was at this time suffering from an obstinate quartan ague, which defied the skill of the royal physicians. Mary was particularly admired for her amiable deportment to this Prince, who was considered greatly inferior to her in every respect. If she perceived this inferiority she allowed no one else to see it, but treated him, both in public and private, with the utmost deference. She requested his presence at all her councils on the affairs of her realm, and listened with marked attention to his opinion when he spoke. It was hoped that, by her judicious manner, she would succeed in inspiring him with self-confidence, by drawing out his mental powers, as a sunbeam animates with warmth and reflected brightness the objects on which it shines.

The wan and altered looks of the Queen-Dauphiness, and the faintness produced by the fatigue of being carried into public when she ought to have been reposing in her own apartment, were peculiarly unlucky at a season when she was required to perform her part with *éclat* at the grand triumph that was to take place at the palace of the Tournelles, in honour of the proxy marriage of her royal sister-in-law, Madame Elizabeth of France, with Philip II. of Spain; and that of Madame Marguerite, the King's sister, with Philibert of Savoy—matrimonial arrangements which had been agreed to at the Treaty of Cambray, and had converted the lately hostile Monarch of Spain into an ally, by whose aid Henry II. of France trusted to hurl Elizabeth Tudor from her throne, and establish his youthful daughter-in-law as the reigning Sovereign of Great Britain. This gigantic scheme of ambition flattered him with a prospect of extending a despotic sceptre over the west of Europe. Ever since the recovery of Calais, the idea of annexing England itself to the crown of France had haunted his mind. Cardinal de Lorraine and the princes of the house of Guise, though not the governing party in France, at that time, were eager to co-operate in any measure that tended to the aggrandizement of their royal niece, and which, by sowing the seeds of a succession war in England, might furnish Elizabeth with sufficient employment at home. The first step taken by the rulers of Mary Stuart's councils was to cause the royal arms of England and Scotland, surmounted by the crown of France, to be engraved on her seal and plate, embroidered on her tapestry, and emblazoned on her carriages.[1]

The grand display which was intended for a public assertion of Mary's right to the crown of England was reserved for the day of the tournament, July 6, 1559, held in the great square in front of the palace of the Tournelles, now known by the name of Place Royale. Mary was on that occasion borne to her place in the royal balcony in a sort of triumphal car, emblazoned with the royal escutcheon of England and Scotland, explained by a Latin distich, of which Strype has given this quaint version:—

[1] Melville, Robertson, Buchanan, Lesley.

"The Armies of Marie Quene Dolphines of France,
The nobillest lady in earth for till advance:
Of Scotland Quene, of Ingland also,
Of Ireland also God hath providit so."

The car was preceded by the two heralds of her spouse the King-Dauphin, both Scots, apparelled with the arms of England and Scotland, and crying in the high voice, "Place! place! pour la Reine d'Angleterre." Little did the adoring crowd who responded to this announcement with shouts of "Vive la Reine d'Angleterre!" imagine they were sounding the knell of their darling, for it was the assumption of this title that cost Mary Stuart her life. But if the young Sovereign of sixteen, who saw herself at that proud epoch of her life honoured with the most intoxicating homage as a Queen, and almost deified as a woman, fancied herself elevated above the chances and changes to which frail mortality is heir, she received that day an impressive lesson on the vanity of earthly glories. Her royal father-in-law, the mighty and victorious Henry II., who had entered the lists in the pride of health and manly vigour, to gratify the Duchess of Valentinois, whose colours he wore, and to convince his subjects that he was still able to compete with youthful knights in all chivalric exercises, was mortally wounded in the eye by the Count of Montgomery; and the festive pomp of the bridal pageant was converted into a funereal tragedy. This startling event was, to human perception, the result of an untoward accident; but the divine will of Him by whom the course of this world is governed is as effectually worked by the agency of trifles as if the intervention of miracles were employed. The splinter of a lance, broken in a friendly encounter in the lists at Paris, secured the establishment of the Reformed faith in England, by causing the death of the only Sovereign in Europe who was in a position effectually to trouble it.

Henry II. expired on the 10th of July, 1559, at the palace of the Tournelles, surrounded by his weeping family. The consort of Mary Stuart was immediately greeted by the title of Francis II.; and Mary received all tokens of ceremonial respect due to a Queen of France. Her uncle, the Duke de Guise, in pursuance of his duty as Grand Chamberlain of France, conducted the young King, and the little Princes his brothers, to the Louvre. Mary followed in the state carriage of the Queen of France—a dignity which had, through the demise of Henry II., devolved on the youthful consort of the new sovereign, Francis II. Mary, too courteous to avail herself of the envied pre-eminence she was now entitled to claim, was modestly following instead of preceding her royal mother-in-law to the carriage; but Catherine stepped back, and taking her by the hand, drew her gently forward, saying at the same time, with a profound obeisance, "Madame, it is now for you to walk the first."[1]

The royal family separated on the 12th of July for a few days. Mary

[1] Brantôme, Popêlienière.

retired to the palace of St Germain-en-Laye, the Queen-mother and her daughters to Meudon, and the young King to the house of Mary's uncle, Cardinal de Lorraine.

The excitement caused by the astounding event which called young Francis of Valois to the throne of France, put a sudden stop to the quartan ague under which he had laboured for many months. The multifarious duties which had devolved upon him possibly roused him from a state of morbid invalidism, and convinced him that he had no time to waste in a sick-chamber. The Queen-mother soon discovered, to her inexpressible disappointment, that the title of Queen Regent with which her son had complimented her was but an honorary dignity. She had flattered herself that she had succeeded to the like authority which had been exercised by the late King her husband, whereas all the power and patronage of the government were absorbed by her young daughter-in-law, the Queen-consort; or rather had passed, through her conjugal influence, (for Mary interfered not in executive affairs of state herself,) into the hands of Cardinal de Lorraine, the Duke de Guise, and the other members of that aspiring and numerous family connection. Fain would Catherine de Medicis have proceeded to hostilities with the young Queen, but there was no point in her conduct or character open to attack. Mary was as remarkable for the purity of her life and manners, and the moral influence she exercised in her household, as Catherine was the reverse; nor have her most malignant foes found it possible to connect a tale of scandal with her name during her residence in France.

Mary remained at St Germain-en-Laye till after the funeral of her royal father-in-law. She continued in the same languishing state of health under which she had been suffering during the spring and early part of the summer. In fact, she was supposed to be sinking into an early grave.

It was the untoward state of Scotch affairs that preyed on the mind of Mary Stuart, in the midst of the pomp and grandeur which surrounded her, and all the varied forms of pleasure which wooed her to enjoyment in the splendid Court over which she was called to preside. Her anxious consort removed her, for change of air and scene, to his country palace at Villers-Côterèts, one of the abodes of her childhood, and she amended; but letters of a distressing nature were forwarded to her from the Queen-regent her mother, and she suffered an immediate relapse. Her symptoms certainly appear characteristic of nervous fever;—the following is the report communicated by the English observer of the fluctuations in her health—"The young French Queen, who, contrary to her wont, hath, since her being at Villers-Côterèts, found herself well, is now, upon such news as Leviston hath brought her from Scotland, fallen sick again, so that at even-song she was for faintness constrained to be led to her chamber where she swooned twice or thrice."

Mary's affectionate letters to her mother prove that she sympathized in all her troubles, and was urgent with the young King her husband to send her succour,—which, she says, "he has promised me to do, and I will not allow him to forget it." Meantime, Queen Elizabeth, though doing everything in her power to foment disturbances in Mary's realm, thought it expedient to pay all ceremonial attentions to Mary and Francis, as King and Queen of France. Her ambassadors, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton and Sir Peter Mewtas, came to Villers-Côterèts, on the 31st of August, to present their credentials to the young Sovereigns of France and Scotland, who, for reasons of state etiquette, received them in separate presence-chambers. When they had delivered their letters of congratulations to Francis on his accession to the throne of France, they would have introduced the affairs of Scotland, but Francis stopped them by saying—"On that subject they must speak with his Queen." The ambassadors were accordingly introduced, by her uncle the Duke de Guise, into Mary's presence-chamber, where she was seated with all her ladies about her. Cardinal de Lorraine delivered to her the letters which Queen Elizabeth had addressed to her royal husband and herself, as the conjoint Sovereigns of Scotland. When Mary had read them, she said "that she should do whatever her lord and husband the King and her good cousin de Lorraine judged meet. The next day she went to Nantoullet to visit her sister-in-law and best-loved friend, Elizabeth of France, the sorrowful bride of Philip of Spain, who was respited by sickness from setting out on her reluctant journey to her consort. Mary remained with her one night, and returned the next day to Villers-Côterèts, where, for several days, she and her consort enjoyed the recreation of the chase, and their favourite diversion of fowling. The healths of both were greatly improved by these active sports and exercises in the open air. The young royal pair left Villers-Côterèts, September 11th, on their slow progress towards Rheims, where the coronation of Francis was to be solemnized on the 17th, after their state entrance into that town. Francis travelled in the same carriage with his Queen till within a quarter of a league of the town, when he alighted, mounted a beautiful white charger, and made his solemn entry into the holiest city of France, in the midst of a great storm of wind and rain.[1] The state of the weather was unfortunate, for a very attractive pageant had been prepared by the loyal citizens to greet their young monarch and his royal consort. Above the gate of Rheims a stage was raised between pillars wreathed with lilies. Upon this stage was the figure of the Sun as a globe of fire, in which was enclosed a glowing red heart. The King drew up his fair white steed, and looked earnestly at the stage, when the sun opened, and the radiant heart moved forward, then, suddenly expanding, showed a lovely little girl of nine years of age, with fair curls clustering to her waist. She held the keys of Rheims in

[1] Letter of Charles of Bouillon to the Duchess de Nemours.

her hand, and addressed some verses of welcome, as if she were the genius of Rheims, to the young King, who was mightily delighted with the conceit. The little girl then retreated to her Sun, which shut up, but opened again like a flower when Queen Mary's litter followed the King's; and again the little envoy, who was called *la Pucelle de Rheims*, came out, and repeated four verses of welcome; but this time she brought presents to propitiate the fair young consort of the Sovereign.

The coronation did not take place till the 18th of September. It was a black coronation; for, out of respect to his father's memory, Francis had issued his orders that no lady, save the Queen of Scotland, his spouse, should presume to appear in gold, jewels, or embroidery, or wear any other dress than black velvet or black silk made very plainly [1]—a most impolitic and unpopular decree as regarded the good of trade, and very hard upon the ladies. Mary Stuart alone wore her jewels, and was arrayed in glorious apparel on that day, amidst the sable train. She was not included in the coronation rite, because, as a Queen-regnant, it would have been beneath her dignity to submit to the forms prescribed for a Queen-consort of France, in which there is an exhortation admonishing the Queen "that she is crowned merely by the favour of her husband, and must undertake nothing without the sanction of the King." [2] Now, Mary Stuart, by whose favour her spouse had recently received the crown-matrimonial of Scotland, could not take any such vow; she therefore contented herself with gracing with her presence, as an independent Sovereign, the consecration of her royal husband, the King of France, from whom, in point of rank, she could not derive so high a degree as that which her birth had given her. Leading from the grand hall of the palace of her uncle, the Cardinal-archbishop of Rheims, was a staircase and corridor which opened on a gallery over the right side of the altar.[3] Here Mary, her sister-in-law Elizabeth, Queen of Spain, and the ladies of their Courts, looked down on the ceremony without taking any part in it. After the consecration, the King of France went with his procession to a grand banquet held in the Archbishop's hall, which was adjoining the cathedral of Rheims.

Mary departed with her spouse, the newly crowned King of France, from Rheims towards Lorraine, where Francis was to hold the feast of his order. Throckmorton, who had followed the Court of France to Bar-le-Duc, was much offended at not being invited to this high festival of the order of St Michael, and ever after cherished the greatest ill-will against the young Queen, from whom he suspected the slight proceeded. He had very properly protested to the Duke de Guise against the assumption of the royal arms of England on Mary's escutcheons, at the funeral of Henry

[1] MSS. at Rheims, Négociations de François II., p. 115.
[2] Menin, Anointing and Coronation of the Kings and Queens of France.
[3] Ibid. pp. 133, 151.

II. Something conciliatory had then been said, which was nullified by a repetition of the same offence ; for the said arms were not only engraven on Queen Mary's plate, as Queen of France, but set forth among the pageants over the gates of Rheims. Throckmorton, in the name of his Sovereign, addressed a spirited remonstrance against this assumption, and was answered "that the Queen of Scotland bore those arms as the descendant of Queen Margaret Tudor, her grandmother, the eldest daughter of Henry VII." To this it was objected "that the arms of sovereigns did not descend, as in noble families, to their daughters' posterity, and could not thus be quartered." But Elizabeth herself bore the arms of France, through the like channel, as the representative of Isabella, daughter of Philip le Bel, and also of Catherine of Valois, daughter of Charles VI., and this rejoinder was made, "that she styled herself Queen of France, a thing too ridiculous, as the Salic law forbade a female sovereign to reign ; and it was demanded that she should drop the title of France, and expunge the Fleurs-de-lys from her shield, if she expected Mary to resign the arms and style of England." "Twelve sovereigns of England have borne the arms and style of France," replied Elizabeth, "and I will not resign them."

After his coronation, Francis II. increased in height so rapidly, that a contemporary historian, La Popêlienière, declares that he might be almost seen to grow ; but there was evidently no increase of strength to support the burden of care which had suddenly devolved on the pale, sickly stripling in his sixteenth year. He was, moreover, distracted with the conflicting intrigues of the rival parties who desired to govern in his name. He knew his mother's disposition, and resolved to shake off her trammels. This determination he made sufficiently apparent at the meeting of the Estates of France at Tours, where he declared himself able to rule, by the grace of God, without a Regent.

Mary unfortunately used her conjugal influence to induce him to repose all his troubles and difficulties on her uncles, Cardinal de Lorraine and the Duke de Guise, who thus became possessed of the administration of the affairs of the realm. The young Queen acted in this as any other girl of sixteen would have done in like circumstances. To their guidance she had been confided in her sixth year by her only surviving parent, and to her, at least, they "had been all gentleness." They had inculcated on her tender mind that obedience to them was virtue, and that her duty to God required her to second their efforts for the support of the Church in whose doctrines she had been nurtured. She reverenced them as the champions of that Church with the enthusiastic feelings of a young warm heart, without perhaps pausing to inquire whether the impelling motive of their proceedings "was not a selfish regard for the accumulation of ecclesiastical wealth, which their avarice had centred in their family."

To those who have studied the history of that period attentively, it

cannot but be a marvel how any Princess placed in the position Mary Stuart was, as the consort of the feeble boy King, Francis II., and the niece of the Guises, could have conducted herself so as to escape the shafts of party malice. Amidst all the horror and hatred excited by the unscrupulous proceedings of her uncles, she preserved her popularity, and was regarded not only with respect, but adoration, by the French nation. Her only enemy was Catherine de Medicis. Mary had incurred the ill-will of her royal mother-in-law, not only by eclipsing her political influence, but on a subject still more likely to provoke angry feelings, having, in the inconsiderate rashness of youth, hazarded an observation on the commercial origin of the wealthy family of the Medici, that was never forgiven by the haughtiest member of that house. From whatever source Mary's information emanated, the circumstance ought to act as a warning against that worst of folly, creating enmities by speaking on subjects calculated to give pain. The observation was not made to Catherine by Mary, but of her, and was doubtless aggravated by any person who was sufficiently devoid of good taste and good feeling as to repeat it. Outwardly, the two Queens lived on conventional terms of civility, and were frequently resident under the same roof. They both, with Francis II., accompanied the young Queen of Spain as far as Poictiers, on her journey towards the frontier, where she was delivered to the persons commissioned by Philip II. to receive her. This progress rather resembled a funeral procession, the bride and all her French retinue, as well as Francis, Mary, and the widowed Queen-mother, being attired in the deepest mourning for the late King. All the churches, and even the halls of reception, were draped with black.[1] Mary and her beloved sister-in-law parted, with many tears, never to meet again. They had been inseparable friends the chief part of their lives. No jealousy nor rivalry had ever occurred between them, although they had both been successively affianced to Edward VI.

Mary accompanied the young king her husband, and the Queen-mother, in a progress to Champigny, to see Madame Louise de Bourbon, sister to the great Duke de Bourbon, so famous in the time of Francis I. This lady was upwards of a hundred years of age, and retained her faculties, and even her beauty. She never left her chamber, but thither Queen Mary and the whole Court repaired every day, and regarded this remarkable Princess with the most lively interest.

A few days after Mary completed her seventeenth year an accident befell her while hunting, which had nearly been attended with fatal consequences. The headlong speed and excitement with which she and her ladies were pursuing their game, may be imagined from the methodical account transmitted by the English ambassador to his own court: "On the 19th of December, 1559, the young French Queen, being hunting and

[1] Mathieu, Histoire de France, livre iv. p. 213.

following the hart at full career, was in her course cast off her hunter by a bough of a tree, and with the suddenness of the fall was unable to call for help. Divers gentlemen and ladies of her chamber followed her ; three or four of them passed over her before she was espied, and some of their horses' hoofs were so near her that her hood was trodden on by them. As soon as she was raised from the ground, she spake, and said she felt no hurt ; and herself began to set her hair and dress her head, and so returned to the Court, where she kept her chamber till the King removed ; yet she passed that Christmas with Francis II. at the castle of Chambord.[1]

Francis and Mary were residing at Blois, with their Court, happy in each other's society, and enjoying the pleasures of the fields and woodland sports, when their tranquillity was painfully interrupted by the news of the conspiracy of Amboise. This plot, which occupies a conspicuous place in the history of France, can only be briefly mentioned in the personal annals of Mary Stuart. It was the commencement of that struggle for political and religious liberty, which for nearly thirty years deluged France with blood. The jealousy of the Bourbon Princes, Anthony King of Navarre and his brother the Prince de Condé, had been deeply piqued at finding themselves excluded from any share in the government, by their haughty kinsmen of the house of Guise. The Queen-mother artfully tampered with their disaffection to her son Francis. She had never loved him ; and now, on account of his undisguised preference for his consort, she regarded him with feelings whose hostile character she concealed under the most deceitful caresses.[2] Perceiving the growing power of the Huguenot party, and the unpopularity of the Guise administration, she allied herself secretly with the leaders of the opposition, was admitted to their confidence, and consented to the leading objects of their confederacy—which were to surprise and separate the King from his consort, and confine the young royal pair in separate fortresses, to send the Princes of the house of Guise to the scaffold, and place the government in the hands of the King of Navarre, Prince de Condé, Admiral de Coligni, and the Montmorencis—Catherine de Medicis had hoped to occupy the place of supreme head of this junta.[3] But they only used her as their tool, in like manner as she was endeavouring to render them subservient to her ambition and revenge. They were assisted by Queen Elizabeth with money, and encouraged with promises of English troops. Meantime the Duke de Guise obtained intimation of the formidable scheme in agitation, through the treachery of Avenelles, a Huguenot lawyer, and took measures to avert the ruin that impended over him and his family. His first step was to remove the King and Queen from Blois. Francis was excessively annoyed at the communication of a plot so un-

[1] Forbes Papers.

[2] See for full particulars La Popêlienière, D'Aubigné, and De Thou.

[3] At this period Throckmorton's despatches call Catherine de Medicis the "Protestant Queen."

expected, and which he suspected to have been provoked by the mal-administration of his informer. "What have I done," he exclaimed with passionate emotion, "to displease my people? I listen to their petitions, and desire to perform my duty to them. I have heard," continued he, pointedly, "that it is you, gentlemen, who cause disaffection: I wish you would leave me to myself, and we should soon see whether the blow is aimed at you or me." "Ah, sire!" replied the Cardinal de Lorraine, bending his knee before the young Sovereign, "if our retreat would satisfy your enemies, we should not hesitate to withdraw; but it is religion—it is the throne—it is France itself they wish to subvert. All these are menaced by the Huguenots, whose aim is to destroy the royal family, and to transform France into a republic. Such is the object of this conspiracy. Will you abandon your faithful servants? Will you abandon yourself?" Francis, thus urged, and convinced by irrefragable proofs of the correspondence of the Huguenot chiefs with England, no longer hesitated to put himself and his consort into the hands of the Guise party. The premature disclosure of the designs of the rival faction increased, instead of diminishing, the power of the house of Guise. Catherine de Medicis, to conceal from the world her share in the unsuccessful conspiracy, renewed her former intimacy with Cardinal de Lorraine, and betrayed and persecuted those who had rashly trusted her. Her crooked policy led her to avail herself of the very plot she had fostered for the purpose of destroying her unfortunate allies. A crisis of horror followed the removal of the young King and Queen to Amboise, where they, together with the young Princes and Princesses of the blood, and other personal attendants, were compelled to witness the heart-rending scenes of slaughter and terror which took place before the palace.

It was at this period that Mary preserved her Latin master, George Buchanan, who was implicated in the conspiracy, from the stake to which he had been doomed, as a priest who had violated his vows.[1] Mary and Francis both sickened with the horrors of their sojourn at Amboise, and were at last permitted to retire for the benefit of their health to Chenonceaux, whence, after a little repose, they proceeded to Loches, and subsequently to St Germain-en-Laye. Mary was plunged in the deepest grief by the death of her unfortunate mother, in Edinburgh Castle, in June.

The young Sovereigns were never stationary many days together: we find them at Romorentin in the beginning of June, at Paris in July; and on the 21st of August they proceeded to Fontainebleau, where the meeting of the Estates of France was convened. Mary was present when her royal husband, in an agitated voice, opened the Assembly of the Notables, as it was called. He had grown tall and slender, almost to attenuation, in the course of the last few months, and his pallid counte-

[1] Michel de Castelnau, Brantôme.

nance bore traces of his sufferings. Mary looked brighter and more animated than usual. Montluc, the bishop of Valence, who had just returned from Scotland, advocated in the Assembly the necessity both of Church and individual reform; and, addressing himself pointedly to Francis, recommended that he and his household should hear a sermon every day. "And you, my ladies, the Queens," said he, turning to Mary and her mother-in-law, "pardon me if I presume to entreat that you will be pleased to ordain that, instead of foolish songs, your ladies and demoiselles shall, for the future, sing nothing but the Psalms of David, and those spiritual melodies which contain the praises of God." [1]

From Fontainebleau Mary and her husband returned to St Germain, where they hoped to enjoy a season of domestic peace and pleasure. But neither repose nor pleasure were allowed the poor young King, under the shadow of whose authority the tyrannical statesmen who grasped the reins of state acted. They had decided on cutting off the Prince de Condé, for the share he had taken in the conspiracy of Amboise; and his death was to be followed by other illustrious victims, for the purpose of striking terror into the party by whom the principles of the Reformation were supported. This tragedy was intended to take place at Orleans: the presence of Francis with his popular and prepossessing Queen being considered necessary to the successful accomplishment of the project. The purpose for which the progress towards Orleans was decreed by the Queen-mother of Francis, and the uncles of Mary, was for a time concealed from the young royal pair, who were required to act the part of acquiescent puppets in measures much opposed to the natural feelings of both. The arrest of Condé had not taken place when the States of France were, at the instance of his mother and ministers, summoned by Francis to meet him at Orleans. Accompanied by Mary, who was never absent from him, whether in joy or sadness, sickness or health, the youthful King bade adieu to St Germain on the 10th of October. At Paris they were joined by the Queen-mother.[2] They set out with a guard of twelve hundred horse, their force gradually increasing, as loyal nobles and chevaliers joined them with their men-at-arms.

It is a matter of notoriety that, under pretence of some offence committed in the King's presence, Condé was to have been assassinated during his first interview at Orleans. Francis II., however, who was perforce informed of the plan, forbade the homicide in such terms that the bold brethren of the house of Guise dared not persist. Disappointed in their *coup d'état*, one of them exclaimed within his hearing,—"By the double cross of Lorraine, but we have a poor creature for our King!"[3] And historians, whether writing in favour of Huguenots or Roman Catholics,

[1] Mémoires de Condé, La Popêlienière.
[2] La Popêlienière, Histoire de France, 1581, vol. i. p. 211.
[3] Memoires de Condé. La Popêlienière, Histoire de France.

have concurred in the same opinion, without casting a moment's consideration on the high moral courage manifested by the young monarch in withstanding the wilfulness of his ministers—men whose energy of purpose was equalled alone by their great abilities. As Francis II. was swayed in all he did by his beloved Queen, their niece Mary, it cannot be doubted that she strengthened his just determination. Condé was arrested on the 30th of October, as he was leaving the cabinet of the Queen-mother, who, with her usual treachery, had been persuading him she was very much his friend.

In the midst of the conflicting passions and intrigues which convulsed the court and cabinet of her royal husband, the young Queen's mind was sorely crossed by the affairs of her own realm. She had especially instructed her commissioners, then treating for peace, not to admit the insurgent lords to their conferences, and by no means to recognize the treaty they had made with Elizabeth, in violation of their allegiance to their native sovereign, and, indeed, to the law of nations. But for some reason, the French commissioners thought proper to act in direct contradiction to their orders, and united with those of England and the Lords of the Congregation in concluding the Treaty of Edinburgh, the articles of which were so manifestly against the interests of Mary that Cecil could not refrain from congratulating his royal mistress, Queen Elizabeth, "on its having given her the sovereignty of that realm, which her warlike ancestors had vainly endeavoured to win by the sword." Mary, although only a girl of seventeen, would have been strangely deficient in the spirit of her race, and unworthy of her vocation as Queen of Scotland, if she could have acceded to such a treaty. Its effects, even unratified, had been to encourage her subjects to act independently of their duty to her, and the laws of their country. They had convened a parliament without her authority, and passed many acts which it was impossible she could approve; and they had communicated their proceedings to the Queen of England, and taken her opinions on them, before they had so much as notified them in any way to herself, their lawful Sovereign. They had, moreover, despatched a grand ambassade of three Earls and their followers to Elizabeth, with thanks for her late assistance, professions of their love and respect for her person, and a secret offer to her of the Earl of Arran, the heir of the realm, for a husband, if she would condescend to accept him. To Mary they only sent Sir James Sandilands, called the Grand-Prior of Scotland and Lord of St John, being the secularized possessor of the rich temporalities of the Knights of St John of Jerusalem in Scotland. He had taken a very decided part against the Queen-regent, and was of course a person little acceptable to his young Sovereign in any respect. Throckmorton, Elizabeth's subtle representative and spy at the Court of France, who had followed Francis and Mary from Paris to Orleans, was importunate for the ratification of a treaty so manifestly to the advantage

of his royal mistress. After several unsatisfactory interviews with Francis and his premier, Cardinal de Lorraine, Throckmorton received a decided negative to his request.[1] He then demanded to be permitted to confer with Mary herself on the subject, fancying, perhaps, that it would not be difficult to beguile a girl of her age and inexperience in diplomacy. But her reply was alike indicative of her implicit submission to the decision of her consort and her personal high spirit. "Such answer," said she, "as the King, my lord and husband, and his council, hath made you in that matter might suffice; but, because you shall know I have reason to do as I do, I will tell you what moveth me to refuse to ratify the treaty: my subjects in Scotland do their duty in nothing, nor have they performed one point that belongeth unto them. I am their Queen, and so they call me, but they use me not so. They have done what pleaseth them; and though I have not many faithful subjects there, yet those few that be on my party were not present when those matters were done, nor at that assembly. I will have them assemble by my authority, and proceed in their doings after the laws of the realm, which they do so much boast of, and keep none of them."[2]

Throckmorton expressed his regret that the ratification of the treaty was refused, as it would give the Queen, his mistress, reason to suspect that no good was intended to her by the King and Queen of France, more particularly as they continued, he observed, to bear her arms in direct opposition to the articles of that treaty. "Mine uncles," replied Mary, "have sufficiently answered you on that matter; and for your part," added she, emphatically, "I pray you to do the office of a good minister between us, and you shall do well."

Mary received Sir James Sandilands with civility, when she granted him his audience, though she protested against the measures of those whose delegate he was, and positively refused to ratify the Treaty of Edinburgh, or to sanction any of the acts of a Parliament which had assembled without her authority, observing "that they must be taught to know that their duty was to assemble in their Sovereign's name, not in their own, as though they would make Scotland a republic. She lamented that the King her husband, who coincided in all her sentiments, was too ill to admit him to his presence, and dismissed him with good words, and a significant exhortation "to perform his duty as an upright minister, between his Sovereign and her subjects."

The illness under which Francis was suffering attacked him on the 15th of November, with a pain in his head and one of his ears, which prevented the removal he and Mary had projected.[3] His physicians declared that his recovery was doubtful, and that such was the feebleness of his constitution, that, under any circumstances, he could not survive two years.

[1] Throckmorton's Correspondence on Scotch Affairs, in the State Paper Office.
[2] Ibid. [3] Throckmorton to Chamberlayne—Wright's Elizabeth.

Although Mary was unremitting in her tender attention to her suffering partner, and was supposed to be likely to bring an heir to France and Scotland, errant fame on the report of her husband's illness was busy in providing her with a second consort: some matching her with Don Carlos the heir of Spain; others bestowing the reversion of her hand on the Emperor's son, the Archduke Charles.[1] Meantime, Francis recovered sufficiently to give audience of leave-taking to Lord Seton, ordering him to be paid eight hundred francs, his arrears as his gentleman of the bed-chamber, thanking him for the good and faithful service done to him and the Queen his wife, and promising further rewards. Lord Seton was to pass through England, bearing a letter from Mary, and her portrait, to present to Queen Elizabeth. Before, however, the conclusion of his letter Throckmorton says "that the Queen cannot write at this time, nor have the picture finished."[2] Francis was not so well, and all her attention was engrossed by him. On the 1st of December, Throckmorton writes to Queen Elizabeth, "The King is better, but so very weak and feeble that he has not been able to keep the feast of St Andrew's Day; yet the physicians mistrust no danger of his life for this time. And whereas," continues Throckmorton, "I wrote to your Majesty that the French Queen was not then minded to send your Majesty her picture, which she had promised, I understand that she has given order that my Lord Seton shall both bring a letter from her to your Majesty, and also her picture."[3]

Francis, who was fast sinking under the twofold pressure of an acute mortal malady and the distractions of the crisis into which he had been dragged by his ministers, was eager to escape from the agitating conflicts which surrounded him at Orleans to the retirement of Chenonceaux, with his devoted consort. The consent of the pitiless junta by whom their motions were directed, to the departure of the young royal pair, is, with great probability, attributed by Knox to this reason, "that there should be no suit made to the King for the saving of any man's life, whom they thought worthy of death." Francis, impatient to be gone, ordered his household to be broken up, and his tapestry and other movables to be transported to Chenonceaux. His directions were obeyed with such promptitude that nothing but bare walls were left in the royal apartments on the morning of the 3rd of December, the day appointed for his departure. Their Majesties attended the vesper-service in the church of St Croix in their travelling-dresses, intending to have set out on their journey immediately afterwards; but the King, who was not in a state of health to be exposed with impunity to the sharp draughts of a large cold cathedral, at that bitter season of the year, was stricken with agonizing pain in his ears and head—a severe and fatal relapse, as it proved, of the illness from which he was only partially recovered. He was conveyed back to

[1] State Paper Office, Throckmorton to the Queen, Orleans, Nov. 28, 1560.
[2] Ibid. [3] Throckmorton to Elizabeth, Orleans, Dec. 1, 1560.

his palace, whence, in consequence of the preparations for his departure with the Queen to Chenonceaux, all the furniture had been removed, so that not even a bed remained for his accommodation. He was laid on a mattress, till a more comfortable couch could be prepared, and a canopy placed over him. Small solace was there in that dismantled desolate chamber for his faithful consort, who never left his side till the termination of his earthly sufferings. His complaint was an abscess in the ear, attended with acute inflammation of the brain.[1]

When the last offices of the Church were administered to Francis by Cardinal de Lorraine, the dying youth entreated "absolution for all the wicked deeds which had been done in his name by his ministers of state"—a request which created great sensation among the noble crowd who surrounded his bed, for the officiating Cardinal was his premier. Aware that the hand of death was upon him, Francis appeared to regret nothing but his separation from her who was the only true mourner among those by whom his dying-bed was surrounded. She had been the angel of his life, and with grateful fondness he lifted up his dying voice to bless her, and to bear testimony to her virtues and devoted love to him. With his last feeble accents he recommended her to his mother, "to whom he bequeathed her," he said, "as a daughter; also to his brothers and sisters, whom he entreated to regard her as a sister, and always to take care of her for his sake."[2] The fever and agony in his head and ear returning with redoubled violence, he became speechless, all but a soft low whispering of inarticulate words—addressed to the faithful conjugal nurse, who never stirred from his pillow till the dying struggle closed. "On the 5th of December, at eleven o'clock in the night," says Throckmorton, "he departed to God, leaving as heavy and dolorous a wife as of good right she had reason to be, who, by long watching with him during his sickness, [which, from the first attack, November 15th, lasted nineteen days,] and by painful diligence about him, especially the issue thereof, is not in the best time of her body, but without danger."[3]

If any reader, whose estimate of Mary Stuart's character and conduct has been framed by the evidence of her self-interested accusers, should ask what friendly hand has sketched this touching picture of a sorrowful young widow, in the first anguish of her bereavement, ill and exhausted with her personal fatigues and anxious vigils by the death-bed of a husband, unattractive to all but her? we answer, that it was no partial pen, being derived from Throckmorton's journalizing despatch to Queen Elizabeth; in which, without the slightest intention to paint the rival Queen in colours too interesting, he has, for the information of his royal mistress,[4] related facts as they were, in a few brief words, which say more for Mary

[1] Mathieu, Histoire de France. [2] Connaeo, Vita Maria Stuarta.

[3] Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, from Orleans, December 6, 1560—State Paper Office MS. [4] Ibid.

than volumes of panegyric from any other source. "Ah, Francis!—happy brother!" would Charles IX. exclaim, whenever he looked on Mary's portrait; "though your life and reign were so short, you were to be envied in this, that you were the possessor of that angel, and the object of her love." [1]

Francis II. had not completed his regal majority, being only sixteen years, ten months, and fifteen days old—an age at which a modern sovereign would not be considered responsible for public acts done in his name.

CHAPTER V.

The royal widow, aware that by the death of Francis she had retrograded from her pre-eminent rank in the French Court to the inferior position of a Queen-dowager, waited not to be reminded by her unsympathizing mother-in-law of the change in her degree, but instantly vacated the royal apartments she had occupied in the palace at Orleans as Queen of France. She remained, however, according to the *rigueur* of regal etiquette in Orleans, in her *deuil* chamber, till after the obsequies of her lamented lord had been solemnized. Her grief was aggravated by perceiving that she was the only sincere mourner for him, and that, beyond her own personal demonstrations, it was not in her power to procure those funereal marks of respect usually shown to the remains of the sovereigns of France. It was among the peculiar customs of French royalty that a Queen-dowager, immediately after the death of the King her husband, always retired into the profoundest seclusion, daylight being rigorously shut out of her apartments, which were hung with black. She was served by lamp-light, and only approached by females. The garb she assumed for her deceased royal lord being white from head to foot, and this she wore for forty days: hence she was called in France, *la blanche Reine.*

Mary Stuart assumed the black weeds of widowhood, and appeared in public when her husband's body was removed for burial at St Denis. Mention is made by one of her Scottish nobles of the great black hood their Queen wore at Orleans the day of the funeral of Francis II. Not that she followed his corpse to the place of interment, but there were ceremonies previous to burial in the ritual of her Church, of dirge, aspersion, and procession round the coffin before removal, at which it appears she assisted. Mary wore the widow's black robes through four years of her young life—for such was the custom of her rank at that era. She completed her eighteenth year a few days after her bereavement, and her

[1] Brantôme.

melancholy birthday was spent in her *deuil* chamber in tears and prayers.

An elegant marble pillar was subsequently erected by Mary, as a tribute of her affection, to mark the spot where the heart of Francis II. was deposited in Orleans Cathedral.[1] She also caused a medal to be engraved in commemoration of her love and grief, having the following simple but quaint device, emblematical of her buried consort and herself—namely, a liquorice plant, the stem of which is bitter, bending mournfully towards the root, with this motto, "Earth hides my sweetness." The decease of her young consort, so quickly following that of her only parent, impressed Mary's mind with deep conviction of the uncertainty of human life. She surrounded herself with sombre images and emblems of mortality. She had a crystal watch made in the shape of a coffin for her own use, and another in the form of a helmeted death's-head, which she presented to her favourite maid of honour, Mary Seton.

"The Queen-mother," observes Sir James Melville, "was blithe of the death of King Francis her son, because she had no guiding of him, but only the Duke de Guise and the Cardinal his brother, by reason that the Queen our mistress was their sister's daughter. So the Queen-mother was content to be quit of the government of the house of Guise, and for their sake she had a great misliking of our Queen."

The respect which the conduct and character of Mary excited at this period, both from friend and foe, may best be seen from the testimony borne by the generally invidious pen of Throckmorton, in his report to the English Privy Council, three weeks after the death of Francis. "Now that God hath thus disposed of the late French King, whereby the Scottish Queen is left a widow, one of the special things your lordships have to consider, and to have an eye to, is the marriage of that Queen. During her husband's life there was no great account made of her, for that, being under the bond of marriage and subjection to her husband, who carried the burden and care of all her matters, there was offered no great occasion to know what was in her:" a statement which assuredly ought to have exonerated Mary from all reproach for political transactions, including the assumption of the arms and title of England. "But since her husband's death," proceeds Throckmorton, "she hath showed that she is both of great wisdom for her years, modesty, and also of great judgment in the wise handling herself and her matters. And already it appeareth that some such as made no great account of her, do now, seeing her wisdom, both honour and pity her."[2]

After this high testimony to the prudence of Mary, he gives the following curious record of her proceedings in the first stage of her widowhood: "Immediately upon her husband's death she changed her lodgings, withdrew herself from all company, and became so solitary, and exempt from

[1] Tombeaux des Personnes Illustres, par M. de Sauvreur.
[2] Throckmorton to the Privy Council, Dec. 31, 1560.—State Paper Office MS.

all worldliness, that she doth not to this day see daylight, and so will continue out forty days. For the space of fifteen days after the death of her said husband, she admitted no man to come into her chamber, but the King," (Charles IX., a boy of ten years old, who was excessively fond of her,) "his brethren, the King of Navarre, (her first cousin,) the Constable, and her uncles ; and about four or five days after that was content to admit some bishops, and the ancient knights of the order,"—meaning that of St Michael, of which Mary was, as the consort of the late Sovereign of France, one of the ladies. The ambassadors were afterwards admitted. "For my part," continues Throckmorton, who had, as we have seen, for upwards of a year and a half, kept the most vigilant observation, both personal and by his agents, on her every look, word, and action, "I see her behaviour to be such, and her wisdom and queenly modesty so great, in that she thinketh herself not too wise." The estimate formed by Throckmorton of Mary's courage and practical abilities being fully equal to his idea of "her wisdom and queenly modesty," he cannot, he says, "but fear her proceedings, if any means be left, and offered for her to take advantage of."

He mentions that the hand of the Queen of Scotland was sought by the Archduke of Austria, son to the Emperor, and the report was that they should marry. He writes the same day to the object of Elizabeth's indiscreet passion, Lord Robert Dudley—a passion which the mysterious and tragical death of his hapless wife, Amy Robsart, rendered no less disgraceful to her as a woman than derogatory to her dignity as a Queen. Throckmorton makes no allusion in that quarter to the painful report he had communicated to Cecil ; but he speaks of the prudence and virtues of her royal kinswoman in such terms as were doubtless intended to impress on the mind of the presumptuous Dudley how injurious the contrast between the deportment of the two Queens at this period would be to Elizabeth. "For assuredly," he says, "the Queen of Scotland, her Majesty's cousin, doth carry herself so honourably, advisedly, and discreetly, as I cannot but fear her progress. Methinks it were to be wished of all wise men, and her Majesty's good subjects, that the one of these two Queens of the isle of Britain were transformed into the shape of a man, to make so happy a marriage as thereby might be an unity of the whole isle and their appendancies."[1]

The year 1561 dawned on Mary in her darkened chamber at Orleans, and found her, though closely secluded from the world, the object of matrimonial proposals and speculations. "The house of Guise," writes Throckmorton, "do use all the means they can to bring to pass the marriage betwixt the Prince of Spain and the Queen of Scotland. The King of Navarre and the Constable work as much, on their parts, for the

[1] Inedited State Paper Office MS., Letter of Throckmorton to Cecil, December 31, 1560.

marriage of her to the Earl of Arran."[1] Mary's hand had been negatively engaged to Arran in the first month of her life and reign. He was the eldest son of the heir-presumptive to the throne of Scotland, was beautiful in person, and had received a French education—having been resident in that polite Court almost as long as Mary herself. He had also been much in her society ; and, till he saw her absolutely married to the Dauphin, had cherished hopes of becoming her husband. After that event he had suffered himself to be deluded by the English faction into treasonable practices against his Sovereign, and made a formal offer of his hand to Queen Elizabeth. It had been the policy of that Princess to encourage without accepting him ; but when Mary became a widow he broke through all the snares in which he had been entangled, and resolved to enter the lists with the royal suitors who contended for her hand. Mary, of course, scorned the idea of wedding one of her own subjects, who had so far forgotten his allegiance to her as to have rendered himself the tool and dupe of her kinswoman of England.

As early as the 8th of January, 1560-1, Mary, in a letter addressed to the Lord Gray, intimates her intention of returning to Scotland. " Since," says she, " it has pleased God to call the King our lord and dearest husband to his mercy, we have thought good to make you participant that our intent is to pass shortly in those parts, to live amongst our subjects in all content and amity."

The most interesting event that occurred to the fair widow during her forty days' seclusion from the light of day, in her white weeds and black-draped chamber, was the incognito visit she received from her youthful cousin, Henry, Lord Darnley. That politic and deep-seeing lady, Margaret, Countess of Lennox, having on the death of her niece's royal consort, Francis II., conjectured that Mary's return to Scotland to assume the government of her own realm must follow as a matter of course, had taken the bold step of despatching her eldest son very secretly to seek an interview with Mary, and deliver letters of condolence from herself and his father, Matthew, Earl of Lennox, with such expressions of affection and zeal for her service as might best bespeak her favour for the reversal of Lennox's attainder, and the restoration of his family estates. But these were trifles in comparison to the vast possessions in Scotland which Lady Lennox claimed as the only child of Archibald, Earl of Angus. The wealth and honours of that powerful house were now in the occupation of the nephew and ward of the Earl of Morton, and thus materially assisted in giving a preponderance to the oligarchic and formidable faction that had opposed itself to the authority of the late Queen-regent of Scotland. Under these circumstances Lady Lennox was eager to demonstrate to her royal niece that the power of the Crown

[1] Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, Orleans, Jan. 10, 1560-1.—State Paper Office MS.

of Scotland would be materially augmented by dispossessing the ward of the inimical Morton of the earldom of Angus, in favour of herself, or rather to transfer it to her son, as the male descendant of the elder line, who would be devoted to her service. Another inheritance of far greater importance, even that of the Crown of England, was in perspective; and in this the interests of Mary Stuart, as the heiress-presumptive, and her aunt the Countess of Lennox, as the next in succession to her, were closely connected. But Lady Lennox possessed the advantage of being an English-born princess; whereas Mary, as a Scottish woman, was accounted an alien;—and this circumstance was by a strong party objected, as disqualifying her for the regal inheritance. Mary had no child, but the Countess of Lennox was the mother of a fair son, English born, and fast approaching to man's estate. Reason and political expediency alike suggested a union between the young Queen and her English cousin, but it unluckily happened that the young Lord Darnley had only completed his fifteenth year on the 7th of December; while Mary, on the 8th, had attained the comparatively mature age of eighteen. Darnley was, however, precocious in stature; had received as elaborate an education as Mary herself; had been carefully instructed in all courtly accomplishments and etiquettes which his position as the first Prince of the blood-royal of England rendered necessary.

History and tradition have both asserted that the first interview between Mary and Darnley took place in the wave-beaten towers of Wemyss, on the coast of Fifeshire, in 1565; but documentary evidence proves that these ill-fated cousins met four years earlier, in the ominous gloom of Mary's *deuil* chamber, in the French King's palace at Orleans. The presentation of Darnley was easily effected through the agency of his uncle, the Lord D'Aubigny, who was in the service of the young French monarch; and, having been in that of the late Queen-regent of Scotland, was on confidential terms with Mary herself, to whom his relationship afforded him access, even during her seclusion from the rest of the world. The manner of Darnley's introduction into the presence of the royal widow was so stealthily arranged as to escape alike the attention of the Queen-mother of France and the espionage of the Argus-eyed Throckmorton.

The secret of the juvenile Paladin's stolen expedition to visit *la blanche Reine* in her *deuil* chamber at Orleans, whereby he actually got the start of the maturer suitors for her hand, who were content to woo by their grave old diplomatic procurators, and the circumstance of her intrusting him with letters for the Earl and Countess of Lennox, were divulged, several months after his return, through the domestic spies whom Queen Elizabeth had employed to watch the movements of the Countess, and especially her correspondence with the Queen of Scots.[1]

[1] See Forbes's Examinations in the State Paper Office Correspondence; also the

After the forty days of seclusion from the light of the sun within her dolorous chamber were fully accomplished, Mary left Orleans and withdrew to a chateau at a short distance from that town. Sir James Melville, who came as the representative of the Prince Palatine, to pay her a state visit of condolence and to comfort her, says, "Our Queen seeing her friends in disgrace, and knowing herself not to be well liked, left the Court, and was a sorrowful widow when I took my leave at her in a gentleman's house, four miles from Orleans." She received, however, every proper demonstration of attention from the members of the royal family in her voluntary retirement, being visited every other day by her little brother-in-law, the King of France, the Queen-mother, and all the princes of the Court. The Spanish ambassador and his lady were also frequent visitors. Their intimacy with Mary excited the jealousy of the Queen-mother, who entertained a strong political objection against her forming a matrimonial connection with Don Carlos, the heir of Spain, and kept the most vigorous observation on the proceedings of the young royal widow. How entirely Mary's heart was buried in the grave of the wedded love of her youth may be seen by the elegiac verses she employed her melancholy retirement in composing. She was not, however, so entirely absorbed in her poetic reveries, and mental communing with her lamented Francis, as to render her unmindful of her duties as a Sovereign. Instead of spending the residue of that sorrowful winter in conventual seclusion at Rheims with her aunt, Renée de Lorraine, Abbess of St Pierre, as she desired, Mary had to return with Catherine de Medicis to Fontainebleau, to receive the Earl of Bedford, bearer of the condolences of Queen Elizabeth on the death of the young King her consort. Their first interview, on the 16th of February, was confined to mere expressions of sympathy. Mary declared herself grateful to Queen Elizabeth for sending to comfort her in her affliction. The ambassador told her he had matter to discuss for which he required another audience. Mary appointed him to come again on the 18th. He was ushered into her presence by her uncle, the Duke de Guise, and spoke at some length on the points contained in his instructions. Mary replied "that she thanked her Majesty, the Queen of England, for her good advice, which she said she would take in good part and follow, both because it came from her royal sister and cousin, and also that she took it to be profitable for her;" adding, "that now she had need of friendship and good counsel, considering in what case and estate she stood. There were more reasons," she said, "to move perfect and assured amity between the Queen's Majesty her sister and her, than betwixt any two princes in all Christendom, for they were both in one isle, both of one language, the nearest kinswomen that each other had, and both Queens." Throckmorton replied by urging her

Life of Margaret Countess of Lennox.—Lives of Queens of Scotland and English Princesses, vol. ii.

to give proof of her amicable feelings towards the Queen his mistress by ratifying the Treaty of Edinburgh.

"Helas! my lord," replied Mary, "what would you have me do? I have no council here; the matter is great to ratify a treaty, and especially for one of my years." "Madam," observed Throckmorton, "Monsieur de Guise, your uncle, is here present, by whom, I think, as reason is, you will be advised. I see others here, also, of whom you have been pleased to take counsel; the matter is not such but that you may proceed without any great delay, seeing it hath been promised so often that it should be ratified." "Monsieur l'Ambassadeur," returned the young Sovereign, "for those things that were done in my said late husband's time I am not to be charged; for then I was under his obedience, and now I would be loth to do anything unadvisedly. But because it is a great matter, I pray you give me respite till I speak with you again, and then I will make you answer. Monsieur l'Ambassadeur," she playfully added, "I have to challenge you with breach of promise; you can remember that you promised me, in case I would send to the Queen my good sister my picture, that I should have hers in recompense thereof; and because I made no small account of the same, I was very glad that that condition was offered me to have it. You know I have sent mine to the Queen my good sister, according to my promise, but have not received hers. I pray you, therefore, procure that I may have it, whereof I am so desirous, that I shall think the time long till I have it."

There is a portrait of Mary Stuart at Windsor Castle, in the lobby of the private chapel-royal, which, although it has attracted little attention, is one of the most beautiful and touchingly interesting of all her contemporary likenesses. It represents her in the tender bloom of sweet eighteen, but entirely enveloped in black crape, which forms both veil and mantle, being simply confined on the breast with one large pearl pin. The effect is very peculiar; for, with the exception of the lawn border of her widow's cap, which is subdued by being seen through the transparent folds of the black crape, that pearl is the only white in the picture. She holds a cross in one hand and a crowned globe in the other, looking mournful but resigned, and as if her thoughts were more on heaven than earth. This was probably the picture she here mentions, as having sent to Elizabeth, after the death of Francis II.

The respite Mary had solicited of the ambassadors only lasted till the next day, when at their farewell audience they desired to have her resolute answer. "My Lord," replied Mary, "inasmuch as I have none of the nobles of my realm of Scotland here to take advice of, by whom the Queen my sister doth advise me to be counselled, I dare not, nor think it good to ratify the said treaty; and, as you know, if I should do any act that might concern the realm without their advice and counsel, it were like I should have them such subjects unto me as I have had them. But

for all such matters as be past, I have forgotten them, and at the Queen my good sister's desire I have pardoned them, trusting that I shall find them hereafter, by her means, better and more loving subjects than they have been. Whether I have had cause to think amiss of them or no I put it to her judgment."

In conclusion she expressed an ardent desire for a personal interview with the Queen of England for the settling of all matters in dispute. Mary acknowledged, in a courteous autograph letter, the respect Queen Elizabeth had paid her, in sending the Earl of Bedford to offer her condolences on the death of her royal husband. "If the friendship and consolations of the dearest friends," she said, "had power to alleviate the affliction which it has pleased God to send us—and our trouble, which is extreme, would be, without the grace of God, insupportable—I confess that we have cause to find this visitation (by the ambassador) very agreeable, inasmuch as we have learned from him the desire you have of continuing that perfect amity, that we have all our life desired to exercise towards you."

Of all the hundred French palaces which Mary, during the brief reign of her royal consort Francis, called her own, she loved Fontainebleau the best. That abode of regal luxury and delight had been endeared to her, not only by the gay fêtes and pageants, in which she had been accustomed, from her sixth year upwards, to play a leading part, but by the tender recollections of that dear companion of her early joys, whom she should behold no more. Meantime, every royal bachelor or widower in Christendom, whether of the old faith or the new, entered the lists, in hopes of winning Mary Stuart to wife. The Roman Catholic princes preferred their suit through her uncles, Cardinal de Lorraine and the Duke de Guise; the Protestants through the King of Navarre and the Queen-mother of France. Catherine, anxious to be rid of the presence of her beautiful daughter-in-law, whose universal popularity displeased her, laboured to make up a match between her and the Earl of Arran. The King of Navarre[1] discouraged all Mary's royal suitors, whether Protestants or Catholics, yet pretended to favour the suit of his friend Arran; but the secret spring of much mysterious finessing and double-dealing in his conduct was, that, being deeply enamoured of Mary himself, he was casting about in his own mind how he might rid himself of his own wife in order to try his fortunes among the rival aspirants for her hand—a scheme no less profligate than absurd on the part of a man of his age and profession, as one of the leaders of the Reformed party.

Mary's inclinations were so averse from matrimony at this juncture, that it required all the influence of her uncles, aunts, cousins, and grandmother, to prevent her from burying herself in the convent at Rheims, of which her aunt, Renée de Lorraine, was the Abbess. Though only

[1] Antony Duke of Bourbon and nominal King of Navarre, father of Henry Quatre.

eighteen, Mary was world-weary, having already received sharp lessons on the unsatisfactory nature of earthly greatness, and she shrank with natural alarm from the uncongenial lot that awaited her, in her fatal vocation, as the Sovereign of a divided realm. She had, within the last few months, wept over a mother's broken heart and a husband's premature deathbed—both victims to the pains and penalties of royalty, under circumstances of precisely the same character as those with which she, in her youth and inexperience, was expected to struggle.

CHAPTER VI.

Mary spent her Easter festival at Rheims, and then commenced her progress towards Joinville, where she had promised a visit to her grandmother.

The leading members of the two jarring parties which divided Scotland—the adherents of the old faith and the supporters of the Reformation—had each sent a deputy to invite her return to Scotland. The delegate of the Roman Catholic nobles was John Lesley, afterwards Bishop of Ross; that of the Lords of the Congregation was her illegitimate brother, the Prior of St Andrews. They started from different points of Scotland at nearly the same time. Lesley sailed from Aberdeen to Brill, in Holland, and met the young Queen at St Vitry, in Champagne, on the 14th of April. The Prior of St Andrews passed through England, that he might receive his instructions from Queen Elizabeth, by whom he was affectionately entertained for several days; and, notwithstanding this agreeable delay, arrived at his place of destination, St Diziers, on the fifteenth of the same month.[1] Lesley brought offers of devotion from the Roman Catholic magnates, who entreated their Sovereign to come, supported by a military force, from France; and promised, if she would land at Aberdeen, where every one was of her own religion, they would meet her with twenty thousand men, and enable her to repeal, with a high hand, all the statutes that had been passed by the illegal Parliament, which had convened without her authority, and to re-establish both Church and State on the old model. Mary fully justified the estimate Throckmorton had expressed of her wisdom and regnal talents, by resisting this temptation.

Her affection for her brother, which had been strong in childhood, revived when they met. He promised faithful obedience for the future, and assured her she would require no foreign army to support her authority, for that all the congregational party were willing to return

[1] Keith. Lesley.

to their allegiance, if she allowed the establishment of the Reformed religion to remain undisturbed. She endeavoured to persuade him to return to the profession in which he had been educated, but found him immovable on that point. He had got all he could hope for in Scotland from the Church of Rome—the secure possession of the richest abbey there, without the drawback of keeping up the stately structure, which he had, with a shrewd regard to the prevention of such demands on his revenues, lent a helping hand to destroy. He held these rich estates, not as he would have done had he remained an ecclesiastical Prior—merely as a life tenant—but as an hereditary possession for himself and his heirs, or with power of alienation if he deemed it desirable to enjoy its value in gold. Mary tried to tempt his pride with the offer of procuring him a Cardinal's hat; his cupidity, with the promise of foreign benefices;—but those were all vague and imaginary in comparison with the solid wealth and advantages he held at present. The bluntness of his manners impressed not only his royal sister, but that polished dissembler, Cardinal de Lorraine himself, with respect for his honesty and uncompromising sincerity of word and deed; and he recommended Mary to admit him to her councils, and, in fact, to place him at the head of her affairs.

She not only treated him with the same favour and distinction as if he had been a legitimate scion of the royal house of Scotland, but consulted him on her most private affairs. She invited him to accompany her to Joinville, when she proceeded on her long-anticipated visit to her grandmother, Antoinette de Bourbon, Duchess-dowager de Guise. This Princess had retired since her widowhood to her dower castle of Joinville, where she resided in such complete solitude that she had no intercourse with the world, scarcely any with her species, excepting when she issued from its walls to distribute in alms the money she would not consume in pleasure or luxury. She passed her time in austere asceticism, practising most rigidly all the observances of the Romish Church. Therefore it was to no place of pleasure or gaiety that the sorrow-stricken young Queen craved to flee, from the tumults and hollow ceremonials of the French Court.

Several of Mary's nobles came to pay their duty to her while she was at Joinville, and formed themselves into a guard of honour to attend her on her progresses during her sojourn in France. Among those were the Earls of Eglinton and Bothwell, who remained in her service and returned in her train to Scotland.[1] It is a point of some importance in the progressive development of the events of Mary's life to mark the time, place, and circumstances, under which her first acquaintance commenced with the man who afterwards held such a baleful influence on her destiny. Few persons are aware of the fact that Bothwell was in attendance on his youthful Sovereign for upwards of four months when both were single,

[1] Lesley's History of Scotland, p. 294.

and there was nothing to prevent Mary from bestowing her hand upon him if he had been the object of her affections; and surely at six-and-twenty he was more likely to have been a thriving wooer than at a more advanced period of life, when—

> "All that gives gloss to sin, all gay
> Light folly, passed with youth away;
> But rooted left, in manhood's hour,
> The weeds of vice without their flower."

Bothwell, nothwithstanding the advantages of a French education, which he had enjoyed, and the literary talent he undoubtedly possessed, was rough and uncourtly in his manners, and awkward in his gait. His person was unprepossessing, and his natural ugliness was rendered more conspicuous by the loss of an eye.[1] He was a man of sufficient political importance to merit particular observation from the English resident ambassador in France, as appears from the following notice of his movements in the preceding autumn, and the accurate sketch of his character, from that minister: "The said Earl is departed suddenly from this realm to return to Scotland by Flanders, and hath made boast that he will do great things, and live in Scotland in despite of all men. He is boastful, rash, and hazardous."[2]

Bothwell, besides a rich patrimony, held several great hereditary offices. He was Lord Admiral of Scotland, Keeper of Edinburgh Castle and Hermitage Castle, Sheriff of West Lothian, and Lieutenant of the Southern Border. Under these circumstances, it was manifestly the young Sovereign's interest to treat him with consideration, in order to bind him to her cause. He had, moreover, entitled himself to her grateful recognisance on account of the signal service he had rendered to the late Queen her mother, in the autumn of 1559, by intercepting and tearing from the traitor, Cockburn of Ormiston, Queen Elizabeth's bribe of four thousand pounds, which the said Cockburn had received from Crofts and Sadler, and was conveying to the insurgent lords,[3]—an exploit never, of course, to be forgiven by the party he had disobliged, although he was, as far as hatred to Romanism could render him, a stanch Reformer; nor could Mary ever induce him to practise the slightest conformity to the observances of that Church to which she was so ardently attached.

Mary's brother, the Lord James, remained with her about a week at Joinville, and attended her four leagues out of that town on her way to Nanci, where she dismissed him, and entreated him not to return through England; but, as she had no power to prevent his doing so, he preferred keeping his appointment with Queen Elizabeth to acting in conformity with the desire of his royal mistress. The honourable nature of his proceedings with regard to his sister and Sovereign are best explained by Throckmorton

[1] Dargaud.

[2] Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, Orleans, Nov. 28, 1560—State Paper Office MS.

[3] Sadler's State Papers

himself, in a letter from Paris addressed to Queen Elizabeth:[1]—"The Lord James being the same day arrived in this town, came to my lodging secretly unto me, and declared unto me at good length *all* that passed between the Queen his sister and him, and between the Cardinal of Lorraine and him—the circumstances whereof he will declare to your Majesty particularly, when he cometh to your presence. I suppose he will be in England about the 10th or 12th of May.

Mary pursued her progress in regal state towards Lorraine, accompanied by her uncles, the Dukes of Guise and d'Aumale, and Cardinal of Lorraine, and attended by her French and Scottish ladies and lords in waiting. She was met and welcomed on the frontier of Lorraine by the reigning Duke, her cousin, his mother the Duchess-dowager, who was a niece of the Emperor Charles V., the Prince of Vaudemonte, and a splendid company of nobles and ladies who came to do her honour, both as the widow of their late Sovereign, Francis, a Sovereign herself by birth, and on the mother's side a daughter of the house of Lorraine, esteemed both for her charms of mind and person, and her virtues, the flower and glory of the Carlovingian line. A grand triumph was made in honour of her entrance into Nanci; and all the ordnance, great and small, on the wall of the town, were fired to salute her.

Pleasures, to which Mary had been long a stranger, wooed her, in every varied form, in the gay festive court of her young kinsman of Lorraine and his consort, the royal Claude of France, who had arranged her palace and routine of life on the model of Fontainebleau—only with fewer ceremonials and more domestic happiness. The mornings were devoted to hunting, hawking, jousting, riding at the ring, or beholding pleasant shows and plays; and the evenings to balls, music, masques, and other princely pastimes. Mary had neither health nor spirits to enable her to sustain her part in this ceaseless round of amusement. Even in joy her heart was sorrowful; and it was observed that her white veil was not more tintless than the fair pale cheek it shaded. She had made her arrangements to grace the approaching coronation of the young King of France with her presence, in token of her friendly disposition, as the Sovereign of Scotland, towards the maintenance of the ancient alliance between their realms; and being attended by a loyal band of Scottish nobles, who formed a voluntary guard of honour for her person, it was her intention to go in state.

The Lord James lingered several days in Paris, in expectation that a confidential friend, whom he had left with his royal sister, would bring the commission she had half promised to grant, investing him with the government of her realm during her absence; but, to his great mortification, the gentleman brought only letters from the young Queen, intimating that she had altered her mind. Secretly as his visit to the English ambassador had

[1] State Paper Office MS.

been made, the intelligence had reached her, and induced a very natural distrust of his fidelity. The coronation of the young King of France was fixed for the 15th of May; and as Mary had postponed her answer to the English ambassador's persevering demand for her to ratify the Treaty of Edinburgh till her arrival at Rheims, unremitting attention was directed to her movements in the interim by his spies. The first notice of an illness attacking her appears in a letter from Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, dated Paris, 9th of May: "Hither is come a bruit that the Queen of Scotland is fallen sick of an ague at Nanci in Lorraine."

Mary, whose illness was real and unaffected, continued under the fostering care of her loving grand-dame in the melancholy castle of Joinville—a place far more congenial to her sad spirit than the excitement and publicity of the royal pageant, of which her presence was expected to form one of the attractions. Throckmorton was persuaded in his own mind, that the beautiful young widow would not resist the temptation of displaying herself, in royal state, in her independent character of Queen-regnant of Scotland, at the coronation of her little brother-in-law, Charles IX.; especially as her friends and kindred of the house of Lorraine, root and branch, intended to be present. While Mary, for whose delicate health and sensitive mind the events of the last terrible year had been too much, was confined to her bed by fever at Joinville, under the cherishing care of her kind grandmother of Guise, Throckmorton's secretary, Somers, posted to the general scene of attraction at Rheims, and sought for her among the royal guests. The answer that she had been confidently expected, but was prevented by sickness from keeping her appointment, not satisfying him, he proceeded to her uncle, Cardinal de Guise, and stated "that he had come by the Queen his niece's appointment to receive her answer about the Treaty of Edinburgh, and did demand the same." The Cardinal answered, "that the Queen of Scots was sick at Joinville, and therefore Somers could not speak to her; and as for himself, he meddled no more in her affairs, and would not be inquired of about them."[1]

While the representatives and spies of Queen Elizabeth had been following her from place to place, for the twofold object of traversing her suspected matrimonial engagement with the heir of Spain, and endeavouring to persuade or menace her into signing, on her personal responsibility, a treaty which compromised alike her dignity as the Sovereign of Scotland, and her interests as the legitimate heiress of the English crown, the attention of the young Queen had been occupied on a subject which entered not into the narrow sphere of their calculations. During her progress through Lorraine, she had observed that the women and children were industriously and profitably occupied in plaiting and making straw-hats. Perceiving, also, that the condition of the peasantry was much

[1] French Correspondence—State Paper Office MSS., May 31, 1561.

better in those districts where this domestic manufacture was practised than where it was not, she conceived a desire of introducing the same light and pleasant handicraft among her own subjects, as a means of enabling the mothers of large families, who had hitherto relied on receiving the alms of the Church in times of distress, to earn their own livelihood, and to render their children instrumental in the same object. Under these impressions, Mary, whose talents as a peace Sovereign, like those of all the Stuarts, were much in advance of a ferocious age, engaged a company of the Lorraine straw-plaiters to return with her to her own country, in order to instruct her countrywomen in their simple art; and thus was the first straw-hat manufactory established in Scotland under the kind auspices of a female Sovereign of eighteen.[1]

The repose Mary enjoyed in the quiet castle of Joinville, together with the cherishing care of her grandmother, the old Duchess de Guise, having at length restored her to convalescence, she proceeded to Rheims, where she remained for several weeks in the conventual seclusion of the monastery of St Pierre, with the Abbess her aunt Renée de Lorraine. It was with difficulty that the persuasions of her uncles, the Cardinal de Lorraine and the Duke de Guise, could induce the reluctant young Queen to quit this peaceful haven, to launch her lonely bark amidst the same stormy waves which had overwhelmed that of her heart-broken mother. Towards the middle of June, Mary found herself well enough to travel to Paris. The compliment of a public entry was decreed her there, as a testimonial of the respect in which she was held. The two little brothers of the young King of France, Anjou and Alençon, accompanied by all the Princes of the blood-royal, both Catholics and Huguenots, and a splendid train of nobles, came to receive and welcome her at the gate of St Denis, and conducted her to the Louvre, which was appointed for her residence during her abode in Paris. Lesley, however, tells us, "that the Princes conveyed her Highness very honourably through the town of Paris to the Fauxbourg of St Germain, where the King was lodged, because he had not yet made his public entrance into Paris; and that she remained there in company with him and the Queen-mother till near the end of July, well and honourably entertained." All Mary's royal brothers and sisters-in-law doted upon her. She was always fond of children, and had doubtless been very kind to them when she had it in her power to contribute to their happiness.

The Queen-mother received Mary at the Tournelles, and returned her visit at the Louvre. Mary was no longer the first lady at the Court of

[1] The calamities in which Mary Stuart was involved, deprived her little colony and pupils of the encouragement they would otherwise have received from her royal patronage; still they struggled on through much adversity, and continued to exist till her son James, who took a kindly interest in his unfortunate mother's straw-plaiters, transplanted them and their useful craft to Luton, in Bedfordshire, after his accession to the English throne. Several generations, however, passed away before Mary's enlightened projects for the employment of women and children in this department were fully realized by the general popularity of British straw-bonnets, both at home and abroad.

France; but the respect, the homage, the adoration with which she was treated, proved that she enjoyed a pre-eminence of which no accidental declension in point of rank could deprive her; or, to quote a brilliant sentence from Miss Benger, "the charms of her conversation, her graceful address, her captivating manners, had raised the woman above the Queen." But Mary possessed higher claims to the esteem of the excellent of the earth than beauty, fascination, and grace could give—she had passed through the ordeal of the most licentious Court in Europe with unsullied fame. Her conjugal devotion to her husband, her unaffected grief for his death, and the prudence and wisdom with which she had conducted herself since that event, rendered her deservedly popular with all degrees, irrespective of party.

The arrival of Mary in Paris was followed by a request from Throckmorton that she would grant him an audience, for the purpose of delivering a compliment in the name of his royal mistress, on her recovery from her late illness. This was the prelude to a fresh attack on the score of the ratification of the Treaty of Edinburgh. Although the subject of the said treaty must have been some degrees less agreeable to the young Queen than the recurrence of one of her tertian ague fits, she listened with imperturbable patience to the ambassador's recapitulation of the many times he had importuned her in vain for a positive answer whether she intended to sign or not to sign; and when he came to a pause, she courteously replied, that she thanked the Queen her good sister for sending him to congratulate her on her recovery from her late sickness, but with regard to the Treaty of Edinburgh she must postpone her answer till she should have consulted the nobles of her own realm, which she trusted would not be long, as she intended shortly to return to them. "I intend," added she, "to send Monsieur d'Oysell to the Queen your mistress, my good sister, who shall declare that unto her which I trust shall satisfy her, by whom I will give her to understand of my journey into Scotland. I mean to embark at Calais. The King hath lent me certain galleys and ships to convey me home, and I intend to require of my good sister the favours that princes used to do in these cases; and though the terms we have stood in heretofore have been somewhat hard, yet I trust that from henceforth we shall accord together as cousins and good neighbours."

Throckmorton answered that the terms to which she alluded had originated in injuries done to the Queen his mistress, and that the best way of burying these in oblivion would be to ratify the treaty, adding, "that although it pleased her to suspend this till she had the advices of her nobles and estates, the Queen his mistress did nothing doubt of their conforming to it, seeing it was made by their consents." "Yea," replied Mary, "by some of them, but not by all."[1] A very temperate

[1] Throckmorton to Elizabeth, June 23, 1561. See Keith; likewise MSS in State Paper Office.

manner of implying, that one of her most cogent reasons for objecting to the treaty was that it was concluded by a convention of her subjects, who had allied themselves with a foreign power, and acted in open violation to their duty to her.

"It will appear," she continued, "when I come among them, whether they be of the same mind that you say they were then of. But this I assure you, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, I, for my part, am very desirous to have the perfect and assured amity of the Queen my good sister, and I will use all the means I can to give her occasion to think I mean it indeed." Throckmorton replied, "that it was the wish of the Queen his Sovereign to do the like." "Then," rejoined Mary, "I trust the Queen your mistress will not support nor encourage any of my subjects to continue in their disobedience, nor to take upon them things which appertaineth not to subjects. You know," added she, "there is much ado in my realm about matters of religion; and though there be a greater number of the contrary religion to me than I would there were, yet there is no reason for subjects to give law to their Sovereign, and especially in matters of religion, which, I fear, my subjects will take in hand." "You have been long out of your own realm," rejoined Throckmorton, "so as the contrary religion to yours has won the upper hand in the greater part of your realm. Your mother was a woman of great experience, of deep dissimulation, and kept that realm in quietness till she began to constrain men's consciences. And you think it unmeet to be constrained by your subjects, so it may like you to consider the matter is as intolerable to them to be constrained by you in matters of conscience; for the duty due to God cannot be given to any other without offence of His majesty."

"God commandeth subjects to be obedient to their princes, and commandeth princes to read his law, and govern themselves thereby and the people committed to their charges," replied the young Queen. Throckmorton thought proper merely to reply to the first proposition in her speech, "That God commandeth subjects to obey their princes." "Madam, in those things that be not against His commandments." "Well," said she, "I will be plain with you; the religion which I profess I take to be most acceptable to God, and neither do I know, nor desire to know, any other. Constancy becometh all folks well, but none better than princes, and such as have rule over realms, and specially in matters of religion. I have been brought up," added she, "in this religion, and who might credit me in anything if I should show myself light in this case? And though I be young, and not well learned, yet I have heard this matter oft disputed by my uncle, my Lord Cardinal, with some that thought they could say somewhat in the matter, and I found therein no great reason to change my opinion." "Madam," said Throckmorton, "if you judge well in that matter, you must be conversant in the Scriptures, which are the touchstones to try the right from the wrong. Peradventure," added he, "you are so

partially affected to your uncle's arguments that you could not indifferently consider the other party's ; yet this assure you, Madam, your uncle, my Lord Cardinal, in conference with me about these matters, hath confessed that there be great errors come into the Church, and great disorders in the ministers and clergy, insomuch that he desired and wished there might be a reformation of the one and the other." "I have oft heard him say the like," rejoined Mary, who, from Throckmorton's own showing, conducted herself with equal frankness and good-humour during the whole of this deeply interesting conversation. She listened with great courtesy to all he chose to say on subjects of a very exciting nature, and bore his plain speaking with unruffled sweetness. "I trust," continued Throckmorton, "that God will inspire all you that be princes, that there may be some good order taken in this matter, so as there may be one unity in religion through all Christendom."

"God grant!" responded the young Queen fervently. "But for my part," added she, "you may perceive that I am none of those that will change my religion every year ; and, as I told you in the beginning, I mean to constrain none of my subjects, but could wish that they were all as I am ; and I trust they shall have no support to constrain me." [1]

However widely we may differ from Mary's creed, it is impossible to impugn the liberality of her sentiments, which were fully borne out by her conduct ; for, to her honour be it said, she was the only Sovereign in that age against whom no instance of persecution can be recorded. When Mary gave Throckmorton his *congé*, she entreated him so to represent matters to his royal mistress as might best tend to conciliation ; for "I know," added she, impressively, "ministers have it in their power to do much good and much harm." [2] Mary spoke feelingly—the injuries that had been inflicted on her by the envoys of England having commenced in the third month of her life and reign, as the despatches of Sir Ralph Sadler abundantly prove.

When d'Oysell delivered Mary's credentials to Elizabeth, with her request for a safe-conduct to pass through England, on her return to her own dominions, or, in case rough weather or sickness rendered it expedient, to land and refresh herself, Elizabeth, like a true daughter of Henry VIII., gave a rude and peremptory refusal, with loud and acrimonious expressions, in the presence of the Spanish ambassador and a numerous audience, who were thus made witnesses of a most unfeminine as well as unprincely act of discourtesy, equally insulting to Mary and dishonourable to herself. "This proceeding," writes Cecil to the Earl of Sussex, "will like the Scots well"—meaning, of course, his own confederates of that nation.

In the month of July Mary bade adieu to Paris for ever, followed by the passionate regrets of all ranks of the people. Her approaching departure

[1] Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth—in Keith, and original MS., State Paper Office.
[2] Throckmorton to Cecil—in Keith. Likewise in the original MS., State Paper Office.

was lamented as a national calamity; and the general feeling on that occasion found a voice in the graceful stanzas of Ronsard.

CHAPTER VII.

Mary was accompanied by the royal family and Court to St Germain-en-Laye: that familiar palace, which had been her first home in France, was to be her last resting-place among the friends and associates of her youth. The delay of a few days, which the completion of the arrangements for her departure rendered necessary, was welcomed by her as a precious respite. A sad presentiment that her journey would be fatal to her oppressed her heart; and, in the midst of a fête which had been prepared as the parting tribute of respect for her, she was observed to be pensive and tearful. Ill at ease in these gay scenes, she withdrew herself from the joyless fatigue of pleasure to the retirement of her uncle Cardinal de Lorraine's house at Dampierre. She received, on the 17th, a letter from d'Oysell, informing her of Queen Elizabeth's offensive manner of refusing the favour she had condescended to request; two days later, application was made by Throckmorton for audience, that he might communicate his mistress's pleasure on the subject.

Mary was in conversation with d'Oysell when Throckmorton was introduced into her presence. She dismissed d'Oysell, and rose to greet Throckmorton, who delivered Queen Elizabeth's message in these words: "Madam, whereas you sent lately Monsieur d'Oysell to the Queen my mistress, to demand her Majesty's safe-conduct for your free passage by sea into your own realm, and to be accommodated with such favours as, upon events, you might have need of upon the coast of England; and also did further require the free passage of the said Monsieur d'Oysell into Scotland, through England—the Queen my mistress hath not thought good to suffer M. d'Oysell to pass into Scotland, nor to satisfy your desire for your passage home, neither for such other favours as you require to be accommodated withal at her Majesty's hands." After this announcement he explained, with technical prolixity, that the reason of this refusal was, "because Mary had not ratified the Treaty of Edinburgh; but that he was commanded to inform her, that if she would be better advised, and agree to the ratification, Elizabeth would not only grant her free passage, but would be glad to see her in her realm, for her to enjoy the pleasures thereof, that they might have such friendly conference as might lead to the establishment of perfect amity between them."

The young Queen, who had remained standing during this address, when the ambassador ceased speaking, resumed her seat, and courteously invited him to sit down by her. She then requested those who were

present to retire to a greater distance, prefacing her rejoinder with this sarcastic allusion to Elizabeth's public display of incivility: "Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, I know not well mine own infirmity, nor how far I may be with my passion transported, but I like not to have so many witnesses of my passions as the Queen your mistress was content to have when she talked with Monsieur d'Oysell."[1] Mary's indignant sense of the injurious treatment she had experienced manifested itself as she proceeded. "There is nothing that doth more grieve me than that I did so forget myself as to require of the Queen your mistress that favour, which I had no need to ask. I may pass well enough home into mine own realm, I think, without her passport or license; for, though the late King your master used all the impeachment he could, both to stay me and catch me as I came hither, yet you know, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, I came hither safely, and I may have as good means to help me home again as I had to come hither, if I would employ my friends. Truly," continued she, "I was so far from evil meaning to the Queen your mistress, that at this time I was more willing to employ her amity to stand me in stead, than all the friends I have; and yet you know, both in this realm and elsewhere, I have friends, and such as would be glad to employ their forces and aid to stand me in stead. You have, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, oftentimes told me, that the amity between the Queen your mistress and me was very necessary and profitable for us both. I have reason now to think that the Queen your mistress is not of that mind; for I am sure, if she were, she would not have refused me thus unkindly." In a tone of reproach as gentle as it was possible for an aggrieved Sovereign to use, when adverting to circumstances of the most aggravating nature—the confederacy and friendship which existed between Elizabeth and the insurgent party in Scotland—Mary added: "It seemeth she maketh more account of the amity of my disobedient subjects than she doth of me their Sovereign, who am her equal in degree, though inferior in wisdom and experience—her nighest kinswoman and next neighbour; and trow you that there can be so good meaning between her and my subjects, which have forgotten their principal duty to me their Sovereign, as there should be betwixt her and me?" Throckmorton, not being provided with a specious answer to this unexpected query, remained speechless; while the young royal plaintiff continued her remonstrance with all the varying passions of feminine eloquence. "I perceive," said she, "that the Queen your mistress doth think that, because my subjects have done me wrong, my friends and allies will forsake me also. Indeed, your mistress doth give me cause to seek friendship where I did not *mind* (intend) to ask it; but, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, let the Queen your mistress consider that it will be thought very strange, amongst all princes and countries, that she should be first to

[1] Letter of Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth—Paris, July 26, 1561. Printed in Keith. The original is extant in the State Paper Office.

animate my subjects against me, and now, being a widow, to impeach my going into mine own country." It may be observed that Mary, although she spoke and understood English well, uses the pretty Scotch idiom "mind," for intend, and the French impeach, or "empesche," for hinder, in all her conferences with Throckmorton, by whom they appear to have been verbally detailed with great minuteness. Her language becomes more animated as she proceeds, with reference to the rival Queen. "I ask her nothing but friendship. I do not trouble her state, nor practise with her subjects; and yet I know there be in her realm that be inclined enough to hear offers. I know also they be not of the mind she is of, neither in religion nor other things. The Queen your mistress doth say that I am young, and do lack experience; but I have age enough, and experience, to use myself towards my friends and kinsfolk friendly and uprightly, and I trust my discretion shall not so fail me that my passion shall move me to use other language of her than becometh a Queen and my next kinswoman. Well, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, I could tell you that I am as she is, a Queen—allied and friended, as is known; and I tell you, also, that my heart is not inferior to hers; but I will not continue in comparisons."

After this retort-royal to the taunting expressions Elizabeth had used to d'Oysell respecting her, the youthful widow proceeded to explain, as she had done on former occasions, why she had not ratified the treaty—being, indeed, as she very mildly represented, in a widely different position from what she was at the time the joint plenipotentiaries of herself and the royal minor, Francis II., suffered themselves to be deluded into agreeing to arrangements such as were manifestly contrary to her interest.

"First, you know," said she, "that the accord was made in the late King my lord and husband's time, by whom, as reason was, I was commanded and governed; and for such delays as were in his time used in the said ratification I am not to be charged, since at his death, my interest failing in the realm of France, I left to be advised by the Council of France, and they left me to mine own Council. I am about to haste me home as fast as I may, to the intent the matter might be answered; and now the Queen, your mistress, will in no wise suffer neither me to pass home, nor him that I sent into my realm. So as it seemeth, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, the Queen your mistress will be the cause why in this matter she is not satisfied, or else she *will not* be satisfied, but liketh to make this matter a quarrel between us, whereof she is the author."[1] "The Queen your mistress saith I am young," pursued Mary; "she might well say I were as foolish as young, if I would, in the state and country that I am, proceed to such a matter of myself without any council. For that which was done by the King my late lord and husband must not be taken to be my act; neither in honour, nor con-

[1] Letter of Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth—Paris, July 26, 1561. Printed in Keith. The original is extant in the State Paper Office.

science, am I bound, as you say I am, to perform all that I was by my lord and husband commanded to do. And yet," continued she, "I will say truly unto you, and as God favours me, I did never mean otherwise to her than becometh me to my good sister and cousin, nor meant her no more harm than to myself. God forgive them that have otherwise persuaded her, if there be such. What is the matter, I pray you," inquired Mary, with increasing earnestness, "that doth so offend the Queen your mistress, to make her thus evil affected to me? I never did her wrong, neither in deed nor speech. It should the less grieve me, if I had deserved otherwise than well; and though the world may be of divers judgments of us and our doings one to another, I do well know God, that is in heaven, can and will be a true judge both of our doings and meanings."

"Madam," replied the imperturbable statesman, "I have declared unto you my charge commanded by the Queen my mistress, and have no more to say to you on her behalf, but to know your answer for the ratification of the treaty." The pertinacious return of Throckmorton to a subject on which he had been, within the last ten minutes, informed by the young Sovereign that she could not resolve him in a foreign land, situated as she then was, might have provoked a more apathetic person than Mary to betray some impatience, if not irritability; but she kept her temper, and with quiet dignity replied, "I have aforetime showed you, and do now tell you again, that it is not meet for me to proceed in this matter, without the advice of the nobles and estates of mine own realm, which I can by no means have until I return among them. But I pray you, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, tell me how ariseth this strange affection in the Queen your mistress towards me? I desire to know it, to the intent I may reform myself if I have failed." Poor Mary, in trying to escape from the *weariful* subject of the Treaty of Edinburgh, drew upon herself a most bitter castigation, on the score of the serious provocation Elizabeth had received, in consequence of the assumption of her arms and title of Queen of England. Glad at any cost, however, to have an opportunity of representing that she ought not to be considered accountable for what was done in her name, when she was a girl of fifteen, in subjection to her husband and his royal father, the young widow meekly replied, "Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, I was then under commandment of King Henry, my father, and of the late King, my lord and husband; and whatsoever was then done by their order and commandments, the same was continued until both their deaths, since which time, you know, I neither bore the arms nor used the title of England. Methinks," continued she, "these my doings might certify the Queen, your mistress, that that which was done before was done by commandment of them that had power over me."[1] Mary could not, however, refrain from vin-

[1] Throckmorton to Elizabeth, Paris, July 26—in Keith. Likewise in the original MS., State Paper Office.

dicating her right to bear the arms, as the representative of the eldest daughter of Henry VII., seeing that they were borne by the descendants of his younger daughter, Mary's rivals in the regal succession of England —a circumstance which rendered her naturally desirous of not relinquishing this achievement, unless Elizabeth could be induced to acknowledge her as her lawful successor to the throne after her death.

"It were no great dishonour to the Queen, my cousin, your mistress," observed Mary to Throckmorton,[1] "though I, a Queen also, did bear the arms of England, for I am sure some inferior to me, and that be not so well *a-parented* as I am, do bear the arms of England. You cannot deny but that my grandmother (Margaret Tudor) was the King her father's sister, and I trow the eldest sister he had. I do assure you, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, and I do speak unto you truly, as I think, I never meant nor thought matter against the Queen my cousin. Indeed, I know what I am, and would be sorry either to do others wrong or suffer too much wrong to myself. And now that I have told you my mind plainly," said she, "I pray you behave like a good minister, whose part is to make things betwixt Princes rather better than worse."[2] With this salutary admonition, Mary Stuart closed the conference.

The Queen-regent of France herself expressed regret to Throckmorton, that the Queen of England had refused Mary a free passage home to her own realm, and endeavoured to mediate between them. "They are neighbours and near cousins," she said, "and neither of them hath great friends and allies, so as it may chance that more unkindness shall ensue of this matter than is to be wished for, or meet to come to pass. Thanks be to God, all the Princes of Christendom are now in peace, and it were great pity they should not so continue. I perceive," continued she, "the matter of this unkindness is grounded upon the delay of the ratification of the treaty. The Queen, my daughter, hath declared unto you, that she doth stay the same until she may have the advice of her own subjects, wherein methinks my daughter doth discreetly; and though she have her uncles here, by whom it is thought, as reason is, she should be advised, yet, considering they be subjects and counsellors of the King my son, they are not the meetest to give her counsel in this matter. The nobles and states of her own realm would neither like it, nor allow that their Sovereign should resolve without their advice, in a matter of consequence; therefore, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, methinks the Queen your mistress might be satisfied with this answer, and accommodate the Queen my daughter, her cousin and neighbour, with such favour as she demandeth."

Elizabeth had made up her mind to force a quarrel, as an excuse for endeavouring to intercept and capture Mary on her homeward voyage. Throckmorton, to his eternal infamy, advised this proceeding, and lent his

[1] Throckmorton to Elizabeth, Paris, July 26—in Keith. Likewise in the original MS., State Paper Office. [2] Ibid.

assistance to further the project, by playing the spy. "And to the intent," writes he to Elizabeth, "that I might the better decipher whether the Queen of Scotland did mind to continue her voyage, I did the same 21st of July repair to the Queen of Scotland to take my leave of her, unto whom I then declared, "that, hearing by common bruit that she minded to take such voyage very shortly, I thought it my duty to take my leave of her, and was sorry she had not given your Majesty so good occasion of amity, as that I your minister could not conveniently wait upon her to her embarking."

"If my preparations were not so much advanced as they are," replied Mary, "peradventure the Queen your mistress's unkindness might stay my voyage; but now I am determined to adventure the matter, whatsoever come of it. I trust the wind will be so favourable that I shall not come upon the coast of England; and if I do, then, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, the Queen your mistress will have me in her hands to do her will of me; and if she be so hard-hearted as to desire my end, peradventure she may then do her pleasure, and make sacrifice of me—peradventure that casualty might be better for me than to live. In this matter God's will be fulfilled." [1] The mournful presage of the dark doom which sooner or later awaited her, as the victim of Elizabeth's political jealousy, so touchingly expressed by the lips of Mary Stuart at eighteen, is one of the most remarkable passages in the history of this hapless Princess. The Christian heroism of Mary Stuart's deportment, at the consummation of her long-delayed and torturing sacrifice, is strikingly consistent with the Christian philosophy and resignation to the will of God manifested in her declaration to Throckmorton, in the morning bloom of her youthful charms, amidst those high and glorious prospects which flattered without intoxicating her who had dwelt in the Circean Court of Valois, and was quitting it unstained by its pollutions.

One of Elizabeth's great objections to the return of Mary to Scotland was her jealousy of the courtship of her own matrimonial suitor, Eric, King of Sweden, to the royal widow, to whom he had transferred his addresses. "The Queen of England apprehends," writes Chantonay, the Spanish ambassador, "that the moment the Queen of Scotland lands in her own realm, she will be espoused to the King of Sweden, and, strengthened by his power, will then attempt to contest the crown of England with her.

The real cause of Mary's delay and uncertainty in her movements was, not fear of the English ships, but want of money. She had received no part of either her royal revenue or personal income from Scotland for more than a year, during which time she had been living on her jointure as Queen-dowager of France, and the estates she had inherited from the

[1] Throckmorton to Elizabeth, July 26—Keith. The original is among the State Paper MSS.

late Queen her mother. Mary, courageous as she was, felt it would not do to return empty-handed, consequently she was under the necessity of obtaining a personal loan of 100,000 crowns from the King of France, for which she gave a mortgage on her dowry in security. When she had completed this arrangement, and not till then, she commenced her homeward journey.

Mary departed from St Germain-en-Laye on the 25th of July, 1561, attended by a numerous and brilliant retinue of nobles and princes. Her royal mother-in-law, and the young King and his brethren, to mark their respect, accompanied her one stage from St Germain, were they parted with mutual demonstrations of regret. Catherine de Medicis, though rejoiced at being relieved from the presence of the royal widow, was too politic not to play the amiable on this occasion, being well aware how entirely Mary was the darling of the people of France. Never was any Queen of that realm, either before or since, so beloved, regretted, and esteemed, as Mary Stuart. Her own feelings on this occasion were fondly expressed in that well-known chanson from her pen—

"Adieu, plaisant pays de France."

"The Queen of Scotland," writes that vigilant reporter of her movements, Throckmorton, "departed from St Germain yesterday, the 25th, towards her voyage. If it would please your Majesty to cause some to be sent privily to all the ports on this side, the certainty shall be better known to your Majesty that way than I can advertise it hence."

In consequence, apparently, of these representations, or, according to Camden, the persuasions of Mary's fraternal rival, the Lord James, Queen Elizabeth sent out a squadron for the purpose of intercepting and capturing her young widowed kinswoman on her homeward voyage. Meantime, the royal traveller slowly and sorrowfully pursued her journey through France and Normandy. "All the bravest and noblest gentlemen of France," says one of Mary's biographers of that nation,[1] "assembled themselves around the fairest of queens and women. Several were enamoured of her, especially the second son of the Constable Montmorenci, Maréschal d'Amville, of whom the following romantic incident is related. One day, during the civil strife which subsequently ensued between the Catholics and Huguenots, d'Amville, who fought on the side of the latter, found himself sorely pressed, yet suddenly paused in his retreat, and at the imminent peril of his life stooped to pick up a treasure he had unwittingly dropped. It was a handkerchief of Cyprus silk, the value of which consisted in its having been honoured by the use of Mary Stuart." She, however, testified no more sensibility to his passion than to that of any other of her numerous adorers. Her heart was full of melancholy images of the vicissitudes and uncertainty of human life; and the sorrowful pilgrimage she performed to

[1] Dargaud.

visit her royal mother's bier, then resting at Fescamp, during this journey, did not tend to raise her spirits. Much has been said of the levity of Mary Stuart; but of this it would be difficult to quote an instance, especially during her residence in France, where her manners, though captivating from the graceful turn of her mind and the innate courtesy of her disposition, were singularly grave and dignified for a girl of eighteen. Of this we may be certain, that Throckmorton, if he could have detailed a grain of scandal, or even the report of an indecorum, relating to Mary, whether as Dauphiness, Queen-consort, or Queen-dowager of France, would not have withheld it from Elizabeth, to whom anything in the shape of detraction would have been far more palatable than those testimonials of the prudence and wisdom of her hated rival, with which his despatches abound.

Mary was at Beauvais on the 2nd of August, but as she did not arrive at Abbeville till the 7th,[1] her melancholy journey to Fescamp must have been performed in the interim. Nearly eleven years previously, a rapturous re-union between Mary and her mother took place in Fescamp Abbey, amidst royal pomp and pageantry;—under what different circumstances did the young Queen revisit it in 1561, when, as a weeping pilgrim clad in her weeds of early widowhood, she came to bid a last farewell to the lifeless remains of that beloved parent to whom Scotland had denied a grave! After assisting at such offices as her own Church fondly deemed requisite for the repose of her mother's soul, Mary resumed her journey. She had requested Throckmorton to meet her at Abbeville; and there, on the 8th of August, she had a parting conference with that minister, telling him she had sent for him before she left France, to ask him by what means she could satisfy the Queen his mistress.[2] "By confirming the Treaty of Edinburgh," he replied—supposing, of course, that the young Queen, having held out to the last moment, was now intimidated, by the refusal of a free passage and Elizabeth's menaces, into conceding the point. Mary, who only wished for an opportunity of explaining the impossibility of doing what was so pertinaciously demanded of her, replied by stating the reasons which prevented her, and dismissed Throckmorton with a farewell exhortation to demean himself as became one who held the sacred office of an ambassador. And so they parted;—happy would it have been for the youthful Sovereign if never to meet again, for she had piqued him by resisting his diplomatic subtleties, and offended him by allowing her suspicions of the treacherous game he was playing to become apparent. Throckmorton returned to Paris to continue his political machinations against Mary, while she pursued her journey towards Calais.

"The Scottish Queen," writes Cecil to Sussex, "was the 10th of this month at Boulogne, and meaneth to take shipping at Calais. Neither they in Scotland nor we here do like her going home. The Queen's

[1] Labanoff's Chronology

[2] Camden's Annals. Keith.

Majesty hath three ships in the north seas, to preserve the fishers from pirates: I think they will be sorry to see her pass."[1] Intelligence of Elizabeth's preparations for capturing her reaching Mary on the French coast, she determined to play a finessing game, and by affecting a fear she was far from feeling, impressed the English Sovereign with the idea that she dared not risk the passage without a safe-conduct, for she despatched the Abbot of St Colm's Inch to London to prefer a second request to Elizabeth for that favour, or, at the least, to permit her to land in case of tempestuous weather. It was, of course, imagined that the young Queen would wait for the return of her envoy. Mary in the interim remained at Calais, where she indeed tarried five days; not, however, for the doubtful return of St Colm with her passport, but for a favourable wind.

During her sojourn at Calais, Mary appeared in the grand mourning costume of a widowed Queen of France. She wore a ruff of point lace, of what would in modern parlance be termed a vandyked pattern. Her ample veil was embroidered with a stiff edging of gimp, and confined on each shoulder. Her sleeves were of cloth-of-silver, tight from the elbow to the wrist, and full above. Her hair was smooth on the head, but craped above the temples—a fashion very trying to beauty, and decidedly unbecoming to Mary, whose forehead was singularly expansive for a woman. A light coiffure, something between a cap and a hood, in the form of a scallop shell, shaded without concealing her regal brow, surmounted by three rows of pearls of the finest shape and water. A collar of pearls, which her exquisite taste taught her to prefer to all other jewels, surrounded her neck.[2] Like some of our early Plantagenet queens, Mary wore, while in France, an *aumonière* or *sac* of the same velvet as her robe, suspended from her girdle by her side, together with a gold whistle, with which the princesses of that age were accustomed to summon their pages from the ante-chamber. A volume of Ronsard, or some other of her favourite poets,[3] "in velvet bound and embroidered o'er," always accompanied the perfumed ball called the pomander, her *étui*, purse, *bonbonnière*, golden tablets, pencil, thimble-case, and other domestic trinkets, of which this *gibecière*, as it was then called, was the depository. Mary's thimble-case, in the possession of the late Lady Anne Hamilton, was of richly chased gold, in the classic form of an urn, of which the cover formed a lid, attached with hinges, opening on touching a spring.

Meantime the information regarding the time and manner of her return, which Mary had confided to her nobles in Scotland, was dutifully communicated by the ready pen of the authorized secretary of the English faction, Lethington, to Elizabeth's premier, Cecil, in a letter dated August 15, wherein he says: "Hither came yesternight from France a Scottish

[1] Tytler. Wright's Elizabeth.
[2] Dargaud, Histoire de Marie Stuart, vol. i. p. 126. [3] Ibid.

gentleman called Captain Anstruther, sent by the Queen our Sovereign, who left her Majesty, as he saith, at Morin, six leagues from the Court at St Germain, where she had left the King, and was coming towards Calais, there to embark. He hath letters to the most of the noblemen, whereby she doth complain 'that the Queen's majesty (Elizabeth) not only hath refused passage to M. d'Oysell, and the safe-conduct which she did courteously require for herself, but doth also make open declaration that she will not suffer her to come home to her own realm ; yet is her affection such towards her country, and so great desire she hath to see us, that she meaneth not for that threatening to stay, but taketh her journey with two galleys only, without any forces, accompanied by her three uncles, the Duke d'Aumale, the Marquis d'Elbœuf, and the Great Prior, one of the Constable's sons, Monsieur d'Amville, and their trains." As for the classic Lethington, he shames not to acknowledge the baseness of his party in this emphatic sentence—"I marvel that she (Queen Mary) will utter anything to us which she would have kept close from you!" If Mary Stuart had possessed the same facilities of penetrating into the iniquitous correspondence of these traitors, which her biographers enjoy, she would have been more cautious.

The same day Lethington and his confederates were betraying her intended movements to Cecil, Mary embarked for Scotland, on the 15th of August, with her three uncles, and her ladies and retinue. She was attended to the water's edge by the Duke and Duchess de Guise, Cardinal de Lorraine, and a numerous company of weeping friends and servants. Two galleys had been prepared for her accommodation and that of her followers, and four French ships of war for her convoy. Sobs choked her voice when she arrived at the place of embarkation, and saw the vessels that were destined to convey her from the country where she had been cherished and protected as a child, honoured as a queen, and almost adored as a woman. She looked at her friends, pressed her hands on her heart, and parted from them in silence expressive of anguish too great for utterance. She knew they would meet no more on earth, and could not bear to bid them a last farewell. Mary was attended by six score noble French gentlemen, among whom were the enamoured Maréschal d'Amville and his friend Chastellar the poet, Brantôme the historian, and many other distinguished persons, besides her ladies, "especially," notes Lesley, "her four maids of honour, who passed with her Highness to France, of her own age, bearing every one the name of Mary, as is before mentioned." As Mary left the harbour of Calais, she was painfully agitated by witnessing a tragic accident which befell another vessel that, in endeavouring to enter the port she had just quitted, struck on the bar, foundered, and sank.[1] The young Queen rushed to the stern of the galley, calling upon her uncles and the captain to save the

[1] Brantôme.

poor mariners, and promised liberal rewards to those who should succeed; but the catastrophe was too sudden and instantaneous for human aid.[1] "Ah, my God!" exclaimed Mary, "what a portent for our voyage is this!"

When the sails were set, and her galley began to get out to sea, Mary's tears flowed without intermission. Leaning both her arms on the gallery of the vessel, she turned her eyes on the shore she was leaving with longing, lingering looks, crying at every stroke of the oars, "Adieu, France!—beloved France, adieu!" When darkness approached, she was entreated to descend into the state cabin that had been prepared for her accommodation, and partake of supper. But her heart was too full of grief to permit her to taste food. Instead of retiring for repose into the cabin in the poop, which was set apart for her use, she ordered a traverse or temporary chamber to be prepared for her on the poop gallery, and her couch to be spread for the night within that curtained screen.[2] Before she retired she requested the pilot, that, in the event of the coast of France being still visible, to direct her ladies to awaken her, no matter how early it might be, that she might take another look at that dear land. The breeze, as if to favour the romantic desire of the royal voyager, died away soon after she had wept herself to sleep, the weary rowers slumbered on their oars, and when the dawn dispelled the brief darkness of the summer night, the galley had made so little way that it was still hovering on the French coast. Faithful to his promise, the pilot informed Mary's attendants that this was the case. On being awakened with this intelligence, she caused the curtains of her traverse to be drawn back on that side, and raising herself on her arm, she fondly gazed on the receding shore till it became indistinct in distance. Then with a fresh burst of weeping she exclaimed, "It is past! Farewell, farewell to France! beloved land which I shall behold no more."[3] She remained pensive, and oppressed with melancholy forebodings, during the whole of her voyage. Her feminine sympathy was much excited when she saw the poor galley-slaves chained to their oars; and though it was out of her power to enfranchise them as her mother had formerly done John Knox, and those who were Scottish subjects, she would not suffer one of them to be struck while she was on board the galley. "She begged her uncle, the Grand Prior, to signify her commands to the captain and officers of the vessel on that subject," says Brantôme, who renders a pleasing testimony to the humanity of her disposition, and declares that "she had an extreme compassion for those unfortunates, an innate horror of cruelty, and a heart that felt for all suffering."

Mary certainly had a very narrow chance of falling into the hands of her foes on this occasion, for Michel de Castelnau, who accompanied her to Scotland, affirms that they were once in sight of the English squadron,

[1] Brantôme. [2] Brantôme, Vies des Femmes Illustres, p. 127. [3] Ibid.

which had been sent out for the purpose of capturing her. He attributes her escape to the swiftness of her galley, which—impelled by the strokes of the rowers, those poor slaves, who, propitiated by her compassionate intervention in their behalf when she first came on board, strained every nerve for her preservation—skimmed lightly over the slumbering waves, and distanced the large English ships ; the latter vessels, in consequence of their bulk, being heavy sailers, especially as there was little wind to inflate their canvas. One of the ships was captured belonging to Mary's convoy, wherein was the Earl of Eglintoun and some other persons of quality, which was carried to England, but subsequently released, with an apology for detention.

Fortunately for Mary, a "providential fog" concealed her course from her pursuers. The fog thickened as they drew near the coast of Scotland, and was so dense that Brantôme, the companion and pleasing chronicler of Mary's homeward voyage, declares that those who were at the stern could not discern the poop. The pilots knew not where they were, and all expressed an anxious desire to see the beacon lights along that perilous coast. "What need of beacon lights have we," exclaimed the enamoured poet, Chastellar, "to guide us over the dark waves, when we have the starry eyes of this fair Queen, whose heavenly beams irradiate both sea and land, and brighten all they shine on?"[1]

After two whole days and nights, in which all things continued veiled in impenetrable obscurity, the vapoury shroud was suddenly dissipated, at sunrise on the Sunday morning, and revealed to the affrighted pilot and crew that they had run the galley among the most dangerous rocks and shelves along the Scottish coast ; and that nothing but the providence of God had preserved them and their Sovereign from a watery grave.[2] Inheriting the intrepid spirit of her race, Mary was calm and self-possessed in the moment of peril. "I have no fear of death," she said, "nor should I wish to live, unless it were for the general good of Scotland."[3] She arrived safely in the port of Leith, on the 20th of August, at six o'clock in the morning, nearly a week earlier than had been anticipated. The Scotch confederates and correspondents of Cecil had shrewdly calculated on the natural timidity of their Sovereign's sex and age, and made themselves sure, that as she had condescended to make a second application to Elizabeth for a safe-conduct, she would not embark for Scotland till the return of her messenger.

That Mary's danger was no chimera may be considered a certainty : no historical statement has been more satisfactorily proved ; and the circumstance of Elizabeth's causing the arrest and imprisonment of the Countess of Lennox, for daring to express satisfaction at her escape, shows what

[1] Brantôme. [2] Brantôme, Vies des Femmes Illustres.

[3] State Paper Office MS. For full particulars of this fact, see the Life of Margaret Douglas, Countess of Lennox, in Lives of Queens of Scotland and English Princesses, vol. ii.

Mary had to expect in the event of falling into the hands of her jealous rival. Friends and foes were alike taken by surprise at her return without foreign forces, or any other attendance than the officers of her household, her ladies, and a few French gentlemen of rank and talent. Such an enterprise would have been considered brilliant in an exiled Prince ; in a youthful Queen, and a beauty, its effect was to excite an enthusiastic transport of loyalty in every generous heart. "At the sound of the cannons which the galleys shot, the multitude being advertised, happy was he and she that might have the presence of the Queen," says Knox. "The Protestants were not the slowest."

As a matter of duty rather than choice, and with a boding spirit, Mary prepared to enter upon the high vocation to which she had been summoned.

CHAPTER VIII.

The fogs which had favoured Mary's escape from the English fleet, during her passage from France, were regarded as inauspicious portents at her landing in her own realm—at least by those in whom that remnant of heathen superstition, belief in evil omens, lingered. Whether Knox himself were free from this weakness may be considered doubtful; but the strength of his prejudice against his young Sovereign is rendered sufficiently apparent, by the eloquent manner in which he endeavours to turn the gloomy state of the atmosphere to her reproach. "The very face of heaven at the time of her arrival," he says, "did manifestly speak what comfort was brought unto this country with her—to wit, sorrow, dolour, darkness, and all impiety; for, in the memory of man, that day of the year was never seen a more dolorous face of the heaven than was at her arrival, which two days after did so continue ; for, besides the surface wet, and corruption of the air, the mist was so thick and dark that scarce might any man espy another the length of two pair of *buttis ;*—the sun was not seen to shine two days before, nor two days after. That forewarning God gave unto us ; but, alas ! the most part were blind."[1] Now, even if a Scotch mist had been as singular a phenomenon in "Auld Reekie" as Knox would infer, it was certainly no fault of the young Queen that it occurred on this occasion. A bright cheerful day would doubtless have been much more agreeable to her, if she had had any choice in the matter ; yet he is as severe in his comments on this unlucky casualty as if poor Mary had brought the said mist with her from France, for the malign purpose of obscuring the clear skies of Scotland. Brantôme's lively complaints of these fogs, and the country which produced them,[2] are amusing enough,

[1] Hist. Ref. vol. ii. p. 268-9. [2] Vies des Femmes Illustres.

and may be excused, perhaps, in a foreigner, who found himself, for the first time, exposed to their depressing influence; but that a Scotchman should actually attribute their prevalence, not to the climate or the state of the wind, but to the personal influence of the Queen, is a fact somewhat remarkable. Mary landed about ten o'clock, with intent to proceed immediately to Holyrood; but being informed that nothing was ready for her accommodation in her palace there, she was fain to enter the house of one of her faithful subjects at Leith, of the name of Andrew Lambie, where she and her ladies reposed themselves till the afternoon. When the necessary arrangements had been made, the Lord James, his brother-in-law the Earl of Argyll, and such of the nobles as were in Scotland, came to compliment her on her arrival, and conduct her to her palace. As there were no carriages in Scotland, it was necessary for the Queen and her ladies to proceed from Leith to Holyrood on horse-back. Mary rode well, and would not have been unwilling to display her graceful figure and equestrian skill to the eager crowds of all degrees who had collected to see her mount; but she was subjected to a mortification, on this occasion, sufficiently trying to the philosophy of a girl of eighteen. The favourite state palfrey she had been accustomed to use on royal equestrian processions, while Queen of France, with the rest of the choice stud, she had seen carefully embarked at Calais, for the use of herself and ladies on their arrival in Scotland; but she had the vexation of learning that all those bonny beasts had been captured by the English admiral, in the same ship with the Earl of Eglintoun, and carried into the port of London with their rich trappings, instead of being landed for her use at Leith.[1] My Lord James and his coadjutors had not been very dainty in their choice of steeds to supply this loss, for they had brought only a few sorry hackneys and ponies for the ladies-in-waiting and maids-of-honour, with villanous old saddles and bridles, pretending that nothing better could be procured on such short notice. At this mortifying display of the poverty of her realm, which she knew full well would excite the scorn of the luxurious French nobles, who had been accustomed to see her surrounded with every elegance and splendour as their Queen, Mary's eyes filled with tears. She felt as any other Scotchwoman would, whose national pride is piqued in the presence of strangers; she knew that it was a personal disrespect to herself, and betrayed more emotion than was perhaps consistent with regal dignity. "These are not like the equestrian appointments to which I have been accustomed," she observed, "but it behoves me to arm myself with patience;" nevertheless, she could not refrain from weeping.[2]

On her way to the Abbey the Queen was met by a company of distressed supplicants, called "the rebels of the crafts of Edinburgh,"[3] who knelt to implore her grace for the misdemeanour of which they had been guilty, by

[1] Chalmers' Life of Mary. Treasury Records, General Register House, Edinburgh.
[2] Brantôme. [3] Knox's Hist. Ref.

raising an insurrectionary tumult on the 21st of July, about a month before her Majesty's return—not against her authority, but to resist the arbitrary proceedings of the Kirk, and the provost and Bailies of Edinburgh. The gloomy spirit of fanaticism had done much to deprive the working-classes of their sports and pastimes. The May games and flower-crowned queen had been clean banished; but the more frolicsome portion of the community, the craftsmen's servants and prentices, clung to the popular pantomime of Robin Hood with unconquerable tenacity. It was to no purpose that the annual commemoration of the tameless Southron outlaw was denounced from the pulpit, and rendered contraband by the session. A company of merry varlets, in the spring of 1561, determined to revive the old observance, by dressing up a Robin Hood, and performing the play so called in Edinburgh on his anniversary, which unfortunately this year befell on a Sunday. This was an offence so serious that James Kellone, the graceless shoemaker who enacted Robin, being arrested, was by the Provost, Archibald Douglas of Kilspindie, and the Bailies, condemned to be hanged. The craftsmen made great solicitation to John Knox and the Bailies to get him reprieved, but the reply was—"They would do nothing but have him hanged."[1] When the time of the poor man's hanging arrived, and the gibbet and the ladder were ready for his execution, the craftsmen, prentices, and servants flew to arms, seized the Provost and Bailies, and shut them up in Alexander Guthrie's writing-booth, dang down the gibbet and broke it to pieces, then rushed to the Tolbooth, which, being fastened from within, they brought hammers, burst in, and delivered the condemned Robin Hood, and not him alone, but all the other prisoners there, in despite of magistrates and ministers. One of the Bailies imprisoned in the writing-booth shot a *dag* or horse-pistol at the insurgents, and grievously wounded a servant of a craftsman, whereupon a fierce conflict ensued, which lasted from three in the afternoon till eight in the evening, during which time never a man in the town stirred to defend their Provost and Bailies. The insurgents were so far victorious that the magistrates, in order to procure their release, were fain to promise an amnesty to them, being the only condition on which they could be allowed to come out of their booth.[2] Notwithstanding the amnesty, the offenders knew themselves to be in evil case, and took this opportunity of sueing, in very humble wise, for grace from their bonny liege lady, for their daring resistance to a most despotic and barbarous act of civic authority. The young Queen was probably not sorry to have an opportunity of endearing herself to the operatives of her metropolis by commemorating her return to her realm by an act of mercy, and frankly accorded her grace.

Mary's entrance into Holyrood was greeted with general acclamations—

[1] Diurnal of Occurrents.
[2] Diurnal of Occurrents, printed for the Bannatyne Club, p. 66.

bonfires and illuminations were made in honour of her return. The same night she was regaled with vocal and instrumental music, which one of the reluctant listeners has immortalized in the following lively description : "There came under her window five or six hundred ragamuffins of that town, who gave her a concert of the vilest fiddles and little rebecs, which are as bad as they can be in that country, and accompanied them with singing psalms, but so wretchedly out of tune that nothing could be worse. Ah, what melody it was ! what a lullaby for the night !" [1] These solemn serenaders were the choir of the Congregation. John Knox describes them "as a company of most honest men, who with instruments of music and musicians, gave their salutations at her *chalmer windo,*" [2]—that "chalmer," unluckily for her Majesty, being on the ground floor. Mary, though she inherited the exquisite taste in music which was one of the characteristics of the royal Stuarts, was far from betraying symptoms of the fastidious feelings of annoyance which this discordant chorus elicited from her foreign friends. She regarded it as a mark of attention, and was polite enough to appear pleased with the performance, such as it was. Even Knox bears a sort of dry testimony to the courtesy of her behaviour. "The melody, as she alleged, liked her well, and she willed the same to be continued." Encouraged by this gracious compliment from their liege lady, the performers proceeded to a repetition of their dolorous psalmody, night after night disturbing her repose with such horrible dissonance, as if they had been inspired by the Prince of Darkness with the design of disgusting her with the music of the Reformed Church of Scotland. One of her attendant Marys slily reminded her royal Mistress of the favourite text on which Montluc, the Bishop of Valance, had been wont to enlarge in his exhortations to her and her ladies at the Court of France, "Is any one merry, let him sing Psalms," and asked if this were a specimen of the melody he recommended. "Alas !" replied the Queen, "this is no place for mirth. It is with difficulty that I am able to repress my tears." To close her eyes in that sleep which her exhausted powers so much required, during the first three nights of her abode in her own palace, was impossible, in consequence of the diligent zeal with which the unwearied psalmodists continued their nocturnal chorus. She graciously showed herself in the balcony of the royal gallery every morning, and dismissed them with her thanks. Yet she prudently changed her suite of apartments from the ground floor to a quarter of the palace less accessible to the noise, and occupied that chamber in Holyrood which still bears her name.

The perverse fogs—for the prevalence of which Knox reproaches her—were, till she became acclimatized, very inimical to Mary's health. Repose and change of air were necessary, but she had no time to indulge

[1] Brantôme.

[2] History of the Church of Scotland, edited by David Laing, Esq.

as an invalid. The nobles and gentry of her realm hastened to Edinburgh from all quarters to pay their *devoir* to her. All who had anything to ask, a numerous company—those who had complaints to make, not a few—thronged her presence-chamber, and beset her in her walks. To satisfy all was difficult; but the young Queen exerted herself in every possible way to please both high and low, and quickly won the hearts of the people by the graciousness and sweetness of her deportment.[1] Nature had endowed her with every requisite for realizing the *beau ideal* of a female Sovereign, and the Scotch were proud of possessing a Queen who was the most beautiful and perfect among the ladies of that age. Buchanan, who was also a personal witness of the burst of popular delight with which his royal patroness was welcomed home, records the fact in a tone implying that the manly feelings of his loyal countrymen required an apology. "All equally desired to see their Queen, who came to them so unexpectedly, after such various events and changeable fortunes. They considered that she was born amidst the cruel tempests of war, and had lost her father about six days after her birth, that she was well educated by the great care of her mother, the *very best of women;*"—an admission which, by the by, contradicts many a previous vilification of Mary of Lorraine from his pen—so impossible it is for an untruthful writer to preserve consistency. "Between domestic seditions and foreign wars," continues he, "she was left as a prey to the strongest side, and, almost before she had a sense of misery, was exposed to all the perils of a desperate fortune. That she left her country, being, as it were, sent into banishment—when, between the fury of arms and the violence of the waves, she was with great difficulty preserved. It is true that fortune somewhat smiled upon her, and advanced her to an illustrious marriage; but her joy was but transitory; for, her mother and husband dying she was brought into the mournful state of widowhood, and the new kingdom she received passed away, her own standing on very doubtful terms. Furthermore, the excellency of her mien, the delicacy of her beauty, the freshness of her blooming years, and the elegancy of her wit, all joined in her recommendation." He adds, "that there was every appearance of virtue in her, and a similitude of something very worthy; but, of course, it was all deception."

On the Sunday morning, the 24th of August, Mary ordered mass to be said in the Chapel-Royal; resolutely claiming for herself, and the Roman Catholic members of her household, the same liberty of conscience and freedom of worship which she had frankly guaranteed to her subjects in general, without reservation or exceptions. The hearts of the leaders of the Congregation were wonderfully commoved, when they learned that the Queen, though she refrained from persecuting interference with their mode of worship, meant to go to heaven her own way. Patrick, Lord

[1] Castelnau.

Lindsay, braced on his armour, and, rushing into the close at the head of a party of the church militant, brandished his sword, and shouted, "The idolater priest shall die the death!" They attacked the Queen's almoner as he was proceeding to the Chapel, and would have slain him, if he had not fled for refuge into the presence of his royal mistress. Mary, greatly offended and distressed at the occurrence, exclaimed, "This is a fine commencement of what I have to expect. What will be the end I know not, but I foresee it must be very bad."[1] Her brother, the Lord James, when he visited her in France as the delegate of the Lords of the Congregation, had engaged that she should enjoy the privilege of worshipping after her own fashion, and nothing could shake her determination. She was, to use the emphatic words of Lethington respecting her religious opinions, "an unpersuaded Princess." "The Lord James, the man whom the godly did most reverence, undertook to keep the Chapel door" while the Queen was engaged in her devotions, which included an office of thanksgiving for her preservation during the perils of her voyage, and her safe arrival in her own realm. The conduct of the Lord James, on this occasion, gave great scandal to the less liberally disposed of the Congregation. He excused himself by saying, what he did was to prevent any Scotchman from entering the Chapel.

Mary was ready to sacrifice both crown and life, rather than swerve from her principles in time of persecution. By the advice of her Privy Council she caused proclamation to be made at the market cross, stating that she was most desirous to take order, with the advice of her Estates, to compose the distractions unhappily existing in her realm; that she intended not to interrupt the form of religion which, at her return, she found established in her realm, and that any attempt on the part of others to do so would be punished with death; and that she, on the other hand, commanded her subjects not to molest or trouble any of her domestic servants, or any of the persons who accompanied her out of France, either within her palace or without, or to make any derision or invasion of them, under the same penalty."

Scarcely had the Queen been a week in Edinburgh before she took the bold step of demanding a conference with her formidable adversary, Knox. No one was present but the Lord James at this interview, the particulars of which are recorded by the great Reformer himself. The proverbial expression, "There are always two sides to every cause," loses none of its truth, though only one be heard; and it must be recollected that Mary rarely has the opportunity of telling her own story. According to Knox's statement, her Majesty commenced by reproaching him for having excited a revolt, among a portion of her subjects, against her mother and against herself; and that he had written a book against her just authority, meaning, "The First Blast of the Trumpet against

[1] Brantôme.

the monstrous Regiment of Women." Of all Master John's heresies, his fair young Queen appears to have considered his uncivil opinion of her sex the most inexcusable. Nor was his contempt of womanhood a whit more agreeable to the nursing-mother of the Reformation, Elizabeth of England. The latter he had considered it expedient to pacify with assurances that nothing in that book could apply to her, since she was an exception to the general follies and perversities of her sex. To the young Mary of Scotland he entered into a bold defence, both of the principles of his ungallant work, and the able manner in which he had set them forth. "And touching that book," said he, "which seemeth so highly to offend your Majesty, it is most certain that I wrote it, and am content that all the learned of the world judge of it. I hear that one Englishman hath written against it, but I have not read him. If he have sufficiently impugned my reasons, and established his contrary proposition with as evident testimonies as I have done mine, I shall not be obstinate, but shall confess my error and ignorance. But to this hour I have thought, and yet *thinks*, myself alone to be more able to sustain the things affirmed in that my work, than any ten in Europe shall be able to confute."

Mary appears to have been too polite to dispute the opinion expressed by a well-satisfied author upon the merit of his own book. The proposition that women are excluded, both by the law of nature and the law of God, from exercising regal authority, she regarded as injurious to her as a female Sovereign, and, coming straight to the point, she said, "Ye think, then, that I have no just authority?" A direct answer to this plain query being inexpedient, as it might have amounted to treason, Knox delivered, in reply, an extempore essay on the differences in opinion of learned men in general, from those of the world they lived in; and that they were, nevertheless, under the necessity of bearing patiently the errors and imperfections they could not amend—adducing the philosopher Plato and himself as instances of that quiescent policy. He concluded his apology for non-resistance to the authority he had denounced as illegal, in the following obliging terms: "If the realm finds no inconvenience from the regiment of a woman, that which they approve I shall not further disallow than within my own breast, but shall be as well content to live under your Grace as Paul was to live under Nero."[1] Randolph, the English ambassador, writes of Mary—"She is patient to bear, and beareth much;" but we doubt whether she had enough of the Griselda vein in her royal temperament to have brooked so offensive a comparison. The probability is, that Knox's verbal rejoinder was confined to the concluding sentence: "My hope is, that so long as that ye defile not your hands with the blood of the saints of God, that neither I nor that book shall either hurt you or your authority; for in very deed, Madam, that book was written most

[1] History of the Reformation in Scotland, by John Knox—Wodrow edit.

especially against that wicked Jezebel of England." "But," said Mary, "ye speak of women in general." "Most true it is, Madam," he replied; "and yet it appeareth to me that wisdom should persuade your Grace never to raise trouble for that which to this day hath not troubled your Majesty, neither in person nor yet in authority." Sound sense there was in this remark; but Mary, not being past the age of Quixotism, was rashly bent on continuing to tilt with the giant she had ventured to defy. She now aimed her lance at a fresh point of attack: "But yet ye have taught the people to receive another religion than their Princes can allow; and how can that doctrine be of God, seeing that God commands subjects to obey their Princes?" The great Reformer replied, "If all the seed of Abraham should have been of the religion of Pharaoh, to whom they were long subjects, I pray you, Madam, what religion should there have been in the world?" he asked. "Or if all men in the days of the Apostles should have been of the religion of the Roman Emperors, what religion should have been on the face of the earth? Daniel and his fellows were subjects to Nebuchadnezzar and unto Darius, and yet, Madam, they would not be of their religion, neither of the one nor the other." . . . . . "Yea," replied Mary, "but none of those men raised the sword against their Princes." Knox endeavoured, by a logical play on words, to prove that non-compliance and resistance were one and the same thing. Not by defining the difference between verb passive and verb active did Mary answer—she kept to facts, and repeated, "But yet they resisted not by the sword." "God had not given them the power and the means," replied Knox. "Think ye," asked Mary, "that subjects, having power, may resist their Princes?" "If their Princes exceed their bounds,"[1] replied Knox, and then proceeded to assert, as a principle, the right of subjects in certain cases to coerce, dethrone, and imprison their sovereigns, in a strain so thoroughly opposed to the precepts of the apostles Peter and Paul, that the young Queen, whose ideas of the duty of subjects were based on texts of Scripture which, she perceived, had no restraining influence over her spiritual antagonist, turned pale, and remained without the power of utterance for more than a quarter of an hour.[2] When her brother, the Lord James, the only person present at this agitating interview, asked "if she were ill," tears came to her relief; and, turning once more to her stern opponent, she said,—"Well, then, I perceive that my subjects shall obey you and not me, and shall do what they list, not what I command, and so maun I be subject to them, and not they to me!" "God forbid," replied he, "that ever I take upon me to command any to obey me, or set subjects at liberty to do what pleaseth them. My travail is, that both princes and subjects obey God;" adding, "that God enjoined Kings to be foster-fathers, and Queens nursing-mothers, to his Church."

[1] History of the Reformation in Scotland, by John Knox—Wodrow edit.
[2] History of the Reformation, by John Knox, vol. ii. p. 282.

"Yea," replied Mary, with undissembling plainness, "but ye are not the Church that I will *nureiss;* I will defend the Church of Rome, for I think it is the true Church of God." "Your will, Madam, is no reason," retorted Knox; "neither doth your thought make that Roman harlot to be the true and immaculate spouse of Christ." He then spoke in strong language of the declension of the Church of Rome from the purity of the primitive Christian Church, and affirmed that the Jewish Church, at the time of the crucifixion of the Son of God, was not in so bad a state as the corrupt Church of Rome. "My conscience is not so," observed Mary. "Conscience, Madam," exclaimed Knox, "requires knowledge, and I fear that right knowledge ye have none." Mary took this patiently. "But," said she, "I have both heard and read—" "So, Madam," interrupted her vehement opponent, "did the Jews, that crucified Christ Jesus, read both the law and the prophets, and heard the same interpreted after their manner." He scornfully added, "Have ye heard any teach, but such as the Pope and his Cardinals have allowed? And ye may be assured that such will speak nothing to offend their own estate." "Ye interpret the Scriptures in one manner, and they interpret in another," observed the young Queen; "whom shall I believe? and who shall be judge?"[1] Knox, though he possessed knowledge to understand, and eloquence to explain all mysteries; though he was willing to give his body to be burned, and his goods to feed the poor; yet, lacking charity, he was nothing, and worse than nothing, in this controversy;—for his ill manners rendered him a stumbling-block of offence to her whom his reasoning might have convinced of the errors of the creed in which she had been educated. Mary was sufficiently acquainted with the Scriptures to be aware that such was not the language in which Paul reasoned with Felix, corrected Festus, and addressed himself to Agrippa. The conference was finally interrupted by her Majesty being summoned to dinner. Knox took his leave in these words—"I pray God, Madam, that ye may be as blessed within the commonwealth of Scotland, if it be the pleasure of God, as ever Deborah was in the commonwealth of Israel." When some of his own familiars, however, demanded what he thought of the Queen, he replied, "If there be not in her a proud mind, a crafty wit, and ane indurate heart against God and his truth, my judgment fails me."[2]

Mary's tears were reported to Randolph, the English ambassador, by the sole witness of this interview, the Lord James, apparently with some degree of sympathy, for Randolph says, in a letter to Cecil: "Mr Knox spoke upon Tuesday to the Queen. He knocked so hastily upon her heart that he made her to weep, as well you know that some of that sex will do for anger as well as grief.

Mary had incurred the hatred of Knox before she left France, by declaring, "that of all men in Scotland, she considered him the most

[1] History of the Reformation, by John Knox, ii. 282. [2] Ibid.

dangerous, and that she was fully determined to use all the means in her power to banish him from thence;"—an avowal not the less unwise because it was provoked by the exulting manner in which he had spoken and preached of the mortal sufferings of her deceased mother, and her late husband's death. The same day, the Provost, Bailies, Council, and Deacons of the crafts of Edinburgh, having convened an especial assembly for that purpose, "found good, that there should be ane honourable banquet made to the Princes, her Grace's cousins, upon Sunday next, the last day of August, with all diligence. Thus we see that, with strange inconsistency of precept and practice, the self-same Provost and Bailies who, but for the valiant though illegal interference of the prentices of the crafts, would have hanged Kellone the cordwainer for having desecrated the Lord's Day by enacting that bold Southron outlaw, Robin Hood, voluntarily passed over the six days of the week, on which they might have exercised their national hospitality to the French lords without reproach, and appointed the hallowed seventh for their festive carouse, regardless of the spiritual weal of all the cooks, scullions, turnspits, drawers, waiters, baxters, confectioners, vintners, &c., whose labours were put in requisition on this occasion—to say nothing of the spiritual loss themselves sustained in absenting themselves from one of the most energetic sermons ever preached by Maister John Knox, against the idolatry that had re-entered Scotland at the return of the Court. It was a day of mortification to the preacher, for not only was his congregation shorn of the presence of the backsliding Provost and Bailies, and other of the brethren, who slighted the preachings for the carnal delight of feasting with those men of Belial, the Queen's uncles and cousins, but the principal members of Mary's new cabinet, the Lord James, Lethington, and others, formerly the leading men of the Congregation, who to preserve appearances attended in their places, had better have staid away; for when he prophesied of the plagues that were likely to be inflicted on the nation as a punishment for the sinful toleration of the Queen's mass, "these guides of the Court," in whom the leaven of place and preferment had already begun to work, mocked at his words, and plainly told him "that such fear was no point of their faith, it was beside his text, and a very untimely admonition."[1]

The 2nd of September being the day appointed for this attractive spectacle, the good town was now in a fever of loyal enthusiasm, anticipating the approaching pageant of the Queen's state procession to the Castle, through the principal streets of her metropolis. Her Highness departed from Holyrood House with her train, and rode by the long street on the north side of the burgh, till she came to the foot of the Castle-hill, where a gate or triumphal arch had been erected for her to pass under, accompanied by the most part of the nobles

[1] Knox's History of the Reformation, vol. ii. p. 276.

of Scotland, except the Duke de Châtelherault and his son the Earl of Arran, who marked their disaffection by their absence. Mary rode up the bank to the Castle, where, being received with due honours, she entered, and dined at the then fashionable hour of twelve o'clock. "When she came forth from the royal fortress, and turned her towards the town, the artillery shot vehemently. As she was descending the Castle-hill, there met her Highness a convoy of the young men of the said burgh, to the number of fifty, their bodies covered with yellow taffety; their arms and their legs bare, coloured with black in manner of Moors; upon their heads black hats, and on their faces black vizors; in their mouths rings, garnished with *intellable* precious stones; about their necks, legs, and arms, infinity of chains of gold."[1] This quaint device was inspired by their romantic devotion to their beauteous young Queen, and implied that they were one and all her humble slaves and blackamoors, and esteemed themselves honoured by being permitted to wear her chains. Their whimsical gallantry excited a smile from Mary, and this caustic remark from the awful censor of all vain follies: "In farces, in masking, and in other prodigalities, fain would fools have counterfeited France. Whatsoever might set forth her glory, that she heard and gladly beheld." "Sixteen of the most honest men in the town—to whom black velvet gowns, cramoisye, pourpoints, and black velvet bonnets, had been decreed by the Town Council of Edinburgh, to equip them in a costume meet for the office—received their fair young Sovereign under a pall or canopy of fine purple velvet, lined with red taffety, and fringed with gold and silk. Eight bore the cànopy aloft, over her and her palfrey; and the others walked on either side thereof, in readiness to relieve their fellows in this labour of love. And after them was ane cart with certain bairnes," pursues our quaint authority, "together with a coffer wherein was the cupboard and propyne, which should be propynit to her Highness; and when her Grace came forward to the butter trone[2] of the said burgh, the nobility and convoy proceeded. At the butter trone there was ane port or gate made of timber, in most honourable manner, coloured with fine colours, and hung with sundry arms, upon the which port were singing certain bairnes in the most heavenly wise. Under the port was a cloud, opening with four leaves, in the which was put a bonny bairn. And when the Queen's Highness was coming through the said port, the cloud opened, and the bonny bairn descended as it had been an angel, and delivered to her Highness the keys of the town, together with a Bible and a Psalm-Book, covered with fine purple velvet; and after the said bairn had spoken some small speeches, he delivered also to her Highness three writings—the tenour thereof is uncertain." But Knox says they were "verses in her praise, at hearing which she smiled." He adds—"But

[1] Diurnal of Occurrents, printed for the Bannatyne Club.
[2] Or Weighing-machine.

when the Bible was presented, and the praise thereof declared, she began to frown." Expressions were probably introduced, which had the effect of exciting a momentary thrill of indignant feeling against those who had the ill taste to convert that holy volume of peace and love into a weapon of offence. This Bible, a Protestant translation, Mary received, and delivered it into the care of Arthur Erskine, the captain of her guard. This was imputed to her as a crime; yet how was she to have retained a heavy book in her own hands, having her mettled steed to manage during such a scene, without incurring the risk of dropping it, and being reproached with having flung the word of God under her horse's heels? Arthur Erskine was esteemed an improper person, withal, to be honoured with the care of the sacred volume, being "the most pestilent Papist within the realm."

"And thereafter, the terrible signification of idolatry, as Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, were burned in the time of their sacrifice." It was intended to have had the representation of a priest burned at the altar, in the act of elevating the chalice, but the interference of the Earl of Huntley prevented it. At the Tolbooth, pageants more likely to please the young Queen were exhibited; and after some compliments made to her there, "by a fair virgin called Fortune, and two other fair virgins called Justice and Policy, all clad in most precious attirement, her Majesty came to the Cross, where there were standing four fair virgins clad in the most heavenly clothing; and from the Cross the wine ran out at the spouts in great abundance, and there was the noise of people casting the glasses with the wine."[1] These were the ardent loyalists of Auld Reekie, testifying their love and respect for their Sovereign by breaking the glasses out of which they had drunk health and good speed to her, lest the goblets which had been drained to that pledge should ever be put to a meaner use. The orthodox manner of honouring this picturesque custom of the sixteenth century, was by each person who had drunk the toast flinging the glass over his left shoulder and cheering; and when a hundred people did so simultaneously, the smash was considered glorious, and was echoed by the uproarious applause of those who had no glasses to break. It was not every loyal Scot who pressed to the fountain at the Cross, to drink a health to his winsome liege lady in red wine, who could afford to immolate so expensive an article of luxury as a glass goblet, in token of his devotion. "Our sovereign lady," pursues our record, "came to the salt trone, where there were some speakers, and after ane little speech she departed to the Netherbow, where there was another scaffold made having a dragon in the same, with some speeches; and after the dragon was burned, and the Queen's Grace heard a psalm sung, she past to her Abbey of Holyrood House with the said convoy" (her humble slaves and blackamoors); "and there the bairnes which were in the cart with the

[1] Diurnal of Occurrents.

propyne (present) made some speech concerning the putting away of the mass, and thereafter sang a psalm. This being done, the cart came to Edinburgh, and the said honest men remained in her outer chalmer, and desired her Grace to receive the said cupboard, which was double over-gilt, and the price thereof was two hundred marks. The Queen received the same, and thanked them thereof; and so the honest men and convoy returned to Edinburgh."

Historians must not go beyond documents written or printed, therefore we pretend not to analyze the close-sealed emotions of the young heart which throbbed, perchance to agony, beneath the jewelled panoply of royalty, while compelled to perform, with the best grace she might, the part it was her fatal privilege to claim on that day of public pomp and humiliation, when expected to smile complacently while listening to doggrel rhymes, in which flattery, insults, and menaces were coarsely blended; and to look with approbation on the desecration of scenes in holy writ, by rude pictorial representations allied to caricature, for the anti-Christian purpose of exciting a spirit of persecution against herself, and persons professing the same religion.

On the following evening Mary gave her first grand entertainment to her Scottish nobles and ladies. Old Holyrood appears to have worn a new face on the occasion, being gaily replenished with the costly hangings and moveables the Queen had brought with her from France. Arras of cloth-of-gold was on the walls; the rushes on the floors had been swept away, and replaced with Turkey carpets. The oaken tables were covered with splendid "board cloaths" of crimson velvet, embroidered and fringed with gold. Marble tables, supported on carved and gilded frames, were set out with the newly imported luxury of porcelain vases filled with flowers, and crystal flagons and fountains with scented waters. Horologes that chimed the hours were there, in gold and silver richly-chased frames, adorned with gems arranged in mottoes and devices. Chess tables of ebony and mother-of-pearl, with exquisite statuettes of kings, queens, bishops, and knights, miniature fortresses, and men-at-arms of the rival colours, were placed in order of battle. Cabinets from Ind and Venice, of filagree gold and silver, and cabinets worked in Dutch beads, interspersed with seed pearls, by the industrious fingers of the Queen and her four Maries, claimed admiration. Lamps of silver were suspended from the pendant pinnacles of the fretted ceilings, emblazoned with the royal arms of Scotland and the escutcheon of the Queen, impaling the royal lilies of France. In separate medallions were her initials, entwined in a monogram; and her device—a crowned red rose;—calling forth the well-known compliment in allusion to her pre-eminence in beauty and degree:—

"The fairest rose in Scotland grows on the highest bough."

Queen Mary's beds were both numerous and superb. She had fourteen

at Holyrood of surpassing magnificence, whereof the materials of the roof and head-pieces were cloth of gold or silver, or velvet embroidered and fringed with bullion, and the curtains of damask or taffety, passamented with gold and silver. Small sofas, called canapés, covered with the richest crimson velvet, fringed and embroidered with gold and silver, folding-chairs called pliants, folding-stools, and tabourets, furnished seats for the noble guests, according to their degrees of rank, in her gallery and hall of state. Her privy chamber and her cabinet were arranged with all the splendid articles of vertu which she had collected round her while Dauphiness and Queen of France. Her harp and lute decorated with gold and gems, her pictures and pictorial embroidery, her globes celestial and terrestrial, her maps and charts, her richly-bound and illuminated vellum MSS., and tomes of Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish poetry and romance, history and chronicles, her books of science—all bore witness to her erudition, the elegance of her taste, and the variety of her accomplishments.

The catalogue of Mary's private library indicates how far her mind was in advance of the refinements of the Court over which it was now her fatal privilege to preside. She was scarcely less learned than her royal kinswoman, Elizabeth, but her good taste and feminine modesty prevented her from any pedantic display, either of her classic attainments or her accomplishments. Mary and her ladies still wore the *deuil* for her lamented lord, Francis II. The mournful impressions which the loss of her husband and her mother had left on her mind having taught her the uncertain tenure on which earthly greatness is held, she caused the following motto to be embroidered beneath her royal escutcheon on her canopied chair of state—

"IN MY END IS MY BEGINNING."

The wordly-wise statesmen, employed by Queen Elizabeth as spies, blind to the Christian philosophy of this sentiment, fancied some enigmatical aspiration after the English succession lurked in the motto—not the avowal that, in the midst of the glories of regality, the power of genius, and the pride of youthful beauty, Mary looked for better things beyond the grave, and regarded herself as a pilgrim and stranger on earth. There is a beautiful harmony between this sentiment and the legend on the reverse of the earliest gold coin, bearing the profile portrait of Mary Stuart, "*Justus Fide Vivit*," (The Just lives by Faith,) being the motto chosen by the youthful Sovereign for herself in 1555, the year in which that piece was struck. Mary's first care, on her return to Scotland in 1561, was to appoint two almoners, Archibald Crawfurd and Peter Rorie, for the distribution of her personal charities to objects of distress;[1] and

[1] Treasury Records in the General Register House, Edinburgh.

she devoted a portion of her private income for the education of children.[1] Above all, she revived the noble and humane appointment of the King her father, of an advocate for the poor.[2] This functionary received a salary of £20 per annum for pleading the causes of the indigent, who otherwise would have had no one to defend them from the oppression of the powerful. In her maternal care for all who were desolate and oppressed, and the expedition of poor men's causes, "the Queen," writes Randolph to Cecil, "hath ordered three days a-week for their attendance, augmented the judges' salaries, sitting herself often for more equity."[3] Such were the objects to which the Mary Stuart of reality devoted her attention, as soon as she had possessed herself of the government of her own realm—a period at which the Mary Stuart of misrepresentation is described by her contemporary libellers, and their copyists, as spending her time in dissipation and folly.

She had declared openly that her first exercise of queenly authority in Scotland would be to dismiss Randolph, the intriguing English ambassador and notorious disseminator of bribes and sedition among her nobles. But her anger, as usual, evaporated in words; and she suffered herself to be persuaded by his friend, the Lord James, then her principal minister of state, to grant him an audience to deliver the letters from Queen Elizabeth, congratulating her on her return, and requesting her co-operation in the suppression of pirates. Randolph, having presented his royal mistress's commendations in due form, said something highly complimentary on his own account and then delivered Elizabeth's letters. Mary received them graciously, read them through herself, and when she found things difficult to understand, as in all Elizabeth's epistles there are, she requested him to explain. Having by his aid made herself mistress of their purport, she said: "I must needs accept in very good part the Queen, your mistress, my dear sister's commendations, and am glad she is in good health, as I trust she is of mine. For that you rejoice in my return, and wish me so well, I thank you heartily, and trust that I shall find none other occasion of my subjects but as loving and obedient, and I towards them a good Princess."

CHAPTER IX.

Mary, though fond of pleasure, and delighting in literature, painting, and music, knew that her time belonged to the nation, and paid diligent attention to business. Her great desire was to render her realm, which had suffered so many miseries during her long minority and absence from

[1] Treasury Records in the General Register House, Edinburgh.
[2] Chalmers' Life of Mary Stuart, vol. i. p. 67. [3] Keith, 250.

the seat of government, peaceful and prosperous under her gentle sway. Hers was no easy vocation, having so many selfish interests to contend with, and being herself, unhappily, of a different religion from that of the majority of her subjects. With strict regard, however, to the wishes of that majority, she chose a Protestant cabinet, with the exception of the Earl of Huntley, her Lord Chancellor, to whom she restored the seals. The Lord James was her Prime Minister, William Maitland of Lethington her Secretary of State, James Makgill the Clerk-Register, Wishart of Pitarrow, the brother or nephew of the martyr, her Privy Seal. Kirkaldy of Grange and Master Henry Balnaves also held offices of trust and emolument in her cabinet. Her Council consisted of twelve members, of whom seven were Protestants and five Roman Catholics. Mary sat daily in Council several hours, in deliberation with her ministers and advisers; but, while thus occupied, she employed her hands with her needle—a little table of sandal-wood, with her work-basket and implements of industry, being always placed by her chair of state.[1] Every rightly constituted mind must appreciate this characteristic trait of feminine propriety in a young female Sovereign, whom duty compelled to take the presiding place in a male assembly. It was necessary for her to listen with profound attention to the opinions of every one, and to deliver her own; but, instead of allowing her native modesty to assume the awkward appearance of embarrassment or bashfulness, she took refuge from encountering the gaze of so many gentlemen by bending her eyes on her embroidery, or whatever work she was engaged in. She entered the Council Chamber in her regal capacity, but she never forgot the delicacy of her sex while there. "In the presence of her Council," observes Knox, in whose opinion it was impossible for Mary to do right, "she kept herself very grave; for, under the *deuil* weed, she could play the hypocrite in full perfection. But how soon," continues he, "that ever her French *fillocks*, fiddlers, and others of that band, gatt the house alone, there might be seen skipping not very comely for honest women.[2]

Mary retained her band of Scotch minstrels and musicians in her household while she was Queen-Dauphiness and Queen-Consort of France, and at this period she was attended by five violars, all Scotchmen—to her credit be it recorded—viz., John Feldie, Morris Dow, John Gow, William Hog, and John Ray: they had each a salary of ten pounds per annum, with their board, clothes, books, and instruments, at her Majesty's expense. John Adesone and John Hume were her players on the lute; their salaries were as high as twenty-four pounds per annum. John Heron was her player on the pipe and quhissel, James Ramsay her schalmer,[3] besides pipers and juvenile violars.[4] The names of her "French

[1] Randolph to Cecil, printed in Keith, i. 94.
[2] History of the Reformation, vol. ii.
[3] Player on the instrument called in the Plantagenet Compotuses a *shaulm*.
[4] Treasurer's Books—General Register House, Edinburgh.

fidlaris," if she entertained such auxiliaries to her band, are not recorded. Mary was passionately fond of music, in which she possessed exquisite taste and some practical skill. She played on the virginals "reasonably well for a Queen."[1] Her voice was sweet and clear, and had been highly cultivated. When she sang she accompanied herself on her favourite instrument, the lute, "touching it skilfully," observes the enthusiastic Brantôme, "with that white hand of hers, and those delicate fingers which, from their form and tint, were worthy to be compared to those of Aurora."[2]

Mary prudently dismissed the greater number of her French followers, lest their presence should either cause inconvenience or be regarded with jealousy by her subjects. "Now that these Frenchmen are departed," reports Randolph, "we shall soon give a guess unto what issue things will grow. The poverty of her subjects advanceth whatsoever she intendeth." And this no doubt was true; for the evils caused by the selfish policy of the late usurpers of the government had not been cured in the three short weeks which had elapsed since the return of the absentee Sovereign. There had been neither time nor opportunity for working out her enlightened plans for ameliorating the condition of the lower classes, by the establishment of domestic manufactures—not even for that simple craft which, requiring neither capital nor machinery beyond a bundle of straw and a few score of industrious fingers, she had taken measures for transplanting from the peaceful cottages of Lorraine, in the hope of its affording, as it does, after the lapse of nearly three centuries, employment to thousands and tens of thousands of females, to whom it is a matter of dead indifference whether the Treaty of Edinburgh was ever signed or not.

Mary having settled her Cabinet and Council, and made the necessary diplomatic appointments, was desirous of showing herself to her people, and acquainting herself with the condition of her realm, by undertaking a progress through the central counties, and visiting the principal towns, and some of her country palaces. As she was to be attended by fifteen ladies of her household, six of the members of her Cabinet-council, besides her state officers, her uncle, the Marquis d'Elbœuf, and her brother, the Lord James, she determined to perform the journey on horseback. In consequence of the capture and inconvenient detention of her horses by Queen Elizabeth, who appeared in no hurry to restore them, she had been compelled to provide herself with a fresh stud for immediate use. Mary was the first lady in Scotland who used the modern side-saddle with a pommel. The Queen and her retinue departed from Holyrood on the 11th of September, after dinner, and reached Linlithgow the same evening. In that pleasant palace she held her court the following day. She proceeded to Stirling, September 13, and being received with all due honours, re-

[1] Sir James Melville's Memoirs. [2] Vies des Femmes Illustres.

entered the royal fortress, which was associated with her earliest recollections as the abode of her childhood. A tragic accident had well-nigh befallen her there; for while she was sleeping in her bed, with a lighted candle on a table beside her, the curtains caught fire, and she was almost stifled before she could be rescued from her perilous situation—the tester and hangings of the bed being consumed. This accident made a great sensation, on account of the ancient prediction, "that a Queen should be burnt at Stirling." The agitation caused by her danger was probably less distressing to a Princess of Mary's intrepid character, than the riot raised by her Prime Minister and Justice-General in her private chapel, on the Sunday morning, during the mass which she had ordered to be said there, and the cowardly assault made on her unlucky chaplains in her presence. "The Earl of Argyll and the Lord James so disturbed the quire, that same day, that both priests and clerks left their places with broken heads and bloody ears. It was a sport alone for some that were there to behold it," observes Randolph, with inhuman glee, in relating this outrage on Christian decency to his friend Cecil.[1] "Others there were," continues he, in allusion to the young Queen and her ladies, "that shed a tear or two, and made no more of the matter."

Mary made her state entrance into Perth on the 17th of September, where she was well received, and presented with a golden heart, full of pieces of gold; but she liked not the pageants, was taken ill while she was riding through the street, in the procession; and before she could reach her palace, she fainted, and was lifted from her horse, and borne thither in a state of insensibility. "Such sudden passions as I hear she is often troubled with after any great unkindness or grief of mind,"[2] is Randolph's comment on the indisposition of the poor young Queen, who, during the last four days, had gone through enough to prostrate the physical powers of a much stronger person than she was. But, though not exempt from the hysterical affections incidental to her feeble sex, Mary possessed spirit and resolution to struggle against the weakness of the flesh. She was in the saddle again the following day, and rode to Dundee, where she remained till the 20th; then crossed the Tay, and proceeded to St Andrews. After resting there nearly a week, she visited her beautiful palace at Falkland, and returned to Edinburgh on the 29th of September. She was received in all the towns she visited with acclamations and honours, and such presents as the miseries and poverty of her desolated realm enabled her loyal subjects to offer in token of their good-will.

Scarcely had Mary returned to her metropolis, when the re-elected Provost Douglas of Kilspindie, and his brethren in office, attempted a most despotic and illegal act of persecution against some of their fellow-

[1] Keith, p. 190. Likewise State Paper MS., Randolph to Cecil.
[2] Keith, p. 190.

subjects, by issuing a proclamation imperatively enjoining "all Papists," whom they designated by the offensive appellation of idolaters, and classed with the most depraved offenders against the moral law, to depart the town, under the penalties of being set on the market cross for six hours, subjected to all the insults and indignities which the rabble might think proper to inflict, carted round the town, and burned on both cheeks, and for the third offence to be punished with death.[1] Instead of taking up the matter as a personal grievance, by insisting, like Esther, that she was included in this sweeping denunciation against the people of her own denomination, Mary treated it as an infringement of the liberties of the realm, and addressed her royal letter to the Town Council, complaining of this oppressive and illegal edict. Her remonstrance produced no other effects than a reiteration of the same proclamation, couched, if possible, in grosser and more offensive language. Mary responded to this act of contumely by an order to the Town Council to supersede those magistrates by electing others. The Town Council, on this indication of the spirit of her forefathers on the part of their youthful Sovereign in her teens, yielded obedience to her mandate.

The troubles and vexations which disquieted Mary in the commencement of her personal reign did not proceed entirely from the leaders of the Congregation. She was beset with importunities, complaints, and demands, from the Roman Catholic party, which, though considerably in the minority, was still powerful enough to convulse the realm with that most unhallowed strife, miscalled a religious war. The head of this party was the Earl of Huntley, who boasted, "that, if she would sanction him in it, he could set up the mass again in three counties."[2] But, having pledged herself not to permit any alteration in the religion she found established at her return, she would not allow the attempt to be made. The Roman Catholic nobles protested against her policy as injurious to the interests of the Church of which she professed herself a member, and endeavoured to compel her to a different line of conduct, by appeals to the Princes of the house of Guise. Nor was it long before Mary received the stern intimation, "that if she refused to be guided by their advice, and render herself subservient to their views, they would organize a formidable party against her in her own realm, of whom the Duke de Châtelherault, his son Arran, and the Earl of Huntley, should be the leading men." Thus Mary saw herself placed, as her mother had been before her, between two fires; but, instructed by the calamities of that unfortunate Princess, she steadily resisted all foreign interference, and continued to legislate on her own liberal and enlightened plans. She would not, it is true, come to the preachings, because she was an "unpersuaded Princess;" but she did not refuse to read the works of foreign Protestant divines, who advanced

[1] Town Council Register, 1561.
[2] Throckmorton's Letters—Tytler's Hist. Scotland.

their arguments in a temperate and reasonable tone. When Randolph asked the Lord James "whether the Queen would take it in no evil part if he presented to her the Accord at the Assembly at Poissy, in the controversy upon the sacrament?" the reply was, "that she would accept it well." Lord James accordingly presented it to her the same night after supper. Mary said at once "she suspected the sincerity of it, because she thought it came from Cecil through Randolph." She read it nevertheless. Many disputes arose that night upon it. The Queen said "she could not reason, but she knew what she ought to believe."

"The next day," writes Throckmorton, "I was sent for into the Council Chamber, where she herself ordinarily sitteth the most part of her time, sewing some work or other." Instead, however, of commencing a doctrinal discussion with him, as he probably expected, on the subject which had been introduced to her attention on the preceding evening, the fair young Sovereign addressed him in these words: "These three days I have done nothing else but devise with my Council how to daunton the thieves on the Borders. I have charged the Lord Home to do your countrymen justice. If he do otherwise I will be ill contented therewith, and see it reformed. You know," continued she, "that I am now in hand to send the Lord James and some other lord to the Borders, for that purpose. Wherefore, I pray you, report well of my mind, and find the means that proclamation may be made as I spake unto you, that no thieves be received within England; for, otherwise, it will be in vain whatever I purpose against them."[1] When the Council was broken up, Randolph would have stopped the Queen, as she was leaving the chamber, to say something to her; but she, being in need of air and exercise, after some hours' attention to business, put him off by saying, "I will talk with you apart in the garden." When she joined the ambassador there, she asked, "How like you this country? you have been in it a good space, and know it well enough." "The country is good," replied Randolph, "and the policy of it might be made much better." "The absence of the Prince hath caused it to be worse," was Mary's spirited rejoinder to this depreciatory insinuation; "but yet," added she, "it is not like England." Randolph observed "that there were many countries in the world worse than Scotland, but few he thought better than England, of which he trusted that at some future time her Grace might be able to judge." Mary construed this compliment into an invitation to visit England, and eagerly replied, "I would be content therewith if my sister your mistress so like." Randolph told the young Queen that it was a thing many of her subjects desired, and he thought it would be well-pleasing to his royal mistress.

The ambassador then apologized for the detention of Mary's horses, which had got no farther on their way home than Berwick. Inconveni-

[1] Randolph to Cecil, Oct. 24—Keith i. 56; and State Paper Office MSS.

ent as the circumstance had proved to her, Mary replied, with her wonted urbanity, "that she took it not as a fault; and if it were, she was assured that it proceeded not from the Queen his mistress, but rather from the Warden, who had stopped them because they had no passports, all which she was perfectly willing to excuse."[1] She told him of the daily reports that were made to her of the insincerity of the Queen of England's dealings and intentions regarding her, but declared that she gave no credit to such insinuations, for, as she was herself disposed to live in amity with her good sister, she was willing to believe her Majesty had the like desire. A few lively particulars, illustrative of Mary, her Cabinet, and Court, are reported by Randolph in his gossiping letter, for the information of his colleague Cecil. He certifies that the Lord James and Lethington are above all others in her favour, that they are accused of too much compliance with her humour; but he thinks to the contrary, giving the following reasons for his opinion: "The Lord James dealeth, according to his nature, rudely, homely, and bluntly; the Lord of Lethington more delicately and finely. She is patient to bear, and beareth much."[2]

The scholastic attainments of Lethington, his elegance of deportment, and insinuating manners made him both agreeable and useful to his accomplished Sovereign. It was pleasant for the Queen to find one person in her Council who could appreciate her wit, her learning, and her genius. This was the bond between them. She liked the man, but did not respect his principles. He flattered and pleased her, without persuading her that he was an honest man. This smooth-tongued, polished courtier was a less skilfully masked deceiver than his stern colleague, whose rough exterior and rude speech made him pass current with Mary for a perfect mirror of sincerity. A more fatal mistake cannot be made by any one than to imagine that the absence of courtesy, and the habit of saying offensive things, under the pretext of plain speaking, is a test of truthfulness; for the blunt "incivilian" is often a far more dangerous hypocrite than the complimentary dissembler, and will go to more injurious lengths, having a heart callous to the pain he inflicts, either by word or deed. "The Earl Marischal," continues Randolph,[3] "is wary, but speaketh sometimes to good purpose. His daughter is lately come to this town. We look shortly what shall become of the long love betwixt her and the Lord James. The Lord John of Coldinghame hath not the least favour with his leaping and dancing. He is like to marry the Earl of Bothwell's sister. The Lord Robert consumeth with love of the Earl of Cassillis' sister. The Earl of Bothwell hath had given unto him old lands of his father in Teviotdale, and the Abbey of Melrose." This is the first profitable show of favour of which that evil man, Bothwell,

[1] Randolph to Cecil, Oct. 24, 1561—State Paper Office MSS. [2] Ibid.
[3] Randolph to Cecil—Keith, 196.

became a recipient from his unfortunate Sovereign. There was no impediment to prevent Mary from bestowing her hand upon him at the same time, if she had felt the slightest inclination for such a consort. So great was the national fear, at this period, of her marrying a foreign Prince, and a Roman Catholic, that if her choice had fallen on him, he being a Protestant Peer of Scotland, Knox and the brethren would have promoted, instead of opposing, the marriage. The Duke de Châtelherault, the head of the house of Hamilton, first Prince of the blood, and next heir to the crown of Scotland, had not yet presented himself to pay his homage to Queen Mary. His disaffection would have been more formidable, if his character had been such as to inspire his friends with confidence, and his opponents with respect. His son, Arran, behaved with all the spite of a rejected lover to the Queen; but as his father kept him without money, his power was small. Mary, meantime, conducted herself with equal courage and moderation, among the complicated difficulties with which her path was beset, and won universal respect from the unprejudiced. "Mr Knox," says Randolph, "cannot be otherwise persuaded but that many men are deceived in this woman. His severity keepeth us in marvellous order. I commend better the success of his doings and preachings than the manner thereof, though I acknowledge his doctrine to be sound. His prayer is daily for her, 'that God will turn her obstinate heart; or, if the holy will be otherwise, to strengthen the hearts and hands of his chosen and elect, stoutly to withstand the rage of all tyrants,' in words terrible enough." This was the language of repulsion, not invitation. Mary was amenable to reason, but impassive to threats. "It is now called in question," notes Randolph, "whether the Princess, being an idolater, may be obeyed in all civil and politic actions." His opinion of those by whom the question was mooted is not very flattering. "I think marvellously of the wisdom of God that gave this unruly, unconstant, and cumbersome people, no more substance nor power than they have, for then would they run wild."

Mary possessed great talents for domestic legislation. Her earnest desire to reform all disorders in her realm, and to restore the regular operation of those laws which affected the rights of property and the security of life, induced her to turn her attention to the state of the Border counties, which swarmed with a fierce and sanguinary banditti, whom it was impossible to quell without the intervention of a military force, under an energetic leader. By the advice of her Council she appointed her brother, the Lord James, to the performance of this service. The freeholders of eleven counties, a formidable and responsible militia, were summoned to follow his banner. That powerful border chief, the Earl of Bothwell, employed his usually misdirected energies successfully, and for once well, as the coadjutor of the Lord James in this expedition.

Hamilton, the Archbishop of St Andrews, took the opportunity of the absence of his great opponent, Lord James, the Prior of his diocese, to enter Edinburgh in great pomp, at the head of eighty horsemen, accompanied also by a gathering of the prelates of the Romish hierarchy. The Lord James, whose great object was to induce his royal sister to supersede the claims of the house of Hamilton to the regal succession in his own favour, had inspired her with apprehensions that her life and crown were in danger from the treasonable designs of that family, and persuaded her that his own presence alone protected her from violence. So great an impression had this chimera made on Mary's mind that, on the Sunday evening after Lord James's departure, she was seized with a sudden panic about nine o'clock in the evening, just as she was going to retire to bed, and declared "she heard the noise of armed men and horses entering the Abbey Close, and compassing her palace." The alarm-bell was rung, and every man called to arms. Small, however, was the valour of Mary's officers of state, if any credit may be given to the sarcastic insinuations of Master Randolph. Mary is accused, by those writers who turned every incident of her life to her prejudice, of having raised a false alarm in concert with her brothers, Lord John of Coldingham and Lord Robert, as a pretence for having a body-guard appointed for her safety. The gentlemen and nobles attached to the Court continued to watch alternately for a few nights.

The Duke de Châtelherault left his sullen retreat at Kinneil, and presented himself, for the first time, at the Court of Holyrood, since his reluctant resignation of the regency in 1554, for the purpose, not of offering his loyal devoir to the young Sovereign, of whose person and cradle-throne he had once held the office of guardian, "but to complain to her of the injury done to his son and himself by such an imputation, of which he said, if it had any foundation, he could not himself be guiltless. He demanded the punishment of the authors of the slander, and produced an old statute to demonstrate that it was a penal offence. Mary, much annoyed with herself for the dilemma into which her groundless alarm had brought her, endeavoured to soothe the angry old man with good words; but it was in vain she apologized for the unfortunate rumour which had proceeded from her unlucky panic, and assured him she entertained no injurious suspicions either of him or his. Nothing could be done to content him, and he withdrew in greater dissatisfaction than before, to Kinneil. The return of the Lord James from his successful undertaking on the Borders with fifty prisoners, and the arrival of de Foix, the French ambassador, from England, put an end to the nine days' wonder, which, though clearly much ado about nothing, had the ill effect of widening the breach between the Queen and the Hamiltons.

De Foix was a Huguenot, and Randolph commended his zeal and good

mind, and requested him "so to deal with the Queen, in these matters, as the world might judge of his earnest mind and upright conscience." The next day de Foix, nevertheless, accompanied Mary to mass. When they talked again of religion, Randolph naïvely observes, "I was not so uncourteous as to tell him he had been at the mass, though, for his reputation, it had been worth to him one thousand crowns not to have been. He repented himself afterwards, being admonished; and came not unto the *dirige* or mass upon Friday and Saturday last, to the great misliking of the Queen." These services were fondly designed by Mary for the benefit of her late consort's soul, it being the anniversary of his decease—a fact which may account for de Foix's attendance on the vigil of that day; though, in consequence of the remonstrances of the Scotch Protestants, he would not further commit himself by coming to the dirge of his late sovereign, which etiquette required of the representative of the brother of Francis II. It was at this dirge for the soul of Francis II. that the rich voice of David Riccio was first heard in the Chapel Royal at Holyrood, for he arrived as secretary to Morretta, the ambassador of the Duke of Savoy, on the 3rd of December, and, being at the same time a zealous Roman Catholic, and renowned for his musical attainments, he exerted his vocal powers on an occasion so interesting to the feelings of the royal widow.

Riccio came not to Scotland either as a fiddler or a valet, but in the honourable situation of private secretary to the Savoyard ambassador: "The Conte di Morretta," says our authority,[1] "brought with him, as secretary, one David Riccio di Pancalieri, in Piedmont, who had in the like manner served Monsignor the Archbishop of Turin, because he could well express his ideas in the idioms of Italy and France—and he was so good a musician that the Queen caused him to assist always at the mass at her palace; and as, since her return, she had wished to have a complete musical band—for she took great delight in singing, and the sound of the viol—she required her uncle, the Marquis d'Elbœuf, to ask the Conte di Morretta to relinquish his secretary David, and leave him in Scotland. She made him groom of the chamber, and finally her own secretary; having been recommended by her uncle, Cardinal de Lorraine, to take him in that capacity because his dwarfish and deformed person would disarm scandal. The circumstance of Mary's religious services being perpetually interrupted by murderous attacks on her choral officials, made her anxious to secure the assistance of a gentleman, as the leader of the choir in her Chapel Royal, who was under the protection of a foreign embassy. Such, then, were the antecedents and the real position of David Riccio.

Mary requested her nobles to pay, at least, the trifling tribute of

[1] Memorial addressed to Cosmo I., Grand Duke of Tuscany, in Italian—from the Archives de Medicis edited by Prince Labanoff, tome vii. p. 65. Lettres di Marie Stuart.

respect to her of wearing black on an anniversary attended with such painful recollections to her as the death of Francis; but they churlishly refused to accord that conventional mark of sympathy to her grief. "She could not persuade nor get one lord of her own to wear the *deuil* for that day," notes Randolph—"not so much as the Earl of Bothwell." We shall have occasion to specify other instances of Bothwell's non-compliances with Mary's desire for the customs of her Church to be observed in her palace. Immediately after the service was over, Mary caused a proclamation to be made at the Mercat Cross by a herald, "that no man, on pain of his life, should trouble or do any injury to her chaplains that were at the mass;"[1] and this time they got off in whole skins. Great exception was taken at her Majesty's boldness in issuing such a proclamation on her own responsibility, some of her subjects considering it a grievous infringement on their liberty to be denied the sport of breaking the heads of the said ecclesiastics.

The Queen's year of widowhood was fully completed on Dec. 5, and all testimonials of respect and affection to her deceased lord and husband had been paid by her. She still wore her widow's weeds of chamlate, or Florence serge; but had provided her ladies with black velvet for their second *deuil*. Her gentlemen and domestic servants wore black cloth and mourning grey.

It was unfortunate for Mary that she permitted her young uncle, the Marquis d'Elbœuf, to remain at Holyrood after the departure of the Duke d'Aumale and the Grand Prior, for he was a wild dissipated Prince, whom no consideration for the difficult position in which his royal niece was placed would induce to conform to the sober manners of her subjects. He enticed her brothers, the Lord Robert and Lord John, both secularized priests, and heretofore regarded as discreet members of the Congregation of the true Evangile, to desert the preachings, and play the ruffling gallants with him in the Canongate; and even to take part with him in Sunday sports. A few days after the marriage of Mary's brother, Lord John, with the Earl of Bothwell's sister, Monsieur Marquis d'Elbœuf thought proper to form an intimacy with that boisterous profligate, whom perhaps, in consequence of this marriage, he considered as a sort of family connection. Wearing masks and quaint disguises, and accompanied by a party of the graceless springalds of the Court, this precious trio, d'Elbœuf, Lord John, and Bothwell, would roam the streets of Edinburgh by night, playing all sorts of tricks on sober-minded people, and putting the whole town in "misorder." Having discovered that the Earl of Arran, who affected great sanctity, and was always censuring the wickedness of the Court, visited very slily the daughter-in-law of an Edinburgh magistrate, one Mistress Alison Craig, who had the reputation of being more fair than good, the Marquis d'Elbœuf, the Lord John, and Bothwell had the im-

[1] Keith, 207.

pertinence to go one night in their masks, and, using perchance the same signals as Arran, were received into the house, where they supped and were entertained; but the next night, when they would have repeated their visit, they were not admitted, on which they and their evil companions broke open the doors, and much misconducted themselves. Complaint next day was made to the Queen, who, in words sharp enough, reproved the offenders.[1] "The Earl of Bothwell and Lord John swore, in very contemptuous words, that they would do the like in the despite of any that was friend of Arran and his house that would say nay." These words being reported to the Hamilton party, the Duke de Châtelherault and his followers came forth at nine o'clock the next evening to attack the Earl of Bothwell in his lodging. Bothwell sent to summon his French friend, d'Elbœuf, to his aid; but he, standing in salutary awe of his royal niece's anger, would not leave Holyrood. A great riot took place, nevertheless, between Bothwell and the Hamiltons. The town bell was rung, the Provost and Bailies came from the city, and the Lord James from the Abbey of Holyrood, to part the fray. Proclamation was made that every man should depart on pain of death. The Queen, much displeased at these doings, sent a summons for the Duke de Châtelherault and Bothwell to appear before her. The Duke came, attended by all the Protestants in the town; Bothwell by all the Papists, though a great opposer of Popery. Her Majesty was so highly offended at his conduct that she commanded him to leave the town till the 8th of January, thinking by that means to rid herself of all further cumber. But this was not so easily done, for the next day the professors of the Evangile demanded an audience, and delivered a stern address, which they termed a humble supplication, to her as the chief ruler of the land, on the scandalous proceedings of her uncle, and required of her that she should, without excuses or favour from natural feelings of affection, cause him to be arraigned before the Chief Justice of the realm, to stand his trial, to the end that he might be made an example of, to deter other evildoers from the like enormities. This was a mortifying and embarrassing position for a female Sovereign in her teens to be placed in, by the ill-behaviour of a good-for-nothing uncle and his associates in iniquity, and hard it was that she should have to blush for his faults. She endeavoured to allay the storm by mildly replying, in a few brief words, "that her uncle was a stranger and had a young company, but she should put such order to him and all others that there should be no further cause for complaint."

Mary had been much gratified by the honourable reception Elizabeth had given her uncle, the Grand Prior; the agreeable compliments of that handsome military monk had done more, during his visit to the Court of England, to dulcify the acerbity with which the royal spinster regarded

[1] Randolph to Cecil—Keith.

her fair cousin of Scotland, than all the formal diplomacy in the world would have been able to effect. She appeared to have forgotten the deadly affront Mary had given her by the assumption of her arms and title, and she obligingly responded to Mary's wish of a personal conference, by sending her a pressing invitation to visit her in England. "I remember me," says Michel de Castlenau, "that Queen Elizabeth said, and she wrote it also, that the whole island would be enriched and adorned by the presence of the Queen of Scotland, adding many civilities about her beauty, her virtues, and graces, which were perhaps very far from her heart.[1] The Queen of Scotland, in her reply, omitted nothing that was proper to testify her appreciation of these courtesies, and made like offers of her friendship to the Queen of England; and this commencement of amity was nourished for some time by ambassadors, honourable letters, and mutual presents. As the Queen of Scotland was endowed with infinite perfections and singular beauty, she was sought in marriage by several Princes, among whom was the heir of Spain, who was not above eighteen years of age, the Archduke Charles, and several Italian Princes, which excited the jealousy of the Queen of England, both as a Sovereign and a woman."[2]

As a Sovereign, the alliance with Spain would have placed Mary in a position to contest the possession of the crown of England; and as a woman, because the addresses of the Archduke had previously been made to Elizabeth herself. The bachelor Kings of Sweden and Denmark, both suitors to Elizabeth, had also transferred their suit to the fair young Scottish Queen. For the present, however, Elizabeth dissembled her displeasure, and averted the danger of Mary throwing herself into the arms of a foreign potentate for protection, by feigning a sisterly affection for her, and thus claiming the privilege of giving her such advice on her matrimonial offers as might have the effect of keeping her in a state of single blessedness. As for Mary, her heart was buried in the grave of her lamented Francis. Her attention was, besides, too anxiously occupied in the difficult task of restoring her realm to internal peace and prosperity, and adjusting with even-handed justice the rival claims of friends and foes, to allow her to bestow her thoughts on love and marriage. When importuned on that subject by those who were about her, she was wont to reply, "I will none other husband but the Queen of England," and wished withal "that one of the twain were a King, in order to settle all debates." The Lord James, who desired to keep his royal sister single, greatly relished this joke, which he repeated with some glee to Elizabeth's ambassador. "I trow her Grace was in her merry mood when she said this," was Randolph's comment when reporting the same to Cecil.

Elizabeth, though she had allowed Mary some respite on the subject of the Treaty of Edinburgh, was far from having forgotten it. She de-

[1] Memoirs de Michael Castlenau—Jebb's Collections. [2] Ibid.

spatched Sir Peter Mewtas this autumn to demand her solemn ratification of the same. Mary dismissed the envoy with fair words, a polite letter to Elizabeth, and the present of a fair chain of gold for himself, made by James V.'s old jeweller, Mossman. Mary retaliated the importunities for her to sign the Treaty of Edinburgh by requests to be appointed the successor to the crown of England, in the event of Elizabeth dying without lawful issue. Elizabeth's extreme jealousy of any allusions to such a contingency caused her to treat the application as a great impertinence. She declared "that nothing should induce her to appoint any one to reign after her, as she felt assured her days would not be long if she did so, and that the mention of her successor produced the same effect on her mind as if her winding-sheet were to be always hung up before her eyes."

It was the injustice of Henry VIII.'s will, in ignoring the descendants of his eldest sister, and placing those of the youngest in the order of the regal succession next his own children, which appeared to Mary and her advisers to render it expedient for her to obtain a recognition of her rights from Elizabeth, although in point of legitimacy she, in common with all the Roman Catholics in Europe, and the people still attached to that communion in England and Ireland, considered her lineal title to the throne of England more valid than that of Elizabeth. Elizabeth had, however, been recognized by the Parliament of England as the successor of her late sister, Queen Mary I., and solemnly accepted by the realm on the day of her consecration as the Sovereign. It was therefore futile to urge, in depreciation of her title, the stigma which her unnatural father's declaration, her unfortunate mother's admission, and Cranmer's sentence had combined to pass on her legitimacy, for, according to the constitutional laws of England, the Crown had taken away all defects that might previously have existed. The demand of Mary Stuart to be acknowledged as her successor was in itself the strongest recognition of the unimpugnable nature of Elizabeth's rights, and therefore ought to have been met in a friendly spirit, instead of being repelled in a manner which naturally inspired suspicions in the mind of Mary, that Elizabeth intended to supersede her legitimate claims in favour either of one of the descendants of the youngest sister of Margaret Tudor, or to bring forward the Earl of Huntingdon, great-grandson of George, Duke of Clarence. That nobleman was the secret head of the Puritan party, and being the brother-in-law of Elizabeth's all-powerful favourite, Lord Robert Dudley, was an object of great jealousy to Mary.

Business of importance occupied the attention of Queen Mary and her Cabinet at the close of the year 1561. The Convention appointed for the settlement of the Church property met, December 15; and, after disputes which are too lengthy to be recorded here, consented to vest a third

of the lands belonging to the Roman Catholic hierarchy and incumbents in the Crown, out of which the Queen was to pay the stipends of the Protestant ministers. So little had the maintenance of these been cared for by those greedy lay impropriators, the Lords of the Congregation, that they were, for the most part, in a state of miserable destitution, under the necessity of working with their hands for their daily bread, or soliciting the alms of those to whom it was their duty to dispense spiritual instruction. The ill-will the Queen incurred by allowing herself to be mixed up with the question of dividing the pelf may be imagined. Unpopular as her obstinate adhesion to the proscribed worship of the Church of Rome was, it might have been excused if she had left the ministers to the liberality of the Lords of the Congregation, who, in that case, must have borne the odium of the niggardliness which their lawless appropriation of the Church lands rendered unavoidable. But, as long as Mary held the thirds, she was regarded as the cause of their miseries by the starving labourers in the vineyard, many of whom were unaware that, but for the stipend they derived from her legislative care, they would have been entirely destitute. The estimable qualities of the youthful Sovereign, and her earnest desire to perform the duties of her high vocation, were felt and appreciated by the generous and single-hearted among the middle-classes, by whom the doctrines of the Reformation had been embraced and promulgated from motives of the purest Christianity. A few stanzas from a beautiful little poem addressed to Mary on the 1st of January, by a contemporary poet, may be quoted in illustration of the loyal feelings with which she was regarded, notwithstanding the differences in modes of faith.

A New-Year Gift to Queen Mary when she came first home, 1562.

I.

"Welcome, illustrate Ladye, and our Queen;
Welcome our Lion with the Fleur-de-Lis;
Welcome our Thistle with the Lorraine green;
Welcome our rubent Rose upon the rise;
Welcome our Gem, and joyful Genetrice;
Welcome our Belle of Albion to bear;
Welcome our pleasant Princess maist of price!
God give you grace against this good New Year.

XXV.

If *saws* be sooth [1] to show thy *celsitude*,[2]
What bairn should *bruke*[3] all Britain by the sea,
The prophecy expressly does conclude,
'The French wife of the Bruce's blood should be:'

[1] "Gif *saws* (prophecies) be sooth."—By this verse it appears that the prophecy of James VI. succeeding to the crown of England, and being the first King of Great Britain, was not, as some allege, made after his accession, this poem being written in 1562, four years before his birth.

[2] Highness.

[3] Rule or possess.

Thou art the line frae him the ninth degree,
And was King Francis' *partie*, mate, and peer ;
So by descent the same should spring of thee,
By grace of God, agane this gude New Year.

XXVIII.

Fresh, fulgent, flurist, fragrant, flower formose,
Lantern to love, of ladies lamp and lot ;
Cherry, maist chast, chief carbuncle and choice,
Sweet smiling Sovereign shining bot [1] a spot.
Blest, beautiful, benign, and best begot,
To this indite please to incline thine ear,
Sent by thy simple servant, Sanders Scot,
Greiting great God to grant thy Grace good year.

Quod ALEXANDER SCOT."

The author of these stanzas is commemorated by Allan Ramsay in the following couplet :—

"Scot, sweet-tongued Scot, who sings the welcome hame
To Mary, our maist bonnie Sovereign dame."

Evergreen.

Old Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, the father of her Secretary of State, tuned his ancient lyre also to give his fair liege lady a quaint poetic welcome and sage counsel on her return to her realm.

CHAPTER X.

RUMOURS of the Queen's engagement to her young cousin, Lord Darnley, were prevalent in the Court of Holyrood in the commencement of the year 1562 ; but the persevering wooing of the King of Sweden, through his various envoys, prevented any credit from being given to the idea of an alliance which Mary appeared to consider beneath her dignity. Her desire of conciliating the kindred but disaffected house of Hamilton induced her, in January, to admit the Earl of Arran into her presence. Notwithstanding the studiously offensive manner in which he had opposed himself to all her measures, especially in regard to her religious worship, she received him graciously. She even accorded the ceremonial kiss at meeting and parting, which etiquette privileged this rejected suitor to claim on the grounds of kindred, though it was denied to love. After this tantalizing interview, he became more wild and unreasonable than before, although the Queen had treated him with so much greater indulgence than she had shown to his enemy Bothwell, whom she had banished from her Court and presence.

The great event of the New Year was the marriage of Mary's favourite

[1] Without.

brother and prime minister, the Lord James, Prior of St Andrews, to Agnes Keith, daughter of the Earl Marischal, which was celebrated in the church of St Giles, Edinburgh, with such solemnities as had never been seen before, the whole nobility being present. The Queen had elevated him to the peerage, by the title of Earl of Mar, the preceding day. "The greatness of the banquet, and the vanity used thereat," observes Knox, "offended many godly."

The Queen gave the banquet, which she graced with her presence, at Holyrood; and after much dancing, and a display of fireworks, honoured ten of the gentlemen present with knighthood. The following evening, Queen Mary and her train came in state from Holyrood to the late Cardinal's house, in the Blackfriars' Wynd, which was prepared and decorated for the occasion; and there she supped with the newly-wedded pair, and a numerous and noble company. After supper, the most honourable young men in the town came to convey her back to her palace, "well accoutred in masking attire." The devices practised by the civic gallants on this occasion were among the vanities to which Knox alludes, and which appeared to the Congregation singularly inconsistent with the rigid profession of the bridegroom, whose backslidings, since his official promotion, had caused a decided coolness between himself and his former associates, especially Knox. The wedded Prior, now the newly belted Earl, was playing too fine a game to be understood by his sternly sincere monitor. He bore Knox's rebukes in silence, and continued to increase in favour with the Queen, who greatly affected the company of his bride.

Mary removed from Edinburgh, on the last day of February, to Falkland, with her Court, to pass a few weeks in hawking and hunting. No sooner had she left her metropolis, than the Earl of Bothwell returned full of mischief. He had taken great umbrage at the affront the Queen had put upon him, by banishing him from her Court for a month, on account of the late riotous proceedings in which he and her scapegrace uncle and brothers had been engaged, as if he were the only person deserving of punishment. His disorderly and quarrelsome behaviour had indeed greatly injured his position, and brought him into such disrepute that her Majesty and her Council considered his absence essential to the restoration of peace and decency. Finding himself at discount with royalty, he determined to ally himself to the powerful party of whose religious tenets he was an unworthy professor; and, as a preliminary step to that object, he solicited a secret interview with John Knox. "This Knox gladly granted," and was so obliging as to come by night to speak to him in his own lodgings, and afterwards admitted him into his study.[1] Bothwell began to lament the sinfulness of his former life, and, above all, that he had been provoked, by the enticements of the late Queen-regent, to disoblige the Congregation. He went on to declare, "that his present

[1] Knox's History of the Reformation.

cause of dolour was, because he had so misbehaved himself against the Earl of Arran," and begged Knox to assist him with his counsel how to procure a reconciliation with that nobleman, "for," said he, "if I might have my Lord of Arran's favour, I might wait upon the Court with a page and a few servants, to spare my expenses; where now I am compelled to keep for my own safety a number of wicked and unprofitable men, to the utter distraction of my living that is left."

The fact that Knox was the born vassal of Bothwell's family adds almost dramatic interest to this nocturnal conference, and explains the reason why the great Reformer treated so notorious a profligate with courtesy and kindness, such as he never vouchsafed to exercise towards his Queen. A mysterious chord was touched in that stern bosom, not so much by the address of Bothwell as by his presence. The hereditary influence of the spirit of feudality asserted its power over the acquired theory of republicanism; and he who defied the authority and scoffed at the tears of royalty and beauty, melted into reverential sympathy and affection at the voice of his chief. What can be more kind, more soothing, more respectful, than his answer, or indeed more interesting than the sentiments he avows in these remarkable words, which are from his own pen?[1] "My Lord," said Knox, "would to God that in me were counsel or judgment, that might comfort and relieve you. For albeit that to this hour it hath not chanced me to speak with your Lordship face to face, yet have I borne a good mind to your house, and have been sorry at my heart of the troubles I have heard you to be involved in. For, my Lord, my grandfather, guid-sire,[2] and father, have served your Lordship's predecessors; and some of them have died under their standards, and this is a part of the obligation of our Scottish kindness." Knox then promised to exert his good offices to effect a reconciliation between him and the Earl of Arran, and the rest of the brethren. The greatest difficulty Knox experienced in this labour of love was from the Laird of Ormiston, who not only continued to resent the severe wound Bothwell had inflicted, when he despoiled him of the English gold in November, 1559, but had received various provocations from him since, of which the last was capturing his eldest son, Alexander Cockburn, and carrying him off to Borthwick Castle, where he was still detained. When Knox heard of the latter outrage he had well-nigh given up the cause of so disreputable a client in disgust; but the penitential professions of his feudal chief induced him to persevere. Bothwell released young Cockburn, and restored him to his father, offering to make any submission and satisfaction that might be appointed by the Earl of Arran and the Lord James. Independently of these humiliations, he was a person whose political importance was considerable enough to render him a valuable adjunct to the

[1] History of the Reformation in Scotland, by John Knox, vol. ii. p. 324.
[2] This term is used indifferently for father-in-law and grandfather

party. His offences were therefore absolved, and an amicable meeting was appointed between him and Arran at the house of Kirk-o'-Field, afterwards fatally celebrated as the theatre of that astounding tragedy wherein Bothwell was the principal actor. When Bothwell entered the apartment where the Earl of Arran and their mutual friends were assembled, Arran generously waived the act of personal humiliation which the umpires had enjoined the aggressor to perform, by frankly advancing and embracing him with these words: "If the heart be upright, few ceremonies may content me." [1]

Knox gave a word of spiritual exhortation, and his blessing on the reconciliation, and they parted in perfect amity. The next morning the joy of the godly was perfected, by the edifying spectacle of the two Earls coming to the sermon in company. The day after, they dined together, and afterwards visited the Duke de Châtelherault at Kinneil. The object of Bothwell was, to render both the father and son instrumental to his audacious project of making himself master of the person of his Queen. In this he well-nigh succeeded, by playing on the despairing passion of the Earl of Arran, and the jealous suspicion the Duke of Châtelherault felt, that it was Mary's intention to exclude the house of Hamilton from the succession, in favour of the Stuarts of Lennox, or her favourite baseborn brother.

"I know," said Bothwell to Arran, "that you are the man most hated in Scotland of the Queen, and this through the special hatred of the Lord James and Lethington, therefore it behoveth you to look to yourself. If you will follow my counsel, and give me credit, I have an easy way to remedy the whole, by putting the Queen into your hands, and making away your chief enemies." In consequence of these representations, it was planned then and there, that the Queen, who was at Falkland, without any defence, should be surprised while she was hunting, and forcibly carried off to the strong fortress of Dumbarton, which was in the hands of the Duke de Châtelherault, that her two favourite ministers should be slain, and the government put into the hands of the Earl of Arran, who suffered himself to be flattered into acquiescence, by the hope of thus becoming the husband of his obdurate Sovereign. Cunning as Bothwell was, however, his covert designs had not been so completely masked as to escape the jealous observation of the unfortunate lover. The process of beguiling him was perhaps so unskilfully executed as to offend the sensitive pride of latent madness, and awaken the suspicion that he was intended for the dupe, the tool, and victim of a rival. He hastened to John Knox, accompanied by two gentlemen, and in their presence said, "I am treasonably betrayed;" and, with these words, began to weep. "My Lord, who has betrayed you?" asked Knox. "Ane Judas or other," was his reply. "My Lord, I understand not such dark manner

[1] Knox's Hist. Ref., vol. ii.

of speech," said Knox; "if I shall give you any answer, ye maun speak more plain." "Well," rejoined Arran, "I take you three to witness that I have opened it unto you, and I will write it to the Queen. The Earl of Bothwell has shown to me that he shall take the Queen, and put her in my hands in the castle of Dumbarton; and that he shall slay the Lord James, Lethington, and others, that now misguide her; and so shall he and I rule all. But I am certain that this is devised to accuse me of treason, for I know that he will inform the Queen.

Knox, perceiving Arran was in a state of feverish excitement, tried to soothe and reassure him; but in vain. The unfortunate young nobleman returned to his father's house at Kinneil, whence he wrote an account of the conspiracy to the Queen, and desired her to instruct him what she would have him do. Mary took his letters kindly, and assured him that, if he would continue in his duty, he should find it to his advantage. Arran then endeavoured to dissuade his father from the treasonable design to which Bothwell had tempted him; and at length informed him "that he had been moved in conscience against such wickedness, and had done all he could to prevent it, by revealing it to the Queen." This put the Duke into such an uncontrollable fit of passion that his son was forced to take refuge in his own chamber. There he remained during the whole of the next day, which was Easter Sunday; and, finding his father still wrathfully disposed, he wrote a letter in cipher to the Lord James, and sent it by his valet to the English ambassador, with request that he would give it to the person for whom it was intended. On the morrow, Randolph being hunting with the Queen at Falkland, the same was delivered to him in the open field by Arran's man. Randolph was mightily perplexed, for all he was able to make out, in this mysterious epistle, was his own name and Arran's signature; but the bearer begged him to endeavour to read it, for the saving of his master's life. After considering the cipher, Randolph perceived that it was intended for the Lord James; and when he had shown it to him, and they had made out the purport, they thought it was proper to be shown to the Queen.[1] In the mean time the Abbot of Kilwinning arrived, who told the Queen "that the Earl of Arran, having offended his father, had falsely accused him to her Grace; and since then, had escaped out of his chamber window, by means of cords made of his sheets, and no one knew whither he had gone." Kilwinning entreated her Majesty not to credit anything he had written, or might say at his coming, for all was false which he had stated, both of the Earl of Bothwell and his father. As Kilwinning was one of the alleged conspirators, he was arrested, and committed to sure custody. Within an hour after, Bothwell made his appearance with intent, as he said, "to clear himself from the charge." On being cross-questioned, however, so many evidences of his guilt were elicited that he also was put

[1] Randolph to Cecil, March 31st, 1562—State Paper Office MS.

in ward. The next morning, by break of day, the Laird of Grange came to let the Lord James know that Arran had crossed the water late the night before, and arrived at his house on foot, and in disguise, and greatly desired to speak to his Lordship, and to be brought to the Queen, that he might make full attestation of the treason that had been devised against her. The Queen ordered her brother to ride over to Hallyards, the name of Grange's seat, and hear Arran's verbal statements, and then bring him to Falkland. The Lord James found the unfortunate young nobleman in a decided frenzy, from excitement of mind, fatigue, and alarm, acting on a constitutional tendency to phrenal malady. The moment he saw the Lord James he began to talk "strange purposes of devils and witches," and declared "he was bewitched." When they asked "by whom," he said, "By the Lord James's mother," the Lady Douglas of Lochleven, whom he denounced as a notorious sorceress. Then he declared "he was the Queen's husband, and would be in her bed, and yet he feared they were coming to kill him." They brought him to the Court at Falkland the same night; and there, while at supper with the Lord James, he said and did many things which bespoke an unsound mind.

The next day the Queen removed from Falkland to St Andrews, taking him with her, having sent Bothwell and Kilwinning on before, under a strong guard, to the castle of St Andrews. They were examined, but protested their innocence. When the Earl of Arran seemed sufficiently come to himself to give rational answers, the Queen saw and spoke with him on the subject of his disclosures. He told her, "that on certain conditions he would declare the whole truth." Mary replied, "that he must do so unconditionally, and either verify what he had written to her, or confess that what he had written proceeded from an evil-disposed mind;" but neither she nor any one else seemed to be aware that persons under occasional aberrations of mind were not aware of their own infirmities. The Queen, being marvellously perplexed with his inconsistencies, asked Randolph to talk with him. When Randolph wished him to explain the letter in cipher which he had sent to him, he replied, "All those things were but phantasies; and I know not how God hath suffered me to be deluded by witches and devils." "What witches?" inquired Randolph; and Arran replied as before, "The Lord James's mother." In other things he was reasonable enough, and answered readily.

The Duke de Châtelherault remained at Kinneil, and it was thought strange that he neither wrote nor came to protest his innocence to the Queen, but lamented sore that his son was out of his mind. The Shaksperian proverb, "A madman's epistles are no gospel," was certainly a shrewd argument in defence of the accused parties. It was now said that Arran had twice before been in the same case, and that he inherited the malady from his mother, who, with both her sisters—the one married to the Earl of Morton, and the other to Lord Maxwell—"were at times

distempered with *unquiet humours*." "Of these purposes," observes Randolph, "it pleased the Queen herself to talk with me. She showeth herself not a little offended with the Earl of Bothwell, unto whom she hath been so good; and doubtless, I think, he shall find little favour. She readeth daily after dinner, instructed by a learned man, Mr George Bowhanan,[1] somewhat of Livy."

While the youthful Sovereign in her teens, true cousin of Lady Jane Gray and Edward the VI., was thus regularly devoting a portion of her precious time to the study of the classic Roman historians, in their original language, for the purpose of drawing maxims of government from the experience of past ages, she was particularly struck with the wisdom of that impressive sentence in Cato's oration against the abrogation of the "Oppian law,"—"Better it is that wicked men be not accused than that they should be acquitted;"—an observation which, chancing to occur in Mary's course of reading at the critical juncture when Bothwell's first audacious plot, for her abduction and the slaughter of her ministers, was denounced by Arran, was regarded by her as a singular coincidence.

Of the poor distracted Arran, Randolph is absurd enough to write, "If he had, since his coming into the Court, behaved himself well, and so truly confirmed that with his mouth which he wrote with his pen unto the Queen, he had won unto himself great favour, where now he goeth out of credit with all men." Thus not only Mary, an inexperienced girl of nineteen, but a veteran statesman like Randolph, regarded the discrepancies in a lunatic's evidence as proceeding from wilful perversity. Arran denied the implication of his father, in the plot for Mary's abduction, but continued firm in his denunciation of Bothwell, as the deviser of that treason. After being warded five days in Lord James's house, Queen Mary ordered that they should be confronted in her presence before her Council. Arran charged Bothwell to his face with his guilt, in reasonable and consistent language. Bothwell denied the charge vehemently, and required the combat, or to be tried by the Session—the one being the law of arms, the other the law of the country.[2] The Earl of Arran referred the choice to the pleasure of her Majesty, observing "that he was willing to accept either, and doubted not but God would give him as great a force to maintain the truth as unto the other to cover a most heinous treason."

The principal part of the nobles having been convened at St Andrews on the 19th of April, the Duke de Châtelherault, who feared that the ruin of himself and his house was now determined by his foes, crossed the water, accompanied by a strong gathering of his kindred, and requesting an interview with the Queen, he threw himself at her feet, with the tears trickling down his cheeks, and put himself on her justice not to allow him

[1] This was her Latin master, George Buchanan, whose literary services she rewarded with the munificent gift of the rich Abbey of Crosraguel, a portion of the thirds of the Church lands, which were now placed at her disposal.

[2] Randolph to Cecil, April 25, 1562—State Paper Office MS., hitherto inedited.

to be condemned on the delirious accusation of his son. Mary, if she had been of a vindictive temper, had now an opportunity of crushing a person who had been guilty of many overt acts of treason; who had allied himself with the insurgent preachers and Lords of the Congregation against both her mother and herself, conspired to overthrow her government in her absence, and endeavoured to marry his son to the Queen of England, for the purpose of depriving her of her realm, and had done all he could to excite persecution against her, on account of her religion, since her return to Scotland;—yet, when she saw his tears, her generous heart was moved with compassion for his distress. She gave him comfortable words, and promised him favour howsoever the matter were, and granted him an impartial hearing, with full liberty to defend himself in her presence before his peers. The Duke denied any knowledge of Bothwell's plot, and offered such proof of his son's insanity that the Queen declared "that she thought it not good to proceed rigorously against him on such an accusation." Although many of those about the Queen would have persuaded her that the Duke ought to be proceeded against, or at any rate committed to ward till his innocence could be properly cleared up, she treated him as frankly as if no grounds of suspicion had ever existed, and, after the long harassing sitting of the Council was over, took him into her private garden with the other nobles, to see her practise her favourite amusement of shooting at the butts.

Mary was so far from acquitting either Bothwell or Kilwinning of the crime of which they had been accused, that she sent them to the castle of Edinburgh, there to be kept in close ward during her pleasure. They were conducted from St Andrews thither on the 4th of May, by a convoy of four-and-twenty horsemen under the command of Stewart, the captain of her guard. The Earl of Arran was removed to Edinburgh at the same time, but in a very different manner, for the Diurnal of Occurrents certifies "that he was conveyed in the Queen's Grace's *cosche*, because of the frenasie foresaid." This fact is worthy of observation, not only as a trait of Mary's humanity in devoting her own coach for the accommodation of her unfortunate lunatic kinsman on the journey, but as affording a proof that such a vehicle was introduced by her into Scotland as early as 1562.

Bothwell, aware that he was to be caged till his treasons could be brought home to him, was determined not to hide the result; for though the insanity of his accuser, the Earl of Arran, was now established beyond a doubt, and acknowledged with many expressions of sympathy by the Queen, her anger was no whit mollified, she having obtained from other sources such evidence that Bothwell had meditated the purpose imputed to him, that nothing could induce her to release him from durance. After remaining in prison nearly three months he effected his escape from the castle of Edinburgh, and fled to his stronghold, Hermit-

age Castle ; but, not considering himself safe there, he finally took refuge in England. Any one who will take the pains of studying the documentary evidences of this curious portion of Mary's personal annals, will perceive that, so far from manifesting the slightest favour or tenderness for Bothwell, she treated him with the utmost rigour, and strained the power of the Crown even beyond the bounds of justice, in her endeavours to procure his conviction of the offence of which he had been accused.

The Queen's return to Holyrood, in the early part of May, 1562, was hastened by the arrival of a Swedish ambassador extraordinary from King Eric XIV., to renew the suit of that monarch for her hand. This hymeneal commissioner rejoiced in the name of Peter Groif—pronounced in Scotland, Peter Gruff. He landed at Leith, where he was honourably received, and domiciled in that town, till the Queen came over the water from St Andrews. On the 9th of May she sent an honourable escort to wait on Peter Groif, and conduct him to the Court.

A serious accident, which endangered Mary's life, and had well-nigh marred the beauty of her countenance, is thus described in a curious letter from her brother, the Lord James, to his friend and correspondent the Lord Robert Dudley : "The Queen's Majesty my Sovereign, on the day before my arriving, through an unhappy adventure did fall off ane horse, by the quhilk her Grace was in *na* less than in *grit* daunger, and both her face and arm sore hurt, in sic sort as I am out of doubt your Lordship had been sorry to have seen her in sic case. When her Hieness had *resaivit* the Queen's Majesty's letter, with the declarations of my credit from her Hieness (Queen Elizabeth), her Grace did receive more comfort ; and, as it seemed to all the noblemen that was with her *Hienes*, the Queen's Majesty's letters servit her of better medicine for her arm and face than did all the rest of her *cirargirus*." [1] *Chirurgeries*, or surgical treatment, is probably the word intended by the Lord James, whose orthography is not the most intelligible in the world. The assertion that Elizabeth's letters had produced such beneficial effects on poor Mary's bruised face and arm is amusing. Whether through the skill of her surgeons, or the miraculous agency, as asserted by the Lord James, of those sovereign salves for external injuries, Queen Elizabeth's letters, Mary was sufficiently recovered from the disfiguring effects of her fall to be in plight to give the Swedish envoy, Peter Groif, his *congé* on the 1st of June. His audience of Mary was brief ; her answers courteous, but evasive—her parting presents to him and his secretary, queenly. He had the honour to banquet six of her Majesty's principal ladies before his departure. To the most influential of these (one of the Maries, of course) he intrusted a whole-length portrait of his handsome

[1] This racy letter is dated Edinburgh, May 23. The original is in the collection of W. Fitch, Esq., of Norwich.

Sovereign, to be presented to the Queen: "the very whole body," observes Randolph emphatically, in reporting this circumstance to Cecil. "I think," he adds, "your honour have seen the like;"—an allusion to a duplicate of the same portrait of King Eric, previously sent to Queen Elizabeth, by that royal wife-seeker of the North.

The suit of Eric was jealously regarded by Elizabeth, on account of his previous pretensions to herself, and also because the naval power of Sweden, united with Scotland, might have rendered Mary too formidable a neighbour. The negative Mary thought proper, after due consideration, to put on this apparently suitable offer, is recorded in these caustic terms by the ever hostile pen of Knox: "That summer came an ambassador from the King of Sweden, requiring marriage of our Sovereign to his master the King. His entertainment was honourable, but his petition liked our Queen nothing, for such a man was too base for her estate; for had she not been great Queen of France? Fie upon Sweden! What is it? But happy the man that of such a one was forsaken." The annals of Sweden will testify that Mary did wisely and well in refusing to connect her fate and the fortunes of her realm with the weak, dissolute tyrant, Eric. She had, doubtless, obtained more accurate information as to his characteristics than either Knox or de Foix, the French ambassador at Elizabeth's Court, had the means of doing. De Foix, in a memorial to his own Court, chiefly on Mary's matrimonial prospects, expresses both uneasiness and surprise at her refusal of Eric. Her rejection of his suit renders it apparent that she aspires to something higher; and there does not appear in all Christendom to be a better match for her than him, unless it be the Prince of Spain."[1] The desire of the King of Spain to unite his heir to the Queen of Scots was easily detected by de Foix, who says in his letter of the 11th of July, that his opinion is confirmed by the circumstance of the Spanish ambassador endeavouring, by every means, to come to the speech of the Lord Lethington; for the very first time Lethington visited him at the embassy house, the Spanish ambassador arrived immediately afterwards;—and when Lethington came to dine with him, the Spaniard came uninvited, but not early enough to succeed in catching Lethington, who was gone.

The ostensible object of Lethington at the Court of Westminster was to arrange the manner and order of the long-projected meeting of the two Britannic Queens. A packet on this subject from Lethington, addressed to Queen Mary, having been forwarded to Randolph at Edinburgh from London, on Sunday the 16th of June, after dinner he crossed the water to Dunfermline, where her Majesty then was, passing a few days at that ancient abode of Scottish royalty, and presented it to her upon her rising from table after supper. "In the same packet unto her Grace," writes he, "there was also a letter unto her from the Queen's

[1] Pièces et Documens relatifs à l'Histoire d'Escosse, par M. Teulet, vol. ii. p. 29.

Majesty, which first she did read and after put it into her bosom."[1] Mary entered into a long private conversation with Randolph on the subject of their proposed interview, and asked him in confidence to tell her frankly whether it were ever likely to take effect. "Above anything," said she, "I desire to see my good sister; and next, that we may live like good sisters together, as your mistress hath written unto me that we shall. I have here," continued she, "a ring with a diamond fashioned like a heart: I know nothing that can resemble my good-will unto my good sister better than that. My meaning shall be expressed by writing in a few verses, which you shall see before you depart; and whatsoever lacketh therein, let it be reported by your writing. I will witness the same with my own hand, and call God to record that I speak as I think with my heart, that I do as much rejoice of that continuance of friendship that I trust shall be between the Queen my sister and me, and the people of both realms, as ever I did in anything in my life." "With these words," continues Randolph, "she taketh out of her bosom the Queen's Majesty's letter, and after that she had read a line or two thereof, putteth it again in the same place, and saith, 'If I could put it nearer my heart I would.'"

No real intention was cherished by Elizabeth of allowing a rival so infinitely surpassing herself in beauty, and feminine grace of manners, ever to appear in the same orbit. She continued, however, to amuse Mary with deceitful professions of her wish to see her, and a regular programme for the meeting was drawn up. Lethington, on his return to his royal mistress, submitted this arrangement to her with a friendly letter from Elizabeth, and her portrait. Mary expressed the greatest delight, and commenced preparations for her journey forthwith, by addressing her letters to her nobles to convene at Edinburgh, in readiness to attend her. She sent for Randolph, and expressed her great satisfaction at the anticipated meeting; and showing him the picture she had just received of his Sovereign, asked "whether that were like her lively (lifelike) face?" "I trust your Grace shall shortly be the judge thereof," replied Randolph, "and find much more perfection than could be set forth by the art of man." Mary rejoined, "that the greatest desire she had ever cherished was to see her good sister; and she trusted that, after they had met and spoken together, the greatest grief that would ever occur between them would be the pain of parting."[2] A few days later, Elizabeth sent Sir Henry Sidney to express her regrets that their meeting could not take place that year, as, in consequence of the attitude assumed by the Catholic Princes of France, Spain, and Italy, against the cause of the Reformation, it was necessary for her to remain in London or its

[1] Randolph to Cecil, June 17—State Paper Office MS.
[2] Randolph to Cecil—State Paper MS., inedited.

vicinity. Mary was deeply disappointed, and expressed the most passionate regret. Sidney affirms, "that she listened to his Sovereign's excuses with tears in her eyes."

One day, while Queen Mary was conversing with Sir Henry Sidney in her garden at Holyrood House, Captain Heiborne (or Hepburn) approached, and delivered a packet to her, which she handed to her favourite minister, the Lord James. He appeared at first to regard it as a thing of no consequence; but after a while, opening it, drew forth an obscene drawing, with a copy of ribald verses, both of which he had so little regard to decency as to show to her Majesty, in the presence of the English ambassador. The insult was probably contrived for that very purpose, although the suspicion and wrath of the Queen fell on Hepburn—about as reasonably as if a postman were to be held accountable for the contents of the letters consigned to him for delivery. Hepburn fled, to avoid the evil consequences of having been the bearer of the said offensive missive. He was so fortunate as to escape the peril of being interrogated with thumb-screw or boot by the Council, according to the laws of the period, to discover the person from whom he received the packet, and the mystery was never unfolded. Mary's feminine pride and delicacy received so great a shock from the circumstance, and the mortification caused by its coarse exposure to the English ambassador—who might, she feared, draw conclusions derogatory to her honour—that she fretted herself sick with vexation and grief; a fact which proves that, instead of being careless of her reputation, she was peculiarly sensitive on that point, cherishing, like every modest woman, that nice sense of honour which taught her to shrink from the imputation of a stain, as from a wound.

Just at the momentous period when the proceedings of the Council of Trent animated the Reformed Churches with more than ordinary zeal, a legate arrived in Scotland, charged with a message from the Pope to the Queen, urging her to steadfastness in her religion, and inviting her to accredit some one as her representative to the General Council. Mary was much embarrassed by a visitor whom she dared not openly receive. She confided her difficulty to her complaisant Secretary of State, Lethington, who undertook to introduce him into her closet while the Protestant nobles were attending a sermon. Either from accidental causes, or a secret understanding between Lethington and the preacher, an unusually scanty portion of spiritual comfort was dispensed to the Congregation that day. The Lord James returned to Holyrood, in company with the English ambassador, long before it was calculated the sermon would be over, and, entering the antechamber unexpectedly, was proceeding to introduce Randolph into the Queen's cabinet, where, but for the promptitude of one of the Maries, who acted as a female sentinel on the occasion, and pushed the Papal envoy out through a private postern under the tapestry, he

would have been detected in his clandestine dealings with royalty, and arrested in her very presence.[1] His exit was not so hastily accomplished, but that Randolph, the most inquisitive of spies, caught sight of a suspicious-looking stranger in conference with Mary. Lethington either could not, or did not, deny the fact of his royal mistress's interview with this contraband personage; and, but for the all-powerful interposition of the Lord James for his preservation, the Papal envoy might have fared badly. The conduct of the Lord James laid the Queen under no slight obligation, and materially increased his influence with her. As an instance of her weakness in his favour, it is necessary to mention that she had, in the commencement of the year 1562, gratified him with a secret grant, under her privy seal, of the Earldom of Moray,[2] for which he had been a suitor ever since her marriage with Francis II. This much-coveted peerage and its rich demesnes had been granted, on the death of the last earl, to the Earl of Huntley; but that nobleman had been forced to resign it in a somewhat irregular manner, by the late Queen-regent. During the civil war, and the anarchy which prevailed after her death, Huntley had quietly taken possession of the estates and castles pertaining to the said earldom again; and trusted that his good and loyal services to Mary would induce her to restore the title to him, as the rightful claimant. She might possibly have done so, had it not been for the incessant importunity of her greedy premier of St Andrews, who continued, like the daughters of the horse-leech, to cry "Give, give!" And Mary, carelessly profuse in her generosity, did give not only such things as were in her gift, but many that were not lawfully hers. The earldom of Mar, for instance, which she had bestowed upon him at his marriage with Agnes Keith, was, properly speaking, the right of his uncle, John, Lord Erskine, to whom, when he had obtained a large equivalent, the Lord James subsequently resigned it—with the exception of two of the largest estates, which he refused to relinquish. The title of Moray he did not think proper to assume till he could obtain the lands; but as these were in the occupancy of the Earl of Huntley, it became necessary to kill before he could take possession. Huntley, though the head of the Roman Catholic party in Scotland, had been treated with great coolness by the Queen, who feared his ill-judged zeal would embroil her with the Reformers. Moreover, he had seriously displeased her, by complaining to her uncles of her slackness in the cause of her religion; when finding himself very much at discount in her Court, he had withdrawn into Aberdeenshire, where his great strength lay. Two of his sons were married to daughters of the Duke de Châtelherault, and the accusation of treason recently brought against that nobleman operated in some measure to colour the charges of disaffection which the inimical premier was ever and anon whispering in his young Sovereign's ear

[1] Randolph to Cecil, ibid. Tytler's History of Scotland, vol. vi.
[2] Privy Seal Registers, xxxi. 45—6.

against Huntley. Unfortunately for Huntley, but very opportunely for the Earl of Moray elect, it happened that while the Queen was at Stirling, on Saturday, June 28, 1562, a brawl occurred in the streets of Edinburgh, at nine or ten at night, between Sir John Gordon of Finlater, Huntley's third son, and Lord Ochiltree,[1] in which the latter was dangerously wounded. A lawsuit of long standing between the parties was on the eve of decision, when, the opponents encountering on the causeway, thought proper to argue the point with dirk and rapier—a method of prefacing trials on matters of property very common in those days. Sir John Gordon was considered the aggressor in this affair; and even if he had not been, he would probably have been treated as such, as he was not only a member of a proscribed Church, but the son of a house which, subsequent events prove, was devoted to destruction by the ruling power in the realm. Various of the romantic biographers of Mary Stuart have represented Sir John Gordon, who was accounted the handsomest man in Scotland, as the lover of his fair Sovereign, and pretend that she was not indifferent to him; so that he entertained an idea that, if he could succeed in carrying her off to one of his strongholds, he could prevail on her to become his wife. But there is not a shadow of foundation for this assertion. Sir John Gordon was a married man; and Mary, so far from manifesting the slightest degree of affection for him, treated him uniformly with harshness, foreign to the natural tenderness and clemency of her character, which sufficiently indicates how greatly her mind had been prejudiced against him. The bellicose parties were taken into custody by the Edinburgh magistrates, and held in restraint till the Queen's pleasure could be ascertained. Mary referred the matter to the decision of her brother, and he committed Sir John Gordon to the Tolbooth, where he was subjected to the same treatment as the vilest of criminals. At the end of a month, Sir John Gordon, finding his lodgings intolerable, contrived to effect his escape, and took refuge with his father in Aberdeenshire. This misdemeanour afforded a convenient handle for effecting the long-desired ruin of the house of Gordon.[2] The young Queen, disappointed of her English visit, was easily persuaded by her premier, and his coadjutor Lethington, to undertake a progress into the northern portion of her realm, to hold a Justice Court at Aberdeen, for punishment of disorders; but the principal object of her journey was to put her fraternal favourite in possession of the demesnes pertaining to the earldom of Moray. The only excuse for Mary's conduct, in a matter which forms the great blot of her reign, is, that she was an inexperienced girl of nineteen, acting according to the advice of her self-interested prime-minister, in whose hands she was at that period an unreflective puppet.

[1] The friend, and subsequently father-in-law, of John Knox.
[2] Keith. Chalmers' Lives of the Gordons.

CHAPTER XI.

Mary and her ladies left Edinburgh on horseback, August 11th, accompanied by the Lord James, and a numerous train of his friends and partisans, her officers of state, and Randolph, the English ambassador, who was invited to accompany the progress, which at first only assumed the sprightly appearance of a hunting and hawking tour. Sir James Ogilvie, one of the parties in the late conflict in Edinburgh, having resumed his place at Court, accompanied her Majesty also, and kept a diary of the journey, in which all her resting-places are recorded. Mary dined at Calder the first day, and slept at Linlithgow. On the morrow she honoured Lord Livingstone, the brother of one of her Maries, with a visit at Callander House, and arrived at Stirling the same evening. She tarried at that royal abode till the 18th, and reached Old Aberdeen on the 27th, beguiling the fatigue of the journey through bad weather and miserable roads by hunting, to which pastime Mary, like all her race, was passionately addicted. At Old Aberdeen she was dutifully met and welcomed by the Earl and Countess of Huntley. The Countess availed herself of this opportunity to cast herself at the Queen's feet, and entreat grace for her rebellious son. Mary assured her that no favour could be granted, unless he would appear to his summons in the Justice Court of Aberdeen on the 31st, and surrender himself into ward at Stirling Castle. Lady Huntley engaged that he should do all that her Majesty required. Sir John actually appeared in answer to his summons, and, having gone through the usual forms of submission, agreed to enter himself a prisoner at Stirling Castle; but on his way thither, suspecting that foul play was intended, he fled to one of his strongholds in Aberdeenshire, and got a company of his vassals together for his defence. Meantime his parents wooed the Queen to be their guest at Huntley Castle; but she refused to honour them with her presence. "Her journey," notes Randolph, "is cumbersome, painful, and marvellous long; the weather extreme foul and cold, and all victuals marvellous dear, and the corn never like to come to ripeness."[1] Mary, having outridden her train in this wild cheerless country, found it necessary to rest at Old Aberdeen till they could rejoin her. She refused to enter the stately halls of Strathbogie, where magnificent preparations had been made for her reception by its unfortunate lord, and preferred accepting the hospitality of the Sheriff of the county, Sir William Leslie. After passing through a desolate tract of moor and moss, wearisome to man and horse, much more so to Court ladies, she arrived on the 9th of September at the rugged castle of Balquhain, at the

[1] State Paper Office MS.

foot of the dark mountain of Bennochie, where she slept. Huntley, who was the friend of Sir William Leslie, would fain, as the family records of that ancient historic house bear witness, have persuaded him to embrace that opportunity of ridding them of their common foe, the Lord James, and his subtle colleague, Lethington, but nothing could induce the stout Sheriff to allow injury to be done to guests who slept under the shadow of his roof. The next morning Mary is stated, by the same authority, to have attended mass at the chapel of Garioch.

At Rothiemay she was again met by the Earl and Countess of Huntley, who continued to implore her to visit them at Strathbogie. But Mary, deaf to all their entreaties, crossed the swollen waters of the Spey, and on the 10th of September arrived at Tarnaway,[1] the principal mansion of the earldom of Moray. Here the Lord James for the first time produced his patent under her privy seal for the earldom of Moray, and took his place in Council by that style and title;[2]—having thus cleverly brought his Sovereign two hundred and fifty miles through moss and moor personally, to induct him into that demesne. This was only the opening of the game. The next day, September 11th, the new Earl of Moray conducted the Queen to Inverness, where she and her train arrived in the evening: she immediately presented herself before the Castle gates, and demanded it to be surrendered. A demur arose, although it was a royal fortress. Lord Gordon, the heir of Huntley, was the hereditary keeper, as well as Sheriff of Inverness; and his deputy, Captain Alexander Gordon, acknowledging no authority but that of his chief, resolutely refused to admit even the Sovereign without his orders. Mary, being thus repulsed, was compelled to lodge in the town. "The country assembled to the assistance of the Queen; and the Gordons not finding themselves so well served, and never amounting to above five hundred men, sent word to the garrison, only twelve or thirteen able men, to surrender the Castle, which they did. The captain was instantly hanged, and his head set on the Castle. Some others were condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and the rest received mercy. In all these garboils," continues our authority, Randolph, "I never saw the Queen merrier—never dismayed; nor never thought I that stomach to be in her that I find. She repented nothing but (when the Lords and others at Inverness came in the morning from the watch) that she was not a man, to know what life it was to lie all night in the fields, or to walk upon the causeway with a jack and knapsack, a Glasgow buckler, and a broadsword."[3]

Mary quitted Inverness on the 15th of September, and reached Spynie Castle, the palace of the Bishop of Moray, on the 17th. Here she remained till the 19th, having the whole force of the country and two thousand Highlanders to escort her. As she approached Fochabers, in-

[1] Chalmers—Keith—Randolph's Despatches.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

tending to repass the Spey at that ford, "divers reports," says Randolph, "were brought to her. Some told her she would be attacked as she passed the river; others, that she would be assailed from the woods which skirted the road within a short distance of the river; and it was reported that a thousand men were the night before ambushed in that wood,—but not one was found, when proper persons were sent to discover them. Of this the Queen was assurred before she approached the Spey, so that she rode forward without fear, neither she nor her company being in the least discouraged; though," continues Randolph,[1] "we neither thought nor looked for other than on that day to have fought or never. What desperate blows would not have been given," exclaims our gallant diplomatist, "when every man should have fought in the sight of so noble a Queen and so many fair ladies, our enemies striving to have taken them from us, and we, to save our honours, not to be bereft of them!"[2] It is, however, easy, even for ladies, to be valiant where no actual danger exists; and Mary rode through the heart of the Gordon country without encountering a single foe. All the hostility was on her side. On her way to the mansion of the Laird of Banff, she paused before Finlater House, one of Sir John Gordon's castles, which she summoned by sound of trumpet, and was refused admittance. Having no cannon, she could not force the contumacious castellan to surrender, and be hanged, like him at Inverness. Mary having been deluded by her artful ministers into the notion that Huntley meant to force her into a marriage with one of his sons, and that bonny Sir John Gordon, though a married man, was intended for her husband, and to be made King-matrimonial of Scotland, whether she would or not, was, like any other high-spirited girl not past the age of romance, wonderfully irate against the presumptuous traitors who cherished such daring designs against her person and regal authority. Surrounded as she was by Moray's creatures, and the sworn foes of the Gordons, she had no means of detecting the falsehoods with which her credulity was abused. Thus she continued to play out the part assigned to her in crushing the great barrier against the ambitious designs of her fraternal rival.

The Queen arrived at Old Aberdeen safely, on the 22nd of September, and made her public entry into the new town on the morrow. Here she was honourably received with pageantry, plays, and addresses.[3] The civic authorities presented her with a cup of silver, double gilt, with five hundred crowns in it. Wine, coals, and wax were sent, as much as would serve her during her sojourn, though she talked of tarrying forty days, to put the country in quietness. She had now provided herself with artillery and harquebusiers, to be used, if necessary, in reducing the castles belonging to the Earl of Huntley and his sons. She sent a haughty com-

[1] Randolph to Cecil—State Paper Office MS. [2] Ibid.
[3] Randolph to Cecil, Sept. 24, 1562—State Paper Office MS.

mand to Huntley to deliver up one of her cannons, which had been many years in his possession, within eight-and-forty hours, at a place four miles from his castle. Huntley did as he was commanded, and besought the Queen's messenger, Captain Hay, to assure her Majesty, "that not only the cannon, which was her own, but his goods, and even his body, were at her disposal." But Mary's mind had been so poisoned against this unhappy family, that she gave no credit to these protestations, and so she declared to her Council; "whereat," writes Randolph to his colleague, "there hath since been good pastime."[1] Ay! fiendlike sport to those who were using her as their blind instrument for the consummation of the dark tragedy in which her clandestine grant of the earldom of Moray to her greedy premier was the first act. It now progressed rapidly.

The Queen sent Captain Stuart with six-score soldiers to invest Finlater Castle, of which Sir John Gordon, who had been at hide-and-seek among the fastnesses of his native county, hearing, came by night with a company of his faithful followers and surprised them, slew some, disarmed the rest, and captured their leader.[2] Due advantage was made, by those about the Queen, of this exploit. She sent to summon Strathbogie, and arrest the Earl of Huntley. The Earl, perceiving the approach of the assailants, fled to a safe retreat. His wife threw open the doors, and invited all who came in the Queen's name to enter, and partake of her good cheer. They ate and drank, and searched the house, but found neither treasonable papers nor warlike preparations. Huntley was summoned to appear, with his son John, before the Queen and her Council at Aberdeen. Failing to appear, both were proclaimed rebels and traitors at the Market Cross, with three blasts of her Majesty's horn, according to the usual formula of such denunciations in Scotland. Driven to desperation, Huntley was at last goaded into the fatal resolution of marching in hostile array against his Sovereign, at the head of five hundred hastily-raised men, chiefly his own tenants and servants, with intent, as was asserted, to surprise her at Aberdeen. About twelve miles from that town he was intercepted by her lieutenant, the Earl of Moray, who had two thousand men under his command, well armed. Huntley and his handful of followers posted themselves on the hill of Fair, a position apparently inpregnable; but the galling fire of Moray's harquebusiers drove them from it into the narrow morass below, through which flows the burn or rivulet of Corrichie, where, being deserted by most of his men, and surrounded by his foes, he and his two sons, Sir John and young Adam, were compelled to surrender.[3] The Earl, immediately he was taken, being placed on horseback before his captor, died without a word.[4] The kindred historians of the house of Gordon declare that he was strangled by Moray's orders. His body was carried on a rude bier,

[1] Randolph to Cecil—State Paper Office MS. [2] Knox, vol. ii. p. 354.
[3] Chalmers. [4] Randolph to Cecil—State Paper MS.

formed of creels, or fish panniers, to Aberdeen, and deposited in the Tolbooth, where his daughter, Lady Forbes, seeing it lie on the cold stones, clad in *cammoise* doublet, and gray Highland hose, reverently covered it with a piece of arras, saying, as she did so, "What stability is there in human things! Here lieth he who, yesterday, was esteemed the richest, the wisest, and the greatest man in Scotland."

Moray, whose title to his new earldom was thus secured, "sent a message to the Queen, informing her of the marvellous victory," namely, having with two thousand well-armed men defeated five hundred, "and humbly prayed her to show that obedience to God as publicly to convene with them, to give thanks unto God for His notable deliverance. She *glowmed*," continues our authority, "both at the messenger and the request, and scarcely would give a good word or a blithe countenance to any that she knew to be earnest favourers of the Earl of Moray."[1] It is easy to believe that Mary's heart smote her, when too late, for having rejected the submissions of her unfortunate Chancellor and her refusal to see his wife, and that she regretted having dealt with him so ungraciously as to provoke him into a show of disloyalty foreign to his nature, followed by such dire results. No wonder she was sad. "For many days she bare no better countenance," observes Knox, "whereby it might have been evidently espied that she rejoiced not greatly at the success of that matter."

When Sir John Gordon was paraded through Aberdeen bound with ropes like a common felon, and Moray led the Queen to the window to see him pass, her tears were seen to fall.[2] This demonstration of womanly compassion rendered it necessary to persuade her that designs of the most atrocious nature had been meditated against her, both by Sir John and his unfortunate father. Letters were produced, found, as asserted by Moray, in the pockets of the dead man, from the Earl of Sutherland—who was a Gordon also, and marked for ruin—containing evidences of a treasonable correspondence against the Queen.[3] Sir John, she was assured, had confessed, "that if his father had reached Aberdeen, he intended to have burned the castle, with her and all her company in it." The ruin of the noble Gordons, root and branch, was meditated. Randolph informs Cecil "that the Queen beginneth to show how much she was bound to God, who had given her enemy into her hands. She declared many a shameful and detestable part that he thought to have used against her, as to have married her whether she would or not; to have slain her brother Moray, and whom other that he liked; the places, the times, where that should have been done—and how easy a matter it was, if God had not preserved her." Thomas Keir, one of the confidential servants of Huntley, also confessed that it was the intention of his late

[1] Knox's History of the Reformation in Scotland.
[2] Gordon's History of the Family of Gordon. [3] Chalmers, Tytler.

Lord to have murdered the Earl of Moray, and others of the Queen's councillors, at Strathbogie, and to have kept her at his own disposal. These tales were devised to convince Mary of the expediency of consenting to the death of the unhappy man for whom she had betrayed symptoms of compassion.

Sir John Gordon was arraigned before the Justice Court at Aberdeen, November 2, found guilty of high treason, and sentenced to lose his head. He was instantly hurried away to execution. His youth and beauty, nay, even the accusation, unfounded as it was, that love for his bonny liege lady had betrayed him into a desperate plot for her abduction, interested the sympathies of the people so much in his behalf, that Moray insisted upon the Queen countenancing the execution by her presence. The scaffold was, by Moray's order and direction, erected in front of the house where she was lodged; and she was placed in a chair of state at an open window. Gordon, understanding she was present, turned him about, knelt, and looked steadfastly upon her. Mary, greatly moved by this mute appeal, burst into a flood of tears, and wept and sobbed with hysterical emotion; yet was she powerless to save the victim who excited her fruitless compassion, for Moray stood by her side, and the work of death commenced. The executioner, either unskilled in his cruel business, or unnerved by the Queen's emotion, struck an erring blow, which wounded and covered the unfortunate Gordon with blood. The indignant spectators groaned aloud; Mary uttered a piercing cry, and swooned; and, while she was borne in a state of insensibility from the window, and laid on her bed, the revolting butchery was accomplished.[1]

Tradition, and her handmaid poetry, have woven the fate of the Gordons into a pathetic national ballad, from which the following verses are selected, as affording a touching illustration of the distressing situation in which Queen Mary was placed, by being compelled to witness the execution of the unfortunate young nobleman, who is erroneously supposed to have been a favoured lover.

> "But now the day most waefu' came,
> That day our Queen did greet her fill,
> For Huntley's gallant stalwart son
> Was headed on the heading hill.
>
> Five noble Gordons hangit were
> Upon the samen fatal plain;
> Cruel Murray gart the Queen look out,
> And see her lover and lieges slain."

Sir John Gordon's young brother Adam, a youth barely seventeen, had been doomed to die with him, but Mary positively forbade so barbarous a sentence to be executed.[2] He lived to evince his gratitude to his royal mistress for the grace she accorded to him, by many a gallant enterprise

[1] Lives of the Gordons. [2] Keith. Chalmers.

for her sake in the days of her adversity. Six gentlemen of the name of Gordon were hanged at Aberdeen the same day the goodly form of Sir John Gordon was mangled by the headsman's axe. The office of Lord Chancellor of Scotland, having been rendered vacant by the death of the unfortunate Earl of Huntley, was by the infatuated young Sovereign bestowed, in evil hour for herself, on Moray's able confederate, the Earl of Morton, who subsequently became one of the principal instruments in her ruin.[1] The Earl of Moray, having accomplished successfully the first moves in his masterly game, conducted his royal sister from the blood-stained town of Aberdeen to Dunottar Castle, the seat of his wife's father, the Earl Marischal, whom it was his pleasure she should honour with a visit. At this lonely wave-beaten fortress on the rock, about fourteen miles from Aberdeen, Mary received a visit from M. Villemont, who brought her letters and news from France.

At Montrose, whither Mary next proceeded, her presence was sought by another gentleman from the French Court, whose coming excited still greater speculation than that of Villemont had done. "He arrived," says Randolph, "about one hour before the Queen's supper. He presented unto her, in the sight of as many as were in the chamber, only one letter from his master; and more than that he had not unto her. It contained three whole sheets of paper. I was present at the delivery, and saw her Grace read it, greatly, as it appeared, to her contentment." This missive, which Mary's looks were so curiously watched while reading, was from the enamoured Maréschal d'Amville, who had sent his secretary, the poet Chastellar, to deliver it as a credential to bespeak her favour for the accomplished bearer. It is amusing to trace the workings of Randolph's desire to dive into Chastellar's business with the Queen, which he suspected to be political. Little suspecting that Chastellar was merely an envoy from the court of Cupid, accredited by his love-lorn lord, to plead his cause to the fairest and apparently the most insensible of Queens, in *chansons* and sonnets, Randolph wrote to the grave English Secretary of State on the same subject, certifying his intention of unravelling the mystery ere long. Meantime, he informs Cecil "that Chastellar is well entertained by the Queen, and hath great conference with her."[2]

Mary, as a Queen, gave gold and jewels to Chastellar in return for the literary offerings he laid at her feet; and this was proper, for, while she patronized the poet, she, by her rewards, marked the difference in degree

[1] The Chancellorship was not in Scotland, as it has been of late years in England, transferable from one statesman to another at the pleasure of the Crown, but, through all changes of party and principles, was held during life by the person on whom it had been once conferred. If a Lord Chancellor misconducted himself, or was accused of treason, he might be suspended, and the seals committed *pro tempore* to the keeping of a deputy; but, to deprive him of his title, was contrary to the customs of the realm. — Crawford's Lives of the Lord Chancellors.

[2] Brantôme.

between herself and the man. She was a poet herself, and the pride of authorship induced her to display her own talent by responding in verse to the stanzas he addressed to her, and, by so doing, induced presumptuous vanity in the excitable temperament of Chastellar. In reply to his master's unwelcome and persevering addresses, she answered, as she had previously done to her cousin the King of Navarre—"If he had been single I might have been free to listen, but he is already married." Both these infatuated men offered to divorce their wives, in order to remove the obstacle of which the royal beauty had courteously reminded them. Mary's rejoinder conveyed, with emphatic brevity, the horror with which she revolted from the iniquitous proposal. "I have a soul," said she, "and I would not endanger it by breaking God's laws for all the world could offer."

Chastellar, though infinitely beneath his lord in rank and position, possessed the advantage of being free from matrimonial fetters. He was a Huguenot gentleman of an ancient family in Dauphiny, and the nephew, maternally, of the celebrated Bayard, whose chivalric disposition he inherited. He was handsome, and excelled not only in music and poetry, but in all courtly exercises, riding, tilting, and dancing. The favour with which he was treated by the Queen excited the envy and jealousy of the Scottish nobles. She condescended too much, it was considered, in allowing him to accompany her on the lute when she sang, and was blamed for selecting him for her partner in a dance called the Purpose, in the course of which each pair in turn was privileged to hold a private conference, which was not necessarily a flirtation. The great Reformer of the north censures this fashionable dance of Mary Stuart's Court as "uncomely for honest women,"[1] adding expressions not convenient for repetition. It is easy to imagine that the conversation and acquirements of the French chevalier were particularly acceptable to Mary at a season when she had every reason to feel dissatisfied with herself, and was glad of any resource to divert her mind from dwelling on the tragical results of her late progress in Aberdeenshire. Her patronage of Chastellar, by exciting fatal hopes in a sensitive heart, was preparing another tragedy to darken the annals of her reign.

During her homeward progress along the coast of Scotland, Mary was met at Dundee by the Duke de Châtelherault, who came to make humble supplication to her in behalf of his son-in-law, George, Lord Gordon, the heir of Huntley, who, though he had had neither art nor part in the revolt into which the late Earl had been goaded, nor in the misdemeanours for which Sir John Gordon and his six kinsmen had been butchered, was marked out for another victim by Moray's fears or policy. The Duke told the Queen, "that, in obedience to her commands, he had kept Lord Gordon in ward at Kinneil, where, in very sooth, he had been living peacefully

[1] Hist. Ref. Scotland, by John Knox.

with his wife during all the late turmoils in Aberdeenshire." Apparently incredulous of this statement, her Majesty signified that it was her pleasure that Gordon should stand his trial, and ordered the Duke to lodge him in Edinburgh Castle, where his own son, the Earl of Arran, was still detained as a state prisoner, with the accusation of high treason hanging over him. Mary reached Edinburgh on the 21st of the same month. No sooner had she arrived in Holyrood, than she and her train fell ill of a distressing epidemic which was then prevalent in her metropolis, apparently no other than the influenza, the symptoms of which are thus described by Randolph.[1]

"Immediately upon the Queen's arrival here, she fell acquainted with a new disease, that is common in this town, called here the New Acquaintance, which passed also through her whole household, neither sparing lord, lady, nor damoiselle—not so much as either French or English. It is a pain in their heads that have it, and a soreness in their stomach, with a great cough; it remaineth with some longer, with other shorter time, as it findeth apt bodies for the nature of the disease. The Queen kept her bed six days: there was no appearance of danger, nor many that die of the disease, except some old folks. My Lord of Moray is now presently in it, the Lord of Lethington hath had it, and I am ashamed to say that I have been free from it," continues the facetious diplomatist, "seeing it seeketh acquaintance at all men's hands."

Mary completed her twentieth year in the beginning of December, 1562, and although she had attained that mature age, she continued to enjoy the exercise of dancing, a pastime to which her Scottish blood and French education naturally disposed her. Unfortunately there were ill-natured spies and busy-bodies in her household, who were wont to report her sayings and doings to her formidable adversary Knox, in a manner calculated to increase the prejudice with which his zeal against Popery taught him to regard her. He was assured that the Queen had danced excessively till after midnight, because that she had received letters that persecution was begun again in France, "and that her uncles were beginning to stir their tails."[2] Thus the young Queen could not enjoy the recreation of a ball in her own palace, without its being reported to Knox that she danced out of malignant glee, to celebrate a Protestant discomfiture in France. He was thus provoked to preach a sermon "inveighing sore against the Queen's dancing, and little exercise of herself in virtue and godliness." Mischief-making tongues there were in that Court, to the full as actively employed in carrying aggravating versions of John Knox's sermon to the Queen, as in abusing his credulity with those absurd misrepresentations of the motives of her dancing which had excited his wrath. The result was, that Mary the next day summoned him into

[1] Letter to Cecil, dated November 30, 1562.
[2] Knox's History of the Reformation, vol. ii. p. 331.

her presence, to answer for the disrespect with which he had spoken of her in his pulpit.[1] She received him, however, not in her council-room, surrounded by the stern formalities of offended majesty, but in her own bed-chamber, among her ladies, and in the presence of several of his intimate friends and Congregational brethren, the Earls of Moray and Morton, and Lord Lethington, her Protestant ministers, and addressed a personal remonstrance to him on the impropriety of which he had been guilty "in travailing to bring her into the hatred and contempt of her people"—adding, "that he had exceeded the bounds of his text." If she had not used the mildest language, John Knox would have been too happy to have quoted her own words in recording the story, we may rest assured. But Mary, whose desire was conciliation, reasoned with him gently, and offered him an opportunity of explanation in the presence of his friends as well as his accusers. Whereupon Knox favoured her Majesty with an extempore abridgment of his sermon. Although, even in his revised edition, it contained insinuated comparisons of herself both to the daughter of Herodias and Herod, with stern censure against "Princes who spent their time among fiddlers and flatterers, in flinging rather than hearing or reading God's word," Mary prudently took none of these reproaches to herself. She listened with imperturbable placidity, and appeared not to consider herself in the slightest degree referred to, in cases which her own conscience told her were irrelevant to her conduct and character. Moreover, she appeared both offended and displeased with those who had told her there was aught in that sermon which in any way touched her.[2] Some things perhaps appeared mysterious to her; for as she suspected not the treacherous practices of those who ate of her bread, drank of her cup, and received her wages, in daily exciting Knox's indignation against her, by whispering that her *cotillons* became more vigorous when the Protestants were worsted, she could not have imagined that the following peroration, with which the preacher concluded his sketch of his sermon, could be in any way applicable to her last ball at Holyrood :—

"And of dancing, madam, I said that, albeit in Scriptures I found no praise of it, and, in prophane writers, that it is termed the gesture rather of those that are mad and in phrensy, than of sober men, yet do I not utterly damn it, providing that two vices be avoided: the former, that the principal vocation of those that use that exercise be not neglected for the pleasure of dancing; secondly, that they dance not as the Philistines their fathers, for the pleasure they take in the displeasure of God's people;—for if any of both they do, they shall receive the reward of dancers, and that will be drink in hell, unless they speedily repent—so shall God turn their mirth to sorrow, for God will not always afflict his people, neither yet will he always wink at the tyranny of tyrants. If any

[1] Knox's History of the Reformation, vol. ii. p. 331. [2] Ibid.

man, madam, will say that I spack more, let him presently accuse me." "Your words are sharp enough, as you have spoken them," said the Queen; "but yet," continued she, looking pointedly at the reporters, "they were told to me in another manner. I know," pursued she, "my uncles" (whom she was aware Knox figured under the epithet of "the Philistines") "and you are not of one religion, and therefore I cannot blame you, albeit you have no good opinion of them. But if ye hear anything of myself that mislikes you, come to myself and tell me, and I shall hear you." [1]

It is not often that feminine gentleness is resisted by man, or queenly condescension rudely repulsed by a subject; but Knox was a woman-hater by nature, and a defier of female authority in consequence; instead, therefore, of obeying the meekly expressed desire of his youthful Sovereign, to become her private monitor—a privilege few Christian ministers would have rejected—he told her, first, "that her uncles were enemies to God and his Son Jesus Christ; and as to herself, if she pleased to frequent the public sermons, she need not doubt of hearing both what he liked and misliked in her and others. Or if it would please her to appoint any day and hour in which it would please her to hear him explain the doctrines taught publicly in the churches, he would gladly wait upon her. But," [2] added he, "to wait upon your chalmer door or elsewhere, and then to have no further liberty but to whisper my mind in your Grace's ear, or to tell you what others think or speak of you, neither will my conscience nor the vocation whereto God hath called me suffer it. For, albeit at your Grace's commandment I am here now, yet cannot I tell what other men shall judge of me, that at this time of day I am absent from my book, and waiting upon the Court." "You will not (cannot) always be at your book," was Mary's brief rejoinder to this burst of spiritual pride, and so turned away. "Knox departed with a reasonable merry countenance, whereat some Papists exclaimed, as if surprised, 'He is not effrayed!' 'Why should the pleasing face of a gentlewoman effray me?' [3] he with unwonted gallantry replied; 'I have looked in the faces of many angry men, and have not been effrayed beyond measure.'"

The sermon which provoked this memorable discussion was preached on the 13th of December, the Sunday after Mary completed her twentieth year; and this date renders it almost certain that the fiddling and flinging, which so greatly offended Master John, were perpetrated at the birthday ball, when the festivities were, of course, prolonged to a later hour than on ordinary occasions. The vivacious performances of the fair flingers in the gallery of Holyrood were, however, sobered for a time by the stern rebukes they had heard, with consternation, even in the skeleton of Knox's sermon. Instead of defying the preacher, and bidding him mind his own business, as her good sister of England was wont to do, when unbecoming

[1] Knox, Hist. Ref., vol. ii. p. 334. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

liberties were taken with her name in the pulpit, the royal Mary and her Maries went softly, and endeavoured, as far as in them lay, to refrain from giving cause of offence. "Mr Knox is so hard unto us," writes the sarcastic Randolph, evidently repeating Mary's words, "'that we have laid aside much of our dancing.'"[1]

"There is thrice in the week," pursues Randolph, "an ordinary sermon in the Earl of Moray's lodging, within the Queen's house, so near to the mass that two so mortal enemies cannot be nearer joined, without some deadly blow given either upon the one side or the other. One of the Queen's priests got a cuff in a dark night, that made somewhat ado. Her musicians, both Scots and French, refused to play and sing at her mass and even-song, upon Christmas day. Thus is the poor soul so troubled for the preservation of her silly mass, that she knoweth not where to turn for defence of it." Under these circumstances, the young Queen, who had been taught to regard the services of the Church of Rome as indispensably necessary to her salvation, found herself solely dependent, both for choir and orchestra, on the musical skill and matchless voice of David Riccio. These she could always command in the sanctuary of her private oratory, when her recreant choristers, shaulmers, and violers, fled from the terror of the lapidations with which they were assailed in the Chapel-Royal. It was not, therefore, voluptuous canzone and tender barcarole, but his solemn chanting of the Credo, Ave, Salve, Jubilate, Agnus Dei, Laudate, and Hallelujahs of her Church, that formed the tie between the beauteous Majesty of Scotland and the deformed Piedmontese, whom she soon made a groom of her privy chamber; and subsequently, because she found him as incorruptible in his principles as he had been firm in the duties of his faith, promoted him to the office of her private secretary. "He was," says a contemporary, who knew him well, "a man of no beauty or outward shape, for he was misshapen, evil-favoured, and very black; but for his fidelity, wisdom, prudence, virtue, and other good parts and qualities of his mind, he was richly adorned."[2] Like many a deformed person of his nation, poor David possessed the unpopular faculty of mimicry in no ordinary degree; also peculiar talents for the comic

[1] Randolph's Letter to Cecil, 30th December, 1562.

[2] Fragmentary Life of Mary Stuart, by Adam Blackwood—printed for the Maitland Club. Buchanan also bears a very decided testimony to the personal defects and awkwardness of Riccio's shape, which baffled the power of his tailor to conceal; adding, that his looks disgraced his fine dress. Nevertheless, one of the recent French biographers of Mary Stuart has actually been deluded into giving an eloquent description of David Riccio's personal beauty, on the authority of the fancy portrait in Mary's cabinet in Holyrood, which, although not above a hundred years old, is gravely exhibited as his contemporary portrait, painted by Antonio More, or Zuchero, who probably never saw him, and were certainly dead long before the world was conscious of the existence of "the lean and shrinkled" Piedmontese. The reader will bear in mind, that none of the ancient furniture or paintings in Holyrood escaped the plunder and injurious usage of Cromwell's fanatic troopers; and that, of all the spurious relics there exhibited, the portrait of Riccio is the latest importation.

minstrelsy of Italy—talents with which he ofttimes diverted his royal mistress, who, when not excited by pleasure, or soothed with music, was, as Sir James Melville tells us, subject to fits of profound melancholy. Deeper still would have been her sadness, and far beyond the art of either mirth or music to dispel, could that young regal beauty, whose proud heart the goodliest of the gallant princes and chevaliers of France had failed to touch, have imagined the possibility of scandal, itself, being absurd enough to place coarse misconstructions on the patronage bestowed by her on the deformed Italian vocalist.

In the last week of the stormy year 1562, Queen Mary left Edinburgh for a brief visit to Dunbar, to be merry with her brother, Lord John of Coldingham; she next proceeded to Castle Campbell, where she honoured the nuptials of the secularized Abbot of St Colm and the Earl of Argyll's sister with her presence. She returned to Holyrood on the 14th of January, where she was again attacked with illness, which confined her to her bed for several days. It was at this time that her minister, the new Earl of Moray, caused the heir of the ruined house of Gordon to be brought to trial for high treason; and although the only crime of the unfortunate young nobleman was being the representative of that devoted family, he was by his time-serving judges found guilty, and doomed to be hanged by the neck till he was dead, his head to be separated from his body, which was to be quartered, and disposed of at the Queen's pleasure.[1] Nothing could induce Mary to consent to the execution of this iniquitous sentence, and she caused the destined victim of Moray's policy or vengeance to be removed by her royal warrant from Edinburgh Castle to Dunbar, on the 11th of February, and put into free ward there, under the charge of the captain of that fortress, until further orders.[2] Moray, finding it impossible to persuade his royal sister to sign the death-warrant of another Gordon, endeavoured to compass his sanguinary design by outwitting her. One day, when he brought an unusual number of ordinary papers which required her signature, and which she was accustomed to sign without reading, fully confiding in the description he gave her of their purport, he shuffled in among the rest a mandate in her name, addressed to the Captain of Dunbar, ordering him immediately, on the receipt thereof, to strike off the head of his prisoner, George Gordon, commonly called Lord Gordon and the Earl of Huntley.

The Queen signed the fatal order, unsuspicious of its murderous intent; and the astute statesman who had thus imposed on the implicit reliance she placed on his integrity despatched the paper by a trusty messenger to the Captain of Dunbar. When that gentleman read it, he was surprised and troubled, and with much concern communicated its purport to

[1] Lives of the Gordons. Records of Parliament. Lives of the Chancellors, by Craufurd.

[2] Diurnal of Occurrents. Keith. Lives of the Gordons.

[3] Lives of the Gordons. Craufurd's Lives of the Chancellors. History of the Noble Family of Gordon.

poor Gordon. "It is the malice of the bastard," exclaimed the young Earl, with passionate vehemence, "for the Queen sent me assurances of her pity; and I know, and am sure, it is not her intention to take my life." He then implored the castellan to suspend the execution of the warrant till he should have seen her Majesty, and heard from her own lips whether it were indeed her irrevocable intention that the instructions in that paper should be acted upon. Touched with compassion for his noble prisoner, and suspecting that foul play was designed, the Captain of Dunbar generously risked his own ruin, by venturing to postpone the execution of the warrant till he should have returned from Edinburgh. With all the despatch he could use, he arrived not there till the dead of night. Being, however, well known to the warders and porter at Holyrood as a person in her Majesty's confidence, he obtained admittance into the palace, and made his way to her bed-chamber door; but there he was stopped by those on guard, who told him the Queen was already retired for the night, and in bed. In consequence of his urgency, the lady in waiting was summoned, to whom he protested that he must see her Majesty on business that would brook no delay. Mary, being informed, desired that he should be brought in, that he might declare his errand by her bedside. He entered with heavy looks, approached, and kneeling, told her he had obeyed her order. She, wondering, asked, "What order?" "For striking off Huntley's head,"[1] he replied. Thus suddenly roused from her sleep with intelligence so astounding, Mary seemed at first as one still dreaming; but when she comprehended the nature of the announcement, she burst into cries and lamentations, mingled with passionate reproaches, to the Captain of Dunbar, for the murderous deed which had been perpetrated in contradiction to her instructions. He showed her the order signed by her own hand. Tears gushed from her eyes as she looked upon it. "This is my brother's subtlety," she exclaimed, "who, without my knowledge or consent, hath abused me in this and many other things." "It is good," said the Captain of Dunbar, "that I was not too hasty in such a matter, and resolved to know your Majesty's will from your own mouth." Mary, in a transport of joy at finding the murder had not been actually perpetrated, tore the paper eagerly, commended the prudence of her trusty castellan, and enjoined him to give no credit to any instrument touching his noble captive, but only to her own word spoken by herself in his hearing; and charged him, in the mean time, to keep him securely till she could resolve what best to do.[2]

The indications of approaching famine, which Randolph had noticed in Aberdeenshire and the northern districts of Scotland, from the cold wet

[1] Lives of the Gordons. Craufurd's Lives of the Chancellors. History of the Noble Family of Gordon.

[2] This interesting fact the Baron of Pitlurg, in his manuscript History of the Family of Gordon, declares he had from his father, to whom it was related by Huntley's own lips. See also Craufurd's Lives of the Lord Chancellors.

summer and autumn of 1562, were too sadly realized by the event. The cattle had perished from murrain in the preceding winter, and now a general dearth took place, so that corn and meat were triple the highest price ever known before, and many persons perished for want. Knox took occasion from those bitter miseries, which were far from being peculiar to Scotland, to excite the animosity of the sufferers against poor Mary, by attributing this natural calamity to the wrath of God against her.[1]

An adventure of a most annoying nature befell Mary on the 12th of February, 1562-3, followed by circumstances of a very tragic character. The French poet, Chastellar, whom she, as a patroness of the *belles lettres*, and formerly Queen of France, had considered it proper to treat with great distinction, had unfortunately mistaken his position, and become as mad for love of her as the unfortunate Earl of Arran—who, the reader will remember, had fancied in some of his delirious hallucinations that he was her husband. Chastellar, under some such delusion, concealed himself one night under her bed, but was discovered, fortunately for Mary, by her ladies before she entered her chamber, and expelled. The circumstance was sufficiently alarming, for he had a sword and dagger beside him, and the frenzied romance of a Frenchman of genius was then, as now, sometimes productive of the most horrible impulses. The Queen was not informed of the occurrence till the next day. Highly offended at his audacity, she sent a stern message expressive of her displeasure, and ordered him to quit her Court and realm. She left Edinburgh herself the following day for Dunfermline, on her way to St Andrews. Chastellar followed her with maniacal infatuation, and on the night of the 14th, when she slept at Burntisland, as soon as she entered her chamber, rushed from a secret recess where he had concealed himself, and attempted to plead for pardon. Mary and her ladies screamed for help, and their united outcries brought the Earl of Moray, on whom, in her first spasm of alarm and anger, she called "to put his dagger into the villain." Moray quietly took the intruder into custody, and reminded the agitated Queen "that it would not be for her honour if he were punished by a summary act of vengeance, but that he should be dealt with according to the laws of the realm."[2] Chastellar was brought to a public trial at St Andrews, and condemned to lose his head for the offence of which he had been guilty. Great suit was made to Queen Mary for his pardon; but she, being of course aware that injurious imputations would be placed on her leniency, if she spared him after a second attempt to violate the sanctity of her chamber, was inexorable.

The execution of the sentence did not take place till Feb. 22, ten days after the offence was committed. Chastellar refused spiritual aid, and

[1] History of the Reformation, vol. ii. p. 370.
[2] Randolph's Letters. Tytler. State Paper MS.

walked with a firm step from his prison to the place of execution. "If I am not without reproach, like my uncle, the Chevalier de Bayard," said he, "I am at least as free from fear." In a state of paganish enthusiasm he ascended the scaffold, and, instead of a prayer, recited Ronsard's Ode to Death. His last thoughts were on the object of his frantic passion; his last words before he submitted to the fatal stroke were, "Adieu! most lovely and cruel of princesses."

"And so," says Knox, "received Chastellar the reward of his dancing, for he lacked his head that he should not betray the secrets of our Queen." In his zeal against Mary, forgetting the discrepancy of this observation with his own statement, in the same page, that "Chastellar was brought to St Andrews, *examined*, and put to assize,"—in which, of course, the use of his tongue was not denied him; Knox affirms withal, "that at the place of execution Chastellar made a godly confession, and granted that his declining from the truth of God, and following of vanity and impiety, was justly recompensed upon him." If there had been guilty secrets between him and the Queen, they would have been lamented in "godly confession" among his other sins, and not omitted by Knox in the catalogue. That Mary conducted herself with unseemly freedom towards Chastellar rests solely on the unsubstantiated assertion of the same writer, whose credulity was evidently imposed upon by one of the malignant talebearers from whom he derived the coarse scandals which occasionally pollute his pages. In respect to the kisses which he accuses Mary of bestowing on Chastellar, it ought to be remembered that, if publicly given, they would not have escaped the notice of that sarcastic gossip, Randolph, by whom, as we have given abundant proof, Mary's actions, words, and looks, were at all times minutely watched, and carefully chronicled for the amusement of Queen Elizabeth, Cecil, and Leicester. If in private, they could not have come to the cognizance of Master John Knox, for he does not record their revelation among the items included in "the godly confession" of the poor delinquent, who to the last complained of the cruelty of the Queen. The whole story, it is easy to see, originated in a sort of confusion, arising in the brain of Knox, or that of his informer, between the resemblance of the names and relative positions of Chastellar and Chartier—the latter being the famous French improvisatore poet of the Court of Charles VII., who was patronized by Margaret the Scotch Dauphiness, daughter of James I. of Scotland.[1]

[1] That Princess, we are told, seeing Alain Chartier asleep in her antechamber, paused and kissed him. When reproved by her ladies for having committed an unprecedented breach of female delicacy and royal etiquette, she excused herself with enthusiasm—which may appear less remarkable in the daughter of a minstrel king, in an age when literary talent, being rare, was all but deified. "I did not kiss the man," said the Dauphiness, "but the poet, feeling myself impelled to honour those lips, from which sentiments so exquisite proceed at will, clothed in immortal verse." The adventure was recorded before Mary was born.

But there is nothing in the reports of any of the ambassadors resident at the Court of Scotland, to justify the belief that Mary Stuart would thus have forgotten the dignity of a Queen, or the decorum of a gentlewoman. In refinement of manners, at least, she was much in advance of the princesses of that era. There are no traits of personal vanity recorded of her; no instances of foolish coquetry with foreign princes or their envoys; no demands of compliments, nor conceited comparison of herself with the Queen of England, although youth and beauty were both on her side. As for oaths, and profane or vulgar expletives, in mirth or anger, such as were familiar as household words with the mighty Elizabeth, nothing of the kind has ever been chronicled as defiling the lips of Mary Stuart.

The following testimonial of her personal deportment, from the pen of Sir James Melville, shows what the real conduct of this Princess was, and the estimation in which she was held by unprejudiced persons: "The Queen's Majesty, as I have said, after her returning out of France, behaved herself so princely, so honourably, and discreetly, that her reputation spread in all countries, and [*she*] was determined and inclined so to continue in that kind of comeliness unto the end of her life, desiring to hold none in her company, but such as were of the best qualities and conversation, abhorring all vices and vicious persons, whether they were men or women."[1] After the unpleasant affair of Chastellar, Mary prudently endeavoured to prevent any future attempts of the kind from others, by making Mary Fleming her bedfellow, and subsequently Mary Seton.

During the Queen's sojourn at St Andrews this spring, when she was about to descend to the garden to take the air as usual before breakfast, she was informed that her confidential secretary, Roullet, had returned from France, with letters which she had been anxiously awaiting. She ordered that he should be admitted without a moment's delay. He entered dressed in the deepest mourning, and presented a packet to her in silence. That letter with its ominous black seal, of which Roullet was the bearer, was from the Duchess de Guise, announcing the assassination of her lord, by Poltrot. Mary turned pale as she read the first line, then with a convulsive sob gasped out, "Monsieur my uncle is dead. Ah Jesu! Jesu!" She retired bathed in tears into her cabinet, where she secluded herself for some hours from every eye; but her bursts of grief were audible to those without.[2] She recalled all the instances of affection she had experienced from him in the halcyon period of her residence in France, which she impressively styled her better days, and mourned for him as for a beloved parent. Her sorrow was embittered by its being represented to her, by the kindred of the deceased, that Coligni and Beza

[1] Sir James Melville's Memoirs—Bannatyne Club edition, p. 130.
[2] State Paper MS. inedited.

had encouraged the assassin to undertake the murder, by telling him "that it was a good work, and angels would assist him;"[1]—a calumny of party, no doubt, but calumny and assassination were among the signs of that century of cruelty and falsehood. The tidings of the death of the Grand Prior followed. Mary was inconsolable, and her grief for the loss of her uncles renewed her subdued but unforgotten affliction for her own bereavement. She wept again for the husband of her youth, "and lamented her want of assured friends."

CHAPTER XII.

Triumphantly as the Reformation had been established in Scotland, a third at least of the people remained obstinate in their attachment to the ancient faith. It had not, therefore, been considered desirable by the Queen's Protestant Cabinet to inflict the penalty of death denounced in the proclamations issued in her name against those who assisted at the mass. The brethren of the Congregation, offended at this moderation, determined to take the law into their own hands, and having apprehended several priests in the west country, declared their intention "of inflicting upon them the vengeance due to idolaters."[2] Mary condescended to try the powers of her persuasive eloquence on John Knox, whom, on the 13th of April, she required to come to her at Lochleven, where she then was. "She travailed with him earnestly two hours before her supper, that he would be the instrument to persuade the people, and principally the gentlemen of the west, not to proceed to extremities with their fellow-subjects for the exercise of their religion." He replied with an exhortation for her to punish malefactors, adding, "that if she thought to delude the laws enacted for that object, he feared that some would let the Papists understand that without punishment they should not be suffered to offend God's majesty so manifestly." "Will ye allow that they shall take my sword in their hand?" asked Mary. Knox cited, in reply, the facts of Samuel slaying Agag, and Elijah Jezebel's false prophets and the priests of Baal, to justify the sanguinary proceedings in contemplation. At this perversion of Scripture history into a warrant for cruelty and oppression Mary left him in disgust, and passed to her supper, while he related the particulars of the conversation to her premier, the Earl of Moray.[3] Unsatisfactory as the conference had proved to the Queen, she nevertheless sent Walter Melville and another messenger, before sunrise the next morning, to summon Knox to meet her at the hawking, west of

[1] State Paper MS. inedited. [2] Knox's Hist. Ref., vol. ii. p. 371.
[3] Ibid., vol. ii. p. 372—3.

Kinross. Who of the youthful peers of Scotland did not envy the stern theologian that assignation for a private interview with their beautiful Sovereign, in some secluded glen among the western Lomonds? Assuredly the noblest among the princely bachelors who contended for her hand would have rejoiced to have changed places with Master John Knox on that occasion. Mary came to the trysting place without a trace of the displeasure she had manifested, at their parting on the preceding evening, clouding the serenity of her features. Knox, who never gives her credit for one good feeling, insinuates that her amiable deportment proceeded from deep dissimulation. Even by his account, she conducted herself most graciously; made no allusion to any cause of dispute between them; took no offence at dry rejoinders and retorts uncourteous, but tried her utmost to conciliate his good-will;—lost labour, alas! towards one who despised her sex and disallowed her authority. Mary, in confidence, expressed her uneasiness that Patrick, Lord Ruthven, a man suspected of occult practices, had, against her wish, been appointed of her Privy Council — a measure for which she blamed her Secretary of State, Lethington. Ruthven had offered her Majesty a ring, to preserve her from the effects of poison; nevertheless she, from the first, regarded him with one of those intuitive antipathies, whereby nature occasionally manifests between members of the human race mysterious instincts of repulsion, like those which warn the bird of the antagonism of the cat or the serpent.

Mary next spake of a subject nearer to her heart—the estrangement and disreputable conduct of her illegitimate sister, Janet Countess of Argyll, and her husband; and entreated Knox, as they were both members of his congregation, to use his influence in promoting a reconciliation and amendment of life in both. "Madam," replied Knox, "I have been troubled with that matter before, and once I put such an end to it, and that was before your Grace's arrival, that both she and her friends seemed fully to stand content; and she herself promised, before her friends, that she should never complain to creature till that I should first understand the controversy by her own mouth, or else by an assured messenger. I now have heard nothing of her part, and therefore think there is nothing but concord." Mary condescended not to notice this uncivil profession of disbelief in her statement from her subject; her love for her sister leading her to tolerate his ill manners, in the hope of inducing him to assist in composing the unhappy differences between the discordant pair, in order to prevent the divorce on which both appeared bent. She therefore told Knox "that it was worse with them than he supposed;" and kindly added, "but do this meikle for my sake, as once again to put them at unity; and if she behave not herself as she ought to do, she shall find no favour of me; but, in any wise, let not my lord know that I have requested you in this matter, for I would be very sorry

to offend him in that or any other thing. And now, as touching our reasoning yesternight, I promise to do as required; I shall cause to be summoned all offenders, and ye shall know that I shall minister justice,"—a promise which could not bind her to shed blood unjustly.

After an absence of nearly five months from Edinburgh, Mary returned with a heavy heart to meet her Parliament for the first time. The three Estates of Scotland were convened May 26, 1563, in the Tolbooth; thither the Queen proceeded on that day in regal pomp, to open the sessions in person, attended by her ladies, and surrounded by her Peers of Parliament and great officers of state.[1] The Duke de Châtelherault bore the crown before her in the equestrian procession as she went, the Earl of Argyll the sceptre, and the Earl of Moray, (whom men called her minion,) carried the sword. The hall of Parliament in the Tolbooth was fitted up with galleries for the accommodation of the ladies, who wore full dress in honour of the senatorial recognition of a Sovereign of their own sex. The unwonted demand for rich apparelling made it a joyful season for the trades of Edinburgh, and brought hope of employment and wealth for the working classes, into many a humble home; for it should be remembered by ascetic legislators, that artificers of purple and fine linen, jewellers, embroiderers, and milliners, starve, when ladies are compelled to shroud their charms in Geneva hoods and mufflers, with plain lawn bands and tippets, like a company of nuns or petticoated preachers. But all was gay and glorious in the crowded hall of Parliament when Mary Stuart took her seat, for the first time since her infant coronation, on the Scottish throne. She had laid aside her widow's *deuil* on that occasion, and appeared before her delighted people, wearing her royal robes and diadem, in the full perfection of womanly grace and stature, surrounded by a glittering train of the ladies of her household, whom she so far surpassed in loveliness as to justify the repetition of the proverbial expression in her favour, "The fairest rose in Scotland grows on the loftiest bough."

A report had been invidiously circulated, that the Queen had either forgotten her native language, or disdained to use it; when, therefore, the unlearned portion of her audience, who expected an incomprehensible Latin or French oration, heard their winsome liege lady address them from the throne in their own familiar tongue, in a fluent and eloquent speech—her pretty Scotch being not the more misliked for a slight foreign accent—the hall rang with their rapturous applause and cries of "God save that sweet face! Was there ever orator spake so properly or so sweetly?"[2] Infinitely more gratifying to Mary, both as Queen and woman, must have been this unaffected burst of loyal feeling from her loving Commons, than the flattering shout of "Vox Dianæ," with which

[1] Randolph to Cecil. Chalmers. Tytler.
[2] Knox's History of the Reformation in Scotland.

some of the learned among her Peers or secularized Abbots hailed her speech. The whole affair was displeasing to Knox, whose hostility to Mary, and contempt of her sex, breaks forth in this unsavoury observation: "Such stinking pride of women as was seen at that Parliament was never before seen in Scotland. All things misliking the preachers, they spake boldly against the targetting of their tails, and against the rest of their vanity, which they affirmed should provoke God's vengeance, not only against those foolish women, but against the whole realm, and especially against those that maintained them in that odious abusing of things that might have been better bestowed. Articles were presented for order to be taken for apparel, and for reformation of other enormities; but all was *scripped* at."[1] The ladies got the better of the preachers in the matter of costume, through the powerful support of the Earl of Moray, whose Countess affected as many jewels as the Queen of Diamonds, and supported Queen Mary in her preference of the fashions of Paris to those of Geneva. Like Cato, in his opposition to the repeal of the Oppian law, Knox found himself in an unsupported minority on the ticklish subject of a Ladies'-dress Reform-bill. He imputed unworthy motives to his old friend and pupil, for his indulgence to the weakness of the fair sex in their besetting sin, and sarcastically observed, "that the earldom of Moray needed confirming, and many other things to be ratified that secured the help of friends and servants, and therefore he would not urge the Queen on anything she distasted; for, if he did so, she would hold no Parliament, and then what would become of them that melled with the slaughter of the Earl of Huntley?"—a taunt which plainly indicates the foul play practised by Moray in that business. It stung deeply, that shrewd cut; and matters grew so hot, or rather so cool, in consequence, between the premier and Knox, that they spoke not together in friendship for more than a year and a half.[2]

Meantime, Moray had matters for his royal sister to sanction which required her presence on three following days in the Parliament Hall. The Treaty of Edinburgh was mentioned; but as she protested against its legality, the lords who had been in arms against her knelt and besought her to pass an act of amnesty, including a general pardon for all former offences; and to this prayer her Majesty was graciously pleased to accede. The forfeitures of Kirkaldy of Grange, Balnaves, Whitlaw, and other notorious pensioners of England, were accordingly rescinded.

On the third day, May 28, an awful ceremonial, unmeet for lady's eyes to look upon, took place in the presence of the Queen, namely, the attainder of the corpse of her late Lord Chancellor, the unfortunate Earl of Huntley, which had been kept unburied ever since the battle of Corrichie, October 28, 1562, for this purpose. According to a barbaric law which then disgraced the statute-book of a Christian land, the indictment being

[1] Knox's Hist. Ref. in Scotland, vol. ii. p. 381. [2] Ibid.

read, the body was brought into the Parliament Hall in the Tolbooth, in a coffin or kist covered with his escutcheons and armorial bearings; then, the treason being declared proven, and the forfaulture passed, the escutcheons were torn from his bier, and riven and "deleted forth of memory." The forfaultures of the Earl of Sutherland, and eleven other barons of the name of Gordon, were passed at the same time, and their arms riven." How far the unfortunate girl, who, dressed in the glittering trappings of royalty, was placed beneath the Canopy of State to countenance these despotic proceedings of her ministers with her presence, was accountable for them, it would be difficult to decide. The devoted manner in which the gallant Gordon brothers subsequently supported her cause looks as if they absolved her of wilful wrong, whose power at the best was but woman's weakness. When she pleaded for the release of the Archbishop of St Andrews, and the other prelates and priests who were in confinement, her entreaties and commands were alike disregarded, and she wept to see her authority defied.

Mary's matrimonial affairs occupied, at this time, the attention of her friends, foes, rivals, and kinsfolk. The desire of Philip II. to accomplish a marriage between her and his heir, Don Carlos, had, from the first month of Mary's widowhood, caused equal uneasiness to the Queen of England and the Queen-regent of France. Cardinal Lorraine, preferring the interests of France to the aggrandizement of his niece, endeavoured to divert Mary from Carlos, by negotiating a matrimonial treaty, unsanctioned by her, with the Emperor, for a marriage between her and the Archduke Charles, the Emperor's third son, one of the rejected candidates for the hand of the Queen of England. The Archduke Charles was several years older than Mary, brave, prudent, and highly accomplished, and in all respects a more suitable consort for her than Carlos, who was three years her junior, and had already manifested strong symptoms of the fearful phrenal malady which had been inherited from his great-grandmother Joanna of Castile. He was, moreover, epileptic, and so intractable in temper that no one could exercise any beneficial influence over him, when plunged in his constitutional fits of gloom or irascibility, excepting his charming stepmother, Elizabeth of France. Well might Mary's deep-seeing uncle wish to preserve his royal niece from wedlock with such a mate. The manner in which Mary had conducted herself as the consort of the sickly Francis II., naturally disposed Philip of Spain to insure to his unfortunate heir the advantage and comfort of a spouse who was so admirably qualified to cover his deficiencies, and to be to him and his people what she had been to Francis and to the French. Philip despatched an accredited envoy, Don Luis de Paz, to conclude, if possible, the treaty with Mary herself, lest he should be circumvented by a marriage between her and the young King of France, her brother-in-law, whom he knew that Catherine de Medicis would rather bestow on Mary for a second hus-

band, than see her wedded to Don Carlos. On the other hand, the Emperor offered the noble dowry of the Tyrol, and an annual income of four hundred thousand francs, to Mary, if she would espouse his son, the Archduke.

Intelligence of these earnest suits from the Roman Catholic powers for the hand of Mary was not long in reaching Knox. He exerted all his eloquence in the pulpit to awaken the Reformed peers to the peril such contingency involved. "And now, my lords," said he, "to put an end to all I hear of the Queen's marriage. *Duckis* [dukes], brethren to emperors and kings, strive all for the best game ; but this, my lords, will I say, note the day and bear witness after, whensoever the nobility of Scotland, professing the Lord Jesus, consents that ane infidel—and all Papists are infidels—shall be head to your Sovereign, ye do so far as in ye lieth to banish Christ Jesus from this realm. Ye bring God's vengeance upon the country, a plague upon yourselves, and perchance ye shall do small comfort to your Sovereign."[1] These words, and his manner of speaking, he tells us, were "deemed intolerable ; Papists and Protestants were both offended, yea, his most familiars disdained him for that speaking." An exaggerated version of his sermon was instantly reported to her Majesty, in terms calculated to offend and irritate her to the utmost ; and, in spite of her repeated experience of the folly of entering into a personal discussion with him, she rashly inflicted upon herself the mortification of giving him ocular demonstration of the vexation it was in his power to inflict upon her. Lord Ochiltree and divers of the faithful bore him company to the Abbey, when he proceeded thither after dinner, in obedience to her Majesty's summons ; but none entered her cabinet with him but John Erskine of Dun. "The Queen, in a vehement fume," writes Knox, "began to cry out that never Prince was handled as she was. I have," said she, "borne with you in all your rigorous manner of speaking, both against myself and against my uncles ; yea, I have sought your favour by all possible means. I offered unto you presence and audience whensoever it pleased you to admonish me, and yet I cannot get quit of you ; I avow to God I shall be once revenged. And with these words," continues our historian, "scarcely could Marnock, her secret chalmer boy, get napkins to hold her eyes dry, for the tears and the *owling*, besides womanly weeping, stayed her speech." No exaggeration, of course, is contained in this delicate picture of feminine emotion, not even in the requisition to the page for napery to staunch the floods of tears which overflowed Mary's bright eyes on this occasion.

Mary might have somewhat to say in her defence, if she had enjoyed the opportunity of telling her own story. "True it is, Madam, your Grace and I have been at diverse controversies," observed Knox, "into the which I never perceived your Grace to be offended at me."[2] And this is bearing positive testimony to the patience she had shown on

[1] History of the Reformation in Scotland, vol. ii. p. 386-7. [2] Ibid., p. 387.

former occasions, under circumstances of no slight provocation. "But when it shall please God," continued he, "to deliver you from that bondage of darkness and error in the which you have been nourished, for the lack of true doctrine, your Majesty will find the liberty of my tongue nothing offensive. Without the preaching-place, Madam, I think few have occasion to be offended at me; and there, Madam, I am not master of myself, but maun obey Him who commands me to speak plain, and to flatter no flesh upon the face of the earth." "But what have you to do with my marriage?" asked the Queen. Instead of answering to the point, Knox told her that God had not sent him to await upon the courts of princesses, nor upon the chambers of ladies, but to preach the evangel of Jesus Christ to such as pleased to hear it; and that it had two parts—repentance and faith; and that, in preaching repentance, it was necessary to tell people of their faults; and as her nobility were, for the most part, too affectionate to her to regard their duty to God and their country to do so, it was necessary that he should speak as he had done." Mary reiterated her question, "What have you to do with my marriage?" haughtily adding, "Or what are you within this commonwealth?" "A subject born within the same, Madam," said he; "and albeit I neither be earl, lord, nor baron within it, yet has God made me (how abject that ever I be in your eyes) a profitable member within the same. Yea, Madam, to me it appertains no less to forewarn of such things as may hurt it, if I foresee them, than it does to any of the nobility; for both my vocation and conscience crave plainness of me, and therefore, Madam, to yourself I say that which I speak in public place. Whensoever that that the nobility of this realm shall consent that ye be subject to an *unfaithful* husband, they do as much as in them lieth to renounce Christ, to banish his truth from them, and to betray the freedom of this realm, and perchance shall, in the end, do small comfort to yourself."

"At these words," continues Knox, "*owling* was heard, and tears might have been seen in greater abundance than the matter required. John Erskine of Dun, a man of meek and gentle spirit, stood beside, and entreated what he could to mitigate her anger, and gave unto her many pleasing words of her beauty, of her excellence, and how all the Princes of Europe would be glad to seek her favour." From this it is apparent that the manly heart of that good Christian gentleman was moved by the distress of his Sovereign Lady, who scarcely could have lifted up her voice and wept aloud, and shed such abundance of tears as to choke her utterance, without some great cause of provocation, of which John Erskine showed his disapproval evidently by the kindly manner in which he interposed to soothe and comfort her. Knox stood, however, unmoved, till the Queen became somewhat more composed—or, to use his own words, "while that the Queen gave place to her inordinate passion." Some reproach had been addressed to him, either by her Majesty, or

more probably, as her emotion prevented her from speaking, by his friend Erskine, as appears from his considering it necessary to defend himself from the imputation of having taken pleasure in causing her tears. "Madam," said he, "in God's presence I speak. I never delighted in the weeping of any of God's creatures; yea, I can scarcely well abide the tears of my own boys whom my own hand corrects, much less can I rejoice in your Majesty's weeping." The Queen, then signifying her pleasure that he should retire from her presence, remained for nearly an hour in conference with the Laird of Dun, and her brother Lord John of Coldingham, who came to her when Knox withdrew. While Knox waited her Majesty's pleasure in the Privy Chamber, into which her cabinet opened, he stood disregarded by the courtly circle; and although the nobles and gentlemen of the household were for the most part members of his congregation, they behaved as if they had never seen him before, no one choosing to bear him company but his friend Lord Ochiltree. Finding himself thus strangely treated by his old friends, he, with some lack of moral justice, left their follies uncastigated, in order to vent his indignation on the ladies of the Queen's bed-chamber and her maids of honour, as he himself bears witness in these words: "And therefore" (because the men eschewed his company) "began he to force talking of the ladies who were there sitting, in all their gorgeous apparel, which espied, he merrily said, 'Oh, fair ladies, how pleasant were this life of yours if it should ever abide, and then in the end that we might pass to heaven with all this gay gear. But fie upon that knave Death, that will come whether we will or not; and when he has laid on his arrest, the foul worms will be busy with this flesh, be it never so fair and so tender; and the silly soul, I fear, shall be so feeble that it can neither carry with it gold, garnishing, targatting, pearl, nor precious stones.'"[1] An awful and a wholesome admonition, if it had been gravely and kindly spoken; but when did gibing ever convince the careless votaries of pleasure of serious truths, or win souls to heaven?

What were all these gay ladies and lords in waiting, the Lord Chamberlain, grooms of the chambers, and the rest of Mary's noble attendants, about, that they came not to inquire what Master John Knox, and his companion the Laird of Dun, were doing to their royal mistress, if such alarming tokens of her distress, as the inordinate passions of weeping and repeated howlings which he describes, were heard proceeding from her cabinet during his conference with her? Belike the officers of state and door-keepers were all deaf, or the howlings audible to none other ears than the mental ones of him by whom the reminiscences of that scene were chronicled five years after it occurred, according to his own marginal date of 1567.[2]

[1] Knox's History of the Reformation in Scotland, vol. ii. p. 387.
[2] Written, in fact, during Mary's incarceration in Lochleven, when Knox was exerting all the energies of his eloquence for her destruction.

Lethington, who appears to have been gained over by the Spanish ambassador to compass the marriage between his royal mistress and Don Carlos, was very angry with Knox when he found that he had, during his absence at the Courts of England and France, broached this delicate subject in the pulpit, in the ears of the good people of Edinburgh, which, of course, by rendering it displeasing to them, increased the difficulties of the negotiations. He, however, quieted the agitation which the preacher had excited, by pledging his word that nothing of the kind had ever entered her Majesty's heart. During his residence in England, Lethington had obtained from Queen Elizabeth the liberation of the Earl of Bothwell. Mary herself wrote to request that this troublesome person might have a passport to leave England, and reside in foreign parts, as most conducive to the general quiet and good order. Bothwell accordingly retired to France, but his restless temper did not allow him to remain long contented anywhere.

Lethington continued to grow in favour with his Sovereign, and excited the jealousy of Moray by becoming her confidential envoy on foreign missions. Some of these were not of the deep importance Randolph, Cecil, and Moray suspected. In the summer of 1563, he brought back with him from France a picture of Mary's mother, the late Queen-regent, which his royal mistress particularly desired to have in Holyrood; also a case of *graith*—that is to say, of apparel and materials for dress—among which are enumerated "three vaskenis or jackets of red satin, *pirnit* with gold, (which means, woven or corded with gold thread,) and three other vaskenis of white satin, pirnit with silver; nine ells of cloth-of-gold, figured with blue; and nine ells Columbe, or dove-coloured satin." As Mary still wore black for King Francis, these articles must have appeared symptomatic of a bridal in perspective, and caused perchance some perplexity to the inquiring mind of Randolph, as to the person among her numerous train of suitors on whom her as yet undeclared choice had fallen. Lethington brought with him, among this dainty graith, "seventeen cushions *sewit* (embroidered) with silk and gold; ten muckle round pieces of *sewit* work of silk and thread-of-gold; ane little piece of gawse of silver and white silk; twa coittis of green velvet, banded with cloth-of-gold; and twa coittis of violet velvet, banded with cloth-of-silver." [1]

Mary lived in an atmosphere of elegance as regarded her personal habits. She ate moderately, but she liked her table to be trimly set and daintily served. Her board cloths and napkins were of the finest quality, fringed and embroidered with bullion and coloured silks—a queenly fashion, which gave employment to female hands. She introduced the fashion of having the claws and beaks of the roasted partridges and moorfowl, that were served at her table, silvered and gilt. She rose early in the morning, and transacted much business while walking in the garden.

[1] Royal Wardrobe Book—edited by T. Thomson, Esq.

On horticulture she bestowed great attention, and introduced exotic fruits, flowers, and vegetables, into the gardens of her country palaces, rarely visiting a strange place without planting a tree with her own hands. These were long pointed out, and consecrated by tradition as memorials of her. She was fond of pets of every kind, especially dogs and birds; but she doted on children. She loved her attendant ladies, and treated them with the greatest indulgence. No instance of ill-nature, envy, or tyranny towards her own sex, has ever been recorded of Mary, while her privy-purse expenses and private letters abound with characteristic traits of her benevolence and generosity.

As soon as the short session of Parliament was up, June 4th, the Queen made her arrangements for a progress to the Highlands. She left Edinburgh June 29th, and proceeded first to her natal palace at Linlithgow. She spent nearly a fortnight at Glasgow, which she made her head-quarters during her excursions to Hamilton, Paisley, and other places in the west country. She visited her illegitimate sister, the Countess of Argyll, at Inverary, July 22, where she had the satisfaction of finding her and the Earl on better terms. Mary remained with them at Inverary till the 26th of July, on which day they attended her to Dunoon, another of their mansions on the Clyde, where she slept and spent the morrow with them; and, after crossing the Firth of Clyde, honoured the Earl of Eglinton with a visit at his Castle near Ardrossan. She then proceeded from Ayrshire through Carrick, and the wild mountain passes of Wigtonshire and Galloway, to St Mary's Isle, near Kirkcudbright,[1] making this charming progress with all the pomp of regality, and the pleasurable excitement of the sylvan sports, in which she so greatly delighted. She was attended by her ladies and great officers of state, and performed the journeys from one nobleman's castle to another on horseback. She arrived in Edinburgh, after two months' absence, in amended health and renovated spirits. There she remained only eight days for despatch of business, and then withdrew to Stirling—visited Drummond Castle and Dunblane—hunted for several days at Glenfinlas, and spent another cheerful month.

Her three brothers, the Earl of Moray, the Lord Robert, and Lord John, proceeded meantime together to visit Moray's ill-acquired possessions in the north, and accompanied him on his judicial circuit to Inverness, where, among other instances of severity, he burned two unfortunate women accused of witchcraft. Lord John of Coldingham died at Inverness in the flower of his age. He had once been a zealous member of Knox's congregation; but his indignation had been so vehemently excited by the coarse and insolent attacks made on his royal sister, by some of the fanatic preachers in Edinburgh, that in his rage he burst out with these words, "Ere I see the Queen's Majesty so troubled with the

[1] Mary's Household Book, cited by Chalmers.

railing of these knaves, I shall have the best of them sticked in the pulpit." It was to Mary's credit that she did not listen to the violent and irritating counsels of this impetuous young man, whom she loved with sisterly affection. When she was told of his death, she mournfully observed that "those whom she loved best were always taken from her." The Laird of Pitarrow and Mr John Wood told her "that he, Lord John, had greatly repented on his death-bed of his backslidings and impiety; and had sent a message to her, warning her to forsake her idolatries, or God would plague her." Mary flatly refused to believe that he had said so, and affirmed plainly that it was devised by themselves. Lord John of Coldingham left by his wife, the sister of James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, an infant son, to whom Queen Mary had given the name of her lamented consort Francis, and always cherished him with the affection of an aunt. Young Francis Stuart stood in an equal degree of relationship to Queen Mary and to Bothwell, being the nephew of both, thus forming an innocent connecting link between them, three years before the occurrence of circumstances which threw the royal victim into the toils of that daring villain, who had long marked her for his prey.

CHAPTER XIII.

Early in December, Mary returned to Holyrood for despatch of business and her birthday celebration. It was the anniversary on which she completed her twenty-first year. The commemoration was made, as usual, on her name day, one of the great festivals in honour of the Virgin Mary: the morning was devoted to a religious service, and the evening to a grand ball. Both were apparently attended with bad effects to the Queen, for she took a severe cold from being over-long at her prayers in the damp Chapel-royal, and did not improve her feverish symptoms by the fatigue of dancing over-much at her ball in the evening.[1] She kept her bed for several days in consequence of that indisposition, but, it was not for a Queen-regnant, burdened with the cares of state, to indulge in the repose and privacy requisite for the comfort of an invalid. When too ill to rise, she had to receive her ministers by her bedside, and to give audience to the ambassadors of foreign Sovereigns, in like manner, if they had private messages to deliver, or letters to present which required personal replies. Cabinet councils were also held in her chamber, when she was unable to leave it. Her French education rendered these things less irksome to Mary than might otherwise have been the case. It was the custom of the times; all things were conducted with the solemnity of

[1] Randolph to Cecil. State Paper Office MS.

royal etiquette ; and the deportment of the youthful widow, on these occasions, savoured not of the coquettish levity which startled the grave peers and privy-councillors of England at the bedchamber levées of the maiden Queen of the sister realm, where the favoured Dudley was wont to usurp the privilege of her mistress of the robes, by assisting at her toilette.

Mary, being informed that Randolph had returned to Edinburgh, charged with private letters and the gift of a fair diamond from Queen Elizabeth, and that he was desirous of delivering his credentials, consented to receive him in her sick-chamber. He came at the appointed hour, but after waiting some time in the ante-room, the Earl of Moray was sent to him, with an apologetic message from the Queen, praying him to excuse her till the morrow, as she found herself not in a state to see him or any one that day. Randolph then requested the Countess of Argyll to present his Sovereign's token to the Queen, and said he would reserve her Majesty's letters until he might have access unto her. Mary, in order to mark her respect for the royal donor, wore the diamond Queen Elizabeth had sent her during her interview with Randolph. "She showeth me the ring upon her finger," continues he : "it lacketh no praises on her part. Few were then in the chamber that spake not their opinions as well of the giver as the thing itself. 'Well,' saith she, 'two jewels I have that must die with me, and willingly shall never out of my sight;' and showeth me a ring which she saith 'was the King's her husband.' In like purposes much time was spent. I perceived, at last, that her Grace was not well, and desired that I might no further trouble her for that time." "Intending," as he informs Cecil, "to spare her for two or three days, and so took my leave."[1] Never, perhaps, had any creature greater need of consideration than the poor young Queen, who, while exerting herself on a sick-bed to receive diplomatic visits, converse with grace, and reciprocate formal compliments of state with all the punctilious demonstrations of respect proper on such occasions, was suffering under a depression of spirits, of which Randolph gives the following touching picture : "For the space of two months this Queen hath been divers times in great melancholies. Her grief is marvellous secret. Many times she weepeth when there is little appearance of occasion."[2] Alas for Mary ! Were not the recollections connected with the Gordon tragedy and its last act enough to cause those tears and that mysterious sadness which perplexed the hard worldly-minded spies by whom she was surrounded ?

A week passed away while Randolph was waiting for a second audience of the sick Queen. On the 21st of December he makes this report of her state : "Her disease—whereof it proceedeth I know not—daily increaseth. Her pain is in her right side. Men judge it to proceed of melancholy. She hath taken divers medicines of late, but findeth herself little the

[1] Randolph to Cecil, Dec. 13, 1563. State Paper MS., ined. [2] Ibid.

better. Upon Saturday she was out of her bed, but took no great pleasure in company, nor to have talk with any. For this cause I have forborne greatly to press her."

Queen Mary's bodily illness and mental depression were supposed by Randolph to have been painfully aggravated by a most distressing occurrence in her own palace and household, which is related in the coarsest terms, both by himself and Knox, and by the latter turned to her reproach, although when it happened she was sick nearly unto death, her physicians having for eight days despaired of her recovery. Her French apothecary had, it seems, seduced a young countrywoman of his, who served in her Majesty's chamber, and persuaded his victim to endeavour to conceal the consequences of their guilt by murder; but the cries of a new-born infant having been heard, the crime was detected, and both parties being convicted of the same, were sentenced to undergo the penalty of the law, and were hanged in the High Street at Edinburgh,[1] to the great sorrow of many of the royal household. The same week that the extreme penalty of the law was executed on the Queen's foreign apothecary and his youthful victim, the Lord Treasurer of Scotland, Richardson—who was one of the chief men of the Congregation—was, for a similar act of immorality, put to open penance, by standing in a white sheet in St Giles's church during the time of divine service; and this disgraceful fact Randolph tells the grave Cecil, "he is particularly willed by my Lord of Moray to communicate to him, as a note of their severity in the punishment of offenders."

It must be evident to every one who has studied Randolph's reports of Queen Mary's health at this period (December, 1563), that she was suffering from nervous fever, oppressed with morbid melancholy, and utterly unable to attend to business—that her attempts to exert herself for that purpose aggravated her malady, for her physicians entertained serious apprehensions for her life. John Knox, nevertheless, details the particulars of a very remarkable scene, which he affirms took place at this

[1] On this tragedy the popular ballad of "Mary Hamilton" is supposed to have been founded. The author—an anonymous bard of great poetic genius, but small research, having apparently confused Knox's unjust insinuations against Mary Livingstone, related in the same page, with this horrible story—has transformed the unhappy French girl into one of the Scotch maids of honour, without being correctly informed of their surnames:—

"Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
This night she'll ha'e but three;
There was Mary Beton, and Mary Seton,
And Mary Carmichael, and me."

Neither a Mary Hamilton nor a Mary Carmichael were ever included among the catalogue of the Queen's female attendants. The author of one of the versions of the ballad, with allowable poetic license, represents the inquiry into the cause of the infant's cries as proceeding from the lips of Royalty:—

"Queen Mary came tripping down the stair,
Wi' the gold strings in her hair;
'O, whare's the little babie,' she says,
'That I heard greet sae sair?'"

The Queen's desire to preserve the life of her unfortunate attendant is introduced in the following stanza:—

"O hald your tongue, Mary Hamilton,
Let all those words go free;
This night, ere ye be hangit,
Ye shall gang hame wi' me."

juncture between himself and the Queen, of whose illness he takes not the slightest notice. Two members of his congregation having been arrested and thrown into prison for raising a riot in the Chapel-royal at Holyrood, to prevent the service said there, during the Queen's absence, for her French ladies and servants, Knox wrote a letter, exhorting the brethren in all parts of Scotland to convene in Edinburgh on the day appointed for the trial of the offenders; in other words, to excite a tumult in the metropolis, the effect of which might have been to rekindle the horrors of anarchy and religious warfare. So serious did the aspect of affairs appear to the legislators of the realm, that Randolph tells Cecil—"The Lords had assembled themselves for three causes, of which the last was to take order with John Knox and his faction, who intended, by a mutinous assembly, made by his letter before, to have rescued two of their brethren, Cranstoun and Armstrong, from course of law, for using an outrage on a priest saying mass to the Queen's household in Holyrood House." The Earl of Moray and the Secretary Lethington sent for Knox, in the first instance, to the Clerk-Register's house, and remonstrated with him on the misdemeanour of which they considered he had been guilty, in convocating the Queen's lieges on his own authority, and without her leave; but as he persisted in justifying himself for what he had done, with many cutting innuendoes on their change of politics, no good resulted from this interview; and four days later he was summoned into the awful presence of the Queen and her Privy Council. "The time," he tells us, "was between six and seven at night, the season of the year the midst of December"—when, according to Randolph, the Queen was so dangerously ill that her recovery was considered by her physicians very doubtful; and Randolph could not be mistaken, seeing that he presented himself daily in her ante-chamber to make inquiries concerning her health, for the information of his own Sovereign; whereas Knox penned the following statement between four and five years later, when Mary was discrowned, and incarcerated in Lochleven; and he was daily anathematizing her from the pulpit, and clamouring for her blood.

The Privy Councillors had left the board, and were standing about in scattered groups, conversing on indifferent topics, when Knox was introduced. He exerts his sarcastic powers of language in describing the formal ceremonials with which they resumed their places in due order of precedency; and when all were arranged, the stately entrance of the Queen, together with the deferential behaviour of her ministers, or "*placeboes*" as he styles them, which especially excited his scorn. "Things thus put in order," he says, "the Queen came forth, and with no little worldly pomp was placed in the chair, having *twa* faithful supports—the Master of Maxwell upon the one tower, and Secretary Lethington on the other tower of the chair." The form of Mary's throne, or canopied chair of state, with Gothic pinnacles surmounting the open

towers on either side, may be seen on her Great Seal. The two state officers who were in immediate attendance on her person stood in these towers, to be in readiness to perform her behests, and to assist her when she rose. To a man from the people, like the great Reformer, unaccustomed to courtly ceremonials, and of republican principles, such observances appeared almost ludicrous. He describes those two gentlemen as waiting diligently upon her all the time of his accusation, sometimes the one occupying her ear, sometimes the other. "Her pomp," continues he, "lacked one principal point—to wit, womanly gravity; for when she saw John Knox standing at the other end of the table bareheaded, she first smiled, and after gave *ane gawf laughter*"[1]—a horse-laugh, believe it who will. Levity like this would have been inexcusable in a thoughtless girl who had never entered the precincts of a palace before, but strange indeed in a princess accustomed from her cradle to support the dignified deportment and self-control of the regal character. "The lack of womanly gravity," of which Knox accuses her, could not have occurred at a more unseasonable moment; for, by his own account, her palace was surrounded by a mob of his excited followers, some of whom were audaciously swarming up the staircase, and besetting the door of the council-chamber where she sat, with no better protection for her person than twelve civilians. And how could Mary expect to impress with a salutary dread of her displeasure the man who had endeavoured to excite a tumult in her metropolis, if she could not summon one frown to *daunton* him, but allowed tell-tale smiles and irrepressible laughter to betray the fact that the whole scene was a farce, that she was in the Euphrosyne vein on that occasion, and could not assume the terrors of an offended Juno? Moreover, her risibility, he tells us, was infectious; for her *placeboes* laughed too, and applauded. "But wot ye whereat I laugh?" said she. "Yon man gart me *greet*, and *grat* never tear himself; I will see if I can *gar* him *greet*."[2] Then the Secretary whispered her in the ear, and she him again, and gave him a letter, whereupon he addressed Knox in these words: "The Queen's Majesty is informed that ye have travailit to raise a tumult of her subjects against her; and for certification thereof there is presented unto her your own letter, subscribed with your own hand; yet, because her Grace will do nothing without good advisement, she has convened you before this part of her nobility, that they may witness between you and her." "Let him acknowledge," said the Queen, "his own handwriting, and then shall we judge of the contents of the letter." Then the letter being passed from hand to hand to John Knox, he not only owned it, but significantly observed that "no forgeries had been interpolated in the spaces he had left blank."[3] "Ye have done more than I would have done," observed Lethington. "Charity is not suspicious,"

[1] Hist. Ref. Scot.
[2] Knox, Hist. Ref., vol. ii. p. 404.
[3] Ibid.

replied Knox. "Well, well," interrupted the Queen, "read your own letter, and then answer to such things as shall be demanded of you." Having read it to the end with a loud voice, it was handed to Mr John Spens, the Queen's advocate, "who was commanded to accuse, which he did, but very gently." "Heard you ever, my Lords, a more despiteful and treasonable letter?" asked the Queen, looking round the table.[1] Silence appearing to give consent, Lethington asked Knox "if he did not repent, and was not heartily sorry such a letter should have proceeded from his pen?"—this acknowledgment being all that was required from him. But worlds combined would not have drawn an acknowledgment of error from Knox, especially if he considered himself in the right, which apparently was always the case. A skirmish ensued between Lethington and him, in which Knox gave my Lord Secretary a sharp remembrance of the time when he formed a leading member in previous conventions, convocated in defiance of the authority of the Crown. "What is this?" interrupted the Queen, turning to Lethington; "methinks you trifle with him. Who gave him authority to make convention of my lieges?—is not that treason?" "*Na*, Madam," interposed Lord Ruthven, "for he makes convocation of the people to hear prayers and sermons almost daily; and whatever your Grace or others will think thereof, we think it no treason." "Hold your peace," said the Queen, "and let him answer for himself." "I began," said John Knox, "to reason with the *Secratour*, whom I take to be ane far better *dialectician* than your Grace is, that all convocations are not unlawful; and now my Lord Ruthven hath given the instance, which your Grace will not deny." "I will say nothing," replied Mary, "against your religion, nor against your convening to your sermons, but what authority have ye to convocate my subjects when ye will, without my commandment?" Knox alleged "that he had the authority of the Kirk for what he had done, and therefore could not be in the wrong." Instead of taking up the gauntlet on the subject of Church infallibility, a dogma which savoured of Knox's Romish education, Mary attacked him on the seditious language in his letter. "Is it not treason, my Lords," asked she, "to accuse a Prince of cruelty? I think there be Acts of Parliament against such whisperers." This was allowed. "But whereuntil," asked Knox, "can I be accused?" "Read this part of your own bill," said the Queen, quoting the following words from his own letter: "'this fearful summons is direct against them' (to wit, the two rioters Cranstoun and Armstrong),[2] 'to make, no doubt, preparation upon a few, that a door may be opened to execute cruelty upon a greater multitude.' "Lo," said the Queen, "what say ye to that?" "Is it lawful for me, Madam, to answer for myself," asked Knox, "or sall I be damned before I be heard?" "Say what ye can," returned she, "for I think ye have

[1] Knox, Hist. Ref., vol. ii. p. 404.
[2] These men were afterwards engaged in the assassination of David Riccio.

enough to do." His defence was, that he alluded not to her in his letter, nor yet to her cruelty, but to the cruelty of Papists; affirming that "the pestilent Papists who had inflamed her Grace against those puir men (Cranstoun and Armstrong) were the sons of the devil, and therefore must obey the desires of their father, who was a liar and a murtherer from the beginning." "Ye forget yourself," said one of the Council, "ye are not now in the pulpit." "I am in that place," he undauntedly replied, "where I am demanded of conscience to speak the truth; and hereunto, Madam, I add that honest, gentle, and meek natures by appearance by wicked and corrupt counsellors may be converted, and alter to the direct contrair: example we have of Nero." While Knox was winding up the application and moral of this obliging parallel, Lethington was, with ready tact, adroitly diverting her Majesty's attention from his eloquence, by speaking secretly in her ear some observations which excited the curiosity of the other, "but what it was the table heard not." Immediately afterwards Mary turned her face towards her formidable opponent and said, "Well, ye speak fair enough here before my Lords, but the last time I spake with you secretly, ye caused me weep many salt tears, and said to me stubbornly ye set not by my greeting."[1] After Lethington and the Queen had conferred together for a moment, Lethington said to him, "Mr Knox, ye may return to your house for this night." "I thank God and the Queen's Majesty," responded Knox; "and, Madam, I pray God to purge your heart from Papistry, and to preserve you from the council of flatterers."[2] "The Queen retired to her cabinet while the question was put to the vote of the Council whether John Knox had offended her Majesty or not, the Lords uniformly voted that he had not; whereat the flatterers, and principally Lethington, raged." He was, moreover, guilty of the folly of inducing the sick and exhausted young Queen to re-enter and take the chair again, while he put the same question a second time to the vote. This illegal attempt raised a storm in her very presence. "What!" exclaimed the majority, "shall the Laird of Lethington have power to control us, or shall the presence of a woman cause us to offend God, and to condemn an innocent person against our conscience for pleasure of any creature?" "That night," notes Knox, "there was neither dancing nor fiddling in the Court, for Madam was disappointed of her purpose, which was to have had John Knox at her will by vote of her nobility."[3] Queen Mary was certainly not in a state to render dancing and fiddling practicable, though to preside at that agitating Council she had been taken out of her sick-bed, loaded with her regal trappings, and led, poor suffering victim to the pains and penalties of royalty, into a stormy conclave of wrangling statesmen—pitiless traitors, for the most part—placed on her throne, and compelled by her ministers to take upon herself the unpopular responsi-

[1] Knox, Hist. Ref., vol. ii. p. 410. [2] Ibid.
[3] Knox, Hist. Ref., ii. 412.

bility of calling the most formidable man in her realm to account for the misdemeanour of exciting an insurrectionary movement in her metropolis; his factious followers meantime beleaguering the doors of the chamber where the question was discussed, and ready to burst in upon her. A week later, Mary was still confined to her chamber, and unable to leave her bed, though the repose and seclusion so necessary for the restoration of her health were denied to the royal patient. "Upon Sunday the 26th,[1] I had warning in the morning to come to the Court after dinner. At my coming I found in her Grace's chamber, besides ladies and gentlewomen, many of her Grace's Council, herself keeping yet her bed, and talking with the Earl of Moray and Lord of Lethington. Their purposes ended, her Grace beginneth with me in this sort: 'I long now, Mr Randolph, to hear what answer you have brought me from my good sister your mistress. I am sure that it cannot but be good unto me, seeing it cometh of so good mind as my sister beareth me.'" Mary failed not to compliment Elizabeth by consulting her on the subject of every offer she had predetermined not to accept, and appeared satisfied with Elizabeth's reasons for requesting her to reject all. Elizabeth was especially jealous of the Archduke Charles having transferred his addresses from her to Mary. When Mary confided this proposal to Elizabeth, and expressed her determination not to conclude any treaty of the kind that might be displeasing to her, Elizabeth replied, "that it was a match which she had weighty political reasons for opposing, and that if Mary would, instead of marrying a foreign prince, consent to accept a consort of her selecting, she would adopt her as a daughter, and gratify her in anything she could reasonably demand." The great object of Mary's ambition was to obtain a formal recognition of her right to the succession of the English crown, and in order to propitiate Elizabeth's favour for that purpose, she was willing to give up not only the Archduke, but the whole train of her royal suitors, and to entertain the overtures that were made to her in behalf of the mysterious Englishman who was recommended to her attention by Elizabeth's representative, in terms which appeared applicable to none other than her princely kinsman, Henry, Lord Darnley.

"Touching her desire of my marriage," observed Mary, "I may conceive more than in plain terms your mistress will signify, or you list to utter; but how will the world allow of that I know not:"[2] to which the subtle diplomatist rejoined, "He that ruleth all his actions by the judgment of the world, doth not most commonly govern himself best. The world judgeth more of dignity, reputation, and honour than what is meet for the preservation of amity between princes, peace and quietness between subjects, and love and good-will between neighbours, as was seen in your Majesty's late marriage, which now time hath discovered to have been one of the greatest inconveniences that could be to your state,

[1] Randolph to Cecil, Dec. 31, 1563. [2] Keith.

whereby not only enmity was perpetually nourished, but your whole country alike in time to have fallen into the hands of others, of which no small numbers had already planted themselves in your Majesty's holds and strengths." The spirit of the royal widow was chafed by disparaging reflections on a connection so dear to her heart and memory as her marriage with Francis. "Her Grace scarce heard these words with patience," continues Randolph, "and therefore I tarried no longer upon them."[1] Mary then called the Earl of Argyll, her sister's husband, to her pillow, and, after some private discourse with him, said, "Randolph would have me marry in England;" to which he merrily rejoined, "Is the Queen of England become a man!"[2] Without noticing this jest, Mary pursued the subject, by asking him playfully, "Who is there in that country you would wish me to?" "Whom your Grace could like the best," he replied, and "wished there were so noble a man there as she could like." "That would not please the Duke," rejoined her Majesty—distinctly pointing at Lord Darnley as the man of her choice, by this allusion to the feud betwixt the houses of Lennox and Hamilton. Argyll replied discreetly, "If it please God, and be good for your Majesty's country, what reck who were displeased?"[3] More discourse had Queen Mary with the Earl, which he, a secret confederate for her marriage with the favourite of the English Sovereign, repeated, like the sorry fellow he was, to Randolph.[4] The courtiers were very pressing to learn of Randolph who was the English nobleman intended for their Queen, some guessing Darnley, and some the Earl of Warwick, none suspecting that Lord Robert Dudley could be the person meant, "except," observes the ambassador, "the very few to whom I dare safely and more largely talk." And one of that chosen few was the young Scottish Sovereign's trusty premier and loving brother, the Earl of Moray, "who seemed to like well of it."[5] Queen Mary was sufficiently amended, on New-Year's day, to invite Randolph to dine with her; and being fully recovered on Twelfth-day, she gave a brilliant entertainment and ball to her Court, and initiated the nobles and ladies of her household into the attractive French pastime called the Feast of the Bean[6]—a game similar to the English observance of drawing for King and Queen. The bean was concealed in the Twelfth-cake, and whoever got it was treated as the sovereign for that night. The bean in the Holyrood Twelfth-cake fell to the lot of Mary Fleming on that festive night, and her royal mistress, the Mary of Maries, indulgently humoured the frolic by arraying her in her own regal robes, and decorating her with her choicest jewels, wearing none herself that evening, that the Queen of the Bean might shine peerless—a

[1] Randolph to Cecil, Dec. 31, 1563. State Paper Office MS., inedited.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.
[5] Randolph to Cecil, Jan. 18—Keith.
[6] Ibid., Jan. 15. State Paper Office MS.

trait, trifling though it were, distinctly characteristic of the generosity of Queen Mary's temper.

Randolph, who had commenced an active courtship of Mary Beton, another of the fair maids of honour, gives an animated account of the fête to Lord Robert Dudley, which he prefaces with facetious allusions to the good fortune of that courtier, in being selected by his Sovereign, as the consort of the beauteous Majesty of Scotland. "I assure your Lordship," writes he, "the worst I intend you is to marry a Queen. Touching the state of things here, it may please your Lordship to know that the Queen hath recovered much of her health. The ladies and gentlewomen are all in health and merry, which your Lordship should have seen if you had been here upon Tuesday, at the great solemnity and royal estate of the Queen of the Bean. Fortune was so favourable to fair Fleming, that, if she could have seen to have judged of her virtue and beauty as blindly as she went to work, and chose her at adventure, she would sooner have made her a Queen for life, than for one only day to exalt her so high, and the next to leave her in the state she found her. The Queen of the Bean was that day in a gown of cloth-of-silver ; her head, her neck, her shoulders, the rest of her whole body, so beset with stones that more in 'our whole Jewel-house' were not to be found. Queen Mary herself, apparelled that day in colours white and black, no other jewel or gold about her but the ring that I brought her from the Queen's Majesty hanging at her breast, with a lace of white and black about her neck. The cheer that day was great. I never found myself so happy, nor so well treated, until that it came unto the point that the old Queen [Mary] herself, to show her mighty power, contrary unto the assurance granted me by the younger Queen [Mary Fleming, Queen of the Bean], drew me into the dance, which part of the play I could with good will have spared unto your Lordship, as much fitter for the purpose. This ended the joy of their holiday : from that time to this we have lived as before."

After this animated sketch of Twelfth-night at Holyrood, from the pen of the enamoured English ambassador, a few particulars illustrative of the domestic economy of Mary Stuart's household may be acceptable. The regulations, diet, and allowances for the year she arrived from France, have been carefully jotted down by her French comptroller, Monsieur Pinguillon. From this record it appears that every person in the royal household, from the Queen to the humblest female servant, had a separate and distinct quota apportioned of the necessaries of life—such as bread, wine, eggs, candles, coals, wood, and other articles. The allowance of candles from the first day of November till the last day of March, per day, was, for the chamber and cabinet of the Queen, three quarters of a pound only, and one pound for her dining-room.[1] In the spring and summer

[1] Menu de la Maison de la Royne.

months this quantity was diminished one-third. Madame de Briante, or Brêne, who had been Mary's governess, was allowed a quarter of a pound of candles; so was Madame de Crig, another French lady of her household, and Mademoiselle Cobron. The four Maries had half a pound between them; so had the juvenile maidens of the Court, and their governess, Mademoiselle de Souche. The Queen's female fool and Jaqueline, who figure in M. Pinguillon's list under the names of La Jardinière and her governess, are allowed a quarter of a pound between them. Mary's secretary, Raulet, is allowed no more; the other gentlemen officers of the household and servants in like proportion. The average sum-total of candles allowed for burning on a winter day and night in Holyrood, or any other palace in which Queen Mary kept her state, amounted to fifteen pounds, three quarters, and half a quarter. But there was also the following allowance of white wax: for the chamber of the Queen, three flambeaux of half a pound weight each, and four bougies, or tapers, weighing a quarter of a pound each, and a flambeau of yellow wax weighing half a pound. Madame de Briante, the four Maries, and Mademoiselle Cobron, had each a yellow wax bougie of one ounce weight; so had the junior maids of honour, Grisel, the younger Livingstone, and Mademoiselle de la Souche their governess, and three bedchamber-women, named Thara, Françoise, and Courcelles. The coals delivered for the chamber and cabinet of the Queen were two charges, and for her presence-chamber and dining-room three charges. Madame de Briante had one charge; the maids of honour two charges between them; the doctor and apothecary, only half a charge each. The bill of fare for the Queen's dinner on flesh days included four sorts of soup and four entrés, a piece of beef-royal boiled, a high loin of mutton, and a capon. Her roast-meats were one joint of mutton, one capon, three pullets or pigeons, three hares or rabbits. For her dessert she had seven dishes of fruit, and one of a paste composed of chicory. Her supper was a repetition of the same dishes as her dinner; and the like fare was served at the tables of her ladies and the officers of her household. One gallon of wine served her Majesty and her company for the morning collation and evening refreshment, and at her dinner-table, one quart of white wine and one of claret. Eight rolls of bread were supplied to the royal table at every meal. The Queen's ladies dined in classes at separate tables: for instance, at the first table dined Madame de Briante, Madame de Crig, Mademoiselles Pinguillon, Cobron, and Fontpertuis, and the four Maries—nine persons in all. They were allowed a gallon of wine among them, two rolls of bread each, and the same diet as their royal Mistress. Each of these ladies had a man-servant, who dined with an officer called the Usher of the Ladies, and the passementier, a needleman, who was employed in designing the patterns for the borders of dresses. There was a separate table, with all suitable allowances, for Mademoiselle de la Souche, the

governess of the junior maids of honour. At the table of the valets-de-chambre dined the Queen's French musicians, Michellet, Balthasar, Servais de Conde, Adrian, and David Riccio—who is not in the slightest degree privileged above his messmates ; Guillaume, Denis Bassecontre, Guillaume Gendrot, Martin Mingnon, four Scotch singers, a Scotch usher of the chamber, the tailor Maguichon, René the perfumer, and two little French singers—nineteen persons in all, who were allowed at their dinner one gallon and two quarts of wine among them, two rolls a-piece, and the following diet : four dishes of soup, two entrés, two pieces of boiled beef, one boiled capon, and two pieces of boiled mutton ; two pieces of roast mutton, and one of bacon. Supper, the same repeated—good plain fare, but no dainties to indicate that a man whom the Queen delighted to honour fed at this board. So strict is the regard to economy in Mary's household arrangements, that a note is appended after a very meagre bill of fare for the Queen's ladies on the fish days : "Care will be taken to reduce the allowance for this table, after Mademoiselle Pinguillon and Fontpertuis are gone to France."[1]

Mary had a Scotch female droll in her establishment, who wore the royal livery, as we find from the entry "of ane garment of red and yellow, to be ane gown, hose, and coat for Jane Colquhoun, *fule*."[2] Then there was "James Geddes, *fule*," the receipient of ane yellow coat and breeches ; and "Nicola, *fule*,"[3] a foreign female, who lingered at Holyrood after the deposition of her royal mistress for nearly three years, and returned to France in 1570.

The salaries of Queen Mary's French ladies and officers, including her staff of cooks, bakers, and butlers, were all paid out of the rents of her French jointure-lands. Her Scotch maids of honour, bed-chamber-women, laundress of the body, her six Scotch equerries and carvers—in short, almost all the Scotch ladies and gentlemen who had been in her service when she was Dauphiness and Queen-Consort of France, were paid from the same fund, but not at the same high rate as during the life of her royal husband, Francis II. ; for she had found herself under the necessity, when she was reduced to the inferior state of a Queen-Dowager, of curtailing the wages of her household in proportion to the reduction of her own income. Her governess, Madame Briante, received only 300 livres under the retrenched scale which took place at the close of the year 1560 ; Mary Seton, and the other Scotch maids of honour, received 200 livres per annum each ; Arthur Erskine and two other Scotch equerries, and her head carver Beton, had salaries of 300 livres per annum. So largely did Mary Stuart—a fact little understood by generalizing historians—draw upon her personal resources, that she might spare her own impoverished realm from the miseries of increased taxation to support the

[1] Maison de Marie Stuart, in M. Teulet's Pièces et Documens relatifs des Affaires d'Escosses.

[2] Royal Exchequer Records, Register House, Edinburgh. [3] Ibid.

dignity of the Crown. Never was any Sovereign so little burdensome to her people, or more attentive to their general weal.

In the list of gentlemen attached to Queen Mary's household appears the name of Jehan de Court, painter, with a salary of £240 per annum. Such of her Scottish portraits as are really originals were probably painted by this domestic artist. Among the miniatures claiming to be authentic likenesses of Mary Stuart, is one preserved at Ham House, in the Earl of Dysart's collection, supposed to have been inherited by the Duke of Lauderdale from his ancestor, the celebrated Sir William Maitland, Lord of Lethington, Mary's Secretary of State, the husband of Mary Fleming, to whom it was probably presented by her royal mistress and namesake. Mary is there depicted in the widow's dress she wore in Scotland till her second marriage—black, trimmed with white—her head-tire being a shovel-shaped black hood, flat and wide in front, and descending from the ears like a stiff slanting frame on each side the throat; over this a black veil is thrown back;—a costume very unbecoming to any features less exquisite than those of the royal beauty, who is there represented in her twentieth or twenty-first year—pensive, but very lovely, with pale clear complexion and dark hazel eyes. Her hair, bright chestnut colour, is folded in Madonna bands across her broad serene forehead, with braids sloping towards her cheeks; the contour of her face is oval; her gown is black figured damask, slashed on the breast and sleeves, and these slashes are edged with narrow white fur; a partlet of the same encircles her throat. This miniature is an oval of very small size, and round the edge of the deep-blue back-ground is inscribed "Maria Regina Scotorum," in gold letters, and "Catherine da Costa, pinx.,"—being almost the first instance of a female artist's name connected with a royal portrait.

Mary had gardens to all her palaces, in which she was accustomed to take early walks for exercise before breakfast, and often, like Elizabeth, transacted regal business with her ministers and gave audience to foreign ambassadors during her walks. She had two gardens, north and south, at Holyrood Abbey. In these she took great delight, and replenished them with fruit and flowers from France. Two stately plane-trees, in extreme old age, were, within the memory of man, fondly pointed out by tradition as Queen Mary's plane-trees, supposed to have been planted by her own hand on her return from France. The remains of her bath-house are still shown.

Robert Rhynd, gardener of the Queen's yard at Perth, received ten marks yearly during his life, by her precept, for keeping the same.[1] She had also gardens and parks at Falkland, Linlithgow, and Stirling, where she sometimes amused herself with practising archery, by shooting at the butts with her ladies and nobles of high rank. She could

[1] Register of Signatures. Chalmers.

play chess, billiards, and cards; but there are no records of her losses or gains at play.

CHAPTER XIV.

Queen Mary had the satisfaction of calming, for a season, the discord between the struggling factions in her realm, so that, at the conclusion of her Christmas festivities, her nobles departed in peace to their own homes. Meantime, the intrigues for forcing her into an unworthy marriage with the favourite of the English Queen were proceeding, and still her request to be informed of the name of the peerless unknown whom her good sister had kindly selected for her consort, was parried with an evasive answer. This procrastination appeared to bear reference to the extreme youthfulness of their mutual kinsman, the Lord Darnley, the only English subject who was of sufficient rank to aspire to her hand, or whom she conceived her good sister of England would presume to propose to her. Ere long, however, the mystery was penetrated by the French ambassador resident at the English Court; and Mary received a letter from her uncle, Cardinal de Guise, written by desire of her mother-in-law, the Queen-Regent, with whom she was not then on friendly terms, warning her of the disparaging alliance that was intended for her.[1]

"Upon Sunday last," writes Randolph to Queen Elizabeth, "I had many long purposes with her Grace's self. For testimony of the truth of all it pleased her Grace to report of her French news unto me, she let me have a sight of the Cardinal Guise's letter unto her. In this letter there was somewhat more written in cipher, of which I got knowledge by *other means*."[2] "The French have gotten word what your Majesty intendeth towards this Queen, by advertisement of Monsieur de Foix to the Queen-mother (Catherine de Medicis); who, altogether misliking your Majesty's intent, persuadeth the Cardinal Guise to hinder the same. He hath written to this Queen, that she should take heed unto these dealings that your Majesty hath with her, that you mean anything less than good faith, and that it proceedeth of fineness" (a polite word for falsehood), "to make her believe that you intend her good in seeking to have your Majesty's advice in her marriage, or that her honour shall be in any way advanced by marrying of any so base as either my Lord Robert or the Earl of Warwick" (his elder brother), "of which your Majesty is determined to take the one and give her the other."[3]

Mary nevertheless continued to lend an attentive ear to Randolph's

[1] Randolph to Cecil, Jan. 15, 1563—4. State Paper MS., inedited.
[2] Randolph to Queen Elizabeth, Jan. 21, 1563—4. State Paper MS., inedited.
[3] Ibid.

flattering promises, and to express unbounded confidence in the good intentions of his royal mistress, "not doubting," she said, "that if she could bring her mind to marry in England, whosoever was the greatest there, and most worthy in all respects to marry a queen, would be offered to her." Randolph was fully aware that Mary pointed at her kinsman Darnley, she having previously intimated, "that for any one to persuade her, who was born a queen, and had been the wife of a king, to marry any one under the degree of a prince, could not be a friend of hers, or have a proper regard for her honour;"[1] yet, in order to compliment his patron, Lord Robert Dudley, he assumes that this epithet applied to him, and puts in certain delicate questions as to the possibility of Queen Elizabeth resigning him, or of his consenting to exchange his envied post of reigning favourite to her, in case the Queen of Scots might be induced to accept him for a husband. Speaking of Mary, Randolph says, "Sometimes 'she liketh well to hear of marriage,' many times she says 'the widow's life is best, honourable, quiet.' Sometimes 'she may marry where she will;' sometimes 'she is sought of nobody.' I pity many times unto her 'her state and case, the loss of her time, the hurt to her country.' I commend to her 'the felicity of marriage, the joy and pleasure of such children as God may send her;' and if by no means I be able to move her to that which is most for her own commodity, and comfort to her subjects, 'yet, at the least, that she will take compassion upon her four Maries, her worthy daughters, and *mignionnes*, that for her sake have vowed themselves never to marry if she be not the first.'"[1] The four Maries had entered into the above covenant in the hope of inducing their fair Sovereign to gratify the earnest desires of her subjects for her marriage; but their vow was a rash one, which, instead of hastening the matrimonial proceedings of Queen Mary, threatened to bind themselves to a life-long period of celibacy. The four noble maidens, being now turned of one-and-twenty, began to be exposed to many impertinent pleasantries from the gallants of the Court, at the termination of every ineffectual attempt to induce their royal mistress to accept a second husband. As it was evident that a matrimonial treaty was in progress, the object of which was said to be a perpetual bond of amity between England and Scotland, the marriage of Queen Mary with the first Prince of the blood-royal of the Tudor line, Henry Lord Darnley, was generally supposed to be the object of Randolph's secret instructions. A strong party, however, including the houses of Hamilton and Douglas, and the recipients of the Earl of Lennox's forfeitures, expressed great dread "that strife might be engendered in the event of the Queen's marriage with Darnley, on account of the cumber" which they said "might be caused in Scotland by his father and mother's titles;" the one threatening to impugn the Duke de Châtelherault's legitimacy, in which, if he succeeded, not only the next

[1] Randolph to Queen Elizabeth, Jan. 21, 1563—4. State Paper MS., inedited.

place in the regal succession would fall to himself, but a vast portion of the hereditary demesnes of the house of Hamilton ; while the Countess of Lennox at the same time asserted, with every appearance of justice, her right to the Earldom of Angus, and all the mighty appanages of her deceased father, Earl Archibald, which were at present held by her youthful cousin, a minor, under the guardianship of the Earl of Morton, her late father's nephew ;—circumstances which may well explain the jealous reluctance of the opposers of the Darnley alliance, and their confederation with the Queen of England to compel their Sovereign to become the wife of Lord Robert Dudley. Mary was convinced that neither the high-sounding alliances of France, Austria, nor Spain, could offer such solid advantages as were promised by her union with Darnley, and was therefore perfectly ready to resign all her royal suitors in exchange for him.

The Queen-Regent of France, finding her hints of Elizabeth's perfidy disregarded, began now to court her royal daughter-in-law, not only with professions of affection for her person, but gave tangible proofs of her desire to conciliate her by sending her the arrears of her dowry-pension, and offering her the privilege of having all the wines required for her household free of duty or impost ; as well as to grant Scotch merchants all the advantages formerly accorded to them by France. But neither these nor any other of Catherine's flattering offers could prevail with Mary to deviate from the sound policy of observing a strict neutrality in the contest between France and England. Her sympathies were probably with France ; but she conformed her actions to the wishes of her subjects. It was, however, impossible for her ever to do right in the eyes of the party whom she intended to please by this line of policy. The philosophic reader of the present age of practical science can scarcely fail of being amused at the following record of the superstition, the ignorance, and prejudice of the sixteenth century, and the manner in which the passions of the uneducated were inflamed against Queen Mary by her eloquent adversary, John Knox :—

"God from heaven," he says, "and upon the face of the earth, gave declaration that he was offended at the iniquity that was committed, even within this realm ; for upon the 20th day of January there fell wet in great abundance, which in the falling *freisit* (froze) so vehemently that the earth was but one sheet of ice. The fowls, both great and small, freisit, and might not flee. Many died ; and some were taken and laid beside the fire, that their feathers might resolve.[1] And in that same month, the sea stood still, as was clearly observed, and neither ebbed nor flowed in the space of twenty-four hours. In the month of February, the 15th and 18th days thereof, was seen in the firmament battles arrayed, spears and other weapons, as it had been the joining of two armies. These things were not only observed, but also spoken and constantly

[1] Hist. Ref., vol. ii. p. 417.

affirmed by men of judgment and credit. But the Queen and our Court made merry, and there was banquetting on banquetting."[1]

The festivities which moved the ire of Master John Knox took place just before Lent, always the close of the Court season in Edinburgh during the brief bright days of Mary Stuart's widow reign. Her entertainments in the February of 1564 were more than usually brilliant. "So soon as her Grace had recovered her health," writes Randolph, "she determined with herself to pass her time in mirth, and such pastimes as were most agreeable for that time approaching Shrovetide. Her Grace sent for the most part of her nobility to be here against Sunday last. She made them so solemn a banquet that day as in Scotland, in the remembrance of man, except at the marriage of a prince, or the like, was not seen."[2] A political crisis of no ordinary interest had occurred. The deep-seeing Earl of Moray, having formed an accurate estimate of the popular influence of John Knox and the strength of his faction, had effected a reconciliation with him during the long dangerous illness of the Queen. Moray had united with Lethington, and Mary's other ministers, in the injudicious measure of taking her out of a bed of sickness, to expose her to the agitation of a personal discussion with the most ill-mannered person in her dominions, and then, instead of supporting her, had championized her adversary. The affront Mary had received from her Privy Council on that occasion was followed up by a formal requisition for her to abstain from practising the rites enjoined by the religion in which she had been nurtured. Mary, not considering the thorny diadem she wore worth the sacrifice of a compromise of conscience, offered to resign her office to Moray, and in the bitterness of her heart "commanded him to take the thankless burden on his own shoulders."[3] Such was, indeed, the desire of his soul, but the hour was not yet come for its accomplishment; the necessary arrangements had not been made. Queen Mary was the idol of her people; affection for her person, and veneration for her office, were united with the respect for her virtues; she must be deprived of their esteem, and painted blacker than Messalina, ere another would be tolerated in her place. Moray rejected her offer and craved permission to retire to his estates in Fifeshire. Mary granted him leave of absence for eight days; he tarried twenty-one, during which time he incurred suspicion by a meeting with his brother-in-law, the Earl of Argyll, at Castle Campbell. A report was next brought to the Queen that he had privily embarked from his own monastic port of Pittenween for England, and this was at first believed both by her and others, the conduct of Moray, previous to her return to Scotland, having been such as to justify any suspicions of treasonable correspondence between him and Queen Eliza-

[1] Knox's Hist. Ref., vol. ii. p. 417.
[2] Randolph's Letter to Cecil, February 21, 1564. State Paper Office MS., inedited.
[3] Ibid.

beth. When Mary, however, was convinced that the rumour of his retreat to England was unfounded, a revulsion of feeling in his favour succeeded her late anger and mistrust.

True to her generous nature, she was the first to seek a reconciliation. Without waiting for him to make submissions and sue for pardon, she graciously extended the olive branch, and wooed him to leave his sullen retreat and resume his wonted place in her affections and her councils; and she honoured his return to her Court with fêtes and merry-makings, to which all her nobles were frankly bidden, whether they had sided with her party or his faction during the late estrangement. These political re-unions, without the hateful distinctions of creed or party—feasts of love and approximations to national concord and general good-will, where strife and all the deadly offices of cruel hatred had been expected—suited not the policy of men, whose peculiar study it was to deprive Mary of the confidence and affection of her subjects by misrepresenting the motives of her best and wisest actions. For this purpose the ready weapons of calumny and falsehood were employed, as Randolph exultingly boasts to Cecil, to poison the minds of the Protestant division of her nobles against their liege lady, at the very time she was endeavouring to obliterate the memory of bygone grudges. But we must give the paragraph in the dry sarcastic words of our worthy diplomatist, who, after mentioning the reconciliation between the Queen and Moray, proceeds—"The banquet ensueth hereupon. What devilish devices are imagined upon it passeth almost the mind of man to think: little good, some say, is intended to some or other. News herewith cometh that many sails of ships are coming out of France, to land in Scotland. To what end are all our banquets, for the space of twelve or fourteen days together? But while we pipe and dance our enemies shall land, and we have our throats cut. I was content to let this rumour run, so far as no suspicion could be gathered of this Queen that *I* was a mover of it.[1] The Queen dined privately with the chief of the lords and ladies, where her Grace's will was that I should be placed at the lords' table, so near that she might speak unto me, as she did much of the dinner-time. They that served her Grace were the four Maries. The lords and ladies were attended upon by the rest of her Grace's own gentlewomen and maidens, apparelled, as the other four, all in white and black, as she herself that dinner wore no other," being her widow colours, for still Queen Mary wore her *dule* weeds for the unforgotten husband of her youth. "The solemnities of the supper," proceeds Randolph,[2] "are too long to describe, and, I trow, pass my wits to call them to mind. This I remember: three courses were brought in, in what strange order I let pass; but the last was served by gentlemen apparelled all in white and black, divers that could sing among them, who sang these verses which herewith I send

[1] Randolph to Cecil, Feb. 21, 1563—4. State Paper Office MS., inedited. [2] Ibid.

your Honour. My Sovereign was drank unto openly ; not one, of three hundred persons or mo, but heard the words spoken and saw the cups pass between" (Queen Mary and himself). "This pleased well a good number to see these tokens of kindness towards the Queen's Majesty. I doubt not also but some were ready to burst for envy. This did wipe away the suspicion of evil-meaning. We departed all well pleased ; but I, for my part, best contented to see so manifest tokens of love showed to my Sovereign in the face of so many as did behold it. I gave her Majesty thanks, in my Sovereign's name, in as good words as I could. She gave me answer, 'that it was more in heart than in outer show, and that shall these verses testify,' which she gave me in my hand, the self-same that were sung, and willed me to do with them as I liked, which I trust your Honour will present unto the Queen's Majesty."[1] At this supper in Holyrood, the figure of a blind Cupid was introduced with the first course, and placed on the royal table, while an Italian canzonette in his disparagement was sung by the attendants. A translation of the four commencing lines may serve as a specimen :—

> "And this is Love! the world doth call him so;
> Yet he is bitter, as thou seest, I trow;
> And at a future time shalt better see,
> When Love, who is our master, rules o'er thee."

With the second service a fair young maid was brought in, and Latin verses in praise of chastity, and describing the happiness in a future state of those who led unspotted lives of purity on earth, were sung. Lastly entered, with the third course, a young child in the character of Time ; and the waiters sang a Latin ode describing the finite nature of earthly things. Not many royal beauties, in the flower of life and the pomp of greatness, would have been willing to be reminded of the transitory nature of those distinctions ; nor would Mary Stuart have cherished sentiments like these, if she had been the reckless votary of pleasure and passion represented by her modern French biographers. But who that has not carefully studied the minutely circumstantial letters written by the accredited spy Randolph, for the information of his own Court, is aware that Mary Stuart's radiant smiles and sparkling wit concealed constitutional melancholy, and veiled the anguish of a heart that must have burst with overcharge of care and sense of intolerable wrong, but for the floods of tears she shed in the retirement of her own chamber when alone with her attendant Maries, the loved companions of her childhood? It was from one of this fondly-trusted band, the giddy thoughtless Mary Beton, whom the guileful ambassador had entangled in the snares of his deceitful love, he obtained his secret information of all Queen Mary's most private affairs, with whom she corresponded—the solution of the ciphered passages in her uncle's letters, her words, her looks, her tears. Well was it for the young confiding Sovereign that there was nothing worse to betray.

[1] Randolph to Cecil, February 21, 1563—4. State Paper Office MS., inedited.

No satisfactory effects resulted from Queen Mary's Shrovetide feasts, because of the secret working of the malign insinuations of her sinister intentions towards some of her guests, artfully disseminated by Randolph, and encouraged by Moray's faction. The reconciliation between the latter and his royal sister, if sincere, was reported to be otherwise : he had assumed a defensive attitude, and intimated to his partisans an expectation of being arrested and committed to prison ; while, on the other hand, a very uneasy apprehension was entertained by the nation, that the Queen, who had professed herself weary of the thankless responsibilities of her vocation, intended to withdraw to France or Lorraine, and abandon her Scotch subjects to their own devices.[1] Evils worse than any that had befallen Scotland were to be expected, if their lawful ruler forsook them in disgust. The anxious state of the public mind at that juncture, and the watchful attention paid to all Mary's movements, are thus described by Randolph : "Her Grace went upon Monday last to Dunbar—a few in company only, to pass her time. Immediately hereupon riseth the bruit 'that there were two ships that arrived there that night, and either that there was some nobleman come out of France, or that the Queen, taking a despite against this country, would again into France, and for that cause Martignes came to Calais to receive her, and the ships to convoy her.' To augment this suspicion, it was said that in the night there was conveyed out of the Abbey four great chests, and her Grace, being on horseback, should say unto my Lord Morton, 'God be with you, my Lord of Morton ; I will bring you other *novelles* (tidings) when I come again.'"[2]

The real estimation in which Mary was held at this period, not only in Scotland, but throughout Europe, may be seen from the following testimony of that accomplished statesman, Michel Mauvissière de Castelnau, whose authority has generally been considered a very high one. "When I arrived in Scotland," he says, "I found this Princess in the flower of her age, esteemed and adored by her subjects, and in great request with all her neighbours, not merely on account of her elevated rank and connections, and prospect of being the successor of the Queen of England, but because she was endowed with greater charms and perfections than any other Princess of her times. As I had the honour to be very well known to her, inasmuch as she had been our Queen, and I had been one of her own servants in France, and had accompanied her to Scotland, where I also returned the first to visit her on the part of the King Charles IX., and to bring her messages from the Guises, her relations, I had more access to her Majesty than those to whom she had been less accustomed. She told me of the suit that had been made to her by different Princes, naming the Archduke Charles, brother to the Emperor, several of the German Princes, and the Duke of Ferrara, adding that

[1] Randolph to Cecil, Feb. 28, 1564. State Paper MS. [2] Ibid., ined.

some of her subjects wished her to wed the Prince de Condé, now he was a widower, in preference to any of the others. 'This,' she observed, 'might be a means of uniting the house of Bourbon in a better understanding with that of Lorraine than had lately been the case, yet she felt no inclination to encourage his proposal. There was another match greater than any of these,' she said, 'of which overtures had been made to her—namely, Don Carlos, son of King Philip, and the successor to the throne of Spain.' Then I suggested how she might return to France by a marriage with the Duke of Anjou, brother to the King. She replied, 'that in truth no country in the world was so dear to her heart as France, where she had been nurtured, and of which she had had the honour of sharing the throne; but she could not say she should like to return there in an inferior position to that she formerly occupied, and perhaps at the risk of losing her realm of Scotland, which had been greatly shaken, and her subjects much divided, during her absence. If she could be sure,' she added, 'that the Prince of Spain would live to inherit all the dominions of his father, and would pass into Flanders, and follow up his proposal, she knew not what she might be induced to do in respect to him.'"[1]

Queen Elizabeth at length empowered Randolph to declare to Queen Mary, that the person whom she had selected for her consort was no other that her own favourite, Lord Robert Dudley. A burst of scornful indignation had evidently been anticipated by Randolph in reply to this announcement, which, to a Princess of Mary's high spirit, could not have been regarded in any other light than a studied insult. His own opinion of the proposal is briefly conveyed in these emphatic words, "She heard it with patience."[2] When her answer was required, she coldly said, "I must defer my resolution, being wholly taken by surprise." He begged her to consider the necessity of coming to a speedy conclusion on a subject of such importance. "Your mistress," observed Mary, "hath been somewhat longer in deciding than I have been. She hath counselled me to have regard to three points in my choice, whereof the principal was honour. Now, think you, master Randolph, it will be honourable in me to imbase my state by marrying her subject?"—"Yes," he replied, "for by means of him your Majesty is likely to inherit a kingdom."—"Where is my assurance of that?" asked Mary; "may not my sister marry, and have children herself? What, then, shall I have gotten by this marriage; and who will commend me if I enter into it on so sudden a proposal, without due conference? I would not willingly mistrust your mistress, but the adventure is too great; if it is conformable to her promise to use me as her sister or her daughter, and then marry me to her subject."[2] Randolph enlarged on the advantages she might hope from such an alliance, and the assurance the offer bespoke of the affection of his royal mistress.

[1] Memoirs de Castelnau—Jebb's Collection, vol. ii. p. 462.
[2] Randolph to Cecil, March 30—State Paper Office MS.

"I take it rather as a proof of her good-will than her sincerity," was Mary's sharp rejoinder, "seeing she so much regardeth him herself that it is said she may not well spare him." Randolph entreated her to use the counsel of Lethington and Moray. She did so the same evening after supper, and consented, without difficulty, to appoint a conference, to be held at Berwick, between Elizabeth's commissioners and her own, to consider the proposal.[1]

The announcement of the almost incredible fact, that a treaty had been opened for a marriage between Lord Robert Dudley and the Queen of Scots, was followed by a private mission from the Countess of Lennox, for the purpose of offering her eldest son, Lord Darnley, in marriage to his royal cousin—a consort in every way better qualified to aspire to her hand than the favourite of the Queen of England, being the eldest male descendant from the royal house of Tudor on his mother's side, and claiming on the paternal line the like distinction, as the next legitimate Prince of the royal family of Scotland, with the prospect of continuing, by a marriage with the Sovereign of that realm, the name of Stuart, then so dear to the Scotch. He had been educated by his mother in the tenets of the Church of Rome, was handsome, learned, and accomplished, and excelled in all the courtly exercises of the age. Mary herself declares "that this proposal was only the renewal of a suit which had been previously made to her, in behalf of her young kinsman, by her aunt of Lennox, and which, for the above reasons, she considered herself bound to entertain favourably ; and, that she was strenuously urged to accept it by the Earl of Atholl, Lord Lindsay, all the Stuarts, and subjects of her own religion."[2] The young Queen wished to keep her intentions on this subject a profound secret for the present ; yet Randolph, the very day on which she received from Lady Lennox the renewed offer of Darnley's hand, writes to Cecil : "I understand from one near the Queen that in this business she will cast anchor between Dover and Berwick, though, perchance, not in the port we wish for."[3] The oracular intimation, that Mary would take an English husband, but not the one proposed to her by Elizabeth, was obtained, of course, from her faithless confidante, Mary Beton.

Mary asked Melville, who was then only a visitor at her Court, to relinquish the service of his foreign master, the Prince Palatine, for hers. He was loth to forego the offers of preferment that had been made to him in France and elsewhere. "But," observes he, "the Queen, my Sovereign, was so instant, and so well inclined, and showed herself endued with so many princely virtues, that I thought it would be against good conscience to leave her, requiring so earnestly my help and service to draw home again, aye more and more, the hearts of her subjects that

[1] Randolph to Cecil, March 30—State Paper Office MS.
[2] Labanoff, p. 227. [3] Randolph to Cecil, April 14—Keith.

had strayed, and were grown cold, during the late troubles, the while she was absent in France, and were joined in a great friendship with England. Then she was so affable, so gracious and discreet, that she won great estimation; so that I thought her more worthy to be served for little profit, than any other Prince in Europe for great commodity."

Mary improved the brief intervals she had of cessation from civil strife, by indefatigable endeavours to induce her people to adopt the best usages of civilization. Good roads, she saw, were among these: in the place of the trenches of mud, called roads, by which her capital was entered, she had regular paved ones, with causeways, made diverging in various directions from the gates of Holyrood.[1] That called the "Fishwives' Causeway," running as far as Duddingston, has been taken for a Roman road; but the tradition of the people, faithful to the founder of the benefit, pertinaciously attributes it to her; and, moreover, links her name to every good road near her residences. She wished to make them like the paved highways of France. If she granted privileges to burghs, she bound the burghers to make and keep up good roads, instances of which are quoted in the charters of Linlithgow and Peebles; likewise she gave grants to private individuals, on the condition of keeping up certain roads and paths.[1]

At the Assembly of the Church, which took place June 25th, 1564, Lethington, who continued a nominal adherent of the Congregation, remonstrated with Knox for calling the Queen from the pulpit "a slave of Satan." The Master of Maxwell, who was a sincere Reformed Christian, said in plain words, "If I were in the Queen's Majesty's place, I would not suffer such things as I hear." Knox defended himself in these words: "The most vehement, and, as ye speak, excessive manner of prayer I use in public is this: 'O Lord, if Thy pleasure be, purge the heart of the Queen's Majesty from the venom of idolatry, and deliver her from the bondage of Satan, in the which she hath been brought up, and yet remains, for lack of true doctrine.'" "Where find you," asked Lethington, "the example of such prayer as that?" Knox replied, "In the words, 'Thy will be done,' in the Lord's Prayer." Lethington told him he was raising doubts of the Queen's conversion. "Not I, my Lord," replied Knox, "but her own obstinate rebellion."—"Wherein rebels she against God?" asked Lethington. "In every action of her life," retorted Knox, "but in these two heads especially—that she will not hear the preaching of the blessed evangile of Jesus Christ; and, secondly, that she maintains that idol, the mass."—"She thinks not that rebellion, but good religion," replied Lethington. This was the simple fact as regarded Mary's unpopular and impolitic adhesion to the faith in which she had, unfortunately for herself, been educated; and that she did so against her worldly interests ought not to be imputed to her as a crime. "Why say

[1] Statistical History of Scotland, vol. i. p. 389.

ye that she refuses admonition?" asked Lethington; "she will gladly hear any man."—"When will she be seen to give her presence to the public preachings?" asked Knox. "I think never," replied Lethington, "as long as she is thus entreated."[1]

Mary returned to her metropolis in the beginning of June, and having transacted her business for the season, departed with her retinue for the Highlands. She was present at the great huntings in Athol, where two thousand Highlanders had previously been employed to sweep the game from the woods and mountains about Athol, Badenoch, Mar, and Moray. She entered into the sport with great zest, and enjoyed the satisfaction of being in at the death of five wolves, the last survivors of the salvage beasts which once formed the terror of the shepherds and lassies in those wild districts.[2] Mary's occupations were not confined to sylvan sports. She held justice courts; she made her advocate for the poor perform his duty, by pleading for those who suffered wrong and could not afford to seek redress. She gave receptions to the ladies in those remote districts, who were unable to undertake a journey to Edinburgh to pay their homage to her in Holyrood; and she proclaimed a music-meeting, offering her own favourite harp as the prize of the best performer. The poet-queen acknowledged the superiority of the native melodies of Scotland to the most elaborate harmonies which foreign science could produce; and when she heard a Scottish ballad, from the lips of the sweet-voiced Beatrice Gardyn, of Banchory, she hailed her young subject as the Queen of Song, and accorded the harp to her, with this compliment, "You alone are worthy to possess the instrument you touch so well."[3]

Mary's secret inclination to marry Darnley was so thoroughly concealed by her apparent desire to wed the heir of Spain, and the continuation of the correspondence in that quarter, that Elizabeth, for the purpose of diverting her from entering into that alliance, not only granted Lennox permission to proceed to Edinburgh, but furnished him with credentials and a letter to Mary, interceding with her for the reversal of his forfaulture, and the restoration of his estates. Lennox, after an exile of twenty years, arrived in Edinburgh early in September, 1564, and as the Queen was not yet returned from her northern progress, accepted in the interim an invitation to visit the Earl of Athol.

As soon as Mary heard of the arrival of the Earl of Lennox, she returned to Holyrood, and qualified him to appear in her presence by a pro-

[1] Knox, Hist. Ref., vol. ii. p. 461.

[2] Barclay's History of Caledonian Hunts.

[3] Gun's Historical Enquiry respecting the Performance of the Harp. A drawing of the harp given by Queen Mary to Beatrice Gardyn has been published in the above work. It is on this incident that Hogg has founded his charming poem, "The Queen's Wake," only he has transposed the music-meeting to Holyrood. Queen Mary's harp is somewhat smaller than the Caledonian harp, and is adapted for twenty-eight strings, the longest twenty-four inches, the shortest two and a half. This instrument had been for centuries in the Lude family; and is now in the possession of Stuart of Dalguise, Perthshire.—*Dalzel on Music.*

cess, which is thus quaintly recorded: "On the 22nd day of September, Mathew, some time Earl of Lennox, was, by open proclamation at the Marcat Cross of Edinburgh, relaxed fra the process of our Sovereign Lady's horn by Sir Robert Forman of Luthrie, knight, Lion-King of Arms, and all the officers, delivering the wand of peace to John, Earl of Atholl, who received the same in the said Earl's name."[1] The next day Lennox rode in state to the abbey of Holyrood, preceded by twelve gentlemen clothed in velvet coats, with chains about their necks, upon fair horses; and behind him thirty other gentlemen well mounted, wearing grey livery coats, and entered the lodging, which had been most honourably prepared for him, in the house of Mary's brother, the Lord Robert, Commendator of Holyrood, beside the said abbey.[2] The Queen, who was holding an especial Court for this purpose, sent a formal requisition for his attendance by a deputation of her officers of state, by whom he was conducted into her presence. She received him with the testimonials of affection and respect due to the husband of her father's sister, the kiss and embrace of welcome, displeasing as it was to many of the nobles in the courtly circle to see such demonstrations bestowed by their Sovereign Lady on the traitor who had sold her and her realm, in her helpless infancy, for English gold. Lennox endeavoured to prove his attachment to the faith by Act of Parliament established in Scotland, by the easy test of frequenting the preachings. "His Lordship's cheer is great," writes Randolph,[3] "and his household many, though he hath despatched divers of his train away. He findeth occasion to disburse money very fast, and of his seven hundred pounds brought with him, I am sure that much is not left. If he tarry long, Lennox may perchance be to him a dear purchase. He gave the Queen a marvellous fair and rich jewel, whereof there is made no small account; a clock and a dial, curiously wrought and set with stones; and a looking-glass, very richly set with stones in the four metals: to my Lord of Lethington, a very fair diamond in a ring; to my Lord of Atholl another, as also somewhat to his wife. He presented also each of the Maries such pretty things as he thought fittest for them. Mary's Lord Chancellor, Morton, however, beheld with alarm the prospect of the representatives of his uncle Angus coming to claim the mighty inheritance of which he was the acting manager for his nephew and ward, the present possessor. At first the Duke de Châtelherault refused to meet Lennox, except in the presence of the Queen, and there they were only restrained from acts of open violence by her authority. These two noblemen "were finally agreed, in our Sovereign Lady's palace of Holyrood House, by our Sovereign Lady and the Lords of her Secret Council, and shook hands together, and drank every one to

[1] Diurnal of Occurrents.
[2] Moray to Cecil—State Paper Office MS.
[3] Randolph to Cecil, Oct. 24—State Paper MS.

other." There was no such thing as making up a quarrel in Scotland without drowning it in the bowl; but this was not so easily quenched, for within the week the Queen had to interpose again between the belligerent parties, by commanding them to refrain from aggravating language towards each other, assuring them "that she would take part against the one who should presume to enter first into a fresh strife." The Duke vehemently opposed the restoration of Lennox's estates, which had been forfeited during his regency in 1545, declaring "that the loss of these was less punishment than the treasons of the Earl had merited," and predicted "that his return would be followed by evil consequences both to the Queen and her realm." But Mary, whose policy was to convert foes into friends by her benefits, convened a Parliament for the especial purpose of Lennox's restoration to his honours and estates, December 6th. The Queen made a speech from the throne, declaring her gracious purpose, and explained "that she was the more disposed to exercise her clemency in this matter, because of the solicitations of the Queen of England in his behalf." Her Majesty's address to her Three Estates was seconded in a very eloquent speech by her Secretary of State, Lethington, who set forth the descent of Lennox from the royal house, and his affinity to the Queen by his marriage with her aunt; laid some stress on the policy of attending to the recommendation of the Queen of England; and above all, the natural inclination of their Sovereign to pity the decay of noble houses. "I would extend the circumstances more largely," he observes, "if I feared not to offend her Highness, whose presence and modest nature abhors adulation, and so will compel me to speak such things as may tend to any good and perfect point; but lest it should be counted to me as that I were oblivious, if I should omit to put you in remembrance in what part we may accept this and the like demonstrations of her gentle nature, whose gracious behaviour towards all her subjects in general may serve for a good proof of that felicity we may look for under her happy government, so long as it shall please God to grant her unto us. For a good harmony to be had in the commonweal, the offices between the Prince and the subjects must be reciprocal. As by her Majesty's prudence we enjoy this present peace with all foreign nations, and quietness among yourselves in such sort as, I think, justly it may be affirmed, Scotland in no man's age that at present lives was in greater tranquillity, so it is the duty of all us, her loving subjects, to acknowledge the same as a most high benefit proceeding from the good government of her Majesty, declaring ourselves thankful and rendering to her such due obedience as a just Prince may look for at the hands of faithful and obedient subjects." No dissentient voice was uplifted in the Senate against this appeal for grateful acknowledgment of the blessings whereof the lately divided realm of Scotland had been rendered recipient by Mary's gentle sway.

CHAPTER XV.

WHILE Queen Mary had been demonstrating her sisterly desire to oblige Queen Elizabeth, by restoring the Earl of Lennox to his paternal honours and estates, Elizabeth was raging at the favour with which he had been treated out of respect to her letter of recommendation. As it was Mary's earnest desire to preserve amicable relations between herself and Elizabeth, she despatched that adroit courtier, Sir James Melville, to inquire into the cause of her displeasure, and offer any explanations and apologies that might be deemed necessary. Melville's first presentation to Queen Elizabeth took place in the garden of her palace, where she was walking. She expressed herself with great warmth on the subject of "the despiteful letter the Queen of Scots," she said, "had written to her," and declared "she would never write to her again, unless it were a letter to the full as despiteful." Indeed, she had one ready written, "which," says Melville, "she took out of her pouch to let me see, but added, that the reason she had not sent it was because it was too gentle; so she delayed till she could write another more vehement, in answer to the Queen of Scots' angry *bill*"—the word bill being a contraction of billet. Then she showed Melville Mary's letter, which she had ready in her hand; and he, having read it, could not discover any cause of offence therein, and adroitly imputed its being misunderstood to certain idiomatic delicacies in the French language. "For although," he said, "her Majesty of England could speak as good French as any one who had *never* been in France, yet she lacked the use of the French Court language, which was frank and short, and had ofttimes two significations, which discreet and familiar friends always took in the best sense! He therefore entreated her to tear the despiteful letter she had been preparing to send in revenge to his Queen, and he would never let her know that her true plain meaning had been so strangely misconstrued."[1] Elizabeth was confounded at the intimation that she had convicted herself of not understanding polite French as well as she fancied she did; and having, peradventure, a salutary dread of the ridicule that might be thrown upon her in consequence, she said, "that as the Queen of Scots had made the first overture towards a reconciliation, she ought not to remain in wrath," tore both the letter Mary had written to her and her reply; and, changing the conversation, asked "if the Queen of Scots had sent any answer to the proposition of marriage made to her by Randolph?" Melville answered as he had been instructed, "that his Queen thought little or nothing of the matter, but looked for the meeting of the commissioners on the Borders, to confer on various

[1] Sir James Melville's Memoirs.

matters of importance to the quiet of both realms; that she thought of sending the Earl of Moray and Secretary Lethington on her part, and was in hope that her Majesty would soon fulfil her promise of sending the Earl of Bedford and Lord Robert Dudley."[1] Elizabeth observed "that Melville appeared to make small account of my Lord Robert, by naming the Earl of Bedford before him, but ere it were long she would make him a greater Earl, and that Melville should see it done before his returning home; for she esteemed the Lord Robert as her brother and best friend, whom she would have married herself if she had been minded to take a husband; but being determined to end her days in virginity, she wished that the Queen her sister should marry him, as meetest of all other, and with whom she might rather find it in her heart to declare her next in succession to her realm than with any other person; for, being matched with him, she would not then fear any attempts at usurpation during her own life." "I was required," says Melville, "to stay till I had seen him made Earl of Leicester and Baron of Denbigh, with great solemnity, at Westminster, herself helping to put on his ceremonials, he sitting on his knees before her, keeping a great gravity and discreet behaviour; but she could not refrain from putting her hand in his neck to *kittle* him, smilingly, the French ambassador and I standing beside her.[2] Then she asked, 'how I liked him?' I said, 'as he was a worthy subject, he was happy in a princess that could discern and reward merit.' 'Yet,' said she, 'ye, like better of yonder lang lad,' pointing towards my Lord Darnley, who, as nearest prince of the blood, bore the sword of honour that day before her. My answer was, 'that no woman of spirit would make choice of such a man, that was liker a woman than a man, for he was lovely, beardless, and ladyfaced.' I had no will she should think that I liked him, or had any eye that way." Elizabeth professed to Melville much affection to his royal mistress, and a great desire to see her, and often looked upon her picture, which she kissed. She showed him also a fair ruby, as large as a racket-ball. He asked her to send it to his Queen as a token, or else my Lord of Leicester's picture. She said, "If the Queen would follow her counsel, she would get both in time, and all that she had, but she would send her a diamond by him." She asked "whether her hair or Queen Mary's was the best, and which of the two was the fairest?" He answered, "that the fairness of both was not their worst fault. She was earnest that I should tell her decidedly. I told her 'she was the fairest Queen in England, and ours the fairest in Scotland.' Yet she was earnest. I said 'they were the fairest ladies in their Courts, and that the Queen of England was whiter, but our Queen was very *lusome* (lovely).' Elizabeth inquired 'which of them was of the highest stature.' I said 'our Queen.' 'Then she is over high,' was Elizabeth's remark, 'for that she was herself neither over high nor over low.'"

The greatest enemies of Mary have never been able to cite a single

[1] Sir James Melville's Memoirs, p. 119. [2] Ibid.

trait of personal vanity on her part, much less of self-praise. It was impossible for her to be unconscious of those charms which had been celebrated by all the poets of France and Scotland, and which excited spontaneous exclamations of "God's blessings on that sweet face!" wherever she appeared; but she was satisfied with unsought homage, and possessed too much dignity to challenge compliments from any one. Elizabeth inquired what exercises Mary used; Melville replied, "that when he was despatched out of Scotland, she had but newly returned from the Highland hunting; that when she had leisure from the affairs of her country, she read in good books the histories of divers countries, and sometimes played on the lute and virginals." Elizabeth asked if she played well. "Reasonably well for a Queen," was the reply. Elizabeth took care that he should have opportunity of hearing her own performance next day, and inquired which was the best performer, herself or his mistress. "In that," says he, "I gave her the praise." She detained Melville two days that he might see her dance, and then demanded whether she or his Queen danced the best. He replied, "that his Queen danced not so high and disposedly as she did." The overweening vanity of Elizabeth probably inclined her to take this answer as a delicate mode of assigning the superiority to her.

Melville, on his return to Scotland, brought presents from Lady Lennox to Mary and all her ministers; a splendid diamond, in particular, to purchase the good-will of Moray to the coming of her son, young Darnley. Melville had been charged with messages of loyal affection to his Queen from numerous persons of consequence in England—Protestants as well as professors of her own religion.

Mary had been observed to laugh much to herself for days after the proposal of Lord Robert Dudley was made to her. Queen Elizabeth, having had reason to know that scandal had connected her own name with that of the man whom she now offered to Mary, probably imputed the risibility, of which she was duly apprised, to no other cause. "The Queen of England complained of me to Randolph," writes Mary,[1] "that her ambassador had assured her that I had published in mockery the overtures she had made for my marriage with the Lord Robert. I cannot imagine that any one there would wish to embroil me so much with her, since I have neither spoken of it to any one, nor written of it even to the Queen (of France), who, I am sure, would not have borne such testimony against me." It was difficult to persuade Elizabeth that Mary had not expressed to her friends and kindred in France, any portion of the derision with which her keen sense of the ridiculous compelled her to regard this offer, under all the circumstances. The commissioners appointed by the two Queens for negotiating the conditions of a marriage between Mary and the Earl of Leicester, met at Berwick on the 19th of November—Bedford and Randolph on the part

[1] Prince Labanoff, Letters of Mary, vol. i. p. 243.

of Elizabeth, Moray and Lethington on that of Mary. The letters of Randolph report the farce of her two ministers affecting to guess successively the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Darnley, and other English nobles, as the person intended by Elizabeth for their Sovereign, when Moray's previous correspondence with Cecil proves that they had been parties to the business for nearly a year before. According to Melville, "Leicester had written such discreet and wise letters unto my Lord of Moray for his excuses, that the Queen appeared to have so good liking of him as that the Queen of England began to fear and suspect that the said marriage might perchance take effect, and therefore my Lord Darnley, who was a lovely youth, obtained the rather license to come in Scotland, in hopes that he should prevail, being present, before Leicester, who was absent. Which license was obtained by means of the Secretary Cecil, not that he was minded that either of the marriages should take effect, but with such shifts and practices to keep the Queen as long unmarried as he could. For he persuaded himself that my Lord Darnley durst not pass forward without the consent of the Queen of England to the said marriage, his land lying in England, and his mother remaining there. The great obstacle to his coming had been smoothed by his mother, the Countess of Lennox, resigning her claims to the Angus peerage and estates in favour of the present possessor (Morton's nephew), so that matters were daily progressing towards the accomplishment of an event which Mary's most prudent advisers considered more for her happiness, and the good of her realm, than the most splendid of her Continental offers. Cardinal de Lorraine endeavoured once more to persuade Mary to accept one of her royal brothers-in-law of France or the Prince de Condé. But Mary was rather irritated than pleased by these proposals ; she even expressed herself as offended by the officious interference of her uncles, "in which," she observed, "they studied their own interests rather than her good."

At the close of the year 1564 a new suitor appeared, whose name has never before been identified in modern history among the numerous catalogue of Mary Stuart's wooers. She was earnestly sought for Francis Bourbon, the Count-Dauphin of Auvergne, by his father, the Prince-Dauphin ; but she courteously declined his suit, although it was favoured by the Court of France.

"Rouallard," writes de Foix[1] to Catherine de Medicis, "can tell you the merry life this lady leads, employing her mornings in the chase, and her evenings in balls and masques. Your Majesty will think this strange, but this is now the usual way of spending her time in Scotland, where the Earl of Lennox, as the most favoured, leads her the oftenest to the dance ; and she sometimes, for want of another, will permit this honour to one of his gentlemen-in-waiting. It is confidently said that she will be married before six months are passed, although I do not believe it can

[1] Ambassade de Paul de Foix, in Teulet's Collection, vol. ii.

be so soon. She has begun to marry her four Maries, and says 'she means to be of that band.' The son of the Earl of Lennox, who is called *Milord* Darnelie, has at last, after long solicitation, obtained leave from the Queen of England to come into Scotland, and is expected to arrive in two or three days, very honourably attended."

Queen Mary left Edinburgh on the 19th of January, 1565, and after spending a few days at Balmerinoch, arrived at St Andrews on the 28th. "As for Edinburgh, it likes our ladies nothing," writes Knox, in one of his secret-information letters to the English Secretary of State.[1] He and his followers had indeed, by their offensive remarks on her balls, concerts, and banquets, and, above all, their unjustifiable personal observations on her and her fair attendants, succeeded in disgusting the young high-spirited Sovereign with her metropolis. St Andrews was her favourite city of refuge: while there, she took up her abode at the house of one of the loyal burgesses, where, attended by her four Maries, and a few other chosen friends, she exchanged the fatiguing ceremonies and parade of royalty for the repose and comfort of domestic life.[2] Golden days for St Andrews those, when a private individual of the commercial class possessed a mansion spacious and well-appointed enough to accommodate the Sovereign of the realm and her personal suite. Mary was not allowed to enjoy her retreat long uninterrupted; for Randolph followed her, about the 1st of February, with a packet from his own mistress on the subject of her marriage with Leicester. "So soon as time served," writes he to Elizabeth, "I did present the same, which being read, and, as it appeared by her countenance, very well liked, she said little to me for that time. The next day she passed wholly in mirth, 'and would not,' as she said openly, 'be otherwise than quiet and merry.' Her Grace lodged in a merchant's house; in her train were very few, and there was small repair from any part. Her will was, that, for the time I did tarry, I should dine and sup with her. Your Majesty was oftentimes drunken unto by her at dinners and suppers. Having in this sort continued with her Grace Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, I thought it time to take occasion to utter to her that which last I received in command from your Majesty by Mr Secretary's letter, which was to know her resolution touching those matters propounded at Berwick by my Lord of Bedford and me to my Lords of Moray and Lethington. I had no sooner spoken these words but she saith, 'I see now well that you are weary of this company and treatment. I sent for you to be merry, and to see how, like a *bourgeoise wife*, I live with my little troop; and you will interrupt our pastime with your grave and great matters. I pray you, sir, if you be weary here, return home to Edinburgh, and keep your gravity and great ambassade until the Queen come thither; for I assure you you shall not get her here, for I know not myself where she is become. You see neither cloth of estate, nor such

[1] State Paper Office MS [2] Ibid.

appearance that you may think that there is a Queen here ; nor I would not that you should think that I am she at St Andrews that I was at Edinburgh.' I said," continues Randolph, "that I was very sorry for that, for that at Edinburgh she said, 'that she did love the Queen, my mistress, better than any other ;' and now I marvelled how her mind was altered. It pleased her at this to be very merry, and called me by more names than were given me in my christendom. At those merry conceits much good sport was made. 'But well, sir,' saith she, 'that which then I spoke in words shall be confirmed to my good sister, your mistress, in writing. Before you go out of this town, you shall have a letter unto her ; and for yourself, go where you will, I care no more for you.' The next day," proceeds his Excellency, "I was willed to be at my ordinary table, and placed the next person (saving worthy Beton) to the Queen's self."[1] As Randolph was at that time apparently much enamoured of the fair Mary Beton, her royal namesake and mistress indulgently humoured the courtship by placing her beside him at the festive board, where stately etiquettes were, for a few brief days of innocent joyaunce, banished. It is to be observed, however, that in this picture of Mary Stuart, in her most unreserved and vivacious mood, there are no traits of levity, no unqueenly follies of coquetry, nor unseemly license of word or deed. Playful she is, and unaffected, but lacking in nothing that is pure, and lovely, and of good report. "Very merrily," continues Randolph, "she passeth her time. After dinner she rideth much abroad. It pleased her the most part of her time to talk with me. She had occasion to speak much of France, 'for the honour she received there to be wife unto a great King.' She spoke with grateful warmth 'of the affection she had been treated with by the people of France, for which,' she said, 'she was bound to love that nation, and to do them all the good in her power. Those there were among her subjects, too, who had had their nurture in France, were also well affected that way for the commodity of service, as in the Archer Guard ; and also her merchants, for the privileges they enjoyed, greater than had been granted to any other nation. How they have long sought for me to yield to their desires in my marriage,' she added, 'cannot be unknown to her Majesty, your mistress. Not to marry, you know cannot be for me. To defer it long, many incommodities may ensue. How privy to my mind your mistress hath been herein you know. How willing I am to follow her advice I have shown many times, and yet can find in her no resolution. My meaning unto her is plain, and so shall my dealings be.'"[2] By enlarging on the advantages offered her by France, Mary desired to impress on Elizabeth's minister that some equivalent must be given by her, if she expected her to prefer the alliance of England to that of her old friends. Randolph told Queen Mary "that it was better to let her desire

[1] Chalmers, vol. i. p. 123.
[2] Randolph to Queen Elizabeth, Feb. 5, 1564. Keith.

come by time than to seem to force it by importunity." "When heard you me speak of these matters before?" asked she. "Not of yourself," he replied, "but your ministers bear always your mind in their words. 'I am a fool,' saith she, 'thus long to talk with you. You are too subtle for me to deal with.' I protested upon my honesty," continues the diplomatic fox, "that my meaning was only to nourish a perpetual amity between her and your Majesty, which could not be done but by honest means."[1] Leaving Randolph's assumption of honesty unnoticed, as words of course, Mary implied her opinion of the injurious nature of Elizabeth's policy and proceedings towards her in this sensible rejoinder: "How much better were it that we two, being queens, so near of kin, neighbours, and being in one Isle, should be friends, and live together like sisters, than by strange means divide ourselves to the hurt of us both, and to say, that for all that we may live as friends! We may say what we will, but that will pass both our powers." With a noble burst of feeling the young Scottish Sovereign added, "You repute *us* poor, yet you have found us cumbersome enough. We have had loss—ye have taken scaith. Why may it not be between my sister and me, that we, living in peace and assured friendship, may give our minds that some as notable things may be wrought by us women as by our predecessors have been done before? Let us seek this honour against some other, and not fall to debate amongst ourselves." These sentiments, worthy to have been chronicled in letters of gold, were too much in advance of the morals of the Princes of the sixteenth century to be appreciated by the sarcastic diplomatist through whom poor Mary addressed her appeal to her sister Sovereign. To him it was as foolishness. "I asked her Grace," says he, "whether she would be content one day, whenever it might be, to give her assistance for the recovery of Calais?" At this question she laughed, and said, "Many things must pass between my good sister and me before I can give you answer, but I believe to see the day that all our quarrels shall be one; and I assure you if it be not, the fault shall not be in me." Randolph then, after commending her good mind towards his royal mistress, warned her not to be over-hasty in engaging herself in marriage, and without due regard to the wishes of her good sister, and inquired what he should report to his Sovereign of her mind towards the suit of the Earl of Leicester? "My mind towards him," responded Mary, "is such as it ought to be of a very noble man, as I hear say by many; and such a one as the Queen your mistress doth so well like to be her husband, if he were not her subject, ought not to mislike me to be mine." Randolph made great profession of his good-will towards her service, and thus ended the conference with which he concludes his official report of Mary Stuart's way of life, her manners, language, and behaviour, during his sojourn of nearly five days with her and her ladies at St Andrews.

[1] Randolph to Queen Elizabeth, Feb. 5, 1564. Keith.

The merry days of Mary Stuart were few in number; those she spent in her favourite merchant's house at St Andrews, were limited to ten. It was her last blithe visit, never again to be repeated. She left St Andrews on the 7th of February for Anstruther Castle. While there she addressed a letter to Queen Elizabeth, complaining of the misusage two of her Aberdeen mariners had received from an English pirate. She advanced to Lundie on the 12th, and arrived at Wemyss Castle on the 13th. Queen Mary's progresses, according to her unfriendly chronicler, Knox, were always attended with evil consequences to the country through which she travelled. Neither fires nor fevers followed in her wake on this occasion, it is true, but the price of provisions (no bad thing for the farmers) was raised very much in consequence, and wildfowl became so dear that partridges were sold at a crown a-piece. The severity of the weather, and the intense frosts of the preceding winter, having caused a great mortality among birds of all descriptions, their scarcity may be more reasonably attributed to that circumstance than to the devourings of the Queen and her company, whose consumption would not have had any particular effect in a district so abounding in winged game as the coast of Fife. Mary's retinue was very slender at this time. She was not travelling in royal state, having a particular motive for avoiding publicity, for she had received notice that her long-expected kinsman, Lord Darnley, had commenced his journey to Scotland; and, in order to escape the impertinent observation of the enemies of the Lennox party, she had determined that their first interview should take place in the secluded Castle of West Wemyss. Darnley outrode all his followers but one servant, and performed the long wintry journey, in bad weather, and worse roads, with such unexampled speed that, when he arrived, even those who were anticipating his approach could not believe it was him. Many wagers were laid that it was not.[1]

When Darnley arrived in Edinburgh he found his father was still at Dunkeld, and despatched a messenger to inquire whether he should proceed to pay his duty to him in person, or cross the water to seek the Queen. While tarrying for the answer, which caused a delay of three nights, he received signal marks of attention and respect from the nobles then in the metropolis. "There are here a great number that do wish him well," writes Randolph. "Others doubt what he will prove, and *deeplier* consider what is fit for the state of the country than us; they call him a fair *jollie* young man. Some suspect more than I do myself that his presence may hinder other purposes intended, as that in special whereabout I go. Others, suspecting his religion, can allow of nothing that they see in him. Of all others, I can please them least that are persuaded that, if he match here in marriage, it shall be the utter over-

[1] Randolph to Cecil, Feb. 19, 1564-5—State Paper Office MS., inedited.

throw and subversion of them and their houses." [1] The persons pointed at were the Duke de Châtelherault, with the Hamiltons, of his paternal kindred; and the Earl of Morton, as the acting head of the Douglas clan and party, his maternal relatives. Randolph's estimate of Queen Mary's conduct and disposition is expressed in these emphatic words: "I doubt, for all that, nothing of *her* wisdom, good government, and discretion, but that in all her doings she will take good advisement," [2]—an opinion founded on the experience of nearly four years' close observation of the character and actions of the youthful Sovereign, whose interests he was employed to injure, not to promote.

While Darnley tarried in Edinburgh for his father's directions, he received particular attention from Randolph, who waited upon him twice; "and because his own horses were not come," writes his Excellency, "I lent him a couple of mine—the best I had for himself, the other not evil for a servant. Upon Friday he passed over the water, and upon Saturday he met with the Queen, where I hear he was well welcomed and honourably used." According to Cecil's notes, "Darnley went to the Queen in Fife on the 13th of February;" [3] he was, therefore, in time to claim her for his Valentine. Upwards of four years had passed away since the mysterious introduction which had taken place between Darnley and his royal cousin by lamplight, amidst the sable pomp of her *dule* chamber at Orleans. The pretty boy of fifteen, who then visited her by stealth in the first month of her widowhood, to deliver his lady-mother's letters of condolence to her on the death of her beloved consort, Francis II., and to offer himself, as soon as he should be old enough, to supply that loss, had now completed his eighteenth year, and presented himself before her in the pride and glory of early manhood, distinguished by his lofty stature, beautiful hair, features, complexion, and princely bearing. He made a very agreeable impression on the Queen, her commendations are thus recorded in the quaint phraseology of Sir James Melville, who was present at their first meeting. "Her Majesty took well with him; she said 'he was the handsomest and best-proportioned *lang* man she had seen,' for he was of a high stature, *lang* and small, even, and *brent up* (straight), and well instructed from his youth in all honest and comely exercises." [4]

Mary's reception of her handsome English cousin, though favourable, was not more affectionate than their close relationship warranted; nor, indeed, quite so much, since he was only admitted to kiss her hand at his presentation,[5] instead of receiving the honour of a kiss, which, according to etiquette, he was entitled to expect, if not to claim. He had, however, no reason to complain of any lack of courtesy on the part of Queen Mary,

[1] Randolph to Cecil, Feb. 19, 1564-5.
[2] Ibid.—State Paper Office MS., inedited.
[3] Labanoff, Chalmers, and others, state the 16th, but Cecil's authority ought to be preferred in this case.
[4] Sir James Melville's Memoirs, Bannatyne edit. [5] Knox, Hist. Ref.

for she invited him to take up his abode with her and her fair ladies at Wemyss Castle. This ancient abode of the first Lord-Admiral of Scotland is seated in lonely grandeur, like a mural crown, on the edge of a perpendicular rock, forty feet above the battling waves of the Firth, guarding the centre of the hollow coast between Elie Point and Burntisland, opposite Edinburgh ; to the left, a broken line of red-sandstone caves, beginning at the Castle foot, extends, at intervals, upwards of two miles under or between the swelling green hills which form the boundary of the park seaward, and sweep down to the village of East Wemyss, on the craggy beach ; then the ground rises suddenly again, and two dusk-red square towers of Macduff's ruinous castle appear in their stern grandeur, like twin giants frowning from behind the rugged cliffs. The fishers' hamlet of Buckhaven occupies the foreground, Elie Point stretches far out into the waves beyond, and the rifted crown of Largo Law, more remote, forms a distinct feature in the landscape. To the right, Mary could look beyond Kirkcaldy Bay to Inchkeith, and her own picturesque metropolis, with its castled rock, the loftier heights of Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat towering in mid air above the mist-veiled city, and the wooded Corstorphine hills bounding the view. All these the fair Sovereign of that glorious scene might, and doubtless did, point out with natural pride to her English cousin ; and more than these, for full in front, across the bay, rising, as it were, from the deep-blue waters, she could show him North Berwick Law, the Bass Rock, and his own rightful inheritance, Tantallon Castle. That mighty appanage of his maternal ancestors, the Earls of Angus, whom Darnley represented in the elder line, he first beheld during his visit to West Wemyss Castle, in a moment which he must have deemed auspicious to his hope of dispossessing the puny boy calling himself Earl of Angus, and his wily guardian, the Earl of Morton. Happy it had been for Darnley if his claims to the great Douglas patrimony could have been forgotten, both by himself and those by whom their existence could never be forgiven.

Nearly three centuries have elapsed since those ill-fated cousins, Mary and Henry Stuart, held their mid-winter tryst in that lone fortalice of the Firth, West Wemyss Castle, which derives a melancholy interest from the circumstance ; but the tradition is as fondly preserved by the simple population of the adjacent hamlets as if it had occurred within the memory of man. Every fisher-boy can point out the tower in which Queen Mary's chamber is situated ; and the auld wives' tales imply that she was not idle, for they speak of the "*bra shewed wark* bonnie Queen Mary *shewed* while she was in the Wester Wemyss Castle with Darnley." Contemporary chroniclers verify the tradition "that Darnley first gat presence of the Queen's Highness at Wemyss Castle ;" but the story of the piece of "*shewed* work" or embroidery executed by her Majesty on that occasion requires confirmation : not that there is any reason to suppose

that Queen Mary—the most indefatigable of royal needlewomen, who even carried her work into the council-chamber—deviated from her modest custom of thus employing her eyes and fingers, even when Darnley was at her side, in the first dawn of their mutual love, but the time was too short for much progress to be made in her stitchery.

The tasteless innovations of the last century have not spared Wemyss Castle, which presents a very different aspect from what it did when Queen Mary and Darnley sojourned within its walls. The principal entrance was at that time in the old east tower—a low arched portal, which opened into a vaulted cloister of extreme antiquity, leading into a quadrangular court in the centre of the building. It was in this quarter that the state apartments occupied by Queen Mary and her attendants were situated, and they could only be approached by a stone staircase from the central court, into which the back windows looked. Her presence-chamber—now the house-steward's parlour—is a comfortable room, but small, opposite to her sleeping-room, which still retains the alcove where her bed stood, with the back stairs and lobby leading to the apartments of her lady-in-waiting and other attendants.

The weather, during Queen Mary's sojourn at Wemyss Castle with Darnley, proved remarkably inclement, even for the season. Drifting snow-storms precluded the recreation of the chase or fowling, and confined the princely pair within the gloomy circuit of its walls, and rendered them dependent on their mental resources for amusement. This circumstance was greatly to Darnley's advantage ; for, unlike the rude unlettered nobles of the Scottish Court, he was perfect in all attainments meet for princely gallant. He understood ancient and modern languages, wrote verses, played on the lute, sang amorous roundelays, and danced galliards to perfection. He could, moreover, amuse his royal cousin and her maids of honour with the secret history and anecdotes of the English Court.

Many a scandal of Queen Elizabeth that has never found its way into history, was, we fear, discussed in the Privy Chamber of West Wemyss Castle, during the octaves of sweet St Valentine that year. Of course, the hard usage of Darnley's own mother was not forgotten, nor the persecution she had suffered for having expressed her satisfaction at her royal niece's escape from the English cruisers on her homeward voyage to Scotland ; and Darnley had adventures of his own to relate, touching his evasion of the general sentence of incarceration to the Lennox family by a hasty retreat to France,[1] where, thanks to Mary's recommendation of him to her kinsfolk and friends, he received gentle and good treatment for her sake, and was able to use that opportunity for the purpose of improving his French, and acquiring all those accomplishments which were

[1] See the Life of Margaret Countess of Lennox—Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses, vol. ii.

deemed requisite to a princely gentleman. If equal pains had been bestowed in the moral culture of this unfortunate scion of Tudor and Stuart as on mere practical accomplishments, how different might have been his career! Spoiled child and creature of passionate impulses as he was, the elaborate education he had received had not included the weightier matters of temperance and self-control, nor the regnal science of acquiring judgment of character. He had been taught to consider himself born to inherit a throne, and that his will was to be a law to every one around him: a very dangerous delusion even for the most despotic monarch in the world to entertain. Nothing occurred during the early stages of Darnley's acquaintance with Mary Stuart to bring the defects of his character into notice. Their domestication in that secluded Castle of Wemyss resembled a chapter of romance rather than an episode in real life, the only alloy to their happiness being the expediency of not appearing too deeply interested in each other's society, and the necessity of parting.

Darnley proceeded on the 19th of February to Dunkeld to see his father, by whose advice he had paid his first devoir to Queen Mary. She left Wemyss at the same time for Balmuto, meaning to return to Edinburgh by a circuitous route. "It will not be six or seven days," says Randolph, "before the Queen be in this town. Immediately after that ensueth the great marriage of this happy Englishman that shall marry lovely Livingston. My Lord Darnley—though I would not have it known to my Lady's Grace, his mother—hath taken a little cold, but not much.

CHAPTER XVI.

Queen Mary returned to Holyrood House on the 24th of February,[1] and found her young English cousin had arrived in Edinburgh before her; the Earl of Lennox being too keen a calculator on the chances of the game to detain his boy at Dunkeld from following up his fortune with the fair Sovereign of Scotland. Darnley, according to the sagacious counsel he had received from his lady-mother at parting, now sought to propitiate the leading members of the Scottish Cabinet by a discreet distribution of the costly articles of jewellery with which he had been supplied by her for that purpose. Moray took Darnley to hear John Knox preach; which was, in sooth, rendering him an essential service, in a worldly point of view, as it was considered a sign of a gracious inclination for instruction on the part of the young stranger, and tended to mitigate the prejudice which his Popish reputation had created in the Congregation. Both by education and inclination

[1] Randolph to Leicester—State Paper Office MS., inedited.

Darnley was a member of the Church of Rome, to which his mother was a devoted adherent. Lennox, whose creed was guided by political expediency, was always of the Court religion; but as in Scotland that practised in the Chapel-royal was at discount with the popular party, he became a regular attendant at the preachings, and induced his son to make a show of doing the same whenever he was not required by the Queen to assist at the mass.

"Yesterday," writes Randolph to Cecil, "both his Lordship [of Darnley] and I dined with my Lord of Moray. His Lordship's behaviour is very well liked, and hitherto he so governeth himself that there is great praise of him. Yesterday he heard Mr Knox preach, and came in the company of my Lord of Moray. After supper, after that he had seen the Queen and divers other ladies dance, he, being required by my Lord of Moray, danced a galliard with the Queen, who, after this travel of hers, is come home stronger than she went forth.[1] A long conference took place on the 1st of March between the Earl of Moray, the Laird of Pitarrow, and Randolph, on the subject of the marriage between the Queen and Lord Robert Dudley, whom they had not yet learned to call by his new title of Earl of Leicester. They agreed that, if she married any other person, it would be to her great trouble and their ruin.[2] It was evidently for the purpose of protecting herself from the confederacy between her own ministers and the English Council, for this unworthy object, that Mary considered it necessary to recall Lennox and send for Darnley.

Meantime Bothwell, encouraged by the recall of Lennox, and the favour enjoyed by him who had sinned so deeply against both Queen and country, sent young Murray of Tullibardine from France to intercede with the Queen for his return, and if he found her inexorable to his petition, to try to purchase the good offices of some of those in power, that he might at least have an allowance from his estates assigned for his maintenance in foreign parts. "How this is accepted, and in what sort it will be answered, I know not," observes Randolph. "Of herself, she is not evil-affected towards him; but there are many causes why he is not so well looked upon as some other are. And more favour cannot be shown unto him that was accused to have conspired so as by force to have taken herself, and killed those that were in chief credit about her."[3] Bothwell, finding he could obtain no favour, and rendered desperate by poverty, thought proper to return without waiting for the grace he had humbly solicited. Mary's sentiments on this subject are thus communicated by Randolph to Cecil: "The Queen now altogether misliketh his home-coming without her licence. She hath already sent a serjeant-of-arms to command him to underlie the law, which if he refuse to do, he shall be

[1] Randolph to Cecil, February 27, 1564-5—State Paper MS., inedited.
[2] Randolph to Cecil, March 4, 1564-5—State Paper Office MS. [3] Ibid.

pronounced rebel. Because that it is thought he will leave this country again, and perchance for a time seek some refuge in England, I am required to write to your Honour to be a mean unto the Queen's Majesty, Elizabeth, that he may have no retreat within her realm, and that warning thereof may be given to her Majesty's officers.

Bothwell, assured of the devotion of the men of Liddesdale, repossessed himself of his old quarters at Hermitage, and established himself there in defiance of Queen Mary, and her serjeants-of-arms. "One night when he was at supper, one of his servants, called Gabriel Sempill, came from Edinburgh in most *speedful* manner, and cried at the gates 'Horse, horse!' Bothwell inquired the reason of this summons. 'The Earl of Moray is coming towards your Lordship with a great company of horsemen, and all the surnames of Scott and Carr doth mind to be in your way,' was the reply. Bothwell on this took order for the keeping of the castle, and then rode forth, and all Liddesdale with him, in quest of his supposed assailants, but found it was a false alarm." His horsekeeper, meantime, having been left among those appointed to the defence of Hermitage Castle, took that opportunity of stealing two of the Earl's shirts—who, having evidently a scanty stock of linen, missed the same immediately, and threatened to hang the offender. The horsekeeper begged for mercy, and promised to confess a more serious crime if he might be spared. The Earl called him into his presence, to hear what he had to say why he should not be strung up forthwith, when he confessed to have been engaged in a confederacy with Sempill, Pringle, and Murray, and his page, to have poisoned him when he was in France, which poison was to have been administered to him by his Scotch barber; but when it was all ready the barber's heart failed, and he would not do the deed. Then they resolved to have set upon him in his chamber, when he was alone there, to slay him; but as they were going up the stairs, something frightened them, and they gave up the design. This confession was corroborated by the page, and they declared that they were suborned by Secretary Lethington and the Lord of Pencreth.[1] Bothwell sent these depositions to the Queen, who paid no attention to them, being greatly displeased at his contumacious resistance of her authority. Within a few days she caused him to be summoned to answer to the course of law for his meditated abduction of her person two years before, and for breaking ward in the Castle of Edinburgh instead of standing his trial for the same.[2] There was certainly no appearance, on Mary's part, of the slightest regard or indulgence for Bothwell at the time he was a single man; while Knox tells us there was at this period nothing "but banqueting, balling, and dancing in the Court, and all for the entertainment of the Queen's cousin from England, the Lord Darnley."[3]

[1] Letter from Sir John Forster, in Stevenson's Illustrations—Maitland Miscellany.
[2] Knox, Hist. Ref., vol. ii. p. 473. [3] Ibid.

The first Thursday in March, a grand dinner was given by the Earl of Moray, to which both Lennox and Darnley were invited, to meet Randolph and most of the Scottish nobles then in Edinburgh. The ladies of the Queen's household also graced this entertainment with their presence, and the Queen sent word "that she wished herself in the company, and was sorry she was not bidden to the banquet." "It was merrily answered, 'that the house was her own, and she was free to come uninvited.' Others said 'that they were merriest when the table was fullest, but Princes did ever use to dine alone.'" Then Mary sent word "that she summoned them all against Sunday, to be at her banquet at the marriage of her Englishman;" for so she ever called Mary Livingston's affianced bridegroom, John Sempill, because he was born on English ground.

All the noble company who had dined with Moray came by her Majesty's desire to finish the evening with her in her own apartments. She conversed a good deal with Randolph, and praised Queen Elizabeth's government, "commending her for her mercy and pity towards offenders, and in special that she had not followed the steps of her predecessors in shedding of blood;" which at that time was truth without flattery. When Randolph began to move Queen Mary on the subject of her marriage, she said "she was *minded*," meaning that she had made up her mind to marry. Randolph "prayed God that her choice might be good." "I must have such a one as He will give me," replied Mary, playfully. "God hath made a fair offer in him for whom I have been so oftentimes in hand with your Grace," replied Randolph. "Of this matter I have said enough," rejoined Mary, "except that I saw greater likelihood; nor may I apply and set my mind but where I intend to be a wife indeed."

Queen Mary made royal cheer at Holyrood, on the 5th of March, 1565, in honour of the nuptials of her fair attendant Mary Livingston, whose marriage, instead of being, as John Knox erroneously states, "shamehasted,"[1] took place rather later than its original appointment, being celebrated, with great pomp, at the Shrovetide Feast, in the presence of the Queen and her Court, the foreign ambassadors, and the chief of the Scottish nobility. The bride and bridegroom had both been attached to the service of Queen Mary from a very tender age, and were betrothed to each other ; but as all the Maries had pledged themselves not to marry till their royal mistress had chosen a second husband, their union was delayed till her Majesty was graciously pleased to break their romantic bond, by signifying her pleasure that it should take place forthwith. Queen Mary, besides richly endowing the bride with crown lands, presented her with a

[1] It is pleasant to be able to clear the memory of poor Mary Livingston from the odious aspersion thus thrown upon it by one who ought to have been more conscientiously careful in his assertions regarding his contemporaries. Mary Livingston's marriage could not be more public than it was, or more free from any cause of reproach. It took place, in the face of the whole Court, on the 5th of March, 1565, and her first child was not born till 1566, as the family records of the house of Sempill testify.

rich bed of scarlet velvet, with taffety curtains and silk fringes of the same colour, and embroidered with black velvet.

Up to this period Queen Mary had kept herself free from any engagement that might have been urged by Queen Elizabeth as an obstacle to her promises of adoption, and still the treaty for her marriage with the Earl of Leicester was ostensibly proceeding. Jealous of this, or impatient of the fair Scottish Sovereign's cautious policy, the enamoured Darnley, instead of waiting for her to signify her intentions to him through his father or one of her ministers, broke through the fetters of royal etiquette, and proposed marriage to her. Mary, either not so much in love, or more prudent in her demonstrations, checked his youthful presumption. "She took it in evil part at first," says Sir James Melville, "as she told me the same day herself, and how she refused the ring which he then offered unto her."[1] Sir James Melville had been chosen by Mary for her private monitor. As Melville was a staunch Protestant, it must be regarded both as a proof of Mary's liberality of sentiment and good feeling, that she was willing to receive private counsel on her personal conduct from him. Melville assures us that he performed conscientiously the duties of the delicate office his youthful Sovereign had imposed upon him, by telling her of everything which he thought might be taken amiss by her subjects; and she graciously received all his admonitions in good part, and altered whatever was considered inexpedient in her conduct. Observing, at this time, that the nobility were much offended at the promotion of her favourite singer and musician, David Riccio, to the office of her private secretary, and the marks of confidence and esteem she bestowed upon him, and that some of them, when they came to speak to her Majesty, and found her in consultation with her deformed little vocalist, would rudely shoulder and push him out of the way, Melville took the liberty of advising him to keep more in the background, for the Scottish nobles would not brook his appearing to put himself in competition with them, and were always jealous of the interference of strangers in affairs of the government. But the Queen, having promoted David to a place of trust, chose to put him on the like footing with her other ministers, and to treat him as if he had been born in the station to which his talents and fidelity had induced her to elevate him. Mary might have remembered, that the ignoble lineage of the favourite minister of her ancestor, James III., was one of his chief crimes in the opinion of the haughty aristocracy of Scotland, many of whom dated their pedigrees before the Deluge; but her high spirit revolted against the insolent demeanour of her peers, and disposed her to vindicate her independence of feeling, by bestowing her personal patronage on talent, from whatsoever class of society or nation it emanated. Melville, seeing the envy against

[1] Sir James Melville's Memoirs, p. 134.

David increased, took occasion to discuss the matter with her Majesty, and to tender his advice on the subject. Mary replied, "that David meddled no further than concerned her foreign correspondence, and in that she must continue to give him her instructions in private, let who would be offended at it."[1]

It unfortunately happened that Darnley, having an excessive love for music, took a great fancy to Signor David, whose matchless voice and great skill on various instruments rendered him very acceptable to the princely amateur, and they became very intimate together. Darnley made him the confident of his passion for the Queen, and David did all he could to facilitate his desire of marrying her. This association counteracted the good effects that might otherwise have proceeded from Sir James Melville's sage advice to the Queen; for Signor David became a mutually-trusted counsellor in the royal love-affair, and was, in consequence, oftener closeted with her Majesty than before; and being protected by a prince of the blood, her nearest relation, he held up his head in the presence-chamber so loftily, that those who were wont to scowl upon him, and elbow him, began to propitiate him with costly presents, supposing that he was the fountain from which all preferments would flow.

Darnley had previously endeavoured to interest a person whose opinion was much more likely to have weight with the Queen than that of David Riccio—namely, her old servant Michel de Castelnau, the French ambassador. The revelations of that gentleman appear to cast a different light on the policy of Mary's ministers, Moray and Lethington, from the general inferences that are to be drawn from their subsequent conduct, and, if true, afford additional proofs of their perfidy to their Queen. "As soon as my Lord Darnley arrived in Scotland, with very small means," says Castelnau, "he sought me out, and entreated me to favour his love-suit, knowing that I had free access to the Queen, who did me the honour to consult me on all her matrimonial proposals; and my audiences with her sometimes lasted from morning till night."[2]

The first person who perceived that the Queen was not indifferent to Darnley was the Earl of Argyll, who told Randolph "that he misliked his coming, for that the affections of women were uncertain;" and further hinted, "that he feared an impediment to the marriage they had among themselves determined on (with Leicester), would arise from her favour to the new-comer." Randolph, perceiving nothing in Mary's manner to warrant Argyll's jealousy, assured him "that her kindness to Darnley proceeded only from her courteous nature." The jealousies and intrigues then fermenting amidst the festivities of Mary's Court are thus unveiled by Randolph: "My Lord of Lennox is come home, restored and established in his lands, in place and credit with the Queen, an instrument ready to serve her against those whom she most disliketh. To this

[1] Memoirs de Castelnau—Jebb's Collections. [2] Ibid.

end he fortifieth himself : he joineth with those in most strict familiarity that are noted greatest enemies to all virtue, as Atholl and Caithness, Earls ; Ruthven and Hume, Lords ; and the Lord Robert (Queen Mary's brother), vain and nothing worth, a man full of all evil, the whole guider and ruler of my Lord Darnley. These things being spied and noted unto the world, it is easy to see whereunto they are bent that in their hearts are enemies of the truth, and desire nothing so much as the subversion of those that have been the maintainers of the same, as in especial the Duke, the Earls of Moray and Argyll, who, now perceiving their intents, seek by the best means they can to prevent the same. Their chief trust, next unto God, is the Queen's Majesty, (Elizabeth of England,) whom they will repose themselves upon, not leaving, in the mean season, to provide for themselves as best they can." This is the opening of the new treasonable league formed by Moray, his brother-in-law Argyll, and the Duke de Châtelherault, with the English sovereign against their own. Their pretence was the danger that might ensue from Queen Mary matching herself with a consort of her own religion. Even if Mary had been of as persecuting a spirit as her persecutors pretended, she never had the slightest opportunity of indulging it ; and happy it was for her that the weakness of her political position preserved her from implication in the besetting sin of those evil times—cruelty and oppression in cases of conscience. All Mary's interferences were in the endeavour of exercising the best prerogative of the crown, mercy. She occasionally released the ministers of her own religion, when exposed to violence and threatened with death for saying mass, and had been heard to declare " that all persons ought to be at liberty to worship God according to their own consciences, and that she would do so herself under any circumstances."

During the whole of the month of March the negotiations and intrigues for Mary's marriage with Leicester were ostensibly proceeding, while her heart was secretly bestowed on Darnley. She was at the same time assailed from France with proposals in behalf of every bachelor or widower Prince of that realm, between the ages of fifteen and fifty, including the youthful Sovereign himself, and his brother. But not even the temptation of presiding once more over the beloved and regretted Court of France could divert her from her purpose of sharing her throne with the man of her heart. It was, however, impossible for her to declare her intentions in Darnley's favour till she had ridded herself of the pretensions of Leicester. In order to do this she required Elizabeth to fulfil the promise on which she had been lured into that snare, by declaring her the heiress-apparent of the Crown of England, as an indispensable preliminary to that alliance. Elizabeth, after innumerable evasions, at last empowered Randolph to state, " That if Mary would marry the Earl of Leicester, she was willing to advance him to higher honours, and also to favour her title in every way she could, save that of declaring it." Mary, unable to

restrain her indignation at having been treated like a credulous child, expressed her opinion of Elizabeth's conduct in very plain language. Elizabeth wrote so fierce a letter in reply to these reproaches that Mary appeared for a moment perfectly dismayed, and burst into tears. Randolph's appeal to Sir Henry Sidney's recollections of Mary Stuart's charms, and the eloquent testimony he bears to the improvement which time, in bringing the beauty of the girl to womanly perfection, had wrought on her since then, may perhaps silence the doubts that have been started by persons in the present century, whether she were as lovely as her contemporaries have asserted. "If," observes he emphatically, "she were unknown, or never seen unto your Lordship, you might well marvel what divine thing that is by whom this great felicity may be achieved. To that which yourself hath been judge of with your own eye there is now so much added of perfect beauty, that in beholding the self-same person, when that you come again, you shall neither find that face nor feature, shape nor nothing, but all turned into a new nature, far excelling any (our own most worthy sovereign only excepted) that ever was made since the first framing of mankind." Such then was Mary Stuart at two-and-twenty, when her heart had found, as she fondly believed, an object worthy of her affection; and "love," to use the exquisite observation of St Pierre, the student of nature, "was giving forth all its beauty in the presence of the beloved."

Randolph, though he could penetrate all mysteries of stratagems, plots, and state intrigues, was too little versed in the sweet science of natural affections to perceive that the improvement in the external charms and graces of the young Sovereign, which he so eloquently describes, was a visible irradiation from the internal rapture that pervaded her soul. So much, indeed, was our ambassadorial spy at fault in his observations, that he actually moralizes on the inconceivable stupidity of Leicester in appearing insensible to his good fortune, in having a Queen, a beauty, and her realm offered to his acceptance—the only obstacle apparent to Master Randolph being now Mary's demand of the acknowledgment of her title as Elizabeth's successor; and this, he insinuates, Leicester's persuasions, if he will only act the lover to good purpose, may induce either the one Queen to concede or the other to forego. "To make this matter shortly off or on," adds our diplomatist, "the Lord of Lethington repaireth to the Court. Then shall we have our two fine Secretaries matched together—a couple as well matched to dance in a yoke as two that ever wrote with the pen. This sarcastic comment on the honourable qualities of Cecil and Lethington, from *honest* Randolph, must have reminded his correspondent of the shrewd proverb, "Satan reproving sin." In order to awaken the jealousy of Leicester, Darnley is thus alluded to, not as the secret object of Mary's love, but as one who, with time and opportunity, may possibly become a dangerous rival.

"There is lately, or at the least not long since, come unto us the young handsome long Lord that looked ever so lofty in the Court where he went. I know not what alteration the sight of so fair a face daily in '*our presence* may work in *our* heart.'"[1] Here Randolph mimics Mary's royal style of expression, adding, that "hitherto he had observed nothing to create suspicion, only that it is part of his own evil nature to doubt the constancy of woman." Darnley, signified by the emphatic pronoun "*he*, is gently looked upon, courteously used, and well entertained at all hands; and in this honour that is done unto him he taketh no less upon him than appertaineth unto him." The family *mot*, "*Avant Darnlé—Darrière jamais*," was of course frequently in the thoughts of the beloved of the Queen of Scotland at this epoch; for Darnley knew, though Randolph had not penetrated the secret, that the object of the astute Scottish Secretary's mission to England was to ask Elizabeth's consent and blessing on Mary's union with him, and to obtain a release from Leicester.

Randolph expresses a wish that he could have his honoured correspondent Sidney with him again in Scotland, though he will neither see the Court as he found it nor the country as he left it—"No," continues he, facetiously, "nor John Knox so bitter in his preaching, since his marriage to his young wife, as when you last heard him. I doubt myself whether I be the self-same man that now will be content with the name of your countryman, that have the whole guiding, the giving, and bestowing, not only of the Queen and her kingdom, but of the most worthy Beton, to be ordered and ruled at mine own will." An ominous circumstance for the royal Mary, that her confidential attendant, the friend of her childhood, who had conned the same lessons, "sewn on the same samplers," and learned to frame her pot-hooks of the same writing-master, withal, should have yielded herself to the despotic guidance and tutelage of the wily agent of Elizabeth, and the confederate of the traitors who subsequently effected the fall of their hapless Sovereign. "Fleming, that once was so fair, being forsaken of all her unworthy servants, that since her arrival never made account of her, for heavy displeasure lieth sore sick, ready to give up the ghost, but with many a sigh heartily wisheth that Randolph (the writer's vain self) had served her when Killigrew, that little spark of a man, first moved her heart to accept so disloyal a servant, that so many times hath sworn 'that he should die for her,' now hath refused the pleasant places and secret corners of his mistress's privy chamber, to match him upon the cook's daughter, who will be found as very a *shrowe* as ever came out of the kitchen.[2] She neither remembereth you, nor scarcely acknowledgeth that you are her man. Your lordship, therefore, need not to pride you of any

[1] Randolph to Sir Henry Sidney, March 31, 1565—Advocates' Library MS., Edinburgh, inedited. [2] Ibid.

such mistress in this Court ; she hath found another whom she doth love better. Lethington now serveth her alone, and is like for her sake to run beside himself. Both day and night he attendeth, he watcheth, he wooeth—his folly never more apparent than in loving her, where he may be assured that, how much soever he make of her, he will always love another better. This much I have written for the worthy praise of your noble mistress, who, now being neither much worth in beauty nor greatly to be praised in virtue, is content, in place of Lords and Earls, to accept to her service a poor pen clerk." Mary was at Linlithgow at the time Randolph was indulging his gossiping propensities by writing to his colleague Sidney impertinence about her two maids of honour, who had so far forgotten themselves as to listen to the deceitful flattery of these gay English diplomatists and their attachés.

Lusgerie, who was Mary's principal physician, and had been attached to her service from her childhood, disclosed to Cardinal de Lorraine the secret of her love for Darnley, and the probability of its ending in marriage. The deep-seeing ecclesiastic received this information with great uneasiness, and instantly despatched two confidential messengers with letters to his royal niece expressive of his utter disapproval of the alliance, and imploring her, "if she valued her future happiness, to give it up." He also charged Roullart, one of the accredited bearers of the same, to tell Queen Mary by word of mouth that Darnley was "*un gentil hutaudeau*," (a now obsolete epithet of contempt, tantamount to a high-born quarrelsome coxcomb,) "unmeet in any respect to be her consort." To Mary the warning was in vain. She was under the enchanting delusion of a passion founded on mere external graces and accomplishments, which blinded her to those unfortunate characteristics of which her uncle's sarcastic estimate was only too accurate : he had probably had sufficient opportunities for personal observation during Darnley's residence in France.

Scarcely had Darnley been a month at the Court of Holyrood before he provoked the vindictive hatred of the Earl of Moray, who had hitherto treated him with the most friendly attention. While looking over the map of Scotland with the Lord Robert, Prior of Holyrood, Moray's half-brother, with whom he had formed one of those sudden intimacies, miscalled a friendship, Darnley asked him to point out Moray's lands. Surprised at the extent of the territorial possessions acquired by one who had nothing by inheritance, he rashly told the Lord Robert "that it was too much." [1] This being repeated, Moray complained to the Queen, who advised Darnley to excuse himself. But how could Moray feel assured that he would be suffered to retain the Gordon forfeitures and the Privy Seal grants derived from Mary's inconsiderate bounty, which, while

[1] Randolph to Cecil, March 20, 1564-5—Keith.

they had assisted to impoverish the Crown, had, together with his appropriation of Church lands, made him too rich for a subject? After this there was no good-will between Mary's lover and her premier. Moray did all he could to traverse Darnley, by endeavouring to prevail on Mary to accept Leicester; he had, indeed, entered into a fresh bond with his own party to compel her to do so. His personal influence with the Queen his sister was now over, for Darnley was all in all, and had brought forward David Riccio in a most unwise and unbecoming manner as the Queen's principal adviser, so that all business of importance was referred to him.[1]

The feelings with which the possibility of Mary's wedlock with a spouse of her own religion were met by the country gentry of her realm, are instanced in one of Randolph's letters, in an anecdote which he calls a "lyttle hystorie." "At her coming to the Laird of Lundie's house in Fife, who is a grave ancient man [with] white head and white beard, he kneeleth down unto her, and saith like words to these: 'Madam, this is your own house, and the land belongeth to the same; all my goods and gear are yours. These seven boys' (which are as tall men as any man hath in Scotland, and the least of them, youngest, is twenty-five years of age) 'and myself will wear our bodies in your Grace's service without your Majesty's charge, and we will serve you truly. But, Madam, one humble petition I would make unto your Grace in recompense of this—that your Majesty will have no mass in this house so long as it pleaseth your Grace to tarry in it.' The Queen took well enough these words, but asked him 'Why?' He said, 'I know it to be worse than the mickle *devle.*'"

The Prince of Condé endeavoured at this period to renew his suit by means of his Scotch friend, whom he directed to apply to Moray, telling him "that Cardinal Lorraine had promised to write to Queen Mary in his favour." Moray answered, in his usual blunt manner, "The Cardinal has deceived my Lord Prince, for he has never written in his behalf, and would much rather prejudice his cause than help him."[2] Such, however, was the Cardinal's repugnance to Mary's union with Darnley, that he would gladly have compounded with her to make the exchange. But her attachment to Darnley became stronger every day, although she often protested to the French ambassador, Castelnau, "that she had no passion so strong as her desire for the good of her country," and perhaps persuaded herself that she was sacrificing her personal aggrandizement to her duty to her people. "For form's sake," says Castelnau, "the Queen of Scotland asked my advice about this marriage, and, after stating the reasons which moved her to the same, begged me to mention it to the King and Queen-mother of France in such a way as to obtain their sanction, as she would be loth to do anything that was not agreeable to

[1] Buchanan. Melville. [2] Paul de Foix.

them." She commissioned Lethington, at the same time, to signify her intentions to Queen Elizabeth, and to represent "that she was acting in conformity to her directions in giving up her illustrious foreign suitors and choosing an English consort—such a one as, being their mutual kinsman, would, she trusted, be agreeable to Her Majesty." She also despatched an envoy secretly to Rome, to obtain the Pope's dispensation to contract matrimony with Darnley, their near relationship rendering that license necessary to persons of their religion.[1]

Attended by her usual retinue, Mary proceeded to Stirling, March 31. She was accompanied by Darnley, to whom she assigned lodgings in the Castle, but he boarded himself and his servants. No one had as yet penetrated the secret of her love for her English cousin, much less her intention of contracting marriage with him. The day after the arrival of the Court at Stirling, he was attacked with a dangerous and infectious malady, of which we derive the following particulars from Randolph's letter of the 7th of April: "Lord Darnley for five or six days hath been evil at ease: many took it for a cold, and, intending to drive it away by sweating, the measles came out upon him marvellous thick. He was out of danger when I left Stirling. He lodgeth in the Castle, and is there served with a dish of meat at his own charge, and sometimes hath a dish from the Queen's table. Lord Lennox lodgeth in the town, and keepeth house there." The care and attention the Queen bestowed on the invalid, and her solicitude for him during the period when his life was considered in jeopardy, unveiled the nature of her feelings towards him, so that it was no longer possible for any one to doubt of his being the object of her love. The Queen endeavoured to beguile the necessary confinement of Darnley within-doors, during his convalescence, by providing all sorts of amusements for him, among which billiards was apparently the game thus mentioned by Randolph as practised during his stay at Stirling Castle: "I had the honour," says he, "to play a part at a play called the *bilies*, my mistress Beton and I against the Queen and my Lord Darnley, the women to have the winnings. Beton and I having the better, my Lord Darnley paid the loss, and gave Beton a ring and a broach, with two watches worth fifty crowns."[2] Darnley, who brought but seven hundred pounds with him to Edinburgh, out of which he had to pay the expenses of his own table, fees for Court officials, and all the numerous calls that must have been made on the princely wooer of a Queen, had exhausted his scanty stock of money, and was reduced to pay his debts of honour in jewellery, whereof his considerate lady-mother had supplied him with a liberal store.

The Earl of Moray withdrew from Stirling in disgust, declaring that he could no longer endure the superstitions practised in the Chapel-royal, after he had rendered the Queen as uncomfortable as he could by his ill-

[1] Chalmers. Robertson. [2] State Paper Office MS.

will to Darnley, and his jealousy of the daily increasing importance of David Riccio, who was observed to spend much time by Darnley's bed-side, to whom he carried all the secret business of the Court and Council Chamber. David was now performing, in the absence of Lethington, the functions of Secretary of State, and, in effect, was the Queen's principal adviser since the mysterious bond of friendship that had united him and Darnley. Riccio was suspected of moving the Queen to wed Darnley; but suspicion, which generally outstrips the truth, fell far short of it in this matter; for the research of that illustrious northern antiquary, Prince Labanoff, has brought to light a contemporary record, which indicates the fact that, nearly four months before the public solemnization of their nuptials in Holyrood, Mary Stuart and Darnley were married privately, at Stirling Castle, in David Riccio's apartment, which he had fitted up as a Romish chapel for that purpose.[1]

The precise date of the secret bridal of Mary Stuart is not given in this document; but as the author states "that it took place after Darnley's illness" (who was convalescent from the measles on the 7th of April), and before the return of either of the messengers she had sent to France and England, it must have been in the second week of April; for Castelnau returned from France, with the consent of the King and the Queen-mother, April 18.[2] Paul de Foix, the French ambassador at the Court of Elizabeth, apprises Catherine de Medicis, April 26, that "Randolph had written to inform the Queen of England, that the Queen of Scotland had married my Lord Darnley, son of the Earl of Lennox, without waiting for the regular ceremonies of the Church,"—meaning the arrival of the Papal dispensation; which news the Queen of England had received with great displeasure, saying, "It was very strange the Queen of Scotland should have espoused her subject, as she had only allowed the father and son to enter Scotland for the recovery of their estates." She declared, in the first transport of her wrath, "that she would send the Countess of Lennox to the Tower;" but for the present she only confined her to her apartment. The formal communication of Mary's intention of allying herself in marriage with Darnley was received by Elizabeth with affected surprise and a great manifestation of displeasure. She declared it would be attended with very evil consequences, and she would never allow it. In her next interview with de Foix, Elizabeth said, "She marvelled that the Queen of Scots had a heart so low as to contract marriage with her subject." De Foix observed, "that the marriage appeared a reasonable one under the circumstances, and not likely to prove incon-

[1] Our authority, which is a historical memoir of the affairs of Scotland, from the time of David Riccio's entrance into Mary's service to the 8th of October, 1566, is addressed to Cosmo I., and is preserved in the archives of the ducal house of Medicis, whose extinction it has long survived. It is printed in the original Italian, in the Supplementary Appendix of Prince Labanoff's Recueil des Lettres de Marie Stuart, vol. vii. p. 60.

[2] Labanoff, vol. i. p. 259.

venient to her Majesty of England." Elizabeth replied, "that she was displeased at the manner in which it had been done, and that she had intended to marry the Queen of Scotland to a person whom she loved better than Lord Darnley." [1] This was, of course, Leicester, a person, in every respect but talent, infinitely beneath the young Prince whom she declared Mary had degraded herself by marrying. Lethington made matters worse, by demanding the recognition of his mistress as the heiress of the English throne, in case she were disposed to please Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth in the matter of her marriage. To which Elizabeth sharply rejoined, "that she must be first assured that the Queen of Scotland was free to marry; for she had been informed that she was already wedded to Lord Darnley." Lethington protested so earnestly "that it was not so," that Elizabeth began to think she had been misinformed, and said "she would send Throckmorton to Scotland, with instructions to put it to the test, by a fresh offer of the Earl of Leicester; or if Mary would prefer the Duke of Norfolk, he should be at her service." [2]—"However," observes de Foix, "I have learned, by the letters that the Countess of Lennox received on Wednesday last, that the said marriage has already taken place, and that the Queen of Scotland performs the same offices for the son of the Earl of Lennox as if he were her husband, having, during his sickness, watched in his chamber a whole night, and showing herself very careful and anxious about his malady, he having been vexed for several days with a fever, from which he is now recovered." [3]

The illness, here alluded to by Lady Lennox and the French ambassador, was a malignant ague, or intermittent typhus, which attacked Darnley towards the latter end of April, before he had properly recovered his strength after the measles. The secret of Queen Mary's love had been betrayed by her solicitude for her English cousin during his first indisposition; but it was not till the second, when she was united to him by the holy ties which sanctioned such demonstrations, that she took upon herself the tender office of his nurse, that she kept her wakeful vigils by his restless pillow, and, as she had been accustomed during the sickness of her late lord, King Francis, administered medicine and nourishment with her own hand to the consort whom, with the sincerity of true affection, she had preferred to all the kings and princes who had sought her hand during her four years of widowhood. Those years had been checkered with many cares and some griefs; but she had won the esteem and love of her people; her gentle sway and refining influence had been blessed to Scotland. She had loosed the bonds of the prisoners, and considered the low estate of the poor, in providing officers to distribute her

[1] Ambassades of Paul de Foix.

[2] Reports of Paul de Foix—Pièces et Documens relatifs à l'Histoire d'Escosses, Teulet's Coll., vol. ii.

[3] Ibid., p. 38. May 2, 1565.

alms to the needy, and advocates to plead the cause of those who had wrong. She had established peace in her borders, and commercial relations with all the nations in the world. Years of domestic happiness and wedded love appeared now to be in store for her. A flattering dream of these joys, indeed, mocked her; but brief was the glimpse of sunshine that was to be hers, before the gathering of the storm-clouds chased the bright dance of her golden hours, and finally rolled a pall of terrific darkness over the meridian of her days.

CHAPTER XVII.

In promoting Queen Mary's marriage with Darnley, her deformed Piedmontese Secretary acted in a manner which completely refutes the calumnies subsequently devised by his murderers, for the twofold purpose of justifying their own guilt, and impugning the reputation of their royal mistress. Political malice will assert any absurdity; but who can believe that a courtier occupying the position slanderously assigned to David Riccio in the favour of a young and beautiful female Sovereign, would have wished to see her united to a Prince in the flower of his age, whose personal attractions and graceful accomplishments had already captivated her fancy, and might naturally be expected to gain paramount influence over her heart? The part of a faithful servant, anxious to secure the happiness of his royal benefactress, had been performed by David in recommending her to wed a consort likely to prove both agreeable to herself and acceptable to her English friends, and, by uniting her claims with his, to strengthen her title to the regal succession of that realm. Up to this period the conduct of Darnley had been popular and good; nor could his greatest enemies urge a single point in which he had laid himself open to attack.

Moray's party was so strong at this time, and his conduct so audacious, that he entered Edinburgh at the head of five thousand horsemen, for the ostensible purpose of keeping his law-day with the Earl of Bothwell. When the Queen was informed of this daring attempt to violate the statutes of her realm, and that Bothwell had sent a deputy to excuse his absence, and declare "his willingness to meet the charge, if prosecuted, according to the regular forms of justice, without such manifest danger to his life," she commanded the Justice-Clerk to break up the Court instead of pronouncing judgment, which otherwise would have gone by default against Bothwell.

It must be observed that Mary showed no favour to Bothwell on this

occasion, nor did she reverse his sentence of outlawry or restore his forfeitures. On the contrary, he was under the necessity of instantly leaving the realm, to which he had returned without leave a few weeks before.

A league, offensive and defensive, had been formed, for the prevention of her marriage with Darnley, by Moray and his late enemy the Duke de Châtelherault, and all the ultra-Protestant Lords. Mary gave utterance, we are told, to words of bitterness and resentment against the Duke and Moray; while Darnley, chafing with impotent wrath, sent his defiance to his father's foe, the old Duke de Châtelherault, from his sick-bed, threatening "to knock his pate as soon as he should be well enough." "So much pride, such excessive vanities, so proud looks and disdainful words, and so poor a purse," observes Randolph, "I never heard of. My Lord of Lennox is now quite without money: he borrowed five hundred crowns of my Lord of Lethington, and hath scarcely enough now to pay for his horse-meat."[1] In the course of the angry discussions on the subject of Mary's marriage with Darnley, Morton, having been propitiated by Lady Lennox's resignation of her title to the Angus patrimony, turned sarcastically to the two great opposers of the alliance—the Duke de Châtelherault and the Earl of Moray—and said, "It will be long ere you two agree on a husband for her; an she marry not till you do, I fear me she will not marry these seven years."[2]

Queen Elizabeth made Lethington the bearer of a rich diamond, worth six hundred pounds, as a token of love from her to Mary, saying, at the same time, "If your mistress will be guided by my wishes, she will obtain from me more than she either asks or expects."[3] The fulfilment of Mary's request of being appointed the inheritrix of the English Crown was implied in this speech, but not intended by Elizabeth, who confined her benevolence to granting Mary the privilege of taking her choice between those handsome widowers, Leicester and Norfolk, or accepting the third reversion of the mature hand of Norfolk's father-in-law, the Earl of Arundel; but peremptorily interdicted matrimony with the young princely bachelor on whom her dear sister of Scotland had fixed her affections. Mary, who had not only made up her mind to please herself, but by her secret nuptials deprived herself of all power of altering it, was placed in a very delicate position, not having yet obtained the consent of her nobles; and she was perfectly aware that any public manifestation of Elizabeth's disapproval would afford to the majority a general excuse for withholding it. Under these circumstances, as Mary's great object was to gain time, she despatched Lethington again to the English Court, with instructions to endeavour to remove the objections of the Queen and her Council to the marriage.

[1] Chalmers; Tytler; Randolph.
[2] Hume of Godscroft, Lives of the Douglases, p. 286.
[3] De Foix's Despatches, in M. Teulet's Collection.

Conventions were at this period held in all the churches, for deliberation on the best means of putting down Popery, depriving the Queen of the liberty of practising her own religion in her Chapel-royal, and taking order for preventing the dangers to the true evangile that might be apprehended from her marrying a Papist. Any attempt to put down these assemblies by force would have plunged the kingdom into the horrors of a religious war; so Mary left them to say what they pleased, uncontradicted, and diverted public attention by summoning all her nobles to meet her at Stirling, to consider the subject of her marriage. Aware that Moray was the principal mover of the opposition, she made a last attempt to obtain his suffrages when he arrived, by taking him with her into Darnley's chamber, who was still an invalid, and there a paper was handed to him, wherein it was stated, "That since the Queen had contracted marriage with the Lord Darnley, and the Lords underwritten had ratified and approved the same, pledging themselves to grant him the Crown-matrimonial in full Parliament, he was required by her Majesty to subscribe it also."[1] Moray declined doing so, "because the whole of the nobility were not present," observing "that it behoved those to whom he was posterior to sign first; besides, it was a matter too great to be concluded in haste, and without due deliberation." The Queen replied, "that the greater part of her nobles were present, and had signified their consent, and that she hoped he would be so much of a Stuart as to endeavour to keep the Crown in the family, and with the surname, according," she graciously added, "to our royal father's will and desire, as expressed by him a little before his death."[2]

This endearing acknowledgment from the lips of his indulgent Sovereign of the filial relation in which they both stood to James V., elicited neither fraternal nor grateful feelings in reply. Her duteous appeal to the last wishes of that parent whom Moray was quite old enough to remember, was heard with indifference. Zeal for the continuance of the royal name and line of Stuart was scarcely to be expected from a scion of the race whose aspiring hopes were crossed with a bar sinister. One cause of Moray's secret hatred to Queen Mary was, that she had refused to legitimate and place him next to herself in the regal succession, to the exclusion of the house of Hamilton; and he looked with deadly jealousy on Darnley's lawful claim to occupy that position. Moray had not forgotten that their general ancestor, Henry VII., derived his claims to the throne of England, as the representative of the Lancastrian line, from a son of John of Gaunt, born under no better circumstances than himself, but legitimated by act of Parliament and royal favour. Could that point have been conceded, his ambition might have soared even to the highest mark a royally-born grandson of Margaret Tudor could claim—the sove-

[1] Randolph to Cecil, May 3, 1565—State Paper Office MS.
[2] Knox, Hist. Ref. Scot.

reignty, not of Scotland alone, but of the Britannic Empire. And was he expected to strengthen Mary's claims to the English succession, by promoting her marriage with the grandson of Margaret Tudor in the female line, the rival Stuart claimant of the reversion of the throne of Scotland too—the presumptuous boy who had carped at the extent of his possessions withal? He made his refusal doubly vexatious to the Queen by grounding it on motives of conscience, saying, "that he should be loth to consent to her marriage with one of whom there was so little hope that he would be a favourer of Christ's true religion, which was the thing most to be desired—one who hitherto had shown himself rather an enemy than a preserver of the same." Mary, who well understood how entirely political Moray's religious professions were, burst into a torrent of reproaches, accused him of ingratitude, and dismissed him from her presence in anger.

This scene, which occurred on the 4th of May, had the effect of rousing the Queen to use all her energies to carry her point; and notwithstanding the discouraging aspect of affairs, she found means to mollify the objections of the most determined opponents to her marriage. In this her Lord Chancellor, Morton, was the principal mover, his own opposition having been vanquished, and his good offices secured, by Lady Lennox—her husband and son engaging to relinquish their claims to the Angus honours and estates.[1] No sooner had Queen Mary received private assurances that her nobles would conform themselves to her pleasure in regard to her marriage, than she despatched John Beton, one of the gentlemen of her household, to meet Lethington, who was, she knew, on his homeward journey to Scotland, and deliver to him two letters—one private and confidential, addressed to himself, couched in the kindest and most gracious terms, and written with her own hand; the other expressing her indignant sense of the perfidy and insolence with which she had been treated by Elizabeth on the subject of her marriage. Throckmorton, to whom Lethington showed both these letters, says of the last, "that it wanted neither eloquence, despite, anger, love, nor passion." The instructions contained in this impassioned letter were, for Lethington to return to the Queen of England, and declare unto her, "that since she had been so long beguiled with fair speeches, and in the end deceived, she had now resolved, with the advice of the Estates of her own realm, to use her own choice in her marriage, and to select such a one as she herself deemed best worthy of the honour to which she intended to raise him."

Queen Mary met her nobles in her Parliament Hall in Stirling Castle, on the 15th of May, and signified her intention of contracting matrimony with her cousin Henry, Lord Darnley, her father's sister's son by the Earl of Lennox; and explained at the same time the motives which in-

[1] See Life of Lady Margaret Douglas, Countess of Lennox.

clined her to this alliance in a manner so clear and satisfactory that, instead of the stormy opposition which had been anticipated, a general consent was given, without a single dissentient voice.[1] Moray himself, though present, offered no objection, coolly observing, that "seeing the other Lords had all voted in favour of it, he thought it best to do the same."

Lethington arrived in Edinburgh on the 13th with Throckmorton, and received instructions from the Queen to detain that unwelcome ambassador there for three or four days. Instead of obeying his royal mistress's commands, Lethington obligingly bade Throckmorton use his own pleasure about going to Stirling. Throckmorton, after a conference with Randolph, commenced his journey thither the same day, slept at Linlithgow, and, starting early the next morning, arrived at Stirling in time, as he hoped, to interrupt the proceedings in the hall of Convention, by delivering a protest, in the name of the Queen of England, against any marriage between the Queen of Scots and the Lord Darnley. When he entered Stirling, he sent his secretary, Middlemore, forward to announce his approach to Queen Mary, and to demand an immediate audience. But on riding up to the Castle the gates were shut against him, and he was told he could not enter. Pertinaciously resolved to carry his point, he alighted from his horse, and remained for some time standing before the gates, importuning for admittance. The unanimous vote of assent to her marriage having been triumphantly carried, in his despite, and dinner over, Queen Mary found herself at leisure to receive her unwelcome visitor. She sent the Lords Erskine and Ruthven, two of her Privy Councillors, to conduct him, with all due respect and ceremonial solemnity, into her presence. He found her surrounded by her peers, whose obliging assent to her marriage with Darnley had not a little surprised the mortified representative of Elizabeth. Throckmorton delivered the message from his royal mistress, declaring "her dislike of Mary's hasty proceeding with my Lord Darnley, as well for the matter as the manner," and told her "that Lord Darnley and his parents had failed in their duties to their Sovereign, by presumptuously and arrogantly enterprizing so great a matter without first obtaining her leave."[2] Mary replied "that she had given an early intimation of her intentions to her good sister of England, and was surprised at her objections, seeing she had acted according to her request and advice in foregoing the alliance of the Archduke Charles of Austria, and refraining from marrying into the houses of France or Spain. Her Majesty said 'that, if she should abstain from these, she might take her choice of any person within the realms of England or Scotland,' and because she considered none could be more agreeable to her good sister and the realm of Eng-

[1] Keith; Knox; Tytler.

[2] Sir N. Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, May 21, 1565—State Paper Office MS.

land, as well as her own subjects, than Lord Darnley, their mutual kinsman, she did with the less preciseness proceed to the conclusion of the matter." [1] Throckmorton used many words in his endeavour to prove to Mary that Darnley was not intended for her. Mary made out her case in reply; and after much time had been wasted in the argument, Throckmorton came to the conclusion, which he communicates to Elizabeth in these words: "This Queen is so far past in this matter with my Lord Darnley as it is irrevocable, and no place left to dissolve the same, unless by violence." [2]

The exit of the unwelcome representative of the English Sovereign was succeeded by a most brilliant and picturesque scene—a revival chapter of the national order of the Thistle, evidently the first that had been held since the death of James V. The whole fraternity, with the exception of the Duke de Châtelherault, and one or two of the aged peers of Scotland, had become extinct during the stormy minority and personal reign of the beauteous female monarch, who had inherited, together with the sword and sceptre of Scotland, the sovereignty of that chivalric order. This was a novel contingency, for never before had the golden spurs and green and purple collar of the Thistle been worn by a lady. Delicate and womanly in all her actions, Mary Stuart was about to exercise her prerogative, for the first and last time, according to the spirit of the Middle Ages, by "choosing her man;" in other words, by investing a male deputy with the privilege of performing the duties of an office strictly masculine.

The substitute selected by Queen Mary was, of course, her own secretly-wedded lover, Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley. The consent of the Peers of Scotland having been legally given for the solemnization of their nuptials, he was now formally introduced into the courtly circle as the future partner of her throne, to receive the first public mark of the favour and esteem of his regal bride. It is to be regretted that neither Randolph nor Throckmorton were admitted among the privileged spectators of this romantic episode in the tragic history of the ill-fated cousins, to have recorded a few circumstantial details of the demeanour of both, when Darnley, advancing, in the flush of youthful love and joy, to the footstool of Queen Mary's throne, and kneeling before her, pronounced the oath of a knight, according to the time-honoured forms of the code of chivalry.

Queen Mary, having bestowed the acolade of knighthood upon him, invested him with the habiliment and insignia of the order. She then bade him rise up and exercise the privilege she had just conferred on him, by knighting fourteen of the manorial nobles of Scotland for his companions, and gave him authority over them as the master of the fraternity. Four of these gentlemen bore the surname of Stuart. The fair Sovereign next

[1] Sir N. Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, May 21, 1565—State Paper Office MS.
[2] Ibid.

proceeded to create her own well-beloved knight, Sir Henry Stuart, Lord of Darnley, a baron and a peer of her Parliament, naming him the Lord of Ardmanach; lastly, she belted him Earl of Ross, on which occasion he knelt before her and made the following oath:

> "I shall be true and leal to my Sovereign Lady, Queen of Scotland, maintain and defend Her Highness's body, realm, lieges, and laws, to the utmost of my power. So help me God, the holy Evangel, and mine own hand!"[1]

No foolish toying or unseemly follies, such as Elizabeth of England shamed not to practise before the foreign ambassadors and her own nobles at the elevation of her favourite Dudley to the Earldom of Leicester, are recorded of the youthful cousins, Mary Stuart and Darnley, on this occasion. For Mary neither permitted the nearness of their kindred, nor yet the intimate relation in which they now stood to each other, to betray her into a violation of female delicacy and queenly dignity, by an indecorous display of fondness. "This Queen," writes Throckmorton, "hath travailed very earnestly, since my leave-taking, to compound all differences betwixt her noblemen, and mainly betwixt the Earl of Argyll and Earl of Lennox. She intends to depart from Stirling to St Johnstone as soon as my Lord Darnley shall be able to travel, which is thought to be within four or five days."

Darnley meantime began to exhibit traits of pride and irascibility, which proved how very unsuitable a person he was for the difficult position he had been rashly chosen to fill. The tenderness and personal attentions of his royal bride, during his lingering illness, instead of inspiring gratitude, had fostered presumption in an ill-regulated mind, and produced the same noxious effects as over-indulgence to a spoiled child. He resented every opposition to his will, gave way to angry excitement on trifling occasions, and even forgot himself so far as to draw his dagger on the Justice-Clerk, one of the highest law officers in Scotland, when sent by the Queen to tell him that she had been compelled, by prudential considerations, to defer creating him Duke of Albany at the present juncture.[2] The unsettled state of Mary's Court and Cabinet at this period, and the uncontrollable temper of him to whom she had, in evil hour, plighted her hand, are thus described by Randolph: "Her Counsellors are now those she liked worst—the nearest of her kin are farthest from her heart. My Lord of Moray liveth where he listeth. My Lord of Lethington hath now both leave and time enough to court his mistress, Mary Fleming. David is he that now worketh all—chief secretary to the Queen and only governor to her goodman. Men talk very strange. His pride is intolerable—his words not to be borne, but where no man dare speak again. He spareth not also, in token of his manhood, to let

[1] Cotton MS., Calig., b. 10. De Foix's Despatches, in Teulet. Keith. Tytler.
[2] Randolph to Cecil—State Paper Office MS.

some blows fly where he knoweth that they will be taken. Such passions, such furies as I hear say that sometimes he will be in, is strange to believe. What cause this people hath to rejoice of this their worthy prince I leave it to the world to think." If there were no exaggeration in this picture, Darnley must have been both fool and madman, thus lightly to provoke a debt of vengeance blood alone could pay; but the murderous confederacy against him was already formed by the party who finally succeeded in charging their long-premeditated crime on the head of his unfortunate consort. The anticipatory sentence that it is necessary for their safety that Darnley must die, is thus communicated by Randolph to the English Secretary:—"When they have said all, and thought what they can, they find nothing but that God must send him a short *end*, or themselves a miserable life to live under such a state and government as this is like to be."[1] Randolph speaks more plainly in the context: "To see so many in hazard as now stand in danger of life and goods, it is great pity to think. Only to remedy this mischief *he* [Darnley] must be taken away, or such as he hateth find such support that whatsoever he intendeth to another may light upon himself. A little now spent in the beginning yieldeth double fruit. What were it for the Queen's Majesty [Elizabeth], if she list not to do it by force, with the expense of three or four thousand pounds to do with this country what she would?"[2] After this indubitable testimony from the pen of their confederate, of the design meditated against the life of Darnley by the parties who finally benefited by that mysterious tragedy, what reliance can be placed on the fallacious train of circumstantial evidence arranged by the conspirators themselves, for the twofold purpose of diverting suspicion from themselves and fixing it on their unfortunate Sovereign?

Queen Mary left Stirling, June 2nd, accompanied by Darnley, his father, and her Court, and arrived at Perth the following day, having convened her nobles to meet there for the necessary arrangements connected with her marriage. Moray had told her, "that, if she would absolutely put down the Roman Catholic religion in Scotland, he would bring the matter to pass, provided she would leave it wholly to his arrangement." Mary observed, both to him in private and openly to the superintendants of the Church Assembly, when they waited upon her, "that it was not in her power to put down any form of religion, for that pertained to the Parliament; and albeit she was not persuaded in any religion but that in which she had been brought up, she was willing to hear conference and disputation on the Scriptures. Also she would be content to hear public preaching, provided it was out of the mouth of such as were pleasing to herself; and, above all others," she said, "she would gladly hear the superintendant of Angus, Lord Erskine of Dun, for he was a mild and sweet-natured man, with true honesty and uprightness."[3]

[1] Randolph to Cecil, June 3, 1565—State Paper Office MS. [2] Ibid.
[3] Knox, Hist. Ref. Scot.

Moray and his faction, though they had openly assented to Mary's marriage, by their votes in the Convention at Stirling, so recently as the 15th of May, were now perfidiously practising to raise controversial cabals against it, and had sued to the English Sovereign for money and other assistance for its prevention. Randolph was instructed, in reply, to promise them every encouragement. The letters of this unscrupulous statesman, who had hitherto borne fair testimony of Mary's wisdom and virtue, now assume a decidedly malignant tone against her. At this date, June 3, he says, "She doateth so much upon her husband that some report she is bewitched. The parties and tokens are named that contain the mysteries." Darnley's mother, the poor oppressed Countess of Lennox, whom her kind cousin, Queen Elizabeth, had already branded with the convenient accusation of practising enchantments, was the alleged witch: the token through which the magic was communicated was said to be a bracelet which she had sent by her son to Mary. The suspected sorcerer, Patrick, Lord Ruthven, was the intimate associate of the Earl of Lennox, to whom he stood almost in the relation of a brother-in-law, having married the daughter of the late Earl of Angus, by his first and apparently his only legitimate wife. Mary's natural antipathy to this man had been overcome by Lennox and his son, so far as to admit him to her favour and confidence.

Darnley now dined almost every day with the Queen; she lent him half her household officers to serve him, and his table was supplied from her kitchen, and at her expense. She also defrayed the charges of his father's housekeeping,[1] who was entirely destitute of money, and whose credit was getting low in consequence of the opposition of the Queen of England to the marriage of Darnley and Queen Mary. In the vain hope of persuading Elizabeth to consent, Queen Mary sent John Hay, the commendator of Balmerinoch, to expostulate with her, and to intercede for the liberation of Darnley's mother. "Ye shall declare," she says in her instructions to this envoy, "how we think it very strange and *fremit* (unfriendly), the sharp entreatment and handling of our dear cousin, the Lady Margaret Douglas, Countess of Lennox, our father's sister; and can judge no other but that this her evil and hard entreating is for our cause." Mary adds her earnest desire that Lady Lennox may presently be released, adding many dutiful professions on the part of the Earl of Lennox, and reminding Elizabeth that he came to Scotland with her own will and consent. When Queen Elizabeth received Mary's remonstrance, she signified her wrath by sending the Countess of Lennox, who had hitherto been confined to her own apartment, to the Tower, and directed summonses to Lennox and Darnley to return home, under the penalty of forfeiture and outlawry. They made no preparations for obeying the summons; and even if they had been willing to do so, they could not have left Scotland

[1] Randolph to Cecil.

at this moment with honour, the Earl of Moray having circulated a report, to excuse his absenting himself from the Convention of the Estates of the realm, summoned by Queen Mary to meet at Perth on the 22nd of June, that his life was in danger from the Earl of Ross (Darnley), his father, and others in the Queen's company, they having conspired together to assassinate him."[1]

Buchanan, in his account of this alleged plot against the life of Moray, pretends that Darnley was to force a personal quarrel with him, in which he was to be slain by Darnley's party; and the first blow was to be dealt by that doughty wight, David Riccio, Darnley's great partisan and political ally. Darnley fiercely denied the accusation, and manfully offered to maintain his innocence, by appeal of battle, against all who should impugn it. The Queen, in the first instance, treated the report that Moray had brought such a charge against their youthful kinsman—for they were both related in the same degree to Darnley—as an idle and mischief-making tale. Finding, however, that Moray persisted in circulating this allegation, and Argyll protested its truth, "she desired them to name their informer and produce their witnesses, that it might be subjected to a judicial investigation, by a fair trial." Moray shrank from submitting his charge against Darnley to the test of a legal inquiry. He kept the name of his informer a profound secret, and produced no witnesses.

Queen Mary, in a letter subsequently written by her to Paul de Foix, thus expresses herself on the subject of her brother Moray's attempts to traverse her marriage with her young English kinsman. "Moray," she says, "disappointed in his first attempt to break the marriage, bethought himself of another way of doing it, by spreading a report among my subjects that the Earl of Lennox and the King his son would have him murdered, because he had not consented to my marriage without the advice of all the nobles; and, perceiving that they would carefully consider the matter before they permitted me to marry, the said Earl of Moray endeavoured all he could to persuade my subjects that the King had the evil nature of a homicide, in order to render them more reluctant to my marriage. Not wishing his false accusations to be believed among mine own, I assembled all the Lords of my Council in this town, Edinburgh, and explained to them that the Earl of Moray had complained that they had desired to have him murdered.[2] In order to elicit the truth, I, by their advice, sent for the Earl of Moray, who was in his house, to come and explain the grounds of his complaint before me, assuring him, at the same time, that I would not proceed any further in the marriage, if the Earl of Lennox and the King should be found guilty of conspiring his death. I sent him, at the same time, such guarantees for his safety as

[1] Randolph to Cecil, July 2, 1565—State Paper Office MS.
[2] Letter from Mary Stuart to Paul de Foix, Nov. 8, 1565—Labanoff, vol. i. p. 300.

every one knows he could have no reason to refuse to come. I sent a second time two of the Lords of the Council to him, assuring him he should have a fair hearing, if he would enter into the facts of which he had complained. To this he replied, 'That he could not prove what he had said, but it might suffice me that he believed it, for it was true.' Now, seeing that he would not prove his accusations, and I could not believe that the Earl of Lennox and the King had wished to commit such wickedness, I sent to him, for the third time, a message, giving him to understand that, if he did not come to maintain and prove his words, I would declare him a rebel, and proceed against him as such. Perceiving me determined by all means to search out the truth, with intent to punish whoever should be found guilty, whether it were the accuser or the accused, and fearing he should be convicted as a liar, he took himself off into Argyll, where he began to make assemblies and conventions to seduce all the nobles to take up arms against me."

Knowing herself to be surrounded with spies at Perth, Mary determined to withdraw with Darnley and his father, who was now the President of her Privy Council, to the house of the Earl of Athol at Dunkeld, for a few days' repose and undisturbed deliberation as to the best course to be pursued under these perplexing circumstances. She had fixed the 25th of June for her journey, which was to be performed on horseback with a very small retinue. Randolph meantime, having received instructions for that purpose, presented fresh summonses from Queen Elizabeth to Lennox and Darnley, enjoining their immediate return to England under the severest penalties. Lennox, to whom the letter was first delivered, appeared much perplexed, observed that he did not look for it, that it would be attended with great inconvenience, and he must take advice, and went to consult his royal daughter-in-law. When Darnley had read the summons directed to him, he said, "Mr Randolph, this is very sore and extreme; what would you do in my case?" The ambassador replied to this childish question by demanding "what his Lordship's intentions were?"—"I will do as you would if you were in my case," replied Darnley; "and yet I mind not to return." Randolph drily inquired "if he should write that for his answer?" "No," said Darnley; "you shall give me some time to think upon the matter."

Randolph had also an angry letter from Queen Elizabeth to deliver to Queen Mary, which he intended to postpone till the following day; but hearing she was then about to leave Perth for several days, he craved an audience before her departure. It was granted by Mary; but her countenance towards him was changed. "I was received," he says, "in stranger sort than ever I was before, as a man new and first come in her presence, whom she had never seen. I delivered the Queen's Majesty's letter, which the Lord of Lethington did read to her Grace. She required me to speak what I had to say. I told her 'the most part was con-

tained in that letter, which, if her Grace did perform, at the Queen my mistress's request, I have no more to say.' At these words she smiled, and said, 'I trow my good sister will otherwise than so; and if I would give them [Lennox and Darnley] leave, I doubt what they would do themselves.' I said, 'They must do that or worse, now they run into the Queen my mistress's displeasure, which what it is your Grace's self may know.'"[1] "I trust," said Mary, "the Queen your mistress be of another mind by this time. You know I have sent thither my ambassador, by whom I have written to the Queen, my good sister, to take these matters in good part; and if those letters had not been despatched before his arrival, I think they had not been sent; therefore I can give you no other answer to those letters at this time, but that I desire to live in good amity with the Queen, my good sister, and I trust she will be of another mind both towards me and the Lord Lennox and his son than when these letters were written." "Other answer of her Grace I could get none," continues Randolph. "These letters, at the first, I am sure did marvellously abash them all. It appeared in her Grace's self weeping, in the father by his sad countenance, in the son least; for I am informed, and somewhat thereof hath appeared in private talk, that he saith 'the danger is not so great as it is made.'" A significant allusion to the deadly purpose of Darnley's foes follows in these oracular words: "What shall become of him I know not; but it is greatly to be feared he can have no long life among this people." One year and seven months served to verify the prediction of the untimely fate preparing for Mary's consort. The sword was even then suspended over his neck by a single hair.

"The Queen herself," records Randolph, "being of better understanding, seeketh to frame and fashion him to the nature of her subjects." Was this, it may be asked, one of the light follies in which Mary is accused of occupying the hours she devoted to the society of the man she had fondly chosen to assist her in bearing the cares of government? The hopelessness of her attempt to guide and instruct the reckless youth, of whose unfitness to be a mate for her Cardinal de Lorraine had vainly warned her, Randolph goes on to testify: "No persuasion can alter that which custom hath made old in him. He is counted proud, disdainful, and suspicious, which kind of men this soil of any other can worse bear." The same pen which has, in a preceding sentence, borne witness of Mary's wise and virtuous endeavours to mould her consort to the inclinations, not of herself, but her people, next proceeds to write unsupported accusation against her.

"She is now," continues Randolph, "in suspicion of all men; her Court kept very secret; she dineth seldom abroad, as she was accustomed, but either in her own chamber or with the Lord Darnley, whose lodging joineth unto hers, and a privy passage between them. The

[1] Randolph to Cecil, July 2, 1565—Keith.

father lodgeth farther off, and keepeth house with his son, whose charges the Queen defrayeth; for money of our own" (a sneer at Lennox's poverty) "we have not, and have extended our credit already so far as it will stretch. She is now offended with the most part that serve her; her Maries clean out of credit, and tarry now at home wheresoever she rideth." The intimacy of Mary Beton with him, the follies of Mary Fleming with Killigrew, and their imprudent tattling, had probably caused the royal Mary to treat her favourite maids of honour with less confiding fondness than had been her wont. Lethington, whose trustworthiness we have exposed, was at that time the lover of Mary Fleming. Queen Mary had been deeply displeased with his disobedient conduct in regard to Throckmorton; he was aware she distrusted him, and of course Mary Fleming, on account of their connection.

Mary was in great want of money at this time; but the crisis being too ticklish for her to venture to apply to her Parliament for aid, she endeavoured to raise a personal loan in order to relieve her pecuniary distress. "She sent for sixteen of the principal merchants of Edinburgh, and asked them to lend her some ready money, and to become surety for so much, in wares, as would amount to fifty thousand pounds Scots—about twelve thousand pounds English. This they refused, as a thing past their powers—a melancholy proof of the destitution of the Crown in Scotland, where, as Randolph sarcastically demonstrates, nothing was to be achieved with an empty purse. The anxieties and difficulties of Mary's position produced a perceptible change in her appearance, which that inimical observer, Randolph, failed not to notice, and, with others of her unfriends, to attribute to some secret regret or dislike of her own doings; and for this the violent, jealous, and intractable temper of Darnley must have given her abundant cause: but it was too late to repent, for the irrevocable step had been taken.

The news of the incarceration of Lady Lennox in the Tower of London, an act of Tudor despotism, was received with barbarous exultation by Moray and his party. "They liked well of it," they said, "and wished her son and her husband to keep her company." Yet this oppressed lady was Moray's paternal aunt, whom natural affection as well as manly compassion ought to have inclined him to comfort, and if possible to assist, as far at least as interceding for her with Elizabeth, through his friends Randolph and Cecil. But though Lady Lennox was his father's sister, she was also the mother of his hated rival, the male heir of the legitimate line of Stuart. The disobedience of Darnley and his father to Queen Elizabeth's repeated summons for their return to England, had involved both in the pains and penalties of treason—penalties she would not hesitate to inflict if these offenders were within her reach. To place them there, that so they might be slain by her sword, appeared to Moray and the rest of the confederate Lords the most convenient way of ridding

themselves of these inconvenient persons. The evidence of their deadly purpose against both is thus furnished by Randolph: "The question hath been asked me, 'Whether, if they were delivered by us into Berwick, we would receive them?' I answered that we could not, would not, refuse to receive our own, in what sort soever they came unto us." Encouraged by this assurance, Moray and his confederates determined to make a bold attempt to seize their intended victims in the presence of the Queen; to hurry her away to Lochleven Castle, there to imprison her till she conceded to all their demands; and to carry Darnley and his father to Castle Campbell, the stronghold of Moray's brother-in-law Argyll, and from thence to Berwick, where it was proposed to surrender both to English law, and the tender mercies of their offended Sovereign.[1] If resistance or rescue were attempted, more summary measures were to be taken by the conspirators with Darnley. And who that has traced the conduct of Moray, from the first day he became assured of his royal sister's determination to deprive him of political power and importance, by her marriage with Darnley, can be blind to the fact that the plot for the assassination of that unfortunate Prince, and the incarceration of the Queen in Lochleven, devised in June, 1565, was but the abortive foreshadowing of the tragedy, consummated in 1567?

Queen Mary denounces the sanguinary purpose of Moray in these impassioned terms: "Let him put his hand on his conscience, and ask himself if he can deny that he would have slain those that were with me? and that, among other murders, he had not conspired the deaths of the King and the Earl of Lennox, when I was coming from St Johnstone towards Edinburgh, to prepare for my nuptials, intending to shut me up in a castle? as I can prove by hundreds of gentlemen then in his band, whom I have pardoned since his flight to England."[2] Queen Mary's statement is corroborated past dispute by the declaration of seven earls, twelve barons, eight bishops, and eight secularized abbots, among whose signatures are those of two noblemen to whom leading parts in the execution of the treason had been assigned, namely, the Earls of Argyll and Rothes—who affirm "that Moray and his assistants conspired the slaughter of the said Lord Darnley, then appointed to be married with her Grace; also of his father, and divers other noblemen being in her Grace's company, at that time, and so to have imprisoned her Highness' self at Lochleven, and detained her there all the days of her life; which conspiracy was near put in execution in the month of June, 1565, as many who were in Council with him, and drawn ignorantly thereon, can testify."[3]

[1] Keith; Fairbairn; Spottiswood; Lindsay of Pitscottie; Tytler; Lingard; Chalmers; Bell.

[2] Letter from Queen Mary to Paul de Foix, Nov. 8, 1565—Labanoff.

[3] Declaration of the Associate Lords in Dumbarton, printed in Goodall. The original document is in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg.

The manner in which the enterprise was to be attempted was as follows: The Queen, who returned from Dunkeld to Perth on Saturday, June 30th, had, as before noticed, promised to ride to Callander House the next day, to honour her faithful servants, Lord and Lady Livingston, by performing in person the office of godmother to their infant heir; and more than this—for Lord and Lady Livingston were members of the Reformed Church—their babe was to receive a Protestant baptism, and her Majesty had consented to give her presence to a Protestant service at their house.[1] Moray having devoted his Sabbath to a different purpose than attending his royal sister, in the fellowship of brotherly affection and Christian unity, to the place where she was for the first time to join in the worship of a Reformed Congregation, excused himself, under pretext of sickness, from riding with her as she had required.[2] Instead of bearing her on her way with joy for such an object, he had arranged a threefold ambush, with intent to intercept her on her journey, to tear her betrothed consort and his father from her side, to slay them and all who made resistance before her eyes, and then to hurry her away to his mother's house at Lochleven, which he had recently fortified and furnished with artillery for this purpose, and was lurking there to receive the destined prey himself—having deputed the overt acts of treason to his instruments, the Earls of Rothes and Argyll.

A part of the ancient road from Perth to Queensferry can still be traced along the fields to the west of the hill of Benarty, which passes through a deep ravine where the Earl of Rothes and his followers lay in wait for Mary and Darnley, near the Parenwell, beside Dowhill.[3] Argyll was to advance with his party from Castle Campbell towards Kinross, and the Duke de Châtelherault was at Kinniel, ready to fall upon her if she escaped the others, and succeeded in crossing the Ferry. Considering the boldness and subtlety of the plan, and the wild loneliness of the country Mary had to traverse, it appeared scarcely probable she could escape the threefold dangers that beset her path. It was known that she would travel, as she had done to Dunkeld, with a very limited train of her personal attendants, and would thus be destitute of the means of defence, either for herself or the object of her affection. The design of the conspirators was, however, penetrated by one loyal and courageous gentleman, Lindsay, the laird of Dowhill, who, residing in the immediate

[1] Knox, Hist. Ref. Scot.

[2] Privy Council Registers—Chalmers.

[3] The late Sir William Adam has erected an arch across it at a place where it passed through a ravine, and where, for a few yards, it remains nearly in its original state. The following is inscribed on the arch: "The road to Perth (anciently called St Johnstoun) passed here within memory. The ravine was much longer and deeper. Cottar houses stood round, called *Parenwell*, from the spring which rises a hundred yards below southward. *July*, 1838." Pitscottie says in his History, "About this time the Earl of Rothes, with certain gentlemen, came to *Parenwell*, beside Dowhill, thinking to have taken Lord Darnley from the Queen as they rode from St Johnstoun to the Queensferry; but she, being advertised, passed by before they met."

vicinity of the Parenwell, had learned that they expected the Queen to leave Perth at ten o'clock on the Sunday morning, and had calculated their movements according to that time. Late on the Saturday evening Lindsay, laird of Dowhill, arrived in Perth with this information, which he communicated to her Majesty in her own chamber, for she had already retired for the night, and was about to go to bed. She instantly assembled such members of her Council as were at hand, Lennox, Athol, and Ruthven, to consider what was to be done. They advised her not to hazard the journey, but thought she was in no less danger at Perth, in case the Associate Lords should combine their forces to attack her. Undismayed by the perils she might encounter, the Queen determined to keep her appointment with Lord and Lady Livingston, or rather to forestall it by starting several hours earlier than she had originally intended. Athol and Ruthven bestirred themselves, by her directions, to gather an armed escort among their followers, and the loyal gentlemen in that neighbourhood. They did so to such good purpose, in the course of the night, that two hundred horsemen, armed with spears, surrounded the person of their fair Sovereign when she mounted.

Mary with three of her ladies were in the saddle by five o'clock on the Sunday morning.[1] Love, liberty, and empire were at stake, and, more than these, the life of the secretly-wedded object of her affections. Well, therefore, might the young Queen strain every nerve to win the race that was set before her. With Darnley by her side she feared nothing. Long before Moray imagined she had donned her riding-hat, basquina, and foot-mantle, in Perth, she and her company had dashed through the slumberous town of Kinross, swept past Lochleven, and reached the banks of the Forth, attended by a loyal but motley muster of all sorts and conditions of men—for she raised the whole strength of the country through which she passed by signifying her peril. She crossed safely at the North Ferry, and, having by her speed and energy distanced all foes, astonished her loyal friends at Callander House, by presenting herself before the gates at ten o'clock in the bright summer morning, full five hours sooner than she was expected. She had used no more haste, however, than the urgency of the case required; for two hours only after she had passed Lochleven, Argyll came down from Castle Campbell with his force, "thinking," as he deceitfully observed, "to meet her Majesty on that spot, and that she would take her dinner with my Lord of Moray at Lochleven Castle."

Fortunately for her, Mary dined in better company that day, and duly performed her promise of presenting the infant heir of Livingston at the baptismal font—a plain proof this that the office of a godmother was not then dispensed with among the early Scotch Reformers. She also gave

[1] Innocens de Marie Stuart. Chalmers; Fairbairn; Randolph's Despatches; Tytler.

her presence to the Protestant sermon, which, Knox says, "was reckoned a great matter."

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHILE at Callandar House, Mary received the alarming intelligence that a great number of the Congregational citizens of Edinburgh had turned out in hostile array, and encamped on St Leonard's Crags, with mutinous purpose. This insurrectionary movement was an evident confirmation of the treasonable purpose of Moray and the Associate Lords, who had premeditated the capture of their Sovereign. Mary's spirits rose with the difficulties of her position, and the excitement of having escaped the ambush of her treacherous brother and his confederates. Undismayed at the threatening aspect of her metropolis, and confiding in the loyalty of her subjects in general, she rode at the head of a gallant little escort towards Edinburgh. The suborners of the tumult fled precipitately at her approach, and the insurgents, on proclamation of pardon to all who would peacefully return to their duties, dispersed. The Queen put only four wealthy and troublesome burgesses under arrest, for having assisted the rebels with money they had churlishly refused to her. She merely inflicted a fine upon them, and pardoned the rest.[1]

The pecuniary straits in which the Queen, Darnley, and Lennox were all involved at this time, are frequently noticed by Randolph. In his letter of the 4th of July he writes, "There arrived a ship out of Flanders upon Monday last; in the same there was a servant of the Earl of Lennox, who brought with him a chest, in the which, by the weight, it was suspected there was some good store of money."[2] The mysteries of the heavy coffer were duly penetrated by our pains-taking ambassador, who, after the lapse of a fortnight, informs his sage correspondent Cecil, "that it was only apparel belonging to one Nicholson a tailor, from St Paul's Churchyard, who was seeking to enter my Lord Darnley's service."[3] The informants of Randolph reported, to the disparagement of the said candidate for Lord Darnley's service, tailor Nicholson of St Paul's, that he had been guilty, four years ago, of slaying a man, which, if true, was a very desperate deed for a person of his peaceful profession. The arrival of tailor Nicholson and his chest of apparel from foreign parts was immediately followed by the report of a private marriage between Queen Mary and Darnley, which took place, as was alleged, on the 9th of July —the preceding rumour of the plight which had been actually exchanged between the royal pair, in David Riccio's apartment at Stirling, having

[1] Randolph to Cecil, July 4. Knox; Spottiswood; Tytler; Chalmers; Keith.
[2] Keith. [3] Ibid.

been carefully suppressed, lest it should have furnished matter of impeachment against the unpopular little Italian secretary, as it had been contracted before the consent of the nobles had been asked, much less obtained. The suspicion of her secret nuptials at Holyrood arose from Randolph being denied audience when he requested permission to speak with the Queen. "That whole day," he says, "was solemnized, as I do believe, to some divine god, for such quietness was in Court that few could be seen, and as few suffered to enter. That night her horses were secretly prepared, and at eight o'clock in the evening she rode to Seton, accompanied only by the Lady Erskine, the father, the son, one brother of the Lord Erskine's, Sir David Riccio, and Fowler. How Seton standeth from Edinburgh your Honour knoweth, and with what honour and surety she may so ride I refer me to other; but here it is utterly misliked. Hereupon rose many *fowle* tales."[1] No censorship on censorious tongues was exercised in the Edinburgh kirk-sessions, it seems, in Queen Mary's reign, and her Majesty lacked power to enforce the penalties decreed in the statutes "against leasing-making," however specially the "lees" might touch herself. Cecil records in his diary, 16th July, "The Queen of Scots was married to the Lord Darnley at Holyrood House in secret the 9th of this month, and from thence went to the Lord Seton's house to bed."[2]

Seton is only a pleasant ride from Edinburgh, and the distance could well be accomplished in an hour. "Two nights she tarried there, and the next day came to her dinner to the Castle of Edinburgh. That afternoon she and my Lord Darnley walked up and down the town disguised until supper-time, and returned thither again, but lay that night in the Abbey. The next day, in like sort, she cometh after dinner upon her feet from the Abbey, the Lord Darnley leading her by one arm, and Fowler by the other. In that troop there were the Lady Erskine and old Lady Seton, the Earl of Lennox and Seignor David, with two or three others."[3]

How circumspect and blameless the young Queen's conduct had been up to this date, is evident by the manner in which Randolph labours to make out that she had committed a most wonderful breach of propriety by taking a quiet walk, after her twelve o'clock dinner, through the streets of her metropolis, leaning on the arm of her cousin, Lord Darnley, whose wife she was now pretty well known to be, and with whom she was to go through the ceremonial of a public marriage in the course of a few days. This promenade, too, was sanctioned by the presence of his father, the Earl of Lennox, her aunt's husband, old Lady Seton, and other noble ladies of her household. The fact is an indubitable proof both of the moral courage of Mary Stuart and her popularity, that, notwithstanding the recent insurrectionary demonstration of a fanatic faction in her metropolis, and while the rebel Lords were sounding the tocsin of

[1] Stevenson's Illustrations. [2] Ibid. [3] Randolph to Cecil, July 16, 1565.

revolt throughout the realm, she could walk on the causeway among her people, with no other defence than their unalienated affection for her person. But she and Darnley were disguised, Randolph affirms; and Cecil, in his abstract from the despatch of July 16th, writes, "The Queen and Lord Darnley walk disguised in the streets."[1] If so, they chose an inappropriate season for their frolic; and even if it had been a murk All-hallowe'en, they could not have found any costume, however quaint and outlandish, that could have concealed the lofty height of Darnley and the majestic figure of the Queen. Far less could a pair so eminently distinguished for beauty and courtly grace have expected to walk up and down the Canongate in the bright light of a July afternoon, unrecognized, accompanied by such well-known personages as the Earl of Lennox and his English attendant, and, above all, the droll misshapen little Piedmontese Secretary, David Riccio. All the disguise, we should suppose, that was practised on this occasion by Queen Mary, was exchanging her regal frontlet and robes, which in those days a sovereign was never seen in public without, for a plain hood, and a dress more appropriate for a pedestrian expedition in the dirty streets of the old town of Edinburgh, than her sweeping garments of black velvet and silver tissue, her pearls and jewels. It has been shown that, in the commencement of this year, she dispensed with her canopy and chair of state, and all the inconvenient formalities of royalty during her sojourn at the merchant's in St Andrews, and now she ventured to prove how greatly her mind was in advance of the semi-barbarous tastes of the age, by appearing, for the first time, in the streets of Edinburgh, without forming the centre of a pageant procession.

The dispute between the two Queens on the subject of the beardless Adonis, Darnley, was greatly aggravated by Lennox's man, Fowler, telling Mary "that Elizabeth had sent a herald to proclaim both the father and son traitors, at the market cross of one of the frontier towns in Scotland." Mary sent a haughty message to Randolph by Lethington, expressing her indignation at the Queen of England presuming to take so great a liberty in her realm. Randolph denied the charge with great heat, declaring "that it was a false saying of Fowler, whom, since the Queen of Scots had taken under her protection, he could not punish otherwise than by denouncing him to the world as villain and a liar, and speaking as much evil of him as he could."[2] Mary was urged by Lennox and Darnley to send Randolph out of her realm at this juncture, and, as long as he remained, to prohibit her subjects from holding the slightest intercourse with him. She told Randolph "that it would not be for her honour to put him under restraint, but she might treat him as coldly as she thought meet."[3] Fresh altercation ensued, however, and many grievances were recounted

[1] Keith. [2] Stevenson's Illustrations, p. 122. [3] Ibid..

by Mary, and not without some warmth. "I know," said she, "your mistress went about but to abuse me, and so was I warned out of France, and other parts; and when I found it so indeed, I thought I would no longer stay on her fair words, but, being free as she is, would stand to my own choice. Let her not be offended with my marriage, any more than I am with hers. I pray you, tell me what would the Queen, my good sister, that I should do?" continued Mary. Randolph replied, "that he knew nothing she could do would be better than to send home the Lord Lennox and Lord Darnley; then should the Queen his mistress and she be friends, and her country in as good repose and quietness as before." "To send them home I may not," replied Mary. "Is there no other way than that?" "I know that would be the best," said Randolph; "but you have wise men about you, that might, peradventure, find somewhat else that might at least stay the present evil, and the rest might be gotten in time. What if your Majesty would alter your religion?" "What would that do?" asked Mary. "Peradventure," replied Randolph, "somewhat move her Majesty to allow the sooner of your marriage." "What!" exclaimed Mary, "would you that I should make merchandise of my religion? It cannot be so."

This conversation occupied about an hour, during which time Randolph scanned Queen Mary's countenance and manner intently, to penetrate what her real mind was, and plainly perceived that nothing offended her so much as reflections in opposition to her marriage. "Counsel," continues he, "she taketh of no man but the Lord Lennox, his son, David, and the Lady Erskine."

Mary wrote separate letters to her Reformed Lords, to certify them that she had no intention of disturbing the religion she found established on her return from France; and reminded them, "that, as she had always kept good faith with them, she expected them to assist her in preserving the peace of the realm, now threatened by seditious and evil-disposed persons." She also issued her royal summonses to such of her peers and manorial nobility as she knew she could depend on, to convene in Edinburgh to her aid, with their servants and vassals in warlike array, bringing fifteen days' provisions with them. Her appeal was so well responded to that in three days' time she found herself surrounded by such a body of feudal militia, and their chiefs, as to banish all fear of the evil designs of her adversaries.[1] The conspiracy of Moray and his confederates to seize her person, her spirited demeanour and romantic escape, had kindled a glow of loyal enthusiasm in the true hearts of Scotland; both gentles and commons were eager to band in her defence. So far was Mary at this time from "having fallen," as Randolph pretends, "into universal contempt and misliking of her subjects," that she received every token of their affection and reverence that the best-beloved Sove

[1] Robertson; Knox; Keith; Tytler; Randolph.

reign could expect, when menaced by a traitorous faction at home leagued with a powerful neighbour abroad. That man would have been esteemed a dastard, and the slave of England, who had not come to her summons in her hour of need, and professed his willingness to do or die in her cause. What becomes of his accusations of personal indecorum with Chastelar? what of Buchanan's base insinuations regarding Riccio, and the charge of levity with which party writers have attempted to defame her character? Randolph, who had seen her almost every day for four years, from the time when she arrived a beauteous widow of eighteen from France, up to the period of her marriage with Darnley, and had heard the worst that could be said of her by blind fanaticism and political falsehood—who, by his intimacy with Mary Beton, had full and unsuspected means of knowing what her conduct in her most private moments was,—he "had wondered at the majesty and modesty he had remarked in her." What are the eulogiums of her adoring panegyrists, in comparison to the testimony of this unfriendly witness of the majesty and modesty of Mary Stuart's deportment during her widow reign in Scotland?

"She is so poor at present," continues Randolph in his detracting vein, "that ready money she hath very little, credit none at all, friendship with few; both she and her husband (so I may now well call him) so high-hearted that they think themselves equal to the greatest, and able to attain, in time, unto whatsoever they desire. And because my Lord Darnley would seem to be indifferent, sometimes he goeth with the Queen to mass, and these two days he hath been at the sermons.

Popular opinion being now greatly in Mary's favour, the Associate Lords, instead of finding themselves in a position to compel her to break her engagement with Darnley, retired to Stirling, where they held a convention of their friends, and received fresh encouragement from the Queen of England to persevere in their disloyal demonstrations. Under all these provocations, Mary conducted herself with moderation and courtesy towards them. She was a peace Sovereign, and spared no effort to preserve her realm from the miseries of a civil war. It was at this juncture, when the tocsin of revolt was resounding through her realm, that Mary Stuart, in evil hour, decided on fortifying her party by the recall of that powerful Border chief, the Earl of Bothwell, from his long exile.[1] Perhaps the audacious falsehoods asserted by Moray of Darnley and Lennox had had the effect of inducing the Queen to believe that she had given credence too easily to the charge against Bothwell, for which he had, untried, suffered imprisonment, outlawry, confiscation of his property, and exile. Not only as a matter of political expediency, but from a sense of moral justice, under such circumstances, Mary, as his Sovereign, acted properly in restoring this nobleman to his

[1] Randolph to Cecil, July 19, 1565.

country, and endeavouring to make him some amends for the loss of his rents and the spoil of his goods. As the parties who had been benefited by his losses would not refund their gains, Mary promised to give him compensation out of the Church property.

Randolph came, on the 21st of July, to require Mary, in the name of his Sovereign, not to take up arms against the Earl of Moray and the other Lords, now associates in an insurrectionary movement. The affectionate terms in which Elizabeth had spoken of these may be gathered from Mary's reply. "For those whom your mistress calls 'my *best* subjects,' I cannot esteem them so, nor so deserve do they to be accounted who will not obey my commands; and therefore my good sister ought not to be offended if I do that against them they deserve." Randolph begged her to consider the miseries that might ensue, and the danger to her own person, if she rejected good advice. Mary was not to be intimidated. Randolph proceeded to reiterate to Lennox and Darnley the Queen of England's mandate for their return. Lennox declined doing so, on account of the hard usage of his wife. Darnley spoke in loftier tone, and to more decided purpose. "I do now," said he, "acknowledge no other duty or obedience but to the Queen here, whom I serve and honour; and seeing that the other, *your* mistress, is so envious of my good fortune, I doubt not but she [Queen Mary] may have need of me, as you shall know within a few days; wherefore, to return I intend not. I find myself very well where I am, and so purpose to keep me; and this shall be for your answer." Randolph told him "that he had much forgotten his duty, to esteem so lightly such a Princess as the Queen his mistress was, and in such despiteful words to give over his allegiance to her was not discreetly spoken of him, and that he (Randolph) hoped to see the wreck and overthrow of as many as were of the same mind;" and so, turning his back on him, departed without reverence or farewell. Darnley, according to the presumption of his age and character, boasted "that he and the Queen of Scots had so strong a party in England that Queen Elizabeth had more cause to be in fear of them than they of her, and that he would like nothing better than the opportunity of leading an invasion into the northern counties;" adding, with still greater imprudence, "that he cared more for the Papists in England than for the Protestants in Scotland."

The consent of the King and Queen-mother of France to Mary's second marriage, privately obtained in April, was now given in due form, couched in these gratifying terms: "That since it was not the will of God for her to be the consort of the Duke of Anjou, their Majesties could see no objection to her matching herself with her kinsman Lord Darnley, who was much more acceptable to them than the Archduke Charles or the Prince of Spain." Unawed by the threats of Elizabeth and the rebellious attitude of her brother Moray and his faction, Queen Mary proceeded to gratify the man she delighted to honour with the royal title of Duke of Albany,

and to order the proclamation of their banns by the Reformed minister of the parish. Neither the exalted rank of the Sovereign of the realm, nor her difference of religion, excused her from this homely ceremonial. It was the law of the land, and she showed her good sense in submitting to it. Randolph tells Cecil, the day before the proclamation was made, that he sends him a copy of the order: this he, of course, obtained of the Justice-Clerk, Bellenden, by whom the original document was written.[1] Two things are remarkable: first, that the order for the publication of these banns was issued before the arrival of the Pope's dispensation for the marriage, which Chisholm, Bishop of Dunblane, brought to Edinburgh on the 22nd of July, on which day, being Sunday, the proclamation was made in the church of the Canongate; and, secondly, that Darnley was described by the style and title of Henry Duke of Albany, whereas his creation did not take place till the 23rd. He was invested with great pomp by Mary with his ducal robe, coronet, and ring on that day, as the preliminary step to the honour of receiving her hand.

The royal dukedom of Albany did not content Darnley. Nothing less than the title of King would satisfy his ambition. Mary was willing to call him so herself, and that he should be treated as such in her palace; but he required to be given regal style and title by public proclamation. Mary hesitated to stretch her prerogative so far, in the face of a threatened insurrection. She implored him to have patience, and it should be done at a more auspicious opportunity, and in a legal and proper manner; "entreating him to wait till he should have completed his twenty-first year; that, in the mean time, matters might be put in such a train as to secure the consent of the Estates of Scotland."[2] But her reasoning and persuasions were alike ineffectual; he had made the demand, and would not recede from his purpose; acting according to the spirit of his motto, "*Avant Darnley—Jamais darrière.*" As Mary had already taken the irrevocable step of promising wifely obedience to this intractable and selfish young man, she found herself under the painful necessity of submitting her better judgment to his wilfulness.

It was not till after sunset on Saturday the 28th of July, the day before the public solemnization of her marriage, that Mary Stuart was induced to commit the false step of signing and executing a warrant, commanding her Lord Lyon King of Arms, and his brother heralds, to proclaim Henry, Duke of Albany, King of Scotland, by her own authority, in virtue of the bond of matrimony which was to be solemnized and completed in the face of holy kirk, between her and the said illustrious Prince, on the following day, when he was to receive that title; and all writs and letters were from that time to be made in their joint names, as King and Queen

[1] This order is still preserved in the Book of the Kirk of the Canongaet—one of the oldest and most curious of those quaint registers extant.
[2] Randolph to Cecil, July 31, 1565—Robertson's Appendix.

of Scotland conjointly.[1] This proclamation was made about nine in the evening at the Abbey gates and the Market Cross, with sound of trumpet; and thus the secret-service men of England, then about to advance their rebel banners against their liege lady, were furnished with a tangible cause for their hostile proceedings.

Mary having appointed the unusually early hour of six in the morning of Sunday, July 29th, for the public solemnization of her nuptials, she was, at half-past five, led from her chamber, between the Earls of Lennox and Athol, into the Chapel-royal of Holyrood, attended by her ladies and all the loyally disposed nobles of Scotland. She was received by Henry Sinclair, Dean of Restalrig, Bishop of Brechin, and his assistants, and there reposed herself while the Earls of Lennox and Athol went to fetch the bridegroom, who was in like manner conducted by them in procession to the bridal altar, and received by the officiating priests. The banns previously published by the Protestant minister, Brand, in the parish church of the Canongate, were then proclaimed, for the third time, in the presence of the illustrious pair. A certificate was taken by a notary that no man objected to them, or alleged any cause why the marriage might not proceed. This document was subscribed Henry and Marie R. This done, the religious ceremony commenced according to the ritual of the Church of Rome. The words were spoken; the rings, which were three, the middle one a rich diamond, were consecrated, and placed on the finger of the regal bride. The prayers were said, the nuptial benediction pronounced, and Henry, Duke of Albany, and Mary, Sovereign Lady of Scotland and the Isles, were declared man and wife, duly and lawfully married in the presence of God and that congregation.[2]

"Te Deum laudamus—it is done, and cannot now be broken!" was the exultant exclamation of Mary's lively little Piedmontese secretary, David Riccio, in response to the thrilling echo of the long Amen that pealed through the stately aisles of Holyrood Chapel at the conclusion of the spousal rites;[3] for well was he aware of the informality of the private marriage between the princely cousins, which had been plighted three months before at Stirling in his chamber, without the Papal license to sanction such near relatives in contracting wedlock with each other. Poor David, whom Melville terms "a pleasant *fallow*," had truly performed the part of the bridegroom's friend, on this occasion, by rejoicing vehemently in his joy.[4]

[1] The warrant is printed at full length in Keith, p. 306.

[2] Randolph to Leicester, July 29, 1565.

[3] Italian Memorial in the Medici Archives, printed in Labanoff's Appendix, vol. vii.

[4] The entry of this marriage is preserved in the Register Book of the Church of the Canongait in this quaint form, dated July 29, 1565: "Henry, Duk of Albany, Erll of Rois, Marie be the grace of God Quene, Soverane of this realme, 1—2—3. Married in the Chapell of Halyruid." The figures denote the first, second, and third times of asking, familiarly called publishing the banns. In the Register of Marriages of the Cannongait, under the same date, is entered, "Henry and Marie, Kyng and Qweine of Scotis."

As the Popery of Darnley was the ostensible objection of Mary's Protestant subjects to this otherwise politic alliance, he made an artful attempt to mask his real sentiments by eschewing the mass which followed his spousal rites. Before the commencement of that service he kissed his royal Consort and retired with the Protestant Lords, as if he had become a convert to their opinions and a partaker in their scruples, leaving Mary, and the Roman Catholic division of the assistants at their bridal, to hear it without him.

By some it was regarded as an inauspicious portent for this marriage, that Mary plighted her nuptial vows to Darnley in the sable weeds she wore for her first husband, Francis de Valois. "She had upon her back," says Randolph, "the great mourning gown of black with the great wide mourning hood, not unlike unto that which she wore the doleful day of the burial of her husband."[1] This was the dress of a widowed Queen of France, and the royal etiquette of the period rendered it imperative for Mary to appear in it on all state occasions, till she was actually the wife of her second husband. It was not even then to be resigned without a decent semblance of reluctance, and a coquettish struggle for its retention by a re-wedded widow. In compliance with this old-established custom, as soon as the mass was over, and the royal bride was led back to her own chamber, her youthful bridegroom, who was waiting to receive her there with the rest of her nobles, made earnest suit to her "that she should cast off her care, lay aside those sorrowful garments, and dispose herself to a pleasanter life." Mary, of course, objected; "but after some pretty refusal, more for the fashion's sake than grief of heart, she suffered them that stood by, every man that could approach, to take out a pin; and so being committed to her ladies, changed her garments," and put on her bridal robes. Dancing succeeded, and royal cheer. The Queen and her consort were conducted to their dinner by all the nobles not in open rebellion. The trumpets sounded, and money was thrown to the people in greater abundance than was consistent with the poverty of the bridegroom and the empty exchequer of the august bride. Largesse was cried in acknowledgment of their bounty. Mary and her consort sat together at the table, but the place of honour was occupied by her.

After dinner the royal pair rose to dance, and then retired to enjoy the better entertainment of a *tête-à-tête* till supper. The like ceremonies were repeated at that meal as at dinner, and the evening closed with dancing. Mary waived all private feelings on the score of Randolph's contemptuous treatment of Darnley, and invited him to the evening entertainment, in his public character as representative of the Queen of England. "But, like a currish or uncourteous carle," he says, "I refused to be there."[2]

[1] Randolph to Leicester, July 31, 1565. Wright. Ellis's Royal Letters.
[2] Ibid.

Instead of the acclamations usual on such occasions, a tumult took place, which lasted all night; and the royal bride found herself under the necessity, at an early hour the next morning, of summoning the principal burgesses and magistrates into her presence, to inquire the cause of the riot. She exhibited no signs of anger, but wisely endeavoured to soothe the irritation, which she suspected to arise from the natural apprehensions excited by her marriage with a Roman Catholic prince. She took that opportunity of repeating to them her reply to the demands which had been made to her by her Protestant subjects, and this she did in the mildest and most persuasive words she could devise. "I cannot," said she, "comply with your desire that I should abandon the mass, having been brought up in the Catholic faith; nor ought my conscience to be forced in such matter, any more than yours. I therefore entreat you, as you have full liberty for the exercise of your religion, to be content with that, and allow me the same privilege. And again, as you have full security for your lives and properties without any vexation from me, why should you not grant me the like? As for the other things you demand of me, they are not in my power to accord, but must be submitted to the decision of the Estates of Scotland, which I propose shortly to convene. In the mean time, you may be assured I will be advised on whatever is requisite for your weal, and that of my realm; and, as far as in me lies, I will strive to do whatever appears for the best." With this assurance they all declared themselves satisfied, and the tumult was appeased. So true it is that a soft answer turneth away wrath. The same day, at twelve o'clock, Mary caused her husband to be again proclaimed King of Scotland, in the presence of all the Lords who had attended the solemnization of the marriage; but not one of them said Amen, except his father, who with a loud voice cried out, "God save his Grace." [1]

It was regarded by the nobles as an illegal stretch of her prerogative that Mary should have conferred the title of King on her husband; and he being a minor, doubts were started whether any of their mutual acts could be considered valid. Her consort's behaviour, when he had been married only two days, is thus described by Randolph: "His words to all men against whom he conceiveth any displeasure, how unjust soever it is, be so proud and spiteful, that rather he seemeth a monarch of the world than he that not long since we have seen and known as the Lord Darnley. All honour that may be attributed unto any man by a wife, he hath it wholly and fully. All praise that may be spoken of him, he lacketh not from herself. All dignities that she can indue him with are already given and granted. No man pleaseth her that contenteth not him; and what may I say more? She hath given over unto him her whole will, to be ruled and guided as himself best liketh." In illustration of the indocile disposition of the hopeful helpmate Mary had been for

[1] Randolph to Cecil, July 31.

nearly four months endeavouring to mould to the wishes of her subjects, Randolph emphatically observes to Leicester, "She can as much prevail with him in anything that is against his will as your lordship may with me, to persuade that I should hang myself. This last dignity out of hand, to have him proclaimed King, she would have had it deferred until it were agreed by Parliament, or had been himself of twenty-one years of age, that things done in his name might have better authority. He would in no case have it deferred one day, and either then or never."

David Riccio received, by the King and Queen's precept, August 1st, the third day after their marriage, a piece of black taffaty worth £5, 4s., and black satin worth £6 ; and on the 24th of the same month, money to purchase a new bed and hangings.[1] All the pecuniary arrangements of the Queen for supplying the table and privy-purse expenses of her secretly-wedded husband had been managed with prudence and fidelity by this active little foreigner, their mutual confidant and factotum.

The Muses of the north were not silent on a subject of such great poetic interest, as the love-match of "Scotland's Queen and loveliest woman" with her handsome English cousin, the graces and accomplishments of the illustrious pair, and the lofty expectations of the anticipated fruit of their marriage and united claims on the English succession. The bridal epithalamium on Mary Stuart's second marriage, by Thomas Craignum, was printed in a small volume by Robert Lekprevick of Edinburgh. Buchanan also commemorated his royal patroness's second nuptials in one of his adulatory poems, called "The Pomp of the Gods," in which he speaks of her "five Maries." The number of the original four—Mary Beton, Mary Seton, Mary Fleming, and Mary Livingston—had been reduced to three by the marriage of the latter to John Sempill ; but two new Maries had been added to the fair sisterhood.

No honeymoon of idle joyaunce—no princely festivities, like those which marked the celebration of Mary Stuart's nuptials with the Dauphin, Francis de Valois—followed her second marriage. Knox, indeed, affirms "that for four days there was nothing but balling, dancing, and banqueting." Yet, even by his own account, business of sterner import occupied the attention of the royal pair, and ruder notes than those of the harp and viol composed their bridal music. "The Earl of Rothes, the Laird of Grange, with some other gentlemen of Fife, were put to the horn for non-appearance, and immediately the swash, tabron, and drums were stricken and beaten for men of war to serve the King and Queen's Majesty, and to take their pay."[2] Moray and Argyll also being summoned, and refusing to appear, were denounced as rebels and put to the horn, whereupon they and their confederates retired into Argyllshire, and sent

[1] Treasury Records, Register House, Edinburgh.
[2] History of the Reformation in Scotland, vol. ii. p. 496.

their envoy, Nicholas Elphinstone, to demand immediate aid of the Queen of England. Regardless of the sacred character of an ambassador, Randolph not only acted as the inciter of the rebellion, but, as the agent of the traitors who were plotting to bring the destroying horrors of an English invasion upon their native land, he urges Leicester to use his influence with his Sovereign to contribute both men and money for this object, observing: "Her friends here" (Moray and his faction) "being once taken away, where will her Majesty find the like?"[1]

Queen Mary found it expedient to strengthen her party by the restoration of several powerful nobles who had been ruined, disgraced, imprisoned, or driven into exile during Moray's administration. These were the Earl of Sutherland, the young Lord Gordon, son of the late unfortunate Earl of Huntley, his brethren, and the Earl of Bothwell. The last Randolph styles "enemy of all honest men." But however deserving of censure, he had resisted every temptation either to act as the secret-service man of England, or to trouble Queen Mary's government by raising a revolt against her in Liddesdale, during his imprisonment at Berwick, which he might well have done; his forbearance was deservedly appreciated by his Sovereign, and she now issued a mandate for his recall. In honour of her marriage, Queen Mary performed a tardy act of justice, by releasing the heir of Huntley from the durance in which he had lain for nearly three years in Dunbar Castle, with the sentence of death hanging over his head. The wheel of fortune had revolved; his vindictive persecutor, Moray, was no longer the director of the power of the Crown of Scotland, and the Queen acted according to the natural impulses of her generous nature.

In the midst of these changes and agitations in Queen Mary's Court and realm, the Queen of England thought proper to send Mr Tamworth, of her Privy Chamber, with a very offensive letter of remonstrance on the impropriety of which she had been guilty in marrying her subject. Mary having received a secret intimation that Tamworth was instructed neither to treat Darnley as King of Scotland, nor even with the respect due to her husband, refused to admit him into her presence, but desired him to communicate his message in writing. This he did; and Mary replied, in the same manner, "that she had given the Queen of England no reasonable cause of offence; on the contrary, she had condescended to her desire, by refusing several great foreign princes, and marrying, as her Majesty had requested, an English subject—one, too, who, from his near relationship to them both, would not disparage her dignity. I am not so lowly born," she added, "nor have I such small alliances abroad, that, if compelled by your mistress to enter into pactions with foreign powers, she shall find them of such small account as she believes. The

1 Wright's Elizabeth and her Times, vol. i. p. 200.

place I fill in relation to the succession to the Crown of England is no vain or imaginary one; as by God's grace it shall be seen."[1]

In regard to Elizabeth's demands for sending home Lennox and Darnley, being English subjects, Mary observed "that it seemed strange she might not enjoy the company of one whom God and the laws had made one with herself; and that Lennox, being a native Scotch Earl, whom she had restored at her good sister's request, was her own subject, and she could not be deprived of the liberty of retaining him." But she would engage that neither she nor her husband would attempt anything prejudicial to the Queen of England, either by foreign treaties, harbouring fugitives, or in any other way; that they would make such alliances as she desired.[2] An impertinent remonstrance, or rather, dictation, in behalf of the Earl of Moray was addressed to Mary by Tamworth in Elizabeth's name. "Touching the Lord Moray," Mary haughtily replied, "I request the Queen of England not to mix herself up with his cause, nor to interfere between me and any of my subjects. In refraining from such practices, her Majesty will perform the duty of a good neighbour, and it will be reciprocated." Mary added, "that she thought she might, with greater propriety, intercede for her mother-in-law, the Lady Margaret, whom she wished to have restored to her liberty, seeing she had done nothing contrary to justice and honour." From de Foix's despatches we also learn, that, when directed by his own Sovereign to expostulate with Elizabeth on her opposition to Mary Stuart's marriage with Darnley, he told her "that his master thought it could do her no harm, and that there was every reason to expect she should show courtesy and kindness in the matter, since he was nearly related to her through his mother the Lady Margaret Douglas, aunt to her Majesty."

Contrary to her usual munificence, Mary gave no presents to Tamworth, nor showed him any mark of respect. He was the bearer of money to the rebel Lords, which he transmitted to them through the agency of Lady Moray, who gave her ticket to the bearer, Johnstone, as an acknowledgment of the safe receipt of the bags of gold. Hitherto this lady had been allowed by the Queen to remain undisturbed with her family at St Andrews, where she intended to lie in; but when the above transaction was discovered, Lady Moray took refuge with their English friends at Berwick. Tamworth, not imagining his tricks had been discovered, assumed a lofty tone of independence, and refused to accept a passport because it bore the regal signature of Henry as well as Marie; consequently he was stopped at Dunbar on his homeward route, and carried by Lord Home to his castle, where he remained for several days.

The insurgent Lords appeared in warlike array at Ayr on the 15th of August, and Queen Mary told Randolph "that unless he would promise, on his honour, not to meddle with her rebels, she should be under the

[1] Keith. Tytler. State Paper Records. [2] Ibid.

necessity of placing a guard round his house." Simultaneously with the hostile demonstration of the insurgents, a fracas took place in Edinburgh between a party of the feudal militia and the townspeople, in which blood was drawn. "Their King," observes the Earl of Bedford sarcastically, "was putting on his armour to have parted the fray, but did not; or if he did, came not abroad."

Darnley, who, like his father, and probably acting by his advice, occasionally made his Popish principles bend to his political interests, and was minded to play the popular, went in state on the following Sunday, August 19, to the High Kirk of Edinburgh to hear John Knox preach, a throne having been erected on purpose for his accommodation. Knox made a most offensive personal attack on his Majesty in the face of the whole congregation, coupled with still coarser and more insulting language of the Queen—affirming, among other things, "that God set in that room, for the offences and sins of the people, boys and women, and that God justly punished Ahab and his posterity, because he would not take order with that harlot Jezebel." Darnley must have been less than man to hear such expressions applied to his Queen and wife without indignation. The length of the sermon, which detained him an hour and more "longer than the time appointed, aggravated his displeasure, and so commoved him that he would not dine; and being troubled with great fury, he past in the afternoon to the hawking."[1] The Queen had borne from Knox's lips comparisons no less odious, seeing he had, to her very face, likened her to Herod and Herodias's daughter, to Nebuchadnezzar, and to Nero, besides many offensive reproaches on her sex, without inflicting the slightest punishment on him; but Darnley being of a different temper, Knox was instantly summoned before the council. He came, accompanied, as usual, by a great number of his followers, and some of the leading men in Edinburgh. Darnley, being at the head of a powerful gathering of the feudal militia, was not intimidated by burghers and preachers; the Secretary, Lethington, was ordered to inform Knox "that the King's Majesty was offended with some words in his sermon, and desired him to abstain from preaching for fifteen or twenty days, and let Master Craig supply his place." It was easier to suspend Knox than to silence him, for he boldly replied, "that he had spoken nothing but according to his text; and as the King had, to pleasure the Queen, gone to mass, and dishonoured the Lord God, so should God, in His justice, make her an instrument of his ruin." On hearing this incendiary speech addressed to her husband in her very presence, Mary burst into a passionate fit of weeping; "and so," continues our author, who, be it remembered, is telling his own story in the third person, "to please her, John Knox must abstain from preaching for a time." Light punishment for an offence so gross, and perfectly unprovoked on the part of the Queen. She

[1] Knox, Hist. Ref. Scot., vol. ii. p. 497.

was now at the head of a military force, surrounded by chiefs devoted to her cause, and who, regarding Knox as one of the great agitators and inciters to rebellion, would scarcely have scrupled to execute any sentence she might have decreed.

Darnley had excited the indignation of Knox by contemptuously casting into the fire a copy of the newly-set-forth version of the Book of Psalms;[1] an action no less rash than unbecoming, for however the refined taste of the youthful poet might be offended by the rudeness of the metre, and his classical pedantry by the ungrammatical language in which the sublime inspirations of the royal bard of Israel are crippled in that homely attempt to adapt them for congregational singing, he ought not to have violated the reverence due to holy writ, in whatsoever form it might be presented to him. In a far different spirit had Mary acted when Buchanan dedicated his Latin version of the Psalms of David to her, in an elegant poem composed in the same learned language, and as the fluent pen of this celebrated writer was the great literary organ subsequently employed by Moray for the defamation of his royal benefactress, it is proper that readers familiar with the widely circulated libels written by him in the days of her adversity, should be aware of the flattering terms in which he sang her praises during the palmy season of her greatness, when her beauty was even less the theme of general admiration than the virtues and princely qualities which he thus eloquently extols—

> "Nymph of the Caledonian realm! who now
> Dost happily the regal sceptre bear,
> From kings innumerable handed down
> To thee, whose peerless merit soars above
> Thine high estate; whose virtues far exceed
> Thy youthful years, as doth thy mind thy sex,
> And matchless manners thine illustrious birth—
> Receive benignantly the verse divine
> Of Israel's prophet king and bard, arrayed."

Mary, who, whatever might be the errors of her creed, possessed the delicacy and courtesy of a true Christian, was ever careful to avoid giving any cause of offence, by inconsiderate words or actions calculated to annoy her Protestant subjects; but, on the contrary, endeavoured to conciliate persons of different opinions to her own as far as she could, without conceding points of conscience to motives of policy.

One day, as she was passing to mass, she met her Protestant caterer Bisset, who was carrying his baby to be baptized in his parish kirk. Bisset took the liberty of stopping her Majesty, and entreating her to honour his bairn by giving him his name. Mary graciously condescended to his request, and in the way she knew would be most agreeable, by opening her Bible and choosing the first name she saw there, which proved

[1] David Buchanan. Note to M'Crie's Life of Knox.

to be Habakkuk—a name fortunately much approved by the Calvinists of the sixteenth century.[1]

Randolph, being bent on forcing a quarrel which might serve as a pretext to his royal mistress for declaring war on Mary, and thus flinging the sword of England into the scale of the rebel Lords, professed himself dissatisfied with the answers of Mary's council, and reiterated his demand of an audience with herself.[2] Mary knew her refusal to see him would be construed into an indication of hostility, and with delicate tact escaped the dilemma in which he was striving to place her by appointing a day and hour when her husband was engaged to visit Inchkeith to take order for its defence, and thus avoided any compromise of their mutual dignity. Instead of waiting to be attacked on the score of Tamworth's arrest, she commenced the conference by complaining of his misconduct, observing, "that he did not understand his duty, and that, being a stranger, he ought to have accommodated himself to the laws and customs of the country." Randolph boldly replied, "that Tamworth had violated none of them," although he had himself been not only witness of his misconduct in regard to sending the gold to Lady Moray, but a party to the deed. "If your Grace mean," continued the treacherous ambassador, "in that he refused the safe-conduct subscribed with the Lord Darnley's hand, I think it was his part so to do, for that had been no less than to have acknowledged him a king; whereas Mr Tamworth, being the Queen my mistress's ambassador, looked that both the father and son should have come and done their duty unto him." "It had been too much for either of them," observed Mary quietly.[3] "Much greater fault for Mr Tamworth otherwise to take them than they have shown themselves," rejoined Randolph. "*He* is now a king," said Mary, in allusion to her husband, to mark that he was of higher rank than his father, with whom Randolph pertinaciously classed him. "To your Grace, and to as many as will take him, he may be so," replied Randolph; "but to us he is not, nor to any that are true subjects to my Sovereign." Mary, significantly alluding to Darnley's nearness to the English Crown, observed, "I know what right he hath, and, next unto myself, I am assured the best;—I mean," added she, "after my good sister." Randolph dryly rejoined, "that he had never inquired much into the question of their rights, but was well assured that, if rights they had, they took the readiest way to be put beside them."[4]

Mary was scarcely sane in her ideas of the power of sovereigns to bequeath their realms according to their caprices. On every other subject her mind was in advance of the times in which she lived, but this fallacious

[1] Habakkuk Bisset became an author: there is preserved in the Advocates' Library a MS. of his, called the Rolment of Court, on the first leaf of which this anecdote of his baptism is recorded.—Life of James VI., by Robert Chambers.

[2] Randolph to Cecil, Aug. 27, 1565—State Paper MS., inedited. [3] Ibid.

[4] Ibid.

notion was five hundred years behind the march of reason and the progress of civil liberty. Randolph told her "her offers were fair enough, but the conditions she attached to them were too hard to be allowed, and more contained in them than she ever demanded with Leicester." "So have I reason," said Mary ; "for this man, my husband, hath a right, and so hath not my Lord of Leicester ; and to provide for him, his mother, and brother, is my part ; and without that will I never accord to any agreement." After this burst of royal spirit she promised to release Tamworth ; then, turning to Randolph, sternly added, "And for yourself, I have to say unto you, that I know you have intelligence with my rebels, and in special with my Lord of Moray. You do not your part therein, and I advise you to leave it."

Randolph became more spiteful and detracting in all he said of her, after she had given him personal cause of offence. "This town," writes he, "hath now given two hundred pounds sterling, and none of them goeth with her, for that she knoweth how well they favour the other part. She hath borrowed money of divers, and yet hath not wherewith to pay so many soldiers as are levied for two months."

Two hundred pounds, less than a thousand of present currency, was indeed a small sum for Mary and her bridegroom to take the field with ; but in spite of all Randolph, Knox, and Buchanan—three very eloquent writers—assert to the contrary, the facts prove that she had the hearts of her people, that "cheap defence of Princes." She acted in this emergency with energy and spirit, indicative of the confidence inspired by her popularity, and showed herself no whit behind the most distinguished of her predecessors in courage and ability. Every day she sat in council with her husband and her ministers, and issued letters in both their names, appealing to the loyalty of the nobles and gentlemen of Scotland for assistance, addressing each by the endearing epithet of "trusty friend ;" and requesting them "to come with their whole kin, friends, and household, to meet their Sovereigns, who were preparing, on the 25th of August, to go in person to pursue the rebels." These circulars bear the double signature of Marie R. and Henrie R., and afford ocular evidence that, in the first month of their marriage, her name, contrary to the general statement of historians, preceded his.

CHAPTER XIX.

Queen Mary's frank appeal to the loyalty of the gentlemen of Scotland had been responded to so well, that a muster of five thousand able-bodied troops, in warlike array, with fifteen days' provisions, followed her

banner when she left Edinburgh, on the 26th of August, to take the field in person against the insurgent Lords. The advanced guard was led by the Earl of Morton, Lord Chancellor of Scotland; the Earl of Lennox commanded the van. In the centre of the host rode the Queen, her consort, her ladies, the Lords of her Council, and David Riccio. In token of her determination, if necessary, to set the fortunes of Scotland on a field, and share the dangers of the conflict with her men-at-arms, the royal bride rode with pistols at her saddle-bow. It was reported, withal, that her scarlet and gold embroidered riding-dress covered a light suit of defensive armour, and that under her regal hood and veil she wore a steel casque. Her bridegroom indulged in the boyish foppery of donning gilded armour for this occasion, he alone of all her company being thus adorned—a dangerous distinction, for, in pursuance of their predeterminate purpose against his life, the Associate Lords, under the command of his kind cousin of Moray, had appointed divers military assassins, in the rebel host, "in the event of a battle, to set upon the Queen's husband; and these were pledged either to kill him or die themselves."[1] The patriotic intentions of the insurgents are further signified by Randolph to Cecil in these words: "They expect relief of more money from England. If her Majesty Queen Elizabeth will now help them, they doubt not but one country shall receive both Queens." Well had it been for Mary if the dark doom of a tragic widowhood, and life-long incarceration in an English prison and the block, had been accomplished in the manner her traitor brother and his confederates then proposed, by the slaughter of her husband and the deliverance of herself into the hands of their patroness, Queen Elizabeth. The niggardliness of the English Sovereign prevented them from consummating their treasons by force of arms, and reduced them to the necessity of working out their objects by subtler and more effectual means. Such was the preponderance of public opinion in Mary's favour at the time of this insurrectionary movement of Moray and his faction, that the rebel army never exceeded twelve hundred men, which number diminished every day, while hers increased. The same day she left Edinburgh the Queen reached Linlithgow. The men of that royal burgh came to meet her at the Water of Avon, and conducted her to her palace, where she and her consort slept that night, and the next at Stirling.

Mary passed on to Glasgow on the 29th, thinking to have met the rebels there; but these, warned of their Queen's approach and formidable array, halted at Paisley, then a secluded village. It is probable, as Glasgow was in a pestilent state of disaffection, that their Majesties spent that night at Cruickstone Castle, the family mansion of the house of Lennox. Local tradition and local poetry connect the names of the ill-fated cousins with this picturesque feudal ruin; and it is

[1] Randolph to Cecil, Sept. 3—State Paper MS. Caligula, b. 10, folio 335.

devoutly believed, not only in that immediate vicinity, but all over Scotland, that they first spoke of love and marriage under the ominous shadow of the giant yew-tree which then grew beneath its walls.[1]

The Earl of Argyll and the Duke of Châtelherault had promised to meet Moray, with their powers, the next day at Hamilton, but, being panic-stricken at the bold demeanour and rapid march of the Queen, failed him. Moray and his army, in taking the high-road from Paisley towards Hamilton, passed so near Glasgow as almost to come in sight of the Queen and her loyal muster. Their Majesties were up betimes on the morrow, August 31, and commenced their march from Glasgow in pursuit of the rebels long before sunrise, but encountered so terrible a storm of wind and rain that a little brook presently became a great river. The men-at-arms waxed weary with the raging storm of wind and rain beating full in their faces, and could with difficulty proceed; but the Queen's courage increased manlike, so that she was ever with the foremost.[2] Many persons were swept away by the floods that dreadful day; among the rest, one of the King's preceptors, Arthur Lallard, was drowned in essaying to pass the swollen waters of the Carron. The Queen kept the saddle many hours, notwithstanding the fury of the storm and the badness of the roads; and, with her husband, arrived at Callander House well wetted. Her rebels entered Edinburgh the next day, but not in triumph. They facetiously observed, indeed, "that they had come to meet the Parliament," which Mary had, previously to her marriage, prorogued to the 1st of September, and perhaps, in the hurry and excitement of her march, omitted to re-prorogue to a later date. "They got no good of their coming, though they despatched messengers northward and southward praying for succour, but all in vain."[3] The country people wished not to change their winsome liege lady for her base-born brother, or to pass under the degrading yoke of the English Sovereign. In Edinburgh the rebel Lords "caused to strike their drum, desiring all such men as would receive wages for the defence of the glory of God to resort the following day to the church, where they should receive good pay;" but not even the eloquence of their favourite ministers could infuse a bellicose spirit into the citizens on that occasion. Neither comfort nor support in the good town of Edinburgh was to be obtained for rebellion, since the factious Provost, Archibald Douglas of Kilspindie, had been deposed by Mary's order. The next day Alexander Erskine fired on them from the Castle battery, and they decamped quicker than they came. If they had tarried another day they would have got a royal salute from the

[1] Sir Walter Scott availed himself of the licence of a writer of fiction to introduce this tradition into his romance of *The Abbot* with thrilling effect; but, like several other passages in that work which have since been advanced as arguments against Mary's innocence, his inferences were erroneous, and, indeed, opposed to facts.

[2] Knox, Hist. Ref. Scot.

[3] Randolph to Cecil—State Paper MS., inedited.

Queen and her harquebussiers, for, hearing of their march to Edinburgh, Mary was rapidly advancing from Stirling to attack them; but they fled to Hamilton. Randolph condoles with Cecil on the sorrowful fact that their friends were forced to leave that town. "The Queen minded to have taken them here," he continues, "and but that the Saturday was so *fowle* a day, she had gone near them; and yet she spared not to ride twenty miles that day. Hearing that they were departed, she returned to Stirling, and from thence to Glasgow, where she is this Tuesday night. Her ladies all and gentlewomen are clean left behind her, saving one somewhat stronger than the others. I take it but for a tale that she doth herself bear sometimes a pistolet, and had that time one in her hand, when, coming near Hamilton, she looked to have fought." [1]

Randolph concludes his animated report of Mary's Amazonian bearing with this remark: "And in the whole world if there be a more malicious *harte* towards the Queen my Sovereign than is she that now here reigneth, let me be hanged at my home-coming, or counted a villain for ever." An evident consciousness of his own deservings gives a sarcastic point to this imprecatory asseveration, which must have extorted a smile even from the sage English Secretary and all his partners in iniquity at Elizabeth's council-board; for never surely did violator of the sacred character of an ambassador, and confidential abettor of assassins and traitors, deserve a rope more richly than Master Thomas Randolph. But Mary Stuart was not so lavish of halters as her royal sister of England, and it must be recorded to her honour that only two men were hanged in the course of this rebellion. That even these suffered rests on the unsubstantiated assertion of Knox, who does not mention their names, but, as he says, "these poor men were convicted of taking the Lord's wages, by the soldiers;" they might possibly have been sentenced by martial law as spies.

The Queen retraced her steps towards Glasgow, expecting to have found the insurgent Lords there; but they had retreated precipitately to Lanark, and from thence to Dumfries. Instead of following them thither, the royal pair remained at Glasgow, and Cruickstone Castle, for nearly a week, and then returned to Stirling. Two companies of infantry from Edinburgh met them there, and attended them into Fifeshire. On her way Mary summoned Castle Campbell, her rebel brother-in-law Argyll's strong fortress, which was surrendered to her. The whole of the loyal nobles and gentlemen of Fife came to meet and escort their liege lady to St Andrews. She expelled from their castles those who had aided the rebel cause or trafficked with England, and compelled all whose principles were doubtful to subscribe a bond pledging themselves to defend her and her consort against Englishmen and rebels.

Queen Mary's courage, energy, and unwearied personal activity aston-

[1] State Paper Office MS., inedited—Scotch Correspondence.

ished her followers, and appeared to render greater things possible to her than the suppression of an insurrection of which the leaders dared not once face her. When some of the nobles of her own party, considering her too careless of her health and personal safety, entreated her "not to ride in bad weather, nor to remain so many hours in the saddle," she gaily answered, "I shall not rest from my toils till I have led you all to London." Her party in England was now very strong, especially in Yorkshire, where unequivocal symptoms of disloyalty to Queen Elizabeth's government appeared. Elizabeth, perceiving she had been too hasty in crediting the assertions of Randolph, that Mary was held in universal contempt, made deceitful professions of friendship for Mary, and proffered her good offices to adjust the differences between the rebel Lords and their Sovereign.[1] Mary replied with great spirit, "that if it should please the Queen of England to send any person, properly accredited to effect a reconciliation between themselves, by explaining and composing the various causes of displeasure that had unfortunately arisen, he should be heartily welcome, as it was her greatest wish to establish and preserve relations of perfect amity; but with regard to the matters between her and her subjects, she wished to have it plainly understood that she would not endure interference from any other monarch;" adding, "that she was perfectly able herself to chastise her rebels, and bring them to reason." Elizabeth expressed herself very angrily to de Foix, the French ambassador, on the subject of this rejection of her friendly and neighbourly offices. That statesman, endeavouring to take the difficult part of a mediator between the angry Queens, was requested by Elizabeth to hear from Cecil a statement of the causes of complaint made by her clients, the Scotch rebel Lords, against their Sovereign. Cecil professed the impossibility of deciding who was the most to blame in this rupture, but added "that he had been told that it all proceeded from the marriage of the Queen of Scotland with the son of the Earl of Lennox, previously to which she and her subjects had lived in the greatest harmony, owing to the good administration and faithful services of those whom she at present pursued. Cecil well knew, that, independently of the fact that Moray was Elizabeth's spy and pensioner, his selfish rapacity with regard to the estates of the Earl of Huntley had plunged Scotland into a civil war; and that his robbing the orphan heiress of Buchan of her patrimony, under pretext of a matrimonial engagement with her which he never fulfilled, were abuses of power that ought to have subjected any minister to disgrace and punishment.

Queen Elizabeth assured the French ambassador that she had not given the slightest encouragement to the Scotch insurgent Lords; and when he told her that he understood she had sent them some money, she denied it

[1] Keith; Chalmers; Camden.

with an oath. Yet she had written to the Earl of Bedford, as the surviving document proves, to let Moray have a thousand pounds, and more if he saw his need to be great, and further sums if required.

Meantime the insurgent Lords, finding themselves disappointed in their expectation of being joined by a general rising of the Protestants, thought proper to write letters to Queen Mary, offering "to return to their allegiance, provided she would restore to them their forfeit estates, replace them in the places and preferments they formerly enjoyed, and permit them to choose her council, that she should remove all foreigners from her service, and refrain from the use of the mass." As Mary treated these demands with contempt, they proceeded to publish seditious letters, declaring that "their motives in taking up arms were for the security of their religion, the glory of God, and to prevent infractions on the laws and liberties of the realm by two or three foreigners, who had the sole guidance of the Queen." The fallacious nature of these pretexts, and the selfish motives of the parties who were thus endeavouring to plunge the realm into the woes of civil war, were exposed by the Queen in a masterly proclamation, which she put forth in her own and her husband's names while at St Andrews, reminding her subjects of the liberty of conscience and security of property they had enjoyed under her personal reign.[1] The great body of her people were too sensible of the reality of these blessings to desire to exchange the gentle sway of their liege lady for the yoke of the selfish oligarchy then striving to obtain the mastery over their rightful Sovereign by means of English gold.

Mary, after a brief visit to Perth and Dunfermline, returned to Edinburgh in triumph with her consort, and caused the above proclamation to be made with sound of trumpet at the Mercat Cross on the morrow.[2] On that day, September 20th, and not before, James Earl of Bothwell, who had returned from his long exile on the 17th of that month, got presence of their Majesties at Holyrood, and was graciously received by both.[3] This was the first time Mary and Bothwell had met since his memorable examination before her and her council at St Andrews, April, 1562, when she had ordered him to be warded in Edinburgh Castle, to stand his trial for the treasonable offence of having conspired, in concert with the Hamiltons, to seize her person, carry her off from Falkland to Dumbarton, and put Moray and Lethington to death. The decided madness of his accuser, the Earl of Arran, the disloyal proceedings of the Hamiltons, and above all, the serpentine conduct of the Earl of Moray, who had been so eager to push the charge against Bothwell, naturally produced a reaction of feeling in his favour in the royal mind. He, though a Protestant, had done her mother good and loyal service in time of need,[4] and had refused to enrich himself with English bribes when de-

[1] Knox. Lyon's History of St Andrews.
[2] Knox, Hist. Ref. Scot. [3] Diurnal of Occurrents.
[4] See vol. ii., Lives of Queens of Scotland.

prived of all his living in Scotland—covetousness not being his besetting sin. Regarding him now as one of the victims of the Moray administration, Mary might naturally reproach herself with childish folly in having been induced to attach the slightest importance to the tales of the lunatic Arran. Could she remember without horror the manner in which she had been rendered by Moray a facile instrument in bringing the unfortunate Sir John Gordon to the block, on a similar accusation? The nobler her disposition was, the greater her desire of making amends to any person whom she had reason to think she had treated unjustly. Motives of political expediency had rendered Bothwell's recall necessary, in order to strengthen the Crown against the insurgent Lords in the pay of the English Sovereign. Nor would it have been possible for Queen Mary to carry on the government without forming a new Cabinet, after the defection of Moray and his coadjutors in office.

The Borderers, over whom Bothwell held hereditary dominion, were in a state of dangerous insubordination in consequence of his exile, and committing all sorts of outrages on their fellow-subjects, in which they were encouraged by the English authorities. It was imperatively necessary, under these circumstances, to send a strong military force to the Border, both to repress such outrages as the above, and to prevent an inbreak from the English side. No man appeared to the Queen and her council so suitable for this service as Bothwell, who knew the country, the people, and the peculiar nature of the warfare carried on in those districts. Moreover, the petty chiefs, his vassals, who were at present in a state of brigandism for want of their hereditary leader, would all be ready to obey his behests and follow his banner. Darnley opposed the appointment, and signified his pleasure that his father, the Earl of Lennox, should be made Lieutenant of the Border. However dear to Queen Mary the husband was for whose sake she had involved herself in a war with her nobles, she could not allow her regal authority and experience in the government of the realm to be overborne by a petulant youth of his age. She carried her point, but not without a contest, which acquired undesirable publicity, and is thus reported to Cecil by Randolph: "This also shall not be unknown unto you, what jars there are already risen between her and her husband: she to have her will one way, and he another; he to have his father Lieutenant-general, and she to have the Earl of Bothwell; he to have this man preferred, and she another."

It is certain that Mary was ill at ease, either in mind or body, at that time. Captain Cockburn, one of Cecil's agents—who had his audience of her on the 22nd of September, and took the opportunity, for the purpose of serving his friends the insurgent Lords, to represent to her the troubles which originated from the dissensions between the King her father and the Douglas faction, and that there was every prospect of the quarrel between her and her rebels producing even more disastrous consequences—

says "she wept wondrous sore, and said, 'I know you love the contrary part.' 'I do love them and the religion both,' replied Cockburn; 'and not the less am I of good mind to do your Grace service, or else I had not taken so great travail and pains, and great expense, to come and see you.'" Touched by this deceitful profession, Mary took his arm, and allowed him the honour of conducting her to her chamber, where he left her: she came not out for two days, till the French ambassador, M. Mauvissière de Castelnau, arrived in Edinburgh; "and if I said much," observes Cockburn, "he said more, and made her to weep again. She and her Council allege Mauvissière and I are retained by England, and all because we show her the truth." It is amusing to find Cockburn, while engaged in writing to the English Secretary malign reports of his native Sovereign's conduct, carrying hypocrisy so far as to complain even to him of her accusing him "of being in the interest of England," as if he expected to deceive his very employer.

The King and Queen-mother of France, having appointed M. Mauvissière de Castelnau to carry their congratulations to Queen Mary and Darnley on their marriage, proposed to Mary that he should endeavour to mediate an accommodation between her and the Queen of England. Mary joyfully accepted this offer; but Mauvissière, in passing through London, had been induced by Elizabeth and de Foix, the French ambassador there, to include the rebel Lords in this pacific negotiation, and for that purpose obtained letters from the King of France, addressed to them. This step was taken without consulting Mary, who was much annoyed at the idea of treating with her own subjects through the intervention of a foreign power, or indeed treating with them at all, as she was in a position to dictate to them, and would accept nothing from them but unconditional submission. She explained to the ambassador "that nothing had been done on her part to provoke the revolt; that she had made no alteration in the established religion; and in regard to her marriage, the insurgent Lords had agreed to it in the first instance, and then endeavoured to prevent it, wishing to be Kings themselves, instead of subjects. They were devoid of faith to their native Sovereign, having applied for aid to the Queen of England, and offered to become tributaries to her, instead of performing their leal duty to their Queen and country. Her spirit was too high," she said, "to allow subjects like these to give laws to her, and convert her realm, which from ancient time had been a monarchy, into a republic. She would prefer death to seeing it come to that." With tears in her eyes, she observed that "her whole reliance was on France, which would lose somewhat if she were crushed, seeing that the Kings of France had often had good service from the Scots. "Let the King your master understand," she said, "the impossibility of my making a good accord with men who have conspired to kill my husband."

The next morning Queen Mary appointed Mauvissière to meet her in the garden of Holyrood Palace, where he found her walking with her consort. Mary told the ambassador "she was going to assemble her Council, to submit the question to the decision of those gentlemen; but she could assure him they were all preparing for arms, and hoped to be ready to march by the end of the month," adding, "that if it were their advice to give battle to the rebels, she intended to be there in person, with the King her husband." "Supposing they were to be found equal to you in force, would you peril your life and crown on the hazard of a battle?" inquired the ambassador. "Yes," she replied; "I would, rather than not maintain my dignity as a Queen." Of Darnley the following report is communicated: "As to the King of Scotland, it is not possible to see a more beautiful Prince, and he is accomplished in all courtly exercises. He wishes much that these enterprises were at an end, that he might go and see the King of France. He says, 'he should like to have a good stud of horses, and means to buy some in France.'"

Mary, who was far from well at this time, complained much of pain in her heart, and faintness. She showed Mauvissière several letters written by the insurgents to their friends and relations in Edinburgh, which they nad voluntarily brought to her; on the other hand, she had the pain of discovering that several of the richest merchants in Edinburgh, who had, under the pretext of poverty, excused themselves from obliging her with a loan for the defence of her Crown, had been secretly assisting the insurgent Lords with large sums of money. Seventeen of the offending parties were summoned to appear before their Majesties and the Privy Council; and some of them, refusing to obey, were brought forcibly. The Queen spoke them courteously, stating her need of pecuniary aid, and requested them to lend her a thousand marks. At the mention of this sum they all stood speechless; whereupon Sir James Balfour told them "they were very ill advised if they refused to grant what had been so civilly asked for by their Sovereign Lady, who had no occasion to stand on much ceremony with them, seeing that the greater number of them deserved to be hanged for sending that money to her rebels which they churlishly refused to her," and forthwith "caused them all to be warded in the Auld Tower, wherein my Lord of Moray used to lodge, till they thought better of the matter." Six of the most contumacious were next day committed to Edinburgh Castle, with an intimation that they must prepare to undergo the law for the misdemeanour of which they had been guilty.[1] On the third day they were glad to compound the matter for the sum required, namely, 1000 marks. Those who had met the rebel Lords at Dumfries had to pay another 1000 marks,—a very light mulct for an overt act of treason; and well for them it was they had so merciful

[1] Diurnal of Occurrents. Knox, Hist. Ref. Scot. Council Register.

a Sovereign to deal with. A loan of 10,000 marks was amicably adjusted between the Queen and the Corporation of Edinburgh, on condition of her granting them the superiority of Leith. The Queen had already pledged part of her jewels for 2000 marks—a sum, as Randolph sneeringly observes, very inadequate to her necessities, having so many soldiers to pay, and money not to be had in Edinburgh.

Mary writes with ease and spirit, on the 1st of October, to Beton, archbishop of Glasgow, her ambassador at the Court of France, giving a brief sketch of the state of affairs at this stirring time: "As for our news, you know that Mauvissière had commission to mediate. This I willingly accepted in regard to the Queen my neighbour, but not between myself and my subjects. Conducting themselves as they have done, I would rather lose everything. I am sure you will have heard enough on this point from your brother, and since from Chalmers; and of late they have gone from bad to worse. They are now at Dumfries, and mean to remain there till I set out from hence: that will be to-morrow. Then I hear they intend for England, and expect to be strengthened against me with three hundred English harquebussiers, and vaunt of succour both by sea and land to maintain them against our army. This ought to be ready to march to-morrow, or the day after at the latest. The King and I intend to take the field in person."[1] The royal writer proceeds to direct her minister to solicit pecuniary aid of the Court of France, and to keep a watchful eye on the intrigues of her rebels with the French Protestants.

Notwithstanding her earnest desire of taking the field against the rebels on the 2nd or 3rd of October, Mary found herself detained in Edinburgh till the 8th, on which day she wrote an earnest letter of remonstrance to Queen Elizabeth, complaining of the encouragement she was giving the rebel Lords. The same day she left Edinburgh with her consort and her army. Her ladies having flagged and hung back on the march during her first campaign, her Majesty determined not to expose them to the hardships, perils, and fatigues which she was herself resolved to share, if necessary, on this occasion, with the loyal muster who followed the Lion banner. She therefore took with her but one of her maids of honour, and this was doubtless Mary Seton, who never failed her royal mistress in times of difficulty.

A muster of eighteen thousand men had assembled at Biggar, in Lanarkshire, to meet and serve their Sovereign Lady, and at the head of this powerful army Mary entered Dumfries in triumph on the 12th of October. The rebel Lords fled at her approach across the English border, and took refuge at Carlisle. Mary had been accused of a vindictive temper: if this had been the case, she had now full opportunity of exercising it on the men of Dumfries, where her rebels had

[1] Queen Mary to Beton, Archbishop of Glasgow, Oct. 1.—Labanoff.

been received and cherished for nearly a month; but not her greatest libellers, Buchanan and Randolph, nor even her arch-enemy Knox, bear record of a single act of vengeance on her part. No blood-stained scaffolds marked her triumph, nor were the gates and towers of her palaces loaded with the heads and mangled limbs of victims—such barbarities being opposed to the nature of Mary Stuart, whose leading characteristic was benevolence and feminine compassion. As an instance of her forgiving disposition, her conduct to Lord Maxwell of Terregles may be cited. He, though one of the Wardens of the Border, had entertained the insurgent Lords, subscribed with them, and spoken as highly against their enemies as any of themselves; he had even raised a troop of horse for their service with a thousand pounds of English money, which he had received for that purpose.[1] On the retreat of his friend Moray and his confederates, he desired to return to his allegiance, and the third day after the arrival of the Queen and her consort he was brought to them by the Earl of Bothwell and other nobles, who offered to become sureties for him; she graciously accepted his submission, and granted him pardon on condition of his being a faithful and obedient subject for the future.

Mary's bloodless victory over her foes being achieved, she disbanded her army and returned in peace and joy to her metropolis with her husband. She entered Edinburgh on the 18th of October, only ten days after she had left it to pursue the vigorous and successful enterprise against which Elizabeth of England, Paul de Foix, and Mauvissière, had so strenuously laboured to dissuade her.

Mary and Darnley had seen such reason to suspect Morton, that on the 24th day of October he was, by the royal order, compelled to surrender the Castle of Tantallon to John Earl of Athol, and George Drummond was appointed by them Captain of that mighty fortress, the rightful patrimony of Darnley's mother, the Lady Margaret Douglas, Countess of Lennox.[2] This envied inheritance was also claimed by Ruthven, the husband of Janet Douglas, the elder daughter of the Lady Margaret's father by a previous tie, which the late Queen Margaret Tudor had, when she was tired of Angus, allowed to be a lawful marriage in order to dissolve her own. These complicated claims on the Angus honours and estates had a fatal influence on the destiny of him who, as the beloved consort of the Sovereign, occupied the most formidable position of the rival heirs of Angus. As long as Darnley was supported by the prudence and popularity of the Queen, and her love surrounded him with defences, it would have been impossible to harm him. The failure of the recent attempts against the royal pair had proved that other means than open violence must be resorted to, and

[1] Knox, History of the Reformation in Scotland.
[2] Diurnal of Occurrents.

that those who desired to destroy either or both must first divide the conjugal union in which their mutual strength consisted ; for while that remained unbroken, Mary and Darnley stood on impregnable ground.

The first insinuation against Mary's reputation as a woman emanated from her base brother Moray, who consigned to the ready pen of Randolph the task of disseminating vague but malignant hints, tending to defame her, his sister and Sovereign, whom he dared neither face in the senate nor the field. The document wherein his mysterious aspersion against her is promulgated to Cecil, is dated the same day the news of the retreat of the rebel Lords from their city of refuge in Scotland, Dumfries, reached Edinburgh.[1] Finding themselves worsted in the game, they resorted to the cowardly weapons of calumny, but calumny as yet nameless and undefined. These are the prefatory notes of the embryo work of villany.

"The hatred conceived against my Lord of Moray is neither for his religion nor that which she now speaketh, that he would take the crown from her, as she hath said lately to myself, but that she knoweth that he understandeth some such secret part not to be named for reverence' sake, that standeth not with her honour. This *reverence*, for all that, he hath to his Sovereign, that I am sure there are *very few* that know this grief."[2]

The select few to whom Moray, in his tender care for his royal sister's honour, had confided the evil he pretended to have seen in her, were of course the agents he employed, like Randolph, to circulate his slanders, while affecting to lament her follies. The calumniator is but a bungler in his heart who does not give himself credit for his friendly feelings towards the object of his malice, and profess that his tender affection for his victim is only surpassed by his love for truth. Randolph does not forget to mention the contest between Mary and Darnley, whether Lennox or Bothwell should be intrusted with the commandership-in-chief of the military force of the realm. He, too, had taken the liberty to remonstrate, in his Sovereign's name, against the appointment of the powerful border chief to his old hereditary office as the guardian of the frontier ; but Mary naturally regarded the objections of her English neighbour to Bothwell as strong arguments in favour of his fitness for the post. Randolph assured her "that Bothwell had spoken despitefully, not only of Queen Elizabeth, but of herself." Mary listened with indifference,[3] and scarcely concealed the fact that the ill-will manifested by his royal mistress to Bothwell was the best voucher she could have of his integrity.

Mary's party in England had been so greatly strengthened by her political marriage with a Prince whose English birth and nurture naturally endeared him to the prejudices as well as the affections of a

[1] Randolph to Cecil, Oct. 13, 1565—State Paper MS., inedited.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

nation systematically opposed to foreign rulers, that her increasing popularity was regarded with great uneasiness by Elizabeth. The increase of power the late ineffectual attempts of Moray and his confederates to disturb her government had thrown into Mary's hands, together with the retreat of Moray and his troublesome faction, had placed her in a formidable position. There was not a sovereign in Europe who had governed with greater ability, or whose character for wisdom, virtue, and moderation, stood higher than that of Mary Stuart. Randolph, indeed, acting, as we have proved from his own showing, as the organ of her fraternal rival's malice, had commenced employing his lively pen in her depreciation, from the hour she declared her determination to act as a free princess in regard to her marriage. The prospect of her union with Darnley proving fruitful created additional motives for defaming her, and the political libels contained in his letters to Cecil became daily more malignant. It is a curious study to trace the progress of these structures of falsehood, on which, for want of due investigation, some of the heaviest charges against Mary have been based. In a letter addressed by Randolph to his old master, Leicester, he declares "she is no longer the same Mary Stuart whom for four years he had almost daily described as a creature whose perfections passed the belief of those who had not seen her. But this," he naïvely observes, "was at the time when he fancied she was going to marry his noble patron, and all the change he deplored was produced by her infatuation in becoming the wife of Darnley."[1]

As this remarkable document has escaped the attention of all Mary's previous historians, a few extracts from it may prove acceptable to the readers of this biography, by exposing the time-serving inconsistencies in Randolph's representations. "So long," he says, "as I did know that your lordship had credit in this Court, I took no small pleasure, from time to time, to let you understand the state thereof. Sometimes I wrote of the Queen's self, sometimes of the ladies and maidens. Then I thought myself happy, and that I led a good life, and in mine own conceit rejoiced not a little to think what life I should have led, if, through my service and travail, these two countries might have been united in one, and your lordship, to whom I am most bound, to enjoy the Queen thereof."[2] And here it is impossible not to ask, which Queen out of the twain was to have enjoyed both realms, as the wife of the fortunate Leicester? Either death to Mary or treason to Elizabeth must have been meditated. Randolph goes on to lament the change which, since that time, had come over the deluded Scottish Queen. "I may well say that a wilfuller woman, and one more wedded unto her own opinion, without order, reason, and discretion, I never did know or hear of. Her

[1] Randolph to the Earl of Leicester, October 18, 1565—State Paper Office MS., inedited.
[2] Ibid.

husband, in all these conditions, and many worse, far passeth herself. "I fear, therefore," continues he, "I shall be reproved either for lack of constancy, that so far differ from my former opinion, or want of judgment, that could not so far see as that which now I find. To this I answer, that if I alone had so thought of her, and that the same had not been confirmed by many other, unto whom, in deep consideration of all cases of weight and persons they have to do with, I must of reason give place, it might well be thought that I was either overseen in judgment or unadvised in my reports. But if your lordship hath found that whatsoever I have spoken or written in her commendation was confirmed unto the whole world by others, many and divers, what can be judged of me but that, with them, I reported as I found, and that she is so much changed in her nature that she beareth only the shape of that woman she was before?" Mary was still consistent with herself, and the same as when Randolph's reports of her echoed the praises of an admiring world; but the circumstances in which she now stood were altered: his pen had received a different bias, and it had become with him a political duty to defame her. He facetiously assures Leicester, however, "that he would not have found himself beguiled if he had married Mary in consequence of his commendations, for all the evil that now appeared in her was the result of her disappointment in not getting so good a husband."

It would appear that Queen Mary about this period became aware of the superiority of Mary Seton, both in principles and conduct, to those light-minded coquettes, Mary Beton and Mary Fleming, and selected her for her confidential attendant and travelling companion. Mary Fleming was at this time sought in marriage by Lethington, who was regarded with well-deserved suspicion, in consequence of his intrigues with England.

The innuendoes of Randolph are somewhat discursive at this date, shooting at two marks—the secret confederacy for defamation of royalty not having decided whether to select the one-eyed Border chief, or the deformed Piedmontese secretary, as the alleged object of the beauteous Mary's favour. They fixed on both successively, commencing with the latter, because his office necessarily required him to be frequently alone with the Queen in her cabinet, when reading and writing letters not of a nature to be confided to the friends and correspondents of Cecil. The vindictive hatred of Lethington — the most important department of whose office as Secretary of State had long been transferred to Riccio— was especially excited; while Morton, who suspected that his office of Lord-Chancellor was destined to reward the faithful services of this inconvenient foreign interloper, perceived that the only means of effecting his fall would be by exciting the political jealousy of Mary's consort against him, as a person possessing greater influence in her councils than himself; and if, as from her firmness of character and high spirit it might be

anticipated, she refused to dismiss him from her service, suspicions of a nature injurious to her honour were to be infused, the self-importance, weak judgment, and irascible temper of Darnley rendering him a meet instrument for the purpose. Darnley had already begun to neglect his beautiful consort, affecting the society of roysterers of his own age, and preferring the excitement of the chase and field-sports to her company; nor was it possible to induce him to attend to the regular routine of business indispensably connected with the regal office. Like Robert the Unready, he was always out of the way when any matter of importance required his presence and attention.

Meanwhile Mary awaited in anxious suspense intelligence of the line of conduct adopted by Queen Elizabeth towards her rebel Lords who had taken refuge in England. As these, however, had failed in their enterprise, and public opinion was in favour of Mary, not only in Scotland but in England also, they were unwelcome visitors to their royal ally, from whom they got nothing but scorn and incivility. "It was only," says Knox, "through his true friend, M. de Foix, the French ambassador, that Moray, after several repulses, obtained audience. Elizabeth asked him sternly, 'how he, a rebel to her sister of Scotland, durst take the boldness upon him to come into her realm?' These and the like words got he, instead of the good and courteous entertainment he expected.[1] 'Madam,' said Moray, 'whatsoever thing your Majesty meant in your heart we are ignorant; but thus much we know assuredly, that we had lately faithful promises of aid and support from your ambassador and familiar servants, in your name; and further, we have your own handwriting confirming the said promises.'"[2] Finally, however, Elizabeth insisted "that Moray and his companion should confess to her on their knees, in the presence of the French and Spanish ambassadors, that she had never moved them to that opposition and resistance to their Sovereign's marriage."[3] When Moray and Kilwinning entered to perform the parts prescribed to them, they knelt, and Moray began his harangue in Scotch. Elizabeth, rudely interrupting him, bade him speak French. He objected his imperfect acquaintance with that language. "You understand it quite well enough for this purpose," rejoined she, and Moray submitted to repeat his lesson in concert with his colleague.[4] "Now," exclaimed Elizabeth, "ye have told the truth; for neither did I, nor any in my name, stir ye up against your Queen, for your abominable treason might serve for example to move my own subjects to rebel against me; therefore pack you out of my presence, ye are but unworthy traitors." "Howbeit," observes Melville, "she had promised anew to help and assist them to the uttermost of their power, with condition that they would

[1] Hist. Ref. Scot., vol. ii. p. 513—Wodrow edition.
[2] Ibid. [3] Sir James Melville's Memoirs.
[4] Letter of Guzman de Silva to Philip II., Nov. 5, 1565—Archives of Simanças.

please her so far as to sit down on their knees in presence of the said ambassadors, and make the foresaid false confession."[1] So much for the truth and honour of the blunt, honest Earl of Moray. Elizabeth took great credit, in a letter she wrote to Mary, for the rating she had bestowed on these tools of her crooked policy. "I could have wished," writes she, "that your ears had been judges to hear both the honour and affection which I manifested towards you, to the complete disproof of what is stated, that I defended your rebel subjects against you."[2]

Mary triumphantly published the gratifying intelligence to her Court, and ordered letters announcing the fact to be written, and forwarded to all parts of Scotland. Darnley was, as usual, absent on a hawking expedition, and not expected to return for five or six days. But Mary's pleasure was incomplete till she had made her husband participant of the joyful news. She sent an express in quest of him, and he returned to Holyrood Abbey at eleven o'clock that night; but though the next day was Sunday, not all her charms and endearments could detain him in Edinburgh. He left her at seven in the morning, and returned to his pastime in the country,[3] where he absented himself for several days, leaving Mary to hold her Councils and transact the most difficult affairs as best she might without him. The truant consort was not the less prepared to vindicate his marital authority and regal dignity, by carping and cavilling at every measure adopted by his royal consort, with the advice of her Council, unless especially sanctioned by him.

CHAPTER XX.

SCARCELY had Mary congratulated herself on the discomfiture of her rebel Lords, and the friendly professions of Queen Elizabeth to herself, ere that subtle Princess prepared to annoy her on the delicate point of her consort's regality, by instructing Randolph to demand a safe-conduct for two gentlemen whom she desired to send on an especial mission to her. Mary was perfectly willing to grant the safe-conduct, but etiquette required it should be signed by Darnley as well as herself; and Randolph said, "that as his royal mistress had not acknowledged him for King, and wrote of him in her letter as 'the Lord Darnley,' he could in no case accept it in his name." "I had much ado with her in this matter," observes our diplomatist. "The matter was debated in Council, where it was concluded, after great debate, that I should have my obstinate will, notwithstanding all former promises made to the King that no act should pass,

[1] Sir James Melville's Memoirs, Bannatyne edition, p. 136.
[2] Elizabeth to Queen Mary, 29th October, 1565—Labanoff's Appendix, vol. vii.
[3] Randolph to Cecil, Nov. 8, 1565—State Paper MS., inedited.

or public instrument, that his hand should not be at it."[1] The decision of the Council, that it was wiser to concede the point than to enter into a quarrel with so formidable a neighbour as Elizabeth, was made on the 5th of November, in Darnley's absence.

At this period Mary's father-in-law, the Earl of Lennox, the Earls of Athol, Cassillis, and divers others, went openly with her and her consort to attend the mass in her chapel. The Earls of Huntley and Bothwell refused to oblige her by that compliance. "As for the King," continues our authority, "he past his time in hunting and hawking, and such other pleasures as were agreeable to his appetite, having in his company gentlemen willing to satisfy his will and affections."[2] In order to join companions, whose society had greater attractions for Darnley than that of the most beautiful and accomplished princess in Europe, he departed on the 19th of November into Fifeshire, to pass his time for eight or ten days, leaving Mary seriously ill, having kept her chamber, and mostly her bed, five days, with grievous pain in the side. The frequent absences of the reckless partner whom she had in evil hour associated with herself in her regal office, placed Mary in a painful dilemma between her duty to her realm and her respect for him; for either the whole business of the State must come to a dead stop while awaiting the leisure and convenience of the truant boy, or she must treat him as a nullity, by exercising the functions of government without his personal co-operation. With feminine adroitness, she endeavoured to evade these distressing alternatives, and to keep her promise that her husband's hand should be affixed to all public acts and deeds, by having an iron stamp made with the fac-simile of his signature, which, after she had written her own name, was affixed in her presence by her secretary, and his confidential friend, David Riccio, to such papers as required immediate despatch, and could not tarry for his uncertain return. This arrangement was made, even Buchanan admits, with Darnley's consent, that he might be free to enjoy his pleasure without impeding the necessary course of business; for the Queen had represented to him, "that while he was busy hawking and hunting, matters of importance were unseasonably delayed, and sometimes wholly omitted."[3] Such, then, is the simple, and surely satisfactory, explanation of a circumstance which the same writer has, with all the shameless hardihood of falsehood, cited as an instance of Mary's injurious treatment of her husband, asserting that it was to defraud him of his proper share in public business, and this in the face of the previous statement, that Darnley preferred his pastimes to the restraint and trouble of performing these duties. It was, however, in his absence only, and then as a matter of necessity, that recourse was had to this expedient, which effectually preserved his regal identity to the world; for in proclamations, and other printed papers, one

[1] Randolph to Cecil, Nov. 8, 1565—State Paper Office MS., inedited. See also the proceedings of the Privy Council, Nov. 5—Printed in Keith, 318.
[2] Knox, Hist. Ref. Scot.
[3] Buchanan, History of Scotland.

or two persons at the utmost would be aware that the King's name was not an autograph signature. Existing documents afford abundant proof, that whenever he and the Queen were together, his name was written by his own hand, as it always had been, after hers. The papers themselves demonstrate the fact, that no change ever took place in the order of their signatures—for Mary's name always had stood first, as in reason it would, her husband's regality being entirely from her favour.

Mary remained sick and lonely at Holyrood till the 3rd of December, when, finding herself able to undertake that short journey, she went to Linlithgow for change of air, in the hope also of meeting her truant husband. "She is gone to be very quiet," writes Randolph, "and will have no repair. A few in number convoyed her out of this town, and the most part are come back again. She hath taken with her only the women of her chamber, because she would be the more quiet." On account of her situation, Mary travelled in her litter. Rejoicing in the prospect of domestic disquiet for the young royal matron, Randolph observes: "I see no great likelihood of long accord between her father-in-law, the Earl of Lennox, and her, of whom she hath already wished 'that he had not set his foot in Scotland in her days.'" Mary had only too much reason to feel this; for the presence of Lennox was fatal to her hopes of wedded happiness—his selfish ambition being the exciting cause of his son's importunities for her to grant him the crown matrimonial, meaning no less than that she should depute to him the whole executive power of the government in right of being her husband, while she sank into the inferior position of a Queen-consort. Mary mortally offended Lennox, and displeased her husband, by accepting the humble submission of the Duke de Châtelherault, and allowing him, his sons and kinsmen, to retain their estates, and according her pardon for their offences, on condition of his living in voluntary exile for five years. In consequence of this act of royal clemency, Lennox found himself disappointed of the revenge he had hoarded for three-and-twenty years against his rival kinsman, and lost the opportunity of appropriating the earldom of Arran, and filling his empty coffers with the wealth of the Hamiltons. The ill-will of both father and son to David Riccio was first incurred by his refusing to assist them in compassing the ruin of the Hamiltons, and advising the Queen to follow the dictates of womanly compassion and princely magnanimity, by extending her grace to her fallen foes instead of pressing too hardly upon them.[1]

Sir James Melville at this time, finding himself coldly treated by both Mary and Darnley, on account of his known friendship with Moray, and perceiving that dangerous times were at hand, asked permission to go abroad. The Queen replied, "he might do her good service at home if he pleased." "She desired me," says Melville, "'to wait upon the King,

[1] Memorial for Cosmo, Duke of Tuscany, in Labanoff, Appendix, vol. vii.

who was yet but young, and to give him and her good advice, as I was wont to do, that might help her to eschew all apparent inconveniences;' and gave me her hand 'that she should take in good part whatever I spoke, as proceeding from a loving and faithful servant,' willing me also 'to be friend unto Seigneur David, who was hated without cause.'"[1] Melville availed himself of the liberty Queen Mary had given him to plead the cause of his friend Moray, artfully representing to her that she should take that opportunity of conciliating him, and proving how much better her service was than that of the English Sovereign. The moral justice in Mary's character revolted from this idea. She would not listen to the suggestion of receiving to her grace those traitors, after they had been publicly disgraced by their employer. Melville urged the impolicy of driving them to despair, and insinuated that they might cause her some trouble by their enterprises. "I defy them," exclaimed Mary, with a burst of right royal spirit. "What should they do, and what dare they to do?" Melville told her he had heard wide speeches of strange things that might befall ere the Parliament she was about to summon ended. "After I had been this way in hand with her Majesty," continues he, "I entered with Sir David in the same manner, for then he and I were under good friendship; but he disdained all danger, and despised counsel, so that I was compelled to say 'I feared late repentance.'"

Sir Nicholas Throckmorton wrote a very plausible letter to Mary, advising her to pardon and restore the rebels as a measure of good policy. "For albeit," observes he, "it cannot be denied but my Lord Moray hath misused himself to your Majesty, and your Majesty has good cause to be offended with him, yet it is hard to persuade the Protestants some part of his grief is not for religion." This reasoning made great impression on Mary, "as well," observes Melville, "for the good opinion she had of him that sent it, as being of her own nature more inclined to mercy than to rigour. She took a resolution to follow this advice, and to postpone the Parliament that was set to forfault the Lords that were fled. Seigneur David appeared to be also won to the same effect; for my Lord Moray had suited him very earnestly, and more humbly than any man would have believed, with the present of a fair diamond enclosed within a letter full of repentance and fair promises from that time forth to be his friend and protector,[2] which the said David granted to do with the better will that he perceived the King to bear him little good-will, and to glowm upon him."

The excessive intimacy which subsisted between Darnley and Riccio, both before and after the Queen's marriage, was first broken by Riccio refusing to accompany that misconducted prince to disorderly houses, to

[1] Sir James Melville's Memoirs, Bannatyne edition.
[2] Sir James Melville's Memoirs, p. 140.

join in his inebriate revels.[1] Darnley took umbrage at this, and was at no pains to conceal his hostility. As soon as this was observed, every means was used by his maternal kinsmen, Morton, Ruthven, and George Douglas, commonly called the Postulate—an illegitimate son of his grandfather, the late Earl of Angus—to inflame his mind against the luckless little secretary, as a person whom they pretended "possessed greater influence with the Queen than himself, and who was, they persuaded him, the cause why the Queen did not give him the crown-matrimonial of Scotland."[2] Darnley demanded this of Mary with the most vexatious and angry importunity. The joint sovereignty which, as far as her power went, she had bestowed upon him satisfied him not. He would be all or nothing, acting as the spirit of his family *mot* dictated: "*Avant Darnlé—Jamais darrière!*" He considered himself an injured person that no arrangements had been made for his coronation, without pausing to inquire how the funds for so expensive a ceremonial were to be provided. Mary had exhausted all the resources of the Crown, as well as the personal income she derived from her jointure, in paying her levies for the suppression of the rebellion. Randolph, who had by some means probed the depth of her purse, triumphantly assures Cecil "that money she had none, except about fifteen hundred francs which had been sent her out of France," adding that "three great horses had been bought in that country by the Lord Seton, and presented to Darnley."[3] It was impossible for an income to be assigned to him till the Parliament met; he was, therefore, for the present entirely dependent on the liberality of his consort, and she was almost in a state of insolvency at this period, the lavish grants to her ungrateful brother Moray, and other recipients of her royal bounty, having devoured the larger portion of the Crown lands during her minority. The laws of Scotland had wisely provided that the Sovereign, on arriving at years of discretion, might revoke, with consent of Parliament, all grants of such property. Mary did not disguise her intention of availing herself of that privilege for the relief of her pecuniary distress. Nor was this the only cause of alarm to the selfish legislators who had imposed on the youth and inexperience of their liege lady, for it was suspected that she contemplated causing a parliamentary investigation to be made of the titles of the lay abbots, priors, commendators, and bishops, to retain the ecclesiastical domains and jurisdictions they had appropriated to themselves within the last six years. The reluctance of the greedy impropriators to relinquish their prey, presented a serious obstacle to Mary's desire of applying this vast fund to the general good, instead of allowing it to be a source of individual benefit to persons who had made the sacred name of zeal for religion a pretext for increasing their own estates.

[1] Keralio's Elizabeth.
[2] Lives of the Douglases, by Hume of Godscroft.
[3] Randolph to Cecil, Dec. 25, 1565. State Paper MS.

The Queen purposed annexing the whole of the vacant Church property to the Crown, for the maintenance of the working clergy—including those of her own Church in districts where it was, as in Aberdeenshire and the Highlands, the predominant faith. Parochial schools, collegiate institutions, were also to be established, as well as hospitals for the sick and destitute; and the surplus was to be employed in the business of government, and the defence of the realm, in order to obviate the necessity of raising taxes. If this project could have been accomplished by Mary, she might have rendered herself the greatest female Sovereign the world ever saw; but though the hearts of her people were hers, her nobles were, for the most part, alarmed at the prospect of a measure likely to deprive them of any portion of their prey. It was only by the aid of the middle class — that scarcely recognized yet mighty centrifugal power, whose political views are always based on principles of moral justice—that Mary Stuart could have hoped to achieve her object, and check the increasing tyranny of the oligarchy. A fragment has been preserved among her private memorandums on the duties of a sovereign, containing two remarkable sentences illustrative of her private opinion in regard to the privileges of hereditary rank, and her enlightened ideas as to the claims of real merit. "What ought a monarch to do," she inquires, "if his ancestor have ennobled a man of worth, whose offspring has become degenerate? Must it be that the monarch is compelled to hold in like esteem with the wise and valiant father, the son who is undeserving, selfish, and a violator of the laws? If, on the other hand, the monarch find a man of low degree, poor in this world's goods, but of a generous spirit and faithful heart, and fitted for the service he requires, may he not venture to put such a one in authority, because the nobles, having formerly monopolized all offices, desire to do so still?"[1]

Mary Stuart possessed regnal talent and personal energy enough to have remodelled the defective constitution of Scotland, and she would have been supported by the centrifugal force of her people, if she had been of the same religion with them; but the bondage of the Latin Church had been too recently broken for the fierceness of the passions excited by the struggle to have subsided; and much as Mary was herself beloved and revered, the influence of her spiritual counsellors was regarded with jealous distrust. Besides, Mary was no longer a perfectly free agent, having entangled herself with a headstrong boy-husband, who at this time not only made a most ostentatious parade of his unpopular mode of worship, but declared his intention of re-establishing it as the national faith in Scotland.

On the Christmas eve Darnley attended the midnight mass in the Chapel-royal at Holyrood, was at matins before day, and heard the high mass devoutly on his knees; while Mary, for the first time in her life neg-

[1] Labanoff's Recueil des Lettres de Marie Stuart, Appendix.

lecting these services, is said to have employed the chief part of the night in playing cards.[1] The differences between the royal pair, though quite sufficient to infuse acerbity in the cup of wedded love, had not at this period arisen to any serious height; for Randolph sarcastically observes, "Some private disorders there are among themselves, but because they may be but *amantium iræ*, or household words as poor men speak, it maketh no matter if it grow no farther." Too many evil-minded men there were, who made it their business to inflame these lovers' quarrels into feelings of reciprocal anger and disdain.

A medal had been struck in honour of Mary's marriage with her English cousin, charged with the profiles of the royal pair facing each other, and surrounded with the legendary superscription, surmounted by a thistle, of "Henricus, Maria, D. G. Scotorum Re. R.;"[2] but Darnley's portrait was never impressed on the current coin of the realm, neither did his name ever stand before the Queen's upon it; although Randolph, in the letter mentioning their lovers' quarrels, asserts "that the money was coined, when they first married, with both their faces, and his name first, and that this was called in, and the alteration made in the new coinage," of which he sends Cecil a specimen, describing its weight and value. This was the first large silver piece ever coined in Scotland, called the Mary Rial, and by some the Cruickston dollar, from the popular idea that the crowned palm-tree on the reverse was intended to represent the famous Cruickston yew growing beneath the walls of the ancestral seat of the Stuarts of Lennox and Darnley, Cruickston Castle—the motto, "*Dat gloria viris*," being evidently intended for a compliment to the King-consort, but a palm-tree it undoubtedly is; and the circumscription "*Exurgat . Deus . et . dissipantur . inimici . ejus .*"[3] On the reverse is a shield with the royal arms, surmounted by a close crown, and supported by a thistle on either side, with the names, "Maria et Henricus, Dei gratia Regina et Rex Scotorum." A coin with the faces of the royal pair, and the name of Henry preceding Mary, Randolph might describe, but could not send to Cecil, because it was simply the coinage of his own inventive brain, and not of Mary's mint. This numismatic myth, which has passed current in history for nearly three centuries, never formed part of the currency of Scotland, not even in Mary's honeymoon, when her weakness for her bonny bridegroom was at its height. She was in great want of money at that time, but too poor to have the power of coining any. The active exertions requisite for putting down the insurrection occupied her attention, and the Mary Rial was the first issue of money subsequent to her marriage with Darnley. The vulgar errors of history are always based on political falsehoods, established by the hardihood of

[1] Randolph to Cecil, Dec. 25, 1565—State Paper MS.
[2] Nicholson's Coins of Scotland. The act for the coinage of the Rial is dated Dec. 22, 1565.
[3] By Arnot translated, "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered."

assertion, and perpetuated by the indolence of writers, who find it easier and more profitable work to take things as they find them, than putting themselves to the trouble of testing their verity.

Soon after Christmas, Darnley, in sullen mood with his consort for withholding what she had no power to confer—the crown-matrimonial of Scotland—withdrew himself from her conjugal society, and went into Peeblesshire, with a few of his intimate associates, in quest of amusement more to his taste than the princely pleasures of Holyrood. Buchanan asserts that this was a compulsory absence on the part of Darnley, pretending that "he was sent there by the Queen, with a very small retinue, to be out of the way;" adding, "that as the snow soon after fell in great quantities," a contingency for which Mary seems to have been considered answerable, "he would have been in want of the necessaries of life, if the Bishop of Orkney had not brought him some wine and other provisions."[1] Any comment on the absurdity of such a tale is rendered needless by the evidence of a letter from the Earl of Lennox to his son, proving that Darnley, who certainly had a will of his own, had announced that it was his pleasure to proceed to Peebles, and spend some time there, several days before it was possible, on account of the bad weather, to undertake that short journey from Edinburgh; and that the principal object of the expedition was a meeting between the father and son, probably unknown to the Queen, who was not on friendly terms with Lennox just then. This letter bears too importantly on the question of the credibility of the charges brought against Mary Stuart to be omitted; for, without even mentioning her name, it exonerates her from one of Buchanan's twice-repeated calumnies, and thus, by the righteous law of evidence, nullifies every other deposition of a witness so malignant and untruthful.

THE EARL OF LENNOX TO HIS SON KING HENRY.[2]

"SIR,—I have received by my servant Nisbet your natural and kind letter, for the which I humbly thank your Majesty; and as to the contents thereof, I will not trouble you therein, but defer the same till I wait upon your Majesty at Peebles, which shall be so soon as I may hear of the certainty of your going thither. And for that the extremity of the stormy weather causes me to doubt of your setting forward so soon on your journey, therefore I stay till I hear farther from your Majesty, which I shall humbly beseech you I may, and I shall not fail to wait upon you accordingly. Thus committing your Majesty to the blessing and governance of Almighty God, who preserve you in health, long life, and happy reign.

"From Glasgow, this 26th day of December.

"Your Majesty's humble subject and father,

"MATHEW LEVENAX."

The servile prostration of style adopted by Lennox in addressing his son, at a period when the most absolute submission was claimed by parents from their children, indicates the arrogant temper of the spoiled

[1] Buchanan, Hist. Scot., vol. ii. p. 307. Also repeated in The Detection, by the same author, with exaggerations.

[2] Preface to Keith, from the Archives of the Scotch College, Paris.

child, who could exact such unbecoming homage from his father. He probably expected no less from his royal wife. Some dissension, however, there had been between the father and son in the month of September, when Lennox, wearied of the over-weening insolence and tyranny of the latter, departed from Court in disgust.[1] The object of Darnley's expedition to Peebles, whatever it might be, did not detain him many days, for he was again in Edinburgh, and tormenting Mary, with the petulant importunity of a spoiled child, for the matrimonial crown the second week in January.

Randolph, though he had been for the last eight months the great political organ for defamation of the Queen of Scots, attributes no blame to her on this occasion, but merely says, "I cannot tell what misliking of late there hath been between her Grace and her husband: he presseth earnestly for the matrimonial crown, which she is loth hastily to grant, but willing to keep somewhat in store until she know how well he is worthy to enjoy such a sovereignty."[2] Elizabeth, who always objected to men who were inaccessible to her bribes, instructed Randolph to present a remonstrance against the appointment of the new wardens of the southern Border. Randolph being as usual most importunate for audience whenever it was inconvenient for Mary to attend to business, she was under the necessity of receiving him, as she often did when not well enough to rise, in her bed-chamber. She apologized "for being in bed, for that she had not slept that night;" and such was the coarseness of the times, that the ambassador made a facetious allusion to her Majesty's situation as the probable cause of her unrest; on which she smiled, and said, "Indeed, I may now speak with more assurance than before I did, and think myself more out of doubt that it should be as you think."[3]

It was clearly too much to Mary's interest as a Sovereign of Scotland, and the next in blood to the English succession, to give publicity to the prospect of an heir, for her, by any affected reserves of false delicacy, to allow doubts to be entertained on that subject. Randolph, nevertheless, scruples not in his reports to Cecil to insinuate that it was not so. Nothing can, indeed, afford more convincing proof of the hostility which at this period animated his pen against Mary, than his endeavours to discredit her hopes of maternity. The certainty of these had, however, been triumphantly announced on the 19th of December by the Earl of Lennox to his imprisoned Countess, as the best comfort he could impart to cheer her woeful captivity. His letter was intercepted by Queen Elizabeth, who threatened to hang the bearer. A temporary reconciliation between Mary and Lennox appears to have taken place after the meeting of the father and son at Peebles, for Lennox was at the Court of Holyrood early

[1] Strype's Annals.
[2] Randolph to Cecil, January 16, 1566—Stevenson's [Illustrations.
[3] Ibid., January 29, 1566.

in February, and an active assistant at the Roman Catholic services in the Chapel-royal.

Mary despatched Robert Melville to England on the 2nd of that month with a friendly letter to Queen Elizabeth, expressive of her desire for an improvement of all amicable relations between them, and also to intercede for Fowler, one of Darnley's attendants, who had lately been arrested in England, and sentenced to be hanged without a trial. Mary might have spared herself the trouble of her supplication, had she known that he was in no real danger, being a vile spy of Elizabeth's own, whose threats against him were mere grimace. In the same letter Mary addresses a brief but touching appeal to Elizabeth in behalf of her mother-in-law, the Countess of Lennox, then in great trouble, and suffering in consequence of the strictness of her imprisonment. "Alas, my good sister," observes the royal pleader, "think, and without passion, if she wished well to her child, whether that deserves punishment; for I am assured that she cannot be found guilty of any act contrary to your inclination." Mary's petition was of course unavailing, and Darnley's mother continued to languish in hopeless durance.

February was a gay and festive month at Holyrood, in consequence of the arrival of Rambouillet, the French ambassador, who came, on the part of the King his master, to compliment Darnley with the investiture of the Order of St Michael. Rambouillet passed through England on his way, and tarried at Elizabeth's Court for a few days, to admit the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Leicester into the companionship of the same order. He had been requested to intercede with Mary for the rebel Scotch Lords by Elizabeth and the French ambassador at her Court, Paul de Foix, the fast friend of Moray; and we find, from an unpublished letter from Randolph to Throckmorton, that a personal interview actually took place between Moray and Rambouillet at Newcastle, at which Moray besought him to endeavour to obtain his pardon and recall, making great professions of loyal affection for his royal sister and his future good conduct, if she would restore him to her favour. Mary had given tokens of relenting, for she had ceased to speak of him with bitterness, and had prorogued the Parliament—summoned to meet on the 7th of February, for the express purpose of passing the acts of attainder—till the 12th of March.[1] Yet when sixteen of the Earl of Glencairn's friends came in a body to Court, and offered on their knees a supplication in favour of that nobleman—who, it may be remembered, acted as Darnley's cup-bearer at the nuptials, and a few days afterwards joined the rebels, with whom he was in secret league—Mary, unable to repress her indignant sense of the treachery of his conduct, tore the petition without reading it, and turned haughtily away from those who had presented it, deigning no other reply

[1] Randolph to Throckmorton, Feb. 7, 1565-6—Advocates' Library, inedited.

to their suit.[1] It is not often that a trait of ungraciousness can be detected in the personal conduct of this Princess.

The proceedings of the royal pair in regard to the ceremonial observances of their religion gave great offence, and excited uneasiness among zealous Protestants at this season. Darnley and his father, with the Earl of Athol and some others, were regular attendants at the mass, and on Candlemas day followed in the procession with three hundred men, carrying their lighted tapers. Darnley swore withal "that he would have a mass again in St Giles's Church ere long." "Upon Saturday," writes Randolph, "he sent for the Lords Fleming, Livingston, and Lindsay, and asked them whether they would be content to go to mass with him, which they refusing, he gave them all very evil words."[2] Mary essayed the power of her persuasive eloquence on the same nobles and her two favourite ministers, Huntley and Bothwell; but they all refused, Bothwell more stoutly than any one, which she took much amiss from him. "The Queen," continues Randolph, "useth speech to some others she useth to take by the hand, and offereth to lead them with her to mass, which things the Earls of Bothwell and Huntley both refuse to do." And to this statement Bedford adds: "The Lord Darnley sometime would shut up the noblemen in chambers, thereby to bring them to hear mass; but such kind of persuasions take no place with them." "This Court is so divided, that we look daily when things will grow to a new mischief; and assuredly, if now the Lords were in Scotland, with small support, I believe they should find some that would stick better unto them," writes Randolph. Our worthy ambassador here alludes to Moray and his outlawed associates, whom Queen Elizabeth and all the members of the English faction had so perseveringly urged Queen Mary to pardon. It must be acknowledged that Randolph's letters justify Mary for refusing to recall home to her realm those who were prepared to abuse her grace by entering into fresh plots against her. Scots who transferred their duty to a foreign sovereign were better out of Scotland. Morton, Mary's Lord Chancellor, their secret confederate, was repeating to her Majesty all Darnley's follies, and warning her of his unfitness to be trusted with more power to do mischief than he already possessed; while, on the other hand, he excited the ambition and piqued the pride of the boy-husband into asserting his marital superiority, by demanding the executive authority of the Crown; finally, he drew him to a private meeting in Lord Ruthven's sick-chamber,[3] with Lindsay and others of the conspirators, where, after blaming him "for the credit enjoyed by David Riccio, to which," they said, "his own

[1] Randolph to Throckmorton, Feb. 7, 1565-6—Advocates' Library, inedited.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Spottiswood's History of the Church of Scotland.

partial favour had in a great measure contributed," and that "this was now turned against himself, who had less weight in the government than that fellow," they succeeded in entangling him in a treasonable correspondence with the banished Lords, and inducing him to recall, without his consort's sanction, those very men whom he had objected to her pardoning when she had been disposed to do so.

The following passage in a letter from Randolph to Cecil, dated February 8th, has deceived those writers who have only taken a superficial view of the subject, into the idea that Mary Stuart was a party to the League. "There was," says he, "a bond lately devised, in which the late Pope, the Emperor, the King of Spain, the Duke of Savoy, with divers princes of Italy, and the Queen-mother (Catharine de Medicis), suspected to be of the same confederacy, agreed to maintain Papistry throughout Christendom. This bond was sent out of France by Thornton, and is subscribed by this Queen, the copy thereof remaining with her, and the principal to be returned very shortly, as I hear, by Mr Stephen Wilson, a fit minister for such devilish devices." Though nothing can be more positive than this statement of Randolph, it is disproved by himself in a subsequent letter, wherein, after mentioning the alleged agreement as if for the first time, he says, "It is come to this Queen's hand, but *not yet confirmed*," and this it certainly never was by Mary Stuart, whose name is not so much as mentioned in connection with the League, by either of the contemporary historians who have entered most fully into the details of that pact, Strada and the elder d'Aubigné—the first the great Protestant authority, the latter a Jesuit, perfectly informed on the subject, and who would have considered it no blame;[1] and although it is generally supposed that the project of crushing the Reformation by an alliance of the Roman Catholic Sovereigns of Europe, for the extirpation of heresy, was first started at the meeting between the royal families of France and Spain, at Bayonne, in the autumn of 1565, there is not the slightest documentary proof that anything in the form of a regular agreement was subscribed by the parties till February 14, 1577, when the Great League was concluded at Peronne; consequently, nothing of the kind was done, or could have been done, by Mary Stuart, as erroneously affirmed by several modern historians.[2] No imputation has been more injurious to the memory of Mary than this charge; but, like many of the accusations that have been brought against her, a little research serves to clear away the calumny.

The ceremonial of the investiture of her consort as a Knight Com-

[1] See also Anquetel, another of the historians of the League, and Lingard, Hist. of Elizabeth's Reign, in which he positively denies that Mary Stuart signed the Treaty of the League, or any of its preliminary articles. See also Carruthers, a Roman Catholic historian of Mary, in his History of Scotland.

[2] Robertson, Gilbert Stuart, Tytler, and Mignet, not one of whom had seen Randolph's second letter contradicting the too hasty assertion in his first.

panion of the Royal French Order of St Michael, was performed in the presence of the Queen Mary and her Court, with great pomp, by Monsieur de Rambouillet and his noble assistants, on Sunday, February 10. The herald's fee on that occasion was Darnley's robe of crimson satin, guarded with black satin and black velvet, with gold aglets, and a chain worth 200 crowns of the sun. The Queen presented Rambouillet, as a token of her esteem, and in acknowledgment of the honour conferred on her consort, a silver basin and ewer, two cups with covers, a salt, and a large trencher, with a spoon, all double gilt, and two horses.

Urgent persuasives were used by Mary and Darnley to induce the nobles to accompany them and the ambassador to the Chapel-royal, on the day of Darnley's investiture; but the most part declined doing so, and went to the sermon. The same evening a banquet was made to the ambassador and his suite by their Majesties "in the old Chapel of Holyrood, which was re-apparelled with fine tapestry and dressed magnificently."[1] The entertainment closed with a mask. Next day their Majesties banquetted the ambassade again, and in the evening there was masking and mumming, in which both the King and Queen took part. On the Tuesday the Lords of the Council gave his Excellency and his company a supper, which was succeeded by a costly mask, performed by the Queen, her husband, David Riccio, and seven others, in rich attire.[2] The death of the unfortunate Italian was even then determined by the perfidious boy who condescended to unite with him as a playfellow in these gay pastimes of the Court. What masking it was! The festivities closed on the 13th with a banquet at Edinburgh Castle, given by the Earl of Mar, at the unusually late dinner-hour of two o'clock. Queen Mary and her consort honoured the entertainment with their presence, out of respect for the company, and the cheer was great. The artillery fired a royal salute when their Majesties left the Castle to return to the Abbey. They gave an entertainment themselves in the evening, as a farewell compliment to the departing ambassade.

In the self-same letter which records the round of banquets, masks, and princely pleasures the royal pair had just enjoyed in the seemly unity of conjugal companionship, Randolph exultingly unfolds to Leicester the items of the black budget prepared with his approval, against the meeting of the Scottish Parliament, by the unscrupulous coalition of traitors who were secretly allied with their Sovereign's husband and his father in a dastardly bond for a murder, in cold blood, intended to be perpetrated in the presence of their Queen — a sensitive young woman, in an advanced stage of pregnancy with her first child, the heir-presumptive of three realms; and the crime was to be justified, as such deeds generally are, by slander. "I know now for certain," writes he, "that this Queen

[1] Diurnal of Occurrents.
[2] Randolph to Leicester—Fitch's MSS.

repenteth her marriage—that she hateth him and all his kin. I know that he knoweth himself that he hath a partner in play and game with him. I know that there are practices in hand, contrived between the father and the son, to come by the crown against her will. I know that if it take effect which is intended, David, with the consent of the King, shall have his throat cut within these ten days. Many things *grieveousser*, and worse than these, are brought to my ears, yea, of things *intended against her own person*, which, because I think better to keep secret than write to Mr Secretary, I speak not of them, but now to your lordship."[1] By one of the secret articles of the atrocious pact to which our worthy ambassador alludes, the life-long imprisonment of Mary was agreed, and her death, in case of her attempting to resist the transfer of the whole power of the Crown to the ungrateful consort she had associated in her regality; to this wrong Cecil, Bedford, and Elizabeth tacitly consented. Randolph, with a bitter allusion to her marriage with Darnley as the cause of her dissension with Moray and the other banished Lords, observes, "Now that she hath matched herself, against my mistress's will, with as errant a Papist that of many years was hatched in our country, and driven out of her own the noblest and worthiest it ever yet bore; and here, to the great grief of the godly, establisheth her idolatrous mass." This, be it remembered, was not tolerated anywhere beyond the precincts of the Chapel-royal.

A startling light is thrown, by a careful collation of the above letters of Randolph to Leicester and Throckmorton, on the agency, as well as the incentives, employed in the assassinations of Mary Stuart's incorruptible minister, David Riccio, in March, 1566, and that of her husband in February, 1567, which led to the deposition of the unfortunate princess, and the transfer of the government of Scotland to the sworn creatures of the English Sovereign; a great but diabolical stroke of policy. The cool revelation of our unscrupulous ambassador, that the faithful minister, who would not barter his royal mistress's interests for English gold, "would have his throat cut within ten days," is proof of his coalition in the murderous confederacy against the first victim of the English Cabinet. His hostile expressions regarding Mary's husband, with whom he was at that very moment enleagued in the secret intrigues for obtaining the signatures of Moray and the banished Lords to the bond for the murder of Riccio, are no less worthy of observation, together with his earnest deprecation of Mary and her husband ever succeeding to the throne of England, and the emphatic desire he expresses to Throckmorton that "something may be done to preclude the possibility of such a contingency."[2] When the systematic train of political villany, to which David Riccio, Henry Stuart, and Mary Stuart, were the successive victims, had

[1] Randolph to Leicester—Fitch's MSS.
[2] Randolph to Throckmorton, Feb. 10.

been consummated, so that Riccio and Darnley were festering in their untimely graves, and the more pitiable survivor, Mary Stuart, languishing in her damp noisome prison-room in Tutbury Castle, whilst her realm was convulsed with civil strife—"then," observes Sir James Melville, "as Nero stood upon a high part of Rome to see the town burning, which he had caused set on fire, so Master Randolph delighted to see such fire kindled in Scotland ; and by his writings to some in the Court of England, glorified himself to have brought it to pass in such sort that it could not be easily *slokened* (slaked) again ; which, when it came to the knowledge of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, he wrote in Scotland to my brother and me, and advertised us how we were handled, detesting both Master Cecil as director and Master Randolph as executor."[1]

The first step towards the realization of objects as yet but dimly foreshadowed in the distance, had been to excite discord between the royal pair. As yet their differences had not exceeded the bounds of lovers' quarrels, the moment was not remote when the holy feelings of paternity might be expected to reconcile all petty jars, and bind anew the links of conjugal affection. To blight this prospect, and produce irreconcilable estrangement between Mary and her husband, every exertion was made ; nor were there lacking meet instruments for this purpose among the Douglas lineage, Darnley's maternal kindred. Pre-eminent among these in talents as in craft stood the Earl of Morton, a secret-service man of England, and the political ally of Moray, to whose patronage he owed the office of Lord Chancellor.[2] Nurtured in treason, as the son of the notorious Sir George Douglas, and treasuring a debt of hereditary vengeance against the daughter of James V., for the vindictive dealings of that monarch against his family, he rendered himself a ready agent for exciting the discontent of his youthful cousin Darnley, by affecting compassion for the degrading position occupied by a puppet King in tutelage to his own wife, observing "that it was a thing contrary to nature that the hen should crow before the cock, and against the law of God that a man should be subject to his wife." Morton, finding these sentiments suited well the arrogant temperament of Darnley, proceeded to suggest "the propriety of his emancipating himself from womanly control, by forcing the Queen to resign the government into his hands"—assuring him, at the same time, "that David Riccio counselled the Queen to keep him without revenue, and in subjection to herself, and that he would never obtain the matrimonial crown of Scotland, and the respect and obedience of the Queen and her subjects, as long as that wily foreigner was in existence." Lethington, too, jealous of Riccio having superseded him in some of the duties of Secretary of State, persuaded him, in the hope of thus accomplishing his ruin, to seek the office of Lord Chancellor,

[1] Sir James Melville's Memoirs, p. 234.
[2] Blackwood's Life of Mary. Lives of the Douglases, by Hume of Godscroft.

"which," said he, "is in Morton's hands—a man nowise fit for the place, being both unlettered and unskilful. Do but deal with the Queen to discountenance Morton as a secret favourer of Moray, and with the King, to insist on his right to the Earldom of Angus, and Morton will be glad to demit to you his place of Chancellor as the price of your favour."[1] Riccio, beguiled by this insidious advice, fell into the snare; "the bait" which, Randolph says, "was laid for him."

The Castle of Tantallon had been summoned and delivered into the King's hands several months before, and now he was entered heir to his grandfather, Archibald Earl of Angus. Morton easily traced these inimical proceedings to David Riccio's counsels, and therefore took no ordinary pains to accomplish his death. In this he was ably seconded by Lord Ruthven, the husband of the late Earl of Angus's daughter by his first marriage, Lady Janet Douglas, who pretended a better title to the Angus heritage than Darnley's mother; and above all by her illegitimate brother George Douglas, called the Postulate, having been, like Moray, and many others born under the like circumstances, bred to the Church, and designed for some of the great benefices in the gift of his licentious father, of which Aberbrothock was one. George the Postulate left his priestly profession, his habit, and his vows, but kept his ecclesiastical titles and benefices. A great intimacy grew between him and Darnley, who always called him uncle; and even the Queen, after her marriage, out of respect to her husband, complimented both George the Postulate and Lord Ruthven with that endearing title. They both laboured to alienate her husband's affection from her, and to persuade him that David Riccio possessed greater influence over her mind than himself. While the Court was either at Glasgow or Dumfries, Darnley and Riccio, who were still, to outward appearance, on very intimate terms, paid George the Postulate a visit at his castle of Todsholes, at Dunsyre in Lanarkshire, and all three went in a small boat to fish on the dark deep waters of the Craneloch, situated in the midst of a barren heath, far remote from the haunts of men, and about a mile in circumference. When they were in the centre of this dismal tarn, which abounds in perch and pike, and all engaged in their sport, Riccio's back being turned to the other two, George the Postulate made signs to Darnley, intimating that they could toss the little Italian into the deep water, where he would have perished mysteriously without either of them being called to account for it.[2] What a subject for a painter!—the wild desolate scene, and the passions of the actors in that mute controversy for murder; the sinister glance and significant attitude of the sometime priest, George Douglas; the surprise and indignant recoil of the princely gallant, contrasted with the

[1] Lives of the Douglases, by Hume of Godscroft.
[2] This curious anecdote is edited by R. Chambers, Esq., from a MS. Memoir of the family of Dalgleish, in his valuable Life of James I.

careless security of the little misshapen Secretary, pleased with his holiday from diplomatic toils, and exerting all his dexterity to escape the raillery of companions better skilled in piscatory science than himself, by drawing safely into the boat his struggling prize—some giant pike perchance—and quite unconscious of the fact that his own life hung on a frailer thread. Darnley revolted from the fell suggestion of becoming an accomplice in a cowardly assassination with the natural feelings of his ingenuous period of life, and hastily interposed to prevent the perpetration of the crime. The moral deterioration which evil company and intemperancé produce had not then taken place. But when he acquired, among the dissolute society and low revels he frequented, the national vice of drinking, the fatal spirit-cup was to his naturally excitable temperament like pouring fire into his veins, and infusing temporary frenzy through his system. Mary witnessed with bitter anguish the effects of this pernicious habit, which not only destroyed domestic comfort in their private hours of conjugal companionship, but degraded him in the eyes of the nobles, and rendered him an object of contempt to persons even of inferior degree. The following particulars of his misconduct are communicated to the English Secretary, Cecil, by Sir William Drury in a letter from Berwick :—" Monsieur de la Roi Paussey and his brother arrived here yesterday : he is sick, my Lord Darnley having made him drink too much aqua composita. All people say Darnley is too much addicted to drinking. 'Tis certainly reported there was some jar betwixt the Queen and him at an entertainment in a merchant's house in Edinburgh, she only dissuading him from drinking too much himself and enticing others, in both which he proceeded and gave her such words that she left the place with tears, which they who know their proceedings say are not strange to be seen." [1] The wife of an Edinburgh burgess would scarce have brooked such treatment ; what then must have been the feelings of Scotland's Queen and loveliest woman, when exposed to public insults from the ungrateful springald whom she had fondly associated in her regality. " His government," continues our authority, " is very much blamed, for he is thought to be wilful and haughty, and some say vicious, whereof too many were witnesses the other day at Inchkeith, with the Lord Robert Fleming, and such-like grave personages." Some very disgraceful story connected with Darnley's exploits on that occasion was in circulation, and, according to Drury, improper to be committed to paper.[2] The royal rose of Scotland had indeed wasted her sweetness and her charms on a bosom unworthy of the envied lot of winning and wearing a prize, for which the mightiest and most illustrious princes of Europe had contended in vain.

During the eventful month of February, 1566, a collision took place between Queen Mary and the perfidious English minister Randolph,

[1] February 16, 1565-6. Keith, 329. [2] Ibid.

whose correspondence with her rebels, and intrigues to excite disaffection among all degrees of her subjects, had become notorious. In the commencement of the insurrectionary movement of Moray and his faction, in the preceding August, Randolph had intrusted John Johnstone, a confidential agent of Moray, with the English subsidy, in three sealed bags, each containing three thousand crowns, to carry to St Andrews, and deliver to Lady Moray—Moray acting with his usual selfish caution in not appearing personally in the transaction as the recipient of the English gold. His wife stood in the gap, and made herself responsible for the misdemeanour, by sending her card back to Randolph, in token that the money had been delivered to her, she was, in consequence, compelled to take refuge with her English friends at Berwick.[1] James Johnstone, the agent in conveying the bribe, fled also ; but after six months' absence he obtained his pardon, by revealing the full particulars of the transaction. Mary, with her characteristic impetuosity, summoned Randolph before her Council, and upbraided him with the violation of his ambassadorial duties, by fomenting discord in her realm, and, in direct opposition to the amicable professions of the Queen his mistress, supplying her rebellious subjects with funds to levy war against her. Randolph stoutly denied the imputation ; but Mary told him she would show him that she spake from no light report, and therewith ordered Johnstone to be introduced. This witness so fully substantiated his deposition that Randolph was silenced. Mary sat long in earnest deliberation with her Council on the proper course to pursue, and finally resolved to order Randolph to be conducted, under a guard, over the boundary of the realm, as a person convicted of abusing the privileges and violating the duties of his sacred office.[2] Nor did she hesitate to pass this sentence on him in his own presence, with passionate reproaches for his treacherous practices against her. She also directed her ambassador, Sir Robert Melville, to address a formal complaint of his proceedings to Queen Elizabeth, and ordered "that the Earl of Leicester, whose man," she contemptuously observes, "he is, should be acquainted with his doings."[3] Mary had unmasked, but not disarmed, the plotting foeman who had sown the hydra-teeth of discord in her realm. Berwick, where he took up his abode, to watch the explosion of the mine he had assisted to prepare, was a convenient station for conducting his share of the business, the correspondence and preliminary arrangements between the traitors in Mary's household and those in exile at Newcastle.

The last gay doings in Holyrood ever to take place under the auspices of Mary Stuart commenced on the 24th of February, to celebrate the

[1] Papers discovered in the Earl of Leven's charter-chest, printed in the Maitland Club Miscellany, vol. iii. part 1. [2] Ibid.

[3] See Scotch Correspondence in State Paper Office MSS., 1565-6.

nuptials of the Earl of Bothwell with their mutual kinswoman, the Lady Jane Gordon, sister of the Earl of Huntley. As the lady was a member of the Church of Rome, the Queen desired that the marriage might be performed in her Chapel-royal, with the mass, and all the solemnities with which that religion renders wedlock an indissoluble tie, preventing either husband or wife from entering into a second matrimony during the life of the other. Is it credible that Mary, if enamoured of Bothwell, would have married him to another woman, a lady of the blood-royal withal, and related to herself so nearly as to place an obstacle to any chance of their future union without the aid of Papal dispensation.

Bothwell would neither gratify his Roman Catholic bride, nor oblige Queen Mary, by allowing his nuptials to be solemnized according to the rites of the Church of Rome. Their Majesties, nevertheless, united in honouring the bridal of this powerful Border chief with signal tokens of respect; for Mary regarded him as a faithful servant of the Crown, who had resisted the bribes of England, and Darnley, knowing that he had all the military force of the realm under his command, saw the expediency of propitiating him. So there was royal cheer in Holyrood at Bothwell's wedding with bonny Lady Jane Gordon, the sister of Mary's faithful counsellor, the Earl of Huntley; and Mary herself presented eleven ells of burnished cloth of silver with suitable garniture to the bride for her wedding dress. "The King and Queen," says Lindsay of Pitscottie, "made the banquet at Holyrood the first day, and the feasting continued five days, with jousting and tournaments;" and it is further recorded, that five knights of Fife were made on this occasion. The idea that the Queen was enamoured of the rough ungraceful bridegroom would certainly have been regarded, at that time, as something too absurd for even party malignity to assert. Why he should become more attractive to her as a married man than he had been as a bachelor, it would be difficult to explain.

CHAPTER XXI.

In the midst of the fêtes and public entertainments at Holyrood Abbey in honour of the Earl of Bothwell's nuptials, the conspiracy for depriving Mary of her regal authority was actively proceeding. The history of that conspiracy has been little investigated by those who, misled by the libels of Buchanan and the narrative of the assassins, imagine Darnley's absurd jealousy of David Riccio to have been the exciting cause; and the assassination of that friendless foreigner the principal object of a league, which included not only the exiled Scotch Lords and their confederates at home, but the leading members of the English Cabinet. Elizabeth would have

cared nothing for the conjugal wrongs, had such existed, of her contumacious subject, in a marriage contracted by him in defiance of her express prohibition; but it suited well her policy to have him rendered the instrument of overturning Mary's throne, defaming her and destroying the prospect of an heir, whose claims on the regal succession might prove most formidable. That the confederacy was against Mary herself is proved by the fact that Darnley, in the first instance, tried to induce Riccio to join it. But the misshapen body of the dwarfish Piedmontese enshrined a soul more noble than that of his royal tempter. He not only refused to act the part of Judas, but warned the Queen that her husband, his father, and some of the confederates of the banished Lords, were enleagued against her. Mary, at first, knew not how to credit this sad intimation; but having ascertained that a secret meeting of the suspected persons was to take place one evening in her husband's chamber, she entered unexpectedly, and surprised them together. The guilty conclave exhibited signs of confusion and dismay; but Darnley assumed an imperious tone of conjugal authority, gave her ungentle words, accused her of listening to spies and tale-bearers, and of watching him, and intruding her company when not desired by him.[1] Mary proudly withdrew, and entered her husband's apartments no more. Darnley's personal vanity was piqued by this assumption of coldness and disdain on the part of the royal beauty; and although it had been caused by his own unkindness, he put on the airs of an injured person, complained resentfully of her "coying him," and injuriously pretended to believe her personal estrangement was caused by preference for another.

The only man with whom the Queen was much in private was David Riccio, and this the nature of his office rendered necessary; while the defects of his person were such as almost to defy scandal itself to insinuate that she, who was esteemed the most beautiful princess in the world, could prefer him to the husband of her choice—a prince so eminently distinguished by nature with external graces of form, features, and complexion.[2]

[1] Adam Blackwood's Life of Queen Mary—Maitland Club edition. Buchanan records the circumstance of Mary's surprising the confederates in Darnley's chamber.

[2] The testimonies of David Riccio's ugliness and deformity are numerous. At the head of these stands Buchanan, who writes "that his face spoiled his ornaments and rich dress, and that the Queen could not amend the defects of his person." Another contemporary, author of "Le Livre de la Mort Marie Stuart," printed in 1587, declares he was "*disgracie de corps*," and of mature years, but great sagacity. The author of "Martire de Marie" says: "The credit he enjoyed with his mistress was not on account of any beauty he possessed, being an old man, and ugly, swarthy, and ill-favoured, but because of his great fidelity, wisdom, prudence, and many other excellent endowments." Connaeo declares that he was "old and deformed, but of spotless faith, and possessed of rare talents." Louis Guryon, *conseiller de finances* to the King of France, gives the most conclusive testimony of all, for he says, "I was well acquainted with David Riccio, from whom I received many civilities in that Court. He was in years, of dark hue, and very ill-favoured; but of a rare prudence, and very skilful in business."

But inasmuch as the doom of this faithful servant had been sealed from the hour he refused to join in the conspiracy against his royal benefactress, it was necessary to devise some plausible pretext for shedding his blood, and it is certain that he had done nothing either to furnish matter for impeachment, or a criminal process, or there would have been no necessity for the lawless proceedings to which his enemies resorted, nor yet for the absurd calumnies whereby they sought to excuse their crime. The murder of David Riccio was, however, only intended as the opening move in the attack on the Queen, and in this it was expedient to obtain the co-operation of her besotted husband.

Meantime the Earl of Morton, who had first incited Darnley to enter into these treasonable intrigues against the Queen, suddenly forsook the meetings of the conspirators, and appeared disposed to abandon the league. Alarmed at his demeanour, the confederates sent Andrew Ker of Faudonside and Sir John Bellenden, the Justice-Clerk—that great law-officer being, to his eternal disgrace, a coadjutor in the treason—to inquire the cause of his alienation. Morton replied, "that it was because of the King's persisting in claiming the Earldom of Angus," and was, with some difficulty, persuaded to meet him in the Earl of Lennox's chamber.[1] A family treaty was entered into then and there, whereby Darnley and his father renounced once more, for themselves and Lady Lennox, all claims on that patrimony in favour of Morton's nephew and ward, the young Earl of Angus. This sacrifice having purchased the full co-operation of Morton in their enterprise, the bonds or secret articles were drawn between Darnley and the banished Lords, in which it was stipulated that Darnley should obtain their pardon and recall on condition "that they would procure for him the crown-matrimonial of Scotland, and that, in event of the Queen's death, he should be declared her rightful successor, and his father the next heir after himself; and that the Lords would pursue, slay, and extirpate all who opposed this resolution."[2]

The cause of religion was, of course, brought prominently forward in the general and more public bond; yet what grimace was this for Darnley, the most violent and bigoted Roman Catholic in the realm, he who had done what Mary never attempted to do—inhibited John Knox from preaching, rated the Lords for not going with him to mass, tossed the Psalm-book into the fire, and swore he would have a mass in St Giles's. Small was their care for religion; but Darnley had guaranteed to them the possession of their unlawful acquisitions, the mammon of unrighteousness being their idol. "The King and his father subscribed the bond," says Knox, "for they durst not trust the King's word without his signet."[3] Lennox undertook the office of going to England, to assure

[1] Hume of Godscroft—Lives of the Douglases, p. 289.
[2] See the copy of the bond in the Earl of Leven's paper, printed in the Maitland Miscellany.
[3] Hist. Ref. Scot. This must refer to some bond of which no copy has been pre-

Moray and the other outlaws there that they might return with safety. It must be remembered that the reason Mary had refused to treat with them, through the offered mediation of Mauvissière in the preceding September, was because they had conspired against her husband's life. On Sunday the 3rd of March began the general fasting at Edinburgh, which always drew a concourse of the most disaffected of the zealots of the west country into the metropolis. The pulpits sounded notes of alarm on the all-exciting subject of Popery, and the lessons were chosen from such passages of the Old Testament as might be most readily perverted to the anti-Christian purpose of warrants for slaughter and persecution.

The Queen, attended by her personal train, her Privy Council, her principal ministers, and accompanied by her husband, had retired to Seton House, to pass a brief interval of quiet before the meeting of Parliament. She was glad, doubtless, to escape from the irritation of hearing frequent reports of the proceedings of Knox and his brethren in the churches and public assemblies, their laudations of the rebel Lords, and inflammatory sermons, in which she was, as usual, compared to Jezebel, Sisera, and other notorious objects of Divine wrath and vengeance. Darnley, infinitely more impatient than Mary of such language and comparisons, took refuge with her at Seton from the penance of giving his presence to the preachings, well knowing that, if he remained in Edinburgh during the fast week, no less a test of his intention to support the true Evangile against Popery would have been required by the uncompromising party with whom he was now politically allied. Mary employed herself in choosing the Lords of the Articles, preparing her speech, and arranging with her Council the measures necessary to be adopted in the opening of the session; while her husband, whose part was to watch her proceedings, exchanged communications two or three times a-day with Ruthven and the other traitors in the Court who had not been permitted to accompany her to Seton. Some deliberations there were between Darnley and his confederates on the expediency of perpetrating the assassination of David and the arrest of the Queen during the recess at Seton; but the proposition was negatived—first, because of the incorruptible fidelity of the lord of the castle to his royal mistress; and, secondly, because their intentions, though repeatedly hinted to the Queen of England and her ministers, had not been so fully explained as to preclude the possibility of her turning round on them hereafter, and upbraiding them with their treacherous dealings, in the event of their project being defeated. Randolph, who was then at Berwick, acting, as he had long done, entirely as the agent and organ of communication between Mary's traitors and the English Sovereign, wrote to Elizabeth, on the 6th of

served, for there are no signatures of Lennox and his son attached to that signed by Moray.

March, to apprise her that "a matter of no small consequence in Scotland was intended," referring her for particulars to a letter addressed by himself, in conjunction with the Earl of Bedford, to Mr Secretary Cecil. "No one except the Queen, Leicester, and Cecil himself," as the joint writers of the latter record of diplomatic villany state, "were to be informed of the great event now on the eve of being put in execution." [1] This, they describe, is to be done with the co-operation and in the presence of Mary's consort, which was necessary to give a colour to the scandalous imputations of injuries done to him by the victim of the murderous confederacy. Copies of the bonds entered into for the perpetration of the slaughter, and the subsequent treason of which that enterprise was only to be the first step, were enclosed—copies made, as expressly stated, by the hand of Randolph himself, from the originals, which he had seen! [2] "To this determination of theirs," continues the equally honourable coadjutor in the confederacy, Bedford, "there are privy in Scotland these—Argyll, Morton, Boyd, Ruthven, and Lethington. In England these—Moray, Rothes, Grange, myself, and the writer hereof. If persuasions to cause the Queen to yield to these matters" (the resignation of her crown and high vocation to her worthless intemperate husband) "do no good, they purpose to proceed we *know not in what sort.*" After this emphatic hint of an intention against the fair Sovereign of Scotland, too black to be committed to paper, or even acknowledged by our cool pair of Englishmen—unworthy of the name!—"These," they add, "are the things which we thought and think to be of no small importance; and knowing them certainly intended and concluded upon, thought it our duties to utter the same to you, Mr Secretary, to make declaration thereof as shall seem best to your wisdom."

One word from Elizabeth, from Cecil, or Bedford, of disapproval to Moray, the master-mover of the plot at Newcastle, would have prevented its execution. But the blow was aimed at Mary Stuart, intended for her destruction and that of her unborn infant, and for the destruction of Darnley also, who, in the event of his consort's death, would have been torn limb from limb by the terrible justice of popular vengeance. Nay, would not the plausible Moray himself have assumed the character of the avenger of his royal sister, and trod his way, over the mangled corpses of her guilty but deluded husband and his unprincipled father, to the throne of Scotland—that throne so long the object of his ambition, but which he could only hope to fill as the creature of the English Sovereign?

Mary meantime was warned that some dark plot was in agitation against her; but so secure was she of the affections of her people, that she fancied it was merely an attempt to intimidate her from the strong measures she contemplated against the exiled Lords. A French astrologer

[1] State Paper Office MSS. Tytler's Hist. Scot., vol. vii. p. 24.

[2] State Paper Office MS. Correspondence—Bedford and Randolph to Cecil, March 6, 1565-6.

of the name of Damiot bade Riccio "beware of the bastard;" but Riccio, naturally supposing that Moray was the person intended, replied, "I will take good care he never sets foot again in Scotland." The oracle, however, bearing, like all such sayings, a double meaning, was fulfilled by the death-thrust dealt by George Douglas the Postulate, generally called the Bastard of Angus.[1] So little knowledge Riccio possessed of the characteristics of the people he was assisting the Queen to govern, that he sarcastically observed, "Parole, parole—nothing but words. The Scots will boast, but rarely perform their brags." This was in reply to one of his countrymen who told him he was unpopular, and advised him to return to his own country with the property he had amassed, about eleven thousand pounds Scots—little more than two thousand pounds sterling.

The royal pair returned to Holyrood House about the 6th of March, the Estates of Scotland having been convened in the names of the King and Queen to meet their said Sovereign Lord and Lady at the Parliament Hall, in the Tolbooth, on the 7th of that month. Mary, in all good faith to her husband, desiring to take the earliest opportunity for legalizing the dignity she had, by an unconstitutional act of royal authority, conferred upon him, had arranged for him to ride in state with her to the opening of the Parliament. She then proposed to introduce him to the assembly as her consort, and to obtain his recognition from the Estates of her realm as King and joint Sovereign of Scotland with herself, in order that he might take his place beside her on the throne, assist in sceptering the acts and all other functions of regality, and be regularly invested with those honours which at present he only received through her favour. The Queen well knew this form must be gone through before she could apply to her Parliament to assign a revenue to her impatient husband, and to supply the funds for the coronation of which he was childishly desirous; but Darnley's head was so completely turned by the intoxicating promises of the conspirators to invest him with the entire sovereignty of the realm, that he peremptorily refused to assume, even for a moment, an inferior position to his consort. He protested he would not be introduced by her to the Parliament; insisted that she should be conducted by him; and said, that "unless he were allowed to act as the Sovereign of Scotland, by opening the Parliament himself, he would in no wise condescend to give his presence to that ceremonial."[2] As it was impossible for Mary to accede to these unreasonable demands, he thought proper to put a public contempt upon her, by riding off to Leith,[3] with seven or eight of his intimate associates, to amuse himself there during the ceremonial. However inconveniently this perverse desertion might disarrange the programme

[1] Knox; Spottiswood; Tytler.
[2] Report on Scotch Affairs, addressed to Cosmo Duke of Tuscany—printed in Prince Labanoff's Appendix, vol. vii. Queen Mary's Letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow. Keith. Chalmers.
[3] Knox, Hist. Ref. Scot. Diurnal of Occurrents.

of the state procession, the Queen persisted in her purpose of opening her Parliament in person that same day, and rode from the Abbey through the city to the Tolbooth, in wondrous gorgeous apparel.[1] The Earl of Huntley bore the crown before her, the Earl of Bothwell the sceptre, and the Earl of Crawford the sword of honour. Mary took her seat on her throne alone, and performed her part in all external forms as she had been accustomed to do during her widow reign, in companionless grandeur. But hard indeed must have been her task to suppress her tears, and act and speak with the calm composure that beseemed the monarch, while the woman's heart was smarting so sorely. She had exerted all her powers of self-control to conceal her distress, and gratified not the curiosity of vulgar minds by betraying the mortification it was impossible for her not to feel under the circumstances. The only business transacted that day, was declaring the names of the Lords of the Articles—seven spiritual and seven temporal Peers of Parliament. The Lords temporal were the King's father, Matthew Earl of Lennox, his kinsman and especial friend, the Earl of Athol, James Earl of Morton, the Earl Marischal (Moray's father-in-law), David Earl of Crawford, and the Earls of Huntley and Bothwell,[2] all of whom, except Lennox and Athol, were Protestants. Three of the Lords spiritual were prelates of the old hierarchy; and undoubtedly one of the measures Mary proposed to carry in this Parliament was the restoration of votes and seats to the Bishops of her own religion. The Earls of Huntley and Sutherland, who had been pardoned and restored to their titles by her letters-patent and royal proclamation in the preceding autumn, were now formally absolved by her, and restored to their honours and estates in the face of the Three Estates of Scotland, all previous acts against them repealed, and declared null and void.[3] The most important of the proceedings, however, which took place on that day, were the summonses issued for the Earl of Moray and the other Lords associated with him in the late insurrection, to appear before the Parliament on the 12th, to answer for their overt acts of treason. The interval of five days which intervened was amply sufficient to enable them to return, supposing they had been no farther off than Newcastle; they were probably much nearer.

Darnley had pledged himself to the confederates to do all that in him lay to prevent the meeting of the Parliament at the time appointed: he had endeavoured to perform his promise by absenting himself, thinking the Queen, sensitive as she was to public opinion, would rather prorogue

[1] Knox, Hist. Ref. Scot., vol. ii. p. 520.

[2] Diurnal of Occurrents.

[3] Yet Buchanan, in the face of these public proceedings of the Queen in Parliament, hesitates not to affirm that she purchased the Earl of Huntley's consent to his sister's divorce from Bothwell in the following year, by restoring him to his forfeit titles and estates;—so perfectly shameless is this writer in his assertions; mistakes they could not be. What credit can be, or ought to be, given to the statements of so false a witness?

the assembly than proceed thither without him. That she had done so, and gone through the business, as far as it went, successfully, proved that he was regarded as a person of no importance, but as a mere appendage to her greatness, and that his presence or absence was a matter of indifference to her realm. It was this mortifying sense of the inferiority of his position, engendering the basest passion of which corrupt human nature is capable, envy, that incited Darnley to temporary madness against his wife—not personal jealousy of a creature so unfit to inspire a lady's love as Riccio. But the work of death was not to be confined to the foreign Secretary; a wholesale scene of slaughter was contemplated, including the whole of Mary's ministers who had shown themselves opposed to her virtual deposition by refusing to concur in granting the crown-matrimonial to her ungrateful husband. The intended victims were the Earls of Bothwell, Huntley, and Athol, the Lords Fleming and Livingston, and Sir James Balfour—the last was, for some unexplained reason, to be hanged at the Queen's chamber-door, and several of her most attached ladies were to be drowned. Mary herself, if she survived the horrors of the tragedy purposed to be acted in her presence, was either to be slain or imprisoned in Stirling Castle, till she consented to legalize her husband's usurpation.[1]

The depth of dissimulation with which so young and haughty a man as Darnley veiled these atrocious designs, appears even more remarkable than that he should have been so lost to conscience and to common-sense as to have entertained them. He even condescended, for the sake, it may be presumed, of averting suspicion of the deadly purpose he cherished against Riccio, to honour him with a challenge to play a game of tennis, and was actually thus engaged with him for several hours on the very day preceding that appointed for the assassination. It was suggested to Darnley aside, by several of his confederates, that it would be a convenient opportunity for setting upon the little Italian, who was perfectly defenceless, and despatching him with their daggers as he left the tennis-court; but he replied, "No; he would have him taken with the Queen at supper, that he might be taunted in her presence."[2] The malignant idea of agitating and insulting his royal consort, whose situation pleaded for all his tenderness, was probably inspired by Darnley's resentment at her going in state to open the Parliament without him on the preceding day: but assuredly he would not have played at tennis with any man whom he suspected of injuring him in the manner attributed to Riccio by the conspirators. It must be remembered that Darnley's personal jealousy rests solely on the credibility of the narrative prepared by Morton and Ruthven, to excuse their own conduct, and sent by them to Cecil for his

[1] Reports to Cardinal de Lorraine in Teulet, Pièces et Documens.
[2] Italian Memorial in Labanoff's Appendix, vol. vii. p. 60.

corrections, who, of course, gave it such a turn as suited best the political object of vilifying the Scottish Queen.[1]

In their narrative they defame their Queen, and charge the whole blame of their proceedings on their dupe and besotted instrument, Darnley, to whom the title of King, hitherto disallowed by the English Sovereign and her authorities, is, in these political libels, very punctiliously given. The conjugal wrongs of Darnley are insinuated as the excuse for their proceedings. But why did not this powerful party of his avengers, headed by the Lord-Chancellor Morton, act in a legal manner, by calling the attention of Parliament to the misconduct of the Queen, if she had done amiss? They had entered into a treasonable league to procure the crown-matrimonial for Darnley, by slaying and extirpating every one who should oppose them. But it would have been more to the purpose to have shown cause in the national Senate for excluding the Queen from the office of chief magistrate, and then to have put it to the vote of the Three Estates whether the injured husband should not be invested with the Sovereign authority and the tuition of the expected heir of the realm. This, if Mary had violated her moral duties, they would have been only too happy to have done: the treacherous and unmanly conduct to which they resorted proves they had no foundation for their slanders.

The day appointed for the great enterprise by the conspirators, with consent of Darnley, was Saturday, March 9, 1565-6, as concerted between them, the Earl of Moray, and the other rebel Lords in England. In the gloaming of the evening of that day, five hundred men, some in secret armour, the rest in jacks and steel-bonnets, with guns, pistols, swords, bucklers, Jedburgh staves, and halberts, assembled themselves in the Abbey Close, and about the Queen's Palace of Holyrood.[2] The Earl of Morton introduced about eight score of those judged by him fittest for the purpose into the inner court; he then ordered the gates to be locked, and took possession of the keys.[3] As he was Mary's Lord-Chancellor, no suspicion was entertained respecting his intentions by her inferior servants, whose loyalty at all times shamed the titled traitors by whom she was surrounded. When Morton had taken these steps he came to Darnley, accompanied by a party of the banded conspirators, and told him all was ready. Darnley was ready too, having taken his supper an hour earlier than usual, in company with Moray's brother-in-law, Lord Lindsay of the Byres, George Douglas the Postulate, and Lord Ruthven, who, though dying of an incurable bodily malady, and vexed

[1] According to one of the Italian contemporary narratives of the conspiracy, it was not Darnley, but one of the conspirators, who objected to the murder being perpetrated in the tennis-court, or anywhere but in the presence of the Queen, saying, "that if it were done in her apartment, the people might be made to believe he was found under such circumstances that the King could do no less than have killed him on the spot." Printed in Prince Labanoff's Appendix, vol. vii., from the original document in the Archives de Medicis, Florence.

[2] Goodall, from Henry Yair's MS. Trial.

[3] Sir James Melville's Memoirs.

with a burning fever, had risen from his sick-bed on the keen scent for blood: scarcely able to support himself, he had donned his armour to play the leading part in the anticipated butchery. Darnley's suite of apartments was on the ground-floor, immediately under those of his royal spouse, to which he had at all times access by means of a small spiral staircase, called a limanga, leading through a private passage to a door opening into her bed-room concealed behind the tapestry hangings. Of this door he alone, besides her Majesty, possessed a key. Darnley, now an inveterate drinker, must, we think, have been plied by his evil companions with many a deep potation ere he could so far forget his duty as a prince, a gentleman, and a husband, as to abuse the conjugal privilège of free access at all hours to his royal consort's chamber, by availing himself of that means for introducing a band of murderous traitors into her private sanctuary. If we may credit their statement, the proposal of doing so emanated from himself. "I will have open the door," said he, "and keep her in talk till you come in," only one person at a time being able to ascend the narrow stair.

Mary being indisposed, had been enjoined by her physicians to keep herself very quiet, and sustain her strength with animal food, instead of observing the Lent fast.[1] She was, therefore, supping privately in her closet—a small cabinet about twelve feet in length and ten in breadth, within her bed-room—in company with Jane, Countess of Argyll, and Lord Robert Stuart, Commendator of Holyrood Abbey (her illegitimate brother and sister), attended by Beton, Laird of Creich, one of the masters of her household, Arthur Erskine, her equerry, her French doctor, and several other persons. David Riccio was also present, the Queen expressly says, "among others our servants."[2] Her statement is confirmed by the testimony of that faithful historian Camden, who, writing with the key to all the mysterious tragedies of her life and reign, Cecil's secret correspondence, before him, states "that David Riccio was standing at the sideboard, eating something that had been sent to him from the Queen's table."[3] This was in strict accordance with the customs of the Court and period. The assassins, in the plausible brief prepared for their defence and Mary's defamation, by their special advisers and confederates in the murder, Randolph and Bedford, and also in Cecil's edition of the political document bearing the name of Morton and Ruthven's "Narrative of the Slaughter of David," affirm, "that he was sitting at the other end of the table, with his cap on." The cap is undoubtedly an English interpolation, not mentioned by Buchanan or Knox, neither of whom would have failed to enlarge on a circumstance so much to their purpose. That Riccio was seated at the royal board, though de-

[1] Queen Mary's Letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow, containing her recital of the outrage, dated April 2, 1566, in Keith. Chalmers' Hist. of Mary Stuart.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Camden's Annals of Queen Elizabeth. To this Strangwage, Udal, and Crawford's Memoirs agree.

nied, by good authorities, was not impossible; and even if it were so, what does it prove?—or in what other light can such a circumstance be regarded than as a trait of the good feeling and characteristic courtesy of a Sovereign, whose mind and manners were too far in advance of a semi-barbarous age to treat her Secretary—a man of signal attainments and accomplishments—with no greater respect than if he had been a lackey? The generous spirit and refined taste of Mary Stuart taught her to reject the slavish idolatries usually exacted by regality in the mediæval centuries.

Darnley, having led the way up the private stair from his apartment into his wife's bed-room, entered her cabinet alone, about seven o'clock. Neither surprise nor disturbance was manifested at his appearance by the Queen or her company; on the contrary, he seemed to be to Mary a welcome guest; for when he placed himself beside her in the double chair of state, one seat whereof had in his absence remained unoccupied, she kindly inclined herself towards him, to receive and reciprocate the conjugal caresses with which he greeted her: they kissed each other, and embraced, and Darnley cast his arm about her waist, with deceitful demonstrations of fondness.[1] Conventional civilities were next exchanged between the royal pair. "My Lord, have you supped?" inquired Mary. "I thought you would have finished your supper by this time," Darnley replied evasively, indirectly implying an apology for interrupting a meal he did not intend to share.[2] Before the utterance of another word, the tapestry masking the secret passage into the Queen's bed-room was pushed aside, and Ruthven, pale, ghastly, and attenuated, intruded himself upon the scene. The evil reputation of this nobleman, both as a sorcerer and an assassin, had from the first rendered him an object of instinctive horror to Mary. He had been withal the sworn foe of her mother; yet, in consequence of his being the husband of Lady Lennox's sister, she had, since her marriage with Darnley, compelled herself to treat him with civility. She knew he had long been confined to his bed with an incurable disease; and as it had been reported to her on that very day that he was in mortal extremity, she concluded, from his wild and haggard appearance, and the strange fashion in which he burst into her presence, that he had escaped from his chamber in a sudden access of delirium, imagining himself perhaps pursued by the vengeful spectre of his murdered victim, Charteris, Laird of Kincleugh.[3] Under the folds of his loose gown, Mary could see that his gaunt figure was sheathed in mail. He brandished a naked rapier in his hand, and had donned a steel casque over the nightcap in which his livid brow was muffled. Her first

[1] Memorials on Scotch Affairs in the Archives de Medicis, printed in Labanoff's Appendix, vol. vii.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Assassinated by Ruthven in 1554, to prevent his gaining the favourable decision of the judges in a lawsuit in which they were opposed.—Lesley, Hist. Scot.

impulse was to utter an exclamation of terror and surprise; but recollecting herself, she kindly addressed him in these words: "My Lord, I was coming to visit you in your chamber, having been told you were very ill, and now you enter our presence in your armour. What does this mean?"[1]

Ruthven flung himself into a chair, and with a sarcastic sneer, replied, "I have, indeed, been very ill, but I find myself well enough to come here for your good." She, observing his look and manner, said, "And what good can you do me? You come not in the fashion of one who meaneth well."[2] "There is no harm intended to your Grace," replied Ruthven, "nor to any one, but yonder poltroon, David; it is he with whom I have to speak." "What hath he done?" inquired Mary. "Ask the King your husband, madam."[3] She turned in surprise to Darnley, who had now risen, and was leaning on the back of her chair. "What is the meaning of this?" she demanded. He faltered, affected ignorance, and replied, "I know nothing of the matter."[4] Mary on this, assuming a tone of authority, ordered Ruthven to leave her presence, under penalty of treason. As he paid no attention to her behest, Arthur Erskine and Lord Keith, with her French apothecary, attempted to expel him forcibly. "Lay no hands on me, for I will not be handled," exclaimed Ruthven, brandishing his rapier.[5] "Then another of the *banditti*," as our Italian authority not inappropriately designates the confederates, made his appearance with a horse-pistol, called a dag, in his hand. He was immediately followed by others of the party, in warlike array. "What is the meaning of this?" exclaimed Mary; "do you seek my life?"[6]

"No, madam," replied Ruthven, "but we will have out yonder villain Davie," making a pass at him as he spoke. The Queen prevented the blow by seizing his wrist, and rising to her feet intrepidly, interposed the sacred shield of her royal person between the ferocious baron and the defenceless little foreigner, who had retreated into the recess of the embayed window, and was holding in his trembling hand the dagger he had drawn, but had not the courage, or possibly the skill, to use in his own defence, his weapon being the pen of a ready writer—his manual skill confined to the lute or viol.[7] "If my Secretary have been guilty of any misdemeanour," said Mary to the assailants, "I promise to exhibit him before the Lords of the Parliament, that he may be dealt with according to the usual forms of justice." "Here is the means of justice, madam," cried one of the assassins, producing a rope. "Madam," said David aside to the Queen, "I am a dead man." "Fear not," she replied

[1] Memorial on Scottish Affairs in the Archives de Medicis, printed in Labanoff's Appendix, vol. vii.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Narrative of Morton and Ruthven, in Keith's Appendix.

[4] Queen's Recital.

[5] Morton and Ruthven's Narrative.

[6] Italian Memorial, in Labanoff's Appendix.

[7] French Report in Pièces et Documens.

aloud, "the King will never suffer you to be slain in my presence; neither can he forget your faithful services."[1] It was probably this appeal to her husband's better feelings, coupled with his remembrance of his former obligations to Riccio, that, touching a tender chord in Darnley's bosom, produced the hesitation and irresolution described by the assassins themselves—"the King stood amazed, and wist not what to do." But he was in the hands of those who would not suffer him to draw back. "Sir," cried Ruthven, "take the Queen your wife and sovereign to you," thus reminding their unhappy tool that he was expected by his accomplices to perform his promise of taking on himself the responsibility of exerting masculine force, if requisite, in a personal struggle with her whom, by every law of nature, as well as by his oath of allegiance and of knighthood, he was bound to defend and cherish.

The slogan yell, "A Douglas, a Douglas!" now resounded through that quarter of the palace.[2] Morton and eighty of his followers, impatient of the delay of the King and the party he had introduced through his own privileged approach into his royal consort's apartments, were ascending the grand staircase in full force, and prepared to conclude the enterprise "by killing, slaying, and extirpating," according to the letter of their bond, "all or any one who might oppose them, whomsoever it might be."[3] The doors of her Majesty's presence-chamber were presently forced; her servants fled in terror, without venturing the slightest show of resistance to the overwhelming numbers of the ruffian band. The sanctuary of the Queen's bed-room was next profaned by the invaders, and the glare of their torches threw an ominous light on the conflicting agitated group at the further end of the cabinet. The struggle of David Riccio for life had been prolonged, in consequence of the determined resistance offered by the Queen and the irresolution of her husband. The table, which had hitherto served as a barrier to prevent the near approach of the assailants, was now flung violently over on the Queen, with the viands, knives, and all that was upon it, by the fresh inbreak of unscrupulous men rushing forward to the work of death.[4] Lady Argyll caught up one of the lighted candles in her hand, as it was falling, and thus preserved her royal sister and herself from being enveloped in flames. The pandemonium to which Mary's usually peaceful cabinet was suddenly transformed needed not that additional horror. She was for a moment, it seems, overpowered with surprise, mortal terror, and pain, for she must have been severely hurt by the table and heavy plate upon it being hurled against her person: she would, moreover, have been overthrown by a shock so rude and unexpected, and probably crushed to death beneath the feet of the inhuman traitors who were raging round her, if Ruthven had not taken her in his arms and put her into those of Darnley, telling

[1] Labanoff's Appendix. [2] Melville's Memoirs. [3] Tytler.
[4] Melville. Ruthven and Morton's Narrative. Queen Mary's recital.

her at the same time "not to be alarmed, for there was no harm meant to her, and all that was done was her husband's deed"[1]—of him "who had come," as she exclaimed, in the bitterness of her heart, "to betray her with a Judas' kiss."[2] Her indignant sense of the outrage offered to her, both as Queen and woman, revived her sinking energies: instead of swooning, as they expected, she burst into a torrent of indignant reproaches, and calling the unmannerly intruders "Traitors and villains!" ordered them to begone, under penalty of the severest punishment, and declared her resolution of protecting her faithful servant. "We will have out that gallant!" cried Ruthven, pointing with his finger to the trembling Secretary, who had shrunk backwards to the very extremity of the window recess, behind the stately figure of the Queen, for refuge, while she continued intrepidly to confront the throng of banded ruffians.

"Let him go, madam! they will not harm him," exclaimed Darnley.

"Save my life, madam! Save my life for God's dear sake!" shrieked Riccio, clinging to her robe for protection. Mary in vain adjured her subjects, by their duty to her as their Queen, by the consideration due to her sex, and above all to her present situation, sufficiently apparent, not to shed blood in her presence, adding "that it would be more for their honour as well as hers that her Secretary, if he had offended, should be proceeded against according to the forms of justice." "Justitia, justitia!" reiterated the wretched foreigner, catching in his despair at the word. One less regarded by the ruthless men who were banded for his murder he could scarcely have used. The first blow was given by the Postulate, George Douglas, who stabbed him over the Queen's shoulder with such fury that the blood was sprinkled over her garments, and the dagger left sticking in his side; others followed the example; and Darnley having succeeded in unlocking the tenacious grasp with which the wretched victim clung to the Queen's robe, he was dragged, while vainly crying for mercy and for justice, from her feet. Darnley, forcing Mary into a chair, stood behind it, holding her so tightly embraced that she could not rise. The ferocious fanatic, Andrew Ker of Faudonside, presented a cocked pistol to her side, with a furious imprecation, telling her he would shoot her dead if she offered resistance. "Fire," she undauntedly replied, "if you respect not the royal infant in my womb."[3] The weapon was hastily turned aside—it was by the hand of Darnley. Mary afterwards declared "she felt the coldness of the iron through her dress, and that Faudonside had actually pulled the trigger, but the pistol hung fire." Nor was this the only attempt made on the life of the defenceless Queen on that dreadful night, for Patrick Bellenden, the brother of the Justice-Clerk, aimed a regicidal thrust at

[1] Narrative of Ruthven and Morton—Keith's Appendix.
[2] Report of Paul de Foix in Teulet's Pièces et Documens rélatifs des Affaires d'Escosses, vol. ii.
[3] Italian Memorials in Labanoff's Appendix.

her bosom, under cover of the tumultuous onslaught on David ; but his malignant purpose was observed and prevented by the gallant young English refugee, Anthony Standen, her page, who, with equal courage and presence of mind, parried the blow by striking the rapier aside with the torch he had been holding to light the music score the Queen and David, with others of the company, had been singing in parts that evening. This interesting fact, which confirms the statements of Adam Blackwood, Belforest, and Mary herself, "that a blow was aimed at her by one of the assassins with a sword or dagger during the mêlée," was derived by our authority from the lips of Anthony himself, when an old man residing at Rome.[1]

As the ruffians were dragging Riccio through the Queen's bed-chamber, he clung to the bedstead till one of the assassins forced him to relinquish his hold, by giving him a dreadful blow on the arm with the stock of a harquebuss.[2] Such was the ferocity of the murderers that they wounded each other in their eagerness to plunge their swords and daggers into the body of their hapless victim, he all the time uttering the most agonizing cries, which the Queen hearing, exclaimed, "Ah, poor Davit, my good and faithful servant ! may the Lord have mercy on your soul."[3] And here it may be permitted to remark, that this pious aspiration to the throne of grace, in behalf of the spirit then passing in agony through the valley of the shadow of death, savours of the holy pitifulness of Christian charity, not of the unhallowed fervours of lawless love. Far different were the feelings and deportment of Mary Stuart, in that awful hour, from those imputed to her by men who scrupled not to send an immortal soul to its great account, without according the mercy of one poor moment for the preparation of a single prayer. "Such desire," says their English friend and confederate Drury, "to have him surely and speedily slain, that in jabbing at him so many at once, some bestowed their daggers where neither they meant it, nor the receivers willing to receive it."

Darnley had consented to the crime, and given the treason the sanction of his presence, but he had revolted from the barbarism of lending his personal assistance in the butchery. As a prince and a gentleman, he could not force his hand to plunge a knife into the unfortunate creature, with whom he had lived on terms of familiar friendship, and played at tennis on the preceding day. His heart failed, his mind misgave him,

[1] Inedited "Relation of the Life and Death of Mary Stuart Queen of Scotland," from the Memoirs of the Pontificate of Sextus V. in the archives of the Capitol. I am indebted to the courtesy and learned research of the Roman Prince Massimo for the communication of a faithful transcript of this curious and deeply interesting MS. See the Life of Mary Stuart, Lives of the Queens of Scotland, published by Blackwood, for a fuller account of this tragedy.

[2] Labanoff's Appendix, vol. vii., first Italian document.

[3] Second Italian Memorial—Labanoff's Appendix ; from the Archives de Medicis.

and he would fain have drawn back; but for him there was no retreat. George Douglas, the Postulate, who had dealt the first blow to the unfortunate Secretary, by stabbing him over the Queen's shoulder with his own whingar, concluded the business by snatching Darnley's dagger from the sheath and plunging it into the mangled corpse, exclaiming at the same time, "This is the blow of the King," leaving the royal weapon sticking in the wound, to draw public attention to the complicity of Mary's consort in the assassination, and prevent any credit from being given to his denial by either her or her people. They had at first proposed to hang the unfortunate secretary, and others of Mary's officers with him, having brought cords for that purpose. With those cords they now bound the murdered man's feet together, and dragging him along the floor of the Queen's chamber, hurled him down the narrow staircase into the King's lobby, where his corpse was stripped and spoiled of the decorations, especially a jewel of great value, which he had hanging round his neck at the time of the murder,—perhaps the costly diamond sent to him by Moray from England, to purchase his pardon. David was attired, as etiquette required on that fatal night, being in attendance on the Queen, in a rich court-dress, called in the nomenclature of the costume of the period "a night-gown,"[1] of black figured damask, faced with fur, a satin doublet, and russet-coloured velvet hose.

Mary and Darnley were left alone together in their cabinet, and the key of the door was turned upon them both, while the assassins completed their sanguinary work, and disposed of the body of the murdered man.[2] During this brief pause, Mary, exhausted by the agonizing conflict she had endured, wept silently. Darnley, whose feelings were far less enviable even than those of his injured wife, continued to protest "that no harm was intended." He had said so at first, and he repeated the same words even after the cries of the murdered victim were hushed in death.[3]

One of Darnley's equerries now stole into the cabinet. Mary roused herself to inquire "whether David had been put into ward, and where?" "Madam," replied the equerry, "it is useless to speak of David, for the man is dead."[4] This was corroborated by one of the agitated ladies, who rushed in to communicate the dreadful tidings, "that she had seen the mangled remains of the murdered man," and "that it was said all had been done by the King's order." "Ah, traitor, and son of a traitor!" exclaimed the Queen, turning to her perfidious husband, "is this the recompense thou givest to her who hath covered thee with benefits, and

[1] Even in the last century a lady's evening dress was so termed, as we may observe in the old plays and novels. Yet some writers, in ignorance of this fact, have enlarged on the impropriety of David Riccio appearing in the Queen's presence in his robe-de-chambre. His wardrobe was very costly.

[2] Italian Memorial on Scotch Affairs in the Archives de Medicis—Labanoff's Appendix, vol. vii. Lord Herries's Memoir.

[3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.

raised thee to honours so great ?" then, overpowered by the bitterness of her feelings, she swooned.[1] Brief was the interval of repose which nature's weakness claimed; she was roused, by the rude re-entrance of Ruthven and his savage followers, to fresh consciousness of misery. They came with their blood-stained hands and garments, reeking from the recent slaughter, to rate, to menace, and insult their Sovereign, both as Queen and woman. Ruthven flung himself into a chair, and called for drink, complaining that "he was sore *felled* by his sickness." "Is this your malady ?" exclaimed the Queen, with sarcastic emphasis, as he eagerly drained the goblet which one of her French pages filled and brought to him. "God forbid your Majesty had such," he rejoined.[2] Apparently to avoid being provoked to answer his taunts, she rose, and followed by her husband, passed into her bed-chamber, no longer sacred to her royal privacy. The frightful state in which it had been left by the ferocious traitors, who had chosen that peaceful sanctuary as the scene of their butcher-work, may be imagined. The ensanguined traces of the murder, which are ineffaceable, were then fresh and warm, as they had oozed from the death-wounds of the murdered man.

Mary greatly blamed her husband that he should be, as his accomplices triumphantly had boasted, "the author of so foul a deed," and began sorrowfully to reason with him, and to inquire into his motives. "My Lord," said she, "why have you caused to do this wicked deed to me, considering that I took you from low estate, and made you my husband ? What offence have I given you, that you should do me such shame ?"[3] To this pathetic address Darnley, according to the statement of the assassins, replied in a recriminating speech, which of course was not softened in Cecil's edition of their unfriendly report of the conversation, their great object was to give his words such a turn as might most effectually serve to affix a stain on the hitherto spotless honour of their Queen —an offence which they well knew Mary was far less likely to forgive than his treasonable attempt to make himself master of her crown. The following is their malignant version of his words : "I have good reason for me, for since yonder fellow David came in credit with your Majesty, you neither regarded me, entertained me, nor trusted me after your wonted fashion ; for every day you were wont to come to my chamber before dinner, and pass the time with me, and this long time you have not done so ; and when I came to your Majesty's chamber, you bare me little company, except David were third person. And after supper your Majesty used to sit up at the cards with the said David till one or two after midnight ; and this is the entertainment I have had of you this long time."[4] Mary replied "that it was not a gentlewoman's duty to

[1] Second Italian Memorial, in Labanoff's Appendix.
[2] Ruthven's Narrative.
[3] Randolph and Bedford to Cecil, March 25. Narrative of Ruthven and Morton.
[4] Ibid.

come to her husband's chamber, but rather the husband's to come to the wife's."[1] "How came you to my chamber in the beginning, and ever till within the last six months?" was Darnley's rejoinder; wilfully forgetting how cruelly he had insulted and repelled her the last time she entered his chamber.

If we may trust the inimical report of the assassins, Darnley proceeded to address such unseemly language to the Queen, in their presence, that she indignantly told him "she would live with him as his wife no longer." Whereupon Ruthven favoured her with a lecture on her conjugal duties—remarks which came strangely from the lips of a person who had contracted matrimony with another man's wife during her husband's lifetime. Mary told him "that if she and her infant perished, she would leave the revenge thereof to her royal kindred in France and Spain." Ruthven sarcastically observed, "those noble Princes were over-great personages to meddle with such a poor man as he was; and that if she or her child perished, or any other evil befell the realm in consequence of what was done that night, she must blame her husband, and not any of them;" adding, "that the more angry she appeared, the worse the world would judge."[2] Mary's high spirit never quailed before the ruffian who menaced and insulted her. "I trust," she said, "that God, who beholdeth this from the high heavens, will avenge my wrongs, and move that which shall be born of me to root out you and your treacherous posterity." Her prophetical denunciation was fully accomplished by her son on the house of Ruthven. It was not often that Mary Stuart indulged in the imprecatory strain, but the provocation she was suffering was enough to rouse the lion-like blood of the Plantagenets.

But now a mingled clamour and clash of weapons was heard in the court and lobbies below, and Lord Gray, one of the conspirators, knocked hard and fast at the door of the Queen's chamber, to announce the tidings that the Earls of Huntley, Bothwell, Caithness, and Sutherland, the Lords Fleming, Livingston, and Tullibardine, the Comptroller, with their officers and servants, were fighting in the close against the Earl of Morton and his party. Darnley, hearing this, offered to go down; but Ruthven, having probably seen reason to distrust him, prevented him, and said he would go down himself, "and sarcastically bidding his Majesty remain where he was, and entertain the Queen in the mean time," staggered out of the chamber, supported between two of his confederates. The part assigned to Darnley, from the first, was to coerce and guard his royal wife, whom it was intended to keep as a close prisoner; but he had in reality no more freedom of action than herself. The royal pair were again left together during a few agitating moments of suspense. Darnley took this opportunity of informing the Queen that

[1] Randolph and Bedford to Cecil, March 25. Narrative of Ruthven and Morton.
[2] Ibid.

he had sent for the Earl of Moray and the other rebel Lords to return again. She answered, "that it was no fault of hers they had been so long away, for she could have been well content to have had them home again, but for angering him."

The enterprise for her rescue was headed by Bothwell and Huntley, who had rallied and led forth the Queen's serving-men and kitchen *meiné*, armed with spits, cleavers, knives, and whatever weapons they could find, to drive out the invaders ; but finding themselves greatly outnumbered, they retreated back into the gallery, where a parley took place between them and Ruthven, who invited them to a conference in Bothwell's chamber. The Earl of Athol had been meantime detained by the Secretary Lethington, who, though deeply implicated in the plot, had eschewed taking part in the practical butchery, and invited himself to sup with that nobleman, for the twofold purpose of keeping guard over him, and proving an *alibi* in the probable event of the Queen getting the better of the conspirators. Athol was very angry at the proceedings, and sharply reproved Ruthven for being party to such a deed ; but Ruthven said "it was the King's secret, and he was afraid of revealing it to him, lest he should have told the Queen." Athol, on this, required permission to leave the palace and return into his own country. Ruthven gave fair words to all the Lords ; but Bothwell, Huntley, and Sir James Balfour, knowing they were marked men, lost no time in effecting their escape, by letting themselves down with cords from a back window looking upon a little garden behind the Palace, where the lions were lodged.[1]

Ruthven, who, by his own account, swallowed fresh potations in Bothwell's chamber, unceremoniously intruded himself, for the third time, into the Queen's bed-room, for the purpose of announcing to her husband the failure of the attempt of her faithful servants for her deliverance, and proceeded to taunt her with having admitted Bothwell and Huntley, whom he called traitors, into her council by David's advice, accusing her, at the same time, of tyranny and misgovernment. Mary was, nevertheless, the idol of her people, of which she presently received a gratifying proof ; for the rumour of her distress having reached the Provost of Edinburgh, he caused the alarum-bell to be rung for assistance, when not less than five hundred burgesses, understanding the Queen was in danger, appeared in warlike array in answer to the summons, and hastening with him to the palace, required to see their Sovereign.[3] But she was not permitted to approach the windows, being brutally threatened by Ruthven and the other assassins, that "if she attempted to speak to the loyal muster, they would cut her into collops, and throw her over the walls ;"[3] while her false husband, being thrust forward in her place, opened the

[1] Melville's Memoirs.
[2] Knox. Italian Memorial in Labanoff's Appendix.
[3] Queen Mary's Letter—Keith, 332.

window, and bade the Provost "pass home with his company, as nothing was amiss," adding, "the Queen and he were merry." "Let us see our Queen, and hear her speak for herself," was the reply of the Provost and his followers, to which Darnley imperiously rejoined, "Provost, know you not I am King? I command you and your company to pass home to your houses." The people, perceiving by this that the Queen was a prisoner in the hands of her ungrateful English husband and his faction, were greatly irritated, and spoke of devoting all who were against her, within that palace, to fire and sword. Then the conspirators told them "that it was only a quarrel with her French servants;" but this not pacifying her loyal champions, it was declared to them, "that the Italian Secretary was slain, because he had been detected in an intrigue with the Pope, the King of Spain, and other foreign potentates, for the purpose of destroying the true Evangile, and introducing Popery again into Scotland." Whereupon the people quietly dispersed.[3]

When the honest citizens had retired, Ruthven told the Queen "that the banished Lords had been sent for by the King, and would return on the morrow to take part with them against her." Mary significantly asked Ruthven, "what kindness there was between him and Moray?" for Moray had told his royal sister that Ruthven was a sorcerer, and endeavoured to persuade her to punish him: "Remember you," said she, "what the Earl of Moray would have had me do to you for giving me the ring?" Ruthven answered "that he would bear no quarrel for that cause, but would forgive him and all others for God's sake; and as for that ring, it had no more virtue than another ring, but was a little ring with a pointed diamond in it."[2] "Remember you not," said her Majesty, "that you said it had a virtue to keep me from poisoning?" "Liketh your Grace, I said so much that the ring had that virtue; but I take that evil opinion out of your head, of presupposition that you conceived the Protestants would have done." "What offence or default have I done to be thus handled?" asked Mary. "Inquire," said Ruthven, "of the King your husband." "Nay," said she, "I will inquire of you."[3] "Madam," said he, "if it would please your Majesty to remember that you have this long time a number of perverse persons, and especially David, a strange Italian, who hath ruled and guided the country without the advice of the nobility and Council, especially against those noblemen that were banished." "Were you not one of my Council?" replied Mary; "why would you not declare it, if I would do anything amiss?" "Because," he retorted, "your Majesty would hear no such thing in all the time your Majesty was at Glasgow and Dumfries; but, when you called your Council together, did things by yourself and your privy persons, albeit your nobility be at the pains and expenses." "Well," said her Majesty,

[1] Second Italian Memorial, in Labanoff's Appendix, vol. vii.
[2] Ruthven and Morton's Narrative—Keith's Appendix. [3] Ibid.

"you find great fault with me. I will be content to set down my crown before the Lords of the Articles, and if they find that I have offended, to set it down where they please."[1] At last, from utter faintness and exhaustion, she became incapable of utterance; and Ruthven, observing that she was very ill, told Darnley they had better leave her to take some repose. "All that night," records Mary, "we were detained in captivity within our chamber, not permitting us to have intercommuned scarcely with our servant-woman nor domestic servitors!"[2] What a night it was for her in that unpurified chamber, the very air of which had been polluted by her rude invaders; she passed it in delirious agony.[3] "The next morning being Sunday," says Sir James Melville, "I was letten forth of the gates, for I lay therein. Passing through the outer close, the Queen's Majesty was looking forth of a window, and cried unto me to help her. Then I drew near unto the window, and asked 'what help lay in my power?' She said, 'Go to the Provost of Edinburgh, and bid him convene the town with speed, and come and release me out of these traitors' hands. But run fast,' said she, 'for they will stay you.' By [the time] this was said, one Master Nisbet, Master of the Household to the Earl of Lennox, was sent with a company to stay me, to whom I gave good words, and said 'I was only passing to the preaching at St Giles's Church,' for it was Sunday; but I went with speed to the Provost, and told him my commission from the Queen. The Provost (who had seen how unavailing his interference on the preceding night had been) said 'he wist not what to do,' and that 'he had received a command from the King to convene the people at the Tolbooth to see what they would do,' and this he did; but no resolution was taken." Darnley had, in the mean time, ordered proclamation to be made at the Market Cross, "that none of the people, except Protestants, should be permitted to leave their houses," and commanded the Provost to arm a strong guard to enforce obedience. He also dissolved the Convention of the Three Estates of Scotland assembled in Parliament, in his own name and by his own authority, enjoining, in the most arbitrary language, all the members of that National Assembly to "depart Edinburgh within three hours, under pain of loss of life, lands, and goods, except only such as the King by his special command caused to remain."[4] This was kinging it in a more despotic style than even his uncle Henry VIII. had ever ventured to attempt in England.

The distress of the poor Queen is thus touchingly recorded by the pen of one of her subjects in a quaint contemporary diary:[5] "Our Sovereign Lady was holden in captivity within her chamber, that no person nor persons might come and speak with her but those whom they pleased."

[1] Ruthven and Morton's Narrative—Keith's Appendix.
[2] Queen Mary's Letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow. [3] Diurnal of Occurrents.
[4] Narrative of Ruthven and Morton. Keith; Chalmers; Tytler. Labanoff's Appendix. [5] Diurnal of Occurrents.

Even when Darnley, whose heart evidently began to smite him for his misconduct on the preceding evening, sent his English Master of the Horse, Sir William Standen, to inquire after her health, and to comfort her, his messenger was not allowed to enter, nor were any of his servants permitted to pass through the guards stationed at her chamber-door, without an express order from the rebel Lords.[1] Startled at this insolent prohibition, Darnley determined to visit his captive consort himself. He found her in her desolate chamber unattended, and in a state of delirious agony, full of terror lest Ruthven should break in and murder her. She besought him to let her ladies come to her. Darnley, in promising to accord this favour, engaged for more than he could perform, for Ruthven and Morton, whose puppet he had now rendered himself, represented "that it would be extremely hazardous, as they feared the Queen would be able, through her ladies, to communicate with her nobles:" but as he had passed his word, and insisted it should be so, they at last affected to consent.[2] The ladies were, however, either intimidated or denied access to the Queen's chamber. Several hours later, when Darnley, after he had taken his own dinner, returned to visit his captive consort, he found her in increased distress of mind and body, and complaining piteously "that she could not get any of her ladies, either Scotch or French, to come to her." Darnley, beginning to grow uneasy at the sad state to which he saw her reduced, sent word to Ruthven and Morton "that it was his pleasure that the Queen's ladies should be allowed to come to her assistance."[3] Leal and true they were to their royal mistress in her hour of need, and perfectly ready, as the traitors suspected, to do their best to serve her, and circumvent those who were thus barbarously misusing her. Mary derived hope as well as comfort from their feminine sympathy and hearty co-operation in her projects for her deliverance. In the first place, she was able, through Mary Livingston's agency, to employ John Sempill, the husband of that Lady, to bring to her from David Riccio's chamber, which was placed under his father's jurisdiction by the confederates, the black box containing her secret foreign correspondence, and the keys of her various ciphers—a matter of the greatest importance. Next, with the assistance of this fair and zealous band of secretaries, the royal captive indited and sent forth letters to her ministers of state, the Earls of Athol, Argyll, Bothwell, and others.[4] Also to arrange with Sir James Melville, that he should do his best to propitiate his friend and patron Moray on his arrival, and bring him at once to her.[5] She contrived, at the same time, to communicate to Arthur Erskine, and others of her faithful servants, her intention to attempt her escape.

[1] Lord Herries' History of Queen Mary.
[2] Ruthven and Morton's Narrative—Keith's Appendix. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.
[5] Sir James Melville's Memoirs.

Ruthven and his people kept, meantime, a watchful eye on the Queen and her devoted female band; and having learned that she had formed a design of stealing out of her chamber among a party of her ladies, closely screened in hoods and mufflers, he came to impart the same to her husband. Darnley on this placed a guard at her door, with orders to let no one pass out muffled; but he was presently informed "that the ladies paid no attention to his decree, for that they would not pass out of the Queen's chamber unmuffled."[1] He then went to bear her company, that he might himself watch her movements; but she was apparently in no state for the enterprises described by Ruthven. At his coming down to his own chamber, Darnley confided to his dictatorial counsellors, Ruthven and Morton, all that had passed between him and his royal wife, whom he had so effectually soothed that she had granted that he should pass the night with her. They greatly censured his manner of proceeding with her,[2] nothing being more ominous to them than the prospect of a reconciliation between the unfortunate pair, whom they had, as they fancied, converted into deadly foes to each other. It was considered expedient to introduce a debate on the concession of the crown-matrimonial, (that fatal apple of discord, which had first produced jealousy and distrust,) as the most likely means of preventing scenes of impassioned penitence and relenting love. Morton said "it was necessary that he, as Lord Chancellor, should confer with the Queen on the subject, and also upon the return of the banished Lords." On entering her chamber he said "that he had not come to ask pardon in the case of David, seeing he was wholly innocent of his slaughter, but to inquire her pleasure about the Estates of Parliament, and whether she meant to deny the crown-matrimonial to her husband."[3] "My cousin," replied the Queen, who always graciously acknowledged the claims of Darnley's kindred, in like manner as if they had been in the same degree of relationship to herself, "I have never refused to honour my husband to the utmost of my power, and since I have espoused him I have continually procured for him everything I could for his aggrandizement; but the persons to whom the King now gives his confidence are those who have always dissuaded me from it,"—the foremost of these having been Morton himself. To this implied reproach the perfidious minister coolly replied, by urging her to do what was required of her; but Mary prudently observed, "that as she was a prisoner, all she might do would be invalid, and foreign Princes would say that her subjects had given laws to their Sovereign—an example very improper to establish."[4]

[1] Ruthven and Morton's Narrative—Keith's Appendix. [2] Ibid.
[3] Second Italian Memorial—Labanoff's Appendix. [4] Ibid.

CHAPTER XXII.

No Sabbath rest was there for the captive Sovereign in her sternly guarded chamber. On the afternoon of that memorable Sunday, March 10th, new and important actors appeared on the scene. The Earl of Moray and the other banished Lords arrived in Edinburgh, escorted by a thousand horsemen under the command of Lord Home. They proceeded straight to the Hall of Parliament, as if in obedience to their summons. They found it gaily decorated and hung with tapestry, just as it had been dressed in honour of the Queen's visit on the preceding Thursday, when she opened the Sessions. But the benches were empty; for the usurping Monarch of the day having commenced his reign by ordering all the representatives of the Three Estates out of Edinburgh that morning, with as little ceremony as if they had been a troop of vagabonds, they had vacated their places in consternation, and departed. Moray and his companions next presented themselves at the Abbey gates. They were frankly admitted, and graciously received by Darnley, who had recalled them, and promised full remission in his own name, for their treasons. As soon as the Queen heard of Moray's arrival, she sent a private message through one of her ladies requiring him to come to her. He obeyed her summons, and appeared shocked and surprised at the doleful condition in which he found her. Mary flung herself into his arms with an impassioned burst of feeling, kissed and embraced him many times, exclaiming at the same time, in the simplicity of her heart, "Oh, my brother! if you had been here, you never would have allowed me to be so cruelly handled." Tears fell from Moray's eyes at this tender and pathetic greeting from his royal sister. Little did poor Mary suspect that his name stood foremost in the bond of association for the murder of Riccio, for bestowing the crown of Scotland on her husband, consigning herself to prison, and, if expediency prompted, to death.

She told Moray "it was no fault of hers that he had been so long away, for it was well known she would have restored him long ago, but for displeasing others." And this was in allusion to Darnley's petulant opposition to the act of grace she would, in accordance with the clemency of her disposition, have extended to Moray and the other exiles, after she had, by Riccio's prudent counsel, granted a remission to the Duke de Châtelherault.[1] Those writers who have so severely censured Mary for not restoring Moray, Rothes, and the others, should remember that, as they had conspired against her husband's life, she could not in common

[1] Robertson. Chalmers.

decency allow them to return to Scotland against his consent. What would have been said of her if she had?

Mary besought her brother's assistance in restoring her to her liberty and regal authority. He assured her he had no power to do so, but made deceitful professions of his compassion for her sufferings and his good-will. Mary gave him credit for sincerity, for she records that Moray, "seeing her state and condition, was moved with natural affection towards her."[1] What strong delusion possessed this unfortunate Princess that she could believe so, in the face of the facts she thus goes on to state? "Upon the morn he assembled the enterprisers of this late crime, and such of our rebels as came with him. In their council they thought it most expedient we should be warded in our Castle of Stirling, there to remain till we had approved in Parliament all their wicked enterprises, established their religion, and given to the King the crown-matrimonial, or else by all appearance firmly purposed to have put us to death."[2] At this council her worthy father-in-law, the Earl of Lennox, assisted. Lennox, though one of the great inciters of the plot, had prudently kept out of sight till the overt and responsible acts of treason had been achieved. He appears to have returned from England either with Moray and his associates, or as their harbinger. A more select conclave, confined to Moray's especial confederates, had met, however, on the Sunday evening at Morton's house, to take their resolution on the momentous question of Mary's life or death. This being referred to Moray's decision, when he came from his royal sister's prison-room, with his cheeks still moistened with the tears they had wept together, as she clung to him in her agonizing welcome of confiding fondness, he coolly pronounced his veto for her death, by declaring his opinion to Morton and the actual assassins of Riccio, "that they had gone too far to recede with safety, for they could expect no grace from the Queen; therefore it behoved them to take such measures as the laws of self-preservation prescribed."

There was a debate among the doomsters of their Sovereign as to the term of days that should be permitted her; for it was, by the more prudent as well as the most merciful of the party, proposed that she should be removed to some stricter place of confinement, and there kept securely till after the birth of the infant heir of the Crown, in whose name they might govern under the title of a Council of Regency. Moray replied "that delays were dangerous; they had involved themselves in a perilous dilemma, and it was no time to dally."[3] These discussions were not for Darnley's ear. He had, however, heard and seen enough to convince him of his folly. His instinctive hatred to Moray, which had been stifled, not extinguished, by their unnatural political alliance, broke out

[1] Queen Mary's Letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow. Keith.
[2] Queen's Letter to Beton, Archbishop of Glasgow.
[3] Adam Blackwood's Life of Queen Mary. Tytler, Hist. Scot. Keith.

again on perceiving that person was treated with much greater respect than himself by the conspirators, and that he had had a private interview with the Queen, without either asking his permission or informing him of the nature of their conference. Moray, within an hour after his return to Edinburgh, sufficiently demonstrated who the real head of the party was, for whose exaltation the revolution was projected, that had hurled the lawful Sovereign from her throne, while to her deluded husband would be assigned the odium of her murder, and its punishment.

While the verdict for the life or death of Mary Stuart and the unborn heir of the Britannic empire was yet under the consideration of the junta assembled in Morton's house, Darnley, conscience-stricken at the things he had done, and terrified at the prospect of the still more atrocious designs to which he apprehended he might be rendered an accomplice, sought the chamber of his injured consort, his only refuge from the mocking fiends with whom he had conspired against her.

Mary, who had determined to make a last powerful appeal to the feelings of her husband, rose, advanced to meet him, and with mournful earnestness addressed him in these words: "Alas, Sir! and wherefore is it thus that you requite me for having loved you above all the men in the world? Why is it that you have torn yourself from my love, to enleague yourself with our mutual foes—at this time, too, when I am likely to bring you a child to the increase of your credit and importance? But, alas! by these violent proceedings you will destroy both mother and child; and when you have done this, you will perceive, too late, the motives of those who have tempted you to this wickedness. Think not you will escape from their bloody hands, after they have caused you to slay what ought to be so dear to you; for you will be overwhelmed in my ruins, having no other hold on the realm of Scotland but what you derive from me."[1] Her tears and pathetic eloquence prevailed; Darnley threw himself at her feet, and in an agony of remorse besought her to forgive his crime, and restore him to her love, offering, at the same time, to do anything she desired. To Mary's honour it is recorded, that her first injunction was dictated by her anxiety for the weal of his immortal soul, stained with the deadly guilt of murder. She knew his life was in no less danger than her own, and therefore begged him, "above all things, to endeavour to appease the wrath of God by penitence and prayer, that he might obtain forgiveness where it was most requisite to seek for mercy.[2] As for her own forgiveness, that she most frankly accorded," she said, turning upon him as she spoke, her face beaming with tenderness and joy. Darnley now relieved his burdened mind by revealing the unaccomplished design of the conspirators, "to hang Sir James Balfour at her chamber-door; to behead the Earls of Bothwell, Huntley, and Lord Livingston"—all four Protestants, be it re-

[1] Adam Blackwood. Caussin's Life of Mary. [2] Caussin.

membered—"and to drown certain of her faithful ladies. Her own life," he added, "was, he feared, in danger, unless she could find some means of effecting her escape."[1] Mary confided to him that arrangements had been made for that purpose by the Earls of Huntley and Bothwell, who, since their escape, had found means to let her know that they had prepared ropes, which they would send secretly to her, together with the apparatus for letting her down in a chair outside the palace, where she would be received by them, and escorted to a safe refuge—the only place whence it was possible for her to make the descent being the clock-tower. But Darnley earnestly dissuaded her from such an enterprise, as too hazardous to be attempted by any woman, especially one in her situation. Mary, with her characteristic courage, would have risked the descent nevertheless, if her husband had not prevented it, and promised to find some safer means for her enfranchisement.[2] As an earnest of his good intentions, Darnley essayed to dismiss four-and-twenty men-at-arms who were keeping guard at Mary's chamber-door, but found he had no power to enforce obedience to his commands. He was, in fact, as much a prisoner within the walls of the palace of Holyrood as his consort, though with a tether somewhat more extended, as he was able to pass from his own apartments to her chamber; but how long that liberty might last appeared doubtful. Mary had enjoined him to conceal their reconciliation, and to make the most of her illness; yet the yearning of his heart towards her was observed, and excited the sarcasms of Ruthven and Morton. According to their report, "the King grew effeminate again, and they said to him, 'We see no other but you may do what both you and we will have cause to repent;' nevertheless he would have the house ridded, conformably to her Majesty's wish."[3]

Darnley's purpose of returning to his royal wife's bed-chamber that night was frustrated by a fit of drowsiness, so unseasonable that it can only be accounted for by the conjecture, that either he had drunk to excess, or his wine had been drugged with a strong opiate by the parties who had testified their disapproval of his conjugal appointment. The latter circumstance is rendered the more suspicious by the fact that his worthy uncles, George the Postulate and the occult Ruthven, kept their watch and ward in his wardrobe that night.[4] Darnley awoke not from his lethargic slumbers till six o'clock on the following morning (Monday, the 11th of March).[5] Ruthven sarcastically inquired "wherefore he had not kept his tryst with the Queen?" He answered, "that he had fallen into a deep sleep," and blamed his confidential servant, William Elder, "for not awaking him." "Several attempts" were stated "to have been made for that purpose, but it was impossible to rouse him from his stupe-

[1] Italian Memorial, in Labanoff's Appendix and Tytler's Appendix.
[2] Teulet's Pièces et Documens relatifs des Affairs d'Escosses, vol. ii.
[3] Morton and Ruthven's Narrative. [4] Ibid.
[5] Ibid. Keith's Appendix.

faction." He then said "he would go to the Queen immediately, and offer his excuses." Ruthven treated the idea with derision, predicting that she would receive him with coldness and disdain; but Darnley was not to be deterred from visiting her.[1]

Mary, who had spent another restless night in an agony of suspense and disappointed hope, closed her tear-swollen eyes at his approach, and feigned to be asleep. Darnley seated himself on the side of her bed, and remained for the space of an hour silently regarding her. At last she spoke; it was to inquire "why he came not up to her the night before?" Darnley alleged, in excuse, "the dead sleep into which he had unluckily fallen;" being greatly out of humour, he added a torrent of reproaches because Mary said "she was ill," and did not welcome him, now he had favoured her with his presence. Instead of chafing his irascible temper with angry rejoinders, Mary said "she would rise;" but he had much to say to her on matters of deep importance to them both; and when his petulance subsided, he represented to her the necessity of her promising to grant an amnesty not only to the banished Earls, but also to those who had been concerned in the slaughter of her Secretary. Mary listened quiescently, and said "she would be guided by his advice." Much elated at this, he returned to his own apartments, and merrily related all that had passed. Morton and Ruthven listened with uneasiness to this evidence of renewed amity between the royal pair. They endeavoured to inspire Darnley with distrust of his consort's sincerity. "It is all words," said they, "and instead of your persuading her, we fear she will persuade you to her desire; for she has been trained up in the Court of France." "Now," rejoined he, "will you let me alone? and I will warrant to bring all to a good end."

At nine o'clock, having made his state toilet, Darnley returned to the Queen's chamber, where, being alone, they reasoned together, and took counsel of each other, as earnestly as if the familiar confidence of conjugal affection had never been interrupted. Darnley entreated the Queen to appear resigned to her present irksome situation, to refrain from sharp words, and to sign and promise everything the conspirators demanded, for they would keep her strictly warded till she did; but being once restored to her liberty, she could revoke all that she had been constrained by fear to do. He remained with her till two o'clock in the afternoon, at which unusually late hour he descended to take his dinner in his own apartments: he then declared to Moray, Morton, Ruthven, and Lindsay, "that he had prevailed on the Queen to grant them presence, and to forgive all their offences, which she would dismiss from her mind as though they had never been." "Fair speaking is but policy," they replied, "and such promises would never be performed."[2] Darnley bade them make what security they pleased, and he would join her Majesty in

[1] Ruthven and Morton's Narrative—Keith's Appendix. [2] Ibid.

subscribing it. After he had dined he passed again to the Queen's apartments, but the midwife came to him with the alarming tidings "that her Majesty was in danger of a premature confinement, and very disastrous consequences could not fail of following from her present symptoms, unless she could be removed to some place where she had freer air." Several of her ladies confirmed this report, whereupon he returned to his chamber at three o'clock, to declare the same to the Lords. Then came the Queen's French doctor, and assured the youthful husband, in their presence, "that her Majesty was very ill, and unless she were removed from that place to some sweeter, pleasanter air, she could not possibly eschew a fever, and repeated the prediction of the good ladies above. Darnley asked the Lords what they thought of the doctor's report? They said, "they feared it was but craft and policy." In the course of the discussion Darnley emphatically declared "that the Queen was a true Princess, and he would set his life for what she promised."[1] Would the royal husband, it may be asked, have volunteered such an assertion, if there had been the slightest foundation for the gross slanders of Buchanan, charging Mary with conjugal infidelity, which must necessarily involve a system of falsehood both of word and deed?

Between four and five o'clock the same afternoon Darnley passed to the Queen, and took the Earls of Morton and Moray and the Lord Ruthven with him. Leaving them in the outer chamber, he went in and inquired if her Majesty would come into the outer chamber, or allow the Lords to enter? Mary, submitting herself entirely to her husband's direction, permitted him to lead her into the outer chamber. The Earls and Lord Ruthven knelt and made a general address to her by the Earl of Morton her Lord Chancellor, and then each said something for himself, promising obedience, and to demean themselves as good subjects in time to come. When the Queen had heard all, she replied "that the Lords knew she was never bloodthirsty, nor greedy of their lands or goods, since her coming into Scotland, nor would be upon theirs that were present; and bidding them rise, she told them 'to prepare their own securities, and she would subscribe them.' Then her Majesty took the King by the hand, and giving her other to the Earl of Moray, she walked between them in the outer chamber for about an hour, and so passed into her bed-room, where she and the King appointed that all who came on his part"—in other words, those who had drawn him into a treasonable confederacy to murder her servants and dethrone her, and were then keeping her as a prisoner in her own palace—"should depart in peace, and leave her and him at liberty."[2] But this was no part of the intentions of the perfidious men, who, after labouring successfully to create jealousy and strife between the royal pair, had entered their strong

[1] Ruthven and Morton's Narrative.
[2] Ibid.—Keith's Appendix. Tytler. Robertson.

places, and meant to divide their spoils. They had seized the palace of Holyrood, and occupied it with an armed force, and imprisoned the Queen under the pretext that she had wronged her husband. But her husband and she had come to a right understanding; he had assured these perilous go-betweens "that she was a true princess, and he would set his life on her integrity;" that he had no longer any occasion for their lordships' presence, and desired to be freed from the intrusion of the guards they had set over his royal consort. The evidence of the assassins themselves proves that Darnley, whom they had previously tutored to deceive Mary, was the contriver of the counter-plot for outwitting them, the Queen being assuredly at that time a prisoner under marital control. To Darnley, therefore, is due the whole credit of extricating his consort, and himself at the same time, from the frightful predicament in which his consummate folly had placed them.

While he went down to supper, which was at six o'clock, and kept the Lords in talk about their securities, his trusty English Master of the Horse, Sir William Standen, waited on the Queen, and settled with her the hour and manner of attempting her escape. By his advice and diligence horses were prepared and the time appointed with the King.[1] The only remaining difficulty was to remove the guards. The King again proposed it to the Lords when they brought their securities to him for the Queen's signature and his own; but they still demurred, observing, "You may do what you please, but it is sore against our wills; for we fear that all is deceit that is meant towards us, and that the Queen will pass away shortly, and take you with her, either to the Castle of Edinburgh or Dunbar." For neither was their Sovereign free to take that change of air which her physician had prescribed, nor her husband to travel in her company, though Morton and Ruthven had told him "he could do what he pleased." Darnley, having a pretty strong will of his own, desired to rid his palace of their presence, and his consort's ante-chamber of their men-at-arms, but found he could not do it. For a wonder, he kept his temper, and his father backed him in his desire of passing the night with the Queen, or he might have been circumvented in that also; but Lennox, having his eye on the grant of the crown-matrimonial to his son, and the succession for himself, pleaded, "that the best and only way of managing the Queen was through the power of her affections, and therefore it would be desirable that his son should affect great fondness for her."[2] Yet Darnley had been too prudent to trust his father with the secret of the full and entire reconciliation between himself and Mary, much less with his chivalric intention of effecting her deliverance that night, in case they could get rid of the guards.

In this dilemma Mary sent for Lethington. Deep-dyed in the con-

[1] Lord Herries. Fragmentary History of Mary Queen of Scots.
[2] Ruthven and Morton's Narrative.

spiracy though he were, he had not outraged her womanly feelings by brandishing a murderous weapon in her presence, nor coming before her with the stains of murder on his hands and dress to taunt her like the coarser-minded ruffians of the confederacy, who played the butcher's part in the tragedy ; he was not, therefore, an object of horror to her, so she gave him gentle words, and condescended to entreat his aid in negotiating with the other Lords for the dismissal of the guards. He undertook to do his best for her satisfaction, and found many were willing it should be done, if they could be sure of their remission. As she had condescended to see Morton and Moray, she was advised to see them all, and speak to them herself in presence of the King and each other. "It was convened between our said Sovereign Lady and all the Lords," records a contemporary authority,[1] "committers of the slaughter, except my Lord Ruthven (whom she would not allow to come in her presence, because he was the principal man that came in her cabinet to commit the said slaughter), and with all the remaining Lords banished before, as said is, that her Majesty would give them remission for all crimes bygone, unto the said eleventh day ; and 'albeit she would subscribe their remission instantly,' she said, 'because she was holden in captivity, it would do them no good ;' and to satisfy them more pleasantly, she said 'she would pass the morn, God willing, to the Tolbooth, and there, by consent of Parliament, make an act of remission to them for the crimes above written ;' and this said, she drank to every one of them in special." This was apparently the cup of peace, without which no reconciliation could be cemented in Scotland, any more than among the North American Indians without the introduction of the pipe and a few friendly whiffs.

The Queen having promised this formal remission, she requested them "to deliver the keys of her palace to her servants, and leave her chamber to the care of her own officials, the same as it was wont to be, because for the last two nights she had taken no rest." The King facetiously promised "to be her keeper himself for that night, and to take very good care of her, if so be they would rid the palace of strangers, and trust her in his hands." He also showed them that she was now so ill and exhausted that she could hardly stand for bodily weakness, and was therefore in no plight for nocturnal enterprises.[2] The reluctancy with which they withdrew is avowed by the assassins themselves in their narrative : "And the Lord Ruthven protested, 'that whatever bloodshed or mischief should ensue thereupon, should fall upon the King's head and his posterity.'"[3]

Darnley heard the imprecation with indifference, and gaily answered,

[1] Diurnal of Occurrents in Scotland, March 11th, 1565, p. 92.
[2] Blackwood's Life of Queen Mary. Lord Herries. Italian Memorials in Labanoff's Appendix.
[3] Morton's Confession, in Bannatyne's Memorials.

"He would warrant them all." So they parted, and passed from the Palace of Holyrood to the Earl of Morton's house, where they supped, not placing the slightest reliance either on the extorted promises of the Queen, or the professions of Darnley, but supposing it physically impossible for her to make any personal effort after two sleepless nights and days of agonizing excitement. They had yet to learn the energies of the mind which animated that form, "so soft and fair," and enábled Mary Stuart courageously to strive against the rough currents of her adverse fate.

In order to avoid suspicion, their Majesties both went to bed, but rose two hours after midnight; the Queen being only attended by her faithful maid, Margaret Carwood or (Cawood), and Bastian,[1] who was also an assistant in the enterprise, and gave the proper signal when all was ready. They stealthily descended a secret stair to a postern leading through the cemetery of the Chapel-royal. At the outer gate of the cemetery Sir William Standen was waiting with the King's horse, he being the only person in his household whom he ventured to take with him. The Queen was with some difficulty, and at the danger of her life, we are told, lifted up behind Arthur Erskine, her equerry, the hereditary shield-bearer to the Sovereign of Scotland—he being mounted on a fleet palfrey, provided with a pillion for her use. Lord Traquair, the Captain of the Guard, took her maid, Margaret, behind him. Sir William Standen and Bastian rode singly. The little cavalcade—seven persons, with five horses only—cleared the precincts of the palace unperceived, under the shadow of night, and arrived safely at Seton House, their first and only resting-place. Lord Seton, apprised of their intentions, was in readiness, with two hundred armed cavaliers, to receive his fugitive Sovereign and her consort, and escort them on their journey to Dunbar.[2]

Mary's spirits rose with the excitement of the adventure and its successful progress. Invigorated by the fresh air and exercise, she insisted on taking a horse to herself, and was not only able to support herself in the saddle, but performed the last twelve miles of the long sharp journey with such speed, that she and her company arrived at the gates of Dunbar Castle before sunrise. The warder's challenge was answered by the startling announcement, "Their Majesties the King and Queen!" Four-and-twenty hours had scarcely elapsed since Moray and the rebel Lords swept past those towers, on their triumphant return to Edinburgh, escorted by a thousand traitor spears, proclaiming through the country the tidings "that Holyrood Abbey was occupied by their confederates, the Secretary was slain, and the Queen a prisoner in her husband's keeping, who meant to dethrone her;" and now the royal pair had eloped together, and were riding side by side like errant lovers. The whole thing

[1] Lord Herries' History of Queen Mary. Labanoff's Appendix.
[2] Ibid. Labanoff's Appendix, vol. vii.

appeared so strange to the warder that he ventured not to raise the portcullis till he had ascertained how the castellan stood affected.[1] Now it happened that the castellan was not within the castle, but sleeping in a house hard by. Thither the warder ran to notify the names and rank of his early visitors, and to inquire whether they might be admitted, leaving his fair liege lady and her fiery young consort, with their faithful followers, waiting before the gates of the wave-beaten fortress in the bleak morning air, after their midnight flitting and hard ride of twenty miles. The pause, however brief, must have been an anxious one to the royal fugitives, knowing how full of treason were the times. Their suspense was quickly over; the castellan instantly hastened to receive their Majesties with proper demonstrations of respect, and admitted them and all their company into the castle hall. "The first thing the Queen did was to order a fire to be made to warm her, and to ask for some new-laid eggs." Our lively Italian authority records the pleasant fact that "when the said eggs were brought to the Queen of Scotiand, she herself put them on the fire to cook."[2] How Mary and Darnley must have enjoyed that early breakfast, after their twenty miles' race for life along the East Lothian coast, in the sharp air of a March morning! Small appetite for food could either of them have had during the last dreadful eight-and-forty hours they spent in their palace of Holyrood.

As soon as Mary had refreshed herself with her simple repast in the hall of Dunbar Castle, she sat down to write to her royal brother-in-law, Charles IX. of France, and the Queen-mother, and her uncle, Cardinal de Lorraine, an account of the troubles that had befallen her. In her letter to her uncle the Cardinal she subscribed herself, "Your niece, Maria, Queen without a kingdom."[3] These letters the Queen despatched by the master of a small vessel from the port of Dunbar.

Mary was mistaken when she signed herself a Queen without a kingdom, for the hearts of her people were hers, and that very day arrived the Earls of Huntley and Bothwell, and others, to whom the secret of her intended retreat had been confided, at the head of a levy of thirteen hundred horsemen for her succour.[4] With all the energy proper to the representative of Bruce, Mary strained every nerve for the recovery of her rights. She wrote letters and issued proclamations, summoning all the true men of Scotland to rally in defence of the Crown; and nobly was her call responded to by the chivalry of the realm, for she had immediately an army at her command of eight thousand men,[5] with which, in case of need, she would have been able to take the field against the conspirators. There was no need of it; they were, as before, defeated without striking

[1] Memorial on Scotch Affairs, addressed to Cosmo de Medicis—Labanoff's Appendix, vol. vii.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Memorial on Scotch Affairs, addressed to Cosmo I., Duke of Tuscany—Labanoff's Appendix.

[4] Mary's Letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow.

[5] Knox.

a stroke, save the fifty-six dagger-thrusts by which they had demonstrated their valour on the feeble misshapen body of the luckless little Italian Secretary. They were assassins, not warriors.

Great was the consternation of the conspirators the next morning on discovering the elopement of Mary and her consort; unspeakable their fury against Darnley, not only for having outwitted them, crafty as they were, but because he had given a practical contradiction to their slanders, and publicly vindicated the honour of the Queen by assuming his proper character as her lawful protector, and delivering her out of their wicked hands.

The first movement of Moray and his company from England was to present themselves in the Parliament Hall in the Tolbooth, and to cause record to be made "that they had appeared on the day of summons, March 12, but no one had urged anything against them." Mr Robert Crichton, their Majesties' advocate, being present, reminded them "that the Parliament had been discharged by the King on the tenth day of the month under pain of treason, therefore there was no Parliament sitting, and their proceedings were illegal and unavailing." A brave man must Mr Robert Crichton have been, but he was strong in the might of public opinion, which was for the Queen. Greatly had the conspirators been deceived by the representations of Knox and Randolph that Mary was hated and held in universal contempt by her subjects, the reverse being demonstrated by the loyal enthusiasm which animated all ranks in her favour. Her enemies found themselves, as before, in a very weak minority. In this dilemma they despatched Lord Sempill with a humble supplication to her Majesty to sign their securities, and perform the other articles, according to her promise. Mary, not considering herself bound by any pledges extorted from her while a prisoner in fear of her life, paid no attention to the envoy. The rebel league now began to split, and every man sought to shift for himself. Glencairn was the first to abandon the confederacy: he hastened to Dunbar without a safe-conduct, and threw himself on the mercy of his offended Sovereign, protested his innocence of the late foul treason, and besought her pardon. Though Mary had considered his conduct so heinous that she had indignantly torn his petition when presented by his kinsmen and friends a few months previously, she now accorded her pardon, and accepted his personal submission.[1]

So strong was the Queen's party in Edinburgh at this time, that although the traitors were still in possession of the town, proclamation was made on the 15th of March at the Market Cross, "requiring, under pain of treason, the nobles, gentlemen, and substantial yeomen, with their servants and followers, to meet their Majesties at Musselburgh on Sunday, March 17, with weapons of war and eight days' provision, in readiness to

[1] Queen Mary to Beton—Keith.

perform such services as might be required." Intimation was also given that, if the rebel Lords were allowed to remain, Lord Erskine, the Governor of Edinburgh Castle, would be under the necessity of firing on the town. This threat produced the expulsion of the whole of the conspirators and their accomplices: Morton, Ruthven, Lindsay, Kerr of Faudonside, George the Postulate, the ringleaders of the assassination, fled to England, and took possession of the quarters Moray and his company had previously occupied at Newcastle. Lethington retired to Dunkeld, and John Knox fled to Kyle.

The Castle of Tantallon, which Darnley had resigned to Morton during their guilty confederacy, was now summoned in the name of their Majesties, and being surrendered, possession of this fortress and other appanages of Archibald, Earl of Angus, was resumed by the Crown.[1] Morton finally recovered the management of this vast inheritance for his nephew and ward, but not till after the formidable claims of the consort of Mary Stuart had been effectually exploded at the house of Kirk-of-Field. Previously to his departure into England, Morton wrote to excuse himself to the Queen for his late acts of treason, assuring her he had been reluctantly drawn into complicity by the entreaties and threats of the King her husband, and his father, the Earl of Lennox, disclosing, at the same time, such evidences of the guilt of both that Mary forbade Lennox ever again to appear in her presence. This exclusion was very painful to Darnley, and affords ample explanation of the differences which, even before they left Dunbar, are said to have arisen between the royal pair.

After tarrying at Dunbar five days, they proceeded to Haddington, where they spent Sunday, March 17th, held a Court and Council, and transacted much important business, involving an entire change of Ministry. Morton was discharged from the office of Lord Chancellor, and the seals bestowed on the Earl of Huntley. Sir James Balfour, the Protestant parson of Fliske, was made Clerk-Register in the place of the traitor James Makgill—always a secret-service man of England, and now a convicted accomplice in the conspiracy against the Queen. Lethington, and Bellenden the Justice-Clerk, who were not personally assisting in the butchery of Riccio, had conducted themselves with such profound caution that their complicity could not have been proved if it had not been denounced by Darnley, who took a bitter satisfaction in the exposure and punishment of his tempters and confederates in evil. Lethington was stripped of the rich abbacy of Haddington, the Queen's misapplied bounty. This she now transferred to the Earl of Bothwell, whose ancestors, the Lords of Hailes, were the original patrons of the abbey.[2]

[1] Diurnal of Occurrents. Robert Lauder of the Bass being appointed Captain of Tantallon by their Majesties.
[2] Diurnal of Occurrents. Chalmers.

Lethington never forgave either the Queen or Bothwell, and least of all Darnley. Bothwell, having given no ordinary proofs of his fidelity on the late trying occasion, was restored to his hereditary office of Lord-Admiral, confirmed in the appointment of their Majesties' Lieutenant-General, and made Captain of Dunbar. Thus all the military force of the Crown was confided to his charge by the joint authority of the King and Queen, who acted in perfect unity in affairs of state at this critical juncture. Darnley was, however, for having every one severely punished, while Mary was willing not to inquire too closely into the conduct of those who could plead an *alibi* on the night of the outrage. Among this number was her crafty brother Moray, whom she had never ceased to love, and earnestly desired to win over to her party. Intent on this object, Mary, at her hasty flitting from her palace of Holyrood, had charged one of her faithful ladies to tell Sir James Melville to persuade the Earl of Moray to leave the rebels and return to his allegiance. As Moray saw that their cause was hopeless, he sent Melville to the Queen at Haddington, with letters protesting his own innocence, and his entire repudiation "of those who had committed the late odious crime, solemnly pledging himself to have nothing more to do with them."[1] The credit due to his professions let the pens of his English confederates, Randolph and Bedford, testify, in the following postscript of the joint letter addressed by them to Cecil on the 27th of March, ten days after Mary had signed his pardon: "My Lord of Moray, by a special servant sent unto us, desireth your Honour's favour to these noblemen, as his dear friends, and such as, for his sake, hath given this adventure."[2]

The confederacy between him and them remained, as their English coadjutors have shown, unbroken. The great object for which it was organized—the destruction of Queen Mary—was for the present rendered abortive by the unexpected part played by her husband in delivering her out of their cruel hands, but it was not abandoned. "The tragedy, which," as Sir Nicholas Throckmorton subsequently observes, "began with the death of David Riccio,"[3] was soon to be followed by that of the intractable Darnley, as a prelude and pretext for the accomplishment of the malignant purposes so long meditated against Mary herself. The first step towards this had been accomplished; mistrust and jealousy had been sown between the royal pair. Mary's heart was sore from some fresh cause of displeasure her husband had given her when she was at Haddington; for, in a private conversation with Sir James Melville, she lamented "the King's folly, unthankfulness, and misbehaviour, and also the treacherous dealing of his father, from whom he ought to have had far different counsel."[4] While Darnley, on the other hand, inquired of Melville, with

[1] Melville's Memoirs. [2] Wright's Elizabeth and her Times, i. 235.
[3] Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth. Stevenson's Illustrations—Maitland Miscellany. [4] Melville's Memoirs.

jealous anxiety, "if my Lord of Moray had written to him?" Melville discreetly answered, "that his Lordship esteemed him and the Queen as one, and that his letter was written in haste." Darnley's self-importance was offended. "He might have written to me also," he petulantly observed; and then asked what had become of Morton, Ruthven, and the rest of that company. Melville told him "they had all fled, he knew not whither." "As they have brewen so let them drink," was Darnley's bitter rejoinder.[1]

That night, at Haddington, the Queen subscribed the remissions for Moray, and all the Lords who had returned with him from Newcastle, with the light condition annexed that they should respectively repair to their own houses, and dwell there quietly for a month.[2] The next day she returned in triumph to her metropolis, accompanied by her husband, attended by all the nobles of her party and their followers, and escorted by a loyal muster of nine thousand men, in warlike array. All Edinburgh came out to meet and welcome their Queen, who was received with the most flattering demonstrations of joy. One good result the late treasonable enterprise of the conspirators had effected—it had roused her energies, both of mind and body, to salutary activity; for, in consequence of the weakness incidental to her situation, she had fallen into valetudinarian habits of self-indulgence, and instead of taking proper exercise, had accustomed herself to be carried in a chair by four of her guards; but now, having been compelled to exert herself, she found herself able to ride on horseback, and to walk a considerable distance, and was, of course, all the better for it.

Instead of proceeding to their palace of Holyrood, their Majesties took up their abode in Lord Home's house, opposite the Salt Trone, in the High Street, called the old Bishop of Dunkeld's lodging. About this mansion they caused field-pieces to be planted, and a guard to be set, for fear of a surprise. The loyal nobles who attended their Majesties lodged round it, and the city gates were vigilantly kept, both day and night, by men-at-arms.[3]

Mary's first care was to exonerate her consort, as far as she could, from the reproach and ill consequences of his folly, by granting him letters containing the fullest form of pardon that could be devised for every sort of treason it was possible to commit, "that if, in case of her death," she said, "proceedings should be instituted against him, he might be able to produce them in proof of her forgiveness." These were documents of great importance to Darnley; for had his royal wife and Sovereign died in childbed or undelivered, he would have stood amenable to the statutes against high treason. If Mary had borne the slightest malice against him, she would not have taken these prudential measures for protecting

[1] Melville's Memoirs. [2] Ibid. Diurnal of Occurrents.
[3] Diurnal of Occurrents. Knox, Hist. Ref. Scot.

him from the vengeance of her country. It is generally supposed that it was by her desire that he protested before the Council "that he was innocent of the late treason and slaughter committed in the Abbey of Holyrood, and the detention of the Queen, and that all he had to do with it was his being so far overseen as to give consent, unknown to her Majesty, for the return of the Earl of Moray and the other Lords from England." Proclamation to the same effect was made at the Market Cross on the 21st of March; and it was forbidden, under penalty of treason, for any one to say the King was either art or part in the conspiracy. Mary endeavoured, in the temperate and guarded recital she put forth of the attempt on her liberty and government, to conceal his guilt as far as it was possible to do so, but the fact of his complicity was too notorious; it was exaggerated by the conspirators in self-defence, and blazoned abroad by the emissaries of the English Sovereign, for the purpose of affixing a stigma on the hitherto spotless reputation of the rival Queen.

Nothing could be more wretched than the position in which Darnley found himself placed by his late folly. His alliance with the conspirators had deprived him of the confidence of the Queen, and excited the contempt of her friends; his retreat from the conspiracy, denial of his own acts, and betrayal of the secrets of Morton and his confederates, provoked their scorn, their hatred, and their vengeance. His natural irritability was of course aggravated by his degradation in popular opinion; and his puerile jealousy of his consort's superior rank and importance increased by the homage and tokens of affection he saw lavished on her.

Morton, Ruthven, and the rest of the assassins and their numerous accomplices, were summoned to answer for their offences, and not appearing, were put to the horn, outlawed, and their possessions entered upon by the Crown authorities.[1] The only persons punished with death were, Henry Yair, a traitor priest attached to the Queen's Chapel-royal, who, having entered Ruthven's service, had been present in the Queen's cabinet taking an active part in the murder of Riccio; and Thomas Scott, Sheriff-depute of Perth, who, as a magistrate holding the Queen's commission, could not be excused for so flagrant a breach of her laws. He was denounced by Darnley, who insisted on his being put to death.[2] Harlaw and Mowbray, two burgesses of inferior degree, were condemned to death, but reprieved at the foot of the ladder by the Queen's orders. The message of grace to these unhappy men was sent in great haste by the Earl of Bothwell, "who presented her Majesty's

[1] Several of the townsmen of Edinburgh were arrested for their share in this business, among whom were those old offenders Patrick Cranstoun and Andrew Armstrong, who had previously been imprisoned for raising a riot during Divine service in the Queen's Chapel-royal, and in whose behalf John Knox wrote the seditious letters to convoke a tumultuary assembly. Diurnal of Occurrents. Knox, Hist. Ref. Scot. Tytler.

[2] Randolph to Cecil, April 4, 1566—Robertson's Appendix.

ring to the provost for safety of their lives," says Knox.[1] The informality of the pardon elicits a sarcasm; but probably, if Mary had waited for the preparation of a legal document, it would have arrived too late. The Provost understood at once that the ring was the token of the royal relentings in behalf of the death-doomed men. It was the revival of an ancient custom practised by Scottish monarchs before the date of the earliest sign-manual on record, when everything in Church and State was represented by types and symbols, the short-hand writing of the unlettered. There is something picturesque in the incident, like the extension of the golden sceptre of the Persian monarch in holy writ.

Mary had been willing to persuade herself, as well as her subjects and the Princes of France and Spain, that her husband had been the dupe and victim of the artful traitors with whom he had been entangled. She had told him, in the first moments of their reconciliation, "that she could not believe he had ever meditated anything against her, though he might have swerved from the right path through the frailty of youth; and that she prayed God to forgive, as she did, all the mischief his imprudence had caused." His seducers, however, took malicious pleasure in tearing the veil from her eyes, by putting her in full possession of the evidences of his guilt.[2]

These revelations excited, as it was intended they should, fresh feelings of anger and distrust in the Queen's mind. The dearer Darnley had been to her, the keener were the pangs caused by his treachery and ingratitude. She could neither conceal her indignation nor her contempt; while he passionately observed, "that since he was held in so little account, he repented him of having forsaken the Lords;"[3] and, with the intention of forming a fresh confederacy with Moray and Argyll, he abruptly left Edinburgh, and rode off to Stirling, accompanied by a dozen horsemen. But Moray and the others refused to treat with him.[4] The universal contempt in which Darnley was held at that time prevented him from doing any further mischief either to himself or the Queen. Under these humiliating circumstances, he sought the consolations of his Church, confessed his sins, received spiritual counsel, "and was shriven," says Knox, "after the Papist fashion." These proceedings explain the otherwise mysterious sentences in Morton and Ruthven's narrative: "Since the former division the King hath revolted from the Queen, and now is come to her again. The constancy of such a King I leave to you to judge of."[5] An especial Council sat on the 5th of April to decide where her accouchement should take place, when it was unanimously agreed that Edinburgh Castle would be the safest and most commodious of all her royal abodes

[1] Hist. Ref. Scot. Diurnal of Occurrents.
[2] Italian Despatch, from the Medicis Archives, dated March 28, 1566. Quoted in Tytler's Appendix, vol. vii.
[3] Melville's Memoirs.
[4] Hist. Ref. Scot. Chalmers' Life of Queen Mary.
[5] Keith's Appendix.

for the birth of the expected heir of the Crown.[1] Mary complied with the advice of her ministers, and removed to her royal fortress with her ladies and officers of state. Almost the first person she met on entering the castle was the unfortunate Earl of Arran, who had been under restraint there for nearly four years—first, on account of his implication with Bothwell in the plot for carrying her off from Falkland, and since, as a hostage for his father's conduct. The general belief was that he had gone mad for love of the Queen. He had made several attempts both on his own life and that of his servant since his confinement. Mary was deeply touched when she saw him. She greeted him kindly, and kissed him as if no cloud had passed between them, nor mental malady deprived him of the ceremonial mark of respect due from the Sovereign to a Prince of the blood-royal. He knew her, and appeared sensible of the consideration with which she treated him. The Council thought it best for him to leave the castle while her Majesty was there; and he was accordingly permitted to return to the Hamilton palace.

The abode of Morton and the other assassins at Newcastle caused much uneasiness and alarm to Mary, who was haunted with terrors of some fresh attack from that quarter. In compliance with her earnest requisition to Queen Elizabeth, that she would not harbour her traitors there, Elizabeth sent orders for them to depart from Newcastle; but the message to that effect was accompanied with a hint "that England was a wide field, and they would find as good accommodation elsewhere, and nearer Scotland." Morton and his accomplices accordingly proceeded to Alnwick, where they lurked in readiness to return at a few hours' notice, to co-operate in any plot with their confederates on the north of the Tweed.[2] A temporary reconciliation having taken place between Mary and Darnley, they held a Court in Edinburgh Castle, to receive Moray, Argyll, and the other banished lords, whose month of probation being fully expired, they were admitted to their Majesties' presence on the 21st of April, and renewed their oaths of allegiance.[3] Mary, anxiously desiring, in case of her death, to leave her realm in quietness, held a sort of peace congress in the Castle, exerting herself to the utmost of her power to reconcile the deadly feuds between Moray, Huntley, Bothwell, Athol, and others, and so far succeeded that they all consented to meet amicably at a banquet she gave to celebrate their reconciliation. She relaxed Makgill, and several others equally guilty, from the process of the horn, at the suit of Moray, and would have extended her grace to Lethington and others, but for the determined opposition of Darnley.

Joseph Riccio, the brother of her late Secretary, arrived in the train of the French ambassador, most probably to look after David's effects; and Mary, who knew not at that time whom to trust with her ciphers and

[1] Privy-Council Register—Keith.
[2] Tytler. Chalmers. [3] Diurnal of Occurrents.

private foreign correspondence, prevailed on him to accept the office previously held by his unfortunate brother.

Mary has been accused by Buchanan of causing the mangled remains of David Riccio to be deposited in the royal vault in the Chapel of Holyrood, close to the coffin of her father and his first Queen, Magdalene of France. The incorrectness of this statement was fully proved, when, on the desecration of the Chapel in the succeeding century, the vault was violated, and all the coffins, with their inscriptions, exposed to the light of day, at which time it was apparent that David was not buried there. Mary, it is true, removed the body of her faithful servant from the churchyard of the Canongate, where it had been interred without any religious ceremony, in order to give it burial, according to the rites of his religion, in the cemetery of Holyrood Chapel, that being the only place where the dirge, and other offices which Roman Catholics deemed essential for the repose of the dead, were tolerated.

The letter written by Mary some time in May to her uncle's widow, Anne Duchess de Guise, presents a melancholy picture of the depression of spirits under which she was labouring at this period. None of the joyful anticipations of maternity are expressed by the young Sovereign. She speaks only of the troubles and vexations with which she finds herself surrounded, and the weariness of body and general weakness incidental to her situation.

It was at this period that Moray recovered his old ascendancy over the mind of his royal sister, and had made himself so completely the master of the Castle, of which his uncle, the Earl of Mar, was then the governor, that neither the Earls of Bothwell, Huntley, nor Athol were permitted to sleep within its walls. As for Darnley, offended and jealous at Moray's superior influence and importance, he withdrew himself from the Castle to Holyrood Abbey, where he took up his abode with his father in sullen discontent.

CHAPTER XXIII.

While Mary, sad but patient, was endeavouring to beguile her cares by reading and plying her needle among her ladies in Edinburgh Castle, and superintending the preparations for her confinement, an incident occurred which ought to have relieved her mind from all anxiety regarding the English succession. Queen Elizabeth was suddenly attacked with an illness of so alarming a character that, her death being confidently expected, both parties in the Privy Council, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, without confiding their intentions to each other, made

up their minds, in case of that event taking place, to proclaim the Queen of Scots as the Sovereign of England and Ireland. Mary's charms of mind and person, her learning and accomplishments, the feminine sweetness of her manners, her liberal sentiments, her clemency and generous temper, would probably have been better appreciated among the more civilised gentlemen of England than in her own then semi-barbarous realm, where, indeed, the poisonous influence of English gold had created a base counterbalance against her gentle influence. Elizabeth's malady, which at first had puzzled her medical attendants, proved to be small-pox ; and as soon as the pustules appeared, all danger was over. The redness, roughness, and certain traces of the irruption, however, remaining, the royal spinster, in great alarm lest her complexion should be spoiled, and remembering that Mary's beauty had escaped uninjured from the effects of the like malady, wrote to her a very affectionate letter announcing her convalescence, inquiring the name of the physician who had treated her so successfully, and begging her to send the prescription which had preserved her complexion unmarred. The bearer of this letter was no other than Randolph. Nothing can afford a more convincing proof of the placability of Mary's temper than the fact that she admitted him to her presence, and treated him with her wonted courtesy as the accredited bearer of his sovereign's letters, without any allusions to his previous offences. She, however, prudently dismissed him, as soon as he had acquitted himself of his errand, with a verbal message to his royal mistress, preferring to make the French ambassador, Mauvissière, who was returning through London, the bearer of a friendly response to Elizabeth's letter, congratulating her on her recovering from her late dangerous illness, and communicating all the information in her power as to the means adopted for the preservation of her face from the ravages of the small-pox.

The period when Mary had the small-pox was when she first started into early womanly beauty, before her marriage with the Dauphin, Francis de Valois. The circumstance of her escaping uninjured in complexion or features was commemorated in a flowery Latin poem by Adriani Turnebi, who attributes the attack of the small-pox to the jealousy of Venus dreading to see her charms surpassed by those of the blooming Scottish Queen ; but the envious purposes of the goddess of beauty were, according to his mythological conceit, defeated by the protection of Juno, and the interposition of Pallas, for the preservation of the fair face of Mary Stuart, so that she not only escaped uninjured, but came forth in improved loveliness—a result of rare occurrence after the small-pox.

According to the ancient customs of female royalty on such occasions, Mary took her chamber with the usual ceremonies the first Monday in

June,[1] there to await the birth of the expected heir of the crown. She had built for her own use within the castle a suite of apartments, which are still distinguished by the regal initials of herself and her consort, M. H. R., entwined together in her well-known conjugal monogram over the portal.[2] She sometimes took the air within the precincts of the castle during the intermediate days, and once walked nearly a mile beyond the walls. She was, however, painfully haunted at this period with apprehensions of Morton and the other assassins of Riccio returning to consummate their deadly purposes against her and her babe. Several suspected characters who had been ordered to quit the realm "tarried to see what would become of the Queen in the time of her travail."[3] Anticipating the worst she made her will, which she copied thrice, sending one duplicate to France, keeping another herself, and reserving a third for her executors.

The oft-repeated assertion that Mary never forgave Darnley for the ungrateful and treacherous part acted by him in the conspiracy for Riccio's murder can now be satisfactorily disproved, by the simple evidence of the real state of her mind towards him afforded by one of the testamentary documents executed by her in Edinburgh Castle before the birth of her son, when under the melancholy impression that she would die in childbed, in consequence of the ill-treatment and agitation she had suffered on that occasion. The document in question refers only to the disposal of the jewels that were her personal property, probably those she brought from France. She has written against each of these, with her own hand, the name of the person to whom it is to be given after her death, in case her infant should not survive her ; finally endorsing the memorandum with these words—"*J'entends . . c'est ainsi soyt execute au cas que l'enfant ne me survive ; mays si il vit, je le foy heritier de tout.*—Marie R."

But the most interesting page of this document regards the disposition of her rings, which are classed under the descriptive heading, "Bagues pour les doights." In the margin, the agitated hand of the royal testatrix has written in obsolete French, now scarcely intelligible in consequence of the tears, which have apparently fallen upon it while the ink was wet, having run the words one into another—"*Souvenances pour mes ames biens amis*,"—Remembrances for my well-beloved friends. Foremost in the list of these Mary has placed her husband—the jewel she there bequeaths to him being, as every female heart will allow, more touchingly characteristic of her lover-like feeling towards him than all the costly chains of diamonds, rubies, and pearls she had previously

[1] Randolph to Cecil, June 7, 1566.
[2] Robert Chamber's Life of James VI.
[3] Randolph to Cecil, June 7.

assigned to him as posthumous memorials of an affection which his ingratitude had failed to obliterate from her breast. The jewel thus devised to Darnley by Mary is described in the inventory as "a diamond ring enamelled red." Over against it she has written, "It is that with which I was espoused." On the other side, a little below it, she has added, "For the King, who gave it to me." This must have been the ring with which Darnley wedded Mary in the privacy of David Riccio's chamber at Stirling ; for at the public solemnization of their nuptials in the Chapel-Royal of Holyrood, three rings of surpassing richness were used. The simplicity of this red enamelled ring speaks for itself—that it was no state jewel, but a pledge of love—no less than the emphatic brevity with which the heart-broken royal wife recalls her consort's attention to all the tender recollections associated with the period when she received it from his hand, in the trustful belief of the sincerity of his affection.

She leaves to her mother-in-law, the Countess of Lennox, "a diamond fashioned like a face, and a pointed diamond set in black enamel." The forgiving gentleness of her nature is testified by her bequeathing a mourning jewel to Lennox, as well as to his lady, described as "a large pointed diamond set in black enamel." To Bothwell a table diamond set in black enamel, evidently intended for a mourning ring, also another mourning jewel called an *enseigne*, set with eleven diamonds and one ruby—trifling tokens of esteem such as any female sovereign might bequeath to a member of her cabinet. These bequests are very inferior in number and value to her legacies to Moray, Huntley, and Argyll, but deserving of particular attention as evidence that her feelings towards him were not of a warmer character than those of friendship. To Lady Bothwell, too, she allots among other costly things, a coif decorated with rubies, pearls, and *grenatz* [garnets] ; a collar also set with rubies, pearls, and grenatz ; and a pair of sleeves decorated with rubies, pearls, and grenatz.

Queen Mary was at this time wholly in the hands of Moray and his uncle the Earl of Mar, the captain of the castle, which the latter had refused to deliver up to her, declaring that he held it of the Estates of Scotland, not of the Sovereign. No one but Darnley, who was indisposed during part of the time, was allowed to sleep within the walls of the fortress. It is supposed that every arrangement had been made by Moray, with the assistance of the English faction, to seize the crown in the expected event of the Queen's death in childbirth, or the regency, if she left a living infant. Mary summoned her nobles to her metropolis on Sunday, June 9th ; her Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Huntley, and his brother-in-law Bothwell, were already there, but were not permitted to sleep in the castle.[1] A friendly message of comfort and encouragement was sent about this time to Mary by Queen Elizabeth, signifying that "she wished her short pain and a happy hour."

[1] Randolph to Cecil, June 7.

The anxiously expected event took place on Wednesday the 19th of June, 1566, between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, when the Queen gave birth to a fair and goodly boy after sore travail, and with great peril of her life. Mary was attended on this occasion by Margaret Houseton, the widow of a person of the name of Beveridge.

The happy tidings of the safety of the Queen, and the birth of the Prince Stuart of Scotland, were announced by a triumphant discharge of the castle guns, although these were in startling proximity to the head of the royal mother. At two o'clock the same afternoon the King, attended by Sir William Standen, came to visit the Queen, being desirous to see the child. "My Lord," said Mary, "God has given you and me a son whose paternity is of none but you."[1] Then, fondly taking the lovely infant in her arms and uncovering his face, she presented him to her husband with these words, "My Lord, here I protest to God, and as I shall answer to Him at the great day of judgment, this is your son, and no other man's son; and I am desirous that all here, both ladies and other, bear witness, for he is so much your own son that I fear it may be the worse for him hereafter." The King blushed deeply—he felt the pathetic dignity of the implied reproach, and, perhaps to conceal his confusion, bowed his face over the bed and kissed the babe in the royal mother's arms. Then the Queen said to Sir William Standen, "This is the Prince whom I hope shall first unite the two kingdoms of England and Scotland." "Why, Madam," answered Sir William, a little surprised; "shall he succeed before your Majesty and his father!" "Alas!" sighed Mary, "his father has broken to me." Hearing these words, the King said, "Sweet Madam, is this your promise that you made to forgive and forget all?" "I have forgiven all," observed Mary, "but can never forget." The fond fierce instincts of maternity which the sight of her newborn infant had awakened, had also recalled an indignant remembrance of the danger to which that precious one had been exposed, through the unkindness and folly of his inconsiderate father, and she could not refrain from the reproachful question, "What if Faudonside's pistol had shot?[2]—what would have become of him and me both? or what estate would you have been in? God only knows, but we may suspect." "Madam," answered Darnley, "these things are all past." "Then," said Mary, "let them go."[3]

The above agitating scene took place before a numerous company, assembled for the purpose of witnessing the important ceremonial of the Queen's presentation of the newborn heir of the Crown to her husband,

[1] Historie of Marie Queen of Scots, by Lord Herries.

[2] Sir Andrew Ker of Faudonside, Ruthven's nephew, who brutally presented a loaded dag, or horse-pistol, to the side of the pregnant Queen on the night of David Riccio's assassination. Mary would never sign a remission for this ruffian. After her fall he returned, and subsequently married the widow of John Knox, a daughter of Lord Ochiltree.

[3] Lord Herries's Historie of Mary Queen of Scots, Abbotsford edition, edited by Pitcairn.

for his paternal recognition, being neither more nor less than a public affiliation of the babe—a ceremonial prescribed by the ancient customs of regality in Scotland. The aspersions Darnley's insane folly had been the means of casting on his royal consort's conjugal fidelity, rendered the earliest possible compliance with this old observance doubly requisite; and Mary, in the conscious dignity of her integrity, shrank not from the performance of her maternal duty, though, in her weak state, so exciting a discussion might have cost her her life. But her own honour was at stake, as well as the verification of the legitimacy of her first-born son—considerations which impelled her to act with the spirit which the painful circumstances of the case demanded. Hence the pathetic solemnity of her address to her offending but repentant husband in the presence of her Court, and her appeal to the almighty Judge, at whose tribunal both must stand at the great day, when the secrets of all hearts should be revealed, for the truth of her declaration. If she had not taken that opportunity of adverting to the intolerable insults and personal danger to which she and her infant had been exposed, through the folly of her inconsiderate husband, she had been more or less than woman ; but, to use her own pithy observation on the fallibility of female judgment, it may be pleaded in her excuse, "that the wisest and best of women is but a woman at the best." She certainly succeeded in making Darnley heartily ashamed of himself, and eliciting from him an acknowledgment of his need of her forgiveness.

No traces of the differences which had arisen between the royal pair are perceptible in the letter written by Darnley, the same day, to Mary's uncle, Cardinal de Guise, to announce the birth of their infant son. His letter, though brief, is affectionately worded, and expresses feelings of conjugal and paternal joy at an event calculated at once to increase his own importance, and to cement the close though rudely-shaken tie which united him and the august mother of the newborn heir of Great Britain.

To Monsieur the Cardinal de Guise.

"From the Castle of Edinburgh, this 19th day of June, 1566.—In great haste.

"Sir my Uncle,—Having so favourable an opportunity of writing to you by this gentleman, who is on the point of setting off, I would not omit to inform you that the Queen my wife has just been delivered of a son—an event which, I am sure, will not cause you less joy than ourselves: also to let you know that I have written on my part, as the Queen my wife has on hers, to the King [of France], begging him to be pleased to oblige and honour us by standing godfather for him, whereby he will increase the debt of gratitude I owe him for all his favours to me."

Darnley was evidently proud of his boy, and Mary "happy in a mother's first sweet cares ;" and thus a brief interlude of harmony was restored by the birth of their child. That auspicious event was hailed with un-

bounded transports of joy in Edinburgh;[1] bonfires blazed the same night on Arthur Seat and the Calton Hill, which were repeated on all the beacon stations through the length and breadth of the land, diffusing gladness through the hearts of Mary's loving people, that the regal succession was to be continued in her issue, and the name of Stuart perpetuated. The whole of the nobles and civil dignitaries, and a vast concourse of people of all degrees, assembled in the church of St Giles on the morrow, and united in a solemn act of thanksgiving to God for the safety of the Queen, and the national blessing which had been granted in the birth of an heir to the Crown. The Kirk Assembly having just met, Spottiswood, the Superintendant of Lothian, was deputed by the brethren to wait on her Majesty, and testify their gladness for the birth of the Prince, and to desire that he should be baptized after the manner practised in the Reformed Church. Mary received the Superintendant in her lying-in chamber, and accepted his congratulations very graciously. Then desiring the Prince to be brought, she gave him herself into the arms of the venerable divine, who, immediately falling on his knees, delivered a short but very eloquent prayer in behalf of the newborn heir of Scotland, to which the royal mother listened with devout attention. In conclusion, the Superintendant playfully addressed the babe, and desired him to "say Amen for himself," some little cooing murmur having escaped its unconscious lips, as if in response to the prayer of the Presbyterian minister. Queen Mary was much pleased, "and ever after called the Superintendant her Amen.[2] The young Prince did the same when he was old enough to understand the story, and whilst he lived did respect and reverence him as his spiritual father."

When the English envoy Killigrew arrived in Edinburgh on the 23rd of June, four days after the birth of the Prince, he heard the Queen had been very ill in consequence of having exerted herself imprudently too soon. Killigrew informs Cecil "that the birth of the Prince had caused general joy, and that he understood he was a very goodly child."[3] Mary could not be persuaded to receive Lennox, or to show him the slightest countenance, because of the evil part he had played in alienating her husband's confidence from her, and exciting him to mischievous intrigues against her. As Lennox had undoubtedly done this while he was outwardly on affectionate terms with Mary, we may judge what his conduct was when treated by her with the contempt his perfidy and ingratitude merited.

Killigrew, the new English envoy, wrote the same day, communicating the following interesting particulars of his visits to the lying-in chamber of Queen Mary and the nursery of the infant heir of Scotland.

[1] Chambers's Life of James VI. Knox, Hist. Ref. Scot.
[2] Spottiswood's Hist. Church Scot.
[3] Killigrew to Cecil, June 24, 1566—State Paper MS. ined.

"My Lord of Moray sent me word this morning how the Queen Ma[te] would speak with me this afternoon, only to see her, and to deliver my letters and commendations which I had from the Queen my Sovereign. Accordingly, at three of the clock, his Lordship sent a gentleman for me, and took me with him from his lodging to the Queen's castle, where the Earl of Mar, captain of the castle, met us, and by them both, without any pause, I was brought to the Queen's bedside, where her Highness received thankfully my Sovereign's letters and commendations, desiring me 'to excuse her for proceeding any further at that time,' saying, 'that as soon as she could get any strength I should have access unto her again.' So as when I had used words the fittest I could for that purpose, I took my leave and was brought to the young prince, whom I founde sucking of his *nouryce* [nurse], and afterwards did see him as good as naked—I mean his head, feet, and hands—and all, to my judgment, well proportioned, and like to prove a goodly Prince. Her Ma[te] was so bold, immediately after her delivery, yet she hath not recovered; few words she spake, and those faintly, with a hollow cough. She heartily thanked the Queen Ma[te] her good sister, said 'that I was welcome, and that she would give me further audience as speedily as her state would permit.'"[1]

Mary gave the newborn heir of Scotland a nursery establishment entirely Scotch. A band of violers was also early appointed, either as a piece of state, or to cultivate a taste for music in the boy.

As it was considered necessary to pay Queen Elizabeth the compliment of giving her the earliest possible intimation of the important event, Mary had caused a ceremonial letter to be prepared beforehand for that purpose, leaving a blank to be filled up either with Prince or Princess. Sir James Melville, who was appointed to be the bearer of the announcement of the birth of the Prince to Queen Elizabeth, has given so racy an account of his proceedings, and the royal spinster's reception of the news, that it would be unjust both to him and our readers not to relate it in his own words. "I was the first," he says, "that was advertised by the Lady Boyn, in her Majesty's name, to post with diligence the 19th day of June, in the year 1566, between ten and eleven before noon. It struck twelve when I took my horse, and I was at Berwick the same night." This was a marvellous exertion of speed in travelling, the usual resting-place for the night, either going or coming, in performing this journey, being Dunbar. "The fourth day after," continues Melville, "I was in London, and met first with my brother, who sent and advertised the Secretary Cecil that same night of my coming, and of the birth of the Prince, willing him to keep it up until my being at Court to show it myself unto her Majesty, who was for the time at *Grenwitch*, where her Majesty was in great merriness, and dancing after supper. But so soon as the Secretary Cecil sounded the news

[1] Killigrew to Cecil—Affairs of Scotland.

of the Prince's birth in her ear, all merriness was laid aside for that night, every one that were present marvelling what might move so sudden a changement, for the Queen sat her down, with her hand upon her *haffet* [her temple], and bursting out to some of her ladies, 'how that the Queen of Scotland was the mother of a fair son, and she but a barren stock.'"[1]

"The next morning," continues Melville, "was appointed unto me to get audience, at what time my brother and I passed down the water by boat to Greenwich, and were met by some friends, that told us 'how sorrowful her Majesty was for my news, and what counsel she had gotten to show a glad countenance,' which she did in her best apparel, and said, 'that the joyful news of the Queen her sister's delivery of a fair son, which I had sent unto her by Mr Cecil, had delivered her out of a heavy sickness which had holden her fifteen days.' Therefore she welcomed me with a merry *volt*, and thanked me for the diligence I had used. All this she said before I had delivered her my letter of credence. After that she had read it, I declared how that my Queen had hasted me towards her Majesty, 'whom she knew of all her friends would be gladdest of the news of her birth, albeit dear bought with the peril of her life; for,' I said, 'she was so sair handled in the mean time, that she *wissed* never to have been married.'"[2] This pathetic representation of Mary's sufferings and regrets being only too true, our shrewd diplomatist considered it expedient to excuse himself for having made so plain an exposure of his Sovereign's wedded misery, observing that "he did so to scare Queen Elizabeth from venturing on the like thorny paths." Melville, according to his instructions, requested Elizabeth to accept the office of godmother to the newborn heir of Scotland, to which she returned a gracious assent. He then mentioned Queen Mary's uneasiness on account of Morton and the other conspirators against her life continuing to reside in England. Elizabeth, with shameless disregard to truth, "assured him on her honour that they had all departed out of her dominions." The birth of Mary's son had so greatly strengthened her party in England, that Melville ventured to solicit Elizabeth on the old subject of declaring the Queen of Scotland her heir. Though nothing could be more offensive to Elizabeth than such a requisition, she obligingly replied, "that the birth of the Prince of Scotland offered an additional incentive for her to direct her lawyers to search into the question of the claims to the regal succession, that she might come to a proper understanding as to who had the best right."[3]

Mary's remonstrances against the entertainment of her rebels were retaliated by complaints from Elizabeth, "that Mary encouraged her Irish insurgent O'Neal in Ireland, and harboured a certain pestilent Papist, called Christopher Rokesby, who was stirring up sedition among persons

[1] Sir James Melville's Memoirs, Bannatyne Club edition, p. 158.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

of his own persuasion in the north of England." This was a deep stroke of diplomacy on Elizabeth's part, for Christopher Rokesby was a spy of her own. Mary, having received a secret warning that Rokesby was in correspondence with Cecil, thought proper to comply with Elizabeth's request, and did arrest him ; and more than that, for she caused his papers to be seized and scrutinized, and thus discovered Cecil's secret instructions in cipher, by which the whole web of deceit and falsehood was unravelled.[1] Rokesby, who was brought before Mary and her Council in her lying-in chamber, threw himself at her feet and confessed his guilt, beseeching her mercy. Mary inflicted no punishment on him, but drily sent word to Elizabeth "that she had complied with her request of arresting Rokesby, as she considered him an unworthy person, and had been confirmed in her previous bad opinion of him by examining his papers, and was ready and willing to deliver him up to her authorities, if she would send her instructions for that purpose." Elizabeth took no notice of the communication in regard to her spy Rokesby, nor did she ever mention his name again, much less think of sending for him.[2] The peculiar service for which he had been sent to Scotland was to discover the names of Mary and Darnley's secret correspondents among the Roman Catholic nobility and gentry. These were so numerous and formidable that Melville declares "whole shires were devoted to Mary's interest, and ready to revolt against Elizabeth's authority on the first opportunity."

Unhappily a fresh quarrel broke out before the Queen emerged from the seclusion of her lying-in chamber in Edinburgh Castle, in consequence of Darnley's political jealousy of Moray's influence over Mary's mind ; for she, finding herself involved in a sea of difficulties, and having been accustomed to rely implicitly on her brother's counsel, had restored him to her favour and confidence as before. Darnley, who had formed only too correct an estimate of Moray's views during his own fatal league with him and the other conspirators, finding all his warning thrown away on the Queen, and that Moray's opinion always prevailed against his, took great displeasure, and showed himself sullen and offended. One great cause of contention between Darnley and Moray was the conduct to be adopted with regard to Morton and the accomplices in Riccio's slaughter, Moray urging the Queen to publish an Act of Grace on account of the birth of the Prince, which Darnley vehemently opposed, declaring openly "they were in nowise to be trusted, from the experience he had had of their false disloyal practices, and knowing them to be without fear of God or pity towards men." As for Moray, their friend and confederate, "he distrusted," he said, "his very shadow."[3] At last he told the Queen that "he saw no security for his own life, or her government, as

[1] Camden's Annals. MS. Letters in the State Paper Office.
[2] State Paper Office—Correspondence.
[3] Adam Blackwood's History of Mary Queen of Scots, p. 22.

long as Moray was in existence; that the death of such a traitor would be a public benefit; for which reasons he had made up his mind to have him slain, as soon as opportunity might serve for the execution of his purpose." Terrified at this intimation, Mary indignantly reproved her husband for his wicked design and sanguinary disposition. "Are you not contented," said she, "with the murder of my Secretary, but you must dip your hands in my brother's blood, which, for the honour I bear the late King my father, I will by no means suffer, seeing I have always acknowledged him as his son; and albeit he be false and disloyal, have I not justice on my side to punish him according to law, instead of ridding him by a fate so cruel, forbidden alike by God and man?"[1]—sternly enjoining her husband, at the same time, "not to stain his honour by mentioning such evil thoughts to any one else," for well she knew that Moray's enemies were many and powerful. Notwithstanding the abhorrence Mary expressed at the idea of her husband carrying his design into execution, she had so much cause to suspect that he was, as indeed he assured her, "bent on doing it," that she considered herself under the necessity of warning Moray of his danger.

Never, perhaps, was either Queen or woman placed in a more painful position. She was perfectly aware that her brother had sinned frequently against her, but she had forgiven him, and fondly imagined he would now be bound to her. But it must be acknowledged that the rash, unreflective Darnley understood the character of Moray somewhat better than the Queen, not being, like her, blinded by affection.

The Queen remained in Edinburgh Castle, as the dates of the Privy Seal registers and the minutes of the Privy Council prove, till the 27th of July, when, having been ordered by her physicians to refresh herself with change of air, she consented to honour her old preceptor, the Earl of Mar, the captain of Edinburgh Castle, and his Countess, with a visit at their country seat. Instead of fleeing thither to avoid her husband, she had, by appointing Mauvissière the French ambassador's state reception to take place there, for delivering the letters of congratulation from the King and royal family of France to her and Darnley on the birth of the Prince, rendered his presence indispensable at the Court to be holden at Alloa Castle for that purpose. But Darnley refused to enter the same vessel with Moray and his coadjutors, with whom he was at variance, and chose to perform the journey by land. If Bothwell were on board the royal vessel, it was only in accordance with his duty as Lord-Admiral of Scotland; but the Earl of Bedford's letters afford substantial reason to believe he was fully occupied on the Borders, then in a very unsettled state.

In the journal subsequently fabricated by Moray to misrepresent his royal sister's proceedings at this time, for the purpose of bolstering up his false accusations against her, he states "that July 20th, or thereabouts,

[1] Adam Blackwood's History of Mary Queen of Scots, p. 22.

Queen Mary fled the King's company, and past by boat with the pirates to Alloa, where the King coming, was repulsed."[1] What will the reader say to the fact that Moray and his countess were themselves of this piratical party, and that Alloa, the haven to which the Queen and her company were proceeding up the Forth, was the baronial mansion of his uncle the Earl of Mar, who had been, as we have shown, the Queen's preceptor, and was, with Lady Mar, the state governess of the Prince, also on board the vessel, as well as the Earl and Countess of Argyll, the Queen's ladies, and the members of the Privy Council ?[2]

Their Majesties sat in council at Alloa Castle the day after their arrival (July 28th), and published a proclamation, then and there agreed between them, "convening their lords, barons, freeholders, and other substantious persons in the southern shires, to meet them at Peebles on the 13th of August, furnished in warlike manner, to support them in their purpose of a justiciary progress through the realm, beginning at the Borders."[3]

Buchanan pretends "that the King followed Mary to Alloa by land, having scarcely got a few hours allowed him for his servants to refresh themselves; but, as a troublesome disturber of her pleasures, was commanded to return to the place from whence he came."[4] But there is the evidence of many charters, executed by their Majesties at Alloa, both under the Great Seal and the Privy Seal, with their regal signatures, to prove they sat in Council there on the 28th of July, and remained together till the 31st, when they went to Edinburgh for two nights on some especial business, and returned to Alloa Castle on the 2nd of August.[5]

One of the much misrepresented occupations of Queen Mary, during her first brief visit to Alloa, was listening to the complaints of the poor and oppressed. Nor did she disdain to exert her personal influence in their behalf, where the case was such as to preclude her from interposing her regal power for the redress of their wrongs. The following royal letter, lately discovered in the charter-chest of the Laird of Abercairnie, proves that she benevolently pleaded the cause of a distressed widow, who had been, with her children, ejected by their landlord from their humble home, and their goods distrained. With such a document before us, to bear witness of the manner in which this princess, of whom the age was not worthy, was occupying her time and attention at Alloa, when shamelessly represented by the some-time monk Buchanan, and his suborner, the Prior-Earl of Moray, as associated with pirates and robbers in guilty and licentious practices, it is difficult to refrain from replying to their slanders, "I tell ye, churlish priests, a ministering angel shall sweet Mary be, while ye lie howling!"

[1] Anderson's Collections.
[2] Goodall's Enquiry. Chalmers' Life of Mary Queen of Scots.
[3] Records of the Privy Council.
[4] Detection of Mary Stuart, by George Buchanan.
[5] Goodall and Chalmers, from the Registers.

"To our traist friend, Robert Murray of Aberkearne.

"30th July, 1566.

"Traist Friend,—Forasmeikle as it is heavily moaned and piteously complained by this puir woman, that ye have violently ejected her, with *ane* company of puir bairnies, forth of her kindly home, ever willing to pay you duty thankfully; therefore, in respect that if ye be so extreme as to *depauperate* the puir woman and her bairns, we will desire you to show some favour, and accept them in their *steeting* (?), as ye have done in times bygone; the which we doubt not but ye will do for this our request, and as ye shall respect our thanks and pleasure for the same.

"At *Alway* [Alloa], the penult of July 1566. Marie R."

This is also worthy of observation, as a specimen of the peculiar kind of documents executed by Mary in her separate person, without the co-operation of her husband.

Mauvissière, the French ambassador, was charged, in his instructions by his own Court, to ascertain the pleasure of Queen Mary as to the manner in which he was to demean himself to Darnley, and by no means to deliver separate letters of congratulation to him, as King of Scotland, if she objected.[1] Mary was desirous that all marks of ceremonial respect should be paid by her royal kindred to her husband, and the father of her child. She employed Mauvissière to mediate a reconciliation between Darnley and her nobles, and to endeavour to soothe him into a milder temper.[2] But the effect produced by the ambassador's good offices was very brief. Moray and the Earl of Athol earnestly solicited the Queen to pardon Lethington, and restore his estates. This measure was vehemently opposed by Darnley, who told the Queen that Lethington was the vilest of traitors; and having been guilty of "yon foul fact," as he emphatically termed the assassination of Riccio, "he ought never again to be permitted to enter her presence."[3] But Moray, taking advantage of Darnley's occasional disregard to truth, persuaded the Queen "that he only spoke from passion and prejudice, for that Lethington had always been very much her friend, and was perfectly innocent of any share in the murder." Mary was, in evil hour both for her husband and herself, induced to grant this subtle traitor full and free remission for all offences, and to admit him to her presence on the 2nd of August at Alloa Castle. Darnley, regarding this as an outrageous violation of her conjugal obedience, manifested great displeasure; but a reconciliation took place immediately afterwards, and Mary presented her wayward consort with a magnificent bed of violet-brown velvet, passamented with gold and silver thread, and lined with crimson taffaty, having *pendis* hanging draperies trimmed with silk and bullion fringes. It had a quilt of blue silk stitched with crimson silk, a mattress, bolster, and pillows covered with white satin. This was the identical bed which was six months afterwards destroyed in the Provost's house at Kirk-o-field.[4]

[1] Labanoff, vol. i. [2] Chalmers' Life of Queen Mary. [3] Ibid.
[4] Mary's Wardrobe Book, privately printed by the late T. Thomson, Keeper of the Royal Records.

The royal pair agreed well together till after Moray's arrival in Edinburgh, when fresh discord, as might naturally be expected, was engendered.[1] The Lairds of Brunston and Elveson, and the Justice-Clerk, in spite of Darnley's opposition, were pardoned and restored, and the Queen was urged to extend her grace to others whom he denounced as art and part in the late treason. Unable to control his indignation at the perfidious game Moray was playing, Darnley again protested his determination "of ridding himself of the insolent rivalry of the bastard." Mary, dreading that a tragedy even more revolting to her than Riccio's assassination would be perpetrated by her vindictive consort, once more warned her brother "that the King bore him evil mind, and threatened his life." When Moray remonstrated with him in the presence of the Queen and some others, Darnley neither could nor did deny the charge, but said "he understood Moray was not his friend, which made him say and do that which he otherwise would not have thought of;" on which the Queen observed, "that she could not be content that either he or any other should be unfriend to my Lord of Moray."[2] Greatly offended at this declaration, Darnley withdrew, first to Dunfermline, and then took possession of Morton's pleasant house at Dalkeith, where Buchanan pretends "he was forced to abide after the birth of the Prince"—a palpable mistake, for, as he returned from Alloa on the 4th of August, and agreed well with the Queen two days, their separation could not have occurred before the 7th of August, and they were again together in Edinburgh on the 12th: he could not have spent many days, therefore, at Dalkeith, and those entirely to please himself.[3]

No sooner had Mary's irritable consort withdrawn than she was compelled to listen to a fierce altercation between Moray and Bothwell on the subject of the abbey-lands of Haddington, which in the persuasion of Lethington's guilty implication in the late treason, she had transferred from him to Bothwell. But Moray, having asserted Lethington's innocence, insisted that these should be restored to him; while Bothwell not only pleaded the Queen's grant to himself, but his own superior claim as the representative of the Lords of Hailes and Crichton, the original patrons of that fair ecclesiastical domain, as reasons for refusing to relinquish them. Moray said "Lethington would consent to a division, of which he and Sir James Balfour had undertaken to be the umpires." When Bothwell understood the portion these self-appointed arbitrators had assigned to Lethington, he stoutly replied, "Ere I part with those lands I will part with my life;" to which Moray rejoined, "Twenty as honest men as you shall lose their lives ere Lethington be reft."[4]

The Queen listened to the dispute in silence, without once attempting

[1] Advices from the Earl of Bedford out of Scotland. [2] Ibid.
[3] Chalmers.
[4] Advices from Scotland from the Earl of Bedford, in State Paper Office.

to vindicate her exercise of her regal prerogative in regard to the transfer of her contested gift to Bothwell. Let, therefore, the evidence of the facts decide whether the influence of Moray or of Bothwell were the greatest at this period, when the former was able to carry his point in favour of his guilty confederate Lethington, against the opposition of Darnley and Bothwell both, and to menace Bothwell before her very face in language insulting to her, since it was not Bothwell who had "reft Lethington of the lands of Haddington," but Mary herself. What other inference can be drawn from this incident, hitherto unnoticed by the historians of Mary Stuart, but the simple and self-evident truth that she was virtually under her brother's coercive guidance from the moment she took her chamber in Edinburgh Castle?

Bothwell, after the intimation he had received from Moray in the presence of the Queen, that his life would not be safe if he persisted in detaining her gift of the abbey-lands of Haddington from the rival claimant Lethington, prudently withdrew from a sphere where his unscrupulous antagonist possessed full power to make his boast good. Yet this is the time when Bothwell is represented by Knox and Buchanan as residing in Edinburgh, and exercising despotic authority over the Queen and her realm. Mary and Darnley sent, on the 12th of August, letters requiring him and the Sheriff of Selkirk to make the necessary arrangements for the royal hunting in Meggetland, a wild district in Peeblesshire, bordering on Ettrick Forest. Mary hoped that the pleasurable excitement of sylvan sports, of which Darnley was very fond, would amuse his mind and divert his restless excitability; but unfortunately some of the daring forest outlaws had been there before them, and swept off the game, so that they had little pastime. In consequence of their disappointment, their Majesties held a Council at Roddonno, August 10th, to enforce a greater strictness in the preservation of their deer. On the 19th they honoured Lord Traquair with a visit at his house of Traquair, where they hunted together and passed the night, and returned to Edinburgh on the 20th. After two days' sojourn in Edinburgh, they proceeded to Stirling, carrying with them the Prince, whom they left at Stirling Castle.

Buchanan, without adducing any facts, accuses the Queen "of behaving coyly, disdainfully, and presumptuously to her husband during these hunts;" if so, they must have been together, which is incompatible with his other statements, "that Darnley was forced to abide at Dalkeith, and afterwards to remain at Stirling, that he might be no interruption to the Queen's pleasures." The wedded life of Mary and Darnley was, however, a series of quarrels and reconciliations; and according to the evidence of a Protestant prelate, Dr. Parkhurst, Bishop of Norwich, they were at this period living in unwonted harmony. The following extract from his letter to Bullinger shows withal the alarm caused by Mary's religion:—

"The Queen of Scotland has brought forth a Prince; and whereas heretofore she had no great regard for her husband, I know not for what reason, she is now on the best of terms with him. While I was writing the above, a certain Scottish refugee—a good and learned man—has informed me that the Queen was brought to bed ten weeks since, but that the child is not yet baptized. On my asking him the reason, he replied, 'The Queen will have her son baptized in the High Church, with many masses. But the people of Edinburgh will not allow this, for they would rather die than suffer the detested mass to insinuate itself into their churches. They are afraid, however, of her calling over auxiliary troops from France, that she may the more easily overwhelm the Gospellers.' She ordered some pious nobleman to turn Knox, who was residing with him, out of his house. May the Lord either convert or confound her!"[1]

Written Aug. 22, 1566.

It was not Mary, but her husband, who wanted to have masses in St Giles's Church, on which he had set his mind ever since he had been insulted at the Protestant sermon there, in the preceding August, by John Knox. Mary was at this time on very good terms with the Established Church of Scotland, and had given favourable answers to all the supplications addressed to her in the name of the General Assembly by their minister Craig, save their request for her to dispense with the mass in her Chapel-royal. Her policy, as regarded religion, was far too enlightened and liberal to please her wrong-headed consort, who, though he had for political purposes occasionally yoked himself in deceitful fellowship with the Lords of the Congregation, was inflamed with such furious zeal for the restoration of the Romish Church in Scotland, that, says Knox, "by the advice of foolish *cagots*[2] he wrote to the Pope, to the King of Spain, and to the King of France, complaining of the state of the country, which was all out of order, all because that mass and Popery were not again erected, giving the whole blame thereof to the Queen as not managing the Catholic cause aright. By some knave," continues the great Reformer, "this poor Prince was betrayed, and the Queen got a copy of these letters into her hands, and therefore threatened him sore, and there was never after that any appearance of love between them."[3] If Mary had been detected in complaining to the Pope and other foreign Sovereigns of Darnley's tolerance to Protestants, and lukewarmness in regard to the interests of the Church of Rome, in what terms, may we ask, would Knox have recorded the fact? Zeal against Popery is the general excuse for his ill manners and disloyal conduct to his young Sovereign, but here his personal hatred to her betrays him into inconsistent sympathy with her bigoted husband, who was accusing her of slackness in its cause, and blaming her that the mass was not again erected in Scotland!

[1] Bishop Parkhurst of Norwich to Henry Bullinger—Zurich Letters, First Series, pp. 165, 166.

[2] Cagot is a French term for an outlawed race, considered idiotic.

[3] History of the Reformation in Scotland.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Mary remained at Stirling with her husband and their child till the 11th of September, when the Privy Council sent to request her to come to Edinburgh, to attend to business which could not be transacted without her personal presence. She wished Darnley to accompany her, but he told her "he preferred remaining where he was," and she reluctantly proceeded to Edinburgh without him.[1] Finding, at the end of a week, that the affairs then under consideration would detain her longer than was at first expected, she determined to make another effort to induce her wayward consort to take up his abode with her at Holyrood. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that if she had been employing herself in the way Buchanan and her other libellers state, she would neither have been uneasy at her husband's absence, nor condescended to take such pains to procure his society. She returned to Stirling, September 21st, and was there joined by the new French ambassador, Monsieur Du Croc, a wise and venerable man, who reports very highly to his own Court of her virtuous and prudent conduct at this trying period. He speaks also of the healthy and flourishing state of the infant Prince, her son, then three months old, and so fat and fine for his age "that, by the time of his christening, his godfathers," observes his Excellency, "will feel the weight of bearing him in their arms."

The Queen only remained at Stirling two nights, being compelled to return to Edinburgh again for despatch of business on the 23rd. Darnley was obdurate to all her entreaties for him to accompany her to Holyrood; and as he chose to remain at Stirling, she induced Du Croc to stay with him for a few days, to endeavour to reason him into a better mind.

From a confidential letter from Du Croc to the Queen-mother of France we gather the following important information: "Both the Lords who are here, and those who are in correspondence with the King and your Majesty, are so well reconciled together with the Queen, through her wise conduct, that now I cannot perceive a single division. But if the Queen and these Lords are well together, the King her husband is as ill, both with the one side and the other; nor can it be otherwise, according to the manner in which he deports himself, for he wants to be all in all, and the paramount governor of everything, and for that end he puts himself in the way of being nothing. He often bewails himself to me; and one day I told him, 'that if he would do me the honour of informing me what it was he complained of in the Queen and the nobles, I would take the liberty of mentioning it to them.' He said, as he has

[1] Letter of the Lords of the Privy Council, Moray, Lethington, &c., to the Queen-mother of France—Keith, 349.

often done, 'that he wished to return to the same state he was in when he first married.' I assured him 'he could never return to that, and if he had found himself well off then, it behoved him to have kept so; that he must perceive that the Queen, having been outraged in her person, could never reinstate him in the authority he had before; and that he ought to be very well contented with the honours and benefits she gave him in treating him as King-consort, and supplying him and his household very liberally with all things requisite.'"

The conversation between Darnley and Du Croc at Stirling clearly explains that, before the attempt to supplant Mary in her regal office, he had exercised the functions of joint Sovereign with her, but was reduced, after Riccio's assassination had terrified Mary into putting herself into the hands of Moray and his powerful faction for protection, to the inferior position of King-consort, and excluded from all share in the government —for which, in truth, his violent and head-strong temper and intemperate habits completely unfitted him. He insisted much on his marital authority, and considered that the Queen ought to render him conjugal obedience in affairs of state, and submit to his will, instead of permitting herself to be ruled by Moray, who at that time was her Prime Minister, having succeeded in reinstating Lethington in the office of Secretary of State, and filling the Council and Cabinet with a majority of his own creatures and confederates. This was the cause of Darnley's sullen and repulsive behaviour to the Queen, whom he desired to punish for not succumbing to his pleasure in the choice of her ministers, although by recalling Moray and his confederates without her consent or knowledge, he had been the means of placing her in a position that left her no choice.

There were then two factions in Scotland—one was headed by Moray, the other by Bothwell. Between these the Queen might have held the balance of power, if she had been faithfully supported by her husband and his father, but she was traversed and impeded by the selfish ambition of the one, and the insane jealousy and querulousness of the other. "He cannot bear," observes one of Bedford's spies, speaking of Darnley, "that the Queen should use familiarity either with man or woman, especially the ladies of Argyll, Mar, and Moray, who keep most company with her." [1] These three ladies being regarded by Darnley as the bed-chamber clique, who assisted in keeping up his hated rival Moray's influence with the Queen, were the peculiar objects of his dislike. As Lady Mar was a matron of the highest respectability, the wife of the Queen's old preceptor, it ought to be regarded as a strong argument of Mary's prudence that she was on terms of intimate friendship with her; as also of her forgiving nature, that she could restore Lady Moray to her favour so soon after she had been convicted of receiving the secret-service

[1] Advertisements out of Scotland from the Earl of Bedford, State Paper Office MS.—Robertson's Appendix.

money of England from Randolph's agent, to assist her husband in his ungrateful rebellion. It may be observed, that no exceptions were ever made by Darnley against Lady Reres, of whose intimacy with the Queen, Buchanan has invented so many absurd tales.

Mary returned to Edinburgh, September 23rd, having been reluctantly compelled to leave her husband in his sullen mood at Stirling. Her business in Edinburgh was to attend a convention of the nobles, who met for despatch of business during the season of the vacations. These took place then, as now, in August, and lasted till St Martin's day in November. As soon as the Queen was gone, Darnley told Du Croc "that he intended to go abroad, as he felt himself in a state of despair." Du Croc knew not how to believe he was in earnest, and tried to dissuade him from so absurd and impolitic a step.[1] Darnley had confided his intention of leaving Scotland to his father, who highly disapproved of it; and having vainly, by letters and messages, endeavoured to shake his determination, took the opportunity of the Queen's absence to visit and remonstrate with him on his folly, but in vain. They appear even to have parted in anger; for Lennox left him and returned to Glasgow, his usual abiding-place, whence he wrote to inform the Queen "that he found his son had made up his mind to leave the realm, and had got a ship ready to convey him beyond seas; that he had said all he could to alter his determination, but finding he had not sufficient influence to induce him to change his obstinate purpose, he besought her Majesty to take it in hand, and try what she could do."[2] The Queen received this letter on the morning of Michaelmas-day, scarcely six days after she had parted with her perverse husband at Stirling. If he had been an object of indifference to her, his intention of leaving her would have been so also. If, as pretended by their mutual enemies, she had regarded him with such unconquerable aversion that his presence was repugnant to her, she would naturally have rejoiced in the prospect of his absenting himself from her without involving her in the slightest unpopularity. Disobliging and mischievous as he was, almost any other princess, under the circumstances, would have either banished or imprisoned him for life; but Mary loved him, as he knew full well, and therefore he threatened to afflict her by his desertion. Struck with consternation at the idea of losing him, yet probably mistrusting the quarter whence the information proceeded—for Mary regarded her father-in-law as the author of all her matrimonial infelicity—she lost no time in imparting her trouble to the Lords of her Council, and requesting their advice. As these were the men who, a few months later, sought to brand Mary with the imputation of every crime that could infame a wife, degrade a Queen, and disgrace a

[1] Du Croc to the Archbishop of Glasgow.
[2] Ibid., and letter to the Queen-mother of France. Letter of Mary's Council to Ibid.

woman, we must, in justice to her, proceed with the narrative in their own words, since, fortunately for Mary, they employed the eloquent pen of Lethington to draw up their official record of the proceedings of the royal pair, as well as their own, speaking of themselves in the third person.[1] "If her Majesty were surprised by this advertisement from the Earl of Lennox, these Lords were no less astonished to understand that the King — who may justly esteem himself happy on account of the honour the Queen has been pleased to confer upon him, and whose chief aim should be to render himself grateful for her bounty, and behave himself honourably and dutifully towards her—should entertain any thought of departing, after so strange a manner, out of her presence; nor was it possible for them to form a conjecture from whence such an imagination could proceed. Their Lordships, therefore, took a resolution to talk with the King, that they might learn from himself the occasion of this hasty determination of his, *if* such he had." This parenthesis seems to imply a doubt of Lennox's statement; and surely his conduct and character were such as to justify a suspicion that it might be merely an attempt to gain some political advantage for his son, by playing on the Queen's conjugal tenderness, "which," he had before observed in confidence to these very men, "was the best way of managing her."[2] "The same evening the King came to Edinburgh, but made some difficulty to enter the Palace, by reason that three or four Lords," —two of these, we know, were Moray and Lethington, the authors of the narrative—"were with the Queen, and peremptorily insisted 'that they should be dismissed before he would condescend to come in;' which deportment appeared to be very unreasonable, since they were three of the greatest Lords of the kingdom; and those Kings who were by birth Sovereigns of the realm have never treated the nobles in that fashion. The Queen conducted herself as well as it was possible to do; she even went herself to meet and receive the King without the Palace, and led him into her own apartment, where he remained all night."

The time of his arrival, according to Monsieur Du Croc, was ten o'clock at night. "When he and the Queen were in bed together, her Majesty took occasion to talk to him about the contents of his father's letter, and besought him to declare to her the reason of his intended voyage; but in this he would by no means satisfy her."[3] Thus Du Croc and the Lords of the Council agree in their testimony of the amiable and conciliatory deportment of the Queen to her sullen husband, proving that it was not till the next morning, after she had vainly wooed him in their hours of conjugal privacy to unfold the cause of his threatened desertion

[1] Their statement is satisfactorily verified by the letters of Du Croc to Beton, Archbishop of Glasgow, and to the Queen-mother of France.

[2] Letter of the Lords of the Council to the Queen-mother of France—Keith, p. 348.

[3] Letter of M. Du Croc to the Archbishop of Glasgow, in Keith.

of her and their infant son, that. as a last resource, and in her own justification, she requested the assistance and mediation of her Council in discussing the matter with him, in the presence of his friend and confidant Du Croc. How, then, can Monsieur Mignet do Mary the injustice of omitting the above interesting instance of her wifely patience and tenderness, and relate the circumstance so differently from the authorities to which he refers, stating, "That as soon as Darnley arrived the Queen assembled her Council, sent for Du Croc, and in their presence demanded an explanation of her consort, who, having come to seek an amicable interview, was struck dumb with amazement, as well he might have been, at such a reception,"[1]—a reception so different from that which she gave him.

But let the Lords of the Council, who surely knew best, bear witness of the time, place, and manner of their assembling to discuss the matter with the wayward consort of their Sovereign. "The next day, very early in the morning, having understood that he was already about to depart on his return to Stirling, the Lords of the Council came, and found him in the Queen's chamber, no one being there but those who have the honour to be of their Majesties' Council, and M. Du Croc, whom they entreated to be present, and to assist them."[2] "Early next morning," says Du Croc himself, "the Queen sent for me, and for all the Lords and other Councillors. As we were all met in their Majesties' presence, the Bishop of Ross, by the Queen's desire, declared to the Council the King's intention to go beyond sea, for which purpose he had a ship lying ready to sail; and that her Majesty's information proceeded not from the rumour of the town, but from a letter written to her by his own father, the Earl of Lennox, which letter was read in the Council. And thereafter the Queen 'prayed the King to declare, in the presence of the Lords, and before me, the reason of his projected departure, since he would not be pleased to notify the same to her in private between themselves. She likewise took his hand, and besought him, 'for God's sake, to declare whether she had given him any occasion for this resolution,' begging him 'to speak plainly, and not to spare her.'"[3]

The Lords of the Council addressed him with great humility, and told

[1] After the above startling instance of the inaccuracy of our accomplished French contemporary, it is scarcely necessary to reply to the reviewer who inquires "wherefore we have ignored M. Mignet's Life of Mary Stuart?" that we consider it safer to quote from the documents themselves, than to be the means of perpetuating error by repeating the misstatements of a modern author, whose work, however elegantly written, is so far from supplying any additional materials for the biography of Mary Stuart, that it is only calculated to mislead the ignorant by misrepresenting her actions, even in the face of such well-authenticated evidence as the letters of Du Croc, and corroborated by the official narrative of the Lords of the Privy Council, whose testimony in favour of their royal mistress can scarcely be impugned, since they were eye-witnesses of the transaction, and anything but friends to her, as their subsequent conduct proves.

[2] Letter of the Lords of the Council to the Queen-mother of France—M. Teulet's Pièces et Documens.—Keith.

[3] Du Croc to the Archbishop of Glasgow—Keith, p. 346.

him "that the cause of their coming was to inquire the reason of his intended voyage, and to ask what end he proposed? and if it were for any cause of disgust, if so," they begged him "to state his grievances, and to name those from whom they proceeded; for if from any who were subjects in that realm, the fault should be repaired, and all proper satisfaction given." As he continued obstinately silent, they represented to him "the injury he would do himself, and the contempt he would put on the Queen, if he withdrew from a country where he had received so much honour, and abandoned the company of her to whom he was so greatly obliged, who, being his Sovereign, had condescended to make him her consort; that he would be condemned by all the world as an ingrate, and unthankful for the love her Majesty bore him, and considered unworthy of filling the place to which she had elevated him. But if, on the other hand, he thought he had cause to justify him in doing it, it ought to be something very serious which could incline him to leave so beautiful a Queen and so fair a realm, if so the fault must either be in her Majesty or her Council." "As for us," continued the Lords, "we are ready to submit ourselves in everything reasonable; and as for her Majesty, it was impossible that she could have given him cause for discontent, but, on the contrary, he had all the reason in the world to praise God for having given him a wife so wise and virtuous as she has shown herself in all her actions." [1]

Let it be distinctly remembered that this testimony to Mary's stainless integrity and discreet conduct as a wife, and that it was impossible that she could have given just cause of offence to her husband, is from the pen of Lethington, attested by Moray and the rest of the Privy Council as having been verbally made in the presence of Darnley himself, who could not and did not contradict it. We then ask what credit is to be given to the charges brought against this unfortunate Princess a few months later by the same men? "At this time," says Moray's fabricated journal, "the King coming from Stirling was repulsed with chiding." [2] It is needless to observe, that this falsehood was devised to deprive the Queen of the credit due to her for her gentle and forbearing conduct on the above occasion. The fact of Darnley coming to Holyrood at ten o'clock on the night of September 29th, and leaving Edinburgh precipitately early the next morning, would naturally tell against her with those who only saw the external aspect of things, and could have had no opportunity of witnessing the royal wife's pleading earnestness with her perverse consort, when she came into the cold evening air, and stood patiently without her Palace gates courting him to enter, desisting not from her endearing suit till she had with gentle force led him into her

[1] Letter of the Lords of Queen Mary's Privy Council, from the French copy printed in Teulet's Pièces et Documens, vol. ii. p. 144. See also, as more accessible, the translated copy in Keith, p. 349.

[2] Anderson's Collections.

own bower of love. Many an ill-yoked gentlewoman has had to submit to hard trials of wifely forbearance, but Mary Stuart was surely the only Sovereign Princess in the world who would thus have condescended to the ungrateful creature of her bounty. Surrounded as she then was by men whose enmity he had provoked, it would have been an easy thing for her to have ordered him under an arrest, and confined him to his own apartment till he was in a more reasonable frame of mind, or understood his position in Scotland better. For he had sworn allegiance to Mary as his Sovereign Lady, and his kingly title, derived solely from her favour and proclamation, having never been recognized by her Parliament, was entirely illegal; he therefore stood amenable not only to her, but to the Three Estates of Scotland, for the grave offence of having discharged the Parliament contrary to the laws of the realm by his own authority, as well as coercing her Majesty's person, and detaining her as a prisoner. Surely, if Mary had desired to punish him for the trouble and distress he had caused her, she had the fullest opportunity, and excuse too, for securing his person on the present occasion; but her conduct witnesses for her that her desire was to her husband, and her object was conciliation, not revenge. Moray, when he subsequently brought forward a journal fabricated for the express purpose of misrepresenting the proceedings of his royal sister, shrewdly calculated that it would be circulated among thousands who could have no means of detecting its falsehoods by the evidence of the letter of the Privy Council, to which himself was a party. How, indeed, were people in general to know that such a letter was ever written? Addressed as it was to a foreign Princess, it remained a sealed secret till brought to light by the zealous research of the honest Protestant Bishop Keith, in the middle of the last century.[1] It is also necessary to notice that Buchanan pretends that the Queen was residing at this period in the Exchequer House, for the purpose of having private interviews with the Earl of Bothwell, and that one night she sent Lady Reres over the garden wall to fetch Bothwell to her out of his own wife's bed, and goes so far as to affirm "that the Queen with her own hands let Lady Reres down by a rope for that purpose; but as she was an old woman and very fat, the rope broke, and she hurt herself severely."[2]—a tale too absurd for historical notice, were it not to prove how utterly unworthy of credit are the assertions of the author of a fiction so notoriously disgraceful to his pen. If the Queen had wished to see Bothwell, her doors would, as a matter of course, have been open to him at any hour it pleased her to appoint. The records of the Privy Council prove she was residing in Holyrood House at the time mentioned, engaged in the business of the Convention of her nobles, and so desirous of her

[1] The French copy of the same is printed in M. Teulet's Pièces et Documens relatifs des Affaires d'Escosses, vol. ii.
[2] Detection of Mary Stuart, by George Buchanan—Anderson's Collections.

husband's presence that she returned to Stirling in the hope of persuading him to accompany her back.

"The Queen," says Du Croc, "made a beautiful speech, and prayed and persuaded him with all her power to declare, in the presence of every one, if there were any occasion she had given him, and she besought him with clasped hands not to spare her. And the Lords said,[1] 'they could see plainly, by the bad countenance with which he had received them, that they were the cause of his intending to go away,' and prayed him 'to let them know in what they had displeased him.' For my part," continues Du Croc, "I told him that his voyage would affect either the honour of the Queen or his own. If he went with just occasion, that would touch the Queen's ; if without, it would not at all redound to his praise ; and that I could not fail to give my testimony both as to what I had formerly seen, and did at present see. At last he declared that he had had no cause at all given him for such a resolution."[2]

The Privy-Councillors, who were eyewitnesses of this scene, record that "her Majesty was pleased to enter into the discourse, and spoke in the most affectionate manner possible to him, 'beseeching him that, as she could not prevail on him to open his heart to her *when they were in private together in the night*,'[3] as she had earnestly endeavoured, that he would at least be pleased to declare before this company if there were anything in which she had offended him. She could assure him,' she said, 'with a clear conscience, that she had never in her life done anything that could prejudice either his honour or her own ;' meekly adding 'that as she might perchance have displeased him inadvertently, and without intending it, she begged him tc tell her withont disguise what it was she had done, and she would endeavour to satisfy him.'" But not for anything either the Queen, Monsieur Du Croc, or the Lords could say, would he acknowledge what ailed him. In the end, however, he freely declared "the Queen had not given him any cause of complaint ;"[4] yet he not only persisted in leaving her, but with manifest indications of ill-will, by taking his leave, without kissing her, in these cruel words, "Adieu, madam ; you shall not see my face for a long time."[5] Lethington began to remonstrate with him in French ; but he cut him short with the sarcastic rejoinder, "My Lord of Lethington, you speak French too finely for me." Then, after bidding Monsieur Du Croc farewell, he turned himself to the Lords in general, and said, "Adieu, gentlemen," and so departed.[6]

[1] Letter to the Queen-mother of France —Prince Labanoff, vol. i. Also Teulet, vol. ii. p. 149.

[2] Du Croc to the Archbishop of Glasgow, in Keith.

[3] Letter of the Privy Council—Teulet, vol. ii.—Keith, 349.

[4] Letter of the Lords of the Council to the Queen-mother of France—Keith, 349. Ibid., from the French copy in M. Teulet's Pièces et Documens.

[5] Du Croc to Archbishop of Glasgow—Keith.

[6] Italian Despatch, in Labanoff's Appendix.

Du Croc and the Lords of the Council remained with the Queen, and consoled her as well as they could, "praying her always to continue to be prudent and virtuous, and not to grieve or afflict herself for the truth would very soon be made manifest"[1]—testimony in favour of Mary's moral worth and conjugal discretion which, considering the sources whence it is derived, ought surely to outweigh the subsequent calumnies of the self-interested accusers and hireling libellers of this unfortunate Princess. The Lords fancied that Darnley had no intention of leaving Scotland, and suspected that it was all a trick of the Earl of Lennox, in order to give the Queen a false alarm. "He is not yet embarked," observes Du Croc; "but we receive advertisement from day to day that he still holds on his resolution, and keeps a ship in readiness. It is vain to imagine that he will be able to raise any disturbance, for there is not one person in all this kingdom, from the highest to the lowest, that regards him any further than is agreeable to the Queen. And I never saw her Majesty so much beloved, esteemed, and honoured, nor so great harmony amongst her subjects, as at present is by her wise conduct."[2]

Darnley, equally unstable as obstinate, a few days after this scene requested Du Croc to meet him at a place between Edinburgh and Glasgow, where he was with his father, and intimated his desire that the Queen would send for him. Du Croc replied "that he did not doubt of the goodness of the Queen; but there were not many wives who would send in quest of him, after he had gone away, as he had himself declared, without any cause. There are but two things, as far as I can see," continues the venerable statesman, "that can have put him into this state of desperation. The first is, the reconciliation of the Lords with the Queen, because he is jealous that they hold her in higher esteem than himself; and as he is proud and haughty, he likes not for foreigners to perceive it. The other is, that he is assured that whoever shall come to represent the Queen of England at the baptism will not make any account of him, and he is apprehensive of receiving an open slight."[3] Darnley wrote, meantime, in a mystified style to the Queen, intimating that he was still meditating to leave Scotland. She was informed from other quarters, also, that he was making secret preparations for his departure. "According to all we have seen, and to the best of our knowledge," write the Lords of the Privy Council to her royal mother-in-law of France, "he has no ground of complaint, but, on the contrary, every reason to look upon himself as one of the most fortunate Princes in Christendom, could he but appreciate his own happiness, and know how to use the good fortune God has put into his hands."[4]

[1] Du Croc to the Queen-mother of France.
[2] Letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow.
[3] Du Croc to the Queen-mother of France.
[4] Teulet's Pièces et Documens, vol. ii.

Little did Moray, Lethington, and their accomplices, when engaged, a few months later, in fabricating against their unfortunate Sovereign the blackest charges they could devise of her conduct to her husband, foresee that the testimony themselves have borne of her virtues should, in the fulness of time, afford a more convincing refutation of their calumnies than the ablest arguments that could be advanced by her warmest partisans in her justification. Though Darnley had obstinately refused to state his grievances by word of mouth, either in private to his royal consort, or in presence of the French ambassador and the Privy Council, he thought proper, a few days later, to write a letter to her, telling her "that he had two causes of complaint: first, that her Majesty trusted him not with so much authority, nor was at such pains to advance him, and make him be honoured by the nation, as she did at first; and, secondly, that no one attended him, and the nobles avoided his company."[1] To this Mary answered, "that if the case were so, he had no one to blame but himself, for in the beginning she bestowed so much honour on him as proved the worse for herself, since the authority wherein she had placed him served as a shelter to those who so heinously offended her. Yet she nevertheless continued to treat him with the same respect; and although they who did perpetrate the murder of her faithful servant in her presence had entered her chamber with his knowledge, following close behind him, naming him as the head of their enterprise, yet would she never accuse him of it, but did always excuse him, and seemed as if she believed it not. As for his complaint that he is not well attended, it is his own fault; for she has always placed at his command such as receive her wages, the same as if they were his own. As for the nobles, they come to Court when it suits their own convenience or pleasure, and according to the good countenance they receive; but he has taken no pains to win them, having even forbidden those Lords to enter his chamber whom her Majesty first appointed to wait upon him. If, therefore, the nobility shun him, his deportment towards them is the cause. If he wishes them to follow him, he must, in the first place, endeavour to make them love him, by behaving amiably to them; otherwise her Majesty will find insuperable difficulties in arranging these points, and especially to induce them to accede to his having the management of affairs put into his hands, to which they have never agreed, nor does she find any of them disposed to consent to it prospectively."[2]

All Darnley's unkindness to the Queen at this period originated in his hostility to the leading members of the rival faction, Moray, Lethington, and Argyll, in whose tutelage she then was, and who were as much the foes of Bothwell as of himself. He blinded himself to the difficult position in which he had been the means of placing her, and desired her to act as

[1] Letter of Mary's Privy Council to the Queen of France, in Keith and Teulet.
[2] Ibid.

if she had been a despotic sovereign, by inflicting condign punishment on all who deserved it; to make no compromise between justice and expediency, but to devote to death, to life-long exile and forfeiture, every one of his late confederates—those who had beguiled him into consenting to Riccio's murder, and then flung the brand of Cain on him. How great was his abhorrence of their characters, how deep his remorse for the assassination of Riccio, may be inferred from the circumstance of his desiring to offer up to the manes of the victim a sacrifice so extensive!

If Mary's desire of being rid of her handsome young husband were indeed so great, why did she not permit him to retire to France without opposition? It would have been easy enough for her to have had him murdered or imprisoned there, through her all-powerful kindred, had she cherished those evil intentions against him of which her calumniators accuse her. Why, then, we repeat, did she not let him go? Is there the female heart that has ever felt the power of a constant and enduring love—a love which neither time nor injuries can alienate—that does not mentally reply, "Because she was a faithful wife, and a fond, weak woman, whose realm would have been to her as a desert in the absence of the object of her yearning affection, unworthy though he were of her regard?"

CHAPTER XXV.

The birth of Mary's son, so far from strengthening her throne, was the signal for a conspiracy among her nobles for bringing her reign to a close before the completion of her twenty-fifth year—the age at which the sovereigns of Scotland were privileged to revoke all crown grants, whether conceded by their regents in their minority or by themselves on first coming of age. The grants made by the Duke de Châtelherault and the late Queen-mother during their successive regencies had been enormous, and those of Mary herself, in her youthful inexperience, so lavish, that the regal revenues were reduced to one-third of their proper value. The resumption by the crown of this property became, therefore, a matter of absolute necessity, but the prospect of such a measure was so little agreeable to the parties in possession, that they, with few exceptions, were ready to resort to any expedient whereby the evil day might be averted. The wealth and power of the nobles had increased so greatly during six successive royal minorities, they eagerly desired a seventh. The Queen meantime proceeded to Stirling, where she joined her malcontent husband at the castle. It happened unluckily that Lethington arrived there privately the next night, and took up his quarters at the house of one

Willie Bell, in the High Street. Mary had been induced by Moray to pardon this specious traitor, in spite of her consort's angry opposition, and restore him to his old office of Secretary of State, considering it was more prudent to act by the advice of her minister than to be guided by the caprices of her petulant consort. As, however, it was necessary for her to confer with Lethington, she avoided the danger of an hostile collision between him and Darnley by meeting him at his own lodgings at Willie Bell's house, and, according to the English letters of secret intelligence, took her dinner privately there. It is certain that no incident of so suspicious a nature has ever been recorded in support of her alleged intimacy with Bothwell, who possessed neither the elegance of person nor the insinuating manners of the accomplished Secretary. But Darnley's jealousy was political, not personal; his anger was excited at the little regard the Queen paid to his marital authority in affairs of State, while Moray carried every measure in his despite. The dear-bought experience Darnley had acquired of Moray and his faction, during the fatal league he had made with them against his wife and sovereign, was unavailing to preserve her from the snares they were weaving round her. She could not believe his warnings; he had not deserved to be believed, and she imputed all he said to the evil promptings of his father, whose influence had proved fatal to her connubial peace, "from whom," as Mary pathetically observed, "he ought to have had far different counsel." She had forgiven Lennox for his treason in her infancy, and restored him to his estates, and he had in return, because she refused to violate her duty to God and her people by an illegal demission of her regal power to hands unmeet to exercise it, poisoned her consort's mind against her, and persuaded him to league with traitors within her realm, and outlawed rebels without, in the most atrocious of conspiracies against her person and authority, for the purpose of usurping her throne. He had imperilled her life, and that of her unborn babe, his grandson, by urging that the murder of David Riccio should be perpetrated in her presence, and allowed his son to commit himself irrevocably by basely introducing the band of assassins into her bed-chamber, to agitate, menace, insult, and capture her. Nor should it be forgotten that he had assisted at a council where her death or life-long imprisonment had been decreed. The only marvel is, that, thus intolerably aggrieved, both as sovereign and woman, by her own subject, she did not bring him to the block his offences had so richly merited, but "her whole reign," observes a biographer, who has based his statement on documentary evidence, "was a series of plots and pardons."[1] Unfortunately for herself, those whom Mary Stuart pardoned, she was too apt to trust. A peace-maker by nature, and a peace sovereign by principle, Mary desired to govern a realm in which all ranks should be united in love to each other for love of her.

[1] Chalmers.

At this juncture "the Queen," writes Forster to Cecil, "hath made the agreement between the Earl of Bothwell and the Secretary." Eager as Lethington was to retain the whole of the abbey lands adjoining his father's estate, he saw the policy of submitting with a good grace to the Queen's arbitration. By resigning a portion of his prey, he removed a previously insuperable obstacle to acting as Bothwell's colleague in the new ministry which Mary was labouring to form, and was reinstated in his former office of Secretary of State. As for his reconciliation with Bothwell, that was conducted, according to the Asmodean principle, with outward pledges of amity and deadlier purposes of malice. The events of the brief months that intervened between the conception of Lethington's daring plot for ridding himself of his two great adversaries, Darnley and Bothwell, and its consummation, resemble the progressive scenes of a startling tragedy.

Well might Darnley take alarm at a coalition so ominous to the royal house of Stuart. His first impulse had been to provide for his personal safety by securing the means of leaving Scotland; but his father having objected to his doing so, he had made a desperate effort to induce Mary to dismiss from her cabinet, not Bothwell, to whom he never expressed the slightest ill-will, but Moray and his guilty confederates. Unfortunately, his bad temper, venting itself in a sullen demeanour to Mary, defeated his own purpose and offended her.

Bothwell, as the Queen's Lieutenant and hereditary Lord Admiral of Scotland, had the military and naval force, such as it was, under his control. The Earl of Huntley was Lord Chancellor—a dignity previously held and still claimed by the outlawed traitor, Morton, because it was in Scotland a life-long appointment. Moray's brother-in-law, Argyll, was Justice-General; Lethington, Secretary of State; Sir John Bellenden, Justice-Clerk; Mr James Makgill, Clerk-Register; and Richardson, another creature of Moray's, the Lord Treasurer.

Meantime Mary recreated herself with the feminine amusement of "sorting over her jewels," and issuing directions for the costume that was to be worn by the noble assistants at the approaching royal solemnity of her baby's christening, appointing that every one of them should be attended by a certain number of followers, arrayed in different colours, assigning to the Earl of Moray green, to Argyll red, and Bothwell blue.

After the funds for the christening of her boy had been voted, Mary's next care was for the redress of the disorders which, during the late domestic troubles, had broken out again on the Borders, and for this purpose she commanded the Earl of Bothwell to proceed into Liddesdale and take all notorious offenders into custody, and lodge them in the dungeons of Hermitage Castle till he could present them before her in the justice-court, which she had proclaimed her intention of holding at Jedburgh in

the second week of October. Bothwell, in the mean time, in the discharge of his duty, had taken various prisoners in Liddesdale, and in a personal encounter with John Elliot of the Park, the chief of that formidable band of "strapping Elliots" whom the English Warden boasts of having stirred up against him, he was desperately wounded and was reported to have been killed.

Instead of being slain, as erroneously reported, Bothwell, having in reality wounded and overcome Elliot in single combat, admitted him to quarter. Elliot, after he had surrendered, asked his captor "whether he would save his life?" "If an assize will make you clean, I shall be heartily content," replied the Earl, "but it behoves you to pass to the Queen's Grace." Hearing this, John Elliot slipped from his horse to run away; the Earl, perceiving his purpose, fired his pistol at him, wounded him in the body, and alighted with intent to have retaken him, but unluckily slipped over a *slough*, and fell. Elliot threw himself upon him, gave him three wounds—one in the head, one in the body, and one in the hand—and effected his escape, but not before the Earl had stabbed him twice in the breast with his whingar. Mortal thrusts they proved, for Elliot died when he had ascended a hill about a mile from the spot. Bothwell's servants found their lord in a state of insensibility, weltering in his blood, and carried him to Hermitage Castle. But as misfortunes never come singly, the thieves whom he had left in ward there had broken loose, made themselves masters of his fortress, and would not allow him or his servants to enter till Robert of the Shaw came up, and told them, "if they would let my lord of Bothwell in, he would save all their lives and let them gang hame." On these conditions they consented; and if they had not been prevailed on to do so, Bothwell and all his company would have been slain.

As the news of Bothwell's injuries, magnified by errant fame into reports of his death, had reached Carlisle on the 6th of October, official intelligence that he had been resisted and dangerously wounded was doubtless received in Edinburgh about the same time. A council was held there that day to take into consideration the best means for enforcing the Queen's authority, extending Bothwell's commission, and making the necessary arrangements for carrying into effect her resolution of coming to his support. That this was no new or hasty impulse, the result of misdirected passion and womanly caprice, the following passage from a letter written by Bedford to Cecil, as far back as the 3rd of August, will testify: "She meaneth now shortly to go against the Laird of Cessford and his son with great force, and to keep a justice-seat at Jedworth for that purpose; but some doubt whether it will hold or not, and that Bothwell shall come with her force and subdue all; but the gentlemen Borderers, as the Lairds of Cessford and Buccleuch, and the rest of the surnames (a very few only except, not a handful to be accounted of), have promised to

live and die with Cessford, and to withstand Bothwell, unless the Queen came in person."

The misdemeanour committed by the young Laird of Cessford was the barbarous murder of the Abbot of Kelso, his own father-in-law, and also defying the legal authorities, in which he was openly abetted by his family connections and several powerful septs in that neighbourhood, secretly encouraged by the English Warden, for the purpose of promoting an insurrection against the Scottish government.[1] Queen Mary, viewing the matter in its proper light, perceived the necessity of making a judicial progress through that turbulent district of her realm, attended by force sufficient to compel submission to the laws. Even before she left her lying-in chamber in Edinburgh Castle, she and her Council had caused summonses to be issued for assizes at which she meant to be present with her consort. Although postponed on account of her health, it was well known that the Queen's journey to Jedburgh was appointed long before Bothwell's departure into Liddesdale, and that, so far from being hurried in consequence of the news of his accident, it was delayed till the last moment. The cause of her lingering in Edinburgh till the very day she had appointed to be at Melrose, may be attributed to the embarrassment and suspense occasioned by her husband's perversity in withdrawing himself from conjugal and regal companionship with her, instead of performing his duty by accompanying her to the trysting-place, thus putting a marked affront not only on her but on the high-spirited feudal militia, the sole defence of the southern Border. In this, as in everything else, Darnley played the part of a petulant boy, who neither understood his own position in the realm, nor the temper of the people he aspired to govern. But well did Mary, as the native sovereign of Scotland, imbued from her cradle with a proper sense of the duties of her high vocation, and deeply read in the tragic history of her predecessors, know that not to meet her lieges, after having convened them, would be regarded as a contempt, and involve both herself and her English husband in unpopularity. Yet however painful it might be to her feelings as a woman to appear on so public an occasion as a deserted wife, she found herself compelled, after waiting till the last moment, to leave Edinburgh without him.

In far different fashion from that described by her libeller Buchanan —who represents her as "flinging away in haste like ane mad woman, posting by great journeys in the sharp time of winter, first to Melrose and then to Jedburgh"—did Mary Stuart set out in royal state from Edinburgh, on her judicial progress, attended by her Ministers of State, her Privy Council, her great law-officers, and accompanied by her whole Court.[2] She proceeded no farther than Melrose that day, where she was met by the nobles and gentry of the adjacent shires, and their followers,

[1] Forster to Cecil, July 18, 1566—Border Correspondence—State Paper Office. Bedford to Cecil. Tytler's History of Scotland.

[2] Birrel's Diary.

in obedience to her royal proclamation of the 24th of September.[1] Robertson and Laing, in their eagerness to criminate her, have committed themselves for ever as historians by repeating Buchanan's reiterated misrepresentations about this journey. To be sure, if they had truly traced her proceedings, and verified the dates of her movements, by the test of the Privy Council Records, Privy Seal Registers, and other contemporary documents, such efforts would not only have consumed much time, but would have exposed the shameless falsehoods of her libeller, by proving that Mary, instead of instantly flying to Hermitage Castle with the impatience of a lover, was actively engaged in the performance of her regal duties at Jedburgh, where she opened her assize, October 9th, and for six successive days continued to bestow unremitting attention on the criminal cases claiming her personal jurisdiction—no light or trivial amusement for a young lady in her four-and-twentieth year. It was not till the 16th of the month that she found herself able to proceed to Hermitage Castle, to hold that brief conference with her wounded Lord-lieutenant, the motives of which have been so sorely misrepresented by her adversaries.

"At her arrival at Jedburgh," says Buchanan, "she heard sure news of Bothwell's life, yet her affection, impatient of delay, could not temper itself, but must need betray her outrageous love; and in an inconvenient time of the year, despising all discommodities of the way and weather, and all dangers of thieves, she betook herself headlong to her journey, with ane company such as na man of any honest degree would have adventured his life and goods among them;"[2]—no other, gentle reader, than the Queen's brother Moray, her Secretary of State, Lethington, and the rest of her Cabinet Council. An evil company, in sooth, they were—no one knew better that truth than their tool, Buchanan, and if any blame attached to Mary for visiting Bothwell at Hermitage Castle, it belonged to her Council. "Her Majesty," observes a dry contemporary chronicle, "was requested and advised to go and visit him at a house called the Hermitage, to learn from him the state of her affairs in that country, of which the said lord was hereditary governor. In pursuance of this object, she proceeded thither with speed, accompanied by the Earl of Moray and other nobles, in whose presence she conferred with the said Earl, and returned the same day to Jedburgh, and on the morrow she fell ill."[3]

Such, then, is the simple fact on which so monstrous an amount of injurious inferences has been based. There would have been nothing disgraceful to a female sovereign, even if she had honoured with a public mark of sympathy and respect one of her great officers of state who was

[1] Goodall. Chalmers.

[2] Buchanan's Detection of the Doings of Marie Queen of Scots, translated in 1572, and dedicated to Queen Elizabeth.

[3] Fragment of a contemporary History of Mary Queen of Scots in French—British Museum. Cotton. Lib., Calig., b. iv. 104.

suffering from severe personal injuries, received while bravely performing his duty to her and his country; but neither passion nor sentiment had anything to do with Mary's visit to Bothwell—it was simply a matter of business. As the commander of that district, he had many affairs of difficulty under his charge. Intelligence of the utmost importance to the safety of Scotland might be in his possession while he was disabled from using his pen, probably matters not of a nature to be intrusted to a verbal messenger. His reconciliation with Lethington and Moray, hitherto his mortal foes, was of such recent date that he would scarcely confide anything of particular moment to them, unless in the presence of the Queen; if indeed they, who, till within the last three weeks, had never encountered him without exchanging menaces, could have felt disposed to trust themselves in his head-quarters without the protection of her company. These considerations may well explain the fact, that it was by their counsel that the fair sovereign of Scotland was induced to confer in person with her disabled Lord-lieutenant of the Border, in her own royal fortress, the *Armitage* or arsenal of Liddesdale, corruptly called Hermitage Castle, where he lay.

The distance, twenty miles, was not much more than Mary had performed with ease on various occasions—especially when she and Darnley rode their memorable race against time, in their hasty flitting from Perth to Callander, to escape the threefold ambush laid against his life and her liberty by the Earl of Moray and his confederates. Sixteen months had not passed away since she performed that distance with ease and spirit in five hours, on a midsummer Sabbath morn. Now it was brisk October, no unpleasant season for a ride across the country in the south of Scotland, notwithstanding all Buchanan's declamations about "the shairp time of winter and discommodities of the way and weather." Of course, the Queen, who was free to choose her own day, did not select a foul one. Accompanied by her brother Moray, and most probably by his countess, and the other ladies who were with her at Jedburgh, the Queen rode to Hermitage Castle, October 16th, and conferred with Bothwell in the presence of her Council for a couple of hours.[1] "His illness," says M. Mignet, "furnished most conclusive proofs of Mary Stuart's attachment to him." But where are the evidences from which these conclusions are drawn? The only fact that can be adduced is, that she visited him eight days after the accident occurred; of the necessity for this visit, in a political point of view, cogent reason has been adduced.

That Mary was seriously uneasy, and even distressed in mind, when she learned that her authority had been set at nought by her unruly Border lairds, and her Lord-lieutenant resisted and dangerously wounded, cannot be doubted; and that, being within twenty miles of the place where he lay, disabled by the nature of his hurts from writing, she, as his sove-

[1] Tytler's Hist. of Scotland, vol. vii. p. 48.

reign, in compliance with the advice of her Council, took an opportunity of honouring him with a visit, is certain. But what are the proofs of her demeanour as a lover? Did she, we would ask, show him marks of attention in his helpless state, such as Queen Elizabeth graciously vouchsafed to her sick Premier, by administering nourishment to him with her own hands? Did she plead the fatigue of her long ride, the shortness of the days, the dangerous state of the country, as excuses for not returning to Jedburgh the same night, that she might linger near him? Did she watch over his sick-bed, and cherish him with the like fond solicitude and vigilant care she had manifested for her dying husband, Francis II., and for Darnley, in the two severe illnesses in which she had played the tender office of a nurse? Strange to say, the brevity of her sojourn there has, with that obliquity of the reasoning powers incidental to falsehood, been adduced as part and parcel of the impropriety of her conduct. Buchanan assumes that she dashed back in such haste to Jedburgh to make comfortable arrangements for Bothwell's removal there as soon as he should be well enough to travel; M. Mignet, that she might get back in time to write a long letter to him the same night! The Treasurer's Accounts, undoubtedly, certify the payment of six shillings to "ane boy passing from Jedburgh, October 17th, with ane *mass* of writings of our sovereign to the Earl of Bothwell." [1] But this mass of writings—the quantity speaks for the nature of the matter—would be, not a voluminous love-letter, but the official warrants, circulars, and summonses necessary for Bothwell's officers to disperse to the Queen's lieges, and all from whom Crown service was due, and to empower his authorities to take refractory persons into custody. Her Privy Seal Register bears witness that during the brief sojourn the Queen made at Hermitage Castle she was occupied in transacting business, by the dates of the papers she signed and executed there. The oral chroniclers of that neighbourhood always connected with Mary's personal adventures that day the loss of a gold signet-ring with a Scriptural device. This tradition was, a few years ago, curiously corroborated by a mole turning up the ground near the ruins of Hermitage Castle, when a gold ring, of the rude workmanship of the period, was found glittering on the surface of the newly-raised soil—a type of some of the long-hidden evidences of her innocence which the humble pioneers of truth are ever and anon discovering in places where they would least think of searching for them.[2]

An alarming accident had well-nigh befallen Queen Mary on her way back to Jedburgh the same afternoon; for as she and her train were galloping at full speed across a swampy plain, her palfrey suddenly sank up to the saddle-girths in a treacherous morass, which is still called, in

[1] Royal Records in the General Register House, Edinburgh.

[2] The device represents the Judgment of Solomon. It is said to be now in the possession of an emigrant watchmaker at Galt, in Canada West.

memory of that circumstance, the *Queen's Mire.* This local tradition is attested by a relic: a lady's antique silver spur found in or near the Queen's Mire, claims, of course, the honour of being the veritable one lost by the fair royal rider, in her struggles to extricate herself and her floundering steed from the "slough of despond" in which both were in danger of being fatally engulfed.

The day after her return to Jedburgh she was attacked with a dangerous illness, which has been attributed by some of her historians to the fatigue of her journey, and by others to her distress on account of Bothwell's wound, although she had seen and left him in a fair way of recovery. Darnley had meantime returned with his father to Glasgow in sullen displeasure. True he gave up his purpose of embarking in the vessel prepared for his departure from Scotland, yet he resolutely absented himself from his wife, keeping his bark ready for his voyage. It must be obvious that, although the Queen had condescended to entreat with tears her husband not to go, it would have been the easiest thing in the world for her to have laid an embargo both on his vessel and himself, if he had attempted to put out to sea.

"I came hither to Jedburgh," writes Du Croc to Mary's representative at the Court of France, "on purpose to signify to the Queen what the King had spoken to me, and what I had said to him."[1] The report was not of a nature to soothe her wounded spirit after the fortnight of mental disquiet and personal fatigue she had gone through since her consort's petulant departure from Holyrood. The performance of her public duties rendered it necessary, in the mean time, for her to veil her anguish under a passionless exterior; for was she not compelled to maintain the dignity of a regal judge in her high court of judicature, where it would have ill beseemed her to indulge in the weakness of womanly weeping over her conjugal griefs?

The autumnal malaria of the undrained marshes of the wild tract of country through which she passed, in the evening air, on her return from Hermitage Castle to Jedburgh, might have more to do with inducing the malignant typhus which attacked her on the 17th of October, than the fever of ill-requited love. Alarming symptoms appeared even the first day of her illness; delirium came on, followed by extreme prostration of strength. The malady being of an intermittent character, she was a little better on the morrow, which continued not long; and her sickness appearing to her to have a mortal tendency, she sent to all the kirks adjacent a request that she might be prayed for.[2] She expressed her willingness to resign her spirit to God, and directed that her body might be buried among her royal predecessors. She desired "God, of His mercy, to pardon her sins; to grant her a penitent and contrite heart; and

[1] Postscript of Du Croc's Letter to Beton, Archbishop of Glasgow—Keith.
[2] Historie of James the Sext.

that He would deal with her in compassion to her weakness, and not be extreme to mark what had been amiss in her, thanking Him for having given her time for repentance." Death-like swooning succeeded, and she appeared unconscious of everything around her. On the third day, recovering the use of speech and reason, but considering herself at the point of dissolution, she spake to those who were in attendance on her, and with a feeble voice, but serene countenance, told them "that she believed a few hours would remove her from this world to a better; and that, although she had been fond enough of life, she found it no hard thing to resign herself to death, acknowledging God as the Supreme Creator, and Lord of all things, and herself the work of His hands; desired His will to be accomplished in her.

Though Mary had requested the prayers of the Reformed congregations, she professed her adherence to the Roman Catholic faith, and repeated the Creed in Latin, in the presence of her nobles, whom she had summoned to receive her last commands. She exhorted them to unity of mind, peace, and quietness, observing "that by discord all good purposes were brought to nought, while by concord they were established." She "forgave all who had offended her, especially her own husband King Henry, and also the banished noblemen who had so highly aggrieved her;" but required, "that in any case they were brought back into the realm after her death, they should at least be debarred from access to the Prince her son." Of that beloved infant, her only tie to life, she spake long and earnestly; and having sent for the French ambassador, Du Croc, to her bedside, she addressed him in these words: "Commend me to the King your master; tell him I hope he will protect my dear son, and also that he will grant one year of my dowry, after my death, to pay my debts and reward my faithful servants; but, above all, tell the Queen-mother that I heartily ask her forgiveness for any offence I may have either done, or been supposed to have committed, against her." She also recommended her son to the protection of the Queen of England, as his nearest kinswoman, and repeated her entreaties to her nobles to take care of him, praying them earnestly "not to suffer any to be in his company, in his tender youth, that were of evil natures, or likely to set him a bad example, but such only as could instruct him in virtue and godliness, and not to permit him to indulge any of the evil inclinations he might have inherited from either herself, his father, or any of his relations." She recommended toleration in matters of religion to be observed after her death, as it had been to the utmost of her power during her life, declaring "that she had never persecuted one of her subjects on the score of religion; for," added she, in her pretty Scotch, "it is a sair thing, and a meikle prick, to any one to have the conscience pressed in sic a matter."

An official report of the illness of their royal mistress was made on the

morning of the 23rd of October, to her ambassador at the Court of France, by the members of her Cabinet Council sojourning with her at Jedburgh. "Her Majesty," they write, "has been sick these six days bypast, and this night has had some *dwams* (fits) of swooning, which puts men in some fear; nevertheless, we see no tokens of death, and hope in God that He will shortly relieve her Majesty, and restore her to her health, and will not suffer this poor realm to fall in that misery to want so good and gracious a governor."[1] On the following day, Du Croc gives a favourable account of her symptoms. "We begin," he says, "to entertain better hopes of the Queen than we have done since she has amended, for now the physicians no longer despair. The fits of vomiting which attack her are troublesome, but the physicians are not dispirited about that, for she sleeps well and soundly. This last night she slept five hours without waking."

An unfavourable change took place on the evening of the 25th, and every one despaired of her recovery. She swooned, her sight failed, and her feet and legs became cold up to the knees. Friction and manipulation resorted to by her French physician, Charles Nau, were persisted in for upwards of four hours, and produced a temporary mitigation in these dangerous symptoms, till about six o'clock on the morning of the 26th, when she swooned again, and lay for dead—her limbs cold and rigid, her eyes closed, her mouth compressed, her feet and arms stiff, every one supposing the vital spark was fled. "Nevertheless," continues our authority,[2] "Maister Nau, who is a perfect man of his craft, would not give the matter over in that manner, but anew began to draw her knees, legs, arms, and feet with sic vehement torments, which lasted the space of three hours, till her Majesty recovered again her sight and speech, and got a great sweating, which was holden the relief of the sickness, because it was on the ninth day, which commonly is called the crisis of the sickness, and so here thought the cooling of the fever." Particulars no less interesting have been chronicled by her great adversary Knox, who records that, when Mary revived to consciousness from her long death-like swoon, "speaking very softly, she desired the Lords to pray for her to God. She said the Creed in English, and desired my Lord of Moray, if she should chance to depart, that he would not be over-extreme to such as were of her religion."

Such was the crisis, which, though the Queen was reported dead, she passed favourably. Knox adds, "that the Queen's mediciner, Maister Naw, has wondrous good hope of her Grace's convalescence, in respect her Grace has passed this night without sickness, which was feared, by reason of her own conceit that she feared this Saturday to be

[1] Keith's Appendix, p. 133.
[2] John Leslie, Bishop of Ross, to Beton, Archbishop of Glasgow, October 27, 1566—Keith's Appendix.

the sickest of all. But I trust God of His infinite goodness, through the prayers of many made for her at this present, has preserved her to the advancement of His glory, and the comfort of the people committed to her care, whom I hope to be yet well governed for many years. My Lord Bothwell is here, who convalesces well of his wound ; and there is good obedience and quietness upon the borders both of England and Scotland. I shall do diligence to collect the Queen's Grace's exhortations and latter declarations of her will, that so godly and virtuous sayings perish not."[1]

While the shadow of death impended over the Queen, and affection for her person, and value for her noble qualities, impelled the majority of her subjects, however divided in modes of faith, to unite in prayers that God would avert from the nation the calamity of losing her, the neglect of her consort created disgust. "The King is at Glasgow," wrote Du Croc to the Archbishop of Glasgow, "and has not been here. If he has been informed of it by any one, and has had time enough, if he had been willing to come, this is such a fault as I know not how to excuse." But Darnley, who was hawking and hunting with his father in the west country, appears not to have been apprised of the dangerous illness of his royal wife till he arrived in Edinburgh on the 27th—the day on which the crisis of her malady had taken a favourable turn. Surrounded as the Queen was by his vindictive foes, it was scarcely to be expected that they would be diligent in sending to apprise him of her dangerous illness, if even they had known where to find him. Two contingencies were averted by Darnley's absence at the moment when Mary was so willing to exchange forgiveness with all who had ever injured her—his appointment to the guardianship of their infant son, in case of her death, or his restoration to his former unbounded influence over her councils in the event of her recovery. But Darnley was playing the game most agreeable to his adversaries—or rather, by estranging himself from his wife, he had left the game in their hands. Angry with himself, doubtless, but too proud to acknowledge his fault, this wrong-headed Prince arrived at Jedburgh in one of his irritable moods, ready to give and take offence at everything, and with every one. The Queen was in the hands of the same junta whom he had vainly required her to expel from her palace of Holyrood on the 29th of the preceding month. No one could in her present precarious state have access to her chamber without their permission. Her life, indeed, hung on a thread so fragile that the Earl of Moray and her other ministers would have been fully justified in preserving her from excitement and agitation, so dangerous in the first stage of convalescence, if they had not afterwards based one of their false accusations against their royal mistress on what, if true, must have been their doing, not hers—it being asserted in Moray's Journal that "the

[1] Keith's Appendix.

King visited her, and was repulsed."[1] Their literary organ, Buchanan, shamelessly states, in defiance of facts, "that the King hasted in post to visit the Queen, to comfort her in her weakness, and, by all gentle services that he possibly could, to declare his affection and hearty desire to do her pleasure, but that neither lodgings were provided for him, nor the least thing done for his comfort; and the nobility and officers of the Court were forbidden to do him reverence, or to yield their lodgings to him, or even to harbour him for one night." He also asserts "that the Queen, suspecting that the Earl of Moray would show him courtesy, practised with his wife to feign herself sick, go home in haste and keep her bed, that at least by this colour the King might be shot out of doors."[2] Considering the terms on which Darnley and Moray stood, the attentions to be expected in that quarter were likely to be of a perilous nature. Lady Moray was a person, too, for whom Darnley had manifested an insuperable aversion, being jealous of the Queen's friendship for her,[3] so that her departure, "instead of shooting him out of doors," would have removed one of his objections to coming within them. It is possible, however, as Buchanan generally based his fictions on some fact which his suborners required him to distort into a malignant imputation on Queen Mary, that Lady Moray might really have been ill of the same malady as her royal mistress, which Leslie describes as a burning corrupted fever, apparently a malignant intermittent typhus, accompanied with choleretic symptoms, cramps, and collapse, and of course highly infectious. Or it may have been that the Morays were in possession of the only apartments in the small over-crowded house occupied by the Queen in Jedburgh that Darnley considered worthy of his use, and that Moray, whose policy it was to keep the royal pair asunder, made his wife feign herself sick, as a pretext for not resigning them. Forty pounds were paid by Queen Mary to the Lady of Farnyhurst for the use of the house she occupied during the thirty days she remained in Jedburgh. It is still habitable, and is a square turreted house, strongly built, but roofed with thatch. It has a fine spiral stone staircase, which ascends to a small apartment in the turret, said to be that where she slept. The spacious suite of apartments on the opposite side of the staircase, one of which still bears the name of the Guard-room, is more likely to have been occupied by royalty as anteroom, privy chamber, and bed-room. The only relic of Mary's abode is a large piece of ancient tapestry hangings, representing the meeting between Jacob and Esau. It is soiled and faded, but the figures are well delineated, and the colours have been very fine, royal blue being the prevailing tint of the garments of the principal figures. Rachel holds her

[1] Anderson's Collections.
[2] Detection of the Doings of Mary Queen of Scots, by George Buchanan. See also his History of Scotland.
[3] Advices out of Scotland. Bedford to Cecil—State Paper Office MS.

little son Joseph by the hand, while the brothers are embracing. The border which surrounds the tableau is very rich. The garden-ground behind the house extends to the banks of the river Jed, close to the old picturesque bridge. The site of this ancient abode gained its present name of Queen Street in memory of Mary's temporary residence. That her Majesty was occasionally soothed with music during her sickness appears from the reward of forty shillings being accorded to John Hume, player on the lute, and four pounds to James Heron, player on the pipe and *quhissil.* The sum of three pounds thirteen shillings was disbursed by the keeper of her privy purse "for drugs, twenty apples and pomegranates, and six citrons brought forth of Edinburgh to Jedburgh to the Queen's Grace, her Majesty being sick for the time."[1] From the same source we learn that the first use Queen Mary made of her convalescence was to cause twenty pounds to be distributed among the poor of Jedburgh, as a thank-offering to God for her recovery from her dangerous and painful illness.[2] This disbursement was made October 30. The same day we observe she directed a warrant to her Lord-Treasurer, which bears this quaint heading, "An abuilziment to the Queen's Grace in Jedburgh," being an order for the materials for a new dress, for which the royal convalescent appears to have been in a very great hurry.

Indeed it is a curious study to trace the feminine propensity which enabled the fair young Sovereign to divert her sad thoughts by entering into the minutiæ required for her new dress, even to the stitching-silk and black thread with which it was to be put together ; but far more pleasing to be able to record to her honour the unwonted fact of a royal assize at Jedburgh, terminating without a single execution, although her authority on the Border had been resisted, and her Lord-lieutenant almost slain. She proved her womanly tenderness for human life by merely inflicting fines on the offenders who came under her gentle jurisdiction, instead of shedding blood.[3]

It is asserted in the false journal subsequently exhibited by Moray at the English Court, for the purpose of defaming her, that on the 5th of November "the Queen and Bothwell came to Kelso, and there abode two nights." The official records prove that Moray and Bothwell both assisted, with their colleagues, at a Privy Council at Jedburgh on that very day by the Queen, and that she did not leave Jedburgh till four days later, when, finding herself sufficiently recovered to travel, she proceeded on her royal progress to Kelso, November 9th, accompanied by Moray and her Council. Bothwell was of course in attendance, according to his bounden duty, as the Lord-Warden of the Borders and Sheriff of the three counties through which her route lay. Notwithstanding these facts, and the pompous publicity of her regal, judicial, and military progress—

[1] Treasurer's Accounts, Royal Records, General Register House, Edinburgh.
[2] Ibid. [3] Sir John Forster to Cecil, October, 1566. Border Correspondence.

for she was escorted by a thousand horsemen, as the official reports of Sir William Forster to Cecil certify [1]—this journal asserts that Bothwell was her sole companion, except Lady Reres, whom Moray's journal asserts "was taken by the watch at Coldingham on the 10th of November." But even if the latter assertion had any foundation as regards Lady Reres, it could not affect the reputation of the Queen, whom the records of her Privy Council prove to have been at Kelso that day, nor did she come to Coldingham till the 16th of the month.[2] It is certain, that if Mary had been guilty of the crimes imputed to her, and as shamelessly regardless, not only of the etiquettes of royalty, but of the decencies of womanhood, as her libellers pretend,[3] there would have been no occasion for the series of fictions to which they have resorted during this progress. Witnesses enow might have been brought forward from among her lords-in-waiting and bedchamber-women; but it was because there were no facts of the kind to elicit that the black arts of forgery were employed against her.

Darnley was then at Burley, exercising his regal authority singly for the purpose of enforcing measures for the preservation of game, and restraining fishing and fowling. The following imperious letter to Sir William Douglas is too characteristic to be omitted:

"Laird of Lowghe Levyn,—Whereas we have taken order, through our realm, for restraint of shooting with guns, you being sheriff of these parts; we will and command you hereby to apprehend all persons within your charge that so uses to shoot contrary to our order; and we having already understanding of one John Shawe, *sun* to Maister William Shaw, to be a common shooter, we also charge you hereby to take the said John, and send him to us with his gun, wherever we chance to be, within three days after this present. And farther, we being informed of divers fires used to be made upon the waters for fishing scareth the fowles, our pleasure is also that ye restiain all such fires being made till ye farther understand from us. In all which doing these signed with our hand shall be your sufficient warrant against all persons.—Given at Burley this Wednesday the 11th of November.

"Henry R.

"To our well-beloved the Laird of Lowghe Leven." [Lochleven.]

CHAPTER XXVI.

While at Kelso, Queen Mary received letters from Darnley, in the presence of those inimical observers, Moray and Lethington. She did not communicate the contents, but that they were of a nature calculated to distress her very poignantly may be surmised from the agitating effect they produced both on her mind and body, for she cast a piteous look

[1] Border Correspondence—State Paper Office MSS. [2] Forster to Cecil.
[3] See Buchanan's Detection, p. 12. Anderson's Collections.

when she had read them, and appeared in danger of relapsing into her recent illness, expressed a passionate desire of death, and even suffered herself to be transported into the sinful exclamation, "that rather than live to endure such sorrow she would slay herself."

Mary left Kelso November 10th, and slept that night and the next at Home Castle. She rested on the nights of the 12th, 13th, and 14th at Cowdenknows, Langton, and Wedderburn. At the latter place, precisely at the time the journal subsequently fabricated by her brother Moray and his confederates, for her defamation, asserts that she was sojourning alone with Bothwell at Dunbar Castle, she took a sudden resolution to go in state to visit the English boundary. Queen Mary was accompanied on this occasion by Moray himself, and the rest of her ministers, and attended, as a matter of course, by Bothwell as her Lord-lieutenant, Lord Hume, and the other Wardens of the Border,[1] and an escort so numerous that Sir John Forster, the English deputy-governor, to whom she had sent notice of her approach, considered it prudent to take precautionary measures for the defence of Queen Elizabeth's good town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, by having the artillery mounted, the walls manned, and the gates secured, before he and his colleagues ventured to go forth to meet and salute the fair North British Sovereign at the Bound Road—evidently in some alarm lest, in spite of her friendly message, she had hostile intentions. The details afford so characteristic a picture of the manners of the times that they must be related in his own words: "My Lord of Moray yesterday morning sent me word that the Queen his Sovereign was to pass to Coldingham, and in her way desired to pass through some part of the Bounds. Whereupon I gave order to the Master of the Ordnance to prepare in readiness the great ordnance, and left him and certain captains in the town, and took with me to the number of forty horsemen, and caused the gates to be locked after me, and suffered none else to depart out of the town, and gave order that all the soldiers should be on the old walls with armour and weapon, to the utmost show that could be; and so rode to the Bound Road and met the Queen, accompanied with my Lord of Moray, the Earl Huntley, the Earl Bothwell, the Secretary, and the Lord Hume, with the number of five hundred horse. At our first meeting she said, 'I am thus bold upon my good sister's favour to enter into her bounds, not meaning anyway to offend her nor any subject of hers.'"[2]

Mary expressed a wish to behold Berwick in the distance; and the English gentlemen, proud to oblige their royal neighbour, conducted her to Halidon Hill. She made Sir John Forster ride by her side, and honoured him with much discourse, observing, "There has been much cumber between these realms, but never during my life will I give oc-

[1] Lethington's Letter to Archbishop Beton, printed in Keith. See also Border Correspondence.

[2] Sir John Forster to Sir W. Cecil, 16th November, 1566. Border Correspondence—State Paper MS., inedited.

casion for any wars to England." "After this, and other pleasant talk," continues Forster,[1] "she said 'she had something to say to me touching the Earl of Morton, that I should be a favourer of him and his company.' I answered her Majesty, 'that, until I had received direction from the Queen's Majesty, my mistress, for their passing away out of this realm, I had used them friendly; but so soon as the Queen my mistress had commanded me to avoid them, I had after no dealings with them: for I mean not to have my mistress's indignation for any subject you have;' adding, 'I trust your Majesty hath that opinion of me that I make more estimation of your favour than of any subject you have.'" Mary appeared very well pleased with this discreet answer, and pursued the theme no further. "I had great discourse of our Border matters," continues Forster, "and then she called my Lord Bothwell, the Laird of Cessford, and the Lord Hume, and gave straight commandment, in my hearing, 'to cause good rule to be kept; and if she heard by me that the same were not kept, her officers should repent it;' with very earnest words, 'that she would do all things that might continue the peace.'"[2]

When Queen Mary reached the summit of Halidon Hill, she was saluted by a royal *feu-de-joie* from all the guns at Berwick,[3] and beheld not only that town, but a far-off prospect of the land she fondly hoped one day to call her own. And here an accident of a very alarming and painful nature befell her; for, as she was conversing earnestly with Sir John Forster, his fiery charger reared up, and in coming down struck her above the knee with his fore-feet, and hurt her grievously. Few ladies but would have screamed or fainted, but Mary, though still feeble from her recent severe illness, had sufficient fortitude and self-control to preserve her composure and conceal her pain. Sir John Forster, far more disconcerted at this unlucky occurrence than she, sprang from his horse in great distress, and knelt to entreat her pardon. Mary bade him rise, and kindly said "she was not hurt,"[4]—exerting all her firmness with right royal spirit to control her pain while performing the ceremonial courtesies of taking leave of the English gentlemen, and returning thanks for the honours that had been paid to her. She requested Sir John Forster to "make her commendations to the Queen of England, her good sister, and to tell her Majesty, in his next letters, how she had presumed on her friendship;" and so she parted, not forgetting, however, to send six-score French crowns as a reward to the gunners of Berwick.[5] Sir James Melville, who was an eye-witness of the accident that befell his sovereign, says, "she was very evil hurt, and compelled, in consequence, to stop two days on her journey at a castle of Lord Home," instead of going on to Coldingham that evening as she had purposed. When sufficiently recovered to proceed to Colding-

[1] Letter to Cecil, November 16, 1566—Border Correspondence, inedited. [2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid. Carr's History of Coldingham. [4] Sir James Melville's Memoirs.
[5] Forster to Cecil, Nov. 16—State Paper Office MS.

ham, she slept not in the Priory, but in Houndwood, the Prior's castellated house, where a small apartment is pointed out to visitors as "Queen Mary's room." The spot where she mounted her white palfrey obtained, in commemoration of that circumstance, the name of Mount Album, which it still bears.[1]

Among the items in Queen Mary's wardrobe inventory we observe "ane little hat of black taffety, embroidered all over with gold, with a black feather and gold band. Another hat of black taffety, embroidered with silver, one of black velvet, embroidered with silver, and one of white *crisp* [crape]; also a little grey felt hat, embroidered with gold and red silk, with a feather of red and yellow," the royal colours of Scotland.[2] These belonged to her riding-tire; but she had also a rich variety of hoods, coifs, cauls, bonnets, and cornettes of velvet, silk, damask, crape, and other costly materials, embroidered with gold, silver, silk, and pearls: with these she wore her regal frontlet of jeweller's work and gems. Her veils were for the most part of crape, passamented with borders of gold, embroidery, and pearls. Her gloves were of the gauntlet form, fringed and embroidered with gold, silver, coloured silks, and small pearls. Her hose were silk, stocked with gold or silver; but she did not disdain the use of Guernsey *worsett* for winter wear. She had short cloaks of black velvet, embroidered with silver, and of white satin, embroidered and fringed with gold; a Highland mantle of black frieze, passamented with gold, and lined with black taffety; a blue Highland mantle and a white Highland mantle. Her gowns, *vaskinis*, skirts, sleeves, doublets, and vardingales were very costly, but not so numerous as those of her good sister of England, who rejoiced in the possession of two thousand magnificent dresses. Mary Stuart's wardrobe contained but fifty, of surpassing richness and elegance. It must be remembered that, with the exception of the nineteen months and ten days of her public married life with Darnley, and one month of forced and joyless union with Bothwell, Mary Stuart wore widow's mourning during her seven years' personal reign in Scotland.

While at Dunbar, Qeeen Mary visited Tantallon Castle, which, ever since the overt act of treason of which Morton had been guilty, had been held in the joint names of herself and her consort, the rival claimant of the Douglas patrimony, by Robert Lauder, the son of the Laird of Bass[3]—sufficient reason, if there had been none other, for Morton's murderous designs against the life of Darnley. The Queen reached Craigmillar Castle on the 20th of November, and six days later was rejoined by her consort. But as he came not in a conciliatory spirit, and her heart was still sore from the wounds his treachery, unkindness, and neglect had in-

[1] Alexander Allan Carr's History of Coldingham.
[2] Royal Wardrobe Account, edited and privately printed by the late T. Thompson, Esq., of Shrubhill, Leith.
[3] Diurnal of Occurrents. Chalmers.

flicted, his visit, instead of producing a reconciliation, appears to have aggravated their previous misunderstanding. Some allowance ought, however, to be made for the very natural annoyance betrayed by the irritable Darnley on finding her still in the hands of her false brother and his confederates—men who had plotted against both their lives, and succeeded in excluding him from any share of her regal government. Too proud to recover his former influence with Mary by resuming the endearing deportment of a lover, he behaved with obdurate sullenness, and rendered her wretched. Du Croc, the mutual confidant of the royal pair, in his letters to Mary's faithful ambassador, the Archbishop of Glasgow, gives a pathetic account of the languishing health into which she had sunk: "The Queen is for the present at Craigmillar, about a league distant from this city [Edinburgh]. She is in the hands of the physicians, and I do assure you is not at all well. I do believe the principal part of her disease to consist of a deep grief and sorrow; nor does it seem possible to make her forget the same. Still she repeats these words, 'I could wish to be dead.'"

Again the ambassador observes that "matters were going on worse and worse between the royal pair, and that, unless through the especial intervention of God, no good understanding would be likely to take place, for Darnley would never humble himself as he ought, and the Queen could not see him in conference with any of her nobles without suspecting there was a plot between them." [1]

It was necessary, however, for the inciters of the plot to conceal their machinations from their new ally, Bothwell, who, unlike them, had no quarrel with Darnley, no deadly debt of vengeance to requite—for Darnley had never objected to his presence in the palaces or councils of the Queen. Him they allured to join the murderous league, and play the executive part, by the irresistible bribes of love and empire. If Bothwell could have resisted the temptations of his official colleagues as sturdily as he had done the oft-proffered gold of England, he might have had the honour of rescuing Mary Stuart from the iniquitous combination of which he was at once the tool and victim. As long as he remained faithful to his duty, she was safe, and her husband also, for it was in his power to have protected both, being at the head of the military force of the realm. It was, therefore, essential to the accomplishment of the designs of his confederates that Bothwell should be drawn into their coalition. Well did they know the nature of the man whom their friend Throckmorton, six years before, so well described as boastful, hazardous, and vain-glorious; nor had they forgotten his audacious project, in the spring of 1562, for surprising the Queen at Falkland, and carrying her off to the lone fortress of Dumbarton, with the assistance of her desperate lover the Earl of Arran—a project which the disclosures of that unfortunate

[1] Fragment of Du Croc's Letter to Archbishop Beton, printed in Keith's Preface.

young nobleman had rendered abortive. The subsequent madness of Arran might naturally incline any reasonable woman to doubt his revelations on that subject; and Mary, though she had dealt rigorously with Bothwell in the first transports of her indignation, when believing him guilty of the presumptuous intention of abducting her, had not hesitated to recall and employ him in assisting to quell the rebellion excited by the Earl of Moray and his faction, on her marriage with Darnley. Her royal favour towards Bothwell, so far from diminishing after his union with Lady Jane Gordon, was more decidedly manifested on his becoming a married man—an evidence rather of propriety of feeling than the reverse. The loyal services he performed for her at the time she was in the hands of the assassins of David Riccio, and after her escape with her repentant husband from Holyrood, well merited the confidence and rewards both united in bestowing upon him. His power had turned the scale against the confederate Lords at that epoch, and so it might reasonably have been expected to do again, if they had not succeeded in beguiling him from his duty by the flattering promise of marrying him to the Queen as soon as he could bereave her of her husband and rid himself of his wife. The turpitude of his embarking in so monstrous a scheme is really less remarkable than his folly in suffering himself, at the mature age of six-and-thirty, to be cajoled like an unreflecting schoolboy into the snares of designing villains, who were tempting him to assist in a crime for the purpose of making him responsible for the penalty. In like manner had Morton, Ruthven, George Douglas the Postulate, and the conspirators for the assassination of David Riccio and the deposition of their liege lady, drawn the unwary Darnley into their unhallowed confederacy scarcely nine months before, by promising to crown him King of Scotland, as the reward for his ungrateful treason to his wife and sovereign. The same unscrupulous men were now, from their convenient lurking-place at Newcastle, where they had succeeded their friend Moray and his company, arranging their league with them for the destruction of their former confederate Darnley.

Such, then, were the actual conspirators against the husband of their sovereign; such the precise state of the plot at the time the royal pair were spending that miserable week together at Craigmillar Castle, of which a brief outline has already been given from the report of Du Croc to Archbishop Beton. It is possible that Darnley either received a hint or felt a presentiment of his danger; for instead of remaining with the Queen till she was well enough to return to Holyrood, he departed on the 3rd of December in an abrupt and uncourteous manner to Stirling, where, instead of proceeding to his apartments in the Castle, he took up his abode in Willie Bell's lodgings in the High Street. His deportment at this time is reported by Du Croc, in general but expressive terms, "to have been incurably bad." Darnley's unkindness to Mary, whom he had

left sick, sorrowful, and weary of life, in the hands of her physicians at Craigmillar, was marked with secret satisfaction by the two leading spirits of the conspiracy, Moray and Lethington. They seized the opportunity and assailed her with temptation, under guise of sympathy for her distress, adding friendly proposals for relieving her from her bondage to the most ungrateful of men. Proceeding with extreme caution, keeping the purpose of murder carefully concealed from the Queen, and artfully probing the real nature of her feelings towards her husband, by mooting the question of a divorce as a matter of political necessity for the good of the realm. Previously, however, to opening so delicate a discussion with her Majesty, they, on Darnley's departure from Craigmillar Castle, considered it necessary to ascertain whether Huntley the Lord Chancellor—who had no quarrel with that unfortunate Prince—would league with them.[1] The following statement, which we give in their own words, makes the fact apparent: "The said Moray and Lethington came in the chamber of us, the Earl of Argyll, in the morning, we being in our bed, who, lamenting the banishment of the Earl of Morton, Lethington said, 'that the best way to obtain Morton's pardon was to promise the Queen's Majesty to find a mean to make divorcement betwixt her and her husband, who had offended her so highly in many ways.' Whereunto we answering 'that we knew not how that might be done,' Lethington said, Moray being ever present, 'My Lord, care ye not thereof; we shall find the means well enough to make her quit of him, so that you and my Lord of Huntley will only behold the matter, and not be offended thereat.'" Huntley here takes up the narrative, speaking as Argyll had done, in the plural: "We, Earl of Huntley, being in the said chamber, Moray and Lethington opened the matter likewise to us, promising, if we would consent to the same, that they should find means to restore us in our own lands and offices, 'and thereon we four—viz., the Earls of Huntley, Argyll, Moray, and *Secretaire* Lethington—past all to the Earl of Bothwell's chamber, to understand his advice on this thing proposed, wherein he gainsayed not more than we. So then we passed altogether toward the Queen's Grace, where Lethington, after he had remembered her Majesty of a great number of grievances and intolerable offences that the King,' as he said, 'ingrate of the honour received of her, had done, continuing every day from evil to worse,' proposed, 'that if it pleased her Majesty to pardon the Earl of Morton, Lords Ruthven, Lindsay, with their company, they should find the means, with the rest of the nobility, to make divorcement betwixt her and her husband, which should not

[1] Archibald Douglas has mentioned the Earl of Argyll among the originators of the plot; but Argyll solemnly declares "that it was first communicated to him at Craigmillar Castle by Moray and Lethington," whom he, in conjunction with Huntley, denounces "as the authors, inventors, devisers, counsellers, and causes of the said murder."—Protestation of the Earls of Argyll and Huntley, in Anderson's Collections, and Goodall.

need her Grace to *mell* therewith, to the which it was necessary that her Majesty should take heed to make resolution as well for her own easement as that of her realm ; for he troubled her and us all.' After this persuasion, which Lethington used to her Majesty, to bring her to the said purpose, she answered, 'That under two conditions she might understand the same,—the one, that the divorce were made lawfully; the other, that it were not prejudice to her son, otherways she would rather endure all torments, and abide the perils that might chance her in her lifetime.' The Earl of Bothwell answered, 'That he doubted not but the divorcement might be made without prejudice in anywise of my Lord Prince,' alleging 'the example of himself succeeding to his father's heritage without difficulty, albeit there was divorce between him and his mother.' "[1]

But deeply as her ungrateful consort had aggrieved her, Mary could not brook the idea of an irrevocable separation ; and when her Ministers went on to propose, "that after the divorce had been made he should reside by himself in one part of the country, and she in another, or he should leave the realm," she interposed with the suggestion,

"Peradventure he may change ;" adding, "that it were better that she herself for a time passed into France, and abode there till he acknowledged himself."

Lethington, who had seen her so frequently in the course of the last two months sighing for death, under sense of intolerable wrong, understood not the long-enduring tenderness of woman's love and, misconceiving the reason of her demurs, said,

"Madam, fancy ye not we are here of the principal of your Grace's nobility and Council that shall find the means that your Majesty shall be quit of him without prejudice of your son ?—and albeit my Lord of Moray, here present, be little less scrupulous for a Protestant than your Grace is for a Papist, I am assured he will look through his fingers thereto, and behold our doings, and say nothing to the same,"—an engagement which Moray heard in silence, neither resenting the sarcasm nor objecting to the principle ; while Darnley's royal consort—she with whose weakness the subtle tempters had assayed to tamper in the cunningly-chosen moment when they saw her writhing under the conflicting agonies of a chafed spirit and a wounded heart—nobly answered,

"I will that ye do nothing whereto any spot may be laid to my honour or conscience, and therefore, I pray you, rather let the matter be in the state it is, abiding till God of his goodness put remedy thereto ; that ye believing to do me service may possibly turn to my hurt and displeasure."[2]

"Madam," rejoined the pertinacious Lethington, "let us guide the

[1] Anderson's Collections, part iv. p. 188. [2] Ibid.

business among us, and your Grace shall see nothing but good, and approved by Parliament."

This, as the Queen had positively rejected the divorce, was to try whether she would allow her husband to be proceeded against in a constitutional manner, by an impeachment to which he stood amenable for dismissing, by his own usurped authority, the Three Estates of Scotland in Parliament assembled while holding the sovereign as a prisoner. What need had Mary, therefore, to involve herself in the trouble and guilt of a murderous plot against the life of a person who had thus committed himself? She had only to comply with her Ministers' request "to let them guide the matter for her," and leave him to be dealt with by her Parliament. But it was because she could not be induced to act against him in any way, and "negatived the conspiracy in every point,"[1] that the conspirators were reduced to the necessity of falling back on their original plan "of preventing the inconveniencies that might ensue to them from his determined hostility," by taking him off by an assassination. Before they left Craigmillar Castle a bond was drawn for the murder by Sir James Balfour, the notorious Parson of Fliske, evidently the self-same document to which Archibald Douglas subsequently alludes.[2] It stated "that it was thought expedient and most profitable for the common weal by the whole nobility, especially the Lords undersigned, that such a young fool and proud tyrant should not reign nor bear rule over them, and that for divers causes they had concluded that he should be taken off by one way or other; and they also agreed to defend and fortify whosoever should take the deed in hand to do it, for it should be every one's action, reckoned and holden as if done by themselves."[3] This bond, or at any rate a duplicate copy of it, was given to the Earl of Bothwell, with the sign-manuals of the principal conspirators. But as the Queen was neither art nor part in their design, there is no allusion to her, not even for the deceitful object of colouring their atrocious purpose with professions of loyalty to her and zeal for her service. It must be clear to every one not wilfully obtuse to reason, that if the Queen could have been induced either to divorce and banish her husband from the realm, or to leave him to be dealt with by her peers in Parliament, there would have been no occasion for her Ministers to enter into a secret and illegal bond for his murder.

Poor Mary was at this time harmlessly occupying her attention, and seeking to beguile her deep-seated melancholy, with maternal hopes and cares, and ambitious dreams of the future greatness of that beloved babe, whom she had predicted would be the first Prince who should unite the hostile realms of England, Scotland, and Ireland

[1] Report of the Spanish Ambassador from 'Memorias.'—Lingard's Hist. England.
[2] Letter to Queen Mary, in Nov. 1583—Robertson's Appendix.
[3] Confession of the Laird of Ormiston, in Arnott's Criminal Trials, Appendix, p. 386.

under his pacific sceptre. He had been brought from Stirling to meet her on her return from her progress through the Merse, and she was fondly superintending the arrangements for the approaching solemnity, when he was to make his first public appearance to his future subjects.

Craigmillar Castle, the scene where so many exciting incidents took place, is in the parish of Liberton, about two miles distant from Edinburgh, of which it commands a glorious prospect. It is seated on a lofty eminence below the Pentlands, and above the fair lake of Duddingstone. Craigmillar had been a favourite resort of Queen Mary in her happier days, and she had located a colony of her French domestics and artificers in the adjacent hamlet, which obtained, in consequence, the name of Little France—a name perhaps of her own bestowing. A venerable thorn in the romantic grounds that surround the picturesque ruins of Craigmillar claims the honour of having been planted by her own hand. The donjon, with its flanking towers, the desecrated chapel, the "banquet-hall deserted," and desolate sleeping-apartment which still bears her name, derive melancholy interest from their association with this painful period of Queen Mary's history, mute witnesses of her misery, and the guilty machinations of the traitors who signed the death-doom of the luckless Darnley within those walls. It may appear strange, under all the circumstances, that his slaughter did not take place then and there; for the castellan, Sir Simon Preston, that false Provost of Edinburgh whose complicity in the confederacy for the murder of David Riccio, and the arrest of the Queen, Darnley had indignantly denounced, was the brother-in-law of his arch-enemy Lethington. But the secret under-plot for Mary's deposition, which was intended as the sequence of his murder, was not sufficiently advanced, nor could either be consummated without the personal assistance of the Earl of Morton, and the restoration of his seventy-five companions in exile, whose lands and puissance remained, during their exile and forfaulture, in the hands of the Crown.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Queen Mary found herself sufficiently recovered to leave her retreat in the wood-embosomed towers of Craigmillar, for her palace of Holyrood, on the 7th of December, 1566. It was the day on which her Consort entered his one-and-twentieth year. She completed her twenty-fourth on the morrow. But these were joyless anniversaries. There were neither games, balls, banquets, nor masks, as on former occasions, for Mary took no pleasure now in anything but tears. Nor did change of scene produce change of cheer with her, when she left Edinburgh and proceeded to Stirling, taking her royal infant with her, to be in readiness

for the baptism. "So many and great sighs as she would heave," observes Sir James Melville, "that it was pity to hear her, and over-few were careful to comfort her. Sometimes she would declare part of her griefs to me, which I essayed to put out of her mind by all possible persuasions, telling her 'how I believed that the greater multitude of friends she had acquired in England should have caused her to forget, in Scotland, the lesser number of enemies and unruly offenders, unworthy of her wrath;" Melville, being friendly to Moray, added strong persuasions for her to forgive and recall Morton and the other banished traitors. Knowing her compassionate disposition, he represented to her the destitute condition to which the offenders were reduced, "not having," he said, "a hole to put their heads in, nor a penny to buy them a dinner; so that persons of her noble nature would think them almost punished enough. This communing," continues Melville, "began at the entry of her supper, in her ear, in French, when she was casting great sighs, and would not eat for no persuasion that my Lords of Moray and Mar could offer. At that melancholy meal Mary was seated in companionless state at her regal board. Darnley was absent.

The journal subsequently fabricated for her defamation has the following entry: "Dec. 5. They [meaning the Queen and Bothwell] pass to Stirling, and take the King from his lodging in Willie Bell's house, and place him very obscurely in the castle." But Mary did not leave Edinburgh till the 10th. She generally rested either at Linlithgow or at Callander House, where she actually sojourned the next day and night as the guest of her devoted friends Lord and Lady Livingston,[1] who were good Protestants nevertheless. She had the infant Prince with her, and was in very ill health herself, so that she could not travel fast at that season, and probably did not reach Stirling till the 12th, or the 11th at the earliest. Darnley's objection to reside in Stirling Castle was on account of his mistrust of Moray's uncle, the Earl of Mar, the captain of that royal fortress, and his hatred of Lady Mar; but he was induced by the Queen to arrive.

Mary sent Melville, well accompanied, to meet and welcome Bedford, Queen Elizabeth's ambassador extraordinary for the baptism of the Prince, in order to have the first speech of the Earl, and to inform him rightly of her proceedings; "for," observes Melville emphatically, "as I have said before, it was a perverse time, and the more her friends increased in England, the more practices her enemies made, and the *manier* lies they invented against her."[2] This is an important testimony, as all that Melville says in her favour is, for, being her particular confidant, always in her personal suite, and authorized by her to act the part of a faithful monitor, he enjoyed better opportunities of knowing her conduct than her defamers, because he forsook Mary in her adversity, and lent

[1] See notations of the Livingstons and Callander House, Statistical History of Scotland.. [2] Sir James Melville's Memoirs, p. 170—Bannatyne edition.

the aid of his facile pen to gild the crimes of her false supplanter, when she, in her desolate prison-house, despoiled of regal authority and wealth, had no power of rewarding him for the testimony he occasionally bears to her virtues. Bedford affected so much regard for Mary that she believed he was one of the surest friends she had in England: a fatal mistake; for not only had he been confederate in Riccio's murder, and for her deposition, but he continued leagued with both Moray in Scotland and Morton in England in their designs for her ruin, and was himself her defamer. Though the evil reports of her, with which his letters teem, he quoted as hearsay scandals.

Bedford, accompanied by Sir Christopher Hatton, George Carey, Lord Hunsdon's eldest son, cousin to Elizabeth; Mr Lyggon, the confidential friend of the Duke of Norfolk, in all eighty persons, arrived at Stirling on the 14th of December. Queen Mary held court at Stirling Castle for their reception the same day, when Bedford presented to her, with all compliments, the splendid gift Queen Elizabeth had sent for her godson, being a massive silver font, richly gilt, weighing 333 ounces, having cost the sum of £1043, 19s.[1] In allusion to the rapid growth and plumpness of the infant heir of Scotland, Bedford said pleasantly to the royal mother, on presenting the font, "that it was made as soon as the Queen his mistress heard of the Prince's birth, and was big enough for him then; but now he, being grown, is peradventure too big for it, it might be used for the next child, provided it be christened before it outgrew the font."[2] He was also the bearer of a ring, of the value of a hundred marks, as a token from Queen Elizabeth to the Countess of Argyll, whom she had appointed to act as her proxy at the baptism, "as the time of year would not allow her," she said, "to send any of her own ladies,"—adding "that she had made choice of the Countess of Argyll, thinking it would be most agreeable to her good sister the Queen of Scots, having heard how dear she was to her." Nothing could be more deceptive than professions of friendship on the part of Elizabeth. She had never forgiven Mary's marriage with their mutual kinsman Darnley, whom she continued to call her subject, refusing to recognize his titular dignity as King of Scotland, and forbidding Bedford and her embassy to treat him as such at the baptism though she was godmother to his babe.[3] Thus Mary was placed in a painful dilemma, for it was impossible to permit her husband to incur such public insult without resenting it, yet she was in no position to embroil herself with so powerful a neighbour as Elizabeth. It was therefore expedient for Darnley to absent himself from the baptism. The calumniators of Mary Stuart have not failed to torture this fact into a proof of her hatred to her unfortunate husband, and of her desire of

[1] Stowe's Chronicle. Chambers's Life of James VI. Sir James Melville's Memoirs.
[2] Keith. Church and State in Scotland.
[3] Camden's Annals of Queen Elizabeth.

degrading him in the eyes of the ambassadors and nobles assembled at Stirling.

A contemporary historian,[1] in his able reply to Buchanan's libel on his royal mistress, observes, "that although in truth the Lord Darnley's deportment was vexatious enough to her—such, indeed, as would not have been borne by any other than a Queen, wise, modest, and discreet as she was—she endured patiently, but with a breaking heart, all his misconduct,—never leaving him, though he often deserted her. But even at those times when he abandoned her society, and withdrew himself to a distance, she diminished not in the slightest degree the grandeur of his first appointments, but continued to supply him with all things pertaining to his position. And what, I pray you, was the cause that this poor young Prince could not show himself at the baptism of the Prince his son, but the machinations of Moray and his party? who had so well practised with the English that the Earl of Bedford, sent by the Queen of England to the baptism of the Prince of Scotland, enjoined those of his suite, 'under pain of royal indignation, in case the Lord Darnley should appear on that occasion, not to make him any reverence, nor to show him more respect in any way than to the simplest gentleman present;' and therefore, to avoid entering into a quarrel with the English, who were thus resolved to brave him in his own house, and in despite to him to pay greater honours to others in his presence, in a place where the precedency was due to him, he voluntarily kept out of sight, and was not, as her pedant libeller affirms, driven away by his wife."[2] The sole blame that can attach to Mary in this affair, was her want of foresight in requesting Elizabeth to act as sponsor to the Prince, without first obtaining her recognition of Darnley's regal title. Darnley behaved with his usual want of judgment; he betrayed great irritation, entered into an open quarrel with Mary, to whom the cause of displeasure was no less mortifying than to himself, threatened to leave her, and was only prevented by the prudence of Du Croc from a public exposure of his ungovernable violence of temper. "His bad deportment," observes that statesman, "is incurable."[3] Mary was suffering severely at this agitating period from the effects of a personal accident which had befallen her on her journey from Edinburgh to Stirling, but she bore up with uncomplaining patience under all her trials, and charmed every one with her courtesy and winning grace.[4]

The day appointed for the baptism was Tuesday, December 17th. At four o'clock the Prince was borne from his chamber to the Chapel-royal by the French ambassador, who represented Charles IX. as one godfather; M. Du Croc acted as the proxy of the other—namely, the Duke of Savoy, whose ambassador, Moretta, had not yet arrived. Lady Argyll represent-

[1] Belforest, author of "Innocens de la Royne d'Escosses"—Jebb. [2] Belforest.
[3] Du Croc to Archbishop Beton, December 23, 1566—Keith's Preface [4] Ibid.

ed the Queen of England as godmother. Lighted tapers, extending from the Prince's chamber, escorted him to the chapel door. There he was received by the Archbishop of St. Andrews, and the Bishops of Dunkeld and Dunblane. The ceremonial was performed according to the ritual of the Church of Rome.[1]

The royal infant was baptized by immersion in the silver font presented by the Queen of England. His fair aunt of Argyll had subsequently to perform a public penance for having assisted at this pompous Popish christening. The Prince received the names of Charles James and James Charles, which were thrice repeated by the heralds, with flourish of trumpets within the chapel, and at the door, to the people assembled without, together with rehearsal of his titles.

The christening ended, Queen Mary invited her distinguished guests to accompany her to the great hall of Parliament, then rich with Gothic sculpture and the portraitures of Scottish monarchs, and hung with costly tapestry, and there supper was served. Her Majesty sat at mid board, with the French ambassador at her right hand, the English on her left; and M. Du Croc, representing for that day the Duke of Savoy, sat at the board-end. The first course went off peacefully and well, though the French nobles, and the Queen's French servants, expressed some jealousy among themselves that she paid the greatest attention to her English guests—yet not enough, it seemed, to satisfy the latter. The second course, in which were all the subtleties and sweet dishes, a dainty show, was brought into the hall, at once, gaily set out in goodly order on a moving stage placed on wheels, which Sir James Melville styles "a trim engine," attended by a band of musicians, clothed like maidens, playing on divers instruments, and singing to the music, preceded by a party of drolls, grotesquely dressed to represent satyrs with long tails, carrying whips in their hands, and running before the meal to clear a passage for its ambulatory stage through the crowded hall up to the Queen's table; which done, they performed all sorts of antics. This device was arranged by Bastian, Mary's Master of the Revels; but unfortunately it happened that the satyrs exceeded his instructions, for, not contented with running round the hall, "they put their hands behind them and began to wag their tails in such sort that the English guests, ready then as now to give and take offence, supposed it had been done in derision of them;" "daftly apprehending," observes Melville slyly,[2] "that which they should not have seemed to understand; for Master Hatton, Master Lyggon, and the most part of the gentlemen, desired to sup before the Queen's great banquet, that they might see the better the ceremonies of the triumph: but so soon as they saw the satyrs wagging their tails, or *rumples*, they all sat down upon the bare floor behind the back of the board, that they should not see themselves scorned, as they thought. Master Hatton said

[1] Diurnal of Occurrents. [2] Sir James Melville's Memoirs.

unto me, 'that gif it were not in the Queen's hall and presence, he should put a dagger into the heart of that French knave Bastian,' whom he alleged 'did it for despite that the Queen made more of them than of the Frenchmen.' I excused the matter the best I might; but the rumour was so great behind the Queen's back, where her Majesty sat and my Lord Bedford, that they heard, and turned about their faces to wit what the matter meant. I showed them how that it was for the 'satyrs': the Queen and my Lord Bedford had baith enough to do to get them satisfied. For the testy Southern guests suspected that these satyrs were dressed and behaving as an uncivil illustration of the taunting epithet, "the lang-tailed English," which in the days of our first Edward had been addressed, among other defiances, to her besiegers by that sharp-witted Scottish heroine, the black-haired Agnes, Countess of March, during her valiant defence of Dunbar Castle; a salutation more keenly resented than the arrows she aimed among their ranks from the loop-holes of her well-defended towers. The expression passed into a verbal weapon of offence against "the old enemy," and, notwithstanding the changes of costume which the lapse of more than two centuries had produced, was unforgotten.[1] The choler of Master Hatton, a newly-raised person, puffed up into self-importance by his enamoured sovereign's favour, was, however, more likely to have been excited by some fancied slight, than by the allusion of jesters and buffoons to an ancient gibe against his nation. But from whatever source the offence conceived by Hatton in the festive hall of Stirling originated, it is certain that, with the base malice of a parvenu, he took deadly vengeance on poor Mary, when captive in Fotheringay Castle.

Mary was munificent in her presents to the principal members of the English ambassade, giving with royal spirit, for the honour of Scotland, to the full value of the costly font that had been sent by their sovereign.

"Two days after the baptism," according to the quaint record of a contemporary diary,[2] "the Queen's Majesty made a banquet, in very delicate fashion, at even. There was masking and playing in all sorts before supper." Then a grand display of fireworks brightened the Links of Forth, a fort having been erected on the green beside the churchyard, "from which was shot artillery fire-balls, fire-spears, and other things, pleasant for the sight of man." Mary, it seems, disdained not to take a personal share in the delight of her subjects at this, in Scotland, novel exhibition, introduced by herself from France; for she left her royal banquet betimes, and, attended by her noble guests and jewelled dames, walked abroad among her humble lieges assembled in the park to witness their pleasure and surprise. "When all was over she returned to the Castle, and there made James Prince of Scotland—who completed his

[1] The same affront to the English occurs in Barbour's rhymed Chronicle at the wedding of one of the Queens.

[2] Diary of Occurrents.

sixth month on that important day—Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick and Cunningham, and Baron of Renfrew, after which she bestowed the honour of knighthood on several gentlemen, and the evening closed with music and dancing."[1] The prettiest sight in that gay week of regal pomp and pageantry must have been the ceremonial of the graceful mother belting her baby boy an Earl, assisting to invest him with his ducal mantle and coronet, placing the golden ring on his tiny finger, touching his heels with the spurs, then fondly clasping his dimpled up-raised hands between her own; while his lady-mistress made him kneel on the maternal lap to perform in silent show his homage, and bend his little head in unconscious assent to the oath of allegiance that was read or pronounced for him—that oath which cruel traitors were so soon to compel the helpless innocent to break.

The testimony of Du Croc, that Darnley confined himself to his apartments in the Castle during the baptismal fêtes, refutes the vulgar tradition that, to show his displeasure to the Queen, he disgraced himself by spending his time in inebriety in the tavern in St Mary's Wynd. If we may credit the assertion of a contemporary historian,[2] the project of destroying that unfortunate Prince, by means of gunpowder, originated with the Earl of Moray, who had, he says, prepared everything for the execution of his cruel design during the "fire shows" at Stirling; but his uncle the Earl of Mar, the captain of the Castle, being in the secret, frustrated it by preventing the destined victim from going out to see the pageants, which, boy-like, he was bent on doing. It is certain that, in the midst of the national rejoicings that occupied the attention of the Queen at the christening festival of her boy, the operations of the conspirators were silently progressing towards the accomplishment of their dark purpose. The arrival of their agent, Archibald Douglas, in Stirling, from his guilty mission to the Earl of Morton and the seventy-six other Scotch outlaws lying at Newcastle, gave a lively impetus to their proceedings. He was the bearer of the full assent of that company to the murderous "band" against the husband of their Sovereign. "With this deliberation," records he in his letter, addressed sixteen years later to Queen Mary, "I returned to Stirling, where, at the request of the Most Christian King and the Queen's Majesty of England, by their ambassadors present, your Majesty's gracious pardon was granted to them all."[3]

[1] Diary of Occurrents.

[2] Adam Blackwood.

[3] What can be said in excuse for Robertson's want of candour, when, with such a document as Archibald Douglas's letter in his possession, he has positively affirmed "that Mary, who had hitherto remained inexorable to every entreaty on their behalf, granted the pardon of Morton and his companions at last to the solicitations of Bothwell"? Monsieur Mignet follows on the same tack, ignoring Queen Elizabeth's testimony, who says, in plain words, "The Earl of Morton had refuge in our realm, when we might have delivered him to death, as his father also and uncle had before, [refuge] with no small favour at our father's hands; and he himself was restored for gratifying us, upon instance made by our order, at the Earl of Bedford's being with the Queen." Bedford

Moray triumphantly carried Bedford and his company with him to St Andrews, there to arrange with his confederates in Fifeshire the sequence of this successful move. The party at St Andrews was too select for Bothwell to obtain an invitation. From St Andrews Bedford proceeded to Hallyards in Fife, to visit and confer with his friend Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange.

The festive week was over in Stirling; the proud wish of the royal mother had been gratified; her boy had been presented at the baptismal font by the representatives of the sovereigns of England, France, and Savoy, and the religious ceremony had been publicly solemnized according to the rites of her own Church. Crosier, mitre, rochette, and cope had been ostentatiously paraded on that occasion; tapers had blazed, and choral anthems had been sung, without let or hindrance either from the nobles or their followers. The people had appeared well pleased with the show. Mary was at that time the idol of her subjects, to whom the fears of losing her, during her late dangerous illness, had shown her value; while her popular and generous demeanour, when she came among them again in her beauty and regal splendour, with the blooming heir she had given to Scotland in her arms, endeared her more than ever to their hearts. To them the absence of her English husband was matter of indifference—his arrogance had disgusted them, and he was but regarded as the thorn that rudely fretted the bosom of their royal rose. Mary had exerted herself successfully to please every one at the baptismal fêtes, forgetful of her personal sufferings; but Du Croc, in his confidential letter to her faithful servant Beton, observes, with sympathetic concern, in allusion to the precarious state of her health—"I am of opinion that she will give us some trouble yet; I cannot be brought to think otherwise, so long as she continues so pensive and melancholy. She sent for me yesterday, when I found her laid on her bed, and weeping sore. She complained of a grievous pain in her side, and, from a sur-charge of evils, it chanced that the day her Majesty set out from Edinburgh to this place she hurt one of her breasts on the horse, which she told me is

also, after he had succeeded in wringing that fatal concession from the reluctant Mary, writes thus to Cecil on the subject: "The Earl of Morton having now obtained his *dress* [redress of his alleged grievance of outlawry], doth think himself much beholden unto you for your favour and good-will therein. There were some that sought to *let* [hinder] the same all they could, but his friends stuck so to it in his behalf as prevailed therein, in the which the Earl of Bothwell, like a very friend, joined with my Lord of Moray—so did Athol and others." Bothwell did but join with Moray and Morton's other friends, his new political allies, in petitioning Mary to grant their oft-rejected suit in behalf of the outlawed traitors. When the realities of the case are calmly considered, it will be perceived that she had no other alternative than to concede the point with the best grace she might; it being impossible for her, as the Sovereign of Scotland, to resist so strange a combination of powers and persons as those by whom the requisition was made. Mary gave up her opposition to the return of these assassins in evil hour, and consented to accord a general amnesty, excepting only three persons—George Douglas, who had stabbed Riccio over her shoulder; Andrew Kerr of Fawdonside, who presented a cocked pistol to her body; and Patrick Bellenden, who aimed his rapier at her bosom.

now swelled. I am much grieved at the many troubles and vexations she meets with."

Deeply as her husband's conduct had wounded her, Mary knew that their interests were inseparable, and instead of reciprocating his sullen manner, she reasoned with him so successfully as to convince him of his folly. He acknowledged his fault with tears, and "promised, for the time to come, to live as a good husband ought with a kind and faithful wife, and never again to listen to those who had given him evil counsel."[1] Conjugal confidence being thus restored, she consulted with him on the subject of their pecuniary ways and means—the sum voted by the Convention of Peers for the expenses of the baptism having proved insufficient to defray the cost. Her French dower had been anticipated, and there were immediate and pressing calls for money. In this emergency they agreed that the best way of providing for their privy-purse expenses would be to send such portions of the royal plate as might best be spared to the mint. Among the articles selected were some pieces that had been generally devoted to Darnley's use, but which he voluntarily resigned for this purpose.[2] This simple fact Buchanan has distorted into the absurd tale that the Queen, out of hatred to her husband, deprived him of his silver dinner-service, and doomed him and his friends to eat off pewter.

The reconciliation between the royal pair, during which this sensible plan for supplying their pecuniary wants was arranged, only lasted till the act of grace which had been extorted from the reluctant Queen for the return of Morton and his unprincipled associates was published on Christmas eve, when Darnley, unable to control his feelings on the subject, left Stirling in a transport of indignation, without taking leave of her.[3] The effect of his abrupt departure on Mary in her deplorable state of health and spirits may be surmised. Either, however, for change of air and scene, or in fulfilment of a previous engagement, she honoured Lord Drummond with a visit at Drummond Castle in Perthshire, with her Court. She returned to Stirling on the 28th of December, having to receive a deputation from the General Assembly of the Congregation relating to the provision for the ministers, which she settled on a more liberal scale. She availed herself at the same time of the opportunity of doing what she could for the ecclesiastics of her own Church, and suffered herself to be persuaded by the wily Archbishop of St Andrews to restore the old Consistorial Court, under his jurisdiction. In these difficult and delicate affairs she was occupied till the 30th of December, when she proceeded to Tullibardine to visit her Chamberlain, and returned again to Stirling on the 1st of January to meet the Earl of Bedford, previously to his departure for England.[4]

[1] Innocens de Marie Stuart, printed in 1572. [2] Ibid.
[3] Knox. Chalmers. Tytler. [4] Chalmers.

Meantime her unlucky consort, who had betaken himself to his father's house, immediately on his arrival at Glasgow took the infection of the small-pox. The premonitory symptoms of that malady alarmed his father and every one about him ; and as he had been attacked with sickness on his journey, they declared he had "gotten poison," in which opinion John Abernethy, an eminent physician, coincided ;[1] for to that cause, or to magic, not only the sudden deaths, but the mysterious illnesses of princes, were invariably attributed in those dark ages of crime. Notwithstanding, however, the blunders of the sapient Dr Abernethy in prescribing antidotes for poison, in the early stages of the small-pox, Darnley's constitution overcame both disease and doctor, although face and body were covered with livid pustules, being that malignant character of small-pox vulgarly called "the purples." Buchanan pretends that these pustules were the effect of poison administered to Darnley by the Queen before he left Stirling, and dwells with all the declamatory verbosity of falsehood on this calumny, affirming also that the Queen refused to permit her physician to go to him, when he humbly sent to crave that favour.[2] One brief sentence from the official report of the Earl of Bedford, a witness anything but friendly to Mary Stuart, confutes both slanders : "The King is now at Glasgow with his father, and there lyeth full of the small *pockes*, to whom the Queen hath sent her *phisicion*."[3]

Bedford wrote his important letter from Berwick on the 9th of January, having previously returned to Stirling from Fife, to hold a final conference with Mary. He arrived at Stirling on the 1st of that month, and remained till the 5th, between which days Darnley, having become aware

[1] "The occurrents are, the Lord Darnley lieth sick at Glasgow of the small-pox."—Sir William Drury to Sir William Cecil, January 23, 1566-7. Birrel's Diary and Diary of Occurrents both state that Darnley was lying at Glasgow sick of the small-pox. Birrel adds, "though some suspected he had gotten poison."

[2] Buchanan's libel on his royal mistress was published at Rochelle, under the title "Histoire Tragique de la Royne d'Escosse," translated into French by M. Camuz, a Huguenot author, together with translations of Buchanan's versions of the Silver Casket Letters, and the confessions of some of the persons executed for Darnley's murder. It is to the edition of this work, printed at Middlebourg in the year 1578, in French, under the *imposing* title of "Memoires de l'Estat de la France sous Charles IX.," that Monsieur Mignet refers constantly as his great authority for Mary's alleged guilt. Strange that our accomplished contemporary, accustomed as he is to the language of documents and official state papers, could be guilty of the fallacy of quoting exploded political libels in a French dress, prepared for that purpose by a traitor, who sold his pen to the successful conspirators against his royal mistress ! The fact that Buchanan condescended thus to employ his talents is fully certified in a paper put forth by Cecil's authority, for the purpose, not of exposing the baseness of the author, but of accrediting his book, by stating "that the said Mr George Buchanan was one privy to the proceedings of the Lords of the King's Secret Council, and that the book was written by him not of himself, nor in his own name, but according to the instructions given to him by common conference of the Lords of the Privy Council of Scotland, by him only for his learning penned, but by them the matter ministered, and allowed and exhibited by them as matter that they have offered, and do continue in offering, to stand and justify before our sovereign lady, or her commissioners in that behalf appointed." —Anderson's Collections, vol. ii. p. 263.

[3] The Earl of Bedford to Sir William Cecil, Jan. 9, 1566-7, from Berwick—State Paper Office MS., Scotch Correspondence.

of the real nature of his malady by the appearance of the pustules on the fifth day of his sickness, sent to inform the Queen of it, and, so far from suspecting her of cherishing evil designs against his life, far less of having proceeded to the guilty lengths of administering poison to him before he left Stirling, gave a practical demonstration of his confidence in her integrity and kindness, by requesting her to send her own physician to his aid.[1] He had evidently had enough of Dr Abernethy and the Glasgow practitioners, who must have put his life in great jeopardy. That Mary complied with his request, and had sent her physician to him before the 5th of January, we have Bedford's testimony in his own handwriting. Why should Buchanan's suborners have employed their literary organ to declare she did not? The answer is obvious—Because it was a fact proving her wifely sense of duty, her humanity, and her desire of preserving his life; a fact affording the strongest argument of her innocence of the crime of consenting to his murder; for, if she had desired his death, she had clearly an opportunity of procuring it by sure and silent means. Few persons in those days recovered from the small-pox. She had but to make that observation, with significant look and tone: or, if plainer speech were required, to add, that it would not be for the good of Scotland if he survived to work more mischief.

But Mary Stuart was of a different spirit. She had with one stroke of her pen cancelled the deep debt of vengeance which the unprovoked treason of Morton and his numerous accomplices in guilt had incurred;—men who had successfully laboured to rend asunder the sacred ties of wedded love, and taught her husband his first lessons of treachery and cruelty—men who, holding the high office of legislators, had broken the laws it was their duty to uphold—shed blood in her presence, imperilled her life—insulted and imprisoned her, and then, in the very spirit of cowardly aggressors, circulated, both in England and her own realm, base aspersions on her honour as a woman, by way of justifying their crimes against her as a sovereign.[2] Was it probable, then, that she who had pardoned criminals like these, would have proved inexorable to their victim, and he the husband of her choice, her nearest kinsman, and the father of her child? What is there that woman will not forgive to the man she loves? But Mary's accusers assert that she had ceased to love Darnley, and that he had become the object of her bitterest hatred. Why, then, did she refuse to be separated from him by the facile divorce system of that century? Full well did Darnley know how incapable she was of harming him, when, by requesting her to send her physician to his succour, he put his life into her hands. And this physician, M. Lusgerie, having been with her when she had the small-pox, and witnessed the skilful manner in which she had been treated in that malady by Pirnel, the physician of her royal father-

[1] State Paper MS., Scotch Correspondence.
[2] Narrative of the slaughter of David Riccio by Morton and Ruthven.

in-law, Henry II. of France, and being also in possession of the prescriptions used so successfully in her case, was, as far as human means can be considered, the instrument of his recovery. Bedford's testimony on this subject is of the utmost weight; for not only was he at Stirling at the time, but, in consequence of his secret understanding with Moray, Lethington, and several of her Cabinet Council, behind the scenes.

The irrefragable proofs that are preserved of Bedford's foreknowledge of the conspiracy for the murder of Riccio and the deposition of Queen Mary, afford presumptions, at the least, that he was not in ignorance of the league into which the same men had entered for the destruction of their previous dupe, but now declared enemy, Darnley, and the consummation of their dark purposes against their hapless sovereign, whose party in England had waxed so strong as to render her an object of increased jealousy to Elizabeth. Darnley, too, had been occupying his weak brain in wild projects for disturbing the government of his powerful kinswoman, having engaged himself in correspondence with some former Yorkshire neighbours of his own religion, for getting possession of Scarborough Castle and the fortifications of Scilly. This being divulged just at this momentous crisis by William Rogers, one of the treacherous English adventurers whom he had received and employed, could scarcely fail of producing a most inimical influence on his fate. William Rogers, on being questioned "how the Lord Darnley, calling himself the Scottish King, came by the plan of Scilly," stated "that the elder Standen told him, 'that one Martin Dale brought or sent the plan to Lord Darnley.'" Rogers deponed "that there was a certain gentleman in the west country, naming himself sometimes Moon, and sometimes Clayton, who repaireth often to the Lord Darnley, from divers gentlemen in the west, whose agent, Moon, *alias* Clayton, was in Scotland no later than two days before he left." Rogers declared also "that he had heard Francis Cholmley, Sir Richard Cholmley's son, say 'that he could pleasure the Scottish King much in the delivery of Scarborough Castle, of which he had the keeping under his father.'" The Cholmleys being then, as now, one of the most ancient and powerfully-connected families in Yorkshire, and adherents to the ancient faith, the devotion of the head of the house and his heir to a Roman Catholic Prince occupying Darnley's position in the royal succession, and the husband of the Queen of Scots, was rather an alarming revelation, combined with the information of Darnley's intrigues and secret correspondence with the gentlemen in the west of England. The examination of William Rogers, at which the above disclosures were made, took place, January 16th.[1] In less than a month Darnley ceased to exist.

Before, however, entering into the details of the mysterious tragedy by which the wild projects and mischievous intrigues of that restless Prince

1 Deposition of William Rogers, January 16, 1566-7—State Paper MS., inedited.

were brought to a sudden close, it will be necessary to return to Mary Stuart and her Court at Stirling. The nuptials of her enamoured Secretary of State, the Lord of Lethington, to Mary Fleming, the friend and companion of her childhood, was solemnized in the Castle on the 6th of January.[1] Mary Fleming was the third of the four attendant Maries who had entered into the holy pale of wedlock. Mary Livingston, married before the Queen, was now the mother of a fair son, who was brought up in the royal nursery as the companion and playmate of the Prince. The light-minded Mary Beton had consoled herself for Randolph's expulsion from the Court of Scotland by marrying Alexander Ogilvie of Boyne. She still held a post among the ladies of Queen Mary's bedchamber. Mary Seton was the only one of the four Maries who persisted in celibacy; she remained immovably attached to the service of her royal mistress, through good report and evil report, as faithfully in a prison as in a palace. Mary Livingston and her husband, John Sempill, were among those who gave bright examples of their courageous fidelity to their hapless sovereign in her reverse of fortune.

The wretched state of the Queen's health and spirits, together with the news of her husband's dangerous illness, prevented her from honouring the nuptials of Mary Fleming and Lethington with the like festivities she had united with Darnley in giving at the marriage of the Earl of Bothwell with her noble kinswoman, Lady Jane Gordon. The bridal of Mary Fleming and Lethington, though celebrated on Twelfth Day, produced no such hilarity in the royal halls of Stirling as had filled old Holyrood with glee two short years before, when the smiling sovereign arrayed her beauteous namesake in her own regal robes, to enable her to support the dignity of Queen of the Bean, and almost bewitched Randolph from his diplomatic craft by leading off the dance with him. Neither Mary Stuart nor Mary Fleming were ever to see such jocund days again.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Queen Mary had sent a kind message to her husband by her physician, promising to come and see him herself as soon as the weather would allow her to travel so far. She was herself in very ill health; the cold was unusually severe. According to Buchanan's statement, "she wrote many very friendly letters to him during his illness."[2] A virtual reconciliation had, therefore, taken place between the royal pair.

[1] Anderson's Col.
[2] Letter of Queen Mary to Archbishop Beton—Labanoff, vol. i. p. 398. Blackwood's History of Queen Mary.

Yet while she was at Stirling, she was assured by Moray and his colleagues that her husband and his father were assembling a force at Glasgow for the purpose of dethroning and imprisoning her for life, and crowning the infant Prince, in order to govern the realm in his name. Not considering herself and the infant Prince safe at Stirling, she departed with him precipitately for Edinburgh on the 13th of January, and arrived at Holyrood Abbey on the 14th.[1] She found the same reports prevalent in her metropolis that had disquieted her at Stirling. They were traced to Walcar and Hiegate, two Scotch servants of Archbishop Beton, then her ambassador at Paris. They were brought before her council; she ascertained that neither Lennox nor her husband were in a position to disturb her government, yet the vexation of a sorely wearied, but surely not vindictive spirit, is perceptible in her communication of the 20th of January to Archbishop Beton, still resident in France. The letter commences with complaint that the command of the Scotch Archer-Guard had been promised, if not given, to the son of the Duke of Savoy; and she desires Beton to enter a protest in her name against any other being appointed than her son. Mary, after detailing the mischief-making reports circulated by Walcar, and traced to Hiegate, expresses her surprise that such malign inventions should have proceeded from persons in the service of the Archbishop.

"And for the King our husband," she mournfully but proudly adds, "God knows always our part towards him, and his behaviour and thankfulness to us is likewise well known to God and the world. Always we perceive him occupied and busy enough to have inquisition of our doings, which, God willing, shall aye be such as none shall have occasion to be offended with them, or to report of us any ways but honourably, howsoever he, his father, and their *fautors*, speak, which we know want no good-will to make us have ado, if their power were equivalent to their minds: but God moderates their forces well enough, and takes the means of execution from them; for as we believe, they shall find none, or very few, approvers of their counsels or devices imagined to our displeasure."[2]

Let any one compare this genuine outpouring of Mary Stuart's feelings, when her temper had been ruffled by the aggravating reports of tale-bearers, with the style of the letters pretended to have been written by her within the week to Bothwell, and the difference will be at once perceived between reality and fiction,—the sentiments and language of a royal lady and the blundering attempts of a coarse-minded man—ignorant of the delicate mechanism of the heart of woman, its reserves and pride—to write in the character of a Queen. The author of the love-letters to Bothwell, like the unskilful poisoner, who frustrates his own malignant aim by pouring an ounce of arsenic into the destined victim's cup, instead of limiting himself to the minute portion of the deadly drug that could be swallowed and retained to work a fatal purpose, has, by his broad exaggerations, overshot his mark, and rendered his falsehood apparent.

[1] Chalmers. [2] Queen Mary's Letter to Archbishop Beton—Labanoff, Keith. The original of her letter is in French.

A keen sense of injury and some resentment is perceptible in Mary's allusions to the observations she had been told her husband and his father had made on her, but neither malice nor vindictive dispositions are betrayed. She writes with queenly dignity, conscious of the superiority of her position, conscious of her own integrity, and appeals to that all-seeing Witness, whose eye had been on all her ways, to judge between her and her adversaries ; yet, sensitive, as woman should be, to the opinion of the world, she declares "that by God's grace her doings shall be such as none shall be offended at them, nor able to report of her otherwise than honourably." [1] How can Robertson and Mignet fancy they detect foul purposes of murder in sentiments like these ?

Archbishop Beton dismissed both Walcar and Hiegate from his service. Before, however, Mary's communication on that subject reached him, he wrote to her from Paris, telling her "that he had been especially requested by the Spanish ambassador to warn her to take care of herself, and that it was whispered in other quarters some plot was in agitation to surprise her ; that the Spanish ambassador refused to enter into particulars, but had urged him 'to lose no time in hastening to her, and warning her of her danger.'" He wrote accordingly, concluding his letter with this emphatic warning: "Finally, I would beseech your Majesty, right humbly, to cause the captains of your Guard to be diligent in their office ; for, notwithstanding that I have no particular occasion whereon I desire it, yet can I not be out of fear till I hear of your news." His letter arrived too late to avert the impending evil.

The revelations of two of the principals in Darnley's murder, the Earl of Morton and Archibald Douglas, prove that they and their accomplices were quietly arranging their plans for the perpetration of that mysterious crime in the sequestered shades of Whittinghame,[2] at the very time the Queen's mind was agitated by rumours of plots of her husband's father, that had no existence—reports artfully devised for the purpose of diverting attention from their own designs, and preparing the public mind to ascribe the murder of Darnley to the vengeance of his royal wife.

Morton on his homeward journey from his exile probably met Bedford on return from his mission to the Scottish court. According to the slow rate of travelling at that season of the year in Scotland, through roads almost impassable with mire, or blocked with snow, he could scarcely reach his destination, Whittinghame Castle, in Haddingtonshire, at the foot of the Lammermuir Hills, before the 14th of January, the same day the Queen with her Court and council arrived in Edinburgh. The communication between Whittinghame and Edinburgh was easy, and might be accomplished in the course of a few hours, while the situation of that

[1] Labanoff, vol. i.
[2] Morton's Confession—Bannatyne's Memorials. Archibald Douglas's Letter to Queen Mary.

solitary fortress, embosomed in deep woods, rendered it a suitable tryst-ing-place for the acting committee of conspirators for the murder of the unfortunate Darnley. These were Lethington, Bothwell, Archibald Douglas, brother to Sir William Douglas, the Castellan of Whittinghame, and Morton. Light indeed were Morton's motives for Riccio's slaughter, in comparison with those which prompted his co-operation in the murderous plot against his cousin Darnley, the formidable claimant of the Angus inheritance. Warned, however, by the inconveniences that had resulted to him from his public appearance as the leader of the former enterprise, he kept himself, like the cautious Moray, adroitly in the shade, leaving Bothwell to occupy the foreground, and incur the responsibility of the crime. Although Morton, even before he was suffered by his old confederates, Moray and Lethington, to set foot again in Scotland, had signified his assent to the bond against Darnley,[1] he subsequently pretended to have heard of the bloody purpose for the first time from the lips of Bothwell. "First after my returning out of England," he says, "where I was banished for Davie's slaughter, I came out of Wedderburn to Whittinghame, where the Earl of Bothwell and I met together, and in the yard of Whittinghame, after long communing, the Earl of Bothwell proposed to me the purpose of the King's murder, requiring what would be my part thereinto, seeing it was the Queen's mind the King should be ta'en away, as he said 'she blamed the King more of Davie's slaughter than me.'"[2]

It is to be observed that Morton, in his prevaricating confession, ignored all the conspirators but Bothwell and Archibald Douglas.[3] When carrying hypocrisy to the awful confines of eternity, he says,[4] "My answer to the Earl of Bothwell at that time was, 'that I would not in any ways meddle in that matter, whereof as yet I am not rid, being discharged [forbidden] to come nearer the Court than seven miles, and therefore I cannot enter myself in such a new trouble again.' After this answer, Mr Archibald Douglas entered into conference with me, persuading me to agree to the Earl of Bothwell. Last of all, the Earl of Bothwell, yet being in Whittinghame, earnestly proposed the matter to me again, persuading me thereto 'because it was the Queen's mind, and she would have it done.' Unto this my answer was, I 'desired the Earl Bothwell to bring the Queen's handwrite to me of that matter for a warrant, and then I should give him an answer, otherwise I would not meddle therewith;' the which warrant he never reported unto me,"—could not report, not being able to produce any written proofs of Mary's disloyalty to her husband; yet it must be obvious that had she been on the terms of guilty correspondence with Bothwell which the conspirators

[1] Letter of Archibald Douglas to Queen Mary—Robertson's Appendix.
[2] Morton's Confession—Bannatyne's Memorials, 317, 318.
[3] Forster to Walsingham, June 4, 1581—State Paper Office MS.
[4] Bannatyne's Memorials.

assert, he would have been in no lack of evidence that she desired her husband's death.

At last Morton waited at Whittinghame while Archibald Douglas went to Moray and Lethington to obtain an answer from the Queen. They had nothing more to say than "Show to the Earl of Morton that the Queen will hear no speech of that matter appointed unto him." [1]

Then ensued murderous conferences for Darnley's death, which were held, according to local tradition, beneath the sombre canopy of the gigantic yew which still overshadows a circular space on the green terrace near the ruins of the old castle of Whittinghame—meet trysting-place for such a conclave as the precious quartette who assembled within that funereal council-chamber of crime. The tradition, though romantic, is in accordance with the usages of the period, when, to elude the vigilance of spies and eavesdroppers, who were occasionally lurking perdu behind the tapestry or carved panels of baronial mansions, matters of perilous import were frequently arranged in the open air; Morton himself declares he conversed with Bothwell on this subject in the garden, or, as he terms it, "the yard at Whittinghame." They were there secure from prying eye, or listening ear; but what a startling page might have been unfolded if the birds of the air, sole witnesses of the scene, had been able to describe the demeanour and report the words of these allies in wickedness, who were as false to each other as they were to their Queen, their country, and their God. They were men past the period of life when youthful sensibility, as in the case of their excitable victim Darnley, produces remorse for sin, and a fearful drawing back from incurring a further amount of guilt. They had arrived at that frightful stage of wickedness when the Holy Spirit ceases to strive with the powers of evil in the human heart, and conscience becomes obtuse. Persons they were strangely differing from each other in their characteristics. The curious original portrait of Morton, at Dalmahoy House, shows he was a Judas in complexion as well as character. He wears the Geneva hat, with high sloping crown and narrow brims, resembling a reversed pan or jar; but it neither conceals the villanous contour of his retreating forehead, nor the sinister glance of the small gray eyes peering from under his red shaggy brows. The very twist of his crooked nose is expressive of craft and cruelty; the long upper lip, hollow mouth, and flat square chin, are muffled in a bush of red moustache and beard; but the general outline is most repulsive, and bespeaks the hypocrite, the sensualist, the assassin, and the miser,—and all these he was. His talents were, however, such as enabled him to make men of greater abilities his tools and stepping-stones to the seat of empire. Yet we are told "that

[1] Archibald Douglas' Letter to Mary, 1583—Robertson's Appendix, No. xlvii., vol. ii. p. 424.

Archibald Douglas had the whole ruling and guiding of him." That priest-bred manager of plots took a leading part in the conference in the garden at Whittinghame. There too was the courtly bridegroom, Lethington, with his wit, subtlety, and elegance, masking the cold, world-hardened heart, which neither gratitude to his generous forgiving Sovereign could touch, nor the endearments of his newly-wedded wife charm from staining his honeymoon with murder. Lastly, the profligate, vain-glorious Bothwell, forgetful how much he had suffered for his first presumptuous plot for winning his beauteous Sovereign as Sabine brides were won by Roman bachelors, and ready to risk a scaffold and barter his soul for the chance of accomplishing his frantic dreams of love and empire. Bothwell was the only person of the four in ignorance of the deeper plot, to which the murder of Darnley, and the transfer of the royal widow for a few brief days to him, was the necessary introduction. But, "blind as well as mad with wickedness," the blundering Border chief rushed eagerly into the snares of subtler villains than himself, and combated the feigned scruples of Morton, whose object was to draw the Queen herself into the plot against her husband's life, or to stimulate Bothwell to produce something in her handwriting that might serve as evidence of her favour to himself. A sonnet or letter, with a single term of endearment unbeseeming from a royal matron to a married man, would have been sufficient; and had Bothwell been recipient of such tokens of her favour to himself, he would not have scrupled to bring it forward. But the conferences at Whittinghame for Darnley's murder, after being prolonged from day to day, were finally broken off, according to Morton's own showing, in consequence of Bothwell's failing to give tangible proof of the Queen's assent to it.[1] The cowardly sophistry of his defence need scarcely be exposed. If he had said, "I could not reveal it to the king because he hated me—would not permit me to enter his presence—and had forbidden the Queen to pardon and reverse my forfeitures, much less to reinstate me in my office of Lord Chancellor," it would have betrayed the motive that animated him to be art and part to this murder.

In fact, Archibald Douglas explains that, even before Morton and his companions left Newcastle, they had all united with Moray, Lethington, and Bothwell, in the "band" against Darnley. Morton's assertion that "the Queen was the doer thereof," will scarcely outweigh his repeated statement that "the reason he would not personally assist in the deed-doing was because no warrant for it could be procured from her," and Douglas's corroborating testimony, "that she would hear no speech of it."[2]

[1] Morton's Confession, in Bannatyne's Memorials.
[2] Archibald Douglas's Letter to Queen Mary in 1583.

The subtle attempts of the traitors in Mary's cabinet to stimulate her to vindictive measures against her husband, by the reports they had circulated of the conspiracy into which he and his father had entered for deposing her, crowning the infant Prince, and governing her realm under the shadow of his name, had failed. Her Ministers, in their malignant zeal against their declared enemy, Darnley, proceeded to the audacious length of drawing up a warrant for his arrest and incarceration as a state prisoner; they presented it to the Queen for her signature, but she refused to sign it.[1] It was found impossible to induce her to do anything that might prove a final bar to their reconciliation. "As to the follies of the King my husband," she was wont to reply, "he is but young, and may be reclaimed. If he has been led into evil measures, it is to be attributed to his want of better counsel, the influence of bad company, and his too great facility of temper in yielding to those about him,"—always concluding with the hope "that God would in his own good time put remedy, and amend what was amiss in him."[2] However grievous the remembrance of his trespasses might be, Mary knew he loved her—not wisely, indeed; for like a petulant spoiled child, he quarrelled when he could not have everything his own way, and absented himself in hopes of being wooed to return, yet was himself no less miserable during his self-inflicted absences than he rendered her.

A fragment has been preserved of a quaint poem from Darnley's pen; and it is impossible to doubt, from the sentiments expressed in the following lines, which may serve as a sample of his literary talent, that it was addressed to Queen Mary herself, and no other, for there is no real evidence that he ever gave her a rival:—

"The turtle for her mate
More *dule* may not endure,
Than I do for her sake
Who has mine heart in *cure*;[3]
My heart which shall be *sure*[4]
With service to the deed,
Unto that lady pure,
The weal of womanhood.
. . . . .
Yet no mirth, till we meet,
Shall cause me be content,
But still my heart lament,
In sorrowful sighing sore,
Till that time she's present.
Farewell, I say no more,
Quoth King Henry Stuart."[5]

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[1] Depositions of Thomas Crawford—State Paper Office MS.
[2] Mackenzie's Lives. Freebairn's Life of Mary Queen of Scots.
[3] Keeping.
[4] Faithful, certain.
[5] Walpole's Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors—also quoted by the learned Goo.

These verses indicate that Darnley had something to recommend him besides his external graces, and that, when he condescended to play the lover, he could do so with that tenderness and depth of feeling which is seldom resisted by a woman of sensibility. Hence the facility with which his royal wife was won to reconciliation, after his frequent derelictions from his duty. No one was better qualified, from a similarity of pursuits and tastes, than she to appreciate his poetic genius and general accomplishments. Nothing, surely, but his irritable temperament, aggravated by occasional indulgence in drink, together with the wickedness of those who laboured to create divisions between two hearts well calculated to beat in unison, can account for their domestic infelicity. The following testimony is borne by one of their royal son's English prelates to the learning and literary attainments of this unfortunate pair:—"The King's father, Lord Darnley, translated Valerius Maximus, and Queen Mary his mother wrote a book of verses in French, of the 'Institution of a Prince,' and wrought the cover of it with her needle, all with her own hand, and this book is now esteemed by his Majesty James I. as a most precious jewel."[1]

The eager craving of poor Darnley, on the bed of sickness, for the company of her whom he had been wont to desert for days and weeks together, to indulge his sullen humour, shows that he had no just cause of complaint, no mistrust of her. He had said "she was a true Princess, and he would stake his life on her fidelity of word and deed"—and he was ready to do so. He had proved her cherishing care during his previous maladies, of which he had had his share, during the brief period of his abode in Scotland. She had nursed him in infectious illnesses, watched beside his feverish bed, smoothed the pillow for his aching temples, and administered medicine and nourishment to him with her own gentle hands. His Glasgow nurse, whoever she might be, was a hireling; her rude *patois* would be harsh to the ear of the princely sufferer, his courtly Southron phrase unintelligible to her. The sharp chastening of the terrific malady which had conducted him to the verge of the grave, had apparently convinced him of his faults, produced compunction for his ingratitude, taught him the value of her love, and inclined him to make all due submission in order to obtain the solace of her presence. "It was not every wife," as Du Croc had (on his previous perverse withdrawal from her conjugal society) significantly remarked to him, "who would be thus compliant with his caprices, but there was no cause to doubt the goodness of the Queen."[2] Buchanan testifies "that

Chalmers in his Poetical Works of the Kings of Scotland. Darnley's verses are without date, but the peculiar tone in which they are couched leaves little doubt as to the period when they were written.

[1] Preface to King James's Works, by the Bishop of Winchester.

[2] Letter of Du Croc to the Queen-mother of France, in Teulet, Pièces et Documens.

she wrote many kind letters to Darnley,"[1] citing that fact as evidence of her deceit; and sneeringly observes "that the Queen made her arrangements for her journey to Glasgow, and seemed very earnest about it, yet it was put off from day to day." Only one month, however, elapsed between the day Darnley left Stirling and the day Mary arrived in Glasgow to perform her promise of coming in person to bring him to Edinburgh as soon as he should be able to bear the sharp air. Her own health had been delicate, and she had to hold court at Holyrood, for the state reception of the Savoyard ambassador, Moretta, who had been expected at the baptism of the Prince, where he should have represented his Sovereign as one of the godfathers, but did not arrive till it was over. He came, however, in time to assist the Queen in eliciting the truth in a perplexing dispute among her Italian servants, originating in the fraudulent conduct of her Foreign Secretary, Joseph Riccio, the unworthy brother and successor of poor David. Signor Joseph, who appears to have been a secretary of the class depicted by the lively pen of Le Sage, had been borrowing money of a usurer, whom he calls by the poetic name of Timoteo—in plain Scotch or English, Timothy—and this money he had raised on the credit of his countryman and friend, Joseph Lutini, a gentleman in the Queen's household, to whom she had granted leave to revisit his own country, and, in a letter dated Jan. 6, recommended for a safe-conduct to the English deputy at Berwick.[2] Timothy had lent a hundred crowns on the security of Lutini's personals and his horses, which Joseph Riccio had assured him were left behind in his care, as a pledge for the repayment of that loan. Now Joseph Lutini had left nothing but a long tailor's bill, and there were no effects to liquidate it. Timothy appealed to the Queen for justice, and Joseph Riccio endeavoured to escape the exposure of his trick by declaring "that Lutini had robbed him of a large sum and decamped with the money." In the midst of the examination which ensued in the royal presence, the Queen recollected her loss of a pair of costly bracelets, for which she considered Joseph Riccio accountable. It is probable that she had taken them off for the convenience of writing when he was waiting on her in her cabinet, and that he, being essentially dishonest, had pocketed them. Her suspicions being excited by his behaviour on the present occasion, she turned sharply upon him and exclaimed, "Where are my bracelets?" Alarmed at this stern query, Joseph Riccio replied, "In Lutini's purse, I suppose, with my money, which he has carried away with him." Every one present raised a murmur of indignation at the wickedness and treachery of Lutini. Bastian observed "that he had borrowed sixty crowns of him," and all united in saying he ought to be sent for back, to answer for these things, on which the Queen commanded Lethington to write to Sir William Drury, requesting him to arrest Lutini at Berwick, and send him back to her.

[1] History of Scotland. [2] Scotch Correspondence—State Paper Office.

This straightforward proceeding of the Queen put Joseph Riccio in a far worse case than he had been before, and induced him to write to Lutini, confessing the false witness he had borne against him, and imploring him, "for the honour of their country, to confirm what he had said, and not to ruin him by exposing his deceit." Tytler, misconceiving the idiomatic Italian of Joseph Riccio's letter, has hazarded a conjecture that it alluded to the plot for Darnley's murder; the literal translation, however, shows that it applied to nothing more than the private chicanery of Joseph Riccio, and his desire to conceal his knavery from the Queen. The details afford an amusing peep of every-day life behind the scenes of the tragic Court of Holyrood, display the fair Sovereign herself in the character of a domestic judge, taking prompt measures for confronting the accuser and the accused.

Letter, from the Italian, of Joseph Riccio to Joseph Lutini.[1]

"I have told the Queen and Timoteo that you have taken away my money; and the reason I said it you shall hear. When we returned from Stirling, Timoteo asked, 'Where your horses and personal property were?' I said, 'Your personals were in your coffers.' Lorenzo Cagnoli had told him that you had taken all away with you, together with your horses; moreover, that you had said to him, 'I have finely deluded the Secretary, because he thinks my goods are in my coffers; but there is not anything there.' When Timoteo heard this, he began to say, 'So you have deceived me, Mr Secretary, but the Queen will do me justice!' and forthwith he sought Bastian, and made him tell the Queen 'that I had become surety, that you were going on business, on which he lent me one hundred crowns,' when all began to exclaim 'there was something very wrong in it, and that I knew you had been meddling with the Queen's papers.' Then I, who would not be suspected, began to say, 'that you had carried away from me six Portuguese doubloons and five nobles, and had promised to leave me your horses [in pledge].' Then the Queen suddenly demanded of me, 'Where are my bracelets?' and I said 'that you had carried them away with you, in the purse with my money.' Bastian then said, 'that you owed him sixty francs,' and all declared 'you ought to be sent after;' therefore the Queen commanded Lethington to write a letter for you to be arrested on the way."

This letter fell into the hands of Sir William Drury, at Berwick, who, noticing the hint that Lutini was suspected of handling Queen Mary's papers, fancied that a political use might be made of him; and therefore, instead of complying with her request that he might be sent to Edinburgh, detained him at Berwick. But he owns that nothing could be elicited from him injurious to his royal mistress.[2]

Moretta's visit at this time involved more than met the public eye. It was in reality a secret Papal mission from all the Roman Catholic powers and principalities in Europe, of whom the Duke of Savoy was one of the most zealous, urging her to join their combination for the suppression of heresy, and to stand forth as the ostensible head of the Romanist party

[1] Labanoff's Recueil des Lettres de Marie Stuart.
[2] Drury to Cecil, February 7; Drury to Lethington; Drury to Cecil, February 28—Border Correspondence.

in Britain. It was this position Darnley desired her to assume. Mary had seen enough of the horrors of the religious struggle in France to deter her from disturbing the Protestant worship in Scotland; all she desired was, toleration for herself and her Roman Catholic subjects; or, to use her own words, "that each one might be permitted to serve God according to their own consciences"[1]—a sentiment too enlightened for the age, and scarcely more agreeable to the persecuted than to the persecutors.

Darnley, after playing fast and loose with the Protestant party in Scotland—silencing Knox, burning the Psalm-book, and threatening the lives of the political leaders of that powerful body—had identified his cause with the Church in which he had been nurtured, and determined to go all lengths for its re-establishment both in England and Scotland, and everything was to be feared from his renewed influence with the Queen after their reconciliation.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Queen Mary remained in Edinburgh, according to the evidence of the regal records, transacting business, from Tuesday, January 14, 1566-7, till Friday, January 24,[2] when she signed a warrant appointing James Inglis tailor to the Prince her son; and a precept confirming a gift of lands, to contribute to the comfort of a newly-wedded pair, James Boyd of Trogrigg, and Margaret Chalmer his bride;[3] incidents which might be deemed beneath the "dignity of history" to notice, if the dates of the contemporary records that attest them did not verify the fact that the Queen was in her own palace of Holyrood on the days when the first of the vile letters she is acccused of writing to Bothwell from Glasgow is represented as commencing, continuing, and concluding—thus combining to prove the spurious nature of the whole series, and with them to overthrow the structure of false witness of which they form the keystone.[4]

[1] Knox's History of the Reformation in Scotland.

[2] Privy Council Record. Privy Seal Register. Registers of Signatures. Goodall. Chalmers.

[3] Goodall, vol. i. p. 120-21. Chalmers.

[4] Robertson, attempting to discredit the simple matter-of-fact evidence afforded by the dates of Mary's Privy Seal Registers, her Grants and Precepts, as to her whereabout, affirms "that he had discovered a grant to Archibald Edmonstone in the Register of Signatures, folio 16, purporting to be 'subscribed by our Sovereigns the King and Queen at Edinburgh, Jan. 24, 1567;'" and observes "that this might in like manner be alleged as a proof that Darnley was in Edinburgh as well as Mary on that day, when every one knows he was in his sick-bed at Glasgow." Yet in a marginal note to his next page he testifies to the existence of "a document to which Darnley's regal signature had been affixed by means of the facsimile stamp for executing papers requiring their joint signatures to which the Queen had been early compelled to have recourse, during

A very considerable outlay in the article of gunpowder might have been spared, as well as the lives of three gentlemen, and two harmless boys, their servants, who perished in the house of Kirk-o'-Field, and all the horrors and the publicity attending a melodramatic murder, if Mary had been less anxious to preserve her sick husband from that cold air, which, to a person in his state, would have been as formidable as the poniard of an assassin. For the premature removal of a Southron patient, newly convalesced of the small-pox, from the soft mild valley of Glasgow to the sharp temperature of Edinburgh, would be at the imminent risk of life; and that if he were either lodged in the damp low palace of Holyrood, or on the bleak heights of the castled rock, when enveloped in its mid-winter mantle of chilling mists, a fatal inflammation of the lungs, windpipe, or throat, would be the result. But Mary, in order to avoid these dangers, had decided on not bringing him into Edinburgh till he should be sufficiently recovered to bear the cutting winds or still more noxious fogs of Auld Reekie. She had caused the pleasant suite of apartments lately occupied by herself at Craigmillar Castle to be prepared for his reception. No place could be better chosen than Craigmillar Castle for such a purpose—quiet, cheerful, sunny, and salubrious in situation, sheltered from the bleak winds, the sea fogs, and the smoke of Edinburgh, and yet within sight and an easy distance of everything going on there. Such were the arrangements made by the Queen, in the first instance, before she set out to fetch him from Glasgow; and she provided also for his performing the journey with the least possible fatigue by bringing her own litter for his use, that mode of travelling being much easier than a wheeled carriage. Let common sense decide whether these considerate cares were dictated by a desire of preserving or extinguishing the feeble spark of life that still lingered in the emaciated frame of the man she had loved so fondly, and whom she had received and forgiven every time he turned to her saying, "I repent." But even if Mary had been less placably disposed towards her erring but repentant consort, reconciliation and unity of purpose between them was especially required at this time by the policy of the Church of Rome. Moretta, the Savoyard ambassador, was accompanied by Father Edmonds, the Principal of the Society of Jesuits; and the presence of those deep-seeing witnesses in Edinburgh at this crisis, affords strong presumption that there was

his frequent absences from the post of duty, or all business must have stood still." "The stamp was always affixed in her presence," we are told, "after she had signed;" therefore the grant to Archibald Edmonstone, discovered by Robertson, affords an additional voucher that the Queen was in Edinburgh on the day specified. Sir William Drury, in a letter to Cecil, dated Jan. 23rd, says—"The Lord Darnley lieth sick of the small-pox at Glasgow, unto whom the Queen came yesterday;" but as Drury dates from Berwick, he could only speak from report; and again he says, later in the same day—"Unto whom I hear the Queen intendeth to go, and bring him away as soon as he can bear the cold air."—State Paper Office MS., Border Correspondence, quoted by Chalmers in his Memoir of Darnley. Life of the Scottish Queen.

nothing blameworthy in Mary's conduct to her consort, nor unbecoming in her demeanour to Bothwell.

Mary left Edinburgh on the afternoon of January 24, and proceeded no farther than Callander, the abode of her faithful Protestant friends, Lord and Lady Livingston, where she supped and slept that night. According to the statement of Moray's Journal, she was accompanied by the Earls of Huntley and Bothwell;[1] and even if this were so, it would afford no evidence of impropriety on her part, for Huntley was her Lord Chancellor, and Bothwell one of her Cabinet, and, as Sheriff of the Lothians, it was his duty to escort and guard her on her way; but on that identical 24th of January, it appears, from the showing of said journal, he departed from Edinburgh into Liddesdale.[2] Queen Mary proceeded next morning, January 25, on her journey towards Glasgow, convoyed by Lord Livingston, his followers, and the Hamiltons. Other gentlemen of loyal principles came to meet her on the road, which so increased her train that her escort at last amounted to upwards of five hundred horsemen. She travelled the whole day, and when within a few miles of Glasgow encountered Captain Thomas Crawford, a person in the service of the Earl of Lennox, who had sent him to present his humble commendations to her Majesty, "with his excuses for not coming to meet her in person, praying her Grace not to think it was either from pride or ignorance of his duty, but because he was indisposed at that time, and would not presume to come in her presence until he knew further her mind, because of the sharp words she had spoken of him to Robert Cunningham his servant, in Stirling, whereby he thought he was in her Majesty's displeasure."

It appears that Lennox had written to his son at the time of the baptism of the Prince, urging him, "as he was made small account of by the Queen, to leave her and come to him." All her matrimonial misery had been caused, she had bitter reason to be aware, by Lennox, the selfish and ambitious traitor, who had repaid all her benefits by conspiring against her life and government, and continuing to oppose his baleful influence between his son and her. She had been magnanimous enough to refrain from punishing him, but she did not dissemble her contempt; and in reply to Crawford, she briefly observed, "There is no receipt against fear." "My Lord hath no fear for anything he knows in himself," rejoined Crawford, "but only of the cold and unkind words you have spoken to his servant." "He would not be afraid unless he were culpable," said the Queen. "I know so far of his Lordship," retorted Crawford, "that he desires nothing more than that the secrets of every creature's heart were written in their face." The Queen reminded him of his presumption in replying to her in his own person by the brief query, "Have you any further commission?" "No," said Crawford. "Then hold your peace," she haughtily rejoined, and closed the conference by riding on to Glasgow.[3]

[1] Anderson's Collections. [2] Ibid. [3] Buchanan.

Neither Darnley's attendants nor Mary's followers witnessed the first gush of natural feeling with which the lately jarring but now reconciled pair met in the alcoved recess of Darnley's sick-chamber. Darnley was not much marked, though he had been very full of the eruption, which was of the malignant purple character; but he had lost all his beautiful hair.[1] The Queen seemed very sorry for his sickness. Even Knox and Buchanan bear witness to the tender and soothing attentions she lavished on him on her arrival at Glasgow, though they, of course, impute all her kindness to deceit. Crawford, however, in his notes of the conversations that took place in the strictness of conjugal privacy between the royal pair, pretends that Darnley told Mary "that his illness was entirely caused by her unkindness"—a notion too absurd, as it was a cutaneous and infectious malady; also that Darnley complained "of her constantly leaving him;" but Mary never did leave him, the desertions being invariably on his side. Darnley desired her earnestly to bear him company, adding, "that she ever found some ado to draw herself from him to her own lodging, and would never abide with him more than two hours at a time." This was probably true, for Mary had, of course, duties as a Sovereign to perform, which could not be transacted in the infected chamber of her sick husband. Besides the daily routine of signing and considering papers, letters, and petitions, she had to attend to all the appeals and suits that poured in upon her as soon as her arrival in Glasgow was known, and she had also to receive all the nobility and gentry, both male and female, of the west country, who came to pay their devoir to her. To prevent exposing these and her own personal suite to the immediate contagion of the small-pox, and also, perhaps, because she distrusted the Earl of Lennox, who was in Glasgow Castle with his son, she took up her abode with her ladies and numerous attendants in the Archbishop's Palace, distant about a hundred yards from the Castle.[2] Darnley, according to Crawford's statement, was annoyed at her occupying different lodgings from himself, and importuned her to share his own apartment, "or else," said he, "I desire never to rise forth of this bed."[3] Mary replied "that he must first be cleansed from the effects of his malady by a course of medicine and bathing," such being the practice of the physicians after the small-pox at that period, for purifying the system from what was considered its dregs. She then informed him "that preparations had been made for his going through this sanitary process at Craigmillar, where she might be with him, and not far from her son;" adding "that she had brought a litter with her, that he might travel more softly." Darnley replied "that he would go with her wheresoever she pleased, on condition that they should be together at bed and board, and live like husband and wife once more." She answered "that her coming was only to

[1] Lord Herries's Fragmentary Memoir, edited by Pitcairn.
[2] Whitaker.
[3] Crawford's Deposition.

that effect; and if she had not been minded thereto, she had not come so far to fetch him; promised it should be as he desired," and gave him her hand upon it, and the faith of her body, "that she would love him as well as ever." Then he promised "to do whatever she would have him do, and to love all she loved."[1] No reconciliation, therefore, could be more perfect, or resemble more the making up of a lovers' quarrel, than this was, even from the showing of the inimical deponent, who, by his own account, commenced the unhallowed work of an incendiary forthwith, by labouring to kindle fresh sparks of discontent in Darnley's mind as soon as they were alone together, telling him "he liked not the Queen's purpose of taking him to Craigmillar Castle, for if she desired his company, she would take him to his own house in Edinburgh;" for Crawford artfully flattered the pride of Darnley by thus styling Mary's royal palace of Holyrood, where assuredly, if she had been really desirous of shortening his days, she would have carried him, as the most likely place in her realm to bring them quickly to a close. What would Buchanan, who has accused Mary of intending to cause the death of her fine healthy boy by bringing him from Stirling Castle to the "damp sunless marsh of Holyrood," as he terms it, have said, had she been so inconsiderate as to transfer her husband from the mild air of Glasgow, immediately after he had had the small-pox, to so unsuitable a temperature, besides the risk of carrying the infection to the infant heir of the realm? The fact is a plain one, that, surrounded as Mary was by traitors, who were leagued for her ruin, whatever she did would have been turned to her reproach: the very precautions she took to prevent her sick husband from being visited by the winds of heaven too rudely, were perverted by his murderers into evidences of her malice against him. Her arrangements for his temporary residence in Craigmillar Castle were certainly traversed by the inimical influence of Lennox's emissary Crawford, who told Darnley "that it was his opinion that the Queen, if she carried him to Craigmillar Castle, would take him away more like a prisoner than a husband."[2] This insinuation, combined with the previous alarming reports that she intended to put him under restraint, and the association, perhaps, of Craigmillar Castle with the tragic fate of James III.'s unfortunate brother, Alexander Earl of Mar, rendered Darnley uneasy, and he observed "that he should entertain some fears himself, were it not for the confidence he had in the Queen's promises;" according to Crawford's statement, he added, "that he would put himself in her hands, and go with her, though she were to cut his throat." But Darnley was very unlikely to use such expressions of his royal wife in the first moments of renewed affection, after she had given him convincing proofs of her tender and forgiving nature, by undertaking that

[1] Crawford's Deposition.—State Paper MS. [2] Ibid., State Paper Office MS.

long fatiguing journey in compliance with his desire to see her. Besides. he knew full well that Mary was not addicted to cutting throats, for it was with the greatest difficulty she had been induced by himself to consent that justice should take its course on two of the assassins of Riccio, and had excited his anger by her too great clemency in pardoning all the rest. Darnley's servant Nelson testified before the English Council, " that it was first devised in Glasgow that the King should have lain at Craigmillar; but because he had no will thereof, the purpose was altered, and conclusion taken that he should lie beside the Kirk-o'-Field."

Thus the fact is clearly verified, that Mary, when she left Edinburgh and arrived in Glasgow, had no intention of placing her husband in the house of Kirk-o'-Field, which was an arrangement subsequently made by the conspirators themselves, in consequence of his refusal to go to Craigmillar Castle. The objections suggested by Crawford to his being taken to that really well-chosen abode, chimed in with his repugnance to the castellan, Sir Simon de Preston, Provost of Edinburgh, the brother-in-law and creature of Lethington, of whose treachery he had acquired dearly-purchased knowledge at the time of his fatal confederacy in the conspiracy for David Riccio's murder; and as he had kept no terms with any member of that party since, and least of all with Lethington, it was only natural for him to conclude after the return of Morton, the ringleader of that enterprise, with the formidable gang of accomplices in that deed, that neither his life nor that of the Queen would be safe two miles out of Edinburgh, under Preston's roof. With the exception, however, of this prudential refusal to go to Craigmillar, Darnley appears to have resigned himself to the guidance of his royal wife, and to have repaid her kindness and cherishing attentions with grateful fondness. His lover-like feeling towards her while they were at Glasgow is sneered at by the woman-hater Knox, as "uxoriousness;" while various natural indications of affection, such as his declaration "that he was so overjoyed at her coming that he was ready to die for gladness when he saw her," and his request "that she would give him his nourishment with her own hands, as she had been wont to do in his previous illnesses"—circumstances, of course, well known to their attendants—are artfully woven into the first of the series of letters Mary has been accused of writing to Bothwell. Among the numerous evidences of the spurious character of these, the Queen is represented as informing Bothwell "that her husband had generously declared his intention of making no will, but leaving everything to her." Mary never wrote this, since no one had better reason than she to be aware that he had nothing to leave her but his debts. Lennox and he were living on borrowed money when they first came to Scotland, and every penny they had in the world at the time of her marriage with Darnley was derived from her bounty, Queen Elizabeth having sequestered their English property. Resources of his own Darnley had

none, and the very clothes he wore were paid for by Mary out of her privy-purse fund. These facts were not unknown to the forgers, but they shrewdly calculated on the ignorance of the majority of Mary's subjects, to whose sympathies and credulity this touching mark of Darnley's kindly feeling towards his wife is addressed. It is clearly for their edification that poor Mary is made to give so shocking an account of her own misbehaviour and cruelty, and his conjugal devotion, in the forged letters it is pretended she wrote at this period.[1] Several hundreds of Mary Stuart's genuine letters are now before the public. Not one of these bears the slightest analogy, either in style, sentiment, or autography, with the eight suspicious documents she is alleged to have written. But argument is rendered unnecessary by the fact that the discovery of letters so discrepant with anything ever written, ever said or done, by Mary Stuart, rests solely on the testimony of Morton, one of the conspirators in the murder of Darnley.

Darnley progressed so rapidly in his convalescence that he was able to commence his journey under Mary's care, on Monday, January 27th, and reached Callandar that night, where they supped and slept, the royal party again receiving the hospitality of the faithful Lord and Lady Livingston. The next day they proceeded no farther than Linlithgow, and there they rested two nights. The accuracy of the dates of Mary's Privy Seal Register is verified by that of the warrant, executed by Mary and Darnley, on the 28th of January, 1566-7, at Linlithgow, constituting "their trusty servant Andrew Ferrier keeper of their royal palace there."[2]

In the second of the forged letters, deceitfully dated at Glasgow this "Saturday morning,"[3] Mary is made to say, "That she should bring her husband to Craigmillar on the Monday, and remain with him there till the Wednesday, when she should herself go to Edinburgh to be bled."[4] Like everything else, this is contrary to the facts; for, instead of compelling her

[1] Prince Labanoff, who has devoted his life to the collection and verification of Mary Stuart's Letters, rejects this suppositious series, because, as he briefly observes, "there is nothing to prove their authenticity;" while the elder Tytler has successfully exposed their fallacies as "A Critical Enquiry into the Evidencies." Dr Henry, the historian of England and Scotland, gave his private and most impartial opinion on this controversy, in a letter to William Tytler, printed in "Transactions of Scottish Antiquarian Society," vol. i. p. 538, in these words: "I have been long convinced that the unfortunate Queen Mary was basely betrayed and cruelly oppressed during her life, and calumniated after her death. Dr Johnson, a person of a very different way of thinking from either, pronounced a most decided opinion in favour of Mary's innocence, and expressed his firm conviction "that the silver-casket letters were spurious, and would never again be brought forward as historic evidences." What would Henry and Johnson have said of these being actually woven into M. Mignet's Memoir of Mary, as a part of the narrative, and avowals of the most atrocious and unnatural purposes of murder yet selected from them, and put into Mary's own mouth?—his references are no other than the French translation of Buchanan's libels, a copy may be seen among the books of the British Museum, pompously entitled "Memoires de l'Estat de France sous Charles IX., 1578," badly printed at Middelbourg.

[2] Privy Seal Registers, lib. xxxv. p. 114. Goodall, vol. i. p. 121.

[3] Saturday, January 25.

[4] Anderson's Collections.

poor invalid to post from Glasgow to Craigmillar in one day, she conveyed him by such easy stages that it was not till Thursday, January 30th, they reached Edinburgh, having been actually the best part of four days in performing the journey—Darnley was cautiously conveyed in her own litter, a long carriage, supported between two horses, where he might recline at full length on a soft mattress or bed, warmly wrapped in furs, and feel neither the cold nor the roughness of the roads. Meantime, as he had objected to go to Craigmillar, and Holyrood Palace and Edinburgh Castle were unfit for him—the one too low and damp, the other too high and bleak—the Provost's house, near St Mary's Kirk-o'-Field, in the southern suburb of Edinburgh, was recommended as a suitable place for his temporary abode, till he should have gone through the usual course of medical purifications deemed necessary to prevent him from communicating the infection to the Prince his son, and others. Such, indeed, was the terror inspired by the small-pox at that time in Scotland, where, in consequence of the proper treatment of that frightful malady not being understood, it was almost as fatal as the plague, that every one attacked with the infection was immediately carried out of any town where he might happen to be, and no one suspected of it was permitted to come within the walls [1]—a sanitary regulation of the civic magistrates, which the Queen would not have been justified in violating ; nor would it have been safe for her to do so, as she had already been denounced from the pulpit by Knox as the cause of all the fevers and contagious maladies that had accidentally occurred in the districts through which she had travelled. The nature of Darnley's malady was, therefore, clearly the cause of his being lodged in the suburb till he and his servants should have performed a sort of quarantine, by going through the medical discipline prescribed in such cases, and which was, in the expressive parlance of the times and country, termed their cleansing. Till that process had been complied with, all small-pox patients and convalescents, like the lepers of old, were treated as temporary pariahs. The selection of the Provost's house at Kirk-o'-Field for Darnley's sanatorium was made, not by the Queen, but by her Ministers, who were all secretly leagued with Morton and the returned traitors. Lethington, Bothwell, Sir James Balfour, his brother Robert Balfour, Provost, of Kirk-o'-Field, the owner of the house, and Archibald Douglas as agent for Morton, constituting the acting committee for its perpetration, gladly availed themselves of the opportunity afforded by Darnley's perverse objections to Craigmillar to choose this isolated mansion as the most convenient place for the execution of their crime. Moray was, however, the person by whom it was recom-

[1] Note to Robertson's History of Scotland. Vestiges of this custom may still be traced in various parts of England, the name of the Pest-House being occasionally attached to some isolated antique domicile in the open fields, on the verge of towns or villages, a relic generally of a monastic hospitium for the reception of persons afflicted with small-pox or leprosy.

mended to the Queen "as a place highly situate, in good air, environed with pleasant gardens, and removed from the noise of the people." He reminded her, also, "that the Lord Borthwick, whose life had been despaired of, had recovered his health in consequence of residing a few weeks in its salubrious air." [1]

A most dismal description is given of the house of Kirk-o'-Field by Buchanan, the literary organ of the conspirators, who declares that it was the most unwholesome, horrible, and dangerous place to which an invalid could be brought. The contrary has since been demonstrated by the medical faculty of Edinburgh uniting in choosing it for the site of the Royal Infirmary, in fact the ground is at present occupied by the College. The Thief's Row, on which he has had much to say, was neither more nor less than the sanctuary of our Lady's Kirk-o'-Field, which remained, like that attached to the Abbey of Holyrood, long after the dissolution of its monastic foundation. Whatever might be said of the badness of such a neighbourhood, applied no less to the Edinburgh palace of the regent Hamilton, where his brother the Primate of Scotland was then residing, within sight and hearing of everything going on in the lodgings chosen for Darnley. The mansion itself was a substantially built edifice, only two stories high, with a basement or cellar which served for kitchen and offices. A spiral staircase in a turret, defended by what was then called, and is still called in Scotland, a turnpike, on the same plan as a wicket turnstile, communicated with the private entrance through a low postern-door in the town-wall, and gave access to both chambers through their respective lobbies. Behind these were the small apartments, called *garderobes*, in which the attendants slept; and considering the fact that no less than five perished with Darnley, and that one absented himself that night, and another was taken out alive, they must have been strangely crowded. Scotch dormitories were, however, arranged for persons of inferior rank very much in the manner of berths in a steam-packet, in recesses in the walls, masked with sliding pannels, of which many examples may still be seen in ancient castles, as well as the Highland hostels and cottages.

Among the other preparations made by the secret junta for the reception of their victim (a junta including Sir James Balfour, his brother Robert Balfour the owner of the house, Lethington, Archibald Douglas, agent for Morton, and his two servants, John Binning and James Gairner) mines were dug "in vaults and other low and *derne* (darkened) places of the house, and a quantity of gunpowder rammed in, and also under the angular corners of the foundation-walls of the building." [2] This was certainly done without the privity of Bothwell, who was not drawn into the gunpowder plot till nearly a week later, Friday the 7th of February,

[1] Freebairn's Life of Mary Queen of Scots.
[2] Arnott's Criminal Trials. Moyse.

when, as will be shown in due time, he was induced to consent to that device, and to send for a quantity of powder from his military arsenal at Dunbar. Powder to the value of threescore pounds Scots was contributed by Sir James Balfour, which he covenanted to pay for, not in money, but oil.[1] Archibald Douglas also furnished his share; for John Binning, his servant, fourteen years afterwards, confessed on his trial "to bearing a barrel of gunpowder for his master to the Provost's house by Kirk-o'-Field."[2]

Mary and Darnley, as before said, having left Linlithgow for Edinburgh 30th January, were met on the road by the Earl of Bothwell. whose duty it was, as Sheriff of the Lothians, to escort them to Edinburgh: such being the simple explanation of the sinister entry in Moray's Journal about "Bothwell keeping tryst with the Queen, and meeting her by the way the day she came out of Linlithgow, and brought the King to Edinburgh."[3] It would have been esteemed a serious misdemeanour on the part of any sheriff, either in Scotland or England, who should have failed to pay that public mark of respect to royalty. All the nobles and gentry mounted, as a matter of course, to meet and welcome their liege lady on her return to her metropolis, for she came in state from Linlithgow to Edinburgh. Her Ministers not having clearly defined which of the two houses by the Kirk-o'-Field had been prepared for Darnley's lodging, the Queen, when they alighted at the portal of the Provost's house, supposing it was a mistake, took her consort by the hand to lead him to the Hamilton Palace, hard by, but was prevented by the Earl of Moray, who, being there to receive his victims, interposed and conducted them into the fatal mansion appointed by him and the conspirators for the consummation of their crime.[4] The direct reverse of this incident was, nevertheless, asserted by Thomas Nelson, the only one of Darnley's servants who survived the tragedy; and being subsequently brought forward by Moray before the English Council, in a bold attempt to criminate the Queen, deposed "that it was devised in Glasgow that the King should first have lain in Craigmillar, but because he had no will thereto, the purpose was altered, and conclusion taken that he should lie beside the Kirk-o'-Field; at which time the deponent believed ever that he should have had the Duke's house, and knew of no other house till the King alighted, at which time he passed directly to the Duke's house, thinking it to be the lodging prepared for him; but the contrary was shown him by the Queen, who conveyed him to the other house; and at his coming there, the chamber was hung, and a new bed of black figured velvet standing therein."[5] Nelson

[1] Drury to Cecil, Feb. 28, 1566-7—Border Correspondence. State Paper Office MS.
[2] Arnott's Criminal Trials. [3] Anderson's Collections, vol. ii. p. 172.
[4] Hist. Mary Queen of Scots, by Adam Blackwood, pp. 29, 30.
[5] Deposition of Thomas Nelson before the English Commissioners at York, November 9, 1569, endorsed by Cecil—State Paper Office MS.

added, "that the Queen caused take down the new black bed, saying 'it would be soiled with the bath;' and thereafter set up an old purple bed, that was used to be carried." Nelson's evidence has been considered to weigh heavily against Mary, but that of the royal Wardrobe inventory still existing entirely upsets, and for ever, the story of the substitution of an old purple bed by the Queen, by certifying the fact, that a costly velvet bed of the rich tint described as violet-brown, with drapings, passamented with silver and gold, was set up for Darnley's use in the fatal lodging of Kirk-o'-Field, and perished with him. "No. 7. Item, ane bed of violet-brown velvet, passamented with a passament of gold and silver, furnished with roof, head-piece, and pandis, three under-pandis." Against this description the marginal notation appears—"In August 1566 the Queen gave this bed to the King, furnished with all things, and in February 1567 the said bed was *tint* [lost] in his lodgings."[1]

Little did the devisers of the perjured depositions of Nelson imagine the possibility of their plausible fictions being detected through the mechanical minuteness of the clerk by whom these explanatory notes were added for the information of Moray himself—notes which, in the fulness of time, were to bring their simple matter-of-fact evidence to bear on the question of Mary's innocence, by confuting the falsehoods with which her accusers endeavoured to bolster up their calumnious charges against her.

The particulars derived from "Queen Mary's Wardrobe Book" are corroborated in a remarkable manner by a recently discovered paper, of no less importance than the original discharge, executed and signed by herself, exonerating Servais de Condé for the loss of the rich moveables with which he had furnished the King's lodgings, and which were destroyed there.[2] From the items in this list, an idea may be formed of the regal as well as comfortable style in which the apartments of the princely invalid were fitted up for his temporary abode. "Firstly, a bed of violet velvet, with double vallances, passamented with gold and silver, furnished with a silk palliasse, mattress and *traversin* [bolster], and one coverlid of blue taffaty *piccquée*, and two other coverings, an *orrilier* and *envelope* [pillow and pillow-case]. One little table with a cloth of green velvet; a high chair, covered with violet velvet, with a cushion; xvi pieces of tapestry, enough for his chamber, his hall, and wardrobe, both great and little; a *dais* for his hall, a black velvet, with double draperies." The last article denotes that Darnley had a presence-chamber as well as a bed-room at the house of Kirk-o'-Field, and that it was fitted up by the Queen's orders, as regal etiquette required, with the raised platform called

[1] Royal Wardrobe Inventories, printed by T. Thomson, Esq.

[2] "Discharge of the furniture carried to the lodgings of the late King, which furniture was destroyed without anything being recovered. (Signed) MARIE R."—Inedited MSS. among the Royal Records in Her Majesty's General Register House, Edinburgh.

a *dais*, a canopy, or cloth-of-state. He had also a double-seated chair of state called a *canapé*, covered with yellow and red rayed taffety, the royal colours,[1] which would be occupied by himself and his royal consort; a high chair covered with leather, for his bed-room, and several useful articles not necessary to enumerate here. "A small turn-up bed, with tawny and green damask furniture, a silk palliasse, mattress and bolster, a stiched coverlid of green taffaty, with two other coverings and an envelope; and a taffaty pavilion, turning into the form of a wardrobe." This bed was for the gentleman-in-waiting who slept in Darnley's chamber. Besides these, we observe in the Wardrobe Book that three red velvet cushions, and three of green velvet, and a red taffety coverlid, stitched, the gift of the Queen, and probably her work, were "*tint* in the King's lodgings."[2]

The testimony of the most inimical of witnesses proves that the Queen did everything in her power to soothe and cheer her husband during the period of his quarantine, passing much of her time with him. When she required air and exercise, she walked with Lady Reres in the garden of the ruined Dominican convent which adjoined that of the Kirk-o'-Field, and occasionally sang duets with her,[3] probably under the window of the princely invalid, to gratify his musical taste. Sometimes she sent for the royal band from Holyrood House, to play in these gardens of an evening.[4]

The reconciliation between the royal pair was apparently perfect. Darnley had been chastened by that stern school-master sickness, and brought to self-recollection and repentance by the near prospect of the grave. He was not past the age for improvement, and he made daily promises of becoming all his royal wife could desire. Her company was so sweet to him that he was always loth to part with her when she bade him adieu for the night, and returned to Holyrood House to sleep. As he sometimes wooed her to prolong her stay beyond the hour when the gates were closed, and his health was still far from re-established, Mary caused the lower chamber to be fitted up as a bed-room for herself, that she might oblige him by passing the night under the same roof with him. The first night she slept at the house of Kirk-o'-Field, she caused a door to be removed which had previously cut off the communication between the upper chamber and the lower, and thus opened free access to her con-

[1] Thomson's Wardrobe Book of Queen Mary.

[2] Queen's Discharge to Servais de Condé, Register Office MS., unpublished. The minute accurateness of Mary's wardrobe officials is further attested by the following explanatory notes to accounting for the absence of certain missing articles of apparently small value:—"There was lost, at the baptism of my lord the Prince, a piece of tapestry of Liscot of the history of the rabbit hunter. Also lost at Stirling, at the baptism of my Lord Prince, a piece of tapestry of large leaves, and a small Turkey carpet, and a pair of linen sheets, in the lodgings of the late King. More, lost at Falkland two large sheets, belonging to the beds that are at Falkland."

[3] Buchanan.

[4] Bell's Life of Mary Queen of Scots.

sort, in case he had chosen to visit her either by day or night.[1] This arrangement, although according to the strict etiquette of royalty, whose household regulations, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, were immutable, has been cited as one of the evidences of her complicity in Darnley's murder; whereas, if she had not complied with the custom which prescribed that there should be unimpeded communication between her husband's chamber and her own, the most calumnious construction would have been placed by her maligners on his approach being cut off while she was sleeping on the ground-floor. Thus her most prudent as well as her most innocent actions were turned to her reproach, by those whose interest it was to defame her. Her generous acceptance of her oft-offending husband's penitence, and her endearing conduct to him during his sickness, have been treated as instances of her dissimulation, although she had nothing to gain by dissimulating with the poor defenceless invalid, whom she might have destroyed, if such had been her purpose, during the two days of their sojourn in her country palace at Linlithgow, much more conveniently than bringing him under the walls of Edinburgh, to attract public attention by the uproarious manner of his cutting off. He had repaid her love with injuries; been false, ungrateful, and unkind; but she, still true to the sweet and holy instincts of her nature and her sex, had ever been more ready to pardon than he to sin against her—had been only too happy to play the sweet office of a conjugal nurse once more, when she found him languishing for her presence, and willing to resign himself to her care and gentle guidance. What more could erring husband or forgiving wife desire, than the renewal of love and mutual confidence? But this was what was dreaded, not desired, by the cruel ones, who had so often sown the seeds of mutual jealousy and distrust between the royal pair.

Three days before the consummation of the tragedy, Mary's illegitimate brother, the Lord Robert, Commendator of Orkney, who was in the confederacy, took an opportunity of telling Darnley, privately, "that there was a plot against his life, and unless he found some means of escaping from the house in which he then was, he would never be permitted to leave it alive."[2] Darnley immediately informed the Queen, and she, who had had but too much reason to consider the Lord Robert a dangerous mischief-maker, supposing he was at his old tricks again, sent for him to explain his meaning. Instead of doing this, he denied point-blank having used the expressions reported by the King. Darnley, enraged at his falsehood and effrontery, angrily told him he lied, the other insolently retorting, a fierce altercation ensued, and both laid hands on their daggers. Bloodshed might have ensued, if the Queen had not called, in terror, on Moray to part them, and take his brother away.

[1] Nelson's Deposition—Anderson's Collections.
[2] Sir James Melville's Memoirs. Buchanan.

Buchanan represents her straightforward and natural conduct on this occasion as dictated by a desire to cause the death of either her husband or her brother;[1] but clearly she did her duty, with the courage of a just person, by inquiring of Lord Robert, in Darnley's presence, on what grounds he had made so serious an intimation to her husband, the times being full of suspicion, and his life having been previously conspired against by the English faction. Moray must have been present also, for he could not have arrived in time, had she sent for him, to part men at sudden strife, who were menacing each other with drawn daggers; and if in the house, it must have been in Darnley's chamber.

The suspicions of Darnley and the Queen having been awakened, further investigation, even judicial inquiry, might well be dreaded by Lethington, by Moray, the Balfours, and others of the conspirators. It became, therefore, necessary to precipitate the enterprise, to prevent further disclosures from being made by some of the numerous parties to whom the design had been confided. Two days, and two only, before the murder was perpetrated, Bothwell was induced to change his first intention of setting upon the King with his bravoes and coadjutors, when Darnley should be engaged in field-sports, consented to have recourse to the clumsy device of blowing the intended victim up with gunpowder, and caused supplies of it to be brought from his military magazine at Dunbar, first to his apartments in Holyrood House, then carried by his well-known horses and servants, and deposited in the King's lodging in Kirk-o'-Field, and, finally, sent the empty trunks back again to his own apartments, thus preparing a train of circumstances as if for the very purpose of leading to his own detection.

A vacancy unfortunately occurring in the Queen's household at this juncture, Bothwell seized the opportunity to recommend a foreign domestic of his own, named Nicholas Hubert, more commonly known by the sobriquet of French Paris, to fill the office of valet, or chamber-chield, to her Majesty. The Queen, too apt to bestow her patronage on foreigners, took this person into her service. The first day he entered on his term of waiting at the house of Kirk-o'-Field, Bothwell came to him in the Queen's chamber while she was engaged with her consort up-stairs, and said to him, "Paris, forasmuch as I have ever found thee a true and faithful servant, I will tell thee something; but keep it under the pain of thy life." "My Lord," returned he, "it pertaineth not to a servant to reveal his master's secrets; but if it be anything ye think I cannot keep close, tell it not to me." "Wottest thou what the matter is?" said Bothwell, "if that this King, here above, get on his feet over us lords of this realm, he would be both masterful and cruel; but as for us, we will not allow such things, and also it is not the fashion of this country; and therefore, among us, we have concluded to blow him up with powder

[1] History of Scotland. Detection.

within this house." At this intimation, Hubert affirms "his heart and senses seemed overpowered, and he looked on the ground in mute dismay."[1] Bothwell demanded what he was thinking about. "What think I, my Lord?" returned Hubert; "it mot please you to pardon me if I shall tell according to my poor understanding what I think." "Wouldst thou preach?" exclaimed Bothwell—but added angrily, "say on, say on." "My Lord," replied Hubert, "since these five or six years I have been in your service, I have seen you in great troubles, and never saw any friends that did for you. And now, my Lord, you are forth of all your troubles, thanked be God, and further in Court, as all the world knows, than ever ye was. Moreover, it is said that ye are the greatest landlord of this country, and also ye are married, at which time a man should become sober and sedate; but now, my lord, if ye enter into this business, it will prove the greatest trouble you have ever had—far beyond the others—for every one will cry, 'Ha, Herault!' after you."[2] "Thinkest thou then that I do this alone, or of myself?" asked Bothwell. "My Lord, I cannot tell how you do it," replied Hubert; "but this I know well, it will be the greatest trouble you have had yet." "How can that be?" said Bothwell, "for I have Lethington,[3] who is accounted one of the subtlest spirits in this realm, and he is the manager of it all; and besides him, I have the Earl of Argyll, my brother the Earl of Huntley, the Earl of Morton, and the Lords Ruthven and Lindsay. These three will never fail me, for I have interceded for their pardon; and I have the signatures of all I have named to thee, and also they were minded to do it when we were last at Craigmillar; but thou art a beast of such a mean spirit, thou art not worthy to be trusted with a matter of such consequence." "Forsooth, my Lord, you say truly, for my spirit serveth me not for such things," replied Hubert, "but rather to do you what service I may: and will, my Lord, they may make you the leader and principal in this deed; but as soon as it shall be done, they will throw the whole on you, and be the first to cry 'Ha, Herault!' after you, and to proceed against you to the death, if in their power." He next inquired what part the Earl of Moray would take in the enterprise, though probably not quite in the flattering terms used by him in repeating this conversation in Moray's presence. "There is one, my Lord, you have not named.

[1] French Paris's First Confession—Laing's Appendix, vol. i.

[2] This quaint expression, which the translator of the excerpt from Hubert, *alias* French Paris's First Confession in Goodall not comprehending, has simply rendered "Ha, ha!" is neither more nor less than the old Norman hue and cry of "Ha, Rou!" an appeal to the laws of Rollo for vengeance against murderers. Hubert, though familiarly called French Paris, might have been a native of Normandy. He was clearly a Protestant, or he would not have been in Bothwell's service; and he speaks of going to church to pray for heavenly direction, not to the Chapel-Royal.

[3] The reader must remember that this confession of Paris was not published by Moray till the end of August, 1569, when a split had taken place between him and several of the parties named, and he was about to denounce Lethington as a party to Darnley's murder.

I know well that he is beloved by the common people and by us Frenchmen; that when he governed the space of two or three years there were no troubles in the country—everything went well—money had the course, but now no man has any, and we see nothing but trouble. "Whom mean you?" inquired Bothwell. "It is my Lord of Moray. I pray you tell me what part taketh he?" rejoined Hubert. "He will not meddle with the matter," said Bothwell. "My Lord, he is prudent," responded Hubert. Bothwell on this, turning himself about, exclaimed, "My Lord of Moray!—my Lord of Moray! He will neither help us nor hinder us; but it's all one."[1]

How deep Moray really was in the business may be inferred from the fact that the deposition, containing the above uncontradicted assertion of his foreknowledge and quiescence in the guilty design of the assassins, was put forth by his own authority, and transmitted by himself to Queen Elizabeth. It coincides in a remarkable manner with Lethington's sarcastic observation, when endeavouring to tempt Queen Mary to consent to a divorce from Darnley, "that my Lord of Moray would behold the matter through his fingers, and say nothing thereto."[2]

Bothwell concluded his conference with Hubert by desiring him to take the key of the Queen's chamber. "My Lord, you will pardon me, if you please," replied Hubert, "inasmuch as I am a stranger, and it is not my office, for the usher would with reason inquire what I had to do with it." "Why then," cried Bothwell, angrily, "have I placed you in the Queen's chamber, unless to draw service from you?" "Alas, my Lord!" observed the wretched man, "such service as is in my poor power to do you may command." Terrified at Bothwell's behaviour and the remembrance of the cruel kicks and cuffs he used to bestow on him for every slight opposition to his will when he was in his service, as soon as his tyrant departed Hubert put on his cloak and sword, and walked to the great church, St Giles's Cathedral, where he returned thanks to God that he had escaped out of his hands, though but for a short season.

Bothwell soon after inquired of Hubert "if he had got the key of the Queen's chamber?" Hubert replied, "I will see about it, my Lord." "Fail me not," was Bothwell's rejoinder, "for we are going to put the deed in execution on Sunday night."[3]

The reason for Bothwell and his accomplices appointing that particular night for their atrocious purpose was because they knew the Queen and all her attendants would be away, she having promised to give a masked ball at Holyrood Abbey, in honour of the nuptials of her faithful servant, Sebastian Paiges, master of the revels, with Christilly Hogg, and also of Margaret Carwood, co-heiress of the Laird of Carwood in Lanarkshire,

[1] French Paris's Confession.
[2] Letter of Huntley and Argyll—Goodall.
[3] From the Original French Col., b. ix. f. 370, Cotton Lib., Brit. Mus.

with John Stewart of Tullyuist. Margaret was one of her bed-chamber women, a post she had held ever since 1564.

Both Margaret Carwood and Bastian had united in contriving the escape of their royal mistress and her repentant consort Darnley from the restraint in which they were both held by the associate traitors in Holyrood after the murder of Riccio. In grateful remembrance of this service the Queen had endowed Margaret Carwood with a pension of 300 marks the day before that appointed for her marriage, and bestowed from the royal stores fifteen ells of black velvet for her wedding dress and four great hanks of gold. In the same page of the Royal Exchequer Record appears also the wedding gifts to Bastian of thirteen ells of black satin, to be ane gown with wide sleeves, to his wife (*Christilly Hogg*), whose name, however, not being mentioned, has misled many persons to suppose it was Margaret Carwood, whose rank and fortune elevated her far above such a matrimonial alliance. The Queen graciously promised to dance at the bridal, and to do them the further honour of putting the bride to bed—a complimentary ceremony, in full accordance with the manners of the period, and not confined to the customs of the sixteenth century.[1]

Bastian was denounced as an accomplice in the conspiracy against Darnley's life, on the absurd ground that it was to attend his wedding fête the Queen left her consort. It is worthy, however, of observation that Hay of Tallo, one of the parties concerned in firing the train, and who was hanged for his share in the murder, affirmed in his deposition "that this purpose should have been put in execution on the Saturday night, February 8th; but the matter failed that night, because all things were not in readiness for it."[2] The cause of this delay may reasonably be attributed to the Queen's determination to sleep that night in the lower chamber; for, as she was destined to become Bothwell's prey, he took especial care not to blow up the house with her in it. Bothwell came again to the Provost's house at Kirk-o'-Field, on the Saturday, after dinner, and peremptorily demanded the key of the Queen's bed-chamber of the trembling Hubert, who had no power of complying with his requisition, and humbly repeated, "that it was not his office to take charge of that key." And here the inference is plain that, if the Queen had been on those terms of familiarity with Bothwell her calumniators pretend, Bothwell would not have been reduced to the necessity of either bullying or importuning her gentleman-in-waiting for the key of her bed-chamber, as from Hubert's statement he did on three several days in vain. Neither could Archibald Beton, her usher, have been in the plot, as some of the tortured servants of Bothwell were compelled to depose, or

[1] Mary Beatrice, the consort of James II., assisted at the bridal *couché* of Adelaide of Savoy, the Duchess of Maine, and other ladies, both of the Court of France and in her own household.

[2] Anderson's Col., vol. iv. p. 75-6.

the key would have been instantly surrendered to him. It was because no such guilty intelligence existed between the Queen and him, and the usher faithfully performed his duty to his royal mistress in keeping the key from Bothwell, that the latter tried to get it in an underhand manner through Hubert, and, in reply to his protestations of the impossibility of complying with his reiterated demands, made the following boastful speech : "I have keys enough without thee, for there is not a door in this house of which I have not the key ; for Sir James Balfour and I have been up all the night to examine and search the best means and place for the execution of our design, and have found good entry thereto ; but thou art a beast, whom I will not employ in it, for I have people enough without thee, faint-hearted as thou art."[1] That the duplicate keys of the house, thirteen in number, were obtained from the Balfours, is confirmed by the confession of the Laird of Ormiston "that they had them of him that owned the house."[2]

After Bothwell's departure, Hubert went into the Queen's chamber, where Margaret (the bride-elect) and some others were waiting for her Majesty, who was in the apartment above, bearing her sick consort company. Presently the word was given out to those below, "the Queen is going to the Abbey !" every one then vacated her Majesty's chamber to follow her, and Hubert, being the last, took the opportunity of locking the door and pocketing the key. At the Abbey he again encountered Bothwell, who asked him if he had got that key ? "Yes, my Lord," replied Hubert. "Then I command you to keep it," said Bothwell. In the course of an hour Margaret came to Hubert, and entreated him to "return to the lodgings at Kirk-o'-Field, and search for a coverlid of marten fur in the Queen's chamber there, and ask young Sandy Durham, the King's door-keeper, to find some one to bring it up to the Abbey." As Hubert could get no assistance from Durham, he carried the coverlid up to the Abbey himself, and delivered it to Margaret, who was waiting in the Queen's bed-chamber there to receive it from him. It was probably one of the royal presents for her wedding, and intended to dress her bridal bed on the following night, as her *couché* was to be honoured by the presence of the Queen and all the ladies of the Court, to assist in the national observances of breaking the benediction-cake over her head, presenting the silver posset-cup, and throwing the stocking. Margaret required a costly coverlid, among other pretty things, to set off her chamber for the reception of all the good company who would be sure to throng it on that occasion.

[1] Hubert or French Paris's First Confession—Laing's Appendix. [2] Ibid.

CHAPTER XXX.

The affectionate terms of conjugal union that subsisted between Mary Stuart and Darnley, during his residence in the Provost's house at Kirk-o'-Field, are illustrated by the following interesting fact: One day the royal wife, entering the chamber of her consort unexpectedly, discovered him in the act of closing letters he had been amusing himself during her absence in writing to his father. She had had such bitter and repeated cause to complain of the inimical manner in which Lennox had exerted his paternal influence over the mind of his son, that a shade of uneasiness was perhaps perceptible in her countenance. Darnley, with equal good sense and good feeling, allowed her to read the letters. She did so in his presence, and found they were filled with her praises and details of her kind attentions to himself, assuring his father "that he was now satisfied that she was entirely his"—expressing at the same time "his confident hope that all things would change for the better."[1] Transported with joy at so gratifying a testimonial of her husband's love and sincere appreciation of her affectionate conduct, Mary tenderly embraced and kissed him many times, and told him "how much pleasure it gave her to see that he was satisfied with her, and that no lingering cloud of jealousy or suspicion was hovering on his mind."[2] The recollections of that sweet moment must have been consolatory to Mary in the long years of misery that were destined to succeed the tantalizing hopes of domestic happiness with which it flattered her.

Darnley, by way of employing his solitude profitably, had combined a course of devotional exercises with the sanitary process prescribed by his physicians, having made what the Church of which he was a member terms "a retreat,"[3] or interval of self-recollection, penance, and prayer, preparatory to his reappearance on the arena of public life. Reconciled both to his consort and himself, he was rapidly recovering his health and strength, and expected to resume his place in the world under auspicious circumstances. On Sunday, February 9th—the last he was ever to spend in life—" he heard mass devoutly," we are told. The more earnestness Darnley manifested in the duties of his unpopular faith, the more dangerous became his position with the lay abbots, secularized priests, and impropriators of the lands of the Church he was desirous of restoring,—such men as Sir James Balfour parson of Fliske, his brother Robert Balfour provost of Kirk-o'-Field, Archibald Douglas parson of Glasgow, and many others, who, having abandoned their vows and kept their tem-

[1] Buchanan's History of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 319. [2] Ibid.
[3] Letter of the Bishop of Mondivi to the Duke of Tuscany.

poralities, could anticipate nothing but ruin and degradation, if indeed they escaped the stake, in the event of his regaining influence over the mind of the Queen.

The Queen had arranged to hold a court at Holyrood Abbey on Monday, February 10th, for the farewell audience of the Savoyard ambassador, Count Moretta, and his suite. She probably intended that her husband should reappear in state with her ; but that dismal morrow, which his eyes were never to behold, dawned under circumstances of woe and horror that rendered all appointments of human wisdom or policy nugatory. For the acting committee of the murder hasted forward their operations, with full intent that the deed should be enterprised on the Sunday soon after midnight.[1] Moray, true to his cautious policy, in order to be out of the way while inferior villains performed the butcher's work, requested the Queen's permission "to cross into Fifeshire to visit his lady, who had sent word to him," he said, "that she was ill of a burning fever." Mary entreated him to delay his departure only one day, to assist at the court to be holden on the morrow for the leave-taking of the Savoyard ambassade, but he protested "the impossibility of delay, as his wife was in danger of premature childbirth, and might possibly be dead before he arrived, unless he used despatch in hastening to her." The occult inspirer of all the various agencies employed in the mysterious tragedy thus glided off the stage, leaving to them the danger of its consummation.

It was affirmed by Lord Herries, "that Moray, as he was crossing the ferry, the same evening he left Edinburgh, on his passage into Fifeshire, observed to one of his dependents, a gentleman of that country, 'This night, ere morning, the Lord Darnley shall lose his life.'"[2] Lord Lindsay of the Byres—Moray's sister's husband—stoutly denied that his *gude-brother* had ever used such words, and gave the lie direct to Herries. It also was reported that Moray had uttered to his own creatures, in the malignant excitement of his spirit, as the appointed hour drew nigh, "This night the King will be cured of all his maladies!"—a sarcastic equivoque, which might have been verified as a loyal prediction by the happy recovery of the princely invalid, if the cruel purpose of the assassins had proved abortive.

The following incident, which is gravely related by Buchanan as one of the prodigies at that time accompanying, or rather a little preceding, the regicide, leads to the inference that it was an event not unexpected in the neighbourhood of St Andrews : "One James Lundin, a Fife gentleman, having been long sick of a fever, about noonday, before the King was killed, lifted himself a little out of bed, as if he had been astonished, and cried out to those that stood by him, with a loud voice, 'Go help the King, for the parricides are just now murdering him!' and a while after

[1] Deposition of Hay of Tallo—Anderson.
[2] Lesley's Defence of Queen Mary's Honour.

he called out with a mournful tone, 'Now it is too late to help, for he is already slain.' He himself died shortly after he had uttered these words."[1]

But while the passions, the superstitions, or the consciences of those privy to the fell design, to which so many of the Peers and Privy Councillors of Scotland were pledged, were variously affected as the hour for its fulfilment drew near, and although omens and presages of the tragic event astonished the "kingdom of Fife," all went on merrily in Edinburgh; that fatal Sunday was a day of unwonted festivity in the Court. It was the last gay day in Mary Stuart's reign and life. The nuptial knot was duly tied in the Chapel-royal of Holyrood between Bastian and his Scotch bride, and with the faithful Margaret Carwood and her Laird. The Queen had protected their Roman Catholic celebration, which was in reality her chief business there, had provided the wedding-dinner of the faithful Bastian and his bride, which she honoured with her presence, and having promised to return to the mask and ball in the evening, "and to put bride Margaret to bed," she visited Darnley at the house of Kirk-o'-Field, with whom she spent some time. At four o'clock she, with all her nobles, supped at the grand banquet to which she had been invited by the Bishop of Argyll, to meet the departing members of the Savoyard ambassade. When she rose from table, she was attended by all the great nobles present to Kirk-o'-Field, where she brought them with her into her husband's chamber,[2] for them to pay their devoir to him, and probably their first compliments of congratulation on his recovery. This was evidently a small state-reception or court held in Darnley's apartment, to amuse him, and pass the interval between her return from the four o'clock Episcopal supper and going to the masked ball at Holyrood, to which she had promised to give her presence. Meantime Bothwell, instead of attending her Majesty with the other nobles to the house of Kirk-o'-Field, slipped away in the bustle of the uprising from the Bishop's table, and went to hold a secret council with his ruffian route in the hall of his lower apartments at Holyrood Abbey, where the gunpowder that had been brought in the night before by Hepburn of Bowton was standing in a trunk and a leathern mail. These, by his directions, were conveyed by his porter, William Powrie, and Pat Wilson, his tailor, down the Blackfriars' Wynd, and through the garden-gate into the Provost's house at Kirk-o'-Field.[3]

Bothwell, who is stated to have performed much work in a very little time, paid a short visit to his lady mother, stepped into the Laird of

[1] History of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 323-4.

[2] Hubert's First Confession.

[3] There are several discrepancies in the depositions of the tortured witnesses who assisted in the preparations for the crime — Powrie swearing "that the trunk and mail were carried on two of Bothwell's horses," and Hay of Tallo deposing "that they were carried at two several times on a grey nag belonging to Herman, Bothwell's page." One of these depositions is therefore false, perhaps both.

Ormiston's lodgings, at the house of Katie Thome in the Blackfriars' Wynd, and after conferring with him and Hob Ormiston, took them with him into the Cowgate in quest of Hepburn and Hay, and sent them to receive the powder of Powrie and Wilson, at the gate of the Blackfriars' Garden, then proceeded to the house of Kirk-o'-Field in company with Hubert, whom he charged "to admit the three lairds, first into the house, through the postern, and then into the Queen's chamber, to deposit the powder." By the time they reached the house at Kirk-o'-Field, Hubert reluctantly consented to do as he was required. Bothwell left him in the little court below, and ascended to the King's chamber, where the Queen was entertaining her consort and the noble circle she had brought there to pay their court to him. Hubert went into the kitchen, and asked the cook to give him a candle, which he lighted, and admitted Hepburn and Hay into the Queen's bed-room, where they deposited the powder, which was in pokes or bags,[1] by throwing the bags down on the floor. Bothwell, meantime, hearing more of their operations than he liked, became alarmed, and, hastening down-stairs to them, exclaimed, "My God, what a din ye make! They may hear above all ye do." It must be remembered that Mary's bed-room there was under Darnley's, on the ground floor, with an open door-way on the stairs.

The nobles who had attended the Queen to the house of Kirk-o'-Field were waiting to escort her to Holyrood Abbey, where she had arranged to sleep the night of the ball; but Darnley being more than usually reluctant to part with her, she continued to linger by his side till it was more than time for an invalid to have been in bed. It was not, indeed, till the eleventh hour that she rose to depart, observing, as she did so, "that it was later than she had thought; but she must not break her promise to Bastian and his bride." Darnley, in lover-like mood, desiring still to detain her, she drew a valuable ring from her finger, and, placing it on his as a pledge of her affection, kissed and embraced him with endearing words of leave-taking, and promises that she would soon return to visit him again;[2] and so they parted, to meet in this life no more.

As the Queen did not arrive at Holyrood Abbey till past eleven, which was very late for an evening entertainment in the sixteenth century, she

[1] Hubert's First Confession.

[2] The French envoy, Clernault, who had opportunities of obtaining correct information from his country men and women in her household, affords both interesting and important evidence as to the conduct of Queen Mary: "The King being lodged at one end of the city of Edinburgh, and the Queen at the other, the said lady came to see him on a Sunday evening, which was the 9th of this month, about seven o'clock, with all the principal lords of her court, and, after having remained with him two or three hours, she withdrew, to attend the bridal of one of her gentlemen, according to her promise; and if she had not made that promise, it is believed that she would have remained till twelve or one o'clock with him, seeing the good understanding and union in which the said lady Queen and the King her husband had been living for the past three weeks."

did not tarry quite an hour in the ball-room, but retired with the bride and her other ladies just before midnight. The company then broke up and dispersed. Mary was attended on that last gay evening of her life and reign by the Countesses of Mar, Athol, and Bothwell, among others of the noble matrons of Scotland. These would have been substantial witnesses to bring forward against her, if her conduct had, in the slightest manner, deviated from that which beseemed a Queen and a virtuous woman.

After the Queen had retired, Bothwell, according to the depositions of Powrie, Dalgleish, and Hubert, went into his chamber, "and changed his velvet hose passamented and trussed with silver, and his black satin doublet of the same fashion, for a pair of black hose, and a white canvass doublet, and took his long riding-cloak of 'sad' English cloth, called 'the new colour,' about him, and, attended by the said deponents, Powrie, Dalgleish, Wilson, and Hubert, went down the turnpike stair leading from his high chamber, over the gateway in Holyrood Abbey, through a postern door into the Queen's garden, and so by the back of the Mint and stables towards the Canongate, and is stated to have assisted at the firing of the train." It is, however, more probable that Bothwell, after the ball was ended, did, as stated, change his court dress for another, and go forth privately with Hubert, to see that all things were in proper train at the house of Kirk-o'-Field for the perpetration of the cruel design, and, leaving his kinsman John Hepburn of Bowton, and Hay, to fire the train, return to his chambers in Holyrood over the Gateway in time to be found quietly in bed with his wife there when the explosion roused the slumbering city. For Bothwell had actually been, according to the statement of Powrie, "in his bed about half an hour, when Mr George Hacket came to the gate and knocked. When he came in he appeared to be in a great *affray* [fright], and was black as any *pik* [pitch], and not one word to speak. My lord inquired, 'What is the matter, man?' and he answered, 'The King's house is blown up, and I trow the King be slain.' And my lord Bothwell cried, 'Fie! treason!' and then he rose and put on his clothes; and thereafter the Earl of Huntley and many came in to my lord, and they gaed into the Queen's house."[1] Alarmed by the explosion, which resembled a volley of five-and-twenty or thirty cannon fired off at once, the Queen had just sent to inquire the cause,[2] when the Earls of Argyll, Athol, Huntley, and Bothwell, with their ladies, and the Countess of Mar, rushed into her presence,[3] with the agitating tidings of what was supposed to have happened at the house of Kirk-o'-Field. The Queen instantly ordered Bothwell, her Lieutenant, to proceed thither with the guards, of whom

[1] Anderson's Collections. Laing's Appendix.
[2] Clernault's Report—State Paper Office MS.
[3] Buchanan's Detection.

the captain was James Stuart of Ochiltree, in order to ascertain what had really occurred. Every one hurried with him to the scene of the mysterious tragedy. The Provost's house no longer existed; the very foundation-stones were upheaved from the vaults, and the whole fabric reduced to a shapeless heap of ruins; or, to use the language of the Privy Council, "dung into dross."

The mangled remains of Glen and Macaig, the grooms of the King's chamber, and two boys, their attendants, were found crushed to death beneath the masses of disjointed masonry. Thomas Nelson, another of his servants, was the only one taken out alive.[1] An interval of suspense as to the fate of Darnley occurred; search was made for him among the ruins in vain. It was not till past five o'clock on the Monday morning that his lifeless body was found lying under a tree in a little orchard about eighty yards from the ruins on the other side of the wall. He had nothing on save his night-shirt, but his furred pelisse and pantouffles were close by; and near him was the corpse of his faithful servant, William Taylor. It was at first supposed that both had been blown into the air, and carried by the force of the explosion to that distance clean over the wall; but in that case they must have been scorched and blackened by the effects of the powder, if not torn limb from limb, and smashed by the violence of the fall. There was not, however, the slightest bruise or fracture on their persons. The smell of fire had not passed over their garments, nor was a hair of their heads singed.

It is to be observed that no information as to the actual means employed in the murder of Darnley is to be obtained from the depositions of Bothwell's gang, further than that he was blown up by the gunpowder lodged in the Queen's bed-room. This was the impression Morton, Lethington, and their guilty accomplices in the crime desired to produce, in order to supersede all inconvenient investigation, and transfer the suspicion from themselves and their agents to the royal widow. Sir James Melville says "it was spoken by a page, that before the house was blown up, the King was taken forth and brought down to a low stable, where he was suffocated by a *serviet* or napkin being thrust into his mouth, and his respiration stopped."[2] Buchanan affirms that, "besides Bothwell and his men, two distinct parties of the assassins came by different ways to the house of Kirk-o'-Field, and that a few of them entered the King's chamber, of which they had the keys, and while he was fast asleep took him by the throat and strangled him, and also one of his servants who lay near him, and carried their bodies through a little gate which they had made on purpose through the city wall into a garden near at hand, and then blew up the house with gunpowder." This version of the manner of Darnley's death has been very generally adopted;

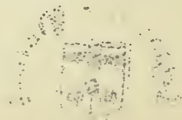
[1] Sir James Melville's Memoirs Tytler. Chalmers. [2] Ibid.

but the murderers would never have been at the trouble of removing the bodies from the upper chamber into the orchard—no easy task, on account of Darnley's extraordinary height. If they had been slain in their beds, they would, as a matter of course, have been left to be consumed in the conflagration, or buried in the ruins of the house, which was ostensibly blown up to conceal the murder. For what purpose, therefore, are we to suppose the assassins would take the trouble and incur the danger of carrying forth the corpses? The fact that they were not murdered in the house, but on or near the spot where they were found, speaks for itself. Darnley's furred pelisse and pantouffles being near him, and unsinged, indicates the probability that, with the instinctive caution of an invalid dreading an exposure to the cold night-air in his shirt, he had snatched them up when he fled for his life on the first alarm, intending to put them on as soon as opportunity would allow, but that, ere he could do this, he was overtaken by the assassins and strangled. In confirmation exists this letter:[1] "As to the particulars of the death of the King, Monsignore de Moretta is entirely of opinion that this poor Prince, hearing the noise of people round the house trying false keys to open the outlets, rushed forth himself by a door that opened into the garden in his shirt with a pelisse, to fly from the peril, and there was strangled, and brought out of the garden into a little orchard beyond the wall of the grounds; and the murderers blew up the house to slay all the rest that were within, because the King was found dead, with his pelisse by his side; and some women, whose sleeping-rooms adjoined the garden, affirm to have heard the King cry—'Ah, my kinsmen (*fratelli miei*), have mercy on me, for love of Him who had mercy on us all!'"

The claim of consanguinity with which Darnley vainly endeavoured to move the hard hearts of the ruffians to whom he addressed his appeal for mercy, indicates they were the Douglas gang, his maternal kindred, led to the perpetration of this foul deed by Morton's deputy, Archibald Douglas. That night Archibald Douglas went forth from the back door of his dwelling-house, after supper, clad, under his gown, in a *secret*, or shirt of light defensive armour, with a steel bonnet on his head, and velvet *mulis* or slippers on his feet, accompanied by his two servitors, John Binning and Thomas Gairner. Fourteen years later, these men, when convicted of assisting in the murder of Darnley, confessed the above particulars, and that they passed to the deed-doing with him,[2] adding "that the said Archibald Douglas lost one of his slippers on that occasion"—a circumstance which excited some attention at the time, for the

[1] From Father Edmonds, the Principal of the Society of Jesuits. From the Italian, printed in Prince Labanoff's Recueil des Lettres de Marie Stuart, from the original document preserved in the Archives de Medici, dated March 16, 1567. The Bishop of Mondivi, Cardinal di Laurea, was the Nuncio appointed by the Pope for the Court of Scotland, whom Mary had excused herself from receiving at the baptism of the Prince her son.

[2] Arnott's Criminal Trials.



slipper being found among the ruins of the King's lodgings at Kirk-o'-Field, was known to be his.[1] It was subsequently objected by Archibald Douglas, at his collusive trial in 1586, "that he could have no use for velvet slippers when clad in secret armour;" but their use was obviously to muffle his tread as he ascended the stone stairs to the chamber of his victim. He was clearly one of the three whom Powrie mentions "meeting with Bothwell in the Cowgate, with cloaks about their faces and mulis on their feet."[2] "After Archibald Douglas's return from the perpetration of the deed, he changed his clothes, which were full of clay and foulness, and sent Binning on some errand to a house at the foot of Thropstow's Wynd."[3] On the way there, Binning stated "that he met certain *mussilit* [muffled] men whom he knew not, but suspected to be another party of the assassins, because he thought he recognized the voice of Sir James Balfour's brother, the Provost of Kirk-o'-Field, the man from whom the duplicate keys were obtained; and then Mr John Maitland, Abbot of Coldinghame, and brother to Lethington, came in, and, putting his two hands over his own mouth, made a sign to him to keep quiet." Here, then, were the three distinct parties whom Buchanan affirms "past by different ways to the execution of this foul midnight murder."

A pen-and-ink sketch, slightly tinted with water-colours, of the scene of this startling historic tragedy, taken at the time, is preserved in our State Paper Office, and has been engraved and published in Chalmers's "Life of Queen Mary," showing the position in which the dead body of Darnley was found, with his furred pelisse beside him and the corpse of his faithful servant Taylor close by. At a little distance appear the picturesque ruins of the Lady Kirk at Field, also the remains of the Blackfriars' monastery, and the desolate heap of scattered and disjointed stones to which the Provost's house was reduced by the explosive force of the gunpowder that had been lodged in the mines sunk in the vaults and low dark places of the building. The trees, the gardens, and enclosures, and Gothic gateway, are apparently depicted with graphic minuteness, and are the more interesting, by enabling us to compare the local features of the place as it then was with its present aspect, the ground being now covered with the stately buildings of the Edinburgh University.

But while the manner of Darnley's death remained a mystery to all honest men in Scotland, the particulars of his last moments were known to the English Marshal at Berwick. "The King," writes Sir William Drury to Cecil, "was long of dying, and to his strength made debate for his life."[4] How, it may be asked, did Drury come by this information?

[1] Arnott's Criminal Trials.
[2] Powrie's Second Examination—in Anderson and Laing's Appendix.
[3] Arnott's Criminal Trials.
[4] Drury to Cecil, 24th April, 1567—State Paper MS. Border Correspondence.

for with the single exception of Nelson, who, an hour after the Queen's departure to Holyrood, went to bed, "and never knew of anything till wakened by the fall of the house,"[1] no living creature within those fatal walls survived to tell the tale. The report of the princely victim's courageous deportment in his unequal struggle with his murderers, must, therefore, have proceeded either from the assassins, or the conspirators by whom they had been employed, since the tongues of all other witnesses were hushed in the long silence of the grave. It is worthy of observation that this important communication was not made by Drury to the English Premier till after the arrival of the Earl of Moray at Berwick. There is another passage in Drury's letter which must not be omitted. "It was Captain Cullen's persuasion, 'for more surety to have the King strangled, and not to trust to the train of powder alone,' affirming 'that he had known many so saved.' Sir Andrew Carr, [Faudonside,] with others, was on horseback near unto the place, for aid to the cruel enterprise, if need had been." Small, indeed, would have been Mary's chance of escape if she had passed that Sunday night beneath the same roof with her consort, as they were thus environed with so extensive a cordon of traitors ; the ferocious ruffian by whom the *corps de reserve* of auxiliary assassins was commanded being no other than he, unworthy of the name of man, who had menaced his Queen, by putting his loaded horse-pistol, with the trigger down, to her side, during the terrific scene of David Riccio's slaughter, eleven months before, for which outrage she had excluded him from the general act of grace accorded by her in evil hour to the other assassins.[2]

Among other apocryphal statements connected with Darnley in his last

[1] Nelson's Deposition — Laing's Appendix.

[2] Chalmers; Tytler; Bell. The fact of Sir Andrew Carr's returning to Scotland in defiance of her prohibition, and contempt of her powerless regal authority, for the purpose of co-operating with his old accomplices in treason and murder, Morton, Lethington, Ruthven, and Moray, in the execution of their long-premeditated project against their common enemy Darnley, ought alone to exonerate Mary from being art and part in that crime. Malcolm Laing insists much on the credibility of the depositions of Bothwell's servants and vassal lairds, because that distinguished legalist and incorruptible judge, Sir Thomas Craig, assisted in trying them, and concurred in passing sentence of death upon them. If, then, the opinion of Sir Thomas Craig be considered of such weight, the testimony he has borne of Mary Stuart from his personal observation of her words and actions, is surely deserving of quotation in her biography:—"I have often heard the most serene Princess, Mary Queen of Scotland, discourse so appositely and rationally in all affairs which were brought before the Privy Council, that she was admired by all; and when most of the councillors were silent, being astonished, or straight declared themselves to be of her opinion, she rebuked them sharply, and exhorted them to speak freely, as became unprejudiced councillors, against her opinion, that the best reasons might decide their determinations. And truly her reasonings were so strong and clear that she could turn their hearts to what side she pleased. She had not studied law, yet by the natural light of her judgment, when she reasoned of matters of equity and justice, she ofttimes had the advantage of the ablest lawyers. Her other discourses and actions were suitable to her great judgment. No word ever dropped from her mouth that was not exactly weighed and pondered. As for her liberality and other virtues, they were well known."

hour of life, it was pretended that after the Queen's departure on the Sunday night he sang the 55th Psalm with his servant Taylor. Our contemporary, Dargaud, without reflecting that there were no surviving witnesses but the assassins themselves to report what passed between the murdered victims and their God, actually describes "the sweet monotone of Darnley's chant, and the plaintive cadence of Taylor's responses, and how the mournful melody rose and fell till it gradually died away in silence, the young eyelids closed, and the King and page slumbered on their couches." But this is sheer romance. Taylor was no boy, but an old English servant who had attended on Darnley from infancy; and as for their psalmody that night, it was a poetic strain, like the notes of the dying swan, unheard by human ear. Darnley's devotional exercises in the house of Kirk-o'-Field were those prescribed by the Church of Rome, according to the testimony of an ecclesiastic of no less importance than Edmonds, Principal of the Jesuits, then in Edinburgh. "Father Edmonds," writes the Papal Nuncio from Paris, "affirms to me, that the King had in the morning, according to 'his retreat,' heard mass, and that he had always been brought up a Catholic, but out of desire of reigning had at times dissembled his ancient faith. If it be so, may the Divine Majesty have mercy on his poor soul."[1]

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Queen, having been told that the explosion was caused by an accidental fire in the Provost's house at Kirk-o'-Field, remained for several hours in suspense as to her husband's fate.[2] After daybreak Bothwell returned to the Abbey, and put an end to any lingering hope she might have entertained, by announcing that the lifeless body of the Prince had been discovered. Bothwell feigned great agitation, and some difficulty in communicating the dreadful tidings to the Queen. At last he told her "that some powder which had been deposited in the King's lodgings had unfortunately taken fire, blown up the house, and killed his Majesty and all the gentlemen of the bedchamber there in waiting, and that their bodies had been found at some distance from the ruins, in an orchard under the town wall." Overpowered with grief and horror, and weeping bitterly, the Queen withdrew instantly to her own chamber, and having been up the chief part of the night, was, of course, induced by her ladies to go to bed. Buchanan invidiously asserts "that she slept profoundly till the

[1] Letter of the Bishop of Mondivi to the Grand-Duke of Tuscany—in Labanoff.
[2] Bell's Life of Mary Stuart.

day was far spent;" while, according to Hubert's Second Confession, "Bothwell came into the *ruelle* of her bedchamber alcove, between nine and ten in the morning, and spoke to her secretly under the curtain." As the latter statement has been often adduced as an evidence of impropriety on Mary's part, it is necessary to observe, that, according to the same document, "Madame de Briante," Queen Mary's French governess, an elderly matron of the highest rank and most approved discretion, "was present, with other female attendants, giving her Majesty her breakfast, during Bothwell's audience." Sir James Melville, who was waiting in the antechamber to make inquiries after her Majesty's health, says "that Bothwell, when he came forth, told him that her Majesty was sorrowful and quiet."

Mary's demeanour during the first days of her calamitous widowhood has been, like every other passage of her life, misrepresented by her libeller Buchanan, and his servile copyists; the following simple and pathetic record of her affliction, is given by de Clernault, the French envoy then at Holyrood.[1]

"The fact being communicated to the poor Queen, one can scarcely think what distress and agony it has thrown her into—the more so, because it has happened at a time when her Majesty and the King were on the best possible terms. It is easy to perceive that this atrocious enterprise has been effected by a mine sunk underground, although it has not as yet been discovered, nor is it known at present by whom it has been done."

The remains of poor Darnley were conveyed by a company of men-at-arms, under Bothwell's command, to the adjacent mansion at Kirk-o'-Field, till the Queen's instructions could be obtained. Bothwell's conference with her was probably on that painful subject. She sent her surgeons, who were instantly convened, to view the body, and consider the manner of his death. Bothwell told Sir James Melville "that the King's house had been burnt, and his body found at a little distance, lying under a tree, which he represented as the strangest accident in the world," frankly desiring Melville "to go up and see him, for there was not a hurt nor mark on all his person." "When I past there to have seen him," observes Melville, "he was laid within a chamber, and kept by one Sandy Durham, but I could not get the sight of him"[2]—a direct contradiction to Buchanan's assertion "that the body was left awhile as a spectacle to be gazed upon by the people, who were continually flocking there to see it."[3]

When the surgeons had made their *post-mortem* examination, the body was placed on a bier, and conveyed, by the Queen's command, to her palace of Holyrood. The whole of that day, the first of her bereavement,

[1] State Paper Office MS. in the French of the period, being the fragment of a letter intercepted by the English authorities at Berwick.
[2] Sir James Melville's Memoirs. [3] Hist. Scot., vol. ii. p. 323.

she remained in the lugubrious seclusion of the alcove of her darkened chamber, stretched on her bed, in a state of mental stupefaction, paralysed with grief and horror. Powerless herself, she deputed to her Council, as any other female sovereign in the like circumstances would have done, the duty of taking proper steps for the investigation of the mysterious tragedy, and announcing what had occurred to her foreign allies. To the Queen-Regent of France, her mother-in-law, they wrote :—

"MADAM,—The strange mischance that has happened in this city, last night, constrains us to take the boldness of writing these few lines to you, in order to apprise you of the wicked deed that has been perpetrated on the person of the King, in a manner so strange that no one never heard of the like. About two hours after midnight, his lodging, he being then lying in his bed, was blown up into the air by the force of gunpowder; as far as we can judge by the sound, and the sudden and terrible effect, which has been so vehement that of a hall, two chambers, a cabinet, and a wardrobe, nothing remains, but all has been scattered to a distance and reduced to dust,—not only the roof and floors, but also the walls, even to the very foundations, in such sort that not one stone remains on another. It may easily be perceived that the authors of this crime intended by the same means to have destroyed the Queen, with the greater part of the nobles who are at present in her train, and were with her in the King's chamber till very near midnight; and it was a very near chance that her Majesty did not lodge there herself that night. But God has been so gracious that the assassins were frustrated of that part of their design, having preserved her to take such vengeance as an act so barbarous and inhuman merits. We are after the inquest, and make no doubt soon to come to the knowledge of the persons by whom it was perpetrated, for God will never permit such wickedness to remain hidden and unpunished."

Two at least of the persons by whom this letter was subscribed were principals in the murder—namely, Bothwell and Lethington. No investigation in which these great criminals took a part, was likely to be fairly conducted. Early on the Tuesday, a court was opened in the Tolbooth, for the examination of witnesses, at which the Earl of Argyll presided. The Queen ordered proclamation to be made offering "a reward of £2000, and a pension for life, to whomsoever would reveal and bring to justice the person or persons by whom the horrible and treasonable murder had been committed." It was added, "that the Queen's Majesty, unto whom, of all others, the case was most grievous, would rather lose life and all, than that it should remain unpunished."

Mary visited and took a sad farewell of the remains of her mysteriously murdered consort. He had been the object of her disinterested affection—her kinsman, her husband, the father of her child. Whatever had been his faults, they had been repented of by him, and forgiven by her. She had suffered long and been kind, never imputing blame to him, but excusing his sins "as the errors of youth that would correct themselves in time." And when these hopes had appeared to be realized, by his becoming a wiser and a better man, she was bereaved of him, as it were in

the twinkling of an eye, by a stroke, frightful and inscrutable, a few hours after they had parted with the fondness of reconciled lovers. Long she gazed on his lifeless form. in that deep sorrow of the heart whose silence is more expressive than words. Her tears, however, flowed abundantly. According to a popular tradition, she pathetically exclaimed, "Oh for ane blink of his bonny ee." Her orders were that he should be embalmed, wrapt in cere-cloth, and placed in the Chapel-royal till the day of the funeral. This would be for the commencement of the "lyke-wake," as the offices of the Church of Rome for the newly departed who had died in her communion were then called in Scotland, the bier surrounded with lighted tapers night and day, and the *Subvenite*, dirge and requiem, sung by the priests and choir, with scarcely any intermission, in the interim before the solemnization of the funeral and obsequies.[1]

The day after the occurrence of the tragedy, Mary had the agony of receiving a letter from her faithful servant Archbishop Beton, written by desire of the Spanish ambassador in Paris, to intimate to her "that some formidable enterprise was in preparation against her, and warning her to take care of herself, and double her guards." It was natural for poor Mary to imagine, in the first bitterness of her regret at the tardy arrival of this intimation, that if it had only come to hand two days earlier, it might have been the means of averting the murder of her consort; but it would only have delayed it. The confederacy against Darnley's life, which had been formed by Moray and his faction as soon as her intention to ally herself in marriage with him transpired, had been secretly extending ever since, and at last included more than two-thirds of the nobility of Scotland. The perfidious combination of Bothwell with Moray, Morton, and the other members cf the English faction, for the destruction of her husband, with whom he had no quarrel, could never have been suspected by Mary, far less the motives which had impelled him to that league. She had, as has been very fully shown, dealt with him very severely when he was a single man, under suspicion of his cherishing presumptuous intentions of making himself master of her person. The conduct of his accusers having since then given her reason to believe she had been deceived in that matter, she had restored and employed him. His loyal deeds had atoned for his former indiscretions; and after his marriage with a young lady of the blood-royal, their mutual kinswoman, and the important services he had rendered to herself and her consort at the perilous time of their escape from the assassins of David Riccio, she

[1] The Treasury Records contain the following entry which certifies the fact that Darnley's body was embalmed: "Item the xij day of Februar, by the Queenis Grace's special command, to Martene Pitcanit, ye pothegar, to make furnissing of *droggis*, spices, and otheres necessaries for opening and perfuming of the King's Grace Majesty's umquhile bodie at his acquittance shown upon *compt beris*, xi. Li." Royal Compotus, General Register House, Edinburgh.

had honoured him with greater confidence than she had ventured to bestow on any other member of her Cabinet, except her ungrateful brother Moray, whose influence was always superior to that of any other person. It was, however, on Bothwell, as the commander-in-chief of all the military force of her realm, both by sea and land, that she relied for defence, either in the event of invasion from England or insurrections at home. As long as he was faithful she had defied all her enemies; his treachery threw her into their snares. "Some one Mary must have suspected of her husband's murder," is the observation of Malcolm Laing. Some one she doubtless did suspect; and not one, but many; for it was according to reason, and the natural faculty that links present impressions with things past, that the frightful scene of David Riccio's slaughter should immediately recur to her mind, and images of the ferocious assassins who had menaced her with regicidal weapons should be associated with her ideas of her husband's tragic fate. Eighty-six of these fell midnight murderers, who had violated the sanctity of her presence, and turned her bed-chamber into a shambles, she had been induced—nay, we will use the right word, constrained—by their English protector and advocate, Cecil, seconded by the importunity of Moray and others of her nobles, to pardon and recall to Scotland little more than six weeks agone. Her consort had vehemently objected to this measure, and had been destroyed like their previous victim, David Riccio. How could she suspect Bothwell of contriving and executing a crime for which there was no apparent motive, when the malice of such an army of vindictive homicides had been provoked by Darnley?[1] Alarm for her own safety and that of her infant son naturally prevented the defenceless Princess, environed as she was by traitors, from telling her suspicions too plainly as to the authors of the crime, even when she wrote to Archbishop Beton by her secretary, Lethington, to communicate the terrible event that had occurred.

"Edinburgh, the 11th of February 1566-7.

"We have received this morning your letters of the 27th of January, by your servant Robert Drury, containing in one part such advertisement as we find by effect *over-true*, albeit the success has not altogether been such as the authors of that mischievous fact had preconceived in their mind, and had put it in execution, if God in his mercy had not preserved us, and reserved us, as we trust, to the end that we may take a rigorous vengeance of that mischievous deed, which, ere it should remain unpunished, we had rather lose life and all. The matter is horrible, and so strange as we believe the like was never heard of in any country. This night past, being the 9th February, a little after two hours after midnight, the house wherein the King was lodged was in one instant blown in the air, he was lying sleeping in his bed, with sic a vehemency that of the whole lodging, walls, and other, there is nothing remaining, no, not a stone above another, but all carried far away, or dung in dross to the very ground stone. It must be done by force of powder, and appears to have been a mine.

[1] Labanoff, vol. xi. p. 3.

By whom done, or in what manner, appears not as yet. We doubt not but, according to the diligence our Council has begun to use, the certainty of all shall be *visé* (seen) shortly, which we wot God will never suffer to lie hid. We hope to punish the same with such rigour as shall serve for example of this cruelty to all ages to come. Always, whoever have taken this wicked enterprise in hand we assure ourself it was *dressit* as well for us as for the King, for we lay the most part of all the last week in that same lodging, and was there, accompanied with the most part of the lords that are in this town, that same night, at midnight, and of very chance tarried not all night by reason of some mask in the Abbaye; but we believe it was not chance, but God that put it in our head. We despatch this bearer upon the sudden, and therefore write to you the more shortly. The rest of your letter we shall answer at more leisure, within four or five days, by your own servant; and so for the present commit you to Almighty God.

"At Edinburgh, the 11th day of Februar, 1566-7.

"MARIE R."

This letter is only signed, not, as generally supposed, written by Mary, who was incapable of entering into the details of the frightful occurrence. In her next communication to Archbishop Beton a few days later, but still through a secretary, she apologizes for not replying to some matters requiring immediate notice when she wrote before, "being so tormented and grieved by the sudden mischief that had befallen the King her husband, that she could not give them her attention." And again, but as if unconscious of having already noticed his warning, she says:

"We thank you heartily for your advertisement made to us of what the ambassador of Spain showed you, also of your communication with the Queen-mother toward our estate. But, alas! your message came too late, and there was over-good cause to have given us such warning, the like whereof we received of the Spanish ambassador resident in England. But even the very morning before your servant arrived was the horrible and treasonable act execute in the King's person, that may well appear to have been conspired against ourself, the circumstance of the matter being considered." [1]

The reality of Mary's conviction of her own danger from the assassins of her husband is evidenced by her retiring from Holyrood Abbey, where she did not consider herself safe, and taking refuge with her infant son in Edinburgh Castle. A state *Dule*-chamber was there, hung with black, and arranged according to the custom of the Queens of France.[1]

The remains of the unfortunate Darnley were interred in the royal vault of the Chapel of Holyrood, by the side of Mary's father, James V.,

[1] Prince Labanoff, Recueil des Lettres de Marie Stuart, vol. xi. pp. 8-9.

[2] Her Compotus shows that £63 16s. were disbursed by her treasurer for Florence tapestry of fine French black, to be *dule* to her Grace's bed—besides £1 4s. for black ribbons and black buckram. Her board-cloth was black, and her chairs and stools were covered with black *stamying* [the cloth now called tamine or taminy], and trimmed with black fringe, and two *caroches* [coaches] were also covered with black, at an expense of fifty pounds ten shillings. [Royal Record Office, Register House, Edinburgh.] The particulars of the widow's weeds worn by Mary for Darnley are also recorded.

February 15th in the evening.[1] The funeral was necessarily private, because performed according to the proscribed rites of the Church of Rome, with which he died in communion. The time was therefore prudently chosen, after the Abbey gates were closed for the night, to avert the danger of the solemnity being interrupted, and his remains insulted by fanatics, who had so often broken into the Chapel-royal while the Queen was engaged in the offices of her religion, and beaten and driven the assistant priests from the altar. Darnley's kinsman, the Laird of Traquair, with other officers of state, were present, and James Stuart of Ochiltree, the captain of the guards.[2] The next day the household of the defunct was broken up. The Queen graciously promised her favour to any of her late husband's servants who might feel disposed to enter her service. His Groom of the Chamber, Alexander Durham, having been many years in the royal household, accepted her offer; but the rest, being Englishmen, preferred returning to their own country. This, if Mary had been conscious of any deviation from her conjugal duty to their late lord, she would scarcely have permitted them to do. But, so far from opposing their desire, she afforded every facility in her power for speeding them on their way, by writing to the English authorities at Berwick to allow them free passage. Sir William Standen, Darnley's Master of the Horse, had the state charger of that unfortunate Prince, with other perquisites of his office. Anthony Standen, the courageous English page, to whose gallant interposition, in parrying the regicidal dagger of Patrick Bellenden Mary had been indebted for the preservation of her life, having seen enough of the signs of the times to feel assured that he would be marked for vengeance by her foes, chose to return to England. Mary testified grateful interest in his welfare, by writing to Sir Robert Melville, her ambassador at the Court of Elizabeth, "to protect Anthony Standen from the malice of his evil-willers, in case they attempted anything to his hurt, and to spare neither labour nor diligence whereby he might be able to do him a pleasure, which she would regard as good service performed to herself."

Two days before the assassination of Darnley, Lethington had written in the Queen's name to Drury, to repeat her oft-reiterated demand that Joseph Lutini might be returned to her. Drury having been unable to extract any information of the slightest moment from Lutini, or to convert him either into a calumniator or a spy against his royal mistress, thought proper to send him back to Edinburgh at this time of terror and excitement, when all her foreign servants were marked men, and in danger of being tortured and put to death, under the pretext of having been accessories in Darnley's murder. As Joseph Riccio's letter, explaining the matter about which he was sent for, had been intercepted, Lutini, having the fate of David Riccio fresh in his

[1] Keith; Lesley; Chalmers. [2] Ibid.

remembrance, and doubtless combining the tragedy of Kirk-o'-Field with the recent return of the outlawed assassins, protested in great alarm, "that if he were sent back to Edinburgh, he despaired of any better speed than a prepared death."[1] Drury, however, sent him thither, under the charge of a lieutenant of Berwick; and the Queen, being unable to see any one at that time, deputed Bothwell to investigate the matter; when, Joseph Riccio's tricks being discovered, her sense of justice led her to send Lutini a present of thirty crowns, to compensate in some degree for the trouble and uneasiness he had suffered. She also offered to take him into her service again, which he prudently declined; and having satisfied his tailor, departed without further delay. His sojourn at Berwick had perhaps taught him what the faithful servants of the Queen of Scots had to expect from the assassins of her husband. The dismissal of Joseph Riccio from the Queen's service—the natural sequence of the discovery of his knavish conduct—and his precipitate retreat from Scotland have deceived writers who have not taken the trouble of tracing out the curious chain of petty intrigues which had made the Palace of Holyrood too hot to hold him.

The morning after Darnley's funeral, the following placard was found on the door of the Tolbooth, having been privily set up in the night:

> "Because proclamation is made, whosoever will reveal the murder of the King shall have two thousand pounds, I, who have made inquisition by them that were the doers thereof, affirm that the committers of it were the Earl of Bothwell, Mr James Balfour, parson of Fliske, Mr David Chalmers,[2] Black Mr John Spens, who was the principal deviser of the murder, and the Queen assenting thereto, through the persuasion of the Earl of Bothwell, and the witchcraft of the Lady Buccleuch"[3]

The Queen's courageous answer to this anonymous denunciation was a proclamation, "requiring the setter-up of the libel to come forward and avow the same, and he should have the sum promised in her first proclamation, and further, according to his ability to make good his words before her and her Council." The royal summons was mocked by the appearance of a second placard on the door of the Tolbooth, the next morning, thus strangely worded:—

> "Forasmekle as proclamation has been made, since the setting up of my first letter, desiring me to subscribe and avow the same, I desire the money to be con-

[1] Border Correspondence—State Paper-Office MS., February 7 and 19, 1566-7.

[2] The learned legalist, David Chambers, or Chalmers, of Ormond, Chancellor of Ross, the first who digested the laws of Scotland into order, which he did by command of Queen Mary, who made him a Lord of Session, in 1566. Chambers adhered to his unfortunate Queen with fidelity; and when all order was reversed and anarchy triumphant, he retired to France, to mourn the fate he could not avert. In her most rigorous imprisonment, he continued to dedicate his learned works to her, and to defend her.

[3] This lady, whom Sir Walter Scott made the heroine of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, was Janet Beton, sister to Lady Reres, and niece to Cardinal Beton. Both sisters were the objects of political slander, the charges against them being grossly improbable.

signed into an *evinly* [impartial] man's hand, and I shall compear on Sunday next with *foursum* [a party of four] with me, and subscribe my first letter, and abide thereat; and farther, I desire that Seignour Francis Bastian, and Joseph, the Queen's goldsmith, be stayed, and I shall declare what every man did in particular with their complices."

Another placard, as if from one of the principals in the murder, ran thus :—

"Whereas the 12th of this present there was cried, that 'whosoever would disclose who were the slayers of the King he should have two thousand pounds and a good living,' I and the L. Bodewell, Mr Jembes Bafourde, Mr Davyd Chambers, and black Mr John Spence, were the doers of the same. If this be not true, ask Mr Gylbarde Bafordc."[1]

The denunciations were not confined to these mysterious handwritings on the walls ; the quiet of the night was disturbed by voices, as before the battle of Flodden, predicting vengeance and woe, and accusing by name both the innocent and guilty. Such was the first step, however, implicating publicly Bothwell's name in the act of killing Darnley. "No one," as Chalmers shrewdly observes, "cared for Darnley during his life ; and had his death occurred under any other circumstances than those which had been purposely arranged by the enemies of both to throw suspicion on the Queen, it would have been regarded by the people in general as a national deliverance. Randolph had predicted "that this new master would have brief days in Scotland."[2] His words had been literally verified. Darnley had only completed his twentieth year in the preceding December. Nature had endowed him with a complexion so fine, and a line of features so perfect, that but for his towering height, the haughty carriage of his head, and a scornful turn of the lip and nostril, his beauty would have been of too delicate a character. When he arrived in Scotland he was but a precocious stripling, deeply versed in classic learning, a proficient on the lute, singing well, and capable of penning a sonnet to his lady's eyebrow ; and excellent at dancing a galliard.

After Mary had spent a week in the lugubrious seclusion of her *dule* chamber in Edinburgh Castle, from which the light of day had been rigorously excluded, her health and spirits became so alarmingly depressed that her Council, by the advice of her physicians, entreated her to change the air and scene without delay. She accordingly retired to Seton, which was near enough to Edinburgh to allow her to transact business of state, and at the same time to take the needful repose of the country, and the exercise to which she had been accustomed.[3] The reproaches that have been lavished upon her, for not persisting in shutting herself up forty days in her *dule* chamber, with the like ceremonials she

[1] Gilbert Balfour, the person indicated, was a brother of Sir James and Mr Robert Balfour, and in Bothwell's service.
[2] State Paper Office MS., Letter from Drury to Cecil.
[3] Lesley, in Anderson's Coll.

had observed on the death of her royal consort Francis II., are unreasonable. As the widow of a King of France, she considered it obligatory on her to conform to the customs of royalty in that realm, where, indeed, she had nothing better to occupy her time than indulgence in the luxury of woe. But the case was different in regard to her second widowhood, for Darnley was only a King-consort, and she a reigning Sovereign, encumbered with the business of her realm, which could not be abandoned for a vain ceremonial. "You mocked and jested amongst yourselves," retorts Adam Blackwood, on her censurers, "at the keeping of her closet, at her candle, and her black mourning attire; now you blame her that she took not long enough in performing those duties which you hold in conscience to be superstitions."

Queen Mary left Edinburgh for Seton Castle on Sunday, February 16, accompanied by her ladies, the Archbishop of St Andrews, and about a hundred noble persons in her suite.[1] Pecuniary difficulties were among her distresses, and had been for some time before her husband's tragic fate. Previous to that event, she had been endeavouring to negotiate a small loan in France through her ambassador, Archbishop Beton; and her want of ready money to meet the various expenses that were pressing upon her, is evidenced by her begging him "to be earnestful for the assignment of the sum of forty thousand franks, for which there were purposes that could ill brook delay."[2] Her household was, however, greatly reduced after Darnley's death, not only in consequence of the departure of his servants, but a great many of her own: her foreign attendants, for the most part, warned by the fate of David and Darnley, fled the realm in terror.

Darnley had had a band of his own, and a company of English musicians under his especial patronage. Hudson, the leader of these, repaired to the Queen at Seton, and required her licence, as his other servants had done, that they might return to their own country. She replied, "You have lost a good master; but if you will tarry, you shall find me not only a good mistress, but a mother."[3] This kind and gracious assurance could not prevail on them to remain in that fearful country, which had proved so fatal to David Riccio and to their unfortunate lord. If there had been the slightest grounds of suspicion against the Queen in regard to the latter assassination more than in the first, would these men have all been silent when they reached England? How happened it that only one of Darnley's servants, Nelson, who was stupefied by the explosion, as observed, was ever brought forward to depose aught against her? The Standens were her life-long friends.

The absurd story of "the Queen shooting at the Butts with Bothwell

[1] Chalmers. Diurnal of Occurrents.
[2] Labanoff—Mary Stuart to Archbishop Beton, from Seton, Feb. 18.
[3] Drury to Cecil, Feb. 28.

against Seton and Huntley, and compelling the two latter to pay the forfeit in the shape of a dinner to her and Bothwell at Tranent," is utterly devoid of truth. It was adopted too hastily by Tytler from one of the budgets of scandals of the Scottish Queen that were transmitted by Sir William Drury from Berwick to Cecil, for the amusement of Queen Elizabeth, where he states "that he is informed that the Lady Bothwell is sick, and not likely to live, being marvellously swollen."[1] She was then only married a year, and lived long enough to bury two husbands after her nuptial tie with Bothwell, whom she survived fifty years, was dissolved. Drury's paragraph regarding Queen Mary is about as veracious as his insinuation that Bothwell's young wife was poisoned ; but it will be observed he only speaks of it as hearsay: and he had the candour to acknowledge, in a subsequent letter, which escaped the attention of Tytler, "that he had been misinformed in regard to the Scottish Queen's proceedings, as she had never stirred from Seton." Indeed, if she can be supposed to have risked freezing her fair fingers by practising matches of archery in a Scotch February, on the bleak sea-coast, it is certain that Bothwell was not of the party ; witness the following entry in the Diurnal of Occurrents: "Upon the sixteenth day of the said month of February, our Sovereign Lady past from Holyrood House to Seton, and left the Earls of Huntley and Bothwell in the Palace of Holyrood House, to keep the Prince unto her return."[2]

A placard had been set up on one of the public buildings of Edinburgh with these words, "Farewell, gentyl Henrye! but a vengeance on Mary."[3] Another appeared on the Tron, declaring that the smith who made the false keys to the King's lodging would be declared, provided the person who could give the information might be assured of the reward promised in the proclamation. These anonymous denunciations were the tocsin notes of the approaching revolution. Mary was of all persons most deeply interested in unmasking the skulking incendiaries, who were thus inflaming the minds of the citizens against her ; but, environed by traitors, what was she to do? Her brother Moray had withdrawn a few hours only before the blow was struck at Darnley, prudently removing himself out of danger of arrest, and in spite of her reiterated messages for him to return to Edinburgh, continued to absent himself from her presence and her Council Chamber. He had exercised the functions of her Prime Minister, or, to use the quaint language of the times, "had the whole guiding of the Queen and her realm," for the last nine months ; yet he left her to carry on the government as she best might, in the first moments of her appalling bereavement. The reins of state fell, as a matter of course, into the hands of Bothwell, Huntley, and Argyll, who, in conjunction with Lethington, became from that time the

[1] Drury to Cecil—Border Correspondence, Feb. 1566-7. [2] P. 106.
[3] Drury's Letters to Cecil—Border Correspondence, February 1566-7.

ruling powers in the Court of Holyrood. It was, indeed, scarcely possible for it to be otherwise, as they were three of the greatest territorialists in Scotland. Bothwell was Commander-in-Chief, both by land and sea, Lieutenant of the Borders, Sheriff of the Lothians, and Captain of Dunbar. The Queen, a defenceless young widow, of a different religion from her people, with an empty exchequer, abandoned by Moray, intimidated by the English faction, yielded to the force of circumstances over which she had no control, and did her best to carry on her government with such a Cabinet as she could obtain. It was a Cabinet composed exclusively of Protestants.

The calamitous fate of Darnley produced a change in her feelings towards his offending parent. True to the genuine tenderness of woman's gentle nature, she wrote to Lennox, immediately after that frightful event, a conciliatory letter of sympathy in a grief that touched them both so nearly, and invited him to return to her Court, and assist her with his counsel in taking proper measures for the detection and punishment of the authors of the crime ; promising, at the same time, "to treat him with the like affection she had shown him on his first arrival in Scotland." This letter she despatched by a special messenger to her father-in-law at Glasgow, earnestly craving a reply. After detaining her messenger all night, Lennox dismissed him with the observation, "Her Majesty's letter requires no answer." In the course of a few days, however, he changed his mind, and wrote to her (neither that letter nor her response have been found) in a respectful tone, "thanking her for her most gracious and comfortable letter," and observing that notwithstanding the labour he perceived her Majesty took for the discovery of the cruel deed, the offenders, to his great grief, yet remaining unknown, he took the liberty of requesting her to assemble her nobles and the estates of her realm, that they might make a proper investigation of the matter.[1] Mary replied on the 22nd: "For the assembly of the nobility and estates which ye advise us cause be convened, for a perfect trial to be had of the King our husband's cruel slaughter, it is indeed convenient that so should be ; and even before the receipt of your letter, we had caused proclaim a Parliament, at the which we doubt not but they all, for the most part, shall be present, where, first of all, this matter, being most dear to us, shall be handled, and nothing left undone, which may further the clear trial of the odious fact."

At the end of five days, Lennox wrote again to Mary, objecting to delay the investigation till the meeting of the Parliament ; observing, "that it was not a parliamentary matter, but of such weight that it ought immediately to be pursued with all diligence and expedition," urging her "to put in sure keeping the persons named in the tickets, that had appeared on the Tolbooth door and other places in Edinburgh, on their trials ; and

[1] Lennox's Letter was dated Hinston, February 26th.

also to require, by open proclamation, the writers of the said tickets to appear and declare their knowledge."[1] The latter requisition Mary had anticipated by her second proclamation, without producing any effect. In regard to the first, the matter was attended with some embarrassment, as both herself and Lady Buccleuch had been named as accessaries to the crime, with the absurd declaration "that the Queen had been bewitched by that lady into consenting to the murder of her husband." Mary could not have forgotten that, about eighteen months before, the political libellers, suborned by the English faction, had reported that her love for Darnley had been caused by the witchcraft of his mother, Lady Lennox, who was nearly four hundred miles distant.[2] Aware that there was no more truth in the one report than the other, she must naturally have attributed both to the same malignant author. Willing, however, to satisfy Lennox, if that were possible, she wrote to him from Seton, March 1st, 1566-7.[3]

Meantime the incendiary placard system was diligently followed up, but, omitting all meaner names, pointed directly at the Queen and Bothwell. A bill, with the regal initials M. R. very large, and a hand with a sword in it, was one night posted up ; and near this the letters L. B., for Lord Bothwell, with a mallet above, excited public attention. The midnight cries, appealing for vengeance on the shedders of innocent blood, with a proclamation of the names of the alleged assassins, continued. Several persons undertook to watch and capture the nocturnal agitator ; but he either eluded their vigilance, or was found to be too strongly accompanied by armed men to be safely attacked. The passions and prejudices of the multitude thus excited against the Queen soon produced visible effects, then a junta of the most crafty members of the conspirators, Moray, Morton, and their adherents, met secretly at Dunkeld Castle, the house of Lennox's kinsman, the Earl of Athol, with Lindsay of the Byres, and others, to concert measures for revolution, under the pretext of avenging the death of Darnley, although there was not one among them, Athol alone excepted, who had not previously banded against his life.

The Bishop of Mondivi had been appointed by the Pope as his nuncio in Scotland ; but in consequence of Mary's reluctance to receive him, had proceeded no further than Paris ; but Father Edmonds, then resident in Edinburgh, wrote him news of all that was going on, and Mondivi repeats, in a letter to Cosmo the Great, the injury the Papal cause was likely to receive by the assassination of Mary's Catholic consort. He proceeds thus : "The Earls of Moray, Morton, and Athol have formed a league with the Earl of Lennox, father to him that was King, under pretext of revenging

[1] Letter of the Earl of Lennox to Queen Mary, from Houston, Feb. 26, 1566-7—printed in Keith and in Anderson.

[2] Innocens de Marie Stuart—Jebb's Collections ; de Foix's Despatches.

[3] See Mary's Life, Blackwood, vol. v. p. 211.

the death of the said King. The Earls of Bothwell, of Huntley, and many other great lords, rank themselves near the Queen for the same purpose ; but one party looks with suspicion on the other. Moray, being sent for by her Majesty, would not come ; from whence it may be judged that, having views on the realm, he will avail himself of this opportunity to slay the Earl of Bothwell—a man of valour, in much credit and confidence with the Queen—with intent to attack insidiously the life of her Majesty. And, above all, he hopes, by this junction with the Earl of Lennox, to have, by his permission and consent, the government of the Prince, and consequently of the whole kingdom." The next paragraph contains indisputable evidence that Mary never did sign the Papal League, of which she has been ignorantly asserted to have been a member. "If the Queen would have done that which was counselled and proposed by the *banda* (league, I should say,) by which, with promise of all the aid that might be necessary to its just execution, she would have found herself now complete mistress of her kingdom, with authority enabling her to restore entirely the holy Catholic faith. But never had she the will to listen to it."[1]

"Had her Majesty," he adds, with increasing bitterness against Mary, "done her duty to our Lord, and without fear accepted the nuncial visit, there might have been sure hope of speedily restoring the holy Catholic religion ; whereas now the death of the King has thrown the whole island into confusion and perplexity, as well as the Queen."[2] Thus we see that very formidable intrigues for the suppression of the Protestant worship in Scotland had been secretly going on for the last few months, which the prudence of the Queen, and her conscientious regard to her promise not to attempt anything against the parliamentary religion established in her realm, had neutralized. Hence the complaints of her bigoted inconsiderate consort to the Pope and Romish powers and principalities of Europe, of "her lukewarmness in the cause of the Church."[3] The lamentations of the nuncio for his death prove that it was regarded as a mortal blow to the cause of Romanism in Great Britain—circumstances which must, to every rational person, exonerate the Queen from the slightest complicity in his cutting off.

Queen Mary returned from Seton to her metropolis on the 7th of March with her Court. The following day she gave audience to Killigrew, the English ambassador, in her *dule* chamber in Edinburgh Castle, to receive the letters and condolences with which he was charged by Queen Elizabeth. "I found the Queen's Majesty," he says, "in a dark chamber, so as I could not see her face ; but by her words she seemed very doleful, and did accept my Sovereign's letters and message in very thank-

[1] Preserved in the Archives di Medicis at Florence. Printed in the original Italian, by Prince Labanoff.

[2] Ibid. [3] Knox, Hist. Ref. Scot.

ful manner." The following extract may serve as a sample of "the precious balm" Queen Elizabeth thought proper to pour on the head of her unfortunate kinswoman, under the name of a letter of condolence :—

"Madam,—My ears have been so much shocked, my mind distressed, and my heart appalled, at hearing the horrible report of the abominable murder of your husband, my slaughtered cousin, that I have scarcely as yet spirits to write about it; but although nature constrains me to lament his death, so near to me in blood as he was, I must tell you boldly that I am far more concerned for you than I am for him. Oh, madam! I should neither perform the office of a faithful cousin nor that of an affectionate friend, if I studied rather to please your ears than to preserve your honour: therefore I will not conceal from you that people, for the most part, say 'that you will look through your fingers at this deed, instead of revenging it,' and that you have not cared to touch those who have done you this pleasure, as if the deed had not been without the murderers having had that assurance."[1]

The grimace of friendship under which the rival British Queen masked the malice which had prompted her to address these insults to the royal widow, must have been revolting to the high spirit of that unfortunate Princess; her reply has not been found.

Moray still kept at distance from the Court till he had taken his measures for dethroning his royal sister, forming a secret league with Lennox for avenging the death of Darnley, the object of his deadliest hatred. Encouraged by the arrival of his English friends, Moray now returned to Edinburgh, after nearly a month's absence, and resumed his long-vacant place at the Council-board. He invited Bothwell, in company with Lethington, Huntley, and Argyll, to a secret diplomatic dinner, to meet the English ambassador Killigrew,[2] and for a full month from that time continued to treat him with all outward demonstrations of friendship, conformably to the band they had entered into in the preceding October to maintain and stand by each other in all their doings.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Queen Mary remained in Edinburgh Castle from the 7th till the 9th of March, on which day she returned to her retreat at Seton with her Court.[3] Her attention was at this time occupied in providing a protector for her infant son. The person on whom her choice naturally fell was the Earl of Mar, her former preceptor, son of that Lord Erskine, who had guarded her in her fatherless infancy, alike from the attempts of

[1] The very words jokingly applied to Moray by his colleagues when conspiring the death of Darnley. Labanoff's Collections.

[2] Killigrew to Cecil on March 8th—State Paper Office MS.

[3] Chalmers.

her cruel uncle of England and his secret-service-men among her peers. The sons of Mary's lord-keepers, with the glorious exception of Lord Livingston, were, unfortunately for her, men of different mettle from their sires. The Countess of Mar, she had already appointed lady-mistress to the Prince, was her confidential friend; the Earl she had been accustomed to love and obey with filial reverence; nor had his change from Catholic priest to a lay peer of Parliament and a married man, abated her regard for him. She had permitted him to forsake the stole for the ermine, the cross for the sword—assisted in belting him an earl, and placed a coronet with her own hand on his shaven head, not making her opinion a rule for his in modes of faith, but allowing him that freedom of conscience she claimed for herself. It was to this nobleman, a professed Protestant, that Mary Stuart confided the care and tuition of her son, till he should attain the age of seventeen years. She must have been fully aware, when she did this, that her boy would be bred up in the principles of the Reformation. She had felt the evils of having been educated in a different faith from that established in her realm. She would not—she dared not—make merchandise of her religion by changing it to promote her temporal interests; but she proved her willingness that her son should be instructed in the doctrines and practice of the Protestant Church, by consigning him to the tuition of one of the Lords of the Congregation. She sent the Prince to Stirling, March 19th, under the care of the Earls of Argyll and Huntley, by whom he was consigned to the Earl of Mar on the 20th, in all due form. The day she parted with him he completed his ninth month. How dire must have been the necessity that induced her, fond as she was of children, to send her first-born from her at that charming period of infancy, when smiles and dimples are most attractive, and the mute language of affection is eloquently expressed in the beaming eyes, the outstretched arms, and the soft panting of the guileless breast that flutters with delight at the greeting of maternal love. Four days only after the departure of her boy, Mary, whose heart was still with him, and mindful of all his little wants, drew up the following "Memorandum for my Lord Prince:"—

"Item, of Holland cloth, lx ells; of white Spanish taffaty, x ells; white armosie taffaty, vi ells; white Florence ribbons, lxxx ells; white knittings, lx ells. Item, of small Lyncum twine, xvi ounce; one stick of white buckram, and one stick of fine *camcraige* [cambric]."[1]

Moreover, in the same month of March, her Majesty, when looking over the furniture of her Chapel-royal, ordered one of the rich copes and four tunicles of cloth-of-gold to be made into the hangings and curtains of a bed for her baby boy. Womanlike, she beguiled her regal cares and personal woes by superintending the cutting and contriving these conse-

[1] Royal Wardrobe Inventories.

crated vestments for the new purpose to which she thought proper to appropriate them. She bestowed, at the same time, three priest's copes on that perverse heretic, the Earl of Bothwell. It is worthy of remark, that neither portrait, ring, locket, nor any other token of regard of or from Bothwell, can be traced among her jewels. Miniatures and portraits of her first dearly-loved consort, Francis II., she fondly preserved, till they were torn from her, among her other little relics, by the pitiless commissioners for her last spoliation at Chartley, when it was discovered that she had treasured with no less care several miniatures of her "late lord, King Henry," as she always styled Darnley. One of these was set in a folding frame of gold, in the form of a book, with her own picture and that of the Prince their son between them. Does not the very circumstance witness that her conscience regarding Darnley was free from reproach, that her reconciliation with him had been perfect and sincere? For she cherished his memory and contemplated his features with no less tenderness than she dwelt on those of her son, sole pledge of their ill-fated loves?

After an interval of sixteen days, Lennox resumed his correspondence with his royal daughter-in-law, declaring his suspicions of Bothwell and several other persons, whose names had been mentioned in the placards, or "tickets," as he styles the anonymous papers denouncing them as the murderers of his son, and requiring the Queen to take order in regard to them.[1]

"We pray you, if your leisure and commodity may serve, address you to be with us here in Edinburgh this week approaching, where ye may see the said trial, and declare these things ye know may further the same; and there ye shall have experience of our earnest will and *effectious* mind to have an end in this matter, and the authors of so unworthy a deed really punished, as far forth, in effect, as before this and now presently we have written and promised.

"At Edinburgh, the xxiii day of March 1566-7.

"Your *gude*-daughter,

"MARIA R."[2]

Mary was now required to arrest her principal Minister of State, the commander of her military force, on her own authority, when no other presumption of his guilt had been brought forward than the denunciation of an anonymous placard. The fact that Lady Buccleuch and herself

[1] It is a fact worthy of notice, that there are two versions of Lennox's letter of March 17th. Both are printed by Keith—one from the Cotton MSS., the other from that subjoined by Buchanan to his libel, the Detection. That preserved in the Cottonian MSS. has every mark of being the genuine document, as it refers to intermediate letters of a private and friendly character which had passed between Lennox and his royal daughter-in-law during the long hiatus in their public correspondence, from the 1st of March to the 17th. Buchanan, as the literary organ of the conspirators, might judge it necessary to remove the evidence that Lennox had been asking personal favour of the Queen in that interval; hence his substitution of a letter more to the purpose of those whose object it was to suppress or prevent every circumstance from which an argument in her favour might be drawn.

[2] Labanoff, vol. ii. Keith.

were included in the accusation of the nameless foe who had branded him, must have impressed her with the strongest idea that Bothwell was equally clear of any participation in the crime. The trial of it rested not with her, but with her Council, and the Estates of her realm. These she had immediately convened. But her father-in-law, suspecting, perhaps, from the hostility of the nobles of Scotland to Darnley, that they might not feel disposed either to institute a very close inquiry into the circumstances of his murder, nor deal rigorously with his murderers, turns round upon her, and begs "her not to defer the trial of the matter till the meeting of the Estates, for it was not a parliamentary matter."[1] He then "urges her to take order for this trial without delay." "The trial of whom?" she asks. "Of the persons named in certain placards or tickets that have been put forth." "The tickets," she replies, "are numerous, and vary as to the names of the persons they denounced. On which does he wish her to proceed?" she inquires. He delays his reply to this plain question for sixteen days, during which pause he intrigues with Killigrew and writes to Cecil to request the intervention of the English Sovereign; and more than this, he forms a secret league with a junta of titled traitors to depose Mary, and place his infant grandson on her throne, the leader of that confederacy being the Earl of Moray, the very man whom of all others it would have been most reasonable for him to suspect of procuring the murder, since he had plotted Darnley's assassination only eighteen months before at the Kirk of Beith, of which plot Lennox himself was to have been one of the victims—ay, and had ridden a desperate race for life in company with Darnley and Queen Mary, on the last day of June, 1565, in consequence. Lennox had, however, condoned that quarrel when he entered into a base confederacy with Moray in the succeeding February, for the purpose of murdering Riccio and others of Mary's Cabinet, and compelling her to resign the sovereignty of Scotland to her husband. But Darnley, penetrating Moray's ambitious views, and detesting his hypocrisy, had eluded his snares, and when he had succeeded in escaping with the Queen from Holyrood Abbey, had broken with him and his party for ever. There had been nothing but jealousy, offices of hatred and struggles for the guidance of the Queen, between Darnley and Moray, till Darnley received his *quietus* in the Provost's house of Kirk-o'-Field, while Moray got cleverly out of the responsibility of assisting in the deed-doing, or the danger of arrest on suspicion of being its instigator. Nor had he dared to return to Edinburgh till after the arrival of his friend the English ambassador, Killigrew.

Mary had, in the mean time, convened her Parliament by proclamation, called her scattered Council together, and provided for the safety of her infant son by placing him, as she fondly imagined, in honest and impartial

[1] Lives of the Queens of Scotland, published by Blackwood and Co., Paternoster Row, London. Letters of Lennox to Queen Mary, p. 224.

hands, before the struggle should recommence between the two factions, whose strife had so long convulsed her realm, lest the babe should be made, like herself, who was now virtually in the hands of Bothwell's predominant faction, a prey to the strongest. The Earl of Mar was Moray's uncle, but she loved and trusted him with the generous confidence of her nature. How he requited her will be shown anon.

The terrible shock her feelings had sustained began now to produce visible effects on Mary's health. Her faded woe-worn appearance, though observed by all, was far from touching the hard hearts of those who were aggravating her pangs. The fact that she was apparently sinking under her intolerable burden of grief and care, was communicated to the English Warden at Berwick, without commiseration. "She hath been," writes Drury to Cecil, "for the most part either melancholy or sickly ever since, especially this week—upon Tuesday and Wednesday often swooned. There is great calling upon the Court for money by divers. The ware and other necessaries for the time of the baptism, which was taken, promising payment at Candlemas, will be unpaid at Whitsuntide."[1] The poverty of the fair northern Sovereign rendered hers a hopeless case. Genius, beauty, eloquence, all the graces of womanhood, united with the courage and intellect of her royal forefathers, atoned not for her lack of gold. If the age of chivalry was not over, that of mammon-worship had certainly commenced. "The Queen," continues Drury, "breaketh very much. Upon Sunday last divers were witness, for there was mass of Requiem and Dirige for the King's soul."[2] Five days later the royal widow attended one of the midnight services of her Church for the departed, and, notwithstanding the melancholy state of her health and spirits, and the inclemency of the season, spent several hours kneeling in the cold Chapel of Holyrood, offering up prayers for the repose of his soul. Her vigil was strictly private. "The Queen," writes Drury, "went on Friday night, with two gentlewomen with her, into the Chapel, about eleven, and tarried there till near unto three of the clock."[3]

At the very date, from March 21st to April 5th, when she is slanderously affirmed, in the journal of her proceedings presented by Moray to the English Council, to have been at Seton, "passing her time merrily with Bothwell,"[4] she was in Edinburgh, engaged in the arduous duties of her onerous position, struggling with the embarrassment of an empty exchequer, the intrigues of a powerful neighbour, and the villanies of domestic traitors, her only solace assisting at masses, diriges, and midnight prayers for the soul of her unfortunate consort, kneeling in juxtaposition to his murdered corpse. How touching is the picture of the royal widow when sketched according to the realities of life and nature, sinking beneath the weight of her accumulated sufferings of mind and

[1] Drury to Cecil, March 29, 1566-7—State Paper Office MS., inedited.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. [4] Laing's Appendix. Anderson's Collections.

body, oppressed with sickly pining melancholy, and falling from one deadly swoon into another. How different this from the representations of her political libeller Buchanan, who painted her, not as she was, but according to the instructions he received from the usurpers of her government.

The public mind was kept in a violent state of excitement on the subject of the murder of Darnley. "It is affirmed of many credible persons," writes Drury to Cecil, "that there is one that nightly goeth about Edinburgh, crying penitently and lamentably in certain streets of that town, 'Vengeance on those that caused me to shed innocent blood! O Lord, open the heavens and pour down vengeance on those that have destroyed the innocent!' This man walketh in the street, accompanied by four or five to guard him; and some have offered to take knowledge of him, but they have been prevented by those about him." When the Queen passed through the High Street on one occasion, the market-women greeted her with the cry "God bless and preserve your Grace, if ye be *saikless* [innocent] of the King's death!" How bitter an aggravation to her calamity — for such, if we only regard the death of Darnley in a political point of view, undoubtedly it was—must it have been for her to perceive that it was possible for her to be involved in a suspicion of having been a party to so foul a crime,—a crime which, if emanating from her, would have been the most reckless act of political suicide.

Among other cruel devices practised against Mary at this season by her cowardly assailants, was the dissemination of gross personal caricatures, which, like the placards charging her as an accomplice in her husband's murder, were fixed on the doors of churches and other public places in Edinburgh. Rewards were vainly offered for the discovery of the limners by whom "these treasonable painted tickets," as they were styled in the proclamations, were designed. Mary was peculiarly annoyed at one of these productions, called "The Mermaid," which represented her in the character of a crowned syren, with a sceptre formed of a fish's tail in her hand, and flanked with the regal initials M.R. This curious specimen of party malignity is still preserved in the State Paper Office. It is very well drawn in pen and ink, and preserves a striking likeness of Mary's lovely features, but with the melancholy expression of sickness and sorrow, and agreeing well with Drury's description of her woeful appearance when assisting at the services for the repose of her husband's soul.[1]

[1] James Murray, a former intimate, but at this time the deadly foe of Bothwell, was suspected, though he held a post in the Queen's household, and was the brother of her Comptroller, the Laird of Tullibardine, and the Countess of Mar, to be the artist by whom this ungrateful outrage on his Sovereign had been perpetrated. He absconded soon after; and the Queen dismissed Tullibardine from her service. Both the brothers were members of the secret confederacy against her.

Two especial Privy Councils were held by her at Edinburgh in March, to take into consideration that the best means for prosecuting the parties named in the placards as the murderers of her husband might be carried into effect according to the demand of his father. At the first Bothwell rose, with well-dissembled frankness, and said, "that as his name had been openly coupled with this odious accusation, he could not allow so foul a blot to be thrown on his character, and demanded to be put on his trial, offering to surrender himself, in the mean time, a prisoner, and to remain in ward till after his assize."[1] His bold bearing resulted from his being in possession of the bond bearing the signatures of several of the confederates in the murder, on whose protection he relied—not without reason, as the event proved. "I shall let you see what I had," was his rejoinder, when his terrified vassal and accomplice, the Laird of Ormiston, came to him in his chamber, and said, "What devil is this now, my lord, that every one suspects you of this deed, and cries a vengeance on you for the same, and few or no other spoken of but you?" Then Bothwell showed him the bond, with the subscriptions to it, telling him "it was devisit by Sir James Balfour, and subscribed by them all a quarter of a year before the deed was done."[2] Notwithstanding, however, his confidence in the support of his powerful accomplices, Bothwell took care to guard himself from the honest indignation of the populace, seldom going abroad without the attendance of fifty armed horsemen. When thus accompanied, he assumed an air of bravado, and, riding up to the Mercat Cross, where one of the papers denouncing him as the principal murderer of the King was set up, he tore it down, and swore a deep oath, "that if he could find the deviser of the same, he would wash his hands in his heart's blood." His trial was appointed to take place in the Tolbooth, April 12th: his first step towards his defence was to bring Morton back to Court. Moray, who had up to that period behaved in the most amicable manner to him, and received him at his own table as his invited guest, thought proper to retire from Scotland on the 9th of April, three days only before that appointed for the trial, thus avoiding the dangerous alternatives of acting publicly either for or against him on that occasion, leaving, as he had done before, his able colleagues, Lethington and Morton, to play the game at home, so as to involve the Queen in public odium, by linking her to Bothwell's cause irrevocably; while he proceeded to conclude in person his secret arrangements with the English government for her deposition.

The Queen wept passionately when Moray came to take his leave of her, and besought him to remain in Scotland. This he utterly refused to do, falsely assuring her "he was deeply in debt, weary of public business,

[1] Spotiswood. Crawford's Memoirs.
[2] The Laird of Ormiston's Confession, in Arnott's Criminal Trials.

and intended to spend five years abroad."[1] She desired him, in that case, "neither to go to England nor France, but to embark for Flanders." If he promised not obedience to her commands, it is scarcely probable that she would have granted him permission to depart. But it is certain he acted in direct contradiction to her desire, for he proceeded immediately to Berwick, where he remained several days; at which time Drury's letters to Cecil assume a more than ordinary tone of malignant slander against Queen Mary, and disclose particulars of the last moments of Darnley, which must have been derived from an accomplice in the murder, since dead men tell no tales. Moray, having completed his business at Berwick, proceeded to the Court of England, where he was affectionately received by Queen Elizabeth. After remaining there as long as suited his convenience, he went to France. He there concerted his plans so ably with the Queen-Regent and the Huguenot party, with whom she was then enleagued, as to prevent Mary from receiving the slightest aid from France in the time of her distress.

Bothwell's trial having been fixed by the Privy Council for the 12th of April, the Queen, March 27th, commanded, by her pursuivants, the Earl of Lennox to appear in the Tolbooth on that day as the pursuer demanding justice, and to produce his evidences against the accused, enjoining withal any of her Majesty's lieges who had acquired any knowledge therein to come into the said Court, and depose all they knew of the matter."[2] If Lennox considered he had cause for complaint that the Queen, in compliance with his reiterated demand for her to expedite the judicial inquiry, and by no means to delay it till the assembling of the Parliament, had fixed too early a day, he had ample opportunity for making his objections—ay, and for making them by word of mouth—in a fatherly manner, to herself, since she had in her letter of the 23rd "requested him to come to Edinburgh to assist her with his presence and advice;"[3]—facts which are conveniently ignored by those who have made out a case against Mary, by accusing her of doing the things she did not do, and of leaving undone the things which surviving records witness for her she did. It has been objected that by the laws of Scotland forty days' notice of the trial was requisite; but this was an indulgence mercifully accorded to the defenders of actions; so that it was not Lennox the pursuer, but Bothwell, who had cause to complain, the legal term having been abridged for the purpose of gratifying Lennox's demand for prompt measures. The Queen had, in reply to his reiterated importunity for that purpose, solemnly promised "that she would not defer the trial till the meeting of the Parliament,"[4] and she had redeemed her pledge by appointing the last day before it met. Lennox, however, was not satis-

[1] Border Correspondence—State Paper Office.
[2] Anderson's Collections, vol. i. pp. 97-100.
[3] Keith. Labanoff. [4] Cotton MSS.

fied; he had suspicions, but no proofs, of Bothwell's guilt; and aware that an acquittal, under such circumstances, must take place, he wrote to Queen Elizabeth, requesting her "to use her influence to have the assize postponed." To his royal daughter-in-law he also wrote, but not till the eleventh hour, protesting against so early a day, and requiring her to arrest the persons whom he had accused, in order to give him time to collect necessary evidence.[1] His letter is dated from Stirling, April 11th; it is therefore very unlikely that Mary received it earlier than the morning of the 12th, for it generally took two days to perform a journey that is now easily accomplished in four hours. But even if the messenger exerted the greatest speed, he could not reach Edinburgh till late on the night of the 11th. If Mary had delayed the trial then, it would, she well knew, have been treated as a presumption that it was not her intention for it to take place at all.

On the very morning appointed for the trial, a letter from Queen Elizabeth to Mary was brought by the Provost Marshal of Berwick to Holyrood, urging her to postpone the assize. He was told "that her Majesty was sleeping," and no one seemed disposed to deliver the letter of which he was the bearer. At last Hepburn, parson of Oldhamstocks, came to him, and told him "he had mentioned his business to the Earl of Bothwell, who advised him to take his ease, for her Majesty was so molested and disquieted with the business of that day that he saw no likelihood of his being able to speak with her till it was over." Instead of asking him to rest or refresh himself, he kept the said messenger without the gate, and threatened "to hang his Scotch guide for bringing such English villains as sought to stay the assize." Then Lethington came out with Bothwell, and, demanding his letter, took it from him, and returned with it into the Palace, and, after tarrying about half an hour, came forth again, and would have passed on without taking further notice of him; but the Provost Marshal, pressing up to him through the crowd, inquired "if he had delivered his letter to the Queen of Scots, and what answer it pleased her Majesty to send?" Lethington replied "that she was still sleeping, and therefore he had not delivered it, and thought there would not be any meet time to do so till after the assize was over." Lethington and Bothwell, confederates in guilt, took care not to allow any one to have access to the Queen who might be likely to induce her to alter their arrangements for the trial. But even if she received and read the letter Elizabeth had, in compliance with Lennox's request, addressed to her on this subject, its effect must have been rather to confirm than alter her decision in regard to a measure on which the English Sovereign thought proper to dictate, in a tone most revolting to a princess of Mary's high spirit. Mary had too many proofs of Elizabeth's hostility to Darnley, not to perceive that she was now acting an insincere part in

[1] Keith.

affecting to bewail a murder which the leaders of the English faction in Scotland had endeavoured to perpetrate eighteen months before, and after their failure, had been assisted by Elizabeth with money through her ambassador to enable them to rebel, and granted them a refuge in England, when they fled from the vengeance their treasons against their native Sovereign, and their plots against her consort's life, had provoked.

It was at this agitating period Mary is supposed to have received that well-known letter from Beton, Archbishop of Glasgow, her ambassador at the Court of France,[1] which has been so often quoted as presumptive evidence of her being an accomplice in the murder of her husband. It ought rather to be regarded as a noble proof of the uncompromising fidelity of a minister, who shrank not from the duty of telling her plainly the reports that had been circulated to her disadvantage on the Continent in connection with the recent mysterious occurrence.

"I ask your Majesty's pardon," observes he, "that I write thus far, for I can hear nothing to your prejudice, but I maun write the same that all may come to your knowledge, for the better *remeid* may be put thereto. Here it is needful that ye mought show now, rather than ever before, the great virtue, magnanimity, and constancy that God has granted you, by whose grace I hope ye shall overcome this most heavy envy and displeasure of the committing thereof, and preserve that reputation in all godliness ye have acquired of long, which can appear no ways more clearly than that ye do such justice as to the whole world may declare your innocence, and give testimony for ever of their treason that have committed without fear of God or man so cruel and ungodly a murder."

And here it may be observed that there is not the slightest hint or allusion to Bothwell, either as the principal or accomplice in the crime, far less any imputation on Mary in regard to the passion she has been accused of cherishing for him. Bothwell too, as the Archbishop could not forget, was a Protestant, and as uncompromising an enemy to the Romish system as the acquisition of a large share of ecclesiastical domains could render him. It is, therefore, a strong argument that no grounds really existed for such a reproach, that Archbishop Beton, who must have had full information from Father Edmonds as to her conduct, neither insinuates charges of personal levity against her, nor warns her in any way that evil constructions had been or might be placed on those confidential relations with Bothwell that must necessarily exist between a sovereign and her principal minister of state. He knew she must be assisted in carrying on the business of government by some of her great nobles, and that Bothwell, ruling the army and navy, had necessarily succeeded to that office from the responsibilities of which Moray had fled a few hours before the assassination of her consort. The Archbishop, too, adds to her monetary distress, by informing her that, after he had put himself and servants into *dule* habit, he had not a *sous* left, and was

[1] Dated Paris, March 11, 1567—Sloane MS., vol. iii. p. 199.

constrained to abide where he then was for lack of means to depart, till he should receive funds for that purpose from Dolu, the French treasurer of her dower.

He tells her likewise—

"that the Spanish ambassador, when he thanked him in her name for the hint he had given him of the meditated treason, which had been too fatally realized before the warning reached the Scottish Court, emphatically rejoined, 'Suppose it came too late, yet apprise her Majesty that I am informed by the same means as I was before, that there is still some notable enterprise in hand against her, whereof I wish her to beware in time.'"[1]

The effect of the terror with which this second intimation was calculated to appal the royal widow, after two such frightful occurrences as the assassinations of her secretary and her husband, may be traced in the bewilderment of her usually brilliant and energetic mind. She was panic-stricken in body and mind. The trial of Bothwell took place as appointed. Accompanied by his accomplice and tempter Lethington, and guarded by two hundred harquebussiers, and followed by a voluntary escort of four thousand gentlemen, he passed "with a merry and lusty cheer to the Tolbooth." The Earl of Argyll presided, according to his vocation as hereditary Justice-General of Scotland, Lord Lyndsay of the Byres, the husband of Moray's sister, Henry Balnaves and James Makgill, who had been traitors to Mary from her cradle, were sworn as judges, together with Pitcairn of Dunfermline. The jurors, fifteen in number, were all men of high rank: one of them, indeed, the Lord John Hamilton, second son to the Duke de Châtelherault, was a Prince of the blood; two others, the Earl of Cassillis and Lord Sempill, had both been in arms against the Queen, and were a few weeks later ranked among her foes. Morton rode with Bothwell to the Tolbooth, but excused himself from assisting at the assize by saying, that, "though the King had forgotten his part in respect of nature towards him, yet for that he was his kinsman he would rather pay the forfeit," which was a hundred pounds Scotch.[2] The enmity that notoriously subsisted between him and Darnley rendered it too dangerous for him to take any part on the trial of a person accused of his murder.

Bothwell was charged with being "art and part in the cruel and horrible slaughter of the right excellent, right high, and mighty Prince the King's Grace, dearest spouse for the time to our Sovereign Lady the Queen's Majesty. And this," proceeds the indictment, "ye did upon the 9th day of February last bypast, under silence of night, which is notourly known, and which ye cannot deny."[3] But this Bothwell did deny; and no witness came forward to depose the slightest circumstance tending to

[1] Stevenson's Illustrations.
[2] Drury to Cecil, April 15, 1566—State Paper Office MS.
[3] Anderson's Collections, vol. ii.

convict him of the crime with which he was thus positively charged by the Queen's Advocates. When the Earl of Lennox was called into Court, "with all other of her Majesty's lieges acting, or pretending to act, as pursuers in this cause," Robert Cuninghame, one of Lennox's servants, appeared in behalf of the said Earl his master, and read a paper, stating "that his lord was unable to attend on account of the shortness of the notice, and because he was in fear of his life, being denied liberty to bring such a following as he considered needful for his defence."[1] Therefore he required the trial to be put off for forty days, or such time as he might require to bring sufficient proofs of his charge against the murderers, whom he required to have committed to prison till such time as he should be prepared to convict them." The Justice-Clerk, Sir John Bellenden, replied to the protestation put in by Cuninghame, by ordering two of the Earl of Lennox's letters to the Queen, urging despatch, and desiring "short and summary process," to be read in the Court; whereupon all the judges, and jurors assembled for the assize, concurred in opinion "that it should proceed, and trial be made that day, notwithstanding the protest that had been made in the name of the said Earl." Bothwell was of course acquitted, as no evidence was produced for the prosecution. In his Memorial he declares that "he proved an *alibi*."[2] That he had somewhat to say in his defence, and brought witnesses to support it, is evident, for the trial lasted from eleven in the morning till seven at night.

Immediately after the verdict of acquittal was pronounced, Bothwell set up a cartel, or public challenge, declaring his innocence of the crime that had been imputed to him, and offering "to maintain the same against any challenger by his own body, whether Scot, Englishman, or Frenchman." A placard was exhibited in reply, stating "that his challenge was accepted by James Murray of Tullibardine;" but Bothwell did not respond to the defiance of his old adversary.

A few days after Bothwell's acquittal, Captain Blackader, one of his followers, succeeded in capturing the man whose nightly invocations of "vengeance on the shedder of innocent blood," with denunciations of the names of the alleged murderers, had for many weeks troubled the repose of the slumbering city. He was immediately incarcerated in a dungeon which, from its loathsomeness, bore the name of "the foul thief's pit," and never heard of more.[3] The same authority states, "that a servant of Sir James Balfour, parson of Fliske, who was at the murder of the King, was secretly killed, and in like manner buried, supposed, upon very lively presumptions, for utterance of some matter, either by remorse of conscience or other folly, that might tend to the whole discovery of the

[1] Namely, three thousand armed men, which he had raised for that purpose—Border Correspondence. [2] Affaires du Conte de Bodouel—Bell's Appendix.
[3] Drury to Cecil, April 19, 1567—Border Correspondence, inedited.

King's death." Of all the persons denounced in the placards, and enumerated by Lennox "as those he greatly suspected," no one except Bothwell was arraigned. Sir James Balfour, indeed, offered himself for trial on Bothwell's acquittal, but it was declared to be unnecessary, as no evidence had been produced against either, though all persons having anything to depose to that effect had been summoned by public proclamation fifteen days before the assize. A few weeks later, Sir James Balfour was loaded with hush-money in the shape of pensions, church-lands, and other immunities, by the Earl of Moray, though his share in the murder was notorious. No inquiry was ever made about any of the persons named in the placards, either by Moray, Lennox, Mar, or Morton, during their successive regencies. James Murray, the author of the placards and caricatures, was rewarded with a pension by the successful conspirators, whose cause he had so materially promoted. Immediately after Bothwell's acquittal, the Earl of Lennox applied to the Queen for permission to leave Scotland, which was granted. He had also license to see the Prince, his grandson, and bid him farewell, which he did at Stirling Castle, in the presence of the Earl of Mar, to whose care he very earnestly commended him. Lennox departed from Scotland on the 17th of April, accompanied by twelve persons of his suite.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Queen Mary rode in state from her palace of Holyrood to the Tolbooth to meet her Three Estates, assembled in Parliament, April 17th. The crown was borne before her in the procession by the Earl of Argyll, in the absence of those rival princes of the blood, the Duke de Châtelherault and the Earl of Lennox, the sceptre by the Earl of Bothwell, and the sword-of-state by the Earl of Crawford. On their return the Earl of Huntley bore the crown, Argyll the sceptre, and Bothwell the sword.[1] Mary has been severely blamed for this arrangement by those who understood nothing of the laws of precedency, which are not affected by royal favour or caprice, but settled by the King-of-arms according to etiquettes of which he is considered the proper umpire. Bothwell, it is argued, ought not to have had a place in this procession, because he had been accused of the murder of Darnley; but he had voluntarily offered himself for trial, which had been publicly made in the justiciary court in the Tolbooth, where not a single tittle of evidence had been alleged against him, and he had been unanimously acquitted by a jury of his peers. His acquittal was approved by the Three Estates in Parliament assembled,

[1] Diurnal of Occurrents.

and he was confirmed in all his great state offices, whether hereditary or held during the pleasure of the Sovereign. His trial is now known to have been collusive, through the contrivance of his accomplices in the murder. Although Moray was absent, his brothers-in-law, Lord Lindsay of the Byres and Argyll, with Henry Balnaves, Makgill, and Sir John Bellenden, his creatures, sat as judges. If, therefore, those men violated their oaths, and basely betrayed the duties of their vocation, the blame ought surely to rest on them, not on the Queen, who, as a young woman, could not be sufficiently versed in the subtleties of the law to be able to instruct gray-haired senators of the Court of Justice, the Justice-General and Justice-Clerk of Scotland, in the readiest way of evading its proper administration.

In regard to religion, a most important act was passed in this Parliament, which renounced foreign jurisdiction in ecclesiastical matters, and secured to all Christian subjects liberty to worship God according to their own consciences. Thus the first act of universal toleration ever known in Europe emanated from the legislative wisdom and liberal mind of Mary Stuart, who, as proved by the Bishop of Mondivi's letter,[1] lost the powerful protection of her own party and co-religionists by so doing. She had, at the preceding Christmas, granted a settled provision to the Reformed ministers, whom the Lords of the Congregation, intent only on appropriating the fairest of the Church domains to themselves, had left to starve, or to work at mechanical crafts for their daily bread.

The business of the session being completed in five days, the Queen dismissed her Parliament on Saturday, April 19th, and returned to Seton. Bothwell remained in Edinburgh that night to preside at a banquet, to which he had invited all the nobles who had attended the Parliament. At this entertainment, which took place at a tavern kept by a person of the name of Ainslie, and is still spoken of in history as "Ainslie's Supper," a bond was executed, declaring,

"That James Earl of Bothwell, Lord of Hailes, Crichton, and Liddesdale, Great Admiral of Scotland, and Lieutenant of all the Marches, being calumniated by malicious reports and divers placards, privily affixed on the Kirk of Edinburgh and other places, by his evil-willers and privy enemies, as art and part in the heinous murder of the King, late husband to the Queen's Majesty, and also by special letters sent to her Highness by the Earl of Lennox accused of the said crime, had submitted to an assize, and been found innocent of the same by certain noblemen his peers, and other barons of good reputation; they the undersigned united to defend and bear him harmless against his privy or public calumniators bypast or to come."[2]

In the sequel of this instrument the subscribing parties, including eight earls, among whom were the Earls of Morton, Huntley, and Argyll, Justice-General, and those professing champions of the true Evangile, Glencairn, Cassillis, and Rothes, together with eleven barons, peers of

[1] Archives di Medici Florence, edited by Prince Labanoff.

[2] Anderson's Collections. Goodall; Chalmers; Robertson; Laing; Tytler

Parliament, scrupled not to unite in the flagrant declaration that they considered Bothwell a proper person to recommend their widowed Sovereign to accept for a husband, pledging themselves withal, "on their honour and fidelity, not only to further, advance, and set forward such marriage betwixt her Highness and the said noble lord"—these are their own words—"with our votes, fortification, and assistance ; but in case any would presume, directly or indirectly, openly, or under whatsoever colour or pretence, to hinder, hold back, or disturb the said marriage, we shall, in that behalf, esteem, hold, and repute the hinderers, adversaries, or disturbers thereof, as our common enemies and evil-willers, and take part and fortify the said Earl to the said marriage, so far as it may please our Sovereign Lady to allow, and therein shall spend and bestow our lives and goods, against all that live or die, as we shall answer to God, upon our own fidelities and conscience ; and in case we do in the contrary, never to have reputation or credit in no time thereafter, but to be accounted unworthy and faithless traitors."[1] The Earl of Eglinton, not liking the purport of this bond, slipped away to avoid signing it.

As there were the names of two honest men, the Lords Herries and Seton, among the subscribers, it can only be conjectured that they must have drunk to excess, and signed it when under the temporary delirium of intoxication.

Many persons who signed this bond for forcing the Queen into a marriage with their accomplice in the murder of her husband, subsequently pretended "that they were compelled to sign it by fear of coercion, rather than liking, for that there were two hundred harquebussiers in the court, and about the chamber door where they supped, entirely at Bothwell's devotion." Yet a misdemeanour of so grave a nature, as coercing twenty of the great nobles and peers of Parliament into subscribing a bond, pledging themselves to procure a marriage between him, a married man, and their Sovereign, would not have been omitted among the catalogue of his offences in the act for his forfeiture, if he had really committed it. The falsehood of their story about the two hundred harquebussiers is very easily exposed ; for these, being no other than the royal guards, were eight miles off that night on duty at Seton Castle, where the Queen was.

The very next day their behaviour will prove how little they were at the devotion either of Bothwell or her Majesty. "On Sunday night last," writes Drury to Cecil, "the soldiers in the hall, in the presence of the Queen, began to mutiny for silver, demanding their pay : whereat the

[1] Anderson's Collections, vol. i. p. 107-112. Subscribed at Edinburgh, April 19, 1567. In the copy of this bond, preserved in the Cottonian Library, which was made for Cecil by John Read, Buchanan's secretary, the name of the Earl of Moray stands foremost in the list of subscribers—a fact that has given rise to an almost interminable dispute whether he really signed it or not. If he did, he must have affixed his signature to it before he left Edinburgh, and this would account for his name taking precedence of those of the Earls of Argyll and Huntley, which could not otherwise have been the case.

Earl of Bothwell was moved, and stepped to one of them laying hands on him, to strike him ; but the rest of the soldiers rescued him, so that the Earl was glad to let him go. So, after some grievous words of reprehension to one of the captains, and promise made to satisfy the soldiers, they were appeased ; whereupon the Queen commanded forthwith to give them four hundred crowns, which reached to two crowns a-man."[1] These then, were the two hundred harquebussiers. It is to be observed, moreover, that Morton, when tardy justice, fourteen years later, doomed him to pay the forfeit of his crime, abandoned the flimsy excuse of having signed the bond on compulsion, and without so much as mentioning the harquebussiers, acknowledged to the Presbyterian ministers Brand and Dury, by whom his confession was published, "that knowing Bothwell to be the murderer of the King, he scrupled not to subscribe a bond engaging that if any one should lay that murder to his charge he would assist him to defend himself, and face the matter out, and also thereafter recommended him in marriage to the Queen, as sundry others of the nobility did ;"[2] falsely adding, "that they were charged thereto by the Queen's writ and command," which writ and command would, of course, have been published by them among their other documents, as the most important of all, had such an instrument ever existed. Bothwell undoubtedly told his guests "that it was the Queen's desire that they should all subscribe the bond," by which audacious declaration, it seems, he procured the signatures of several who might not otherwise have set their hands to it, nor would then, perhaps, had they been sober enough to see matters in their proper light.

The oft-repeated assertion that Mary was hurried by the madness of an irresistible passion for Bothwell into crimes, inconsistent with the previous tenor of her life, first appears in a letter to Bedford,[3] from one of the pardoned assassins of Riccio, Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange, who affects to lament "the infatuation of the Queen," and enlarges "on the danger of the Prince," though aware that she had secured him, by placing him in Stirling Castle, in the hands of Mar, hereditary tutor to the heir of the realm. He predicts the speedy marriage of the Queen with Bothwell, of whom he declares "that she had become so shamelessly enamoured that she had been heard to say 'that she cared not to lose France, England, and her own country for him, and would go with him to the world's end in a white petticoat rather than lose him.'" Kirkaldy solicits the assistance of Queen Elizabeth for himself and his friends, in which case the "murder of their Sovereign," as the conspirators now affected to style

[1] Sir William Drury to Sir William Cecil, April 24, 1567. Border Correspondence —State Paper Office MS., inedited.

[2] See Morton's Confession in Bannatyne's Memorials and Laing's Appendix.

[3] Dated the day after the nobles had signed the bond engaging to accomplish a marriage between their defenceless Sovereign and the Earl of Bothwell, April 20, 1567.—State Paper Office MS.

poor Darnley, the previous object of their contempt, "should not long remain unavenged." Those who have seen Bedford's encomiums on Kirkaldy, "as the most useful of his secret-service-men in the Scottish Court," and above all, Kirkaldy's own letters from time to time, both to Bedford and to Cecil, craving the wages of his treason against his native Sovereign, will perceive that his evil reports of her were matters of merchandise bartered for English gold—records of his own baseness, not evidences of her guilt.

Rumours of Bothwell's projected divorce from his Countess had been circulated very soon after Darnley's murder. Through the whole of the months of March and April these are to be traced in Drury's news-letters to Cecil. Sometimes Lady Buccleuch is mentioned as the person likely to receive the reversion of his hand, or at least to put in her claim to it by right of a pre-contract, which it was supposed would be pleaded to invalidate his marriage with Lady Jane Gordon. Sometimes it was reported "that Lady Bothwell would not resign him, but protested 'she would die Countess of Bothwell.'" She appears, however, to have taken the matter very easily, as soon as her faithless husband had assigned her a suitable allowance. Moreover, it was whispered that he had a previously wedded wife in Norway—a noble and wealthy lady, whom he had deserted, but whose prior claim did and would render all other marriages illegal. The impropriety of his conduct with Lady Bothwell's waiting-woman, Bessie Crawford, was also matter of public notoriety. The following passage from the pen of one of Mary's political slanderers, the author of the libel entitled the "Oration," though really intended as a choice piece of satire on the depravity of her taste, demonstrates the incredibility of her imputed love for Bothwell. "As for eloquence and beauty, we need not make long tale of them, since they that have seen him can well remember his countenance, his gait, and the whole form of his body, how gay it was. They that have heard him are not ignorant of his rude utterance and blockishness."[1] The original of this attractive portrait, whom Dargaud assures us was "minus an eye,"[2] had not the charm of novelty to recommend him to the favour of the loveliest and most refined Princess of the age, for he had been one of her lords-in-waiting during her first widowhood in France in 1561, when he was six years younger, and no impediment existed to her contracting matrimony with him, if she had felt any inclination to do so. It is a fact well worthy of remembrance that Mary, on the 11th of January, 1561-2, was present at the nuptials of her brother, the Lord John of Coldingham, and Bothwell's sister, Lady Jane Hepburn, which were celebrated with great splendour

[1] Anderson's Collections.

[2] This loss was probably in consequence of the severe wound he received over the left eye, in his personal encounter with Cockburn of Ormiston, when, in November, 1559, he tore the English gold from that patriotic laird.

at Crichton Castle.[1] The fêtes were prolonged for three days, during which time Mary, matronized by his widowed mother,[2] was Bothwell's guest. The family connection established between them by that marriage placed them on more familiar terms than might otherwise have been the case. What more natural, if Bothwell had been a man likely to please the Queen, then a widow, than that courtship should have been commenced between them on an occasion so auspicious for love-making as a festive Scottish wedding in a lonely castle at Yule-tide, when all was mirth and social joy, and regal cares forgotten for a season? What objection could have been urged against her contracting matrimony with him at that time? Bothwell was one of the great territorialists, Hereditary Lord-Admiral, Lord-Lieutenant of the Borders, a valiant soldier, and a Protestant. John Knox himself would have been willing to pronounce the bridal benediction of his feudal chief and the blooming Queen, in the hope that she would accompany her anti-Popish bridegroom to the preachings, learn from his stern lessons the monstrousness of female domination, and submit the sceptre and the sword of empire to a King-matrimonial of the Reformed faith. Now, what prevented Mary from realizing this felicitous destiny, if she had affected one-eyed stammering Bothwell? Why should she have inflicted on herself six years of delay, and involved herself in a labyrinth of guilt and inextricable trouble, to accomplish her union with a man whom she had been, till within the last year and a half, free to marry legally, and in the face of the whole world, if she had wished to do so? No reason has ever been alleged, nor can be given, for conduct so absurd. Why should she have inflicted upon him imprisonment, forfeiture of lands, outlawry, and exile, on an unverified accusation of his having devised a plot for her abduction in the spring of that same year? Above all, why should she have married Darnley herself, and presided at Bothwell's marriage with Lady Jane Gordon?—a match of her own making. It must be remembered, too, that Bothwell's marriage to Lady Jane Gordon took place at a period when Darnley was doing all he could to alienate the Queen's affections by personal unkindness and neglect. Why then, if she had, as insisted upon by her calumniators, transferred her regard to Bothwell, should she have sanctioned his marriage with her own near relative, and presided at the nuptial fêtes? Her friendly feeling towards Bothwell's bride is testified by the following entry in her privy-purse expenses, showing that she presented her with her wedding-dress :—

[1] Chalmers' Memoir of Bothwell.

[2] Agnes Sinclair, a virtuous lady of the highest rank, whom his father, Earl Patrick, had divorced on some frivolous pretext, in the vain hope of marrying the beautiful queen-mother, Mary of Lorraine, and obtaining the regency of Scotland when Queen Mary was an infant. The divorced mother of Bothwell survived her profligate son, and died in extreme old age.

"February, 1566.

"12 ells of cloth-of-silver, to make a robe for the daughter of my Lady Huntley, for the day she was married to my Lord Bothwell."[1]

Three months later, Mary's affection for Lady Bothwell is further corroborated by the number of rich jewels she bequeathed to her, in the testamentary document lately discovered; among other things, a costly heart, formed of precious stones.[2] If she had left such a token of her regard to Bothwell, invidious inferences would undoubtedly have been drawn; very strong evidence in her favour may therefore surely be deduced from these testimonials of her friendship for his wife, whom her calumniators in the forged letters labour to make out the object of her jealous hatred.

Mary herself, in explanation of her feelings towards Bothwell, says:[3]—

"We thought his continuance in waiting upon us, and readiness to fulfil all our commandments, had proceeded only upon the acknowledging of his duty, being our born subject, ... But he as well, as appeared since, making his profit of everything might serve his turn, *not discovering to ourself his intent*, or that he had any such purpose in head, was content to entertain our favour by his good outward behaviour and all means possible. In the mean time he went about, by practising with the noblemen secretly, to make them his friends, and so far proceeded by means with them before ever the same came to our knowledge, that, our whole Estates being here assembled in Parliament, he obtained a writing, subscribed with all their hands, wherein they not only granted their consents to our marriage with him, but also obliged themselves to set him forward thereto with their lives and goods, and to be enemies to all would disturb or impede the same, which letter he *purchased* [procured], giving them to understand 'that we were content therewith.' And the same being once obtained, he began afar off to discover his intention to us, and to essay if he might, by humble suit, purchase our goodwill; but finding our answer nothing correspondent to his desire, he suffered not the matter to sleep, but within four days thereafter, finding opportunity by reason we were past secretly towards Stirling to visit the Prince, our dearest son, in our returning he awaited us by the way, accompanied by a great force, and led us with all diligence to Dunbar. In what part we took that dealing, but specially how strange we found it of him, of whom we doubted less than of any subject we had."

Certes he had never been the object of her choice when single, and he was now a married man, the husband of her cousin withal,—a circumstance which opposed an insuperable obstacle to her, as a member of the Church of Rome, to contracting wedlock with him, even after his marriage with Lady Jane Gordon should be dissolved.

Mary left Seton on Monday, April 21st, on her way to Stirling, tarrying for despatch of business some hours at Edinburgh, where she signed several papers. Bothwell's audacity in having, however cautiously, discovered enough of his mind to his fair Sovereign to render it necessary for her to put a decided check on his presumption, may very well explain

[1] Treasury Records. General Register House, Edinburgh. Communicated by Joseph Robertson, Esq. [2] Ibid.

[3] Instructions to the Bishop of Dumblane—Labanoff, vol. ii. p. 36.

the reason why she did not accept his escort as High Sheriff of the Lothians as far as Callander, where she slept. She was attended by Lady Bothwell's brother, the Earl of Huntley her Lord Chancellor, Lethington her Secretary of State, Sir James Melville, and some others of her household, and her ladies. Lord Livingston convoyed her from his own seat to Stirling on the Tuesday morning, April 22nd, where she slept that night. It is asserted by Buchanan, that "the Earl of Mar treated her with the singular disrespect of not allowing her to see the Prince her son except in his presence, and that he would not permit her to enter his nursery accompanied by more than two ladies, suspecting that it was her intention to repossess herself of the royal infant by fraud or force." But although Mar was perfidiously engaged in the conspiracy for transferring her sceptre to the hand of the unconscious babe, whom she had committed to his charge, there is no substantial reason to believe that he added insult to treachery. Mary continued in friendly correspondence with him long after she was in an English prison. Her letters prove that maternal anxiety for the security of her infant's life was the master passion of her desolate heart; and she reminds Mar "of his solemn promises to keep that precious one safely, and not permit any one to take him out of his hands."[1]

When she arrived at Stirling Castle, so far from any restrictions being imposed on her access to her son, he was immediately brought to her. Her eager approach to kiss and clasp her darling, frightened and offended him, and he angrily resisted her caresses. He had forgotten her during the month that had elapsed since their separation, and behaved as any other petulant babe of ten months old might, when suddenly introduced into the presence of strangers clad in sable array. His royal mother's appearance in her dule-weed, the enshrouding mourning-cloak, with its wide hood and hanging sleeves, and her widow's veil—a large square of black crape thrown over her head, with one corner brought low on the forehead, forming a point between the eyebrows, and the rest of its lugubrious drapery drawn together under the chin—must have been peculiarly alarming to an infant's eye.

The young mother endeavoured to pacify him and court his regard by showing him an apple, which she took from her pocket and offered to him; but he was in too great a pet to take it, and she gave it to his nurse. Who would have imagined that this little episode in Mary's life, which depicts so pleasingly the natural instincts of fond maternity prompting the Queen to adopt the like means practised by matron or nurse of low degree to soothe her wayward babe and woo his smiles, by presenting an attractive object to his attention, could ever have been reported to her injury? On this foundation, however, and this alone, was based the atrocious tale that the object of Mary's visit to Stirling was to

[1] State Paper Office MSS., inedited.

administer poison to her only child with her own hands. For the obvious purpose of gratifying the cruel policy of his own Court by circulating this slander, Sir William Drury, though himself a father, and of course familiar with the behaviour of babes and mothers, shamelessly wrote the following malignant version of the above pretty scene between Mary and her baby, to Sir William Cecil:—

"At the Queen's being last at Stirling, the Prince being brought to her, she offered to kiss him; but the Prince would not, but put her face away with his hand, and did to his strength scratch her. She took an apple out of her pocket and offered it, but it would not be received of him; but the nurse took it, and to a greyhound bitch having whelps it was thrown: she ate it; she and her whelps died presently!"[1] Who ever before heard of a greyhound and her sucking whelps eating apples? Drury well knew that all the armies in Europe could not have compelled them to do so; but the tale is as worthy of credit as the other charges against Mary derived from the same source. He proceeds to add—"A sugar-loaf also for the Prince was brought thither at the same time, and left there for the Prince; but the Earl of Mar keeps the same. It is judged to be very evil compounded."[2] What honest heart burns not with indignation as the system of cruel calumny by which the fall of Mary Stuart was accomplished is made plain? The innocence of the royal victim is manifested by the number of the monstrous fictions they devised against her.

If Mary's conduct, either as the wife or widow of Darnley, had been in the slightest degree culpable, female testimony to that effect would not have been lacking; it never is on such occasions. But to the honour of womanhood be it repeated, that not one person of her own sex, from the wives of the Regents Moray and Mar down to the humblest serving-maid in any of her palaces, could be induced to corroborate the slanders of her successful foes, by deposing a word to her disadvantage. Hence the necessity of resorting to forgery, in order to give a fallacious colour to charges which it was found impossible to establish by any regular process of evidence.

Mary addressed a letter on the day she arrived in Stirling, April 22nd, to the Papal nuncio (whom she still continued to excuse herself from receiving in Scotland), beseeching him "to keep her in the good graces of his Holiness, and not to allow any one to persuade him to the contrary of her devotion to the Catholic faith, protesting her intention to live and die in it, and her willingness to die for the good of the Church."[3]

It is a startling fact, and one calculated to cast an entirely new light on the transaction, that the intended surprise and capture of the Scottish Queen, and her detention at Dunbar, were as well known beforehand

[1] Drury to Cecil, May 20, 1567—State Paper MS., inedited. [2] Ibid.
[3] Mary Stuart to the Bishop of Mondivi—Labanoff, vol. ii.

to the English authorities at Berwick, and as duly communicated to Cecil, as the previous plot for the assassination of her secretary in her presence, together with the secret league of the conspirators for her deposition, life-long imprisonment, or death. Darnley was the dupe, the tool, and the victim of that confederacy—the more guilty Bothwell was to be so in this ; but the destruction of Mary, and the virtual reduction of the realm of Scotland into a subsidiary province to England, were the leading objects of these intrigues. The personages by whom they were effected were like puppets on the political chessboard, unconsciously acting the parts assigned to them by the deep-seeing planners of the game.

Bothwell was not the confederate of the English Cabinet, but his wily accomplices in treason were ; and it was from them that the information of his guilty project must have been obtained. "On Monday last," writes Drury, "the Queen took her journey to Stirling to see the Prince, and some say she would be glad to recover the Prince into her own keeping again. This day she mindeth to return to Edinburgh or Dunbar. The Earl Bothwell hath gathered many of his friends, very well provided, some say to ride into Liddesdale ; but there is feared some other purpose, which he intendeth, much different from that, *of the which I believe I shortly shall be able to advertise more certainly.* He hath furnished Dunbar Castle with all necessary provisions, as well of victuals as other thing forcible."[1] Thus we see Bothwell had fortified and prepared the stronghold, to which he intended to convey the Queen, with all the requisites for sustaining a siege—a contingency which he apprehended.

Queen Mary quitted Stirling Castle on the morning of Wednesday, April 23rd, unconscious that she was taking her last farewell of those royal bowers, where she had spent her happiest days, and that she was neither to behold them nor her only child again. There is something peculiarly interesting in the manner in which she recapitulates, in a letter from one of her English prisons to Mar himself, the substance of what she then said : "You know I have intrusted both Stirling Castle and my son to you, from the affiance I have ever had in you, and all belonging to you. I pray you to have that care, both of the one and the other, that your own honour and the love and duty you owe to your country prescribes, and be vigilant and wary that you be not robbed of my son, either by fraud or force. Remember," she impressively adds, in her postscript, "that when I gave you my son as my dearest jewel, you promised me to guard him, and not to give him up without my consent."[2] Yet it was from Mar that the atrocious calumny of the royal mother's attempts to poison her infant boy emanated. The sudden alarming attack of illness

[1] State Paper Office MS., inedited—Border Correspondence.
[2] Queen Mary to the Earl of Mar, from Bolton Castle—State Paper MSS., Labanoff, vol. ii. p. 255.

which seized poor Mary on her journey, when she was about four miles from Stirling, and compelled her to enter a cottage by the wayside, to repose herself till her pain subsided sufficiently to allow her to proceed, is attributed by Buchanan to her fury and disappointment at not having succeeded in the barbarous design imputed to her by her cruel slanderers. If she had been addicted to the like uncharitable judgments, she might, with a greater show of probability, have asserted that her indisposition was caused by some deadly drug administered to her by Mar; for it was a remarkable coincidence that Darnley had been taken ill in the like manner a mile or two out of Stirling, on his road to Glasgow—the infant heir of Scotland being in Stirling Castle, where Mar was governor, and his nephew Moray at that time the all-powerful ruler of the Court. Both subsequently ruled Scotland under the shadow of that infant's name; both entered into secret treaties with the English Sovereign for the murder of their royal mistress.

The Queen, having been delayed and impeded by so severe an attack of illness in the very commencement of her journey, must have proceeded slowly, and could not have reached Linlithgow, where she was to pass the night, till late. It is natural to suppose that, being exhausted with the pain she had suffered, and the fatigue of passing so many hours in the saddle, she would, in compliance with the advice of her physician and the entreaties of her ladies, have retired to bed immediately on her arrival, taken composing medicine, and endeavoured to obtain the repose of which she was in need. It is asserted, nevertheless, on the authority of that extravagant tissue of falsehood put forth by Moray under the name of the Second Confession of French Paris, that she had a private interview with the Laird of Ormiston, one of the murderers of her husband, and sent a letter to Bothwell by him that same night.[1]

The letter purports to be written the day after the Queen had travelled from Stirling to Linlithgow—consequently on the 24th of April, the day of her abduction—expresses the greatest uncertainty as to what Bothwell's intentions were, which is incompatible with the assertion in Paris's confession, "that Bothwell very early on that morning made him the bearer both of a letter and a message to the Queen, telling her 'he would meet her the same day on the bridge.'" So the letter confutes the confession, and the confession the letter—affording a striking illustration of the old proverb, "that falsifiers require to have good memories."

Instead of being guarded by an escort of three hundred horsemen, as insinuated in the seventh of the supposititious letters, Mary was so slenderly attended on her journey from Linlithgow to Edinburgh, on the fatal 24th of April, that her train did not exceed twelve persons. Bothwell, who

[1] It is to be remembered that Moray was too prudent to publish the said document till after he had hung the unfortunate foreigner, in whose name it was published.

had meantime armed and mounted a thousand of his followers, rode boldly out of the West Port of Edinburgh, at the head of this company,[1] apparently for the performance of his duty as High Sheriff, which required him to meet her Majesty at the verge of the county, to receive her with the customary honours due to the Sovereign, and conduct her to her palace of Holyrood. His real object was to capture her in some lonely part of the road. Mary, however, had pushed forward with such unwonted speed to get into Edinburgh, that Bothwell, instead of surprising her, as he had calculated, in a lonely part of the old Linlithgow road, which then ran in almost a straight line near the sea-coast, encountered her and her little train in the suburban hamlet anciently called Foulbriggs,[2] between Coltbridge and the West Port. If he had been ten minutes later she would have escaped him altogether, for she was actually within three-quarters of a mile of the Castle, and almost under the walls of Edinburgh ; but near as she was to a place of refuge, it was impossible for her to reach it. A thousand horsemen, mailed and equipped with weapons of war, were treasonably interposed between her and the West Port. Resistance to such a force was out of the question : her attendants were overpowered and disarmed in a moment ; and Bothwell, dashing forward, seized her bridle-rein, and, turning her horse's head, hurried her away with him to Dunbar as his prisoner. It is proper to verify this statement of the real place and manner of Mary Stuart's capture, not merely by a marginal reference to an authority inaccessible to the great body of my readers, but by a quotation of the very words of the Act of Parliament, for the forfeiture of Bothwell and sixty-four of his accomplices, 1 James VI., which, after reciting his murder of "the late King Henry," proceeds in these words :

"And also for their treasonable interception of the most noble person of our most illustrious mother, Mary Queen of Scots, on her way from Linlithgow to the town of Edinburgh, near the bridges vulgarly called Foul Briggis, besetting her with a thousand armed men, equipped in manner of war, in the month of April last." [3]

The fullest, the most satisfactory and explicit testimony of the forcible nature of the royal victim's abduction follows in these emphatic words :

"She suspecting no evil from any of her subjects, and least of all from the Earl of Bothwell, towards whom she had shown as great offices of liberality and benevolence as prince could show to good subject ; he by force and violence treasonably seized her most noble person, put violent hands upon her, not permitting her to enter her own town of Edinburgh in peace, but carried her away that same night to the castle of Dunbar against her will, and there detained her, as his prisoner, for about twelve days." [4]

The suburb of Foulbriggs, specified by James Makgill, Clerk-Register

[1] Walter Goodall. [2] Acta Parliamentorum, vol. iii. pp. 5—10.

[3] Act of Parliament for Bothwell's forfeiture, Dec. 20, 1567, framed by James Makgill, Clerk-Register, First Parl. James VI., in the first year of Moray's regency. The baby king being not two years old. [4] Ibid.

to the Regent Moray's first Parliament, as the place where Bothwell perpetrated the treasonable misdemeanour of besetting and barring the passage of his Sovereign Lady Queen Mary into her own metropolis, and capturing her person, being now materially altered by the canal passing through it, and the erection of factories, warehouses, and streets, where all was at that time an open waste, without the walls of Edinburgh, it becomes necessary to explain that the old name of Foulbriggs is now superseded by that of Fountainbridge, so called from the famous old well of pure water, which was destroyed only a few years ago. The name of Foulbriggs was derived from the Foulburn, a fetid stream formed from the off-scourings of the streets and kennels of Edinburgh, which, descending into the lower grounds, rendered them almost impassable after a succession of heavy rains. The channel it formed near Dalry was arched over in two or three places for the convenience of passengers on the old Glasgow and Linlithgow road, which Queen Mary was traversing on her way to the West Port, when her evil genius, in the shape of Bothwell, met and prevailed against her.

A vast amount of falsehood is overthrown by the evidence of the parliamentary record defining the when, where, and how Mary's capture was effected by Bothwell. The Act was framed within seven months after the offence was perpetrated, and it behoved to be correct, because several persons assisted in that Parliament, as Huntley, Lethington, Sir James Melville, and others, who were not only present when the abduction was effected, but were carried away with their royal mistress as prisoners to Dunbar. The statute for Bothwell's forfeiture, reciting the overt treasons he had committed, was, moreover, proclaimed to the people of Edinburgh by the heralds, first from the window of the Tolbooth, where the Parliament then sat, then from the Mercat Cross and other public places, in the ears of hundreds who might actually have been eyewitnesses of the facts alleged.

The credibility of the charges against Mary Stuart—charges no less opposed to probability than inconsistent with the whole tenor of her life, and the holy calmness of her death—is grounded by her adversaries on her supposed collusion with Bothwell, when he made public seizure of her person and carried her off to Dunbar, she having, as they pretend, secretly encouraged and incited him to that measure. But the united voices of the Three Estates of Scotland assembled in Parliament, under an influence so hostile to her as to have robbed her of her crown and personal liberty, acquit her fully of either foreknowledge or suspicion of the designs of Bothwell. "She suspected," declares the Act for his forfeiture, "no evil from any of her subjects, and least of all from him." He had been for months her Prime-Minister, her Lord-Admiral, Lieutenant of all the Borders, and High Sheriff of Edinburgh and the Lothians, whose bounden duty it was to meet and convoy her, and to defend her in case of

danger with his *posse comitatus.* She "therefore suspected no evil;" and even if she had, resistance was impossible. It seems, withal, that he was provided with a plausible tale in reply to any remonstrance she might have offered; when seizing the bridle-rein. he turned her horse in a contrary direction to that in which she was proceeding, "deceitfully assuring her that 'she was in imminent danger,' and beseeching her 'to allow him to provide for her personal safety by conducting her to one of his castles.'" Dunbar actually was the head-quarters of Bothwell as commander of the forces. It had given Mary shelter before in her sore distress after David Riccio's murder. So Bothwell hurried the captive Queen the same night to Dunbar, a weary distance of twenty miles, she having already ridden from Linlithgow nearly to the gates of Edinburgh.

On arriving at Dunbar Castle, Bothwell dismissed his band with many thanks, and promises of grateful remembrance of the service they had rendered, and requested them "to hold themselves in readiness till he should send for them again, which he thought would be soon." Captain Blackadder, one of his followers, told Sir James Melville "that what had been done was with the Queen's consent;" but this proves nothing but that Bothwell, who had no wish to incur the pains and penalties of treason for his audacious capture and detention of his Sovereign, was desirous of having it so believed. He could not, however, refrain from boasting "that he would marry the Queen, who would or who would not—yea, whether she would herself or not." He was in a position, unfortunately for her, to make his bravado good.

Meantime, the startling outcry that "the Queen's Highness had been treasonably *ombeset* by the Earl of Bothwell and his military force, obstructed in her purpose of entering her own metropolis, and carried away with her Lord-Chancellor, Secretary of State, and Vice-Chamberlain, captive towards Dunbar," created great excitement in the good town of Edinburgh. The common bell rang out its clamorous tocsin, and her valiantly disposed citizens flew to arm themselves for her rescue. But their loyal purpose was prevented by the Provost and his fellow-traitors, for the gates were instantly shut, and the Castle guns pointed;[1] while the generous ardour of her champions was artfully checked by the base insinuation "that what had been done was with her Highness's own consent, for that she was more familiar with the Earl of Bothwell than stood with her honour."[2] Thus was the unfortunate Mary deprived of the timely succour that might have averted the horror of her impending fate.

[1] Diurnal of Occurrents. [2] Ibid.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The events of that painful epoch of Mary Stuart's personal history—her ten days' detention at Dunbar Castle—must be passed briefly over. The ruffian who had hurried her away to that almost impregnable fortress, without permitting so much as one of her ladies to accompany her, placed his own sister, the widow of the Lord John of Coldingham, about her person; thus was she devoid of female society or attendance, save those who were entirely at his devotion.

Mary's threats of vengeance were answered by a convincing proof of her utter helplessness, for Bothwell exultingly displayed the bond in which the majority of her peers and privy councillors had shamelessly pledged themselves to accomplish a marriage between her and him in despite of all who might pretend to oppose it. Astounded at the purport of this document and the sight of the signatures, Mary considered her case hopeless. To the eternal disgrace of her nobles be it recorded, no effort was made by them for the enfranchisement of their liege lady; nor so much as a remonstrance offered to Bothwell on the subject of her detention, neither was there a single appeal addressed to her people urging them to take up arms for her rescue from the power of that audacious traitor. On the contrary, those who had been his accomplices in the murder of her consort, took the greatest pains to confirm his impudent assertion that she was his voluntary companion at Dunbar Castle. Her traitors subsequently affirmed "that a dutiful letter was addressed to the Queen by a convention of her loyal nobles telling her that they were ready to take up arms for her rescue if she would acquaint them with her pleasures, to which no answer was returned." Though it might have been surmised no letter of the kind was permitted to reach the hands of the captive, and even if it did she had no power either to write or send an answer, her silence has been treated as a proof that her detention by Bothwell was perfectly agreeable to her. The original of this document has recently been brought to light, and affords a startling proof of the base arts employed by the conspirators for the defamation of their royal victim—this letter purporting to have been sent to the captive Queen by her northern nobles assembled in convention at Aberdeen, is in the hand-writing of her perfidious secretary Lethington then abiding under the same roof with herself, as the pretended prisoner of her captor Bothwell. Through the ready collusion of this traitor the farce of holding a Privy Council at Dunbar Castle was acted by Bothwell in order to give a colour to the assertion that the Queen was a voluntary sojourner there and exercising all the functions of regality. Thus the lawless ruf-

fian was left in undisturbed possession of his prey, and scrupled not to inflict upon her the greatest outrage that can be offered to woman. Sir James Melville, who was at Dunbar Castle at the same time, bears positive testimony to the dire necessity which compelled Mary to condescend to these abhorrent nuptials. The language of the parliamentary recital of Bothwell's treason is very explicit, stating, "that after detaining Queen Mary's most noble person by force and violence twelve days, or thereabouts, at Dunbar Castle, Bothwell compelled her by fear, under circumstances such as might befall the most courageous woman in the world, to promise that she would as soon as possible contract marriage with him."

No sooner had Bothwell got the Queen inextricably in his fangs, than he hurried forward the process of divorce between himself and his Countess. The proceedings were collusive. Lady Bothwell, being no less eager to be released from him, brought her case before the commissioners of the Presbyterian Court of Kirk-Sessions, on the ground of his breach of nuptial vows with Bessie Crawford, one of her female servants; and having proved her wrongs, obtained sentence of divorce, with liberty for both parties to contract wedlock with whomsoever they pleased.[1] As Bothwell had entered into a previous agreement with his Countess, whom he endowed with the whole of the village and lands of Nether Hailes, as the reward of her compliance in bringing the suit for a divorce, he would never have allowed it to be brought on grounds so disreputable to him, if he could have flattered himself with the idea that the Queen cherished the slightest personal regard for him. His own suit was brought in the Consistorial Court of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, and the objection urged was relation within the forbidden degrees.[2]

Sentence of divorce being pronounced in both the Protestant and Roman Catholic courts, and Bothwell, perceiving that no sort of demonstratoin was made either by gentles or commons for the liberation of the Queen, brought her, under a strong guard of his armed followers, into Edinburgh on the 6th of May. When they entered the town, his men, fearing to be hereafter brought under the penalties of treason for assisting in the coercion of their Sovereign, threw away their spears, where-

[1] Diurnal of Occurrents.

[2] The original process of divorce betwixt the Earl Bothwell and his Countess is preserved among the papers of his Grace the Duke of Hamilton. Their too near relationship, both by father and mother, is fairly exhibited, and the fact verified by divers witnesses.—Catalogue of Hamilton Papers, 21. This loophole for creeping out of the matrimonial noose would not have existed, if Bothwell had not sturdily resisted the Queen's wish that his marriage with their mutual kinswoman should be solemnized according to the rites of the Church of Rome. In that case the Pope's dispensation must have been procured, and nothing could have impugned the validity of the contract in a Roman Catholic court. That Mary Stuart would have had Bothwell bound in a life-long plight to Lady Jane Gordon is a convincing proof that she had no improper regard for him herself, since, as a member of the Church of Rome, she could not legally contract matrimony with him during the existence of his wife.

upon the Queen would fain have proceeded to her own palace of Holyrood; but Bothwell, promptly seizing her bridle, turned her horse's head, and led her as his captive to the Castle, which, being in the keeping of his confederate, Sir James Balfour, was at his devotion. They entered under a salvo of artillery, but poor Mary found herself still a captive,[1] subjected to the like restraint in which she had been held at Dunbar, her chamber doors being vigilantly guarded by armed men, and not one faithful friend or counsellor permitted to have access to her.[2]

A number of her nobles met together in a chamber of the Palace, after her return to Edinburgh, and there subscribed a second bond, declaring "that the marriage between the Queen and the Earl of Bothwell was very meet, he being very well friended in the Lothians and on the Borders, to see good rule kept." The fact that these men were for the most part in a secret league with the English faction, for dethroning the Queen immediately after the accomplishment of that abhorrent wedlock, to which they were thus basely urging her, increases the turpitude of their conduct.

Bothwell, whose furious passions and blind ambition rendered him the instrument of their cruel coalition for the ruin of his hapless Sovereign, now drove matters forward with a high hand. The sentence of the Consistorial Court nullifying his marriage was pronounced May 7th. On the 8th he sent a requisition, "for purpose of matrimony, to be proclaimed between himself and the Queen in St. Giles's Church." John Cairnis, the reader, whose duty it was to make proclamation of banns, positively refused to do so. Bothwell then sent his kinsman, Thomas Hepburn, to Mr. Craig, the minister, enjoining him to make the proclamation himself. Craig inquired of Hepburn "if he had brought the Queen's warrant for that purpose?' Hepburn was compelled to acknowledge "that he had not," and Craig would not without her express command. "I plainly refused," says Craig, "because he had not her handwriting, and also the constant bruit that my lord had both ravished her and kept her in captivity."[3] The next day Sir John Bellenden, the Justice-Clerk, brought a paper in the form of a letter, bearing the Queen's subscription, to the effect that she was not in captivity, and willed him to proceed to the publication.[4] How or in what manner Mary's signature was obtained is bootless to inquire. The fact that her handwriting could not previously be produced by Bothwell for that or any of his purposes affords convincing proof that her consent was not extorted till May 9th, when Craig made the publication, with a solemn protest against the marriage, as both unsuitable for the Sovereign and her people; calling on God and that

[1] Diurnal of Occurrents. Tytler; Bell; Buchanan.
[2] Proclamation of the Rebel Lords, July 20—Anderson's Col. Act of Parliament for Bothwell's forfeiture, 1st of James VI., December 20, 1567.
[3] Declaration of Mr. John Craig—Anderson's Collections, ii. 219. [4] Ibid.

congregation to bear witness to his reluctance to become instrumental therein. His voice was, however, the only one that was publicly uplifted against it. Bothwell, in a furious passion, summoned Craig before the Council, where he, and not the Queen, presided; and fiercely called the courageous minister to account. Craig, no whit intimidated by his blustering, maintained that he had only done his duty, boldly laid down the law on adultery and rape to him; and also observed "that the suspicion of the King's murder, which his trial had not removed, would be confirmed by his present proceedings;" and assured him "that if he were compelled to the publication on the ensuing Sunday, he should speak his mind still more plainly in the face of the congregation." Bothwell promised him a rope for his reward;[1] but Craig was as good as his word, and at the second publication, which was made Sunday 11th, spoke in still stronger terms of the impropriety of the marriage, and, indeed, its illegality, since, as he plainly affirmed, "in cases where a divorce was made on proof of adultery, no second marriage was allowed." In conclusion he said, "And here I also will all men to cease from setting up papers [placards], and from secret whisperings—let them that have aught to say, say it openly, or else hold their peace." Silence appearing to give consent, Bothwell next proceeded to drag his now passive victim to the Court of Session, in the Tolbooth, where she went through the farce of declaring herself at liberty, and under no personal restraint, adding, "that although she had been highly offended and commoved with the Earl of Bothwell for his late proceedings, she had now forgiven him, in consideration of the many services he had rendered her, and intended to promote him to further honours."[2]

Bothwell then conducted her to Holyrood Abbey, and went himself to the lodgings of Du Croc, the French ambassador, where he spent four hours in trying to persuade him to countenance his proceedings by being present at his marriage. Du Croc firmly refused to do so, and nothing could shake his resolution.[3] At five o'clock in the afternoon, that same day, the ceremonial of creating Bothwell Duke of Orkney was performed in Holyrood Abbey.

Mary's conduct with regard to Bothwell has been, from first to last, misrepresented by her political libellers and their copyists, so that it will be necessary to revert to the recital of Bothwell's misdemeanours in the Act of Parliament for his forfeiture, which settles the dispute as to its being a matter of choice on her part:—

"And in his nefarious and treasonable crimes and purposes continuing and persevering, he kept and detained the most noble person of our said dearest mother in firm custody and durance, by force and *masterful* hand of his armed friends and de-

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[1] Drury to Cecil, May 26, 1578—State Paper Office MS.
[2] Records of the Court of Session. [3] Drury to Cecil, May 16.

pendants, until the sixth day of May last past; on which day, still accompanied by a great number of armed men, he carried her to the Castle of Edinburgh, which was then in his power, and there imprisoned her, and compelled her to remain until the eleventh day of the said month; on which day, still accompanied by a great number of armed men, that he might better colour his treasonable and nefarious crimes and purposes, he carried her to our palace of Holy Rood, and so within four days compelled her to contract marriage with him." [1]

No circumstance in history was ever verified by so important a weight of evidence; [2] for it was attested in bonds of association, both private and public, in records of Council, and, above all, certified by the voice of the Three Estates of Scotland assembled in Parliament—not by Mary, but the shameless traitors who deprived her of her throne and liberty, under the flimsy pretence that she was the instigator of Bothwell's crimes. Yet the documents which contain her full acquittal were framed by themselves in language the most positive and explicit, and were published, with sound of trumpets, by the Heralds at the Market Cross of Edinburgh from time to time, within the first seven months after the offences were perpetrated by Bothwell, and while the facts were fresh in the minds of men. All the vituperative declamations that were fulminated against her from the pulpits; all the forgeries and fictions that were subsequently devised for the purpose of defaming her, cannot obliterate from the Acts of the first Parliament of James VI. the declaration, that Queen Mary's abduction by Bothwell was forcible, her imprisonment and ruffianly treatment by him at Dunbar Castle real, and her marriage to him compulsory.

Broken in health and spirits, deceived, betrayed, and unnerved by the dreadful events of the last few months, Mary submitted at last to this degrading wedlock.

When Sir James Melville returned to Holyrood, he found the Duke seated at supper, not with the Queen, but with Huntley, the Justice-Clerk, and some others. "He bade me," continues Melville, "sit down and sup with him. I said I 'had already supped.' Then he called for a cup of wine, and drank to me, that I might pledge him like a Dutchman, bidding me drink it out and grow fat; 'for,' said he, 'the zeal of the commonwealth has eaten you up, and made you so lean.'" After this profane use of Scripture, he began to talk so indelicately that Melville left him in disgust, and went up-stairs to the Queen, who appeared cheered at the sight of him.

The contract of marriage, the only genuine one between Mary and Bothwell ever signed by her, was executed on the evening of the 14th of May. Then, and not till then, she was prevailed on to grant a formal

[1] Acta Parliamentorum, 1 James VI., vol. iii. pp. 5-10.

[2] Proclamation of Lords of Secret Council against Bothwell, Anderson's Collections; Letter to Throckmorton, July 20, 1567, in Stevenson's Illustrations; Maitland Miscellany; Act for Bothwell's forfeiture of the Lords in Moray's first Parliament, Dec. 20, 1567.

pardon to the noblemen for the misdemeanour they had committed in subscribing the bond of association at Ainslie's supper, which had been the means of bringing her into a predicament so terrible. At four o'clock the next morning, May 15th, she was married in her widow's weeds to Bothwell by the Protestant Bishop of Orkney, assisted by Mr Craig. Her reluctance is testified by the fact that none of the rites which she considered essential to a true marriage were used, nor was it sanctified to her by the benediction of a priest of her own Church.[1] Sir James Melville, who was present, and could not be mistaken, says, "The marriage was made in the palace of Holyrood House, at a preaching by Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, in the great hall where the Council uses to sit, and not in the chapel at the mass, as was the King's marriage,"—meaning her marriage with Darnley.

Queen Mary's demeanour at the accomplishment of these unhallowed nuptials testified how abhorrent they were to her. There was no display of royal pomp, no pageantry nor public shows to propitiate the people. The pipes at the Market Cross flowed not with wine, for loyal lieges of all degrees to drink "health to the royal bride and her gudeman," as on former occasions. Neither music nor acclamations were heard, nor was there any banqueting or dancing. No bonfires were kindled on Arthur's Seat, or other high places through the realm, as on the festive night of that day of gladness, when her marriage with Darnley was solemnized in "the face of Holy Kirk." Bothwell does not appear to have affected fine dress; and there is no account of any jewels having been appropriated for his decoration, nor anything delivered from the royal wardrobe stores for his use beyond "two cloaks of jennet, or wild-cat fur, to make him an evening mantle."[2] The wild-cat fur was appropriate to the wearer. All was lugubrious without the Palace, and miserable within. The Diurnal of Occurrents notes "there were neither pleasures nor pastimes, as are wont to be used when princes are married."

Mary was not only married in her *dule*-weed, but persisted in wearing her widow's dress for Darnley several days after she had become the woeful bride of Bothwell, and, though she was at last compelled "to shake them off,"[3] and resume her rich array and jewels, the mournful alteration

[1] The Diurnal of Occurrents and Birrel's Diary both attest the fact that the marriage was made, not with the mass, but with the preachings. Spotiswood, too, the son of the Superintendent of Lothian, and no mean authority in ecclesiastical matters, confirms the positive statement of Sir James Melville and many others on this point. Writes Drury to Cecil, "It may please your honour to be advertised, that yesterday, being the 15th of this present, at 4 hours in the morning, this Queen was married with the Duke of Orkney, the witnesses being few. The same was in the Chamber of Presence, with a sermon, and *not with a mass*, although the day before it was judged she would have one, and thereof grew at the Bishop of Ross's some speech. The Bishop of Orkney and Mr Craig were present, and had to do."—May 16, 1567; State Paper Office MS. Border Correspondence.

[2] Treasury Records, kindly communicated by Joseph Robertson, Esq., of her Majesty's Register House, Edinburgh.

[3] Drury to Cecil, May 20, 1567—State Paper MS., inedited.

in her appearance was observed by every one. Drury writes to Cecil, "that the Queen is the most changed woman in face that in so little time, without extremity of sickness, has ever been seen."[1] Internal anguish rendered life intolerable to her.

The day after her marriage with Bothwell, Mary sent for Du Croc, who had refused to be present at it, but kindly came to see how it was with her. He was struck with the strangeness of her manner to her bridegroom, which she perceiving, told him, and this in Bothwell's presence too, "that he must not be surprised if he saw her sorrowful, for she could not rejoice, nor ever should again. All she desired was death."[2] The next day, being alone in her cabinet with Bothwell, she was heard to scream and threaten self-destruction.[3] Arthur Erskine, the captain of her guard, reported also, "that she called for a knife to stab herself, 'or else,' said she, 'I shall drown myself.'"[4]

Those who were about her told Du Croc, "that, unless God aided, it was feared she would become desperate. I have counselled and comforted her all I can," observes that statesman, "these three times I have seen her." His letter is dated May 18th, only three days after her marriage with Bothwell. Can any one believe, after such evidence of her despair, that she had rushed into it voluntarily, and with headlong haste, under the influence of resistless passion? Little are those who still waste words in maintaining a paradox so absurd, read in the female heart. Small must have been their experience in the natural language of human affection.

"Her husband he will not continue so long," predicts Du Croc, after communicating to the Queen-mother of France these particulars. "I believe that he will write to your Majesty by the Bishop of Dumblane: you ought not to make him any answer," continues his Excellency. It was by the Bishop of Dumblane Mary wrote, or rather subscribed, under Bothwell's constraint, a long explanation of the causes which had induced her to enter into this unhappy marriage, telling the truth, but not the whole truth. "The event," observes she to her faithful servant, the Archbishop of Glasgow, "indeed is strange, and otherwise than we wot you would have looked for; but as it has succeeded, we maun make the best of it."[5] Bothwell, exulting in the success of his audacious enterprise, boldly wrote to the same prelate, requesting him to announce to the King of France, the Queen-mother, the Cardinal of Lorraine, and other of her Majesty's friends, the marriage that had recently been solemnized between him and her.[6] "We trust," he says, "that no nobleman, being in our state and case, would have left anything undone that we have attempted. The place and promotion truly is great, but yet with God's

[1] Drury to Cecil, May 20, 1567—State Paper MS., inedited.
[2] Letter from Du Croc to the Queen-mother of France, May 18, 1567—Teulet's Collections. [3] Ibid. [4] Sir James Melville's Memoirs.
[5] Stevenson's Illustrations, 177. [6] Ibid., 178.

grace, neither it nor any other accident shall ever be able to make us forget any part of our duty to any nobleman, or other our friends. Her Majesty might well have married with men of greater birth and estimation, but we are well assured never one more affectionately inclined to do her honour and service."[1]

Let us now proceed to show in what terms Mary herself, when out of the power of her brutal oppressor, spoke of this marriage to the Pope, to whom, as the head of her Church, she would not have dared to make a false statement. "Tell to his Holiness,"[2] writes she to her accredited envoy, "the grief we suffered when we were made prisoner by one of our subjects, the Earl of Bothwell, and led as prisoner with the Earl of Huntley the Chancellor, and the nobleman our Secretary, together to the Castle of Dunbar, and after to the Castle of Edinburgh, where we were detained against our will in the hands of the said Earl of Bothwell, until such time as he had procured a pretended divorce between him and the sister of the said Lord of Huntley, his wife, our near relative; and we were constrained to yield our consent, yet against our will, to him. Therefore your Holiness is supplicated to take order on this, that we are made quit of the said indignity by means of a process at Rome, and commission sent to Scotland, to the bishops and other Catholic judges, as to your Holiness seemeth best."

Her description of the predicament in which she found herself, presents, of course, an imperfect picture of her misery, because written at a time when, holding her still as his jealously guarded prisoner, Bothwell had acquired over her the authority of a husband; and she, considering the matter to be without remedy, was endeavouring, to use her own words, "to make the best of it."[3] "Seeing ourself in his puissance, sequestrate from the company of all our servants and others, of whom we might ask counsel—yea, seeing *them* upon whose counsel and fidelity we had before depended, whose force ought and must maintain our authority, without whom, in a manner, we are nothing, *beforehand* yielded to his desire, and so we, left alone, as it were, a prey to him—many things we revolved in our mind, but could never find an outgate. In the end, when we saw no *esperance* to be rid of him, never man in Scotland once making any mean to procure our deliverance, for that it might appear by their hand-writes and the time that he had won them all, we were compelled to mitigate our displeasure, and began to think upon that he had propounded." She does not disguise that her consent to marry Bothwell was extorted under circumstances which neither delicacy, nor the relations

[1] Stevenson's Illustrations, 178.

[2] Labanoff—Lettres de Marie Stuart, vol. iii. p. 221-231, from Secret Archives of the Vatican at Rome, entitled "Instructions given by Marie Stuart to Robert Radolfi, sent to the Pope."

[3] Instructions to Chisholm, Bishop of Dumblane, when sent by Bothwell to announce his marriage with her to the French Court.—Labanoff.

into which she had been compelled to enter with him, permitted her to explain: "But as by a *bravade* in the beginning he had won the first point, so ceased he never, till, by persuasions and importune suit, accompanied not the less by force, he has finally driven us to end the work begun at such time and in such form as he thought might best serve his turn, wherein we cannot dissemble that he has used us otherways than we would have wished, or yet have deserved at his hand."

The Sunday after the marriage, that profligate and time-serving disgrace to the Reformed Church, Adam Bothwell, who still bore his former title of Bishop of Orkney, in his sermon, declared the penitence of the newly-wedded Duke for his past life, assuring the congregation "that he had confessed himself to have been a very evil liver, which he would now amend, and conform himself to the Church, viz., the Reformed one."[1] As a proof of zeal, the bridegroom had proclaimed a revocation of the Queen's late statute, allowing liberty of conscience to persons of her own religion, and conformity to the forms of worship by law established enjoined under pains and penalties. But the popular feeling against him was too strong to be overcome by these shallow arts. Every tongue denounced him as the murderer of the King, and the ravisher and tyrant of the Queen. No one could obtain access to her presence without his leave, having then to pass through two antechambers lined with men-at-arms; whenever she rode out he was by her side, and she was environed by harquebussiers, being to all intents his prisoner, though he called her his wife and Queen, and affected to wait upon her in public with demonstrations of profound reverence, his head never covered in her presence.[2] His brutality to her in private was, however, matter of notoriety. "He was so beastly and suspicious," says Melville, "that he suffered her not to pass a day over without causing her to shed abundance of salt tears." Bothwell's earnest desire was to get the Prince into his possession, but in that matter he was circumvented by the maternal providence of the Queen in having placed the royal infant in the care of the Earl of Mar. She had found means, before her marriage, of sending her faithful servant Lesley, Bishop of Ross, to Stirling with a secret message to Mar, repeating her earnest injunctions for him not to deliver her son, under any pretence whatsoever, into other hands than her own.[3] The safety of the Prince was nevertheless the pretext on which Mar joined the confederacy of the English faction against his confiding Sovereign, making the name of her unconscious babe their weapon against its mother.

Mary was warned by the French ambassador that her perfidious brother Moray, who she fancied was on the Continent, "was still in England, practising with the Council there, little to her good, and speaking

[1] Drury to Cecil, May 20, 1567—State Paper Office MS.

[2] Letter of Morton and the other rebel lords to Throckmorton, July 20, 1567—Stevenson's Illustrations.

[3] Letter from Drury to Cecil.

worse of her than became a subject." Morton, his active ally at home, now withdrew himself from the Court of Holyrood, crossed the water into Fifeshire, the nucleus of the projected insurrection, and took up his abode at Aberdour. Sir Robert Melville, too, Mary's ambassador to the Court of England, was the secret agent of the conspirators against her. His brother, Sir James Melville, her most trusted and confidential servant, whom she imagined her candid friend, was the person employed by the conspirators to arrange with Sir James Balfour the delivery of the Castle of Edinburgh, with all her artillery, her plate, jewels, and regalia, into the hands of Morton when the proper moment for openly appearing in arms against her should arrive. Lethington, who had always played the part of Achitophel in Mary's Council, especially in regard to the acquittal of Bothwell and her unhappy marriage to that guilty ruffian, having done all the mischief he could, only remained with her as the spy of England, and of her enemies at home. Bothwell, however, who had detected his perfidy, speedily fell to high words with him in the Queen's chamber, and, drawing his dagger upon him, would have slain him on the spot; but Mary threw herself intrepidly between them, and saved the life of Lethington. He fled the next day to his brother-in-law, the Earl of Athol, then the recognized head of the league for avenging the death of Darnley, the security of the infant Prince, and the release of the Queen. Bothwell therefore finding it necessary to counteract the public report that she was held by him in restraint, made her ride abroad with him daily, and he provided public shows for the amusement of the people, at which they both appeared.[1]

One evening there was a pageant on the water at Leith, which she was compelled to grace with her presence, and to see him ride at the ring and review the troops; but it was observed that, whenever the Queen went abroad, she was surrounded by his harquebussiers, and few others were permitted to draw near her person.[2] Sir William Drury communicated to the English Premier, for the edification of Queen Elizabeth, as news: "There is a witch in the north land that affirms the Queen Mary shall have yet to come two husbands more. 'Arbroath [the second son of the Duke de Châtelherault] shall be one of them, and to succeed the Duke of Orkney, who,' she says, 'will not live half a year, or a year at the most.' The fifth husband she names not, but she says 'in his time she shall be burned,' which death divers doth speak of to happen unto her; and, it is said, she fears the same." In a previous letter he writes: "There hath been an interlude [drama] by boys played at Stirling, of the manner of the King's death, and the arraignment of Bothwell, in the play he that did represent him was hanged, meaning but in sport—but it had likely proved to an earnest, for he was so long hanged that hardly in a long time

[1] Letters from Drury to Cecil, May 25. [2] Ibid.

could life be recovered. This was before the Lords, who, the Earl thinks, were devisers of the same."[1]

Bothwell's sister, who had married the eldest son of the Earl of Caithness, was still retained as the principal lady-in-waiting on the Queen, while his old friends, the Lady Buccleuch, and her sister Lady Reres, were distanced by him, which, according to Sir William Drury's statement, they took in evil part, "railing much, both in speech and writing, against Bothwell and the Queen." It is scarcely necessary to observe, that, if these malcontent ladies knew anything evil in Mary's conduct, it would have been brought against her by Moray and his allies, whose literary organ, Buchanan, stigmatizes Lady Reres with being an accomplice in the guilt they were endeavouring to fix on her Majesty; *they* confined themselves to libellous gossip.

During the month of misery Mary was doomed to spend as the bride of Bothwell, her pecuniary destitution compelled her to retrench her household expenses, and submit to the dismissal of many of her servants, also to send some of her plate to the Mint. Bothwell, in her name, sent the Lord Boyd to the conspiring Lords, who were now assembling in force at Stirling, to endeavour to effect an accommodation ; but his mission proved ineffectual. Those who were willing to venture life and lands for her sake would not be under the authority of Bothwell, or stir a finger to oppose the league against him, as the insurgents affirmed "that they were taking up arms to deliver the Queen from his cruel thraldom."[2] Under this pretext an army was quickly raised to fight against her whom many a high-spirited and chivalric recruit fancied he was arming himself to serve. She was in deplorable health at this time ; from the frequency and length of her fainting fits, she was supposed to be afflicted with that woeful malady, falling sickness.[3] In the midst of the misery, which was producing this agonizing brain affection, her heart yearned after her infant boy, the only tie that bound her to life. She sent a message to Mar, expressive of her earnest desire to come to Stirling to see him ; but Mar replied, "that he could not permit her to do so, if accompanied by more than a dozen persons." Stirling was then occupied by the forces of the insurgent Lords ; and of course her visit was not permitted under these circumstances, Bothwell being then the arbiter of her movements.

The Romanist nobles, spiritual and temporal, having required of the Queen to be allowed to avail themselves of the liberty implied in the Act of Toleration, Mr Craig inveighed from the pulpit against it ; whereupon Bothwell, now willing to make him his friend, sent for him, and boasted "that he had dashed the bishop's suit."[4] He was now a constant attendant at the sermons. But the Court was deserted, and the impending storm

[1] Border Correspondence. The same tale was devised in the time of Mary I. of England.
[2] Sir James Melville's Memoirs.
[3] MS. Letter from Drury to Cecil, inedited—Border Correspondence.
[4] Ibid., May 31.

lowered more darkly. The associated Lords who had signed the bond recommending Bothwell as a husband for their Queen, were foremost in denouncing the marriage, and communicated their plans to the Queen of England. Elizabeth had no objection to anything but the proposed inauguration of the infant Prince. The boy was the presumptive heir of the Britannic realms ; she desired to have him in her own possession, and instructed the Earl of Bedford to treat with the associate Lords, through her secret-service-man Kirkaldy of Grange, whether they could be content for their Prince to be sent to England, to be placed in the keeping of his grandmother the Countess of Lennox.[1] Each noble, however, had his eye on the chances of ruling Scotland under the shadow of the infant's name, and knew enough of the temper of the Scotch to be aware that their hopes would be annihilated by such a proceeding. Yet they parried the demands of Elizabeth so adroitly that she was for years flattered into the expectation of getting the son of Mary Stuart into her hands. There is every reason to suspect that Du Croc had received secret instructions from his own Court to allow them to play out their game without remonstrance, provided they were willing to continue the old alliance with France, and keep the Prince out of the hands of the Queen of England.

The associate Lords now determined to strike the first blow, by marching to Edinburgh a week before to surprise Bothwell and the Queen at Holyrood Abbey, having previously insured the co-operation of Sir James Balfour, the Governor of the Castle.[2] Bothwell being informed of their design, and destitute of the means of defence, retreated in the night of the 6th of June to Borthwick Castle, which is about twelve miles from Edinburgh, carrying the Queen with him. At her departure from Edinburgh to Borthwick, the keeper of her wardrobe stores delivered to her faithful attendant, Courcelles, for her use, "a silver basin, a silver kettle for heating water, a small cabinet with lock and key, and two thousand pins."[3] Bothwell certainly never expected to return, for he sent all his papers, his plate, jewels, and other personals, both from Edinburgh Castle and Holyrood Abbey, to Dunbar.[4] The silver casket and its contents would not have been left behind if even in his possession.

When Bothwell had secured the Queen within the massy walls of the strong fortress of Borthwick, under the charge of his friend the Laird of Crookston, he left her for the first time since he had seized her person at Foulbriggs, and proceeded to Melrose, the place of muster of

[1] MS. Letter from Drury to Cecil, June 5, 1567—Border Correspondence. Tytler's Hist. Scot., vol. vii. p. 101.
[2] A contemporary copy of the Secret Bond of Association, or Pact, between the Lords of Secret Council and Sir James Balfour for that purpose, is preserved in the charter-room of the Earl of Morton.
[3] Treasury Records, General Register House.
[4] Bothwell's Memorial.

the Queen's militia, for the purpose of attacking the associate Lords.[1] After two or three days' absence he returned without having succeeded in his object, in evil mood withal, for he declared "his intention of dispersing all the Queen's French servants,"[2] many of whom had been the faithful attendants of her childhood. Small love did such proceedings indicate between the royal captive and her oppressor. If there had been unity of purpose between the Queen and Bothwell, they might have remained in perfect security at Borthwick Castle, which was impregnable to every assault but that of a heavy battery of artillery, such as Cromwell, nearly a century later, brought to play against it from the opposite height. The insurgents possessed no such means of attack, and the whole neighbourhood was devoted to Bothwell, and under obedience to his feudal authority.

Borthwick Castle is built of solid blocks of stone, on a steep mound, moated, and surrounded with high walls of defence, flanked with fortified towers. Even if these could have been won, the central fortress is of such mighty strength, and so constructed, that it might have been held by a handful of courageous and determined women against an invading army. The windows are nearly thirty feet from the ground, and there is only one door of entrance. The staircases, steep, narrow, and spiral, can only be approached by one person at a time, through a labyrinth of dark arches, so low, that it is necessary not merely to bend the head, but to crouch almost double several times, before a foot can be planted on the first stair. The local traditions of the place affirm that Mary and Bothwell did not occupy the same chamber while at Borthwick, but slept far remote from each other in different quarters of the castle. The closet on the stairs, leading to the suite of private state apartments, erroneously pointed out by the guide as "Queen Mary's bed-room," was the lodging appropriated to the captain of the guard, or gentleman-in-waiting, whose duty it was to defend approach to her in case of danger. The Queen's chamber was that at the south end of the state-apartments, communicating, according to the etiquette of the period, with the private chapel-royal, while the sleeping-room appropriated by tradition to Bothwell was near the guard-room on the first floor.

Meantime the associate Lords, assembling themselves in council in Edinburgh, on the 11th June, declared their determination "to enterprise the delivery of the Queen's most noble person from the captivity and restraint in which she had been now for a long time held by the murderer of her husband, who had usurped the government of her realm."[3] They put forth a proclamation at the Mercat Cross, the next day,[4] declaring that "they, the nobles of Scotland, minded with all their forces to deliver the Queen's most noble person forth of captivity and prison, and

[1] MS. Letter from Drury to Cecil, 9th June, 1567—State Paper Office. [2] Ibid.
[3] Anderson's Collections, vol. i. pp. 129, 130. [4] Ibid., 131.

to punish Bothwell both for the cruel murder of the late King Henry, the ravishing and detention of the Queen, and the wicked design he meditated against the Prince, then being joined by Lord Home and his feudal muster, they attempted to surprise Borthwick Castle the same night, sending a small party forward to cry at the gates for succour, announcing themselves to be a party of friends chased by the rebel forces.[1] Bothwell, who was just about to go to bed, was too cunning to be thus outwitted. Yet, strange to say, he who had hitherto proved himself a man of indomitable courage and resolution, took a sudden panic, and provided for his own safety by effecting his escape with the son of the Laird of Crookston, through a postern-door in the wall that surrounded the castle,[2] leaving the Queen behind, with not more than seven or eight persons in her company. The only probable solution to his conduct on this occasion is, that the Queen, being a reluctant captive within these walls, was prepared to treat him as a traitor in the event of its capture by the assailants. Why, then, it may be asked, did she not order the gates to be flung open to the associate Lords as soon as she was delivered from the restraint of his presence? This is not difficult to explain. The castellan, who was devoted to Bothwell's interest, and his men-at-arms, yet remained, and, though few in number, they were more than able to gainsay one woman's will.

The insurgent army meantime encompassed the castle, calling on Bothwell by the names of "traitor, murderer, and butcher, to come forth and maintain his challenge, offered to them that would charge him with the murder of the King." Some used unseemly speech against the Queen, too coarse to be repeated,[3] thus startling and deterring her from putting herself into the hands of their party. Although commanding twelve hundred men, the hardy insurgents, not being provided with cannon, looked at the height and thickness of the walls of the fortress, and, despairing of taking it, fell back to Dalkeith. Mary, being freed from the restraint of Bothwell's presence, resumed her royal courage, and, beginning to act for herself, despatched the young Laird of Reres with a message to Sir James Balfour, the Governor of Edinburgh Castle, enjoining him "to hold it out for her, and to fire on the Lords if they attempted to enter the town." She wrote at the same time to Du Croc, the French ambassador, begging him to confer with the Lords, and require of them, in her name, "what was their real intention."[4] Du Croc had an interview with them. Their replies were mere protestations of their determination "to protect the Prince from his father's murderer"[5]—a name no less

[1] MS. Letter from Drury to Cecil—inedited Border Correspondence.
[2] Ibid., June 12, 1567. [3] Ibid.
[4] Letter of James Beton to his brother, Andrew Beton—Laing's Appendix.
[5] Du Croc's Letter to Charles IX.—in Teulet.

applicable to Morton, their leader, than to Bothwell himself. The Queen was not, however, destitute of a strong party.

If Mary had been content to remain quietly at Borthwick Castle, all might probably have gone well with her; but seeing herself relieved for a few brief hours from the terror of Bothwell's presence, she could not resist the opportunity of making a valiant effort to regain her liberty. At midnight, arrayed in the dress of a cavalier, booted and spurred, she stole from her chamber unattended, and, gliding down a turret stair, let herself down from the window in the banqueting hall, which is still pointed out by local tradition, and though the height cannot be less than eight-and-twenty feet, she reached the ground in safety, being probably assisted by her ladies from within, passed through the same low postern in the wall by which Bothwell had previously escaped; and while all in the castle were wrapped in their first sound sleep, she, their Sovereign, walked forth unobserved into the night without a single person either to defend or guide her on her unknown way. She mounted a close-cropped nag which she found bridled and saddled without the walls at the foot of the mound. It must have been provided for her use by some faithful person of low degree, to whom she had confided her intention. Such among the readers of Mary's biography who may chance to be familiar with the local features of that wild district of mountain, moor, and moss, in which Borthwick Castle is situated, will not be surprised that the royal fugitive became bewildered in the then trackless labyrinth of glens, swamps, and thorny breaks, through which she vainly strove to make her way to a place of refuge she was never doomed to find. According to local tradition, her humble steed carried her over Crichton Muir, which, at that sweet season of the year, is the haunt of innumerable glow-worms. Those "stars of the green earth" were perhaps the only lights that shone on the lonely path of Scotland's hapless Queen. She must have travelled in a circle, for, after wandering all night, she had made so little progress that at dawn of day she was encountered near Black Castle, at Cakermuir, scarcely two miles from Borthwick, by Bothwell himself, at the head of a party of his vassals. She had then no choice but to accompany him whithersoever he chose to take her, and he hurried her away with him once more to Dunbar. She performed the whole journey, we are told, riding on a man's saddle.

Those who pervert every fact into evidence of Mary's imaginary passion for Bothwell, assert that she escaped from Borthwick in order to rejoin him, and met him in consequence of a mutual agreement on this spot; but Bothwell, as we have seen, provided for his own safety when he saw Borthwick surrounded by so numerous a company of assailants, leaving the Queen to take care of herself. How could he make any appointment for their meeting on the following night or morning, when he left the

castle in which she was invested by twelve hundred men? The circumstances under which she got out of Borthwick Castle speak for themselves, and proclaim that she was willing to encounter any peril in preference to abiding his return.

Bothwell had a very near chance of falling into the hands of his enemies the night he left the Queen at Borthwick, for he and his companion, the Master of Crookston, being perceived as they stole down the mound, were pursued; they then separated, and fled in different directions. Lord Home's men gave chase, and captured young Crookston; but Bothwell, though they were within an arrow-shot of him, had the good luck to escape, and remained perdue all the next day, while the confederate Lords and their array were still swarming round the walls of Borthwick Castle. How, then, could there be any agreement of the kind between the Queen and him, or any probability of their meeting again, after his unchivalric desertion of her, except through a fatal coincidence? This, as the castles of Crichton and Cakermuir were part of his own domains, naturally occurred in consequence of his lurking in that neighbourhood among his vassal lairds and kinsmen; for poor Mary, neither knowing her way nor being provided with a guide, unhappily crossed his path. The nag on which she was mounted had probably been accustomed to go to Black Castle, and took that road.

APPENDIX.

VERSES WRITTEN BY MARY AFTER THE DEATH OF HER FIRST HUSBAND, FRANCIS II.[1]

"*En mon triste et doux chante.*"

TRANSLATION.

1.

THE voice of my sad song
  With mournful sweetness guides
My piercing eye along
  The track that death divides;—
    'Mid sharp and bitter sighs,
    My youth's bright morning dies.

[1] For the original French words composed by Mary Stuart, see vol. iii. p. 155, Lives of the Queens of Scotland.—Blackwood.

2.

Can greater woes employ
The scourge of ruthless Fate?
Can any hope, when Joy
Forsakes my high estate?
My eye and heart behold
The shroud their love enfold.

3.

O'er my life's early spring,
And o'er its opening bloom,
My deadly sorrows fling
The darkness of the tomb;
My star of hope is set
In yearning and regret.

4.

That which once made me gay,
Is hateful in my sight—
The brightest smile of day,
To me is darkest night.
No keener pangs contend
Than mine, their stings to blend

5.

Within my heart and eye
The image is portrayed;
Of grief my garb doth typify,
And my pale features fade
To the wan violet's blue,
The mourning lover's hue.

6.

For me, sad stranger here!
There is no resting-place;
And blest would change appear,
If change might grief efface.
My bliss is now my woe—
All drear where'er I go.

. . . . . .

8.

When to the distant skies
I raise my tearful sight,
The sweetness of his eyes
Beams from the cloudy height;
Or, in the clear deep wave,
He smiles as from the grave.

9.

When day's long toil is o'er,
  And dreams steal round my couch,
I hear that voice once more—
  I thrill to that dear touch;
    In labour and repose,
    My soul his presence knows.

10.

I see no other thing,
  Or beautiful, or bright,
Save that which love's fond memories bring
  Before my mental sight;—
    And ne'er from this sad heart
    Its presence can depart.

11.

My song—these murmurs cease,
  With which thou hast complained—
Thine echo shall be peace:
  Love, changeless and unfeigned,
    Shall draw no weaker breath
    In parting or in death.

END OF VOL. I.

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