



Mary Stuart
Queen of Scots

WILLIAMSON & CO. 15, N. YORK ST. N. Y.

31958



LIFE OF
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

53330

Scotland
M.

BY THE LATE
AGNES STRICKLAND
AUTHOR OF 'LIVES OF QUEENS OF ENGLAND'

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. II



LONDON
GEORGE BELL AND SONS
AND NEW YORK

1903

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Bothwell marches to meet the Associate Lords—single combat proposed—Mary at Carberry hill—Kirkaldy of Grange—Bothwell and Mary part—Mary puts herself into the hands of the Lords—the white banner, representing the murder of Darnley—Mary brought to Edinburgh—shut up in the Black Turnpike—champions among the people—carried off to Lochleven—the Bond of Concurrence. 1

CHAPTER II.

Mary's imprisonment in Lochleven Castle—David Marshal, the tacksmen—treachery of Lethington—proceedings of Bothwell—Mary wishes to return to France—her wardrobe—false reports—attempts to rescue her—a French champion's offer—Knox's furious sermons—charges against Mary—self-contradictions of her foes—her forced abdication—brutality of Lindsay—cautious conduct of Throckmorton. 16

CHAPTER III.

Coronation of the infant King—murmurs of Mary's subjects—Moray's visit to Mary—the Mary Stuart of reality—Moray appoints himself Regent—adventures of Bothwell—his lawful wife—his life-long captivity—examination of his servants by torture. 33

CHAPTER IV.

Mary's occupations—conduct of the Regent Moray—the abdication discussed in Parliament—no witnesses produced against Mary—outlawry of Bothwell—Mary's appeal to the French Court—dying speech of John Hepburn—Mary's illness. 47

CHAPTER V.

George Douglas of Lochleven forms projects for the release of Mary—her attempt to escape in disguise—the Seven Porches of Lochleven—Moray robs his forsaken wife—Mary meditates suicide—little Willie Douglas—Mary's letter to Elizabeth—makes her escape from Lochleven—finds shelter at West Niddry Castle—reaches Hamilton—revokes her deed of abdication. PAGE
59

CHAPTER VI.

Convention at Hamilton—Mary's stolen pearls—Mary's forces—Moray's bold stroke—dissensions in Mary's army—their defeat at Langside—flight of Mary—the widow's cottage—Mary's letter to Elizabeth—her last night in Scotland—embarks for England. 73

CHAPTER VII.

Mary's landing-place—Kindly reception at Workington Hall—progress into England—stay at Cockermouth Hall—is lodged at Carlisle—visited there by the Duke of Norfolk—Lord Scroope and Sir Francis Knollys, the English commissioners—Mary's letter to Elizabeth—a paltry present—Mary resumes her widow's weeds—her letter to Cecil. 86

CHAPTER VIII.

Mary's faithful followers—Moray and the other lords appeal to Elizabeth as umpire—Middlemore's mission—Mary's letter to Elizabeth—the forged letters to Bothwell first mentioned—Lord Herries' interview with Elizabeth—Montmorin, the French ambassador, visits Mary—her letters to Elizabeth, and to the Cardinal of Lorraine—intercepted correspondence of Wood and Moray—George Douglas—Mary's poverty. 101

CHAPTER IX.

Debates about Mary in the English Privy Council—Cecil's papers—Mary ordered to be removed to Bolton Castle—delay—Mary's reviving popularity—she quits Carlisle—her blessing on the Lowthers—arrival at Bolton Castle—scanty furniture there—Elizabeth's deceptive conduct—Mary's friends take arms—her spirits revive—plan for her escape from Bolton—fate of Sir William Stuart. 113

CHAPTER X.

Mary attends the English Church—memorial of the loyal Scotch peers—preparations for an inquiry at York—specimens of Mary's English—visit of George Carey—Mary's sanguine expectations—

the York Conferences—contradictory statements—false documents—false evidence—the sonnets discredited—genuine sonnet by Mary—Lethington's conduct—Mary's engagement to Norfolk. 136

CHAPTER XI.

Mary's commissioners at York—George Carey—Mary's reply to the charges of Moray and the others—Norfolk's conference with Moray—the York Conference broken up—letter of Lord Hunsdon—Mary's sympathizing friends—strict watch kept on her at Bolton—the Conferences renewed in London—letter of Walsingham—Norfolk's deceitfulness—scene at the Conference. 154

CHAPTER XII.

Lennox appears before the English commissioners, and accuses Mary of the murder of Darnley—motives of his conduct—reply of Lord Herries—the Conference dissolved—the Silver Casket Letters—the fabricated Journal—proposed removal of Mary to Tutbury—treatment of Lady Scroope—Mary's letter about her son—Cecil's "Reasons" for detaining Mary. 169

CHAPTER XIII.

Mary's reply to the charges made against her—her dismal Christmas at Bolton—Willie Douglas saved from jail—Mary's acquittal by the Conference—joins a party among the English nobles—meeting between Norfolk and Moray in Hampton Park—Mary demands her freedom—her correspondence with the Earl of Northumberland—Don John of Austria, a suitor to Mary—Mary removed to Ripon—saves the life of Moray—removed to Pontefract—writes to Cecil—her illness. 183

CHAPTER XIV.

Mary arrives at Tutbury Castle—its condition—visited by her commissioners—she sends Lord Herries to Scotland—"A Defence of Queen Mary's Honour" printed, but suppressed by Elizabeth—Nicholas White's account of his visit to Mary—her faithful friends and followers—her needlework. 203

CHAPTER XV.

Mary removed to Wingfield Manor-house—the Bishop of Ross her ambassador to Elizabeth—her dangerous illness—Norfolk sends her money—her willingness to come to terms with Moray—the English nobles desire her to marry the Duke of Norfolk—her letters to him. 214



CHAPTER XVI.

Marriage contract of Mary and Norfolk—plan for Mary's escape—Leonard Dacre—Lord Boyd's mission to Scotland—Moray's duplicity—Elizabeth's warning to Norfolk—Nicholas Hubert's pretended confession—Mary's illness—perfidy of Leicester—Mary removed to Tutbury—her correspondence searched—Norfolk arrested—Mary's tokens—projected rising of Mary's friends. 223

CHAPTER XVII.

The Northern Rebellion—Mary removed to Coventry—her seclusion there—her portrait in the Mayoress' Parlour—the Earl of Huntingdon—Mary's love-letter to Norfolk—plot to deliver her up to Moray—urgency for her murder—Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh—assassination of Moray—his person and character—Mary's grief at his death—Elizabeth's complaints of the expense of Mary's detention—profit made by her keeper, Shrewsbury—Elizabeth's memorial to the French Court—projects for Mary's deliverance—convention of nobles at Dalkeith—Mary removed to Chatsworth—execution of the Nortons—Norfolk engages to renounce Mary, but violates his pledge—love-tokens—Mary sends needlework to Elizabeth. 241

CHAPTER XVIII.

The cause of Mary in the ascendant—she is visited by Cecil—great object of his journey—death of John Beton—grief of Mary—confederacy of her English friends—she is removed to Sheffield Castle—her illness—surprise of Dumbarton—imprisonment of the Bishop of Ross—dower for George Douglas' bride—Mary apprehends death by poison—the Regent Lennox killed—treachery of a courier—arrest of Norfolk. 264

CHAPTER XIX.

Mary's servants expelled—her pleadings for them—her letter to them—Lord and Lady Livingston—Mary's letters to Elizabeth—rigorous confinement—Mary's answer to libels—condemnation of Norfolk—Elizabeth's reproaches, and Mary's replies—execution of Norfolk—visit of commissioners to Mary, who accuse her of plotting against Elizabeth—her demand of a public hearing—execution of the Earl of Northumberland—Elizabeth is exhorted to put Mary to death—secret instructions to Killebrew, the English minister—conference between him and Morton—death of the Regent Mar—Shrewsbury's account of Mary's imprisonment—Mary's French

hoods abstracted—death of Claude of Lorraine—Mary removed to the Lodge in Sheffield Park—question about her safe custody. 280

CHAPTER XX.

Capture of Edinburgh Castle—fate of Lethington and Kirkcaldy—Mary's visit to Buxton—Bishop Lesley—Mary removed to Sheffield Castle—she claims her jewels found in Edinburgh Castle—her liberty further restricted—an elaborate piece of needlework—kindness of Mary to an old servant of her mother—sends Elizabeth a basquina—her domestic pets—her French secretary, Roullet—death of Charles IX. of France—factions in the Court of Elizabeth—Mary's want of money—love-match of Darnley's brother—confidential intercourse of Mary and the Countess of Lennox—Mary's presents to Elizabeth—death of the Cardinal of Lorraine—Mary in peril from an earthquake—is allowed to visit Buxton—Burleigh offends Elizabeth by going there also—Mary receives a token from the Countess of Lennox—letter from the Countess, and from her daughter-in-law—importance of this letter as a testimony to Mary's innocence—mode of fastening. 306

CHAPTER XXI.

Mary loses part of her dower—visited by M. Lusgerie, her old physician—confession and death of Bothwell—effect produced by the confession on the young King—Mary allowed to visit Buxton—Elizabeth's jealousy of Leicester—Mary makes her Will—various codicils. 328

CHAPTER XXII.

Leicester's visit to Buxton—its purpose—hopes of Don John of Austria—Andrew Beton, his courtship, and death—Mary Seton—portrait of Mary—tableaus of her pictorial needlework—revolution in Scotland—death of the Countess of Lennox—the Duc d'Alençon's plan for Mary's liberation—death of the Earl of Athol—Mary allowed to send a messenger to her son—Esme Stuart acquires influence with the young King—Mary's silver medals—her Essay on the Uses of Adversity. 341

CHAPTER XXIII.

Mary's illness and poverty—her letters intercepted—her god-daughters—she meets with a painful accident—Topcliffe, the recusant-hunter—a cripple relieved—Shrewsbury's vigilance as a jailer—Morton charged with the murder of Darnley, and imprisoned—interference of the English Government in his favour—



Mary appoints the Duke of Guise Lieutenant-general of Scotland—she receives a loving communication from her son—execution of Morton—Beale's mission to Mary—portrait of Mary and her son—the young King seized by the Earl of Gowrie—Mary attempts to procure him succour from France—her letter to Elizabeth.

35

CHAPTER XXIV.

Pierre Ronsard's poem to Mary—negotiations for her restoration to liberty—the young King regains his freedom—Mary removed to Worksop Manor—her letter to Bess Pierrepont—plots for Mary's liberation—evidence extorted by the rack—Cherelles, the treacherous secretary—the Countess of Shrewsbury's scandals—spirited conduct of the young King—Mary removed to Buxton—her farewell verses—change of keepers—her journey to Wingfield—discusses her son's marriage—Shrewsbury takes leave of her—his testimony to her truthfulness—association for the preservation of Elizabeth—Mary's guard at Wingfield—her personal retinue—her illness—Lady Shrewsbury's scandals—the letter attributed to Mary, probably a forgery—Nau the secretary—Lady Shrewsbury obliged to confess her falsehood.

CHAPTER XXV.

Mary ordered to be removed to Tutbury—her illness—Lord St John refuses to be her keeper—Mary's removal—her evening at Derby—sends a packet of letters to her friends—arrival at Tutbury Castle—its dilapidated condition—death of Mary's old attendant—the young King estranged from his mother—the pretended treaty for Mary's liberation finally broken off—suicide of Rowland Kitchyn—his corpse hung before Mary's window—Nau the secretary and Bess Pierrepont—Sir Amyas Paulet, a rigid Puritan, appointed Mary's keeper—his rigorous spirit—Mary's complaints to the French ambassador—her Scotch maids of honour—a prison bridal—Mary's intercepted letter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Mary removed to Chartley—Morgan, Mary's agent, outwitted by Walsingham's spies—letters forwarded in a beer-barrel—Mary's note-book—the Holy League—plot against Elizabeth—Anthony Babington—his and Mary's letters intercepted, deciphered, and probably interpolated—Phillips the decipherer, and Gregory the seal-opener—Nau's courtship opposed by Mary—Mary's genuine letters—three plans of escape suggested—inventory of her embroidery and pictorial needlework—Mary suddenly carried off to

Tixall, and her secretaries arrested—her papers and effects seized at Chartley—sonnet by Mary—brought back to Chartley—baptizes an infant—her money seized—harshness of Paulet—Mary's secretaries examined by Walsingham—temptation to which Nau is exposed—execution of Babington and his associates—Mary ordered to be removed to Fotheringhay—Mary at Abbot's Bromley—makes a halt at Leicester—her melancholy presentiment—her arrival at Fotheringhay—couplet traced by her in a window there. 398

CHAPTER XXVII.

Commission appointed for the trial of Mary—her demeanour when informed of it—conferences with the commissioners—threatening letter from Elizabeth—Mary consents to take her trial—refused the aid of counsel—she charges Walsingham with compassing her destruction—his denial—alleged decipherment of her letters—Mary's protest and appeal—private conversation with Burleigh—the commissioners quit Fotheringhay—the young King urged to make a strong demonstration in his mother's favour—his discourse with Francis, Earl of Bothwell, and George Douglas—proceedings in the Star Chamber against Mary—urgency for her death—the sentence communicated to her—considerate conduct of Lord Buckhurst—Mary's letter to Archbishop Beton—brutality of Paulet—remonstrances of King James—perfidy of his Ministers—the sentence against Mary published in London—it is announced to Mary—her treatment as a condemned culprit—her last letter to Elizabeth.

416

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Question as to Elizabeth's signature to the death-warrant of Mary—statement of Thomas Harrison—the warrant sent to Fotheringhay—rumours of plots and invasions—the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury arrive, and announce to Mary that she is to die the next day—composure of Mary—her dialogue with the Earls—she comforts her servants—divides her wardrobe among them—her jewels—makes her will—retires to rest—her letter to the Pope—her dress on the day of execution—makes additions to her will—summoned to death—her requests to the Earls—parted from her women—her farewell to Andrew Melville—Sir William Fitz-William—procession to the scaffold—Dean Fletcher's oration—Jane Kennedy and the headsman—execution of Mary—her faithful Skye terrier—delineations of Mary's severed head—Elizabeth's reception of the news of Mary's death—question as to her sincerity

—resentment of King James—obsequies celebrated for Mary in France—her state funeral at Peterborough—treatment of her servants—after-life of some of them—fate of Jane Kennedy—removal of Mary's remains to Westminster Abbey—her monument. 437

APPENDIX. No. I.	The Battle of Langside	437
	No. II.	Holograph letter of Mary	438
	No. III.	Instructions for the defence of Mary, Sept. 12, 1568	469
INDEX	49

MARY STUART,

QUEEN REGNANT OF SCOTLAND.

CHAPTER I.

THE very day of Bothwell's arrival with his royal victim at Dunbar, June 13th, came the news that the associate Lords had entered Edinburgh, without resistance, in consequence of the collusion of the Provost. Bothwell immediately despatched messengers in all directions, with royal circulars, to raise the country in her Majesty's defence. This call being effectually answered, Bothwell, taking the Queen with him, left Dunbar next day, and advanced to Haddington, halted at Gladsmuir, and caused a declaration to be published in the Queen's name, urging all loyal subjects to rally in her defence. Elated by the numbers who continued to join the royal standard, he pushed on to Seton the same night.¹ Though it was late when they arrived there, he allowed the Queen so little time for refreshment and repose, that she was again on horseback with him, and on the road to Edinburgh, at five o'clock on the Sunday morning. The associate Lords, having had due intimation from their spies in the Queen's train that Bothwell thought to take them by surprise, were still earlier in the field, having marched to Musselburgh in the night, where they waited for the arrival of the royal army. The Lords had three thousand men, well appointed. The company led by Bothwell did not amount to two thousand, including two hundred and ten harquebussiers and his border force; the aggregate were peasants and villagers, without any military training, and without proper arms and rations, quite contrary to the feudal law. Bothwell had made no arrangements for supplying them, and they were faint and spent with their long march on the preceding day. Neither the Queen nor those who came to fight for her had broken their fast that morning.² "Albeit her Majesty was there," observes Sir James Melville, "I cannot name it to be her army, for many of them that were with her had opinion that she had intelligence

¹ Beton's Letter—Laing's Appendix. Fragmentary document in Teulet. Continuation of Knox.

² Ibid.

with the Lords, chiefly such as understood the Earl of Bothwell's mis-handling her. So part of his own company detested him, other part believed that her Majesty would fain be quit of him."

Both the armies had posted themselves at Musselburgh, about five miles from Edinburgh; but Bothwell took possession of the rising ground of Carberry Hill, just above the ground where the disastrous battle of Pinkie was fought twenty years before. That "Black Saturday," as it was called, had been the great calamity of Mary's infant reign; but its woes had passed lightly over her young head. The Sovereign in her fifth year, for whom that deadly strife between England and Scotland had been tried, unconscious of the blow that had fallen on her realm, had continued to sport with her band of little gay companions in the fairy islet of Inchmahome, as gaily as if she had been only a peasant child, instead of the sad inheritrix of the royalty and woes of a hundred kings. How different were her feelings, when, in her twenty-fifth year, she looked, with agonizing heart, on the ground that had been enriched with the precious blood of Scotland's noblest chivalry. If a few of the gallant hearts that lay buried there could have obeyed her summons, she might yet have prevailed over the survivors of the generation of vipers who had sold her and their country, successively, to Henry of England, to Somerset, and to Elizabeth. It is, however, impossible that Mary Stuart could have suspected Morton, Mar, Kirkaldy of Grange, and other men, of half the villany our State Papers unfold.¹ Neither of the armies, indeed, knew to a certainty what they were going to fight about; nor did they appear to have any desire for an encounter. The principal anxiety on either side being to get the vantage-ground, and to avoid having the sun in their eyes, they continued the chief part of the day looking towards each other, inactively, on opposite hills, a little brook running through the valley which separated them.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, Du Croc, the French ambassador, came to the rebel Lords, and offered to mediate between the Queen and them.² They appeared very glad to see him, and told him "that if the Queen were willing to withdraw herself from the wretch who held her captive, they would recognize her as their Sovereign, and would serve her on their knees as the humblest of her subjects; or, on the other hand, if Bothwell would come forth between the two armies, and make good his challenge to meet in single combat any one who should maintain that he was the murderer of the late King, they would produce a champion, and a second, or, if he desired it, ten or twelve." The grave diplomatist treated these proposals as too extravagant to be seriously proposed to the Queen. They declared "they would name no other," and protested "they would rather be buried alive than not avenge the death of the

¹ The confederacy of the English Government with the conspirators is proved by Bedford's letter to Cecil, dated May 11th.

² Narrative in Teulet, vol. xi.

156
 "Ay," Du Croc begged them "to allow him to try what he could do with the Queen," observing, "that as he knew her to be a Princess of the greatest goodness, he thought perhaps he might devise some means with her for preventing the effusion of blood."

Under the escort of fifty of their horsemen, Du Croc crossed the brook, and, preceded by runners who were sent forward to announce his approach, he was brought to the outposts of Queen Mary's army. The captain of the advanced guard instantly conducted him into the presence of her Majesty. After he had saluted her, and kissed her hands, he expressed his regret at the untoward state of her affairs, and assured her "that it would cause the greatest concern to her royal mother-in-law and the King of France to see her in such trouble." He then proceeded to inform her that "he had been conferring with the Lords, who had told him they were her very humble and affectionate subjects." "It looks very ill of them," rejoined Mary, "to act in contradiction to their own signatures, after they have themselves married me to him, having previously acquitted him of the deed of which they now accuse him. But, nevertheless, if they are willing to acknowledge their duty, and request my pardon, I shall be ready to accord it, and receive them with open arms." At this moment Bothwell, who had been inspecting the disposition of his army, came up. "We saluted each other," continues Du Croc, "but I did not offer to receive his embrace. He asked me in a loud voice, on purpose for his army to hear, and with a bold demeanour, 'What it was the Lords would be at?' I answered him in as loud a tone, 'that I had just come from speaking with them, and they had assured me "they were very humble subjects of the Queen,"' but, lowering my voice, I added 'that they were his mortal foes.' Then he asked in a very loud voice, 'if the assurances they had given him were not well known to every one?'" This was in allusion to the band of association they had all subscribed, engaging to make his cause their own, and to defend him with their lives and goods from all who should accuse him of Darnley's murder. "I have never," he said, "intended to offend one of them, but rather to please all, and they only speak of me as they do out of envy of my greatness. But fortune is free to any one who can win it; and there is not one of them who would not gladly be in my place."¹ Then, affecting an air of tender solicitude for the distress of the Queen, he begged Du Croc, "for the love of God, to put the Queen out of pain, as he saw she was in extreme trouble about it, and to spare the effusion of blood, to go back to the rebel Lords, and propose in his name to try the cause by single combat with any one of them that would advance from their host, and fight with him hand to hand between the two armies, provided only their champion were a man

¹ Du Croc's Letter to the King of France, June 17, 1567, in Labanoff, vol. ii. p. 112, *et seq.*

of suitable rank, as he had himself the honour to be the husband of the Queen," adding "that his cause was so just that he was sure God would decide for him."¹ Bothwell's bold appeal to the Omniscient Judge, to whom the secrets of all hearts are known, must have produced the desired effect on Mary's mind, for she then declared "that she would espouse his quarrel, and esteem it as her own." Nevertheless, she objected to putting the fortunes of the day on the doubtful issue of a single combat. Du Croc also treated the notion as absurd, but continued to profess his desire of being able to say or do anything in the name of the King his master that might be serviceable to Her Majesty, and prevent the hostile encounter of the armies. Then Bothwell, of whom he had studiously taken little notice, cut him short by telling him "that he could not talk to him just then, for his adversaries were approaching, having already crossed the brook; but," added he, "if you wish to resemble him who was the means of bringing about an amicable treaty between Scipio and Hannibal, when their two armies were about to close as these are now, you must not make yourself a partial judge on one side more than the other. If, however, you have any desire to see the encounter, I can promise you fine pastime, for there will be good fighting." Du Croc replied, "that, for the sake of the Queen and both armies, he should be very sorry for it to come to that."² Bothwell professed his conviction that he should win the day, and boasted "that he had four thousand men and three pieces of artillery, whereas the Lords had no artillery, and only three thousand five hundred men." Du Croc observed, "that Bothwell, having no noblemen of any weight, must depend on himself alone, while there were clever heads on the other side. Moreover, there appeared to be a great deal of murmuring and discontent among his people." His Excellency then took his leave of the Queen with apparent regret and commiseration. When he left her, her eyes were full of tears. Yet there was no symptom of personal dismay betrayed by her from first to last.

Among the Border gentlemen who had joined the royal banner, out of affection for the Queen, were David Home of Wedderburn and his uncle John of Blackadder, attended by a pretty strong band of men-at-arms, although Alexander Home, the chief of the name, his cousin-german, was with the Earl of Morton, their near kinsman. Some of David Home's servants having gone to too great a distance from the main army, to quench their thirst at a well—for the sun was very hot, with a parching wind—were taken by the opposite party, and brought to Morton. He asked them "whence they came, and to whom they belonged?" As soon as he was informed, he bade them "return and tell their master, from him, that, if he were the man he ought to be, he alone

¹ Du Croc's letter to the King of France, June 17, 1567, in Labanoff, vol. ii. p. 112, *et seq.*

² *Ibid.*

could put an end to those evils,"—meaning because David had come attended with a great band of vassals ; and his attendants were almost the only military men with the Queen ;—so that he might have put an end to the war, if he had either revolted from the Queen and gone over to Morton, or returned to his home.

Bothwell induced the Queen to ask David Home soon after “whether he, with truth and sincerity, would do his utmost endeavours for her service that day ?” To which he answered, “I will do my utmost, having come with that intention, otherwise I would not have come at all.” Blackadder answered to the same purpose, but, enraged that his loyalty should have been doubted, and knowing Bothwell to be the suggester of the question, he turned to him and said, “We will stay as long, and perhaps longer, with our royal mistress than you will ; and we shall not fail to act as become faithful subjects.”¹ They were as good as their words, tarrying with her till she was deluded into the fatal step of putting herself into the hands of the traitors calling themselves her nobles. Then they returned home without either waiting for Morton or the head of their family. These high-spirited Scottish gentlemen were specimens of a party acting independently both of Bothwell and the English faction, but devoted to the cause of their Queen. A thousand men of their temper might have extricated her from the trammels of the one, and preserved her from the snares of the others. It was for the advent of such a company—for Arbroath, Fleming, Seton, her own friends, and their puissance, whom she knew were on their march from Linlithgow—that Mary was anxious to delay the time, and turned many a westward look as she sat with Mary Seton on a fragment of gray stone, beneath the royal standard on Carberry Hill. When Du Croc returned to the rebel Lords, he told them “that her Majesty, with her accustomed clemency, had declared herself not only willing to forgive, but to receive them affectionately, if they would acknowledge their duty, and submit the dispute to the decision of a Parliament.” Their only answer to this was, clapping their morions on their heads, and begging him, “for the love of God, to retire from the field before the battle joined.” Kirkaldy of Grange meantime rode about the brae with two hundred horsemen, thinking to get between Bothwell and Dunbar. The Queen, who was watching the manœuvres of the enemy, inquired who it was, and, understanding that the Laird of Grange was chief of that company of horsemen, sent the Laird of Ormiston to desire him to come and speak with her under surety, which he did after he had sent and obtained leave of the Lords. While Grange was speaking with her Majesty, the Earl of Bothwell was suborning a soldier to shoot him ; but Mary, perceiving his intention, gave a cry, and told

¹ John of Blackadder must not be confounded with Captain Blackadder, the sailor who was hanged by the confederate Lords on an accusation of being an ac-

complice in Darnley's murder, and died protesting his innocence of that foul deed, of which Morton and Lethington were among the principal accomplices.

him "he should not do her that shame, she having promised that Grange should come and return safely"—showing thereby how little unity of purpose existed between Bothwell and her. Bothwell was impelled not merely by the natural ferocity of his evil nature to incite his follower to this treacherous deed, but was provoked by hearing Grange persuading the Queen to put herself into the hands of the Lords, by telling her "how they would all love and serve her, if she would abandon him who was the murderer of her own husband."¹ Bothwell, finding himself frustrated in his design by her prompt interference, proceeded stoutly to deny Grange's allegation, and again offered to maintain his innocence by appeal of battle, "challenging any man that would assert to the contrary to meet him in single combat."² Grange promised to send him an answer shortly, and, taking leave of the Queen, returned to the Lords, who said, "they were content that he should accept Bothwell's challenge;" but Bothwell replied that "Grange was neither earl nor lord, and therefore could not be his peer." The like answer made he to his old adversary, the Laird of Tullibardine. His desire was to fight with Morton, to whom he sent his personal defiance, desiring him "to come forth and fight with him hand to hand between the two armies, and let their personal encounter decide the quarrel."³ Morton having no desire for the encounter, his friends kindly interposed, declaring "he was of more value than a hundred such as Bothwell." Then Patrick Lord Lindsay of the Byres, meet match for the ruffian Bothwell, stood forth and offered to fight as Morton's substitute. Morton lent him the sword of Archibald Bell-the-Cat, and bade him "go forth and conquer." Lindsay advanced before the army, fell on his knees, and uttered a long extempore prayer in a loud voice. After these accomplices in the murder, of which they had assumed the office of avengers, had made this theatrical display, Bothwell was informed that the Lord Lindsay was ready to do battle with him. Bothwell objected to Lindsay as inferior in rank, but consented to the combat, and advanced singly between the two armies, mounted on a brave steed; but while they were arranging the preliminary ceremonies, the Queen, impatient of these follies, and unwilling to be made the prize of the victor, or eager, as her conduct proves, to be rid of Bothwell, sent privately for the Laird of Grange to come to her again, and told him "that, if the Lords would do as he had declared to her, she would leave the Earl of Bothwell and come to them." Grange went to his confederates, communicated the Queen's message, and presently returned to her, "assuring her, in their united names, they would do as they had said." She then informed Bothwell of her intention. He vehemently opposed it, assuring her "that the Lords were not to be trusted, as she would find to her cost if she were deluded into the rashness of

¹ Sir James Melville's *Memoirs*, p. 138.

² *Home of Godscroft's Lives of the Douglasses.*

³ *Ibid.*

putting herself into their hands." He besought her "rather to bide the event of a battle, or, if she preferred delay, to retire with him, under the escort of the harquebussiers and gentlemen who still surrounded her, to Dunbar, where he promised to defend her manfully, till her loyal subjects made head against the rebel Lords."¹ But nothing he could say had the slightest effect on her mind, so determined was she to separate her name from the infamy attached to his cause, and to extricate her person from his control. Yet, consistently with the magnanimity of her generous nature, she inquired of Grange "whether any assurance would be given for the safety of the Duke?" as she called Bothwell. "No," he replied; "they are resolved to kill him if they can get him." Then observing that the Lords, impatient of the length of this parley, which they suspected was only intended to gain time, had given the signal to advance, he took Bothwell by the hand, and advised him "to save himself while he could;" and the Queen commanded him to retire to Dunbar, where "she would write to him, or send him word what she would have him do."²

"Finding it impossible," says Bothwell, "for me to dissuade her from her purpose, or incline her to listen to any remonstrance, I entreated her to obtain at least a safe-conduct. The Laird of Grange, who had come in behalf of the opposite party, did himself in their name give that assurance, saying, 'Every one of them, according to his degree, desired nothing more than to yield to her all obedience next after God in everything her Majesty might be pleased to command.' Thus," continues Bothwell, "I parted with her, she having requested me so to do, relying on the pledged faith which they had given to her." Bothwell did not pretend that Mary manifested the slightest grief at their separation, which, he testifies, was her own choice.³ Mary had been married to him exactly one month—a month which had been spent by her in tears and frantic despair, denoting plainly the misery his companionship had inflicted. Such was the fact, which no sophistry can alter.

When Grange had seen Bothwell fairly off the field, and on the road to Dunbar, he returned to the associate Lords to announce the news to them.⁴ They made no effort to pursue that great criminal. He had been their tool in the murder of Darnley, and his capture might have been attended with fatal consequences to Morton, to Lethington, the Balfours, and others of the guilty conspiracy, who had assumed the character of righteous avengers of innocent blood. It was their policy to connive at his escape, and to get the Queen into their hands. They accordingly desired Grange to pass up the hill again, and receive her Majesty. Mary, advancing to meet him, said, "Laird of Grange, I ren-

¹ Bothwell's Memorial—Bell's Appendix.

³ Ibid.

² Ibid.

⁴ Sir James Melville's Memoirs.

der me unto you upon the condition ye rehearsed unto me in the names of the Lords,"¹ and gave him her hand. He knelt and kissed it; then, after her Majesty had been placed on horseback, he, remounting his black charger, preceded her down the hill, holding his steel bonnet high above his head; for thus he is represented in the curious tinted sketch of Queen Mary's approach to the confederate Lords, which is still preserved in the State Paper Office. Her dress on that occasion is stated by Buchanan to have been "a short threadbare tunic, reaching but very little below her knees."² "The Queen's apparel in the field," writes Drury, "was after the attire and fashion of the women of Edinburgh—a red petticoat, with sleeves tied with points, a partlet, a black velvet hat and muffler."³ This description he had from an English ensign, who had been sent by him to perform the office of a spy, under colour of the courteous attention of bringing Queen Mary a packet of letters from the French ambassador in London. The young English officer overtook her on the Sunday morning, on her march from Seton to Musselburgh, delivered the letters into her own hand, remained near her person the whole day, and bore witness to the intrepidity of her deportment, and greatly censured those who could find it in their hearts to desert her cause. His account of her costume is no doubt as correct as could reasonably be expected from a masculine reporter of ladies' apparel. In the contemporary drawing to which we have previously alluded, which was of course delineated on the spot, the Queen wears a black riding-hat and jacket, a white ruff, and a red and yellow skirt, the royal colours of Scotland. She is mounted on a large gray charger, which is led by one of her equerries in the royal livery, red and yellow; a young lady on a pony follows the Queen, wearing a black hat of a similar fashion, a white veil, a red jacket, and yellow petticoat. This was Mary Seton: her head is anxiously turned in the direction in which Bothwell and his party appear retreating; which was also the road towards Seton and Tranent, whence her brother was hourly expected to bring up his tardy powers.

Mary Stuart, in obeying the instincts of repulsion, which prompted her to seize this opportunity of extricating herself from Bothwell, found herself in no better case than the simple bird that falls into the coils of a serpent in endeavouring to escape from the talons of a cat.

When the leaders of the rebel host advanced to receive her, Mary frankly addressed them in these words: "My lords, I am come to you, not out of any fear I had of my life, nor yet doubting of the victory, if matters had come to the worst, but to save the effusion of Christian blood; and therefore have I come to you, trusting in your promises that you will re-

¹ James Melville's Memoirs.

² The author of the French Fragment, ascribed by Teulet to the Captain of Inchkeith, says, "that when he saw her at Dunbar, the morning of her arrival

from Borthwick, she wore a red coat reaching to the middle of her leg, a rich tunic, and a taffaty pardessus, or cloak."

³ MS. Letters from Drury to Cecil, June 17 and 19, 1567—Border Correspondence.

spect me, and give me the obedience due to your native Queen and lawful Sovereign." Morton, who took upon him to act as spokesman for his confederates, bending his knee before her, in deceitful homage, replied, "Here, Madam, is the place where your Grace should be, and here we are ready to defend and obey you as loyally as ever the nobles of this realm did your progenitors." The next moment yells rose from among his myrmidons of "Burn her! burn the murderess!" with other epithets too coarse for repetition, which were intended for the Queen. Indignant, but undismayed, she turned to the Earl of Morton, and in plain words demanded of him, "What is your purpose? If it be the blood of your Princess you desire, take it; I am here to offer it, nor needs there other means to seek to be revenged." "After which words the Earl took her," continues our authority, "and committed her into safe custody."¹

The associate Lords had used for the ensign of their party that day a white banner, with the delineation of the dead body of Darnley extended beneath a tree, and the infant Prince kneeling with folded hands, having a label proceeding from his mouth with these words, "Judge and avenge our cause, O Lord,"—a device artfully chosen by the guilty accomplices in the murder, Morton, Lethington, and others of the conspirators, for the purpose of exciting the passions of the people against the Queen.² This banner was placed before her eyes by two soldiers, who held it up extended between two pikes; at which sight she swooned, and was with difficulty prevented from falling from her horse to the ground. Kirkaldy of Grange, who had been the means of deluding her into the hands of his perfidious party, found himself under the necessity of defending her with his drawn sword from the brutality of some of her revilers in the rebel ranks on the march to Edinburgh. Goaded almost to delirious agony by the cruelty of her treatment and the treachery of her foes, she could not refrain from reproaching the Earl of Athol for the part he had acted, and threatening with her royal vengeance those in whose imaginary sense of honour she had confided. At times she yielded to the weakness of womanly grief, shedding floods of tears, paused on her way, overcome with the violence of her emotion, and protested that she "neither could nor would proceed another step with perjured traitors, who had violated their solemn promises to her." One of the party deridingly told her, "that if she were driving time in hopes of the Hamiltons coming up to aid her, it was useless, as there was not an armed man to be seen for many miles."

The conduct of Patrick Lord Lindsay of the Byres, with whom she

¹ MS. Letter from Lord Scrope to Cecil, June 17, 1567—in the State Paper Office.

² A minute description of it while in preparation, and a drawing of it after its completion, were duly forwarded through

their confederate, Sir William Drury, to the English premier, Cecil. Not a single step for the ruin of Mary Stuart was indeed taken without their knowledge.

had been associated on terms of sisterly familiarity in her childhood, for he was the son of her faithful Lord-Keeper, appears to have been most keenly felt by Mary in that hour of bitter distress. She called him to her, and bade him give her his hand. He obeyed. "By the hand that is now in yours," she exclaimed, "I will have your head for this!"¹ Maddened by the taunts of those who were adding insults to perfidy, she appears to have been reckless of what she said in that climax of her misery, and guilty of the imprudence of telling them what she thought of their conduct, both generally and individually. Du Croc tells Catharine de Medicis "that he had hoped Queen Mary would have used her wonted sweetness of manner to the Lords when she went over to them, and endeavoured, by all means in her power, to conciliate and please them;" but they assured him, on the contrary, "that on the road to Edinburgh she never spoke but to threaten them with having them all crucified and hanged, which had made them desperate."² There was not a man in Scotland but would have laughed at the threat of crucifixion, a punishment which had never been heard of since the days of the Roman emperors; and as for hanging, few indeed of those who accused their captive Sovereign of menacing them with the fate their reiterated treasons so well merited, but had been indebted to her royal clemency for relieving them either from the halter or the axe.

About nine o'clock on the evening of that woeful 15th of June, the hapless Queen was dragged into Edinburgh with every circumstance of studied indignity calculated to aggravate her distress. She was preceded by men-at-arms bearing before her the banner which had been so cunningly devised by the contrivers of her husband's murder, to fix the suspicion of their crime on her. Morton and Athol rode on either side of her. Her dress was covered with dust; she was exhausted and fevered with fatigue and the violence of her emotion; her face was covered with tears, and so disfigured with excessive weeping that she was scarcely recognizable. The baser sort shamed not to aggravate the bitterness of her misery by hooting and railing upon her as she passed.³ Instead of conducting her to her own palace of Holyrood, the confederate traitors, who had thus succeeded in entrapping their fatally confiding Sovereign, lodged her in the town house of her false Provost, Sir Simon Preston, a huge grim mansion called the Black Turnpike, guarded with flanking towers, battlements, and strongly fortified portal, being occasionally used as a temporary prison for untried malefactors before they were committed to the Tolbooth. It was situated in the High Street, adjoining the Tron Church. Here the unfortunate Queen, without the slightest consideration being vouchsafed either to her sex or her exalted rank, was

¹ History of Scotland, vol. vii. MS. Letter from Drury to Cecil.

² Du Croc's Letter to Queen-mother of France, June 17, 1567.

³ Buchanan. Drury's Letters to Cecil. Chalmers; Bell; Tytler; Spotswood.

separated from her ladies, who had courageously followed her to the prison they were not permitted to share, and inhumanly bereft of female attendance,¹ thrust into a room fronting the noisy street, and left to pass the night without the means of bathing her fevered brow and tear-swollen eyes, or changing her travel-soiled garments. Supper was indeed placed before her; but though she had not broken her fast for upwards of four-and-twenty hours, she refused to eat.²

Mary was once more in the hands of the ruthless men who, after butchering her secretary, David Riccio, in her presence, had reviled, taunted, set her at nought, and left her to pass a night of agony alone. In like manner they compelled her to do so a second time without female attendance or medical care, after the day of torturing excitement and personal fatigue she had gone through. When the morning dawned, Mary showed herself at the window of the Provost's house, and cried to her people for succour. She had rent her garments in her frantic agony, and appeared with her dishevelled hair hanging wildly about her face and bosom, a spectacle which moved all the spectators of her misery to compassion, save two malignant soldiers, who advanced the banner with the effigies of her murdered husband and her infant son, and held it up before her eyes. At this sight she screamed aloud, and called on the people "either to slay her, or deliver her from the cruelty of the false traitors by whom she had been deluded, and was thus barbarously treated."

Her appeal was not entirely without effect, for there were still many true hearts in Edinburgh to respond to the cry of their desolate and oppressed Queen. An indignant crowd of honest Scots gathered round the Provost's house, and declared their intention of taking her part. The loyal citizens spoke of "unfurling the Blue Blanket, and rallying the craftsmen of the good town for her rescue."³ Alarmed at those unexpected demonstrations of the affection of the better sort for their unfortunate Queen, the excited state of the town, and the divisions which began to rise even among themselves, the leaders of the conspiracy considered it necessary to resort to their wonted dissimulation. Grange, who had been the means of deluding her into their power, perceiving that a reaction of popular feeling was likely to take place in her favour, now thought it only decent to complain of the stain that had been thrown on his honour, by treating her as a prisoner whom they had promised to obey and reverence as their Sovereign. Whereupon, abandoning the story of their fears of a general crucifixion and hanging, they pretended "that they had intercepted a letter which the Queen had written the preceding night to Bothwell, calling him 'her dear heart,' and declaring her intention of rejoining him as soon as she could." It is need-

¹ Document in Teulet's Collections—Pièces et Documens, vol. ii. p. 166. Buchanan; Melville; Bell; Tytler.

² Ibid.

³ Pennycuik's History of the Blue Blanket, p. 58.

less to argue against the absurdity of any one believing that men who had deprived their royal captive of the comfort of female attendance, and every other solace which her pitiable and exhausted state required, would have granted her the indulgence of pen, ink, and paper in her prison-room, where she was rigorously guarded from the access of any living creature by Lindsay and his armed followers. Grange, however, affected to consider the bare assertion of Lethington and Morton, that they had intercepted such a letter, sufficient excuse for their violation of those solemn promises to her which they had empowered him to make, although the breach of faith was perpetrated by them several hours before it was possible for the letter to have been written, even if they had supplied her with writing materials for that purpose. It was of a piece with the rest of their fictions. They had gathered an army, declaring that it was for the loyal and chivalric object of freeing her from the cruel thralldom in which she was kept by Bothwell ; and their next move in the game was to pretend that they had been deceived, for that he was the object of her fondest affection ; and it was therefore necessary to depose and imprison her as soon as she had dismissed him, and thrown herself on their protection.

Six peers of Parliament, and six only, had taken it upon them to constitute their Sovereign a prisoner. They to a man were, as they ever had been, members of the English faction, and pledged to Cecil for her ruin. But Mary was still dear to the true hearts of Scotland. A vast majority among the nobles either stood neuter, like Argyll, or were avowedly on her side. A loyal army, headed by the chiefs of Hamilton and Gordon, was already in the field, and so near at hand that the traitor Sir James Balfour, though he had formed a secret pact with Morton and Lethington to deliver the Castle into their hands, delayed the performance of his promise till he should see to which side the balance would incline. At this critical moment, when the reaction of popular feeling was beginning to manifest itself, even in that focus of faction and fanaticism the High Street of Edinburgh, in a most decided manner in behalf of the captive Queen, she, unluckily chancing to espy Lethington in the throng, opened the window, and, calling upon him by name, "besought him, for the love of God, to come to her."¹ Happy to have the opportunity of deluding her once more, he obeyed, and in reply to her entreaties for aid in her present sore distress, soothed her with professions of his attachment, telling her "that the Lords were very much her friends, and ready to do everything she could desire, if she would show herself an amicable temper to them," imputing all the ill-treatment of which she complained to her angry expressions. Mary, who must have possessed the most placable temper in the world, was only too easily pacified, and consented to see Morton and Athol. They came to her with soft and penitential speeches, expressing

¹ Letter of Du Croc. Melville's Memoirs.

their regret for the unfortunate misunderstanding that had occurred, declared that they had no intention of putting the slightest constraint on her person, and promising to conduct her to her own palace, reinstate her in her regal authority, and leave her at full liberty to exercise it as she pleased, provided only that she would dismiss the mob who had assembled round the house. In evil moment for herself, Mary was induced to speak from the window to her honest champions of low degree, and requested them to disperse, and return peaceably to their own homes. Her ladies were then permitted to come to her, she was allowed to change her dress, and invited to take some sort of refreshment; but because she found herself, in consequence of her long fast and the agitation of her spirits, unable to swallow a morsel of animal food, the report was circulated "that she had made a vow not to taste flesh till she saw the Earl of Bothwell again."

Edinburgh was in a tumultuous and excited state the whole day; and the Queen remained in the Provost's house a strictly-guarded prisoner, notwithstanding the renewed assurances of duty and allegiance she had received from the confederate Lords in the morning. It was not till nine o'clock that evening, after she had spent many long hours of agonizing suspense, that they thought proper to perform their promise of conducting her to Holyrood. They performed it in a manner characteristic of themselves, for she was led thither between Morton and Athol, not as their Queen, but their captive, on foot, guarded with files of soldiers, and exposed, as on the preceding night, to the insults of the rabble. Several women, who were sitting on the fore-stairs of the houses in the Canongate to see her pass, reviled her by the most opprobrious epithets, a circumstance that has been recorded with exultation by her adversaries,¹ as if any argument of her guilt were derivable from the unfeminine conduct of those who could thus violate the charities and instincts of woman's nature, by aggravating her affliction with unprovoked insult. None but females of the vilest class were capable of acting a part like this; for when were modest maids or virtuous matrons ever known to lift up their voices in the public streets, and unite in the railings and execrations of a savage mob? But Mary Stuart, even in that most direful climax of her misery, was not deserted by the high and excellent of her own sex. Mary Seton, on whose name not even the malignity of political slander ever succeeded in fixing a stain, was in close attendance on her person, together with Mary Livingston,² whose husband, John Sempill, was the son of one of the confederate Lords. These two ladies having been witnesses of the actions of their royal mistress from her childhood upwards, afforded testimony to her integrity, by voluntarily partaking with her the horrors of this hour of surpassing bitterness and its perils, for nothing had been left undone

¹ Buchanan; Laing; Melville.

² Teulet's *Pièces et Documents*, vol. ii. p. 167.

by Morton and his accomplices calculated to excite the fury of a fanatic mob to acts of personal violence against their defenceless Queen. The cunningly-devised banner was displayed, and was again the signal for imprecatory cries of "Burn her ! Drown her !" accompanied with fiend-like yells and terms of foul abuse.

Mary had swooned, had wept, and passionately reproached the authors of these outrages on the preceding night, but their repetition roused her royal spirit, and she boldly appealed to the people, even while they were rendering themselves the blind instruments of the traitor Lords, who had thus shamelessly violated their solemn promises to her a second time within the last four-and-twenty hours. "I am innocent !" she intrepidly exclaimed. "I have done nothing worthy of blame. Why am I handled thus, seeing I am a true Princess and your native Sovereign ? You are deceived by false traitors. Good Christian people, either take my life or free me from their cruelty." "She bore her undauntedly," continues our authority,¹ "protesting, as she always doth, her innocence, with tears in her eyes and passionate words addressing herself to the people, who were thronging her, and appeared highly commoved at the cries that were raised on the causeway." A French contemporary mentions "that she was accompanied by Mademoiselles Seton and Sempill, with others of her chamber, following her very closely,"² ready, good faithful creatures ! to die for her or with her. Among the ladies who walked in that sad procession must have been Madame Courcelles, Jane Kennedy, and Mademoiselle Rallay, who shared her imprisonment at Lochleven, and afterwards for long weary years in England. Mary "was appalled," we are told, "in a nightgown," or evening dress, of "variable colours :"³ this was probably a tartan robe of the royal pattern.

The distance between the Black Turnpike and Holyrood Abbey might be traversed in ten minutes, but the barbarity of her enemies converted it into a tedious pilgrimage to her, whom they exposed to public contumely. Their object was apparently to inflame the vicious rabble to tear her limb from limb, before she could reach the sanctuary of her own palace. From this frightful fate the close proximity of her faithful ladies possibly preserved her, especially from the unwomanly furies of the Canongate. What class of females these were may be guessed, when it is said that the Canongate was the head-quarters of the conspirator Lords and their military forces. Like the furies of the guillotine, they united in reviling and clamouring for the blood of their Queen. Yet Mary had still too many friends in Edinburgh not to cause some alarm to her persecutors. They were told "that the common people did greatly pity her Majesty, and heavily bemoaned her calamity ;"⁴ and they knew that a numerous body of more powerful

¹ MS. Letter from Drury to Cecil—Border Correspondence, June, 1567.

² Teulet, vol. ii. p. 167.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ Spotsiswood.

sympathizers might hourly be expected, in which case they might perhaps find themselves in a greater dilemma than at Mary's previous restoration to her regal authority, when she escaped from their cruel hands after the assassination of David Riccio. They therefore resolved to send her out of Edinburgh without delay, and imprison her in the castle of Lochleven, placing her under the jailorship of the mother of Moray, and her son Sir William Douglas. The woman who was chosen for this ungracious office was the sister of the Earl of Mar, and had been the mistress of Queen Mary's father, King James V. She had been married to Sir Robert Douglas, the Laird of Lochleven, cousin to the Earl of Morton, by whom she was the mother of three sons and seven daughters, one of whom was the wife of Patrick Lord Lindsay of the Byres. Lindsay was associated, together with Lord Ruthven and Sir William Douglas, by Morton, Mar, Glencairn, and the other confederates, in the warrant for the removing and incarceration of the person of their sovereign lady in the fortress of Lochleven.¹ As soon as the warrant was drawn up and signed, poor Mary was inhumanly roused from the repose her harassed spirit so much required, by Lindsay and Ruthven, two ruffians well suited for the cruel office they had undertaken, and compelled to quit her bed at dead of night, to commence her long journey.

One moment of privacy, and one alone, her Majesty contrived to snatch with her faithful damsels in her cabinet, before she allowed herself to be hurried away from her own royal home for ever. She prayed one of them, "either to write or send some sure messenger to the Captain of Edinburgh Castle, and desire him to keep a good heart to her,"—little did she know the heart of Sir James Balfour.

Uncertain whither she was to be carried, or for what purpose, Mary was enveloped from head to foot in a coarse riding-cloak and hood of russet-cloth, so as to disguise her person and quality, dragged from her chamber by Lindsay, Ruthven, and a band of men-at-arms, mounted on horseback, and conducted to the water's side, and, in spite of her reluctance, transported to the other side in a vessel that was provided for that purpose. She was then placed in the saddle again, and compelled to proceed for several hours. The early dawn revealed the well-known outline of the western Lomonds and Benarty's giant form, rising like a stern barrier high in air in the foreground, when the cavalcade halted, after a circuitous sweep, on the margin of the broad blue waters of Lochleven. Mary then perceived that she was to be warded in the same fortress that had been selected as the place of her life-long incarceration by the conspirators two years before, if they had not been frustrated in their original plot for surprising her and Darnley at the Parenwell, slaughtering him and imprisoning her. The first object of that league—

¹ This warrant is dated June 16th, 1567. The original is in the possession of the Earl of Morton, at Dalmahoy House, where I have been favoured with the sight of it.

the murder of Darnley—was now accomplished. The traitors, though baffled more than once in their designs, were at last triumphant, and with greater prospect of permanent success than in June, 1565, since they were now in possession of an infant heir to the Crown, under whose name they might usurp the sovereignty of Scotland. The Register of Privy Council bears record, June 16th, 1567, the same day on which they signed the warrant for the Queen's imprisonment, that these men framed a document entitled "A Bond of Concurrence," declaring that

"Bothwell, without fear of God or reverence for the person of his native Prince, *umbeset*¹ her Majesty's way, seized her most noble person, and led her away with him to Dunbar Castle, there detaining her prisoner and captive. How no nobleman nor other durst resort to her Majesty to speak with her, nor procure their lawful business without suspicion, her chamber doors being continually watched with men of war. We, although too late, began to consider the estate, and to take heed to ourselves, but specially to the preservation of the life of the fatherless Prince, the only son and righteous heir-apparent of our Sovereign, her Highness's shameful thralldom and bondage with the said Earl, and with that foresaw the great danger which the Prince stood in, whereas the murderer of his father, the ravisher of the Queen his mother, was clad with the principal strengths of the realm, and garnished with a guard of waged men, and now in all appearance he might oppress and destroy that innocent infant as he had done his father, and so, by tyranny and cruel deeds, at last to usurp the royal crown and supreme government of this realm. At last, in the fear and name of God, and in the lawful obedience of our Sovereign, moved and constrained by the just occasions above written, we have taken arms to revenge the said horrible and cruel murder upon the said Earl of Bothwell and others, authors and devisers, and to deliver our Sovereign forth of his hands."²

What evidence can be more positive of the constraint to which Mary had been subjected from Bothwell, than this declaration of the very men who sent her as a prisoner to Lochleven? Nor is this either the first or the last of their publications to the same effect. It is, after all, to the documents left by her calumniators that Mary is indebted for her justification.

CHAPTER II.

QUEEN MARY did not approach Lochleven Castle quiescently, for local tradition affirms that when the cavalcade halted on the edge of the lake, she refused to step into the boat. Resistance was, however, unavailing, for she was in the hands of homicides who had already shed blood in her presence, and who scrupled not to accomplish their intents by force. Had they been less prompt in their proceedings, they would have been overtaken and slain; for the Lords Seton, Yester, and Borthwick, hearing that the

¹ This word means, to impede or beset any one's path with armed men.

² Anderson's Collections.

Queen was going prisoner to Lochleven Castle, had mounted with the Lairds of Waughton, Bass, Langton, David Home of Wedderburn, and his uncle John Blackadder, at the head of their well-armed militia, and followed hard and fast for her rescue. The race was sharply run; but in spite of all the Queen's resistance, Lindsay and Ruthven lifted her into the boat, and rowed her across the lake to the castle before the loyal cavaliers reached the water's edge.¹ When the portals of that grim fortress had once closed upon her, and she was consigned to the keeping of the paramour of the late King her father, Lady Douglas, small must have appeared the prospect of her deliverance!

Lochleven Castle, so closely connected with Mary's history, is situated on an island, five acres in extent, which rises from an expanse of deep and often stormy waters, twelve, but at that period, as some suppose, fifteen miles in circumference, and is upwards of half a mile from the main land at the nearest point of approach. The castle is at present a ruin, the little island overgrown with brushwood. In the midst of the tangled wilderness, tradition long pointed out one ancient stem of fantastic growth, called "Queen Mary's Thorn," said to have been planted by the illustrious prisoner. Its boughs, as long as a stick remained, were constantly broken off and carried away by visitors, whom the undying interest attached to Mary Stuart attracted to the spot: it was recently uprooted by a storm of wind. The old tower of the castle is of extreme antiquity, built by Congal, a Pictish king. Her royal suite was of more modern architecture. It was a palatial fortress, the defences of which were always kept up; an arsenal as well as a place of sport for fishing and for hawking water-fowl. The Stuart kings had often taken refuge there in time of need. Several of Mary's earlier Acts of Council are dated thence. She fitted it up soon after her return from France. Her presence-chamber and bed-room were hung with ten pieces of tapestry, descriptive of the histories of hunting and hawking. Her bed was of green velvet, made in the fashion of a chapel, fringed with green silk, the counterpane of stitched green taffety. Her board-cloth was green velvet, lined with green taffety; her regal canopy covered with crimson satin figured with gold, and its draperies fringed with gold and crimson silk.² A beautiful ebony canapé, or small sofa, as well as the chairs used by her at Lochleven, are in the possession of the Earl of Morton, at Dalmahoy House.

Queen Mary was imprisoned in the south-eastern tower of Lochleven Castle, only approached through the quadrangle enclosed within lofty stone walls where guards watched. These apartments are still in existence. The presence-chamber of the captive Sovereign is circular in form, fifteen

¹ Adam Blackwood's *Life of Queen Mary*. Keith. Fairbairn.

² Royal Wardrobe Book of Queen Mary, privately printed by the late T. Thomson, Esq. of Shrubhill.

feet in diameter, the ceiling is very low. The window commands views of the loch and mountains. Lochleven lake is studded with three other little isles. On that called St Serf's Inch was a small Culdée religious station, and the ruins of the priory said to have been founded by King Achaicus. Queen Mary saw these from her bed-room window, and from the leads. The Lomonds sloped down nearly to the shores of the loch on her left, the Bishop's Hill in front, and Benarty rearing its steep barrier to the south; the only vestige of the habitation of man being the inconsiderable village of Kinross, on the low-lying plain to the north-east.¹

Exhausted as Mary was, when she reached her prison-house her high spirit did not desert her, notwithstanding the insolence of the bold bad woman to whose espionage she was now condemned. Lady Douglas received her hapless Sovereign with taunts, telling her she "was only a usurper, and that her son, the Earl of Moray, was rightful King of Scotland, and the legitimate heir of King James V." "He is too honest to say so himself," was Mary's calm rejoinder to this outrageous boast; and it is certain that Moray, even when Regent, never ventured to assert his legitimacy—the fact that he was born after his mother's marriage to Sir Robert Douglas of Lochleven being notorious.

Queen Mary's first step was to write an indignant letter to Kirkaldy of Grange, reproaching him with the unworthy part he had acted, in persuading her to confide in the promises of those by whom she had been thus shamefully treated. He answered, "that he had already reproached the Lords for the same, who showed him a writing sent by her to the Earl of Bothwell, promising, among many other fair and comfortable words, never to abandon him; which, if it were written by her Majesty, as he could scarcely believe, had stopped his mouth."² Yet the conditions

¹ It is impossible to refrain from recording a pleasing trait of generous feeling displayed by David Marshal, tacksman of the Lochleven fishery, cooper, and proprietor of the boats employed in transporting visitors to and from Lochleven Castle; for after he and his two men had rowed me to the island, battled with a rough groundswell which made our passage very laborious, tarried my leisure while making local investigations and notes for this painful chapter of Mary Stuart's biography, and had safely landed me on the shores of Kinross, he stoutly refused to accept his five-shilling fee, or any reward whatsoever, because he had gathered from the conversation that I was writing Queen Mary's Life. It was in vain that my friend's coachman took him aside, and, producing a one-pound note Scotch, told him "that his lady, Mrs Skene of Pitlour, with whom I was on a visit, had given private orders to him to pay all expenses." David Marshal put

the proffered guerdon aside with a determined air, saying, "No, I will not take money for this job from any one: I must be permitted to have the pleasure of rendering this little service to that lady for Queen Mary's sake." "Then," said I, "you would have lent a hand to deliver Queen Mary from her prison, if you had lived in her day?"—"Ay, and I would have died for her!" he replied, grasping his oar with expressive energy as he spoke. Who shall say the age of chivalry exists no longer, when sentiments of so ennobling a character animate the true hearts of the industrial classes of old Scotia! As a matter of course, David Marshal and his mates were requested to accompany the coachman to the inn, refresh themselves, and drink my health; but the charge was very trifling, for David is a "teetotaller," and could not be prevailed on by the others to imbibe any potation stronger than ginger-pop.

² Melville's Memoirs.

which he had solemnly guaranteed to her had been violated before it was possible for her to have had an opportunity of writing any letter. Had he not seen her, immediately after she had, in compliance with his persuasions, left Bothwell, dismissed her army, and put herself into the hands of those guileful enemies who had promised to demean themselves as dutiful subjects, treated by them and their followers with the most brutal insults, dragged into Edinburgh with indignity, lodged in the Black Turnpike, a prison appropriated to felons, and the next day exposed to renewed injury and insults. Yet he continued to act with them. They had declared to the whole world that it was to deliver the Queen from the cruel thralldom of Bothwell they had taken up arms; and now when she, deceived by their proclamations, had come to them as to her deliverers, they endeavoured to justify their ill-treatment of her by pretending that she was art and part in all Bothwell's crimes.

Du Croc rehearsed all their accusations in his despatch to France, yet added that "Lethington at other times had told him, 'that from the day after her nuptials she never ceased from tears and lamentations, and that he, Bothwell, would neither allow her to see any one nor any one to see her.'"¹ Monsieur Mignet has, however, related the conversation which Lethington pretended to place between his Queen and him in the Provost's house, as if it had been an undisputed fact, instead of the unverified assertion of one who had given so many proofs of his perfidy.

"Yourselves," wrote Randolph subsequently, in a letter addressed jointly to Lethington and Kirkaldy of Grange, twitting them with their villainies against Mary in the hour of her direst distress, "wrote against her, fought against her, and were the chiefest cause of her apprehension, imprisonment, and the demission of her crown, with somewhat more that we might say, if it were not to grieve you too much therein. But plainness argueth friendship, and so do I trust ye take it: so that you two were the chief occasions of all the calamities, as she saith, that she hath fallen into. You, Lord of Lethington, by your persuasion and council to apprehend her, to imprison her, yea, to have taken presently the life from her; and you, Lord of Grange, by your solicitation, travail, and labour, to bring in others to allow thereof, and to put in execution that which by you, Lord of Lethington, was devised."²

¹ Du Croc to the Queen-mother of France, June 17th, 1567. Teulet's Collections, vol. ii. pp. 169, 170.

² Strype's Annals, Appendix, No. ix. Surely, if our accomplished French contemporary had seen this document he would not have attached any weight to Lethington's report of Queen Mary's sayings in regard to Bothwell, or anything else; for in history the credibility of the evidence depends no less on the characters and motives of the parties by

whom it has been derived, than in a court of justice on those of the witnesses. Nor must the fact be forgotten, that Lethington was one of the principal contrivers of Darnley's murder. Morton, in a letter to their mutual friend the Laird of Carnichael, states, in plain words, "that he knew Lethington to be guilty of the King's death from his own declaration, Lethington having shown it to him beforehand."

The day after Queen Mary's incarceration in Lochleven Castle, the inimical Lords seized all her plate, jewels, dresses, and costly furniture in Holyrood House, and sent her plate, including the christening-font presented by Queen Elizabeth to their infant Prince, to the Mint, to be coined into money to pay the military force they were using against her.¹ Glencairn entered her Chapel-royal with his servants, broke down the altars, and demolished the carving, ornaments, and pictures, some of which were of great beauty and value. Her French servants, whom Bothwell had threatened to discharge, found themselves in no better case than if he had been able to fulfil his intention, for they were driven out in a destitute condition, and besieged the house of Du Croc, their countryman, with doleful cries for food.² He provided for them by breaking open a coffer containing four thousand crowns, which the Queen had confided to his keeping for her own use, with several silver vessels, which he sold, and with the proceeds hired a ship, and sent them back to their own country. Mindful of the instructions he had received from Catharine de Medicis and her Cabinet, he was careful to keep on civil terms with her enemies, nor manifest his real sympathy for Mary.

The Lords waited ten days after the Queen's surrender before they issued a proclamation rehearsing Bothwell's misdeeds, offering the reward of a thousand crowns for his apprehension :³ it was a month later before they "put him to the horn." He remained unmolested at Dunbar, within twenty miles of Edinburgh, where he held the council to consider the means of delivering the Queen from durance ;⁴ twelve earls, eighteen lords, and a number of titular bishops and abbots attended it ;⁵ but no effectual measures were adopted, for the disgust his conduct had created, prevented her faithful friends from junction with him. The great nobles withdrew to Hamilton, forming themselves into a third party for the Queen, and her alone.⁶ Thus divided, they were not strong enough to enterprise anything for her relief by force of arms, so they awaited the meeting of a free Parliament, to which Mary desired to refer herself. The Queen-mother of France, who had never loved her, was playing her own deep game with the Huguenot leaders, and they had satisfied their friend the Earl of Moray that no interference in Mary's favour need be apprehended. The young King Charles, indeed, at the first news of her captivity, manifested lively feelings of sympathy for his unfortunate sister-in-law ; he sent for Moray, and asked his assistance in her behalf, declaring "that he would do much to get both the Scottish Queen and her son over to Paris, where he would protect them both."⁷ Moray was

¹ Chalmers ; Knox ; Tytler.

³ Diurnal of Occurrents.

⁵ *Ibid.*

⁷ Letter of Sir Henry Norris to Queen Elizabeth—in Stevenson's Illustrations.

² Du Croc to Charles IX., in Teulct, vol. ii.

⁴ Bothwell's Memorial.

⁶ Keith.

only waiting the fiat of Elizabeth and Cecil to make his appearance on the scene as sovereign *de facto* of Scotland.¹

The triumphant faction in whose hands Mary was then, refused to allow Villeroy, the new envoy from France, either to see or communicate with her, yet his errand was to obtain her consent for divorcing Bothwell, and to propose a more suitable consort to her consideration. Two of her own subjects were also aspirants for her hand,—one the second son of the Duke de Châtelherault, the other the brother of the Earl of Argyll. But Mary declared to those about her “that she could be better content either to retire to a nunnery in France, or to pass the rest of her life in seclusion with her grandmother, the old Duchess de Guise.”²

Villeroy and Du Croc both set out for France the last week in June, without communicating with the captive Queen.³ She anxiously awaited the return of her envoy, Sir Robert Melville, from England; but instead of performing his duty to her, he had acted as the agent of the conspirators, by recommending their cause to Queen Elizabeth, and soliciting money to assist them. The following passage in his letter to Cecil fully corroborates the complicity of that minister and the English Sovereign in the plot, by the working of which the fall of the northern Queen was accomplished.

“Before my coming, the Lords did write divers instructions unto me, besides a letter written to the Queen’s Majesty [Elizabeth] subscribed by them. The effect thereof was, that as they did understand by me of the good inclination—your mistress and Council being addicted to help them in their most need—so, for their parts, their good-will to do her Majesty [not their own Queen, but Elizabeth] service before all other with time shall be declared. The Lords presently need but money, for they have already listed divers men of war, and *is* taking up more. Wherefore, sir, it is most needful that with all expedition money may be procured of the Queen your sovereign, and sent thither with Sir Nicholas *Fragmaton*.”

Sir Robert Melville tells Cecil that the Lord of Lethington, being very busy just then, desired him to say

“that the Queen his sovereign, Elizabeth, might rest content with the conference that had been between them;” significantly adding, “He does well like of your advice on divers heads, always there is enough probable *to proceed upon that matter we first agreed upon*, and farther is thought expedient.

Lethington himself writes to Cecil the same day—

“Having conferred with Melville since his return, I perceive as well the continuance of your constant friendship towards me in particular, as your allowance of this common quarrel, enterprised by a good number of our noblemen, for recovery of the honour of this country, almost lost for that shameful murder in the same committed, and not punished.”⁴

¹ Indisputable proof of the secret league between the English Cabinet and Moray for this purpose is also to be found in Cecil’s correspondence with Sir Henry Norris, the English Ambassador at Paris.

² Letter of Thockmorton to Queen Elizabeth.

³ Diurnal of Occurrents. Tytler.

⁴ Stevenson’s Illustrations, 182, 183.

Of that Lethington himself was a notable instance ; but, bold in his impunity, the caitiff shamelessly proceeds :

“ I pray you we may, for the relief of the noblemen, who are willing enough according to their ability, find some comfort at the Queen’s Majesty’s hands of money—which being accorded, the game, I doubt nothing, is done. Marry, whatsoever it shall please her Majesty to grant, being less, and suddenly conveyed hither, shall do more profit than a great deal more may do hereafter, if it be long a-coming.”¹

When Melville proceeded to Lochleven to deliver the letter and deceitful messages of amity, of which he was the bearer, from her good sister of England, Mary’s three jailors, Lord Ruthven, Lord Lindsay, and his brother-in-law Sir William Douglas, insisted on being present, in consequence of the orders they received from the Lords of Secret Council. Mary remonstrated against their intrusion, “ which she said prevented her from entering into private conference with her servant.”² It was a farce for the purpose of impressing her with the idea that Melville was devoted to her cause, in order to induce her to speak her mind the more freely to him. So the next time he was permitted to see her alone. But Mary, instead of conversing with him on affairs of state, eagerly besought him to obtain a needful supply of raiment for herself and her ladies, of which they were almost destitute. False as he was to her, Sir Robert Melville was not so devoid of the feelings of a gentleman as not to make some effort to improve her personal comforts. He succeeded in procuring from the costly wardrobe of Mary Stuart, articles, the recital of which may be to some of our readers more amusing than the documentary proofs it has been necessary to produce of Sir Robert Melville’s agency with the English government for depriving her of her throne. “ I confess,” she says, “ to having received a robe of grey velvet ; a black Spanish net, ornamented with twenty-two gold aglets” (this was of course to be arranged as a head-dress) ; “ a gown of silk camelat, ornamented with thirty-two aglets ; a black velvet cloak, and a small one of grey velvet ; two gowns, a cloak, and a vasquina of estamine ;³ a pair of crimson satin sleeves, and a vasquina of black canlat.”⁴ The captive Sovereign had not limited her requisitions to these few things, but they were certainly all she got at that time. She had received previously a vasquina of red satin, rayed with white and furred with martin ; a pair of black velvet boots, furred with martin ; a pair of crimson satin sleeves, edged with gold fringe ; a wrapper of Holland linen ; a pair of black silk shoes ; two pair of walking-shoes ; four thousand pins ; and a case full of preserves of various sorts. In the month of July she obtained two

¹ Stevenson’s Illustrations, 182, 183.

² Sir Robert Melville to Cecil, July 8th, 1567—State Paper Office MS.

³ This material, which sometimes figures in Mary’s wardrobe accounts under the puzzling name of “ stemming,”

or “ staming,” was a very fine woollen manufacture called “ etamine,” introduced by her from France.

⁴ Melville MSS. in the Archives of the Earl of Leven.

pair of velvet shoes ; a woollen camisole ; a chemise, with plaited sleeves ; a little coffer, covered with crimson velvet, ornamented with the letter "F" in silver and gold ; and some packets of coloured silks and Spanish chenille for her embroidery ; with a dozen and a half of little flowers, painted on canvas, and traced in black silk.¹

Throckmorton demanded admission to Queen Mary's presence, for the purpose of persuading her to purchase his Sovereign's aid, by placing her infant son in her hands, for which reason he was not permitted to see her. The conspirators, however willing to oblige Elizabeth, could not part with the royal infant, his safe keeping being their watchword, the possession of his person their only palladium. To Mary the temptation must have been great, for the babe could scarcely be in worse hands than he then was. Elizabeth would in that case have sent an army to her assistance, instead of a shower of gold to turn the balance against her. But no considerations of a personal nature could tempt Mary Stuart to forget the duty and dignity of mother and queen, although her own life was considered at this juncture to be in extreme jeopardy. Reports were rife in France that she had been murdered, indeed Throckmorton notes "that the Lords appeared perplexed how to get rid of their Queen, which he suspected they intended to do one way or other." The reason alleged by them to Throckmorton for their misuseage of their unfortunate Sovereign, was

"that she had refused to join in prosecuting Bothwell as the murderer of her late husband, or to consent to a divorce ; for, to add to her misery, she apprehended that she was likely to become by him the mother of a child, whose legitimacy, she considered, would be impugned by the dissolution of that most wretched marriage, and had therefore declared her determination rather to die than permit such a stain to be cast on her honour or that of her offspring."

There is no substantial reason to believe, however, that Mary ever gave birth to any other child than her son by her second husband, Henry Lord Darnley.²

Mary demanded, through Sir Robert Melville, that the Lords in power would have consideration of her health, and change the place of her restraint to the Castle of Stirling, that she might at least have the company and comfort of her son. But if they would not, she required to have some other gentlewoman about her at Lochleven, without naming the person to whose society she objected, who was of course Lady Douglas, the paramour of her late royal father. Mary also petitioned "to be allowed the attendance of her apothecary, a groom of the chamber, and some modest minister," but whether of the new Kirk or the old is not

¹ Illustrations of the Reigns of Queen Mary and King James, printed for the Maitland Club.

² The tradition mentioned by Le Laboureur that Mary was delivered of a

daughter while in Lochleven, who afterwards became a nun in the convent of Soissons, is not verified by the slightest evidence, and appears utterly devoid of truth.

specified, "and to have an embroiderer to draw forth such work as she would be occupied about." Lastly, she "requested, if they would not treat her as their Queen, yet to use her as the daughter of the King their late Sovereign, whom many of them knew, and as their Prince's mother."¹ Little attention was paid by the conspirators to these demands, nor would they permit Sir Nicholas Elphinston, who had been sent from France to her by the Earl of Moray, to proceed to Lochleven to deliver his message. The substance of his letter was, however, well known to Queen Elizabeth, with whom the bearer spent an hour in private conference, when passing through London. Elizabeth spoke much in commendation of Moray, and said she "should cause Cecil to write a letter in her name to the Queen of Scots, who suspected that he spoke defamedly of her, that he was the best and most faithful subject she had."² Moray's letter to his royal sister was to make the like profession in his own name, to express his disapproval of the proceedings of the rebel Lords, "in keeping her in durance," assuring her "that he would be true servant to her in all fortunes."³ If these professions had been sincere, Mary might have kept her crown, and Moray lived to a good old age, instead of receiving the wages of his iniquity, a tragic death, before he completed his fortieth year. Selfish ambition prevailed. Identifying himself with the victorious dragon of his aspiring mother's dream, who prevailed against the royal lion of Scotland, he pursued the sinuous course which led to the fulfilment of an augury as fatal in its result to himself as to his victim. While Moray made professions of his loyalty to his royal sister, he was in correspondence with her traitors, and was enleagued with the Queen of England, whose secret-service-men they were. An English vessel was sent from Rye to Dieppe, expressly for the purpose of smuggling him over from France,⁴ the Archbishop of Glasgow having shown the King of France that he was, as he ever had been, the secret head of the conspiracy against his Queen.⁵ Throckmorton, from Elizabeth, requested the conspirator Lords "that they would suspend all proceedings till the arrival of Moray;" who, before he ventured to proceed to Scotland, came to receive instructions from the lips of Cecil and Elizabeth that might not be intrusted to any third person.

The young King of France, having from his childhood loved Queen Mary better than anything in the world, was eager to succour her. All he could do, after his fruitless personal appeal to Moray on her behalf, was to send for the Duke de Châtelherault, and urge him on the same subject; the Duke, less fortunate than Moray, had been living in exile in France ever since their insurrectionary proceedings on account of Mary's marriage with Darnley, in July, 1565. When, however, the

¹ Letter of Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, July 18th, 1567—Stevenson's Illustrations.

⁴ Letter to Sir William Cecil, July 13th, 1567—Stevenson's Illustrations.

⁵ Buchanan's History of Scotland.

² Ibid. ³ Ibid. Tytler, Hist. Scot.

French King, after enlarging on the misery Scotland was in, in consequence of the captivity of the Queen, inquired "whether he were willing to unite with him in making an effort for her restoration to the royal authority?" he replied, "that as he had ventured his life for her sake at Pinkie, and other places, when he was guardian of her realm, so was he willing to hazard the same, with all the friends he could gather, to redress his Sovereign's wrongs."¹ To this loyal declaration the King replied with warm expressions of thankfulness, telling him at the same time, "that as the case was such as admitted of no delay, he hoped he would hasten home to Scotland, where his presence as first prince of the blood might do much good," begging him to take vigorous measures, and promised "on the faith of a prince to aid all who would aid her to the uttermost of his power. For though," continued his Majesty, "the Queen of England do make fair semblance in this matter, yet do I not greatly trust her, for I have discovered of late that she doth secretly practise with the Lords to work her own commodity, as the sending thither of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, and certain money, doth well declare. But it shall cost her as dear as anything that ever she took in hand." Monsieur de Martigny, who was standing by, exclaimed, "Give me but three thousand harquebussiers, paid for three months, and I will set the Queen of Scots at liberty in spite of her rebel Lords, or any other of her adversaries, or return to France no more." The youthful Sovereign commended his spirit, and would fain have complied; but the Queen-mother damped his romantic ardour by observing, "that it was vain to talk of such matters when they had irons enough in the fire of their own to attend to;" which the Constable de Montmorenci confirmed with the sarcastic rejoinder, "Ho, ho! is it now time to enter again into these matters?"² The English ambassador, after detailing this scene to his royal mistress, observes, "The Queen-mother, I know, loves not the Queen of Scotland; and but that she feareth to be prevented by your Majesty, either in courtesy or otherwise, in this time of her need, she would let her try it by the teeth for any great devotion she hath to procure her liberty."³

Although both Mary and her only child, the heir-apparent of the realm, were in the hands of the Lords of Secret Council, the game was still a doubtful one. It was found difficult to persuade persons of common sense that their mild and merciful Queen, who had borne her faculties so meekly, and abstained from shedding the blood of her greatest foes, could have become the sanguinary fiend her persecutors represented. She had returned to them, in the first flower of her youth and beauty, a widow in her nineteenth year, after passing through the ordeal of the most licentious and seductive Court in Europe with unsullied fame. She had not

¹ Letter of Sir Henry Norris to Queen Elizabeth—Stevenson's Illustrations.

² *Ibid.*

³ Brantôme.

yet reigned full seven years in Scotland, but they had been years of blessedness to her subjects, such as Scotland had never seen before, and might never see again. She had healed the wounds and remedied the miseries which nineteen years of war, foreign and internal, had inflicted on that unhappy country. She had employed her gentle influence, as a woman should, in reconciling feuds, and teaching vindictive and hereditary foes to learn from her own example the duty of forgiveness. Law reforms of an important nature, and beneficial to all classes, especially to the poor, had been effected under her jurisdiction. She had laboured to mollify the persecuting spirit of the times, and that so successfully that an "Act for Liberty of Conscience," originating purely with herself, had passed in her last Parliament. She had studied to promote those arts and manufactures, which not only gave refinement and grace to a hitherto barbarous state of society, but enabled the people to provide for the wants of life. Never had any sovereign effected so much good in so short a period of time, under circumstances of such difficulty. It was necessary to represent her the exact reverse of what she really was, and to turn the pulpit into a political rostrum for her defamation, before the hearts of the people of Scotland could be alienated.

The preliminary notes of the trumpet of sedition were sounded on Sunday, July 13th, by "the proclamation for a general fast and convention of the brethren in Edinburgh, to last from that day to the following Sunday." Mary's formidable antagonist, John Knox, returned on the 17th, like a giant refreshed by the fifteen months of repose he had enjoyed since his precipitate departure from Edinburgh on her triumphant return to her metropolis, after her bloodless victory over her cruel foes. The wheel of fortune had revolved since then. Mary had acted according to her natural clemency, by extending the golden sceptre of mercy, instead of smiting with the sword of justice the guilty law-breakers who had invaded her in her own palace, shed blood in her presence, constituted her a prisoner, treated her with every species of insult and cruelty, and deliberated in council to take away her life. She had forgiven them, but they had injured her too deeply to be softened from their malignant purposes by her magnanimity. They had wreaked their murderous vengeance on her husband for breaking the unnatural league into which they had seduced him in his youth and inexperience, and they were about to charge their own crime on her. They spoke first to Throckmorton "of prosecuting justice against the Queen, of making a process to condemn her, to crown the Prince, and to keep her in prison all the days of her life; and lastly, of making her condemnation public, and depriving her of her dignity and her life."¹ The Queen desired to submit her cause to a Parliament, but they intended to pack a convention among themselves, not to try, but to condemn and slay her, after a judicial form, in violation of law and justice.

¹ Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, July 19th, 1567—Keith.

It is painful to record that John Knox lent the aid of his stormy eloquence in furtherance of their regicidal designs against the life of his oppressed Sovereign. Throckmorton, who was among his auditors on Sunday, July 19th, appears to have been for the first time startled and offended at his virulence. The passage shall be given in his own words.

“This day,¹ being at Mr Knox’s sermon, who took a piece of Scripture forth of the Books of the Kings, and did inveigh vehemently against the Queen, and persuaded extremities towards her by application of his text, I did, after the sermon, move such of the Council as were present to persuade the Lords to advise the preachers not to intermeddle with the end of these matters, until they were resolved among themselves what they were minded to do; for otherwise the ministers, going on so rigorously as they did in their daily preachings, might so draw the multitude from them and their resolutions, that though among themselves they would make choice of some reasonable end, yet they should not be able to bring it to pass, being once, by the preachers’ arguments and persuasions, settled another way.”

Full well did the wily traitors know what they were about; so the ministers, instead of being cautioned, were encouraged to proceed in their maledictions. Knox continued “to pour it out cannon-hot” against his defenceless Queen, branding her openly from St Giles’s pulpit as a murderess, coupled with the coarsest terms of vituperation, and denouncing “the great plagues of God to Scotland if she were spared.”² Knox had accustomed himself to rail against his Sovereign ever since her return from France in her early widowhood. His polemic rage perverted texts of Scripture into exhortations for her slaughter, now she was a defenceless captive in the hands of those who thirsted for her blood. Yet these invectives and denunciations were but coldly received by the people at first; and notwithstanding the urgent letters that were addressed by the ministers, exhorting the leading men to arm against the Queen’s party, the conspirators found themselves in a perilous minority. They therefore determined to take the bold step of inducing the Queen, either by persuasions or personal violence, to resign her regal office to her infant son. Every art by which her feminine terrors could be excited was used. She was taught to believe her life was in hourly peril. Sometimes she was menaced with being removed into the old Pictish tower in Lochleven Castle, secluded from the society of her faithful ladies, and shut up in utter solitude to perish; at other times—and this was the favourite threat—she was told “there was a purpose of stifling her between two mattresses, and then suspending her from one of the bed-posts as if she had committed suicide.” Considering the terrible and successive scenes of excitement she had been doomed to suffer, ever since that night of horror when the ruffian band had murdered her secretary in her presence, the only wonder is she did not actually fulfil the frantic threat she had too often, in her intolerable misery, used of putting a period to her own life.

¹ Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, July 19th, 1567—Kcith.

² *Ibid.*

The crime of self-destruction is, however, rarely committed by members of the Church of Rome, as it involves the loss of those rites which they deem essential to salvation.

A special convention of the nobles and gentlemen of the rebel faction, was held preparatory to the great stroke that was meditated by the leaders of the party against their captive Sovereign. The Lord Lindsay, being sent for by them from Lochleven, received commission and charge to return thither with Sir Robert Melville, and inform her Majesty "that, in consequence of the charges against her, they required her to demit her regal authority, and to give consent, under her hand and seal, that her son might be crowned as their King and Sovereign, and thus doing, they would endeavour to save both her life and honour, which otherwise stood in great danger."¹ It was further resolved, "that, in case she would not be conformable to their dictation in this respect, her liberty should be restrained further than it had yet been, and the ladies and gentlemen that were about her should be sequestered from her. And as far as I can understand," proceeds our authority,² "in the case of the Queen's refusal to these their demands, they mind to proceed, both with force, as well for the coronation of the Prince as for the overthrow of the Queen. At this present the Countess of Moray, wife to the Earl of Moray, is with the Queen at Lochleven. I do perceive, if these men cannot by fair means induce the Queen to their purpose, they mean to charge her with these three crimes: Tyranny, for breach and violation of their laws and decrees of the realm, as well that which they call common laws as their statute laws; and, namely, the breach of those statutes which were enacted in her absence, and without her consent. Secondly, they mean to charge her with incontinency, as well with the Earl of Bothwell as with others, having (*as they say*) sufficient proof against her for this crime. Thirdly, they mean to charge her with the murder of her husband, whereof (*they say*) they have as apparent proof against her as may be, as well by the testimony of her own handwriting, which they have recovered, as also by sufficient witnesses."

The last clause is important, because it is the first allusion made by the conspirators to the supposititious letters which Morton produced in the September following, in Council, alleging that they were taken in Mary's silver casket, June 20th, 1567, on the person of George Dalgleish, Bothwell's servant. Yet the fact is self-evident, that, if they had become possessed on the 20th of June of letters in Mary's handwriting, calculated to convict her of illicit love for Bothwell, complicity in her husband's murder, and collusion in her own abduction, they would not have reiterated on the 26th of that month a public proclamation of Bothwell's overt acts of treason, "in intercepting her Majesty, carrying her forcibly

¹ Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, July 24th, 1567.

² *Ibid.*, July 25th, 1567.—Keith.

away, holding her as his prisoner, compelling her to marry him, and keeping her under restraint." Far less would they have used these strong expressions in their official letter in reply to the inquiries Sir Nicholas Throckmorton had been instructed to make from his own Sovereign: "How shamefully the Queen our Sovereign was led captive, and by fear, force, and, as by many conjectures be well suspected, other extraordinary and more unlawful means compelled." And here they explain, in the most positive words and homely phraseology, the indignity to which their Sovereign had been subjected from her husband's murderer, and how afterwards he "kept her environed with a continual guard of two hundred harquebussiers, as well day as night, wherever she went, besides a number of his servants and others, naughty persons, pirates, and murderers. What rested," they ask, "to finish the work begun, and to accomplish the whole desire of his ambitious heart, but to send the son after the father? and as might be suspected, seeing him [Bothwell] keep another wife in store, to make the Queen drink also of the same cup, to the end he might invest himself with the crown of this realm;" adding, "that they firmly believed that she should [would] not have lived with him one half-year to an end, as might be conjectured from the short time they lived together.¹ All which considerations had rendered it their duty," they declare, "to take up arms to deliver their Sovereign from his wicked hands;" yet, in conclusion, regardless of all consistency, they go on to assert, "they found her so affectionately disposed towards him, that it became necessary to sequester her person for a season from his company;" omitting the important fact that she had left him voluntarily to put herself into their hands, and that they immediately imprisoned her, without making the slightest effort to capture him. But if they had really been in possession of the letters which they afterwards brought forward, for lack of other evidence against her, they would not have failed to produce them in self-defence. But their official letter of July 21st contains no hint of the kind. Three days later, July 24th, when they had made up their minds to delude or intimidate the royal captive into a resignation of her crown, they boasted "that they could prove her guilty of incontinency with Bothwell and others, and also her husband's murder, by her own handwriting and sufficient witnesses"—boasts which they neither did nor could make good. Throckmorton significantly inquired of Lethington, "how far the words 'necessity of their cause,' with which they had concluded their letter to him, extended, and to what interpretation they might be stretched?" To this home question he only replied by shaking his head and slyly ejaculating, "*Tous êtes un renard!*"²

At this dark epoch of her fortunes, Mary appeared calmer and more cheerful than she had been for many months. She attended to her health

¹ Printed in Anderson, and in Stevenson's Illustrations.

² Stevenson's Illustrations, 237.

and dress, read, worked with her needle, and took all the exercise and recreation the narrow limits of her wave-encircled prison permitted. She devised pastimes to beguile the tedium of their confinement to her ladies, and even danced and played at cards with them, although perfectly aware of the precarious tenure on which she held her existence.¹

The conspirators, having completed their arrangements for their long-meditated project of depriving her of her crown, summoned Lord Lindsay to Edinburgh, and on the 23rd of July delivered to him and Sir Robert Melville three deeds, to which they were instructed to obtain her signature, either by flattering words or absolute force.² The first contained a declaration, as if from herself, "that being in infirm health, and worn out with the cares of government, she had taken purpose voluntarily to resign her crown and office to her dearest son James, Prince of Scotland." In the second, "her trusty brother James, Earl of Moray, was constituted Regent for the Prince her son, during the minority of the royal infant." The third appointed a provisional council of regency, consisting of Morton and the other Lords of Secret Council, to carry on the government till Moray's return; or, in case of his refusing to accept it, till the Prince arrived at the legal age for exercising it himself.³ Sir Robert Melville was especially employed to cajole his captive Sovereign into this political suicide. Having obtained a private interview with her, he deceitfully entreated her "to sign certain deeds that would be presented to her by Lindsay, as the only means of preserving her life, which, he assured her, was in the most imminent danger." Then he gave her a turquoise ring, telling her "it was sent to her from the Earls of Argyll, Huntley, and Athol, Secretary Lethington, and the Laird of Grange, who loved her Majesty, and had by that token accredited him to exhort her to avert the peril to which she would be exposed, if she ventured to refuse the requisition of the Lords of Secret Council, whose designs, they well knew, were to take her life, either secretly or by a mock trial among themselves."⁴ Finding the Queen impatient of this insidious advice, he produced a letter from the English ambassador Throckmorton, out of the scabbard of his sword, telling her "he had concealed it there at peril of his own life, in order to convey it to her."⁵ This letter had been written for the express purpose of inducing Mary to accede to the demission of her regal dignity, telling her, as if in confidence, "that it was the Queen of England's sisterly advice that she should not irritate those who had her in their power, by refusing the only concession that could save her life; and observing, that nothing that was done under her present circumstances could be of any force when she regained her freedom." Mary resolutely refused to sign the deeds,

¹ MS. Letter of the Earl of Bedford to Cecil, July 17th, 1567—in the State Paper Office, Berwick.

² Anderson's Collections; Tytler; Bell.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ Sir James Melville's Memoirs.

⁵ *Ibid.*

declaring with truly royal courage, that she would not make herself a party to the treason of her own subjects, by acceding to their lawless requisition, which, as she truly alleged, "proceeded only of the ambition of a few, and was far from the desire of her people."

The fair-spoken Melville having reported his ill-success to his co-adjutor Lord Lindsay, Moray's brother-in-law, the bully of the party, who had been selected for the honourable office of extorting by force from the royal captive the concession she denied, that brutal ruffian burst rudely into her presence, and flinging the deeds violently on the table before her, told her to sign them without delay, or worse would befall her. "What!" exclaimed Mary, "shall I set my hand to a deliberate falsehood, and to gratify the ambition of my nobles relinquish the office God hath given to me, to my son, an infant little more than a year old, incapable of governing the realm, that my brother Moray may reign in his name?" She was proceeding to demonstrate the unreasonableness of what was required of her, but Lindsay contemptuously interrupted her with scornful laughter; then, scowling ferociously upon her, he swore with a deep oath, "that, if she would not sign those instruments, he would do it with her heart's blood, and cast her into the lake to feed the fishes."¹ Full well did the defenceless woman know how capable he was of performing his threat, having seen his rapier reeking with human blood shed in her presence, when he assisted at the butchery of her unfortunate secretary. The ink was scarcely dry of her royal signature to the remission she had granted to him for that outrage. But, reckless of the fact that he owed his life, his forfeit lands, yea, the very power of injuring her, to her generous clemency, he thus requited the grace she had, in evil hour for herself, accorded to him. Her heart was too full to continue the unequal contest. "I am not yet five-and-twenty"—she pathetically observed—somewhat more she would have said, but her utterance failed her, and she began to weep with hysterical emotion. Sir Robert Melville, affecting an air of the deepest concern, whispered in her ear an earnest entreaty for her "to save her life by signing the papers," reiterating "that whatever she did would be invalid, because extorted by force."²

Mary's tears continued to flow, but sign she would not, till Lindsay, infuriated by her resolute resistance, swore "that, having begun the matter, he would also finish it then and there," forced the pen into her reluctant hand, threatening at the same time to immure her in the old Tower,³ and, according to the popular version of this scene of lawless

¹ Innocens de Marie Stuart — Jebb's Collections.

² Chalmers.

³ This has fallen, but David Marshall has succeeded in tracing its site and discovered a dungeon niche in the basement

not much larger than a stone coffin, evidently intended for the purpose of immuring a victim to die of lingering famine. It was doubtless the fear of being walled up in this frightful *oublette* that conquered the brave heart of Mary Stuart.

violence, grasped her arm in the struggle so rudely, as to leave the prints of his mail-clad fingers visibly impressed. In an access of pain and terror, with streaming eyes and averted head, she affixed her regal signature to the three deeds, without once looking upon them. Sir Walter Scott alludes to Lindsay's barbarous treatment of his hapless Queen in these nervous lines,—

“ And haggard Lindsay's iron eye,
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.”

George Douglas, the youngest son of the evil lady of Lochleven, being present, indignantly remonstrated with his savage brother-in-law, Lindsay, for his misconduct; and though hitherto employed as one of the persons whose office it was to keep guard over her, he became from that hour the most devoted of her friends and champions, and the contriver of her escape. His elder brother, Sir William Douglas, the castellan, absolutely refused to be present, entered a protest against the wrong that had been perpetrated under his roof, and besought the Queen to give him a letter of exoneration, certifying that he had nothing to do with it, and that it was against his consent, which letter she gave him.¹

The agitation and distress Mary had suffered in the contest, brought on a fever which confined her to her bed for several weeks. The Countess of Moray, who had been sojourning for a few days with her mother-in-law, Lady Douglas, at Lochleven Castle, now returned to St Andrews. “There was,” says Throckmorton, “great sorrow betwixt the Queen and her at their meeting, and much greater at their parting.”²

Lindsay having succeeded in forcing the Queen to sign the documents asserting her voluntary resignation of the crown was deputed to get them sealed. Accompanied by some of his confederates, he proceeded to the Privy Seal Office, in Edinburgh, and in the name and behalf of the Lords of Secret Council required Thomas Sinclair to seal the said instruments, presenting the alleged warrant from the Queen authorizing him to do so. Faithful to the trust that had been confided to him by his unfortunate Sovereign, Sinclair intrepidly replied, “As long as the Queen's Majesty is in ward, I will seal no such letters as be extraordinary.” Lindsay, finding he was neither to be persuaded nor intimidated, effected his purpose by violence, wrested the seal from him, and by dint of superior numbers compelled him to affix it to the three instruments, Sinclair protesting all the time that “what he did was against his will, through a force he could not resist.” The next day the conspirators came to the lodgings of the English ambassador Throckmorton, and made the following speech by the unscrupulous lips of Lethington, their spokesman: “My Lords have willed me to declare unto you what it hath pleased the Queen my Sovereign to conclude on, upon her own volun-

¹ Goodall.

² Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth—Stevenson's Illustrations.

tary advice. That is to say, finding herself both in health unmeet to take the care and governance of this realm, and also unfortunate in the administration thereof, being very desirous to see her son, the young Prince, settled in her seat in her lifetime, hath commanded, under her handwriting, to proceed to the coronation of her son, as a thing that she shall take most pleasure to see ;” adding “that they were then about to proceed to Stirling to perform her desire, by the inauguration of the young Prince,” and requested him to assist at the said solemnity as the representative of the Queen of England. Throckmorton refused to commit himself by appearing at the coronation, perceiving that the revolution that was to transfer the regal diadem of Mary Stuart to her infant son was not the act of the nation, nor even of a closely balanced moiety of the people, but the successful enterprise of a daring section of the nobility.

CHAPTER III.

FIVE days after Queen Mary’s signature to the Deed of Abdication and Commission of Regency had been extorted, the conspirators proceeded to the consummation of their successful plot for appropriating the power and revenues of the Crown, by investing her infant son with the insignia and titles of King of Scotland and Lord of the Isles. By a refinement of vindictive malice, the 29th of July, the second anniversary of Mary’s nuptials with Darnley, was the day selected for inaugurating, as her superseder in the sovereignty of the realm, the offspring of the marriage which that faction had so violently opposed.¹

The majority of the nobles were loyal to their Queen ; and that the hearts of the people were hers is clearly demonstrated by the fact that, in order to obtain their passive assent to the coronation of her son, the Lords of Secret Council were under the necessity of making use of her own name and authority against herself, by deluding them with the fiction that it was in obedience to her royal will and pleasure. In confirmation of this declaration, the Lords Lindsay and Ruthven, the very men who had, by personal intimidation, forced her to sign the deeds of abdication, stood forth unblushingly in Stirling church, and swore in the presence of God and the Congregation, that “the Queen their Sovereign did resign, willingly and without compulsion, her royal estate and dignity to the Prince her son, and the government of her realm to the several persons named in her Commission of Regency.”² The fraudulent document to that effect, having been publicly read by

¹ Diurnal of Occurrents.

² Letter from Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, July 31, 1567. Stevenson’s Illustrations, 257. Tytler’s Hist. Scot. Lingard’s Elizabeth.

Sir John Bellenden, the Justice-Clerk, the religious solemnity that had been prefaced by so shameless a perjury commenced.

The Earl of Morton, acting as sponsor for the orphan babe of his murdered kinsman Darnley, laid his hand on the Evangelists, and pronounced the coronation oaths. John Knox vehemently opposed the office of unction as Popish, and of Jewish origin; but in this, more honest than wise, he had nearly acted the part of a marplot, for it was essential to the success of their enterprise that they should be able to boast of an anointed sovereign, otherwise the superstitions as well as the principles of two-thirds of the people of Scotland would be enlisted on the side of their lawfully consecrated Queen. His objections were therefore peremptorily overruled by the Lords, and the rite was duly performed by that profligate member of the confederacy, Adam Bothwell, the presbyterianized Bishop of Orkney,¹ who had about ten weeks previously executed the disgraceful service for the conspirators, of joining their defenceless Queen in wedlock to the wretch whose marriage with her they had solemnly pledged themselves to accomplish. The coronation sermon was preached by Knox from the eleventh chapter of Kings II., describing the inauguration of Joash and the slaughter of Athaliah; a subject obviously chosen for the purpose of inflaming the minds of the ignorant and raising a death-whoop against their desolate and bereaved Queen, by instituting, in defiance of facts, an injurious analogy. In blissful unconsciousness of all the maledictions and requisitions for the blood of his helpless mother, which were thundered from the pulpit in his presence, the princely babe, wrapt in a deep slumber, the result probably of a powerful anodyne, lay motionless on the throne during the whole of this stirring scene. The homage-paying of his four Earls, seven Barons, and one Prelate, did not consume much time.² The titles of the high and puissant Prince, James VI., were proclaimed with flourish of trumpets at the church door at the conclusion of the ceremonial, and the Earl of Mar, taking the doughty monarch in his arms, carried him back to his nursery. The king-makers, after partaking of the banquet, deputed Lord Lindsay to resume his ungracious office of jailer extraordinary over their deposed Sovereign at Lochleven.

¹ It has been occasionally asserted that Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, was cousin to the notorious Earl of Bothwell. Bothwell was not the name but the title of that nobleman, who was maternally descended from the most illustrious houses in Scotland, and related to the Queen herself, through his descent from Queen Jane Beaufort, widow of James I., by her second husband, Sir James Stuart; whereas Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, was the son of a rich Edinburgh burgess and Katherine Bellenden, aunt of Patrick Bellenden who aimed his rapier at Mary's breast, and the Justice-Clerk, Sir John

Bellenden, one of the most artful agents in Queen Mary's ruin. When no other ecclesiastic, either of the old Church or the Reformed, could be found to marry the Queen to the Earl of Bothwell, Sir John Bellenden suborned Adam, Bishop of Orkney, who was also a Lord of Session, to perform the unhallowed office, at the which he preached a sermon from the second chapter of Genesis.

² An armed force guarded the approaches to the Castle and scene of action during the time of the ceremony, from two o'clock in the afternoon till five.

Mary was seriously ill at the time of her son's coronation. Her malady was a fever, caused by distress of mind and the outrageous treatment to which she had been subjected. "This Queen," writes Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, "doth, as I understand, keep her bed, and is, notwithstanding this her son's coronation, guarded in the same place as straightly as she was, the Lord Lindsay being returned from Stirling to Lochleven immediately after the ceremony was ended." Throckmorton adverts to the murderous malice of the conspirators against their hapless Sovereign, and observes that "he has preserved her life for this time, but for what continuance is uncertain." He thus describes the aggravation of her imprisonment: "The Queen of Scotland is straightlier kept than she was, for now she is shut up in a tower, and can have none admitted to her but such as be shut up with her."¹

Mary had the comfort of knowing that true hearts were willing to share her captivity, and to suffer with her and for her, even unto death. Nor was her party extinct in Scotland. A convention of her nobles, comprising a very considerable majority of the Peers of Parliament, met at Hamilton to devise means for obtaining her liberty and restoration to her throne. In reply to their remonstrances, the self-appointed Council of Regency sent Sir James Melville to inform them that the Queen had abdicated her regal office to her son. The younger nobles cried out unanimously, "We know the Queen too well to believe that she would voluntarily resign her crown. If she have really done so, she must have been put in fear of her life, for never would she have given it up of her own free will." "Tell the Lords of Secret Council," they exclaimed, "to let us see our Queen in their presence, that we may learn from her own lips whether it be really her pleasure to demit the crown to her son, for if she avow it to be so, and that the Commissions of Regency are her own act and deed, then will we promise to acknowledge the Prince as our King, and the persons named in the Commissions as his Regents."² No access to Mary's presence was, however, permitted by the conspirators. Care for her personal safety deterred her loyal friends from more earnest demonstrations in her behalf, for they were assured by her jailers that, if they attempted to take up arms for her deliverance, her head should be sent to them in reply.

The junta that had dethroned and imprisoned Mary was neither powerful nor influential enough to maintain the position it had assumed, unless supported by the Queen of England; and it was her will that the Earl of Moray should reign in Scotland as her viceroy, under the title of Regent for Mary's infant son. The conspirators had to concede the office to him, by which prudent decision they averted the danger of his

¹ Throckmorton to Cecil, August 2, 1567.

² Sir James Melville's Memoirs.

making his own terms with his royal sister, and leaving them in the lurch. Mary had given Moray no just cause of complaint; they had parted in the most friendly manner when he left Scotland, and it was wholly in his power to restore her to liberty and empire. It is true that she was Morton's prisoner, and was kept under the rigorous jailership of his deputy, Lindsay, in Lochleven Castle; but that fortalice was in the possession of Moray's mother and maternal brethren. Lindsay was his sister's husband, and wholly subservient to his will, so that Moray, not Morton, was the arbiter of her fate. With what anxious feelings must she have awaited his return! Ten days after the coronation of the baby-king he arrived at Berwick.¹ A secret split had already taken place among the king-makers, who were divided into two parties, one headed by Morton, the other by Athol, and nothing but the perilous responsibilities they had incurred by their treatment of their Queen restrained them from open hostilities with each other. The return of Moray prevented Mary from reaping any benefit from these divisions, for with common consent they united in deputing Sir James Melville to proceed to Berwick to welcome him, and secure his co-operation in her dethronement, by informing him of his appointment as sole regent during the long minority of her boy. Sir James was at the same time clandestinely charged by the leaders of the two jarring parties to deliver confidential messages to Moray, prescribing the conduct they desired him to adopt in regard to his royal sister. Athol, Mar, Lethington, Tullibardine, and Kirkaldy of Grange, who had, since their quarrel with Morton, affected a tone of affection to their unfortunate Queen, entreated him "to bear himself gently and humbly towards her, and endeavour to conciliate her favour; for her Majesty," they said, "being now free from evil advisers, and possessing a clear wit and princely inclinations, the time might come when they all would wish her at liberty to rule over them."² Morton and his clique exhorted him, on the contrary, to have no dealings with the Queen, nor even to see her, lest he might be won over to milder proceedings, instead of running so hard a course against her as they were bent on following. Moray promised to follow the prudent counsel of the moderate party, but professed great reluctance to accept the office of Regent. Melville was, however, informed by some who were in his company, "that he was right glad when he first understood it was to be conferred upon him."³ From Berwick Moray proceeded the next day to Whittinghame. Thither Lethington came to hold secret counsel with the master-mover of the game, in the same secluded shades where the murder of Darnley was plotted.

Moray entered Edinburgh in triumph on the 11th of August, riding between the envoy of the King of France and the resident ambassador

¹ Throckmorton to Cecil, August 2, 1567.

² Memoirs of Sir James Melville.

³ *Ibid.*

of the Queen of England. Both had paid him the extraordinary compliment of coming to meet him on the road, as if he had been a reigning sovereign. Everything was against Mary. M. de Lignerolles, the French envoy, was the particular friend of Moray, and a leading member of the party opposed to her uncles. Though his mission was for the express purpose of comforting Queen Mary, and demanding her restoration to the regal authority, he took the refusal of access to her presence in very good part, did her cause irreparable mischief by acknowledging her son as King of Scotland, and debased the dignity of his office by accepting costly presents from her spoils.¹ Morton and his confederates had seized Mary's plate and sent it to the Mint, to be coined into money to supply the means of supporting their faction against her, not even sparing the costly silver font, Queen Elizabeth's christening gift to her godson, which was melted down with the rest of the plunder.

As soon as Moray signified his intention of assuming the reins of empire as Regent, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton requested to be allowed access to the captive Queen. Moray assured him it could not be permitted, the Lords having refused it to the French ambassador. Throckmorton then urged him "to visit and comfort her himself, that she might at least receive some consolation, after her long affliction, at his coming."² The confederate Lords at first objected to Moray visiting his royal sister; and when, after long debate among themselves, they conceded the point, the leaders of the discordant parties in the confederacy insisted on accompanying him. Moray, however, contrived to rid himself of Glencairn, Mar, Sempill, and Lethington, by the way, and took only Morton, Athol, and Lindsay with him to Lochleven. He arrived there on the 15th of August in the afternoon, and proceeded immediately with Athol and Morton to the tower where Mary was incarcerated. They entered her presence together. She received them with a passionate burst of weeping, and drawing Moray away from the two perfidious contract-breakers, spoke long and earnestly with him apart. No one could hear what was said, but Moray assumed an air of impenetrable reserve, so that his royal sister could by no means understand whether he intended to act a friendly part or otherwise. Attributing his manner, probably, to the presence of the others, when supper was over she expressed her desire of speaking with him alone. Every one retired, and she remained in private conference with him till an hour after midnight.

Poor Mary, in her dreary prison-house, sick, sorrowful, and oppressed, had probably flattered herself with the hope of receiving sympathy and fraternal aid from her father's son. Far different was his conduct. He came not to fulfil the Christian duty of speaking of deliverance to the captive, nor to heal the broken heart, but to pour the last drop of gall

¹ Throckmorton's Despatches—State Paper Office MSS.

² Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, August 14, 1567

into her cup of misery by his taunts. This version of their midnight communings in her lonely prison-room, are thus reported by Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth: "The said Earl plainly, without disguising, did discover unto the Queen all his opinion of her misgovernment, and laid before her all such disorders as either might touch her conscience, her honour, or surety. I do hear that he behaved himself rather like a ghostly father unto her than like a counsellor. Sometimes the Queen wept bitterly, sometimes she acknowledged her unadvisedness and misgovernment; some things she did excuse, some things she did extenuate. In conclusion, the Earl of Moray left her that night in hope of nothing but God's mercy."¹

"The next morning," according to Throckmorton's account, "they began where they left off the night before, and Moray, after his reprehensions, used some words of consolation unto her, tending to this, 'that he would assure her of her life, and, as much as in him lay, the preservation of her honour. As for her liberty it lay not in his power, neither was it good for her to seek it, nor presently for her to have it, for many respects.' Whereupon she took him in her arms and kissed him, and showed herself very well satisfied, requiring him in any ways not to refuse the regency of the realm, but to accept it at her desire;" adding many compliments and persuasions to overcome his affected reluctance, till "he accorded unto her the acceptation of the regency." It is also coolly asserted by the same authority that, after he had generously condescended to undertake this office, "the Queen required him to leave no means undone to bring all parts of the realm into his own disposing, and likewise to take her jewels, and things of value which were hers, into his custody."

"When he passed to see the Queen at Lochleven," Sir James Melville says, "instead of comforting her, and following the good counsel he had gotten, he entered instantly with her Majesty in reproaches and such injurious language as was like to break her heart, and so many of us as found fault with that manner *tint* [lost] his favour. The injuries were such that it cut the thread of love and credit between him and the Queen for ever."² And Mary herself, in her "Appeal to all Christian Princes," states: "When he found that the Queen dissuaded him from accepting the regency, and that she confided in his assistance, he threw off the mask, and told her 'he could not be excused from it.'"³ As there were no witnesses of this conversation, Moray took the opportunity, in his account of it to Throckmorton, who had no other means of information, to represent the sister and Sovereign whom he was so deeply injuring as a self-condemned criminal, terrified at the prospect of a scaffold, clinging to him as her only hope, bearing his insults with humility, and imploring him to accept

¹ Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, August 20, 1567.

² Sir James Melville's Memoirs, p. 104—Bannatyne Club edition.

³ Memorial in behalf of Mary Queen of Scots: an Appeal to all Christian Princes—Teulet, Pièces et Documens; written at Carlisle, 1568.

the guardianship of her child, the government of her realm, her jewels, and everything of value she possessed, in return for his half-promise of endeavouring to preserve her miserable existence as long as she refrained from making any effort to recover her liberty or disturb her son's reign. The Mary Stuart of reality was of a different spirit; but as she had not then shown how fearlessly she could look death in the face, it was as easy for her defamers to charge her with pusillanimity as with adultery and murder. The pathetic dignity of her address to Morton and Athol when they came to take their leave of her, proves how little value she placed on her own life, and how unlikely she would have been to purchase it by self-abasement.

"My Lords," said she, "you have had experience of my severity, and of the end of it; I pray you also let me find that you have learned by me to make an end of yours, or at least that you can make it final."

When, however, Moray came to take his leave, the bereaved mother, knowing he was going straight to Stirling where her infant was—the powerful impulses of nature rendering her forgetful of everything save the fond yearnings of maternal love—flung herself into his arms with an hysterical passion of weeping, kissed him, and bade him give her blessing to the Prince her son. Possibly she flattered herself with the hope that Moray, who was himself a parent, might sympathize in these feelings. On the birth of his eldest daughter he had made his will, and testified his confidence in the integrity and goodness of Queen Mary by appointing her his sole executrix, and the guardian and tutrix of his infant heiress: this instrument remained uncanceled at the time of Moray's death.¹ Too oft had the cool calculator experienced the forgiving temper of his injured Sovereign not to feel secure that, in the event of his fall and her restoration to power, she would prove a tender and beneficent aunt to his child, and bring her up in the practice of every feminine virtue.

Moray before his departure caused his brother, Sir William Douglas of Lochleven, their brother-in-law Lord Lindsay, and their coadjutor Lord Ruthven, to be summoned, and enjoined them, in her presence, "to treat her with gentleness, and allow her all the liberty that could be granted;"² which meant, that she was to be permitted to take air and exercise, duly guarded, within the limits of an island five acres in extent. Even this poor privilege was a precious boon to the royal captive, who had been for so many days confined to her own apartments in the south-eastern tower of Lochleven Castle.

It is a fact worthy of notice, that Queen Mary's fatal resolution of seeking refuge in England was first discussed between her and Moray during their conferences at Lochleven, perhaps suggested by him, that in the event

¹ It is still in existence in the Earl of Morton's Charter-room at Dalmahoy House, and has been printed, by his Lordship's permission, by the Bannatyne Club.

² Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, August 20.

of her effecting her escape, she might fall into that snare from which no earthly power should be able to extricate her. "The said Earl," writes Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, "declared unto me that the Queen his sister sent me her hearty commendations, and required me to thank your Majesty for this your favour employed for her relief already; so she desired your Majesty to be pleased and to procure that she may live with you in England, in what sort and manner as it should please your Majesty to appoint."

When Throckmorton, who had long been impatient to leave Scotland, requested Moray to appoint some time that day that he might declare to him and Lethington such commission as he had in charge from his royal mistress, the said Earl devoutly answered: "We must now serve God, for the preacher tarrieth for us, and after the sermon we must advise of a time to confer with you." The time appointed was the 21st of August. They then vehemently, but certainly most falsely, protested, in reply to his Excellency's remonstrances against their injurious treatment of their sovereign lady, by taking God to witness that they never meant harm, either to the Queen's person or to her honour. They did not forget, they said, "the manifold benefits they had received from her; therefore the great affection they had always borne to her could not be altogether extinguished. Yea, so far from meaning her harm, they wished that she were Queen of the whole world."¹ After this prelude Lethington changed his tone, excusing the deeds that were so much at variance with their professions, by comparing their Queen "to a person sick of a burning fever requiring all things hurtful, with which she could not be indulged by those who meant her well;" adding, that "if any foreign princes, especially the Queen of England, attempted to interpose their power in her aid, so as to put them in danger, they should be compelled to deal with their Queen otherwise than they intended. For, my Lord Ambassador," said he, "you may be sure we will not lose our lives, have our lands forfeited, and be reputed rebels through the world, when we have the means in our own hands to justify ourselves. Whensoever you invade us," continued he, "we are sure France will aid us, for their league standeth fast, and they are bound by their league to defend us." Throckmorton made no rejoinder to this medley of falsehood and bravado, but turning to Moray said, "Sir, you have no such interest in this matter as these men, for you have committed no such excess, and therefore I trust the answer given me by the Lord of Lethington, though it may be the mind of the Lords his associates, is not agreeable to yours." Moray, having prudently refrained from joining in the overt treasons of the confederates till the proper moment for throwing off the mask arrived, now replied: "Sir Nicholas, truly methinketh you have heard reason at the Laird of Lethington's hand, and, for mine own part, though I were not at the doings past, yet surely

¹ Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, August 22, 1567. Keith.

I must allow of them, and, God willing, intend to take such part as they do ; and, seeing the Queen and they have laid upon me the charge of the regency—a burden which I would gladly have eschewed—I do mean to risk my life in defence of their action, and will either reduce all men to obedience in the King's name, or it shall cost me my life.”¹

The ceremony of investing the Earl of Moray with the government of Scotland, under the title of the Lord Regent, was performed August 22nd, in the Parliament Hall, indeed, but without the presence or sanction of a Parliament. The proceeding was, therefore, no less unconstitutional than treasonable, for the royal infant, in whose name Moray was to exercise the regal authority, had not been recognized as King by the three Estates of Scotland. The sole authority on which the Lords of Secret Council had presumed to crown him, and choose a Regent, was, as they pretended, obedience to the commands of their lawful Sovereign, Queen Mary. The feigned declaration stating her inability to continue to govern Scotland, by reason of bodily weakness, and her wish to resign her crown to her son, and to constitute her trusty brother James, Earl of Moray, Regent for the babe, having been read by the Justice-Clerk, Bellenden, as at the coronation, Moray took the oaths with his hand on the Gospels, and sang the seventy-second psalm. The deeds of abdication were, after Moray's induction into the regency, sent to Queen Elizabeth, who always kept them in her own personal custody. Queen Mary's great seal, and all other regal seals pertaining to her, were immediately broken by Moray.² The new seals bore the name of her infant son, by the style and title of James VI. King of Scotland. The dies of her coining-irons were also destroyed, and a new coinage made from her plate, bearing, not the image, but the regal superscription of her son, and the crown of Scotland resting on a sword—an over-true illustration of the tenure on which it was to be held by the innocent usurper of his mother's rights : the intrinsic worth of the money was five times less than the nominal or currency value at which it was issued.

The most politic, if not the most reputable, act of the new Regent, was his pact with Sir James Balfour, notoriously known to be one of the actual murderers of Darnley, by which he gave him full pardon and remission for his share in that deed, £5000 in money, and a pension for his son, on condition of his putting him in possession of Edinburgh Castle. The Priory of rich Pittenweem, his own personal property, was added by the righteous Regent to this enormous bribe.

The appointment of the Earl of Moray to the regency was proclaimed to the people of Edinburgh by the heralds with sound of trumpets, in the names of “Queen Mary and her dearest son King James.” The deceptive commission to which her Majesty's signature had been extorted

¹ Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, August 22, 1567. Keith.

² Acts of the Privy Council, August 23, 1567.



was publicly read, and submitted to as her act and deed. The heralds went forth to repeat the like ceremony in the principal towns; but at Dumfries, at Hamilton, and many other places, they were driven away, and not permitted to proclaim either a King or Regent.¹ The true hearts of Scotland clave to Queen Mary, the fear of imperilling her life alone prevented active demonstrations in her favour, the convention of nobles assembled at Hamilton having been assured by the Earl of Moray and his faction, "that, if they attempted to strike a stroke for her deliverance, her head would be sent them in reply."² Thus, Mary's person having been fatally entrapped by the conspirators, she was held as a hostage to ensure the non-resistance of her friends.

Throckmorton having obtained his recall, preferred a last request to be permitted to visit Queen Mary at Lochleven. Moray answered "that it would be impossible to grant that favour to him which he had refused to the French ambassador," and, in reply to his intercession for her restoration to liberty, observed, "that as long as Bothwell was at large it would be too dangerous." "What will be her Majesty's condition and estate after his apprehension?" inquired the ambassador. Moray parried this inconvenient query with the shrewd proverb, "We cannot merchandise for the bear's skin till we have got him."³ The conspirators had certainly been in no hurry to commence their chase, their supineness in this matter plainly demonstrating to all, not wilfully blind to the means whereby the successful steps for the dethronement of their hapless Sovereign had been effected, that her capture, not his, was the object for which they had taken up arms. They had permitted him to leave the field at Carberry unpursued, and allowed him to remain unmolested at Dunbar, only twenty miles from Edinburgh, for nearly a fortnight, without making the slightest effort either by sea or land for his capture. It was not till ten days after the Queen, for whose rescue they pretended they had taken up arms, had been ensnared by them, dragged from her metropolis, and thrust violently into the fortress of Lochleven, that these men took the trouble of even summoning Bothwell to surrender. He might easily have been taken if they had really desired his capture, for, with his usual recklessness, he boldly put out from the port of Dunbar in a coble, and occasionally in a six-oared boat, and cruised from place to place along the coast at his pleasure, and once landed within a convenient distance of Linlithgow, where he conferred with Lord Claud Hamilton, and returned unscathed.⁴ Finding that the Queen's friends would not coalesce with him, he left Dunbar under the command of his kinsman

¹ Stevenson's Illustrations. Chalmers.

² Memorial of the Great Nobles of Scotland, at Dumbarton, 12th September, 1568. Goodall, Appendix, No. 369, p. 366.

³ Throckmorton to Cecil, September 1, 1567. Stevenson's Illustrations.

⁴ Drury to Cecil, June 19; Scrope to Cecil, June 21; Drury to Cecil, June 27, 1567
—State Paper Office MSS. inedit.

Patrick Whitlaw, and early in July proceeded to Aberdeenshire, for the purpose of levying forces in the neighbourhood of Strathbogie, where the power of his brother-in-law, the Earl of Huntley, was supreme. But Huntley not only refused to fraternize with him, but publicly discountenanced all his attempts to raise a party, by declaring "that he heartily wished both his sister and the Queen rid of so wicked a husband;"¹ Lady Bothwell, meantime, assuring every one in Edinburgh "that no power on earth should compel her ever to live with the Earl of Bothwell again as his wife."²

Bothwell then retired to Spynie Castle, the episcopal palace of his great-uncle, the aged Bishop of Moray. It was in this house he had been educated, and formed his evil habits of life in early youth among a graceless set of half-savage profligates. Bothwell, on his first arrival, quarrelled with a natural son of the Bishop, slew him, and turned the Bishop out of his palace, with his surviving sons and all his servants, and established himself there with about fourteen of his ruffian followers, till he considered it expedient to change his quarters and betake himself to Orkney. A squadron of five light-armed vessels of war still sailed under his flag as Lord-Admiral of Scotland, and were performing such notorious acts of piracy in the northern seas as to render them objects of uneasiness to the English merchant-ships for a few weeks. Kirkwall Castle belonged to Bothwell, but the castellan, Gilbert Balfour, (the brother of his old confederates and accomplices in Darnley's murder, Sir James Balfour and Robert Balfour, Provost of Kirk-o'-Field,) having entered into covenant with Moray, not only refused to receive him, but pointed his artillery against him, so that he found himself driven to take refuge among the Shetland Isles.

The first concession to popular opinion made by Moray, on his accession to the regency, was sending out a squadron of five ships, under the command of the Laird of Tullibardine, and Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange. These two had commission "to pursue the Earl of Bothwell, his assisters and colleagues, by sea and land, with fire and sword." They were also given authority "to erect and hold courts of justice, wheresoever they might think good."³ Thus Bothwell was, if captured, to be dealt with according to martial law, by a summary trial and immediate execution. It was, indeed, of the utmost consequence to Morton, and the other conspirators who had been accomplices with him in Darnley's murder, that he should not be brought alive to Edinburgh to reveal their guilty secret. But Moray's witticism, implying the necessity of catching the bear before they could dispose of his skin, was oracular as to the result of this expedition for the capture, trial, and execution of Bothwell.

¹ Throckmorton's Correspondence with Cecil.

² *Ibid.*

³ Register of Privy Council.

“Their armament set sail for the Orkneys on the 19th of August, 1567. They had five ships heavily armed, carrying four hundred soldiers. Even the Bishop clothed himself in armour, having on, as Hume of Godscroft says, ‘a corslet of proof.’ It would have been singular if he had presided at the trial and condemnation of the man to whom he had been so recently the instrument of uniting his Sovereign. Having reached the Orkneys, they were directed by Gilbert Balfour to Shetland, in pursuit of their prey. So close was the chase, that when he and his vessels escaped by the north passage of the Sound, Grange came in by the south, and continued the pursuit. But Bothwell and his crew were familiar with those narrow and dangerous seas; they knew how lightly their own vessels could dash through the boiling eddy that indicated a sunken rock, and had discerned at a glance what would be the fate of their bulky pursuers if they dared to follow in their desperate wake. They steered directly for the breakers, and though the rocks grazed their keel, their vessel dashed through the cresting foam into a safer sea. Grange ordered every sail to be set, to impel the Unicorn in the same track. In vain his more experienced mariners remonstrated; the warrior baron, as if leading a charge of horse on the plains of Flanders, rushed on the breakers; his gallant ship struck, and forthwith began to sink. There was just time to hoist out a boat, which was instantly crowded. The Bishop of Orkney, encumbered with the armour which he was not accustomed to wear, was left behind, and with difficulty succeeded in scrambling from the sinking vessel to a jutting piece of rock. His cries were disregarded; the boat pushed off without him; another instant and he would have perished; but, collecting all his energies, he sprang into the midst of the crowded boat, making it reel with his additional weight, ‘which,’ says Hume of Godscroft, ‘was thought a strange leap, especially not to have overturned the boat.’ The Bishop’s leap was long remembered; it passed, indeed, into a proverb; and the rock from which he sprang was called the Unicorn ever after.”¹

Bothwell’s vessel, somewhat damaged, took refuge in the harbour of Unst, on the north of the island, where four of his other vessels lay; but as their captains and soldiers were solacing themselves on shore, and he was hotly pursued by Tullibardine and the other three ships-of-war, he cut and ran on the course for Denmark; and after a flying fight, which lasted about three hours, just as Bothwell’s mainmast was shot away, and his capture appeared inevitable, a sudden and terrific storm from the south-west separated the vessels, and he was driven on the coast of Norway, and forced to enter the harbour of Karmsund.² Two only out of Bothwell’s four vessels made this port, that in which he was himself being commanded by one of his old associates in evil, the notorious

¹ Notes to Spottiswood’s Church History, edited by Mark Napier, Esq. Vol. II.

² Bothwell’s Memorial—Bell’s Appendix.

Captain Clarke, the other by David Wath, one of the most desperate buccaneers in the north seas, who was instantly denounced as such by a Bremen merchant whose ship he had seized in Shetland. Christian Alborg, the captain of a Danish man-of-war called the Bear, then stationed at Karlsund, went on board the suspicious vessels, and was proceeding to overhaul them, when Bothwell, who personated a boatswain, attired in a patched and threadbare suit, accosted him, declared himself to be the consort of the Queen of Scotland, and requested to be conducted into the presence of the King of Denmark. Alborg took him on board the Bear, and his vessels in tow, and brought him into the port of Bergen to be examined by the governor, Eric Rosencrantz.¹ This was an untoward circumstance for Bothwell, as Rosencrantz was the near relation of a noble Norwegian lady, named Anna Thrundesenn, whom he had married several years before and deserted. She was, indeed, his only legal wife, he having wedded her before his marriage with Lady Jane Gordon. Bothwell assumed a lofty tone in his replies to the observations touching his lack of passport and ship's papers. "From whom should I receive them," he scornfully retorted, "being myself the supreme ruler of the realm?" His Norwegian wife, dame Anna Thrundesenn, now appeared upon the scene, and was confronted with him in his next examination. In reply to her complaints, he said "he would make her a present of one of the vessels, and promised to endow her liberally with an annual life-rent."² A reconciliation appears to have followed, for Eric Rosencrantz invited him to take up his abode in the castle at Bergen, and entertained him very honourably for several days.³

Bothwell, who had at first denied having any papers with him, now said he had concealed a portfolio full of private letters in the ballast of the vessel in which he had sailed, and sent three of his servants to the governor with a request that he might be permitted to fetch it. Captain Alborg, who had taken possession of the vessels, found the portfolio and carried it to the castle. It was fastened with several locks, but one of Bothwell's servants having the keys, it was opened in the presence of the magistrates and the Governor of Bergen. It contained many letters in MS., and others printed, some in Latin, some in Scotch, which were read and interpreted to them; also the Queen's patent creating Bothwell Duke of Orkney, and various proclamations of the Lords of Secret Council, denouncing him as the murderer of the late King, consort to Queen Mary, declaring him an outlaw, and offering a reward for his head.⁴ If Mary Stuart had really committed herself by writing in an amatory strain to Bothwell, her letters would doubtless have been found in this locked portfolio. They would have served him, in the absence of a passport, to make good his boasts of his influence, and the place he held in his Sove-

¹ Chapter-book of the Town-Council of Bergen.

² Suhme's Collections for the History of Norway.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ *Ibid.*

reign's regard. One letter from her, and one alone, was found written with her own hand, and addressed to him,—not a letter of affection, but complaint, lamenting her hard lot and that of her friends,—a letter which apparently produced the most unfavourable impression of his conduct and character on the minds of the honest magistrates and Governor of Bergen, for they immediately decided on sending him as a prisoner to the King of Denmark, together with these papers.¹ The King of Denmark, who was Mary's kinsman, and had been a candidate for her hand, ordered him into strict confinement in Copenhagen Castle. Bothwell vainly endeavoured to purchase his liberty and the means of returning to Scotland at the head of a naval and military force, by offering to put the King of Denmark in possession of the Orkney and Shetland Isles, of which that monarch and his predecessors had always claimed the sovereignty. He addressed a very able and plausible memorial to his Majesty in explanation of his own conduct in Scotland, stating in brief and vigorous terms everything likely to produce a favourable impression for himself, and concealing such of his proceedings as must have had a contrary effect. He entirely suppresses his interception and capture of the Queen at Foulbriggs, and the fact of carrying her to Dunbar, detaining her there ten days in seclusion, and bringing her back to Edinburgh as his prisoner, under circumstances that compelled her to become his wife. He represents “their marriage to have been first suggested to him by the nobles, then recommended to the Queen by them in conference, and condescended to by her Majesty in compliance with their earnestly-expressed desire.”² Common-sense must convince every one that thus it would not have been, if Mary had cherished even a slight portion of that affection for Bothwell which her political slanderers impute to her. What more could she have desired than to contract wedlock with him, in compliance with the request of her Peers and the advice of her Privy Councillors? It was because she did not love him, and would not condescend to a marriage which her own Church regarded as illegal, that Bothwell resorted to the outrageous means by which it was brought to pass.

The King of Denmark, who possessed accurate means of information through the French ambassador, as well as his own spies, of the real state of the case, ordered Bothwell to be sent to Malmoe Castle, where for several years he occupied the vaulted chamber where the deposed tyrant, Christian II. of Denmark, had been kept. Influenced apparently by a proper sense of justice, Frederic refused to give Bothwell up to either of the Regents who successively usurped the government of Scotland, having good reason to be aware that all of them, except Lennox,

¹ Report of Bothwell's Examination at the Bergenhus, signed by the Magistrates, dated September 23rd, 1567.

² Bothwell's Memorial, addressed to Frederick II., King of Denmark. Bell's Appendix.

were accomplices in the crimes of which they accused him, and that the desire they expressed of bringing him to condign punishment for Darnley's murder was with the view of fabricating and publishing, after his execution, confessions in his name, for the purpose of confirming their calumnious accusations of their unfortunate Queen, as was done by Moray in the case of Nicholas Hubert, *alias* French Paris. Happily for the cause of historic truth, Bothwell was retained by the King of Denmark as a state prisoner till, humbled by a dangerous sickness which brought the terrors of an accusing conscience and remorse for sin, and moved by the pious exhortations of the Lutheran Bishop of Sconen, he made a confession for himself, in the presence of impartial witnesses, acknowledging his share in Darnley's assassination, and exonerating Queen Mary from any participation in the crime;¹ but of this in the proper order of chronology.

Grange and Tullibardine succeeded in capturing John Hepburn of Bolton, and several others of Bothwell's servants, whom they brought back with them to Edinburgh, where they were subjected to various examinations by torture, but could not be induced to make the slightest deposition tending to criminate the Queen.

CHAPTER IV.

IMMEDIATELY after Moray had taken possession of the government, under the title of Lord Regent of Scotland, Queen Mary received a visit, in her prison at Lochleven, from her former Lord Chamberlain, Sir Robert Melville.² His ostensible errand was to deliver to her four ells of a manufacture described in the record as "fine black of the *seil*," also one ell of fine black velvet which my Lord Regent had generously permitted to be abstracted for her use from her costly wardrobe stores in Edinburgh Castle. His real business was to win her confidence by a few small courtesies and abundance of fair words. The royal captive, who was at that time destitute not only of the luxuries and conveniences to which she had been accustomed, but actually in want of shoes and wearing apparel, took the opportunity of asking him to procure a few necessaries for herself and her ladies, who were in no less distress. She gave him an inventory of these requisitions, which he promised to obtain for her, together with a small supply of money for her minor privy-purse expenses. He promised, however, more than he was able to perform. The

¹ Keith's Appendix.

² Examination of Sir Robert Melville. Hopetoun MSS., General Register House.

only portion of her royal revenues Mary received is thus noted in the Exchequer Records : "Item, the 23rd day of October, to my Lord Regent's Grace, to give the Queen's Majesty in Lochleven, £100,"¹—pounds Scots probably. More than a fifth of that sum was allowed by my Lord Regent for the entertainment of a very humble member of the royal household, as appears by the following entry : "Item, the 5th day of February, to Nichola the *fule* and her keeper, xx£. xviiiis."²

Melville subsequently confessed "that he conveyed a ticket from the Queen to the keeper of her wardrobe, Servais de Condé, willing him to deliver into his hands, for her use, the three gowns and other things that were in the cabinet, which he did receive, and subscribed an acknowledgment of the same in the wardrobe inventory."³ The Earl of Moray, however, looking very sharply after his royal sister's personal property, came to Sir Robert Melville's house and insisted "on seeing what *graith* belonging to the Queen he had got there." Among these were a knot of pearls and a piece of gold weighing twenty ducats, which he forbade him to deliver.⁴ Nevertheless, after several days' deliberation, he allowed them to be sent to her Majesty. George Douglas was the bearer, and to him the Queen gave the knot of pearls, and endeavoured to propitiate his covetous mother, the Lady Douglas of Lochleven, by propining her with the lump of gold.⁵ The dresses were doubtless of greater value, for it was not till the following year, when Queen Mary was at Bolton Castle, and had employed Queen Elizabeth's powerful interference in order to obtain a supply of apparel from her own wardrobe stores in Scotland, that the good Regent Moray could be induced to part with them. Mossman, the royal goldsmith, more honest, restored to his royal mistress a gold chain set with small diamonds, which she had given him to convert into some other ornament.⁶ Aware that she would have more need of the gold and diamonds than of decorations, he returned them in a broken state.

Among other requisitions for her work-table, Mary obtained several packets of silks, of all shades and colours, four hanks of gold thread, the same of silver thread, together with needles and moulds for "raising," a species of embossed embroidery much in vogue among the ladies of the sixteenth century. The favourite occupation with which the royal captive beguiled the tedium of her prison hours, was the composition of devices for pictorial needle-work, in which she greatly excelled. The best authenticated, as well as the most curious, of all the numerous specimens attributed to the skilful and industrious fingers of Mary Stuart, is the ancient worked tapestry which covers a folding screen in the possession of the Earl of Morton, at Dalmahoy House, having been derived, with other heirlooms, from his chivalric ancestor George Douglas.

¹ In the General House, Edinburgh.

² *Ibid.*

³ Hopetoun MSS.

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ *Ibid.*

⁶ Illustrations of Queen Mary and King James. Maitland Club.

Not only does the family tradition declare it to be the identical work with which Mary beguiled some of the weary hours she was doomed to spend within the walls of Lochleven Castle, and left unfinished at her hasty retreat, but evidence may be gathered from the thing itself, that this was actually the case.¹ Mary Stuart, isolated within the gloomy walls of a wave-encircled prison, and cut off from communication with her friends, appears, with skilful needle, to have depicted the story of her wrongs, and the relentless malice of her powerful foe.

During the first months of her captivity at Lochleven, Mary made pathetic entreaties to be indulged with the solace of her infant's company, or even to be permitted to see him for an hour, but in vain. The natural terrors of the bereaved mother for the safety of her babe were turned to her reproach. She was accustomed to say "she had a presentiment his days would not be long;" and this was construed into an earnest desire for his death by the libellous pen of Buchanan.

It was not till Mary had been languishing in prison six months, that the Regent Moray ventured to convene a Parliament in the name of her infant son. He maintained a greater military force than any sovereign of Scotland had ever presumed to introduce into Edinburgh as a standing army, and had provided himself with money by coining the Queen's plate and debasing the currency. He had in the mean time made himself master of the most considerable places in the realm, and by bribes and promises so strengthened his party as to insure a majority on any point he might desire to carry.

The General Assembly of the Church met early in December, and the first question in behalf of the captive Queen emanated from this body in the form of a petition to the Regent and Lords of Parliament,² demanding the cause of her detention at Lochleven, and requiring that, if no sufficient reason were given, she should be set at liberty.

The explanation demanded by the General Assembly of the Church, though not easy to evade, was so much more difficult to give, that no direct answer was returned. It was, however, imperatively necessary for the conspirators to prepare a plausible memorial to lay before the Three Estates of Scotland, to excuse the unauthorized change they had made in the Government. In this emergency the Regent, on the 4th of December, held a council extraordinary, at which none but his confederates

¹ A facsimile engraving of this screen is to be seen in "The Lives of the Queens of Scotland," vol. vi., by Agnes Strickland. Published by Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh.

² In the following words: "This present Assembly, considering the detention of the Queen's Grace in the house of Lochleven, no manifest declaration made of the occasion thereof, wherefore they, as a member of the commonweal of this

realm, not only for themselves, but also in name of the common people thereof, most humbly desires the Lord Regent and Estates of Parliament, to open and make manifest to them and to the people, the cause of the detention of the Queen's Grace in the said house, or else to put her to liberty furth of the same."—Cited in Chalmers's *Life of Queen Mary*, from the original document.

were present. The object of this memorable *sederunt* was to take into consideration what answer should be returned, when the question of the causes of the apprehension and detention of the Queen's person should be debated in Parliament. After long deliberation, resolution was taken to accuse the Queen, in direct words, of having procured the murder of her husband in consequence of a guilty passion for the Earl of Bothwell, and intending also to compass that of the infant Prince her son. The presumptions of her alleged guilt resting solely on the supposititious love-letters to Bothwell, whereof mention was for the first time made in this record of a Secret Council, at which not less than three notorious accomplices in the murder they were endeavouring to charge on her assisted: namely, the Lord Chancellor Morton, whom the tardy justice of his country, fourteen years later, doomed to pay the penalty of his guilt on the scaffold; Sir James Balfour, by whom the bond for the slaughter of the Queen's husband was drawn, who had paid for sixty pounds of the powder deposited in the house of his brother Robert Balfour, the Provost of Kirk-o'-Field, and had been granted pardon and full remission for the deed, together with an enormous bribe by the Regent Moray; and Sir William Maitland, Lord of Lethington, by whose specious pen the act of council, imputing the crime perpetrated by himself and his confederates to his royal mistress, was drawn. There, too, among the subscribers, may be seen the names of Adam Bishop of Orkney, the only minister either of the old faith or the Presbyterian who had been found willing to unite the Queen in marriage to Bothwell; Henry Balnaves, the veteran secret-service-man of England, and the Lords Ruthven and Lindsay, who, after by ruffian threats compelling the defenceless captive to sign deeds of abdication and commissions of regency, falsely drawn in her name, had sworn in the face of God and the people "that she had done so of her own free will, and that her demission of the Crown was voluntary." The motives of the whole conclave for maligning their Queen were indeed obvious; they had gone too far to recede, and felt that either she must be crushed, or themselves left in danger of the pains and penalties of treason.

The Parliament met on the 15th of December in the Tolbooth, and was opened with all accustomed forms, except the presence of the Sovereign, or any person legally commissioned to act in her name. The guilty Morton presided as Lord Chancellor, and the crown was carried by his nephew, the Earl of Angus, a boy of twelve years old, who took his seat among the Earls, and strengthened the faction adverse to the Queen with his vote and influence. Lethington announced the "Queen's abdication and voluntary demission of the Crown to her son, and her appointment of her dearest brother, the Earl of Moray, to the regency," enlarging, in a long and plausible speech, "on the great benefit to the cause of true religion which this happy change had effected and would estab-

lish ;" this being, as he well knew, the most prevailing argument that could be used. The Queen's deposition and imprisonment were, however, warmly discussed. Lord Herries and others of her friends having condescended to take their places in this Parliament convened by Moray, for the purpose of advocating the cause of their royal mistress, protested "that the coronation of the infant Prince was invalid, and so far from being, as pretended, in accordance with her pleasure, was in direct opposition to her will, as would be found on inquiry ; therefore it was demanded that her Majesty might be brought there in person, in order that she might speak freely and without constraint before her lieges." It was required also, in her name, "that a proper inquiry should be made touching the pretended crimes with which she was aspersed, since she ought not to be accused in a public assembly without being permitted to defend herself, either personally or by her advocates." The Earl of Athol and the Laird of Tullibardine, although both had taken an active part in the conspiracy against the Queen, seconded this request on her part, she having found means to send a private message to them that it was her earnest desire it should be so ; but the motion was overruled by the predominant faction. But why, it may be asked, should this equitable request have been denied by the Regent Moray and his supporters? If the Queen were really guilty, it was not only their duty, but their interest to prove her so. The odds were clearly in their favour, and they had the power of citing as witnesses all the ladies of her bed-chamber, among whom were the wives of several of the leading members of the conspiracy ; for instance, the Countesses of Mar and Moray, and Lady Lethington, one of the Maries who had been associated in the most intimate friendship with the Queen from infancy. There also was Lady Buccleuch, whose name had been publicly placarded as an accomplice in Darnley's murder, and her sister Lady Reres, whom Buchanan subsequently accused of being the confidant of the alleged amour.¹ Why were they not interrogated before the Parliament on the subject? Last, not least in importance as a witness, Bothwell's sister, Lady Coldingham, the widow of Mary's deceased brother, ought to have been examined, for she was the only lady in attendance on the Queen at the time of her forcible detention by Bothwell at Dunbar Castle. But that not one of these ladies was interrogated on the subject of the Queen's conduct, with regard to Bothwell, either before or after her husband's death, ought to convince every rational person that there was nothing of impropriety to be elicited against her ; and that for lack of real evidence the conspirators found themselves under the necessity of resorting to forgery and libels, to bolster up their calumnious fiction of an irresistible passion for Bothwell.

Then in regard to her alleged participation in her husband's murder,

¹ In his gross libel, "The Detection."

were not John Hay of Tallo, John Hepburn of Bolton, George Dalgleish, and others of Bothwell's servants, who had acknowledged that they were accomplices in his crime, in prison? And ought not they to have been produced in Parliament, and required to declare all they knew as to the Queen's connection with the plot? But as they subsequently declared her innocence on the scaffold, the reason they were kept out of sight and hearing is sufficiently obvious. Reference to letters, devised for the purpose of criminating her, was far more to the purpose of the conspirators, and this they repeated in their Act of Parliament as the ostensible ground for the declaration "that all that had been done by the Lords of Secret Council was in the Queen's own default." Their description of the letters, however, varies; for in their Act of Secret Council these are affirmed to be "written and subscribed by the Queen's own hand," while in the Act of Parliament they are merely stated to be "written wholly with the Queen's hand"—an important discrepancy; for if they had ever been subscribed, the subscriptions would not have disappeared in the course of eleven days. Not, however, to dwell too strongly on the argument already used with sarcastic pungency by Lesley, Bishop of Ross, and repeated by Whittaker, Goodall, and Tytler, that unsubscribed and undirected letters are nullities, it is only necessary to call attention to the suspicious omission of all testimony and attestation respecting the manner in which the letters produced by Morton came into his possession.

The tale finally promulgated through their literary organ Buchanan shall be given in his own words. "That in the Castle of Edinburgh there was left by the Earl of Bothwell, before his fleeing away, and was sent for by one George Dalgleish, his servant, who was taken by the Earl of Morton, a small gilt coffer, with the Roman letter F under a king's crown, wherein certain letters, well known, and by oaths *to be* affirmed, to have been written with the Queen of Scots' own hand to the Earl of Bothwell. Besides these writings, there was also extant a writing, written in Roman hand, in French, *to be* avowed to be written by the said Queen of Scots herself, being a promise of marriage to the said Bothwell."¹

The improbability of Bothwell leaving these behind, when he carried papers of far less importance from Edinburgh Castle to Dunbar, and even to Norway, in a portfolio secured with several locks, is glaring. It must also be obvious that had Morton got possession of such a prize, he being the most subtle of men, and the highest law-lord in the realm withal, would have seen the importance of turning it immediately into evidence against the Queen, by giving the utmost publicity to its capture, and causing a schedule of the papers to be made and attested. Although this would not have proved that Mary really wrote the absurd fictions in question, it would have lent something more like probability to the story.

¹ Memorandum at the end of the Detection. Anderson's Collections. Goodall's Appendix, p. 534.

by the adoption of regular proceedings. But there is not the slightest evidence to prove that Bothwell ever sent for the casket; that Sir James Balfour, the last person in the world to whom he would have sent, delivered it; or that Morton really captured it. There are no allusions to it in Dalgleish's examinations or depositions. No schedule of the contents of the casket was recited either in the minute of Council or the Act of Parliament, nor is the casket itself mentioned as the receptacle of the letters till nine months later, when it is noticed for the first time before a small select coterie of confederates in the Secret Council of September 16, 1568, in the "discharge granted by the Regent Moray to the Earl of Morton for a small silver box overgilt with gold, with all missive letters, contracts, or obligations for marriage, sonnets, or love-ballads contained therein, sent and passed betwixt the Queen and James, sometime Earl Bothwell; which box, and whole pieces within the same, were taken and found, with *umquhile* (the late) George Dalgleish, servant to the said Earl Bothwell, upon the 20th day of June, the year of God, 1567;"¹ adding—a bold assertion for any one who was not in Scotland for more than six weeks after the date assigned for the capture—"that the Earl of Morton had truly and honestly kept the writings contained in that box ever since they came into his possession, without alteration, augmentation, or diminution."²

Neither sonnets nor love-ballads were alluded to, either in the Act of Privy Council, Dec. 4, 1567, when the suppositious letters were first mentioned and described as "written and *subscribed* by the Queen's own hand," nor in the Act of Indemnity for the Lords of Secret Council eleven days later, where the description of the letters differs in the material point of not being subscribed—a legal objection which the production of the contracts might have assisted to overcome. But as neither "contracts, sonnets, nor love-ballads" were enumerated, much less produced, at that all-important crisis, when everything that could be construed into evidences of the Queen's guilt was required to justify the treatment she had received, they were clearly the result of after-thought, a forged appendix to the original forgery of the letters.

It is a startling feature in the transaction, too, that neither the alleged contents of the letters nor the love-verses were published in Scotland at all, till long after they had been exhibited to the English Commissioners and their Sovereign. Who can believe that, if such letters had really been written by Mary, and had fallen into the hands of the conspirators on the 20th of June, 1567, they would have continued, in their acts of Council, manifestoes, and even in their letter to Throckmorton of the 26th of July, to speak of Bothwell as her ravisher, instead of blazoning the proofs of her complicity to the world? Neither is it credible that

¹ Anderson. Keith. Goodall.

² *Ibid.*

the Parliament, if letters from the Queen to Bothwell had been exhibited on the 15th of December, convicting her of urging him to affect a forcible abduction of her person, would, on the 20th of the same month, have couched their act for his forfeiture in terms containing her full and perfect vindication from the slightest collusion : "Besetting her," recites the Act, "with a thousand armed men, equipped in manner of war, in the month of April last, she suspecting no evil from any of her subjects, and least of all from the Earl of Bothwell." The outrage having occurred too near Edinburgh, and too recently to allow of a public misrepresentation being made with impunity, "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," was thus published to the people. The heralds made proclamation of the Act, with sound of trumpets, from the windows of the Hall of Parliament in the Tolbooth, at the Market Cross, and other popular stations in Edinburgh, and afterwards "at the gates of all Bothwell's castles and dwelling-houses, with six knocks, and summonses for him to *compear* before the Parliament to underlie the law." Nor was this all, for the report of the proclaiming herald certifies that, "in obedience to the behest of the Parliament, he proceeded with his assistants, to Lochleven Castle,¹ where, in like manner, he recited and made due proclamation of the act of forfeiture and outlawry against the said Earl of Bothwell, his accomplices and partakers, for the high and horrible treasons of having devised and perpetrated the murder of King Henry, the husband of the Queen our sovereign Lord's dearest mother ; and also for besetting her Highness, on her way from Stirling to Edinburgh, with a thousand men in warlike array, putting violent hands on her most noble person, not permitting her to enter her own town of Edinburgh in peace, but carried her the same night, *against her will*, to the Castle of Dunbar, and there detained her as his prisoner about twelve days, and, under circumstances such as might have befallen the most courageous woman in the world, compelled her to promise to become his wife. Then leading her, still as his prisoner, to Edinburgh Castle, he detained her there till he constrained her to contract an unlawful marriage with him."² The ancient customs of Scotland required the forfeiture and outlawry of any great peer of Parliament, together with the reasons thereof, to be announced at any place where the Sovereign was personally present ; and as Lethington had secured the grant of that rich and long-contested portion of Bothwell's spoils, the abbey-lands of Haddington, adjoining his own estates, Morton the office of Lord Admiral of Scotland, and other members of the party shares of his large appanages and hereditaments, it was expedient to legalize the act of forfeiture, by compliance with the minutest points of the law, and reciting all his crimes and trea-

¹ See the Record in Acta Parliamentorum, Register House, Edinburgh, signed and attested by James Makgill, Clerk-Register.

² *Ibid.*

sons, even at the expense of justifying the Queen, and virtually acknowledging her authority.

Thus did the royal captive enjoy the melancholy satisfaction of hearing with her own ears the declaration of the adverse portion of the Three Estates of Parliament, convened by the authority of the usurping Earl of Moray, "that in her marriage with Bothwell she had been the victim of circumstances she had had no power of resisting." What better apology could the most eloquent of her advocates have made for her conduct in that unhappy business?

If Mary suffered herself to imagine that the promulgation of the Act for the forfeiture and outlawry of Bothwell, with the recital of the treasons and outrages he had perpetrated against her, and the acknowledgment of her inability to resist his lawless will, was the prelude to her restoration to freedom and to empire, she was the more deceived. It was a mere matter of business, to legalize his forfeitures; justice to her was out of the question. The exciting pageant of the herald's visit to the islet of Lochleven passed away like a dream, leaving—when the last gleam of the scarlet and gold tabards, and the blazonry of the lion-banner at the prow of their barge, vanished from the expanse of rough blue waters through which the rowers cut their way to the low-lying shore of Kinross—no visible traces that such an event had interrupted the monotony of that lonely little world. No visible traces there; but the fact stands legibly chronicled in the records of Moray's first Parliament attested by the hand of Queen Mary's deadly foe, James Makgill, the Clerk-Register,¹ to confute the false witness of her accusers by the testimony of their own act, which so fully demonstrates that the letters they pretended she wrote to Bothwell, to urge him to enterprise her abduction, were fabrications. Moreover, their previous act "anent the Queen's retention in prison,"² where the said letters are mentioned as containing proofs that she had been enthralled by a blind passion for Bothwell, and thus incited to the commission of other crimes therein imputed to her, is virtually abrogated by the declarations in this, which passed five days later,³ showing that the Queen was the victim of lawless violence combined with treachery.

No amelioration in the Queen's condition followed the proclamation of the Act reciting the real circumstances under which the daring traitor Bothwell had made his tiger-spring upon her, and succeeded in dragging her to his den. She was doomed to wear away the dreary months of the long Scotch winter within the gloomy fortress of Lochleven, in the midst of a cold expanse of waters which, when augmented by rains or floods from the mountain-torrents, washed the basement of the tower in which she was confined. While despairing of redress from Moray's Parliament,

¹ See the Report in Acta Parliamentorum, General Register House, Edinburgh.

² Dec. 15, 1567.

³ Dec. 20.

Mary found means to write the following touching appeal to her royal mother-in-law of France :—

“LOCHLEVEN (*undated*).

“MADAM,—I write to you at the same time as to the King your son, and by the same bearer, to beseech you both to have pity upon me. I am now fully convinced that it is by force alone I can be delivered. If you send never so few troops to countenance the matter, I am certain great numbers of my subjects will rise to join them; but without that they are overawed by the force of the rebels, and dare attempt nothing of themselves. The miseries I endure are more than I once believed it was in the power of human sufferance to sustain and live. Give credit to this messenger, who can tell you all. I have no opportunity to write but while my jailers are at dinner. Have compassion, I conjure you, on my wretched condition, and may God pour on you all the blessings you can desire.

“Your ever dutiful, though most wretched and afflicted daughter,

“M. R.

“From my prison, to Madame, the Queen of France, my mother-in-law.”

Her faithful servant, John Beton, who continued to hover near Lochleven in disguise, conveyed letters from Mary more than once to the Court of France, and brought replies. “The Queen my sovereign, your niece,” writes Beton, Archbishop of Glasgow, to Cardinal de Lorraine, “is in good health, thanks to God, and bears her adverse and bitter fortune with great patience, but her party, though numerous, had not a proper chief, being destitute of any person of ability as a leader.”

But the most important information communicated in this letter is the intelligence he had just received (apparently from the son of the Duke de Châtelherault), “that certain of Bothwell’s servants who were condemned to die for assisting in the murder of her consort, had acknowledged the justice of their sentence, but declared the innocence of the Queen, and denounced the principal and leading members of the Council as accomplices, namely, the Earl of Morton, the Secretary Lethington, Balfour, who was captain of Edinburgh Castle, and the Earl of Bothwell their master, then in Denmark.”¹ The trials and executions of John Hepburn of Bolton, John Hay of Tello, William Powrie, and George Dalgleish, took place on the 3rd of January.² Placards and satirical poems, intimating that these subordinate agents were about to be hurried out of life, to prevent them from revealing the share criminals

¹ February 6, 1568—Stevenson’s Illustrations, p. 307.

² It is worthy of remark that the forfeiture of John Hepburn of Bolton was appropriated by Lethington, in the very centre of whose lands his patrimony lay, and, like Naboth’s vineyard, was obtained by the death of the rightful owner under an accusation of treason. The goodly heritage of Patrick Whitlaw, who was included in the Act for Bothwell’s forfeiture, became the prey of the Earl of

Morton. Whitlaw was the husband of Morton’s sister-in-law, Elizabeth Hamilton, Countess-Dowager of Angus, the niece of the Duke de Châtelherault, and widow of David, Earl of Angus. The dower rents of this lady, who was suitably jointured on the Douglas lands, were one of the causes of Whitlaw’s ruin. A startling light is cast on these mysterious tragedies of Scottish history by tracing the forfeited property to the recipient parties.

of greater importance than themselves had had in the tragedy were affixed on the doors of the Council Chamber, and on the walls of Moray House. One of these significantly inquired, "Why John Hepburn and John Hay of Tallo were not compelled openly to declare the manner of the King's slaughter, and who consented thereunto?"¹ But, with cruel and indecent haste, they were executed the same day they were tried.

The words of John Hepburn's dying speech and confession, in vindication of the Queen, are thus recorded in the contemporary chronicle of Belforest :²

"John Hepburn, the domestic servant of the Earl of Bothwell, immediately before his sentence was executed, for being concerned in the atrocious treason of the murder of the late Lord Darnley, confessed in the presence of all the people, by whom the same was heard, the innocence of the Queen his sovereign lady, protesting it before God and his angels, whom he called upon to witness what he said, and praying that, if he lied, it might be to the eternal ruin and perdition of his soul. 'I declare,' said he, 'that Moray and Morton were the sole contrivers, movers, and councillors of Bothwell in the commission of this murder, and that they have assisted in all the enterprises and conspiracies formed against Lord Darnley, and exhorted the Earl my master not to hesitate to execute boldly a deed so necessary for all the nobles of Scotland. I confess to have had knowledge of this, not only by word of mouth from my lord, 'with whom they were associated in it, and who assured me they would bear him out in it,' but by the letters and indentures signed by both of them, which he showed me, and I have seen and read them myself, setting forth and describing the whole plot.'

These were his last words, on the truth of which he "perilled the salvation of his soul."

"Powrie, John Hay of Tallo, Dalgleish, and others, being led out to suffer at the same time, under the like accusation, denounced the 'great and abominable wickedness of Moray, who had made no scruple of procuring the murder of the King, and yet persecuted to the death those who had been his instruments, under the pretext of avenging the deed ; but God was just, and rightly punished them for what they had done, by bringing them to this end, but the Queen was innocent of the deed.' They also declared 'that they had not read the depositions to which they had been compelled to set their hands, and desired to warn the people, in case anything hereafter should be set forth to the disadvantage of her Majesty as if from their avowals, that it would be an imposition ; for though they had been examined by severe infliction of torture, under which they had made full acknowledgment of their own crimes, and had then been promised their lives if they would bear witness against her Majesty, they had been preserved from the guilt of falsely accusing their good and virtuous Queen of being participant in that iniquity.'"³

¹ Tytler's History of Scotland, vol. vii. p. 171. State Paper MS., Border Correspondence, January, 1567, 1568.

² Innocens de la Roynne d'Escosse, — printed in the year 1572. Published in Jebb's Collections.

³ Ibid.

These facts, so notorious at the time, were, as a matter of course, otherwise represented by the faction in power and their hiring chroniclers, but they did not escape the attention of the sarcastic contemporary poet, who wrote under the quaint *alias* of Tom Treuth, and commemorated the circumstance in the following rugged rhymes, which were deemed of sufficient importance to be suppressed by Cecil, with the rest of his poem, "as being in favour of the Queen of Scots." The first couplet exposes the artful policy of the conspirators by whom the assassination of Darnley and the deposition of the Queen were accomplished:—

"For they, to seem more innocent of this most heinous deed,
 Did forthwith catch four murderers, and put to death with speed;
 As Hepburn, Dalgleish, Powry too, John Hay made up the mess;
 Which four, when they were put to death, the treason did confess,
 And said that Moray, Morton too, with others of that rout,
 Were guilty of that murder vile, though now they look so stout.
 Yet some perchance may think that I speak for affection here,
 Though I would so, three thousand can herein true witness bear,
 Who present were as well as I at the execution time,
 And heard how these, in conscience prickt, confessed who did the crime."¹

Mary herself did not fail, as soon as she had the opportunity of doing so, to call attention, in her "Appeal to all Christian Princes," to the fact that "three out of six unfortunate persons who were put to death by Moray for this crime, as they were going to the scaffold, exonerated her from all blame, but declared the guilt of the Earl of Moray, and persevered in this to the death, without change or variation in their statements, of the truth of which the whole realm of Scotland can testify."

The painful and dangerous illness which attacked Queen Mary early in February, being exactly nine months from the period of her compulsory abode in Dunbar Castle, has given a delusive colour to the tradition which nearly a century later was mentioned by La Laboreur in his notes and additions to Castelnau, "that she was brought to bed of a daughter at Lochleven, who, being privately transported to France, became a nun in the convent of Soissons." Mary's indisposition was evidently an attack of her constitutional maladies, liver and heart complaints, aggravated by want of exercise, the dampness of the situation, so little suited for the mid-winter abode of a delicately organized Princess; and more than all, the mental sufferings she had gone through during the last dreadful year. Her symptoms are thus briefly described by Sir William Drury in a letter to Cecil: "It may please you to be advertised that the Queen have been of late troubled with a disease in her side, and a swelling in her arm, of whose sickness there ariseth divers bruits and reports in Scotland."

¹ State Paper MS., 1568, December.

CHAPTER V.

THERE is not any circumstance in the personal history of Mary Stuart more remarkable than the fact that, at the dreary and hopeless period of her incarceration in Lochleven Castle, deliverers should have been raised up for her in the family of her deadliest foes. The Regent Moray's maternal brother, George Douglas, commonly called Prettie Geordie, the youngest son of Lady Douglas by her late husband Sir Robert Douglas, being employed as one of Queen Mary's jailers, became deeply interested in her behalf. He had been present when her signature to the deeds of abdication was extorted, and, unable to restrain his feelings, had indignantly reproved his ruffian brother-in-law, Lord Lindsay, for the impropriety and brutality of his behaviour, and from that hour laboured to effect her deliverance. This generous impulse has been imputed by the libeller Buchanan to the influence of Mary's charms and seductions, and—though she had nothing left to bestow—her bribes. But if ever the spirit of true chivalry and disinterested loyalty animated a young warm heart, it was exemplified in the conduct of George Douglas to his oppressed and afflicted Sovereign. He soon became the unsuspected medium of communication between her and an association of faithful and courageous gentlemen, who had pledged themselves to break her chains. A variety of projects were devised for that purpose. Their first resolution was to seize and man the great boat,¹ belonging to the laird Sir William Douglas, with a chosen number of the loyal associates, assault the Castle by night, and, assisted by George and some of his confederates from within, force the tower where Queen Mary was confined, and carry her off. Unfortunately this plan, having been confided by George Douglas to Will Drysdale, an officer in the garrison, on whose services he had calculated, was by him hinted to the laird, who thereupon laid up the great boat. They next devised the romantic project of stealing into St Serf's Inch, a deserted islet about a mile higher up the lake (formerly a monastic institution, now the resort of herons and wild-fowl), and concealing themselves among the tangled thickets of fern and brushwood in the ruins of the Culdee church, till George could induce his brother to bring the captive Queen there, to indulge her with her favourite recreation of hawking, then to rush out, secure the boat, overpower the laird and his servants, and row the Queen to the shore, where their confederates would be in waiting with horses to carry her off. But neither this nor a variety of other schemes on which they deliberated were found practicable.

¹ Letter of Kirkaldy of Grange to Sir William Douglas, June 1st, 1567—in the family archives of the Earl of Morton at Dalmahoy.

George Douglas's loyal projects were not only betrayed and traversed one after the other by his perfidious confidant, but he was at last denounced as their originator, expelled with disgrace from the Castle, and forbidden ever to set foot on the island again. The Earl of Moray, on being informed of what had been going on, hastened to Lochleven to devise with his mother, his brother Sir William Douglas, and his brother-in-law Lord Lindsay of the Byres, means for keeping their illustrious prisoner in greater security. The meeting between Moray and his royal sister was stormy. She knew her life was in his hands; but, nowise intimidated by his threats, she overwhelmed him with reproaches, telling him that to him she imputed her injurious treatment by his Parliament—in allusion to the Act which had passed through his influence sanctioning her detention in prison, under the pretext that it was in consequence of her own faults, whereas in their more recent Act for Bothwell's forfeiture the slander that had been thrown upon her on account of her marriage was clearly disproved. Moray answered for once sincerely, by saying, "that he and the other Lords could do no less for their own security, in respect of which they had enterprised to put her into captivity;" words that significantly explain the motives for the defamation and forgery that were employed for want of real evidence against this unfortunate Princess by her subtle foes, in consequence of what they termed "the necessity of their cause." They had gone too far to recede, and, to avert their own ruin, used every means to consummate hers.

A report of what passed in the private interview between Mary and her usurping brother, duly prepared for circulation in the English Court, was communicated by the latter, through the convenient medium of a newsletter from his friend Sir William Drury to Cecil, in which the following passage occurs: "From that she entered into another purpose, being marriage, praying she might have a husband, and named one to her liking, George Douglas, brother to the Laird of Lochleven; on which the Earl replied that he was an over mean marriage for her Grace, and that he, with the rest of her nobility, would take advice thereon." It is scarcely necessary to expose the gross absurdity of such a tale, for even if the generous devotion and personal graces of George Douglas, who was near about her own age, had won her affections, Moray was surely the last person in the world whom she would have selected for her confidant, after her experience of his inimical proceedings in regard to her marriage with her cousin Darnley. Nor was it possible for a Princess of Mary's high spirit, aspersed, betrayed, and supplanted, as she had been, by that ungrateful brother, to pass so quickly from indignant reproaches on the score of his perfidy and treason as to beseech him to give her a husband, and, of all persons in the world, to name the one who had just incurred his wrath above all others.

In no other manner than passionate reproach, taunting innuendo, and

sarcastic rejoinder, could such a subject have been discussed between them. Moray's jealousy had been excited by current rumours regarding various candidates for the hand of the captive Queen, whereof the Lord of Arbroath, second son of the Duke de Châtellherault, was the most alarming to him, because that alliance was recommended by the King of France. The Earl of Argyll was labouring for her restoration, on condition of her becoming the wife of his brother; and the young Lord of Methven had very recently been proposed for her husband.¹ Whether any of these suitors had been encouraged by Mary does not appear; but the fraternal usurper of her realm was the last person in the world with whom she would have entered into confidential discourse on any matter of the kind. Whatever passed between them at that interview, their last was clearly of a hostile character. Its effect was not to reconcile a love-lorn turtle to her cage, by lulling her with delusive hopes of a young handsome mate, but to rouse the lion-like spirit of a royal heroine to make a desperate effort to recover her liberty; and, notwithstanding the redoubled cautions and restraints with which Moray had surrounded her, she had well nigh succeeded in her enterprise a day or two after he left the island. The Lady of Lochleven, not choosing to be burdened with the trouble and expense of having the washing for the Queen and her maidens performed in the Castle, allowed a laundress to come from the adjacent village of Kinross across the lake in a boat to fetch the soiled linen, and bring it back to her Majesty clean. This laundress being a true-hearted Scotchwoman, kind, compassionate, and courageous, was easily won to lend her assistance in a new project for the Queen's enfranchisement, which was arranged through her medium with George Douglas, who, though expelled from the Castle, remained concealed in the house of one of his humble allies at Kinross.

While Mary was secretly rallying all the energies of her nature, for the moment when word should be brought to her that all things were prepared, she affected the languor of sickness, and passed all her mornings in bed, as if listless and indifferent to everything in life. The time chosen for the enterprise was the 25th of March, being the day for the laundress's customary visit to her Majesty's chamber to exchange the linen she had washed for that which had been used. The Queen then rose, and disguising herself in the faithful creature's humble weeds, drew a muffler over her face, and taking the bundle of linen that was to be carried away in her arms, passed out of the Castle in that manner unsuspected, and, stepping into the boat, took her seat. Nature had not, however, fitted Mary Stuart to support the character of a washerwoman with success. When they were midway between the Castle and the shore, her air and mien, so incongruous with her coarse array, attracted the attention of one of the rowers, who, merrily addressing the others, said, "Let us see what

¹ Forster to Cecil, April 30th, 1568.

manner of dame this is," and attempted to pull down her muffler. Mary impulsively put up her hands to defend herself from his rude approach. The whiteness and delicacy of those beautiful hands betrayed the fact that they had never been accustomed to the vocation of a laundress. Perceiving herself to be known, Mary assumed the tone and gesture of command, and ordered the men, at peril of their lives, to row her to the shore. Had they been intrusted with the secret, or had she condescended to the use of pathetic pleading, instead of threats, which she was in no condition to put in force, they might have been willing to risk tortures and death to save her; but, offended at her haughty recoil from their boisterous attempt at personal familiarity in the first place, and her peremptory orders and menaces in the next, they tacked about and rowed her back to the island.

Sir William Drury concludes his hard unsympathizing narrative of the tantalizing manner in which poor Mary's courageous enterprises had been frustrated, when so near success, with this piece of information: "It seems she knew her refuge, and where to have found it, if she had once landed, for there did, and yet do linger, at a little village called Kinross, hard at the loch side, the same George Douglas, one Sempill,¹ and one Beton, the which two were sometime her trusty servants, and, as yet appeareth, they mind her with no less affection."²

In consequence of these reiterated efforts to break her chains, the rigour of Mary's imprisonment was increased, and the vigilance of her keepers redoubled. Her bed-chamber was no longer a sanctuary, but violated by the presence and espionage of the daughters of Lady Douglas of Lochleven, who were intruded in turn within the confined circuit of that apartment every night, for the purpose of giving notice of signals or attempts at rescue from without. The bright notion of converting the young ladies of the family, his maternal sisters, into a band of female turnkeys, by compelling them to undertake the ungracious office of nocturnal spies on the captive Queen, was probably one of the regulations imposed by Moray, at his angry visit to the Castle, after the defection of his brother George. These damsels were seven in number. The eldest was married to the ruffian Lord Lindsay: the youngest could not have been under twenty-one years of age, as their father, Sir Robert Douglas of Lochleven, was killed at the battle of Pinkie; but their beauty and majestic stature had gained for them the somewhat poetical cognomen of "the seven fair porches of Lochleven." There was another lady residing in Lochleven Castle, Christian, Countess of Buchan, the orphan ward and betrothed wife of Moray, whom, not contented with forsaking

¹ This was the gallant John Sempill, the husband of Mary Livingston, who had rendered his royal mistress worthy service in the time of her previous distress, when she was imprisoned in her

own Palace of Holyrood by Morton and the other assassins of David Riccio.

² Letter of Sir W. Drury to Cecil, April 3. Keith, 470.

for Agnes Keith, the daughter of the Earl Marischal, he had stripped of her inheritance, and devoted to life-long celibacy, in the seclusion of Lochleven Castle, in the keeping of his chaste lady-mother. But she thought proper to allow her to marry her second son Robert. Nothing can more thoroughly lay bare the baseness of Moray's disposition than the angry letter he wrote to his mother, reproving her for having permitted these nuptials to take place. "Howbeit," he says, "whoever hath her, I mean to have her living."¹ Ay, and he kept his word, and with injustice that survived the term of his life, bequeathed her patrimony to his own daughters!

At the period when Moray had taken refuge in England, his mother and brother, Sir William Douglas, having held out the island and fortalice of Lochleven against their Sovereign, the victorious Queen sent a herald summoning them to surrender the Castle and remove themselves within six hours; but being told "that Sir William Douglas was ill in bed, and that the Countess of Buchan was there, and did travail of her first child," she, in accordance with her generous and truly feminine nature, allowed them to remain undisturbed, and was pleased to accept surety that the Castle should be at her command.² It is to be hoped that Lady Buchan testified her grateful remembrance of this compassionate forbearance, when she found her royal mistress immured beneath the same roof with herself, as a desolate and forlorn captive. Perhaps it was through her aid that Queen Mary obtained the interdicted materials for writing, and the means of sending the letters out of the Castle, which she wrote by John Beton to the Queen-mother of France and Beton Archbishop of Glasgow, five days after her abortive attempt to escape.

"From Lochleven, the 31st of March, 1568.

"MONSIEUR DE GLASGOW,—Your brother will make you understand my miserable condition. I pray you present him and his letters, making what solicitations you can at the same time in my behalf. He will tell you the rest, for I have neither paper nor time to write more, except to entreat the King, the Queen, and my uncles, to burn my letters; for if it be known what I have written, it would cost the lives of many, and put my own in danger, and cause me to be more strictly guarded. May God have you in His care, and grant me patience. From my prison this last of March.

"Your ancient and very good mistress and friend,

"MARIE R., now prisoner.

"I pray you to deliver five hundred crowns to this bearer for his journey, and more if he need it."³

¹ The letter is preserved among the family papers of the Earl of Morton, by whose permission it has been printed by the Bannatyne Club, to afford a somewhat more correct picture of the principles of the supplanter of Mary Stuart, than his eulogists had the opportunity of forming. It is rarely, indeed, that Moray

speaks his mind in black and white; but he was in a passion, and writing to his own mother, little dreaming that such a letter would ever rise up in judgment against him.

² Keith, p. 318.

³ Recueil des Lettres de Marie Stuart. Labanoff, vol. ii. p. 65.

To her royal mother-in-law of France, Mary wrote that she had received the letter of comfort her Majesty had been pleased to send to her in her distress, the bearer of which had been arrested and was still in prison. "It is with extreme difficulty," she says, "I have been able to send a faithful servant to explain the extent of my misery, and to beseech you to have compassion on me, inasmuch as Lord Moray has caused me to be told, underhand, that the King your son is going to make peace with his subjects, and one of the conditions of the treaty is, that he shall not give me any help. This information is said to come from your servants; they also are in correspondence with the Prince de Condé and the Admiral, who have written to them that they would not come to an agreement on any other terms. This I cannot believe, for, next to God, I place my whole reliance on the King and you, as this bearer can tell you. I beg you to give credit to him as if it were to myself, for I dare not write more, save to entreat God to have you in His holy care. From my prison this last of March."¹

Mary's information was correct—the Huguenot party was in the ascendant in France, and her uncle's in the minority. The Queen-mother, Catherine de Medicis, had always regarded Mary with jealous dislike, and had set her mind on placing her favourite son Henry on the throne of England, by marrying him to Queen Elizabeth. After Mary found herself disappointed in the hopes she had vainly cherished of aid from her royal connections in France, there were moments when the lofty spirit with which she had armed herself to endure the hardships of her lot gave way, and reason itself tottered. "She who was born to empire, and for whom empires seemed to be made," says one of her honest old French biographers,² "saw herself deprived of her sweet liberty, separated from human society, banished to a desert, where there were only rocks to witness her sufferings; the prisoner of her subjects, and subjected to their slaves. Once, when looking through the bars of her window, on the lake, where she saw in every wave an image of the instability of her altered fortunes, she sunk into such profound sadness that the evil spirit took occasion of her despair to tempt her with the thought that, since the earth and air were denied to her, she had no other choice than the water, and that she might, by one plunge, terminate her weary captivity, and bury all her sorrows in those deep waters that flowed beneath the tower. But the next moment her trust in God returned, and, throwing herself on her knees, she besought pardon for her sinful thought, and asked for strength and consolation under her trials." The following pious meditation is said to have been composed by her after the agony of her mind had been calmed by prayer:—

"Alas! my soul, if God permits this, for thy sins, shouldst thou not kiss the rod that chastens thee by temporal troubles, instead of making

¹ Labanoff, vol. ii.

² Caussin.

thee the object of eternal sufferings? And if this hath happened to thee to prove thy virtue, shrinkest thou from passing through the furnace where the Great Refiner will purge away thy dross to make thee shine as pure gold? What is it that distresses thee so much, my heart? Is it because thou art deprived of liberty, and the pleasures of a Court? Take now the wings of contemplation, and divine love, and fly beyond this Lake of Leven; soar far above the seas that surround our Isles, and thou wilt learn that there is no prison for a soul which is enfranchised by God.”¹

Human aid was, however, nearer to the forlorn captive than she imagined. George Douglas had left within the Castle an unsuspected coadjutor in his courageous enterprises for her deliverance, a boy of tender years and mysterious parentage, to whom the honour was reserved of acting the part of Æsop’s fabled mouse, in severing the meshes of the net in which the lion was entrapped. This was Willie Douglas, a youth of sixteen, who waited on the Lady of Lochleven in the capacity of a page. In the Castle he was called “the orphan Willie,” “little Willie,” and “foundling Willie;” for he was found when a babe at the Castle gates. Hume of Godscroft says “he was the natural brother of George,” but this was impossible—at least by the father’s side—as the old laird, Sir Robert Douglas, was slain six years before Willie was born: it is probable that he was the son of George’s eldest brother, Sir William Douglas. Willie was brought up in Lochleven Castle, and received the education of a gentleman; for not only could he read and write, but he understood French and other languages fluently enough to be sent subsequently by his royal mistress on secret missions to foreign princes.

His young heart had been deeply touched with compassion for the distress of the illustrious captive; and one day seeing her more than usually sorrowful, he took the liberty of whispering to her, “Madam, if your Majesty will venture to attempt your escape, I can tell you of the means of doing it. We have here, below, a postern-gate by which we sometimes go out in one of the boats on the lake. I will bring you the key when I can get the boat ready, and will deliver you, and flee at the same time with you from the fury of my father.”² The Queen, greatly astonished at these words, replied, “My little friend, if you succeed in rendering me this service, I will make you great and happy for the rest of your life.”³ Being destitute of pen, ink, and paper at that time, she wrote with a piece of charcoal on her handkerchief a few words, and made her first trial of little Willie’s sagacity and faith, by intrusting him with the care of transmitting it to her loyal friend, Lord Seton.⁴ This was readily

¹ Caussin—in Jebb.

² Probably Sir William Douglas, the Laird of Lochleven, was the person to whom Willie alluded.

³ Caussin.

⁴ *Ibid*, and Bell’s Life of Queen Mary.

done, through the agency of George Douglas, who was no farther off than Kinross. Lord Seton was then at his castle of West Niddry, on the other side the Forth, but the missive speedily reached him. He transported a company of sixty picked horsemen, armed and apparelled for defence, across the water, and concealed them in a convenient glen in the secluded bosom of the Western Lomonds, to await the issue of the enterprise which Mary had given warning she meant to attempt. Many days, however, elapsed ere Willie was able to make good his promise of breaking her chains. Villiers de Beaumont, the new French ambassador, arrived in Edinburgh, in the interim, charged with letters and messages of comfort to Queen Mary from the King and Queen-mother of France, but he was not permitted to deliver them. After a few days' delay he obtained audience of the Regent Moray, of whom he demanded, in the name of his royal master, her restoration to liberty and her royal estate; reminding him, at the same time, of his professions of loyalty and affection to her service when at the Court of France. Moray excused himself from the performance of his promises by saying "that it did not depend on him, but on the other lords, and he could give no reply to the demands of the King of France till he had consulted them."

Mary having obtained writing materials through some kind friend in the Castle, probably Lady Buchan, wrote a desponding letter to her royal mother-in-law of France, in which she says: "I am so closely guarded that I have no leisure but when they are at dinner, or sleeping, when I rise stealthily, for their girls lie with me. This bearer will tell you all. I entreat you to give him credit, and to reward him and those he will present to you, as you love me. I implore you both to have pity upon me, for unless you take me hence by force I shall never come out, I am certain. But if you would send troops, all Scotland would revolt from Moray and Morton on perceiving you took the matter in earnest." Her date, "From my prison, this first of May," would give pathetic interest even to a dry ceremonial letter from the hand of the royal captive by whom this piteous appeal for sympathy and succour had been penned in tears and trembling apprehension, lest the intrusive inmates of her bed-chamber should waken from their slumbers and detect her in the act of using the contraband materials for correspondence.

If Mary Stuart had addressed her eloquent appeals for pity and for succour to the yeomen, shepherds, and fishermen of Scotland, they would not have left her unassisted.

The same day the Regent Moray refused to allow Beaumont the French ambassador to see Queen Mary, he graciously licensed Sir Robert Melville to deliver from her rich wardrobe-stores six pocket-handkerchiefs for her use; embroidered and fringed with gold.¹ She took the opportunity of asking Melville to let her have the ring which

¹ *Habiliments envoyé à la Royne d'Escosse—Maitland Miscellany.*

Queen Elizabeth had formerly sent to her as a pledge of friendship, with the promise, that if she returned it to her in any season of distress, she would do her best to aid her ; but he assured her he dared not deliver it. Mary, in the child-like simplicity of her confiding nature, though unable, as she naïvely laments, to send the ring, ventured, in this dark epoch of her fortunes, to remind her all-powerful kinswoman of her promise, in the following letter :

“From Lochleven, this 1st of May.”

“MADAME, MY GOOD SISTER.—The length of my weary imprisonment, and the wrongs I have received from those on whom I have conferred so many benefits, are less annoying to me than not having it in my power to acquaint you with the reality of my calamities, and the injuries that have been done to me in various ways. Therefore, having found means to send a line to you by a faithful servant, to whom I have confided my whole mind, I entreat you to give the same credit to him as to myself. It may please you to remember that you have told me several times, ‘that, on receiving that ring you gave me, you would assist me in any time of trouble.’ You know that Moray has seized all I have, and those who had the keeping of some of those things have been ordered not to deliver any of them to me. Robert Melville, at any rate, to whom I have often secretly sent for this ring, as my most precious jewel, says ‘he dare not let me have it.’ Therefore, I implore you, on receiving this letter, to have compassion on your good sister and cousin, and believe that you have not a more affectionate relative in the world. You should also consider the importance of the example practised against me, not only to sovereigns but to those of lower degree.

“I entreat you to be careful that no one knows that I have written to you, for it would cause me to be treated worse than I am now, and they boast of being informed by their friends of all that you say and do.

“Believe the bearer of this as you would myself. God keep you from misfortunes, and grant me patience and His grace that I may one day recount my calamities to yourself, when I will tell you more than I dare to write, which may prove of no small service to yourself.

“Your obliged and affectionate good sister and cousin,

“MARY R.

“From my prison, this first of May.”

Little did the despairing captive think what the morrow would bring forth, when she stole from her restless pillow to spend a tearful vigil in penning these heart-rending lines, while the drowsy female sentinels, who had been intruded on her nocturnal privacy, slumbered on their posts. That memorable morrow, May 2nd, 1568, was a Sunday, and passed quietly away from dawn to sunset in the little island of Lochleven ; but loyal hearts were throbbing with eager excitement under steel corslets beyond the circuit of the lake, and anxious eyes of unseen watchers, as the sun declined, were peering from behind the sheltering crags that commanded a prospect of the broad expanse of waters and its castled islet ; for John Beton had passed the token, received by George Douglas from little Willie, to Lord Seton, signifying that the Queen's enfranchisement would be enterprised that evening. Fifty horsemen were am-

bushed by Seton in the bosom of a mountain valley, within a mile of the lake's shore ; forty more were hidden behind the hill a little in the rear ; while ten, in the dress of wayfarers, entered the village of Kinross, where their fleet horses, ready bridled and saddled, were concealed. One of the brave associates advanced singly to the margin of the lake, where, couching himself down at full length, with his eyes intently fixed on the Castle, he watched for the appearance of the boat, and the concerted signal of the Queen's escape.¹

At half-past seven, the guards, who kept watch and ward at the gates night and day, were accustomed to quit their post for half an hour to sup with the family in the great hall, the gates being carefully locked and the keys placed beside the castellan, Sir William Douglas, Laird of Lochleven, on the table where he and his mother sat in state on the dais. Willie Douglas, who was waiting upon them, while changing the laird's plate contrived to drop his napkin over the keys, which were five in number, linked together with an iron chain, adroitly enveloping them within the folds of the cloth to prevent them from jingling as he carried them off. With these he hastened to the apartments of the Queen, to which they gave him access. Mary having received notice of the projected enterprise by certain tokens, before agreed upon, sent to her from George Douglas by Maria Courcelles,² was ready to start off the moment Willie presented himself before her with the keys.³ She had in the mean time changed clothes with her maid of honour,⁴ Mary Seton, who incurred the danger of remaining behind to personate her royal mistress. Queen Mary took with her the youngest companion of her captivity, a little girl of ten years old, whom she led by the hand.⁵ Willie, having carefully locked the gates behind him to prevent immediate pursuit, hurried the Queen and her small companion into a little skiff that lay there. The royal fugitive, with the impetuous energy natural to her, seizing one of the oars, bore her part bravely, and it should seem by the result skilfully, in assisting the fragile stripling who was risking his life for her deliverance, in rowing to the shore.⁶ Jane Kennedy, her other damsel who was to have accompanied her, not being quick enough to reach the Castle gates till they were locked by the retreating party, leaped from the Queen's chamber window into the loch, and striking out, swam stoutly after the boat till she overtook it, and was received in her dripping garments within that little ark.⁷

Midway between the island and the shore, Queen Mary rose and gave

¹ Tytler's History of Scotland.

² Letter from Grange to the Laird of Lochleven.

³ *Ibid.*, and Report of Giovanni Correr, Venetian Ambassador at the Court of France, to the Doge, May 26, 1568.

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ Tytler's History of Scotland, vol. vii.

p. 174. Italian contemporary Document. Labanoff's Appendix, vol. vii.

⁶ Report of Giovanni Correr, Ambassador from Venice to France, to the Doge—kindly communicated by Rawdon Brown, Esq.

⁷ Caussin—in Jebb's Collections. Bell's Life of Mary Stuart.

the preconcerted signal that she was in the boat, by waving her veil, which was white, with a red and gold border and red tassels. "When the royal veil was seen to flutter forth, the recumbent watcher on the shore sprang to his feet, and, turning about, displayed a corresponding signal to his companions in the village, the leader of whom," pursues a contemporary authority,¹ "was that very John Beton who has now come to acquaint their Majesties the King of France and the Queen-mother with the circumstance.

"The horsemen in the village instantly communicated the sign to those on the hill-side, who forthwith galloped down to the shore of the lake where the Queen and the young page were rowing their boat, and at length, by the grace of God, got safe to land."² When about a furlong from the shore, Willie Douglas threw the bunch of keys into the loch.³

The greeting was most joyous when Mary Stuart, flinging the oar from her royal hand, sprang from the boat to the green shore of Kinross, flushed with her unwonted toil and excitement, and, smiling through her tears, received the rapturous homage of those true-hearted Scots who were perilling their lives for the deliverance of their lovely and beloved Queen. She was now a free woman, for the first time since Bothwell beset her with his armed force at Foulbriggs, "and, putting violent hands on her noble person, hurried her away as his prisoner to Dunbar,"⁴ on the fatal 24th of April, in the preceding year. Nearly fourteen months of the most frightful constraint and misery had been her portion, in consequence of the daring *coup-de-main* of that perfidious minister. She had had change of bondage, it is true; but it was from bad, if possible, to worse, when, to escape from his thralldom, and confiding in the fair words of Kirkaldy of Grange, she had suffered herself to be deluded into the snares of the wily Morton and his confederates, by whom, after exposing her to the insults of the rabble, and detaining her like a common felon a night of horror in the Black Turnpike in Edinburgh, she had been ruthlessly in-

¹ Giovanni Correr.

² *Ibid.*

³ Where, during a year of drought, which dried several acres of the water, they were found by a fisher boy within the present century. These mute memorials of the adventure are now in the possession of the Earl of Morton, at Dalnahoo House, where I have had the pleasure of examining them and the remains of the chain which originally linked them together. There are five keys, of antique workmanship, large and small. Other relics of Queen Mary were discovered when the loch was partially drained in 1821. One of these was a sceptre with a cane stem, hilted with ivory, and mounted with silver. It had probably formed part of her travelling regalia in happier days when she visited

Lochleven, where she had a throne and cloth of estate, and occasionally gave receptions. A richly-gilt key, with a Gothic bow highly decorated, damasked all over with engraved flowers, having the date 1565 deeply cut along the outward edge of the wards, and the inscription *Marie Rex* round the rim of the bow, was found at the same time, and is in the possession of the Earl of Leven, at Melville House, Fifeshire. It is about four inches long, with a pipe too wide for any ordinary lock; and, from its ornamental character and the inscription, must have been her Lord-Chamberlain's badge of office, and was probably lost by Sir Robert Melville in one of his voyages to or from the Castle.

⁴ Acta Parliamentorum, December 20, 1567.

carcerated for the last ten months and a half in the cold damp tower of Lochleven, with the obvious intention of making her desolate prison-house her grave. The spot where she effected her landing, on the lake shore, has obtained, in memory of that event, the name of the Mary Knowe.

“Persons here acquainted with the locality,” writes the Venetian ambassador from Paris, to the Doge, “knowing under what close custody she was kept, deem this flight of hers miraculous, having been managed by two lads whose tender age did not promise either judgment or secrecy suited to such an occasion.¹ What renders the story more amusing, too, is the fact that when the inmates of the Castle became aware of the escape, they found themselves prisoners, and could only witness it by peering from the windows.”² When they at last succeeded in forcing the locks, pursuit was prevented by Willie Douglas having used the precaution of stopping up the loops for the oars.³ The operations of the sharp-witted stripling were probably not confined to stopping loops, when holes for swamping the boat might have been punched with less trouble and more certain effect for averting the danger of pursuit.

The fleetest horses Scotland could supply had long been provided for the use of the Queen and the companions of her escapade. She was quickly in the saddle, and notwithstanding all she had suffered since then, proved herself as well able to ride a race for life and liberty as she had done nearly three years before, when she baffled the malice of the conspirators who lay in wait at the Kirk of Beith and Parenwell, with the murderous intention of slaying her beloved Darnley before her face, and hurrying her away to a lifelong captivity in Lochleven Castle: facts of too recent occurrence to have been forgotten by the honest men in that neighbourhood, who did their best to favour her escape when actually ensnared and incarcerated in her pre-ordained prison. It was a proud and happy hour for every one associated in the successful enterprise for her enfranchisement, from the premier Baron of Scotland, Lord Seton, at the head of the vassal lairds and stout yeomen whom he had led to the rescue of his liege lady, to the humble peasants and fish-wives of Kinross, who had risked bringing fire and sword on their homes, for the sake of sheltering and sustaining her loyal servants, John Beton, John Sempill, and George Douglas, beneath their humble roofs, till her deliverance could be accomplished, which was not effected till after several fruitless attempts—more, apparently, than have been recorded.

“This last,” writes Kirkaldy of Grange, “was taen in hand, devised,

¹ The age of George Douglas has always been mistaken. He could not have been, at the utmost, more than three years younger than the Queen herself, and was probably about her own age.

² Excerpts from Despatches of Giovanni Correr, kindly communicated by Rawdon Brown, Esq.—from Venetian Archives.

³ Buchanan.

and executed by the Queen's self, George, and the lad Willie. *Cursell*¹ was on the council who received all the writings, messages, and tokens from Willie, sent by George to the Queen."

The Queen and her party avoided the port of Kirkcaldy by embarking at one of the secluded havens among the rocks in an open fisher-boat, five miles from Lochleven.² In this frail bark Mary fearlessly braved the rough waves of the Firth, in which one of the faithful companions of her captivity and escape, even that stout swimmer, Jane Kennedy, was, two-and-twenty years later, doomed to find a watery grave.³ But all went well for Mary that auspicious May evening; she and her company made their port in safety, landing, according to local tradition, at the ancient wooden pier which formerly jutted out into the sea, just above the small town of South Queensferry. There she was met and welcomed by Lord Claud Hamilton, son of the Duke de Châtelherault, first Prince of the blood-royal of Scotland, at the head of fifty armed cavaliers of his surname and lineage, and other gentlemen of the neighbourhood, eager to renew their homage, and burning to avenge her wrongs. Attended by a momentarily-increasing gathering, Queen Mary was conducted by Lord Seton to his castle of West Niddry, where she halted for the night.

The roofless shell of the feudal fortress which afforded the first safe resting-place to the fugitive Sovereign of Scotland, after her hasty flitting, is still in existence. The changes of the last few years have brought the railroad line from Edinburgh to Glasgow in close proximity to this historic site. The gray mouldering pile, in its lonely desolation, arrests for a moment the attention of the musing moralist or antiquary, should such there be, among the passengers in the trains that thunder onward to their appointed bourne, through solitudes full of high and chivalric

¹ Maria Courcelles. A most curious document discovered by the late Frederick Devon, Esq., among the records preserved in the Chapter House, at Westminster, being a petition from this faithful attendant of Mary Stuart to James the First's Privy Council at Whitehall, 17th of April, 1609, one-and-forty years after these events, humbly showing that the suppliant, "besides the honest and painful service done by her to the late Queen of Scotland for the space of twenty-three years, delivered her out of the Castle of Lochleven, when she was detained prisoner there, and sustained losses in her service to the value of 1000 crowns." Setting forth, also, "that she had a salary of £20 a-year from Queen Mary, who died £340 in arrears to her. That for the last seventeen years she had been engaged in a suit against the Crown to recover her losses and arrears; and now the Council having assigned her a pension of £20 per annum in lieu of her

claims, representing that it was too small a recompense for her so meritable services; for as the said late Queen, her lady and mistress, when she had no other means for her own maintenance than her French dowry, allowed her as much, she thought she had reason humbly to beseech their Lordships to increase that pension to £30 a-year for her own life and the life of one of her children; and to take order that the arrears due to her by the late Queen, which had been detained from her seventeen years, might be paid to her, her poverty being very great." The prayer was granted; and the pension of £30 a-year for her life, and that of one of her children, was accorded.

² Despatches of Giovanni Correr, to the Doge, kindly communicated by Rawdon Brown, Esq., and Report of Petrucci to Cosmo I., Duke of Tuscany—in Labanoff.

³ Sir James Melville's Memoirs.

memories of the past. But Niddry Castle should be visited in a quiet hour by the historical pilgrim, who would retrace in fancy the last bright scene of Mary Stuart's life, when, notwithstanding the forced abdication which had transferred the crown of Scotland to her baby-boy, she stood a Queen once more among those true nobles of her realm, whom English gold had not corrupted, nor successful treason daunted.

One broad window in West Niddry Castle was, within the memory of man, surmounted with a stone entablature bearing the royal arms of Scotland, the date of the month and year, and even the age of Lord Seton at that proud epoch of his life when the beauteous Sovereign whom he had had so honourable a share in delivering from her doleful prison slept beneath his roof in safety. That window lighted the chamber where Queen Mary enjoyed her sweet repose after the successful enterprise of her escape from Lochleven. Her slumbers were, however, early dispelled by the inspiring shouts of the loyal muster that began to gather at West Niddry long before sunrise; for the summons had been promptly sent forth through the country, coupled with the tidings that the Queen had broken her prison. The tradition of the place asserts that Mary, being too much excited by the martial clamour in the court below, and the cheering notes of the pipes and bugles, as the Livingstons, Bruces, and other faithful chiefs brought up their puissance, to tarry for the completion of all the elaborate ceremonies of a royal toilette, flew, with her hair undecked and floating over her neck and shoulders, to the open window, showed herself to her loyal lieges, and thanked them for their attachment to her service in a few eloquent words: an anecdote perfectly characteristic of her impetuous warmth of feeling.

On her return to Scotland, after the death of her beloved Francis, Mary had offered to bestow an earldom on Lord Seton; but being the premier Baron of Scotland, he refused to become the puisne Earl. Mary then conferred a higher honour on him by writing an extempore couplet in Latin and in French, which may be thus rendered in English rhyme:

Though earls, and dukes, and even kings there be,
Yet Seton's noble lord sufficeth me.¹

From West Niddry the enfranchised Queen was conducted triumphantly by Lord Seton and her other loyal friends to Hamilton Castle, the headquarters of her party. She was received there by Archbishop Hamilton and the principal nobles and gentlemen in that neighbourhood, with all the honours due to their Sovereign, and an enthusiastic welcome. She then and there solemnly revoked her abdication in the presence of them all, declaring that her signature to the writs and instruments she had subscribed in Lochleven Castle had been extorted from her by violence

¹ "Sunt comites ducesque denique reges,
Setoni dominum sit satis mihi!"

and threats, a fact to which she called on George Douglas and Sir Robert Melville to bear testimony.¹

Sir Robert Melville, anticipating a counter-revolution from the general feeling in favour of the Queen, was one of the first who came to her at Hamilton Castle to renew his homage, bringing with him as a peace-offering the precious ring, so often vainly demanded by her while in Lochleven Castle, which Queen Elizabeth had formerly sent to her as a pledge of friendship.² Three horses out of the thirty-four of which her royal stud consisted at the time of her incarceration in Lochleven, were also brought by Sir Robert Melville for her use, together with some of the costly saddles and housings belonging to her, which he had dexterously contrived to abstract from the stables at Holyrood. Being afterwards sharply questioned before the Regent Morton and his Council as to what became of the other horses and equestrian furniture, he replied, "that he had given the rest of the horses away by the Queen's desire while she was in Lochleven Castle, and that the Earl of Moray had two of them for himself." He denied "any intromission with the rest of that *graith*," but sarcastically informed the noble querists where they might find "an *auld* taffety riding-skirt hanging up, with two or three *auld* harnessings little or no gude worth."³

The first thing Queen Mary did was to despatch John Beton to the Court of France with the news of her escape, and "to ask their Majesties for a thousand harquebussiers for immediate use."⁴ "To her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine," reports Petrucci,⁵ "she hath, moreover, written a letter that would move the hardest heart to pity her. The first lines purport 'that she asks pardon of God and man for the past errors of her youth, which she promises to amend for the future.' She acknowledges her release, as a boon from the Almighty alone, to whom she returns most humble thanks for His having given her so much fortitude, in these her afflictions." No person of true sensibility was ever the recipient of a signal mercy, without mingling with thankfulness to Almighty God a humble confession of unworthiness before Him in whose sight shall no flesh be justified, except through the atoning mercies of a redeeming Saviour.

CHAPTER VI.

A GREAT majority of her peers rallied round Queen Mary at Hamilton and formed themselves into a legal convention, assuming the functions of

¹ Keith; Despatches of Correr; Tytler; Chalmers. ² Hopetoun MSS. ³ Ibid.

⁴ Venetian Ambassador's Despatch to the Doge.

⁵ Florentine Ambassador to the Court of France. Printed by Prince Labanoff from the Archives de Medici.



a Parliament, to assist her with their counsel and support, and, having listened to her recital of the constraint and injurious treatment to which she had been subjected, gave indubitable proofs that her explanations were satisfactory to them, and that they reposed the fullest confidence in her integrity. They pronounced "that her abdication, having been extorted from her by fear, was null and void, and that all the Acts passed by the pretended Parliament that had been convened without her authority were invalid." The next day Mary sent a deputation to the Earl of Moray and his confederates,¹ with a copy of her revocation of the Abdication which, for the preservation of her life, she had been forced to sign, requiring them, as God had mercifully delivered her out of captivity, to restore her peacefully to her royal dignity and estate, and promised that, if they would comply with her just demand, she would remit and forgive all they had done against her person and honour.² Moray, to gain time, affected to enter into an amicable negotiation, but took active measures for defending the power he had acquired. The bones and sinews of war were in his possession; for he had got the revenues of the Crown and all Mary's plate and jewels in his hands, as well as the royal arsenals in Edinburgh and Stirling Castles and Dunbar. Moreover, the pulpits were at his command, and resounded with anathemas against the Queen, her well-wishers, and defenders.

At the first news of Mary's escape, Beaumont the French ambassador hastened to offer his congratulations to her in person at Hamilton. Beaumont had exerted himself heartily in behalf of her whom he had once had the honour of serving as his Queen.

The regret expressed by Throckmorton to his friend and correspondent Moray, for Mary's escape from Lochleven, betrays the treacherous part played by him from first to last in the plot against her. Throwing off the mask of sympathy and compassion for her calamities, he wrote to the usurper of her realm: "Since your last letter by Elphinston on the first of May, we have learned that the Queen has escaped from Lochleven, which thing, I can assure you, has much grieved your friends, and they are no less astonished that no greater care has been taken in a matter of such vast importance. Inasmuch as I am ignorant of the circumstances under which it occurred, I can only commit you to the keeping of God, who, as I assure myself, will prosper you, as before, to His own glory."³ To Sir William Drury's first announcement of the rumour that the royal captive had broken her chains, he replies: "Your tidings of the flight of that Queen have much astonished us, and being since confirmed by others, startle us no less with the apprehension of the ills that may result from it both to you and us. However, I praise God for this, that the Queen our mistress deliberates on aiding the good Lord Moray rather than that

¹ Keith, 472

² Drury to Cecil, 7th May. Keith; Bell; Chalmers.

³ Teulet's Collections, vol. ii. p. 203.

unhappy woman and her allies." In the same inimical spirit towards Mary which pervades all his letters, Drury rejoins, "that the *bad* news is confirmed."¹

Within the month Drury had reported, to Mary's disparagement, that she was so much enamoured of George Douglas as to ask Moray to let her have him for a husband, and even that she had broken the matter to his mother, the Lady of Lochleven.² But as soon as she was at liberty to please herself if she had cherished such feelings towards her deliverer as pretended, he changes his tone. "I hear," writes he, "that George Douglas, notwithstanding his great merit for her liberty, is now but little accounted of."³

If anything further be required to prove the confederacy between the English Government and the Earl of Moray, it will only be necessary to expose the disgraceful fact of the traffic for Queen Mary's costly pearls, her own personal property. A few days before Mary effected her escape from Lochleven Castle, the righteous Regent had sent her costly *parure* of pearls, her own private property, which she had brought with her from France, very secretly to London, by his trusty agent Sir Nicholas Elphinston, who undertook to negotiate their sale, with the assistance of Throckmorton, to whom he was directed for that purpose. As these pearls were considered the most magnificent in Europe, Queen Elizabeth was complimented with the first offer of them. "She saw them yesterday," writes Bochetel La Forrest, the French ambassador at the Court of England, "in the presence of the Earls of Pembroke and Leicester, and pronounced them to be of unparalleled beauty."⁴ "There are six cordons of large pearls, strung as paternosters; but there are five-and-twenty separate from the rest, much finer and larger than those which are strung, These are, for the most part, like black muscades.⁵ They had not been here more than three days when they were appraised by various merchants, this Queen wishing to have them at the sum named by the jeweller, who would have made his profit by selling them again. They were first shown to three or four working jewellers and lapidaries, by whom they were estimated at three thousand pounds sterling (about ten thousand crowns), and who offered to give that sum for them. Several Italian merchants came after them, who valued them at twelve thousand crowns, which is the price, as I am told, this Queen (Elizabeth) will take them at. There is a Genevese who saw them after the others, and said they were worth sixteen thousand crowns, but I think they will allow her to have them for twelve thousand. In the mean time," continues he, to Catherine de Medicis, "I have not delayed giving your Majesty timely

¹ Drury to Cecil, April 2, 1568. State Paper MS.—inedited Border Correspondence.

² Ibid.

⁴ May 2nd, 1567—Labanoff, vol. vii. pp. 132, 133.

³ Ibid., May 7—in Keith.

⁵ A very rare and valuable variety of pearl has the deep purple colour and bloom of the Muscatel grape.

notice of what was going on, though I doubt she will not allow them to escape her." Mary's royal mother-in-law of France was eager to compete with Elizabeth for the purchase of the pearls, knowing that they were worth nearly double the sum at which they had been valued in London. Some of them she had herself presented to Mary, and especially desired to recover; but the ambassador wrote to her in reply that "he had found it impossible to accomplish her desire of obtaining the Queen of Scots' pearls, for, as he had told her from the first, they were intended for the gratification of the Queen of England, who had been allowed to purchase them at her own price, and they were now in her hands."¹ Inadequate as the sum for which her pearls were sold was to their real value, it assisted in turning the scale against their rightful owner in the contest for the recovery of her throne. Being without an exchequer or jewels and plate on which to raise money, Mary had no means of procuring arms, ammunition, or military equipments, for the unarmed, undisciplined muster that thronged to the upraising of the royal standard at Hamilton on the 5th of May. The French ambassador remarked that he had never seen so many men so speedily convened. They amounted, indeed, to nearly six thousand. Nine Earls, nine Bishops, and eighteen Lords, with many other gentlemen of consideration in that neighbourhood, entered into a bond or written engagement for her defence.² The question was proposed whether the Queen should be conducted, for the present, to the stronghold of her loyal nobles at Dumbarton, for safety of her person, and facility of retreat to France if her cause proved unprosperous. The hearts of the loyal muster were too high to provide for a contingency which they deemed impossible to happen.

Mary, in the hope of avoiding the effusion of her subjects' blood, made an ineffectual attempt to renew pacific negotiations with Moray, when she heard he was no further off than Glasgow; but he arrested her messenger and laid him in irons. Lord Claud Hamilton aspired to the command of the Queen's army, which office was also claimed by the Earl of Argyll,³ on whom it was unhappily conferred by her, although she had no reason to place much confidence either in his military abilities or his principles, as he had been in arms against her, and till the last few months, allied with his brother-in-law Moray in treason. Moray, whose forces barely amounted to four thousand men, was advised to fall back to Stirling; but having already become unpopular, he was well aware that if he appeared intimidated, and ventured to retreat, the whole country would be up for the Queen. Huntley was raising the men of Aberdeenshire, and all the Gordon puissance, for her service. A violent flood of rain, which rendered the rivers in those districts impassable, alone prevented the loyal chivalry of the

¹ Labanoff, vol. vii. pp. 132, 133. See also the correspondence between Catherine and Bochetel La Forrest, in Teulet, vol. ii. pp. 214, 217-18.

² Keith, and Cotton. Library, Brit. Museum.

³ Chalmers. Keith. Drury's Letters—State Paper MSS.

northern counties from coming up in time to decide the contest in favour of the Queen. Moray had made a bold stroke to win the game before her whole strength was consolidated; he threw all on one bold stake and was successful.

The night before the disastrous conflict that annihilated her last hopes, the Queen slept at Castlemilk, a moated and embattled mansion in Renfrewshire, several miles nearer to Dumbarton than the quarters she had occupied for the last nine days—Hamilton Castle and the ancient fortress of Draffan. At Castlemilk she was the guest of her loyal kinsman Sir John Stuart, who was also nearly related to Darnley. The chamber she occupied is still known by the name of Queen Mary's Room.

It was from the battlements of Castlemilk that Mary is supposed to have first beheld the rebel troops advancing with the rival royal banner they had unfurled against her in the name of her infant boy. On the morning of that fatal day, May 13th, Maxwell, the loyal Laird of Nether Polloc, brought up his vassals, tenants, and domestic servants to her assistance. This he would scarcely have done had there been any real cause for believing her guilty of Darnley's murder, as he was one of his nearest relations, being the grandson of his aunt, Lady Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of the late Earl of Lennox. Mary welcomed Maxwell with exceeding great joy, not only because of the additional spears he brought to her aid in the hour of need, but on account of the favourable impression this friendly demonstration of his respect for her was calculated to produce. As a token of her gratitude, she knighted him under the royal standard; and this was the last chivalric honour she ever had in her power to bestow.

Mary was bought and sold. One of the traitors who had openly joined her muster at Hamilton, the more effectually to act the part of a spy, betrayed her plan for surrounding the rebel army to Moray, and advised him to advance and take possession of the height above the village of Langside, called in memory of that circumstance Battlehill. Moray accomplished this manœuvre with great celerity, by ordering every one of his horsemen to take a foot-soldier up behind him. Thus the hill was scaled in double-quick time. On another height called Hagbushhill, in the parish of Govan, tradition points to the remains of a stately thorn, now in the last stage of decay, by the name of the King's Thorn, beneath which, it is asserted, under the guard of a strong body of reserved horsemen, commanded by the Earl of Mar, and overshadowed by the royal banner, stood the cradle of Mary's infant boy, whom they ventured not to leave at Stirling for fear of a surprise in the absence of the garrison. There is no documentary confirmation of this, but the circumstance is implicitly believed by every one in that neighbourhood, from the laird to the shepherd boy. Oral tradition has indeed connected every feature of that historic ground with the events of the day. Half-way up the green

hill behind Castlemilk is the venerable hawthorn called "The Queen's Thorn," beneath the spreading boughs of which, then white with budding blossoms, the anxious Sovereign is affirmed to have stood with her faithful ladies and a little knot of devoted friends, watching the fortunes of the fight, one of her equerries holding her horse bridled and saddled, ready for her to mount in the event of the day going against her. During that pause of agonizing excitement, becoming intensely thirsty, the Queen is said to have cooled her fevered lips by drinking of the gushing waters that trickled from the green brae above her. It still purls from its slender urn, and is called Queen Mary's Spring. From that eminence Mary could see beyond the battle-ground the Highland hills, the silver line of the Clyde, and the rock of Dumbarton, with its cleft crown, like two round black spots, distinctly visible, but impossible for her to reach with that formidable array of hostile spears bristling between her and that stronghold.

"The Queen-mother of France assured Brantôme 'that Mary mounted her good hackney, and rode into the battle like another Zenobia, to encourage her troops to advance, and would fain have led them to the charge in person; but she found them all quarrelling among themselves, insensible to her eloquence, and more inclined to exchange blows with each other than to attack the rebel host.' Nor was this all, for she had reason to fear that some of them were in league with the conspirators, and were plotting to seize her person and carry her off as a prisoner to England."¹

Among the causes of her defeat was the quarrel between Arthur Hamilton of Mirrinton and John Stuart of Castleto., two captains of the Queen's musketeers, for precedency; and the matter being referred to her Majesty, she adjudged it to Stuart for the name's sake, and because she had had experience of his services when captain of her guard. Hamilton took this so ill that, when they came near the enemy, he cried out, "Where are now those Stuarts that did contest for the first place? let them now come and take it." "And so I will," retorted John Stuart; "neither shalt thou, nor any Hamilton in Scotland, set his foot before me this day;"² whereupon he and his men rushed forward unadvisedly, and were followed as inconsiderately by Lord Claud Hamilton with the vanguard. Kirkaldy of Grange had posted the hagbutters in the orchards, gardens, and yards of the village of Langside, on either side a long narrow lane with high hedges, so cunningly that they, being at covert, were able to shoot at the Queen's cavalry as at a mark, and pick them off without any danger or hurt to themselves. Many were slain before they could force the passage; and having passed the lane, they were assaulted by Morton and his company with pikes and spears.³ They

¹ Jebb's Collections, vol. ii. p. 486.

² Hume of Godscroft's Lives of the Douglasses, p. 305.

³ Sir James Melville. Tytler. Hume of Godscroft.

fought very eagerly; and when the long weapons were broken, they closed together hand-to-hand, with dirks, being too near to draw their swords.¹

Mary's general, the Earl of Argyll, showed neither courage nor military skill. Some have suspected that he had a secret understanding with his brother-in-law and old confederate, Moray; but others have imputed the disasters of the day to his being seized with an epileptic fit when the enemy first appeared in sight, which rendered him incapable of giving orders, and no one knew how to proceed or whom to obey.

The little village of Crossmyloof, on the domain of Sir John Maxwell, Bart. of Polloc, adjoining Langside, is said by oral chroniclers to have gained its name from the following incident: Queen Mary, on being assured by the gentlemen about her, "that in consequence of the position occupied by the rebel force, it would be impossible for her to get to Dumbarton," placed her crucifix in the palm of her hand, and passionately exclaimed, "By the cross in my *loof*;² I will be there to-night in spite of yon traitors!" Alas for her! the broad strong waters of the Clyde rolled between her and that stronghold of Scottish loyalty which she could see in the distance, but was never destined to reach. Well acquainted with the ground, however, she determined to make an effort to cross the stream higher up, from the south bank, by means of a boat. And this, it is said, she might well have done, could she only have reached the river-side, by which there was a short cut through a narrow lane. Unfortunately it was on the Earl of Lennox's estate, and two men, who were mowing in a field, came out and opposed her path by raising their scythes against her and Lord Herries, who rode by her side. Terrified at the sight of such formidable weapons, and the menacing attitude of her unexpected foes, Mary turned her horse's head precipitately, and fled in an opposite direction with her little party. Lord Herries decided on conducting her into the wild district of Galloway and Wigtownshire, his own country,³ where the people still adhered to the Church of Rome, and would be ready, if required, to fight to the death in her behalf. Her track lay in a straight line to Ayr; it is supposed that she avoided the town, and followed the course of the river Doon for several miles. Those banks and braes, over which the genius of Robert Burns has thrown a spell of poetic interest that has since attracted the steps of so many Southron pilgrims to the neighbourhood, lay then in unbroken solitude, traversed only by the shepherd or the hunter. No road was in existence at that period, but the passes were well known to Lord Herries and his son. Led by these experienced guides, the fugitive Queen, Lady Livingston, and her other ladies—we never find her deserted by her own

¹ Sir James Melville. Tytler. Hume of Godscroft.

² *Loof*—Scotch for palm of the hand—Jamieson's Dictionary.

³ History of Galloway.

sex under any circumstances—dashed at full speed through mountain defiles, and crossed wild moors intersected with dangerous bogs and rushing streams. Her attire that day was by no means suited either for amazonian deeds or the night journeys she had to perform through such a country, at a time of year when the temperature of Scotland is anything but genial; for she wore a simple close-fitting dress of white taffety and a crape coif,—probably the hastily-donned chamber costume in which she had rushed from her dressing-room at the first outcry of the approach of the rebel host, and had had neither time nor opportunity for changing, when she found herself constrained, by the rout of her army, to mount her fleet hackney and ride for her life.

General history has narrated none of the particulars of Mary's escape. Even the brief sentence in which Tytler, following Keith, records her journey is erroneous; for he says "she did not venture to draw bridle till she reached Dundrennan Abbey, sixty miles from the field of Langside." But Mary herself, when she informs Elizabeth "that she was forced to ride sixty miles the day of her defeat," proves that it was not to Dundrennan, her last point, by adding, "Since then I have only been able to travel by night."¹ In her touching letter to her uncle, Cardinal de Lorraine, she says: "I have suffered injuries, calumnies, captivity, hunger, cold, heat, flying—without knowing whither—fourscore and twelve miles across the country, without once pausing to alight, and then lay on the hard ground, having only sour milk to drink, and oatmeal to eat, without bread, passing three nights with the owls." "I knew several persons," says Brantôme, "especially the Queen-mother (Catherine de Medicis), who were astonished that a princess so tender and delicate as the Queen of Scots was, and had been all her life, could have gone through all the hardships and inconveniences she did on that occasion."

Parties being out in every direction for the purpose of retaking the fugitive Queen, Lord Herries led her through the unfrequented passes of the Glenkens, comprising the parishes of Carsphairn, Balmaclellan, Dalry, and Kells. They travelled on the western bank of the river Ken. When they came in sight of Earlston Castle, a stronghold belonging to the Earl of Bothwell, Lord Herries pointed it out to her Majesty as a convenient place of refuge. Mary became greatly agitated, and burst into tears; but, instead of availing herself of the suggestion that she might obtain shelter and refreshment there, she hurried onward,² as if fearing to encounter once more her evil genius in his form, and preferring to brave any other peril than that of meeting him again. The reader is aware that Bothwell was in a Danish prison at that time. But how could the Queen, who had, with the exception of the last few days, been immured

¹ Queen Mary to Queen Elizabeth, from Workington, May 17, 1568.

² History of Galloway.

in Lochleven Castle ever since she dismissed him on Carberry Hill, be sure that he was not lurking with a band of ruffian followers within these very walls? The royal fugitive paused not for rest nor refreshment till she reached the ascent at the head of the beautiful valley of the Tarff, in the parish of Tongland, called, in memory of that circumstance, Queens-hill,¹ having previously borne the name of Culquhae. Here her faithful friends prevailed on her to take a draught of water from a neighbouring spring. About a mile beyond the village of Tongland, Mary crossed the river Dee by the ancient wooden bridge which at that time spanned the narrowest part of the river. Her foes must then have been following hard upon her traces, for her gallant little escort took the cautionary measure of retarding their pursuit by breaking down the bridge behind her, thus destroying a relic of antiquity coeval with the days of Bruce. While Lord Herries, the Master of Maxwell, and their sturdy Galwegian followers were engaged in this business, Mary, completely exhausted with fatigue and long fasting, alighted, and entering the cottage of a poor widow on the farm of Culdoach, asked for food and temporary shelter. Ignorant of the rank of her royal suppliant, but with genuine Scottish hospitality, the good creature set before the sorrowful wayworn stranger such coarse provisions as her meagre cupboard afforded—doubtless “the oatmeal and sour milk” of which Mary wrote to her uncle, Cardinal de Lorraine. But, however different from the regal repasts of the Louvre and Holyrood, the fugitive Sovereign partook of it at the time with expressions of thankfulness both to God and her humble hostess.

Forgetful that she was no longer a Queen, or flattering herself with the hope that brighter days were yet in store for her, Mary at parting asked the widow, of whose charity she had been a recipient, what she could do for her to testify her gratitude. The desires of her who, out of her poverty, had entertained her Sovereign unawares, were limited to becoming the owner of the cottage and adjoining croft, for which she then paid rent, and this modest wish was finally gratified, probably through the assistance of Lord Herries, the principal inheritor of that neighbourhood.² This little property remained for upwards of two centuries in the possession of the descendants of the kind widow who, like her of Zarepta, grudged not to bestow her precious handful of meal on a wayfarer whose necessity was greater than her own. The ruined shell of the cottage, bearing the name of Dunn's Wa's, was in existence within the memory of man, and regarded with great interest as an historic site.³

At the farm of Culdoach Queen Mary probably obtained a fresh horse, for she was quickly in the saddle again, and, resuming her journey, was conducted by Lord Herries to Corrah Castle, his own fair, newly-built

¹ *Ibid.* Sir John Sinclair's Statistical Account, vol. xiii. p. 55.

² Mackie's Castles, Palaces, and Prisons of Mary of Scotland.

³ Sir John Sinclair's Statistical Account, vol. xiii. p. 55. History of Galloway.

house in Kirkgunzeon, where she reposed herself awhile. The route she travelled appears to have been angular and circuitous, but it was necessary to avoid Threave Castle, and Castle-Douglas, which belonged to Morton's nephew, the Earl of Angus. From Corrah Castle Lord Herries brought her that night, May 15th, to Terregles, near Dumfries. While there she appears to have adopted her fatal resolution of seeking refuge in England, and throwing herself on the protection of her royal kinswoman, Queen Elizabeth. Lord Herries, after vainly endeavouring to dissuade her from this rash course, took the precaution of writing to the Deputy-Governor of Carlisle, Sir Richard Lowther, to request permission for the Queen his mistress to cross the Border, and to ask whether he could insure her safety. Lowther returned a civil but evasive answer,¹ which, if Mary had received, would have warned her not to put herself in so false a position as to claim hospitality in that quarter; but she was too restless to await the return of Lord Herries's messenger. The news of the arrival of Archbishop Hamilton and other fugitives of her party at Dundrennan Abbey induced her to retrace her steps through Kirkgunzeon, and hasten thither to inquire the fate of her other friends and the state of affairs in general. She had there the anguish of hearing that fifty-seven gentlemen of the name of Hamilton alone, with many others of her bravest friends, were slain, and the rest dispersed; that her faithful and devoted servant Lord Seton, who had never failed her in time of need, was dangerously wounded and a prisoner, with many others whose lives were in the greatest jeopardy. Such tidings were indeed calculated to overwhelm her with grief and despondency. Unfortunately the token-ring which Queen Elizabeth had sent her had been restored to Mary by Sir Robert Melville, and was now in her possession. This romantic toy was actually the lure which tempted her, in this desperate crisis of her fortunes, to enter England, under the fond idea that its donor could not refuse to keep her promise. She therefore sent it to her by an *avant courier*, together with the following letter:—

“You are not ignorant, my dearest sister, of great part of my misfortunes; but these which induce me to write at present have happened too recently yet to have reached your ear. I must therefore acquaint you briefly as I can, that some of my subjects whom I most confided in, and had raised to the highest pitch of honour, have taken up arms against me, and treated me with the utmost indignity. By unexpected means, the Almighty Disposer of all things delivered me from the cruel imprisonment I underwent; but I have since lost a battle, in which most of those who preserved their loyal integrity fell before my eyes. I am now forced out of my kingdom, and driven to such straits that, next to God, I have no hope but in your goodness. I beseech you, therefore, my dearest sister, that I may be conducted to

¹ Intimating that Lord Scroope, the Lord Warden of the frontiers, being absent, he could not of his own authority give a formal assurance, but that he would send by post to learn the pleasure

of his Sovereign, and that if in the mean time the Queen of Scots were forced to enter England, he would receive and protect her from her enemies.

your presence, that I may acquaint you with all my affairs. In the mean time, I beseech God to grant you all heavenly benedictions, and to me patience and consolation, which last I hope and pray to obtain by your means.

“To remind you of the reasons I have to depend on England, I send back to its queen this token of her promised friendship and assistance.

“Your affectionate sister,

“M. R.

“From Dundrennan.”

If Mary Stuart at five-and-twenty were not past the age of romance, Elizabeth, who was considerably turned of thirty, had certainly outlived every sentiment likely to interfere with political expediency. She took no notice either of the pledge, or the allusion to her former professions.

Though Mary is generally supposed to have passed her last night in Scotland in Dundrennan Abbey, local histories and traditions assert that she did not sleep there, but retired to Hazlefield, the mansion of a loyal family of the name of Maxwell, relations of Lord Herries, where she was honourably received. It is also said that she was much attracted by their beautiful baby-boy, on whom she lavished many caresses, and begged that he might be permitted to share her bed. Mary was always passionately fond of children, and was probably reminded of her own infant by little Maxwell. She presented the infant heir of Hazlefield, at parting, with a small ruby ring from her finger, which, together with the chair in which she sat, and the table-cloth that was used on that memorable occasion, were preserved as heirlooms by his descendants.¹

Mary sat for the last time in council within the walls of Dundrennan Abbey with the faithful friends who had escorted her from the battle-field of Langside, Hamilton, Archbishop of St Andrews, and many other loyal gentlemen, who had secretly convened to meet their unfortunate Sovereign for the purpose of deliberating on what plan she ought to pursue under her present melancholy circumstances. Opinions, of course, varied. Lord Herries advised her Majesty to remain in her present safe retreat, engaging to defend her for at least forty days from the hostile attempts of the rebel party.² Others suggested that it would be better for her to remove to one of the strong fortresses in that neighbourhood, which would offer greater means of holding out till the loyal portion of her subjects could rally for her deliverance; the rest urged her to retire to France. They represented to her that the place she had once occupied in that realm, the influence of her uncles, and her own possessions there, together with the natural disposition of the people to succour unfortunate princes, would insure a favourable reception for her.³

Mary refused to adopt any of these counsels. “It was impossible,” she said, “for her to remain safely in any part of her realm, not knowing

¹ Hutton's History of Dundrennan Abbey.

² Teulet's Pièces et Documens, vol. ii. p. 234.

³ Marie Stuart, Royné d'Escosse, Nouvelle Historique. Printed at Paris, 1675.

whom to trust." This was both an ungrateful and unseasonable remark, considering the dangers that all present were incurring by their adherence to her cause. The agonizing excitement of the last fortnight, the overthrow of all her hopes, the sorrow of mind and the preternatural fatigue she had gone through, together with her want of sleep, had evidently induced irritability that unfitted her for seeing things in their proper light. She was not in a state to listen to reason; and she went on to say, "that as to retiring into France, she would never go as a fugitive, without a retinue, into a country of which she had worn the crown-matrimonial with so much *éclat*." In short, Mary, like many others, had taken her resolution before she asked advice. She could see the English mountains on the other side the bay, and a strange infatuation came over her. Her own pen has left a brief record of some of the particulars of that council where, for the last time, she sat in freedom as a Queen, surrounded by her loyal peers. She names, among the principal of those who opposed her fatal resolution of seeking refuge in England, the Archbishop of St Andrews, Lord Herries, Lord Fleming, and the Laird of Lochinvar, who, finding her deaf to their entreaties, requested her to sign instruments acquitting them of having given her advice to leave the realm, for which hazardous step they repeatedly protested there was no necessity. "They cautioned me," she says, "against trusting to the friendly professions of the Queen of England, and besought me to call to mind how certain of my royal ancestors, especially James I., on venturing into that realm in time of peace, had been treacherously constituted prisoner, and detained many years in captivity, observing that my royal father, when on his way to meet King Henry VIII. at York, did wisely in turning back when counselled by his faithful peers not to proceed. But I," continues Mary, with unavailing regret, "commanded my best friends to permit me to have my own will."¹

Lord Herries and Lord Fleming, finding they could not prevail on their unfortunate Sovereign to give up her rash purpose, determined to share her perils. She was also accompanied by Lord and Lady Livingston, Lord Boyd, George Douglas, Willie Douglas, and other devoted followers, amounting in all to sixteen. Not one of the party had made the slightest preparation for the voyage, and the only vessel that could be obtained for the Queen's use was a common fishing-boat.²

Those only who are acquainted with that stormy coast can form a correct estimate of the rashness of such an expedition. Nothing can be more difficult and dangerous than the navigation of the Firth of Solway for small vessels; the most experienced mariners will not attempt the passage unless under a favourable conjunction of wind and tide; and it not unfrequently happens that boats which have put out with a fair wind

¹ Queen Mary to Beton, Archbishop of Glasgow, November 24th, 1568

² History of Galloway. Traditions of the Country.

encounter sudden squalls, are tossed about, driven out of their course, and unable to make a port for several days. Mary was undoubtedly warned of all these contingencies, but with the reckless courage, joined to the fatal obstinacy, of her race, she slighted all warnings, and resolved to brave every peril to gain the English shore. The tide served; the passage might be made under such circumstances in four hours; it was a bright May morning, and perhaps her spirits were braced and quickened to enterprise by the fresh lively air and the beauty of the scenery, as she proceeded with her faithful little company to the sea-shore.

The place where Queen Mary embarked was the Abbey Burn-foot, the picturesque and secluded little bay where the beautiful rivulet that flows past Dundrennan Abbey, after winding its way over a rocky bed for nearly two miles, through a long grove of ash and alder-trees, rushes into Solway Firth, at the point of Dun-fin. The Archbishop of St Andrews, with several ecclesiastics and gentlemen, followed their luckless Sovereign to this spot, with earnest entreaties for her to remain, where she might either be defended or concealed till her friends had time to rally; and when he saw her actually step into the frail bark in which she was about to expose herself to the contingencies of a perilous voyage, to encounter still greater perils if she succeeded in reaching the English shore, he rushed mid-waist deep into the water, and, grasping the boat with both hands, conjured her not to trust to the pretended friendship of the Queen of England.

Unfortunately Mary had had so much cause to distrust this prelate, that she did not place any reliance on his sincerity at this time, when he was ready to sacrifice his life for her sake in the strong revulsion of penitential remorse for his past offences against her. There was something withal of resentful bitterness of heart in her obstinate determination to withdraw from Scotland. Calumniated, insulted, and betrayed as she had been by self-interested traitors, her keen sense of the injurious treatment she had received goaded her into the imprudence of acting with the pique of an offended woman, instead of the political equanimity of a Sovereign.

When the boat had laboured through the surf, which is always very heavy at the embouchure of the Abbey Creek, and pushed out in the broad expanse of waters, and Queen Mary looked back on the land she was leaving, it presented a frowning prospect of broken rocks and rugged cliffs, rising like a hostile barrier against her, as if to forbid her return.

CHAPTER VII.

MARY'S mind misgave her when she was fairly out to sea and under sail for England, and she said she would go to France. The boatmen made an ineffectual attempt to change their course, but the wind and tide were contrary, and carried the little vessel rapidly across the Firth of Solway, and drove her into the harbour of Workington,¹ a small seafaring town on the coast of Cumberland. The voyage is said to have been performed in four hours. The boat was navigated by four mariners; and there were sixteen persons who accompanied the Queen. As it was Sunday evening, the general holiday of high and low, an unusual number of people assembled to see the Scotch boat come in: no gaily-appointed galley or gilded barge, with the crown and royal lion of Scotland emblazoned on her poop and silken pennons, but one of the rough crafts used by the half-civilized Galwegians in their fishing expeditions, and transporting coals and lime.

Rude as this vessel was, she excited lively curiosity, for it was instantly perceived that her passengers were neither fisher-folk, colliers, nor Kirkcudbright traders. There are some persons on whom nature has impressed traits of individual dignity that nothing can disguise, especially when accompanied with a lofty stature, and an elegant line of features. This was the case with Mary Stuart. We have seen the ill success of her attempt to shroud her graceful form in a laundress's hood and muffler at Lochleven. It needed not regal ornaments, or robes of purple and pall, to proclaim her rank, exhausted with grief and fatigue though she had been for the last three days and nights, and wearing the travel-soiled garments of white silk in which she had fled from the lost battle of Langside. The moment she stepped on shore she was recognized as the fugitive Queen of Scotland, from her majestic stature, far above the common height of women, and her resemblance to her pictures and her coins. The coarse libels of the traitors who had robbed her of her throne had not then been published to counteract the sympathy and lively interest which her calamities, her high and heroic courage united with feminine softness and beauty, excited in generous hearts; and she was welcomed with enthusiastic demonstrations of affection and respect.

St George's Pier is said to be the place where Mary Stuart first set foot on English ground. Sir Henry Curwen, the manorial noble of the district, received her with great respect, and conducted her and her faithful little train to his own home, Workington Hall, a spacious castellated mansion pleasantly seated in a well-wooded park, on a gentle

¹ Camden. Historical Traditions of Workington and Kirkcudbright.

eminence, scarcely two furlongs from the haven. This fine old house, which derives no slight historic interest from having been Mary's first resting-place in England, and, alas! the only one where it was her lot to repose a night in freedom, and to taste that hospitality and kindness which she had fondly anticipated, is still in existence. The embattled gateway, with its flanking turrets, is the same which overshadowed the royal guest whom Sir Henry Curwen brought home to share his Sabbath-evening supper on the 16th of May, 1568. Mary was received and welcomed by Lady Curwen, the wife of her kind host, and the Dowager Lady Curwen, his mother,¹ who is said to have supplied her and her ladies with changes of linen, and such articles of dress as could be rendered available for their use. One relic of Mary's visit to Workington Hall, a small Scotch agate cup, or *quaigh*, called "The Luck of Workington," is carefully preserved there as a precious heirloom, being her parting gift to Sir Henry Curwen, when, as tradition affirms, she enhanced the value of the trifling token of acknowledgment her hard fortunes had left her power to bestow, by pledging the family from it, according to the hearty old English fashion, with the friendly sentiment, "Luck to Workington!" This quaigh was evidently brought by Lord Herries, or one of the gentlemen, from Dundrennan Abbey, in the hastily-packed basket of refreshments provided for the voyage.

In the picture-gallery of Workington Hall is the curious contemporary portrait of Mary Stuart, presented by herself to Sir Henry and Lady Curwen. It is in profile, and represents her at five-and-twenty, when the domestic sorrows and successive tragedies of two years and a half of unprecedented suffering had given her bitter experience of the pains and penalties of royalty, and tempered the brilliancy of her beauty with a pervading shade of sadness, genuine characteristic of a true Stuart!

¹ Through his mother, Agnes Strickland, the daughter of Sir Thomas Strickland of Sizergh, and Edith Neville of Thornton Briggs, Sir Henry Curwen was the cousin of Queen Catherine Parr, the last wife of Henry VIII., Queen Mary's aunt by marriage. By the same maternal descent, Sir Henry could also claim affinity in blood to Mary herself, and to Queen Elizabeth, Ralph Neville Earl of Westmoreland, the grandfather of Cicely Duchess of York, having been their common ancestor: a family connection which, though unnoticed by any of the historians who record Mary's brief sojourn at Workington Hall, was not likely to have been forgotten by her host, who recognized in his illustrious guest, and kinswoman in the fifth degree of cousinship, the heiress-presumptive of the realm, and, in spite of her present reverse of fortune, anticipated the probability of her wearin' the threefold gar-

land of the Britannic empire. It is worthy of notice that Camden, the great topographical historian of Britain, and the author of the "Annals of Queen Elizabeth," was the nephew of Sir Henry Curwen. He was about seventeen years of age at the time Queen Mary was his uncle's guest at Workington Hall. It is therefore possible that he enjoyed the opportunity, not only of hearing her tell her own story, but also of obtaining its verification from the lips of the noble Scotch exiles who had forsaken all to follow her fallen fortunes in a land of strangers. Of all contemporary historians, Camden bears the most important testimony in Mary's favour in his plain unvarnished statement of facts. "Writing," as he says, "with Cecil's secret correspondence before him," he possessed the key to many a political mystery which few besides could fathom.

The costume in which she is delineated in the Workington portrait is a loose gown of crimson brocade, slashed with white satin in longitudinal stripes edged with gold escallops. She has no ruff, but a straight collar, embroidered and edged with gold, open in front to show a pearl necklace, white point tucker, and muslin kerchief. Her chestnut hair is rolled from the face precisely in the style which has been adopted by the Empress Eugenie, so as to display the contour of her noble forehead, delicately-formed ear, and long slender throat. A small round cap is placed at the back of her head, over which is thrown a large transparent veil edged and diagonally striped with gold, which forms a graceful drapery, falling like a mantle on her shoulders.

During her brief sojourn at Workington Hall, Mary wrote to Queen Elizabeth, explaining the injurious treatment she had received from the successful conspirators, who had reduced her to the dire necessity of throwing herself on her royal kinswoman's protection, confiding in her oft-reiterated professions of friendship, and promises of assistance in her troubles. This letter concludes with the following touching appeal to the compassion of her royal kinswoman :—

“I entreat you to send for me as soon as possible, for I am in a pitiable condition, not only for a Queen but even for a gentlewoman, having nothing in the world but the clothes in which I escaped, riding sixty miles the first day, and not daring to travel afterwards except by night, as I hope to be able to show you, if it please you to have compassion on my great misfortunes, and permit me to come and bewail them to you. Not to weary you, I will now pray God to give you health and a long and happy life, and to myself patience, and that consolation I await from you, to whom I present my humble commendations. From Workington, this 17th of May.”¹

“Your very faithful and affectionate good sister and cousin and escaped prisoner,
“MARIE R.”

Lord Herries's letter to Sir Richard Lowther having prepared the authorities on the English border for such an event, every one was on the alert. The news of Queen Mary's arrival at Workington spread with inconceivable rapidity, and the Earl of Northumberland, who claimed the pre-eminence in that district, under colour of showing her a mark of respect, sent a band of gentlemen to wait on her as a guard of honour, with strict orders to prevent her from leaving the country till Queen Elizabeth's pleasure concerning her should be ascertained. He communicated her arrival at the same time to the council at York. The result was a warrant from that body, addressed in the name of the Sovereign to the High Sheriff, Magistrates, and Gentlemen of Cumber-

¹ The date manifests the falsehood of the charge subsequently brought by Elizabeth against Mary through Walsingham, to the King and Queen-mother of France, “that the Queen of Scots landed privily in her dominions, and remained there concealed for several days, till her disguise was penetrated.” Now,

it is certain that Mary landed on the evening of the 16th of May at Workington, three days after the defeat of her army at Langside, and wrote to Elizabeth early the next morning, and that she was carried on to Cockermouth the same day.

land, "to use the Scottish Queen and her company honourably, but to see that not one of them escaped."¹ Thus it is apparent that the Earl of Northumberland, who subsequently lost his head for engaging in the northern rebellion, which was excited for the liberation of the Scottish Queen, was the first person who constituted her a prisoner, under the pretext of doing her honour. After the arrival of the gentlemen deputed by him to keep guard over her, it was out of her power to embark for France, which, with the friendly assistance of Sir Henry Curwen, she might previously have done. Under these circumstances, it is plain she did not exercise free-will in her advance to Cocker-mouth, which, with its strong and stately Castle on the confluence of the Cocker and the Derwent, its park, forest, and manor, were the demesnes of the Earl of Northumberland.

Attended by her kind English host Sir Henry Curwen, his son, and most of the gentlemen in that neighbourhood, Queen Mary left Workington Hall on the morning of the 17th of May, with her devoted little train of Scottish nobles and ladies. The journey, a pleasant distance of six miles, was performed on horseback. It lay through a green picturesque country enamelled with spring flowers, and intersected by the devious course of the beautiful river Derwent. The first bold range of English mountains, Skiddaw "and her cubs," rose in the foreground; while the mighty forms of Screeel and Criffel stood like hostile giants across the Firth of Solway. What would have been Mary's feelings when she saw their broad blue outlines mingle with the misty clouds on the verge of the horizon, could she have known that her tearful eyes had looked their last on Scotland, and that in England, the land of promise which lay so bright before her in its May livery, nothing awaited her, the representative of the elder line of Alfred, and presumptive heiress of the nation, but a succession of gloomy prisons and a bloody grave? The dark page of the future was in mercy hidden from her sight, and for the present she had met with a frank and courteous reception from Sir Henry Curwen, his family, and the stout Cumberland knights and squires his neighbours, who mustered strongly round her, apparently to do her honour.² She entered Cocker-mouth, if not with royal pomp, in very pleasant fashion, for man, woman, and child came forth in their holiday attire to meet and welcome her. The Earl of Northumberland was absent from the Castle, being then at his house at Topcliffe; so Mary and her Scottish train were lodged at Cocker-mouth Hall, the mansion of the wealthy merchant, Master Henry Fletcher,³ at that time sufficiently spacious and well-appointed to have accommodated a Queen in more prosperous circumstances than those under which the unfortunate Sovereign of Scotland entered it. A dilapidated portion of the once

¹ Warrant of Privy Council, May 19—York.

² Cocker-mouth Miscellany.

³ Burke's Peerage, article Fletcher.

stately quadrangular elevation of Cockermouth Hall is still in existence, but reduced to the lowest degree of degradation, being divided into three tenements, which are used as a carpenter's shop, a beer-house, and a mechanic's lodging-house. Even by the humble occupants of the lodging-house, three large apartments on the first floor, leading one through the other, are called "Queen Mary's Rooms."¹ They are built after the French fashion, and probably served as ante-room, presence-chamber, and bed-chamber for the distinguished guest. The oral chroniclers of Cockermouth declare that their princely merchant, Henry Fletcher, observing the deplorable condition of his royal guest's habiliments, presented her with thirteen ells of rich crimson velvet to make her a new robe; and this pleasing story is verified by the fact that Mary wrote a letter to her kind host, thanking him for having sent her a velvet robe, and gratefully acknowledging all his courtesies to her.² Nor were these forgotten by her more fortunate son James I., who, when Thomas Fletcher, the only son and representative of Henry Fletcher, came to meet him at Carlisle on his accession to the throne of England, treated him with great distinction, and offered to bestow the honour of knighthood on him, as a token of grateful acknowledgment for his late father's kindness to his royal mother.³

The next morning, May 18th, Mary held a little court in her presence-chamber at Cockermouth Hall, for the reception of the ladies of that district, with Lady Scroope, the Duke of Norfolk's sister, at their head, they having been hastily summoned from their castles and halls by circular letters, in the Queen their Sovereign's name, sent by post-haste expresses, to come in their best array to wait upon the Queen of Scotland, and pay her all proper respect by attending her on her journey to Carlisle.⁴

Brief warning had there been for the ladies of that district to equip themselves and ride to Cockermouth for presentation to the illustrious refugee, whom they were required to meet and attend on her way to Carlisle; but it was happily accomplished, and all knotty points of precedence amicably arranged, in time for them to bring her on to her appointed

¹ On entering the last, the good woman of the house said to me, "This was Queen Mary's bed-chamber, but she did not sleep here, for the poor lady was in fear of her life, and passed the night in this closet," opening, as she spoke, the doors of an arched recess, which had been partially built up, but was neither more nor less than the remains of the alcove where the bed formerly stood, a fashion of which my humble informant could scarcely have been aware, and is therefore confirmatory of the local tradition, as identifying the precise spot where the hapless Mary rested her weary head the

night she passed at Cockermouth.

² Burke's Peerage, article Fletcher.

³ Cockermouth Miscellany. Thomas Fletcher the grandfather, and Richard Fletcher the father of this Henry Fletcher, had first by trade, and afterwards by mercantile speculations, amassed great wealth, with which they purchased Wythop and divers lands and tenements in the neighbourhood of Cockermouth, and thus founded a family on the honourable basis of their own honest exertions.

⁴ State Paper, revised by Secretary Cecil—in Anderson's Collections, vol. iv.

resting-place that day. There had not been time to convert the considerate present of the munificent English merchant of Cocker-mouth Hall into the regal robe for which it was designed ; and though some useful articles had been contributed by the widowed mother of Sir Henry Curwen and his lady, the deficiencies and incongruities of a toilette thus made up must have been no trifling mortification to a royal beauty so attentive to all the elegant proprieties of dress as Mary Stuart, and who had been not only the Queen of France, but the glass of fashion in that polished Court, which then, as now, gave laws to Western Europe in all matters of costume.

Mary had, however, every reason to feel cheered and delighted with her first reception in the realm she expected one day to call her own, for not only was she affectionately and respectfully welcomed by the ladies of the hospitable northern counties of England, with demonstrations of sympathy and deference, but all sorts and conditions of people flocked to meet and follow in the procession which conducted her to Carlisle ; so that her journey thither, *malgré* the presence of Captain Read and fifty soldiers under his command, commissioned to prevent her escape or rescue,¹ resembled a triumphant progress. Nor was this wonderful. "Beauteous, and royal, and distressed," she appeared under circumstances of no common interest. Not yet six-and-twenty, she had experienced trials and vicissitudes of the most painful nature ; but, unconquered by the inexorable destiny which appeared to pursue all of her race and name, she had borne up under her troubles with a courage, both physical and moral, that excited no common admiration. Many a manly English heart had thrilled at the report of all she had suffered during her incarceration in the grim fortress of Lochleven, and rejoiced in the marvellous tale of her deliverance by the foundling boy Willie Douglas, whose arm God had strengthened for the achievement of an enterprise which the stoutest champion in Christendom might have been proud to have performed. That brave stripling rode near his royal mistress in the faithful little train who had assisted in carrying her off from the fatal field of Langside, and attended her on her adventurous voyage to England.

On the road between Cocker-mouth and Carlisle, Queen Mary and her cavalcade were encountered by Villeroy de Beaumont, the French ambassador, from whom she had parted scarcely a week before at Hamilton under circumstances far different. She was then full of hope, at the head of a numerous party, in hourly expectation of the arrival of the gay Gordons and gallant Ogilvies to swell her forces to such numbers as might once more have enabled her to drive her perfidious brother Moray and his faction over the Border. Yet she had been willing to settle the quarrel amicably, and had employed Beaumont to negotiate with the usurpers of

¹ Stowe's Chronicle.

her rights. His efforts having proved unavailing, he had, on the unexpected ruin of her cause, signified his intention of returning to France through England, but had been beset and plundered by the Regent's partisans, and his servants maltreated, before they could cross the Border.¹ The only tidings he could give Mary were of the most dispiriting nature. He accompanied her to Carlisle.

When Lowther's intention of lodging their Sovereign in the Castle was declared, the Scottish nobles, suspecting that foul play was intended, protested vehemently against it, and endeavoured to prevail on him to place her in other quarters, but he declared it was impossible.² The same night Lowther, after he had waited on her at supper, communicated to Cecil the successful accomplishment of what had evidently been a duty prescribed to him in anticipation of her crossing the Border.³ "I have this day," he writes, "accompanied with certain gentlemen, conducted the Queen of Scots to this town of Carlisle, and have lodged her Highness in the Castle. Her Grace's attire is very mean, and, as I can learn, hath not any better, neither other wherewith to change; so as, I doubting that her Highness's treasure did not much surmount the furniture of her robes, I did not only give order for the defraying of her charges at Cockermonth, but also did freely provide them with geldings for the conveying of her Highness and her train. Wherefore I beseech your Honour, if it shall please the Queen's Majesty to have her make repair to the Court, that you will advertise how, and in what manner. There did meet her Grace on the way the French ambassador returned forth of Scotland, who is presently here. How long he will make his abode I yet know not, but he hath said he intendeth to be at the Court on Sunday next. The Queen, since her arrival here, hath had intelligence that the Regent meaneth to execute some gentlemen her true subjects taken at the late conflict, whereat her Highness being troubled, this night at supper with tears uttered, 'that her trust was, if God should presently call her, yet would either her good sister the Queen's Majesty of England, or her friends in France, avenge her cause.'"

Among the accumulation of painful matter that claimed Mary's attention on her arrival at Carlisle, was a copy of the proclamation artfully put forth by her usurping brother Moray and his confederates, in the name of the infant Prince her son, in which the unconscious babe is made to recite all the cruel calumnies they had devised against her, including the accusation of designs against his own life.

The item in the Privy Purse Expenses for "cradles and panikins," among other necessaries, anent the removal of his Majesty from Stirling to Edinburgh, preparatory to the meeting of Parliament, is sufficient

¹ State Paper Correspondence.

² *Ibid.*

³ Richard Lowther to Sir Wm. Cecil, 18th May, 1568—State Paper Office MS., inedited.

comment on the grave accusation of his royal mother stirring up sedition against him.

Two or three days after Mary's arrival at Carlisle, the Earl of Northumberland presented himself at the Castle, and was allowed to pay his compliments to the royal stranger. Their interview was strictly private; but it was probably in consequence of what passed between them that the Earl claimed the custody of her person in right of his office of Lord Warden. Lowther refused to resign her, and a violent altercation ensued, in the course of which the Earl called Lowther a varlet, and said "he was too low a man to pretend to such a charge." Lowther was, however, firm, and having a band of soldiers to back him, Mary remained in his hands.

It was not till the 20th of May that Mary's pathetic letter announcing her arrival was received by Queen Elizabeth, who read it with outward demonstrations of sympathy and kindly feeling, and ordered that she should be honourably entertained; but privately reiterated the order already issued in her name by her Council at York, "that especial diligence should be used to prevent the Queen of Scots, or any of her company, from escaping,"—thus coolly and easily accomplishing the object for which formerly she had sent out her fleet in vain, to intercept and capture the young Sovereign on her homeward voyage from France to Scotland in the year 1561. All the Roman Catholics in England and Ireland, no small party, regarded Mary as their rightful Sovereign. Some allowance may therefore be made for the uneasy feelings naturally experienced by Elizabeth at the possibility of her beautiful kinswoman one day successfully contesting the crown of England with her. Her policy was to depreciate and debase Mary in the opinion of the people of England. Hence the calumnious tone in which the news-letters of Randolph, Drury, and Bedford were written.

The apartments occupied by Mary in Carlisle Castle were in the tower (which has since been demolished) at the south-east corner. Her windows commanded a pleasant prospect of the rich meads watered by the river Eden, on the opposite bank of which appeared the picturesque village of Stanwix. Here Mary had the comfort of being joined by many of her faithful Scotch servants, both ladies and gentlemen, who, as soon as they learned her safe arrival at Carlisle, hastened to her. There was also daily resort of the English gentry to pay their court to her. Sir Richard Lowther incurred the displeasure of Elizabeth by permitting the Duke of Norfolk to visit Mary while she was in his custody in the Castle of Carlisle, and he was mulcted in a heavy Star-Chamber fine for this offence; a fact which proves how early her jealousy was excited by the interest the royal fugitive had awakened in the bosom of the premier peer of England.¹ These visits must have occurred before Lowther was super-

¹ Collins' Peerage. Burke's Peerage. Family Records of the Earl of Lonsdale.

seded in the office of Queen Mary's keeper by Lord Scroope and Sir Francis Knollys; for though Scroope was Norfolk's brother-in-law, he knew Elizabeth's temper too well to imperil his own life by sanctioning any intercourse of the kind. His colleague, Sir Francis Knollys, was Elizabeth's vice-chamberlain, and the husband of her maternal cousin-german, Catherine Carey. These two gentlemen, who were both members of Elizabeth's Privy Council, were commissioned to wait on Queen Mary at Carlisle in her name, with friendly greetings, and to treat her with ceremonial demonstrations of respect; but enjoined to keep a strict watch over her to prevent her escape, and to report minutely everything she said and did. As they were expected to arrive on the evening of the 28th of May, Lord Herries, anxious to awaken their sympathy for his royal mistress, went to meet them on the road. He encountered them six miles from Carlisle, and rode back to the town with them, discoursing by the way of the lamentable estate of the Queen his Sovereign, execrating the treasonable cruelty of her enemies, and with all the warmth of loyal affection protesting her innocence of the murder of her husband,¹ "which," he said, "would easily be proved if she might be permitted to speak for herself in the presence of her good sister the Queen of England." He expressed a hope that Queen Elizabeth would either aid his royal mistress to reduce her rebel subjects to obedience, or allow her to pass through her dominions into France to seek assistance elsewhere. They replied, "that their Sovereign could in nowise like Queen Mary seeking aid in France, thereby to bring Frenchmen into England, though she wished her well, but doubted it would be inconsistent with her own honour to admit her into her presence till cleared of the suspicion of her husband's murder." Herries on this declared his intention of riding to the Court to confer with their Sovereign on the subject. On arriving at Carlisle Castle Scroope and Knollys found Queen Mary in her presence-chamber ready to receive them. "We found her in her answers," report they, "to have an eloquent tongue and a discreet head, and it seemeth by her doings she had stout courage and liberal heart adjoined thereunto. After our delivery of your Highness's letters she fell into some passion, and with the water in her eyes she drew us with her into her bed-chamber,² where she complained to us that your Highness did not answer her expectation for admitting her into your presence forthwith." Then abandoning the language of complaint, and assuming the tone of an independent Sovereign, Mary requested that, upon good proof of her innocence being afforded, her sister queen

¹ Letter from Sir Francis Knollys and Lord Scroope to Queen Elizabeth—Cotton. MS., Calig., fol. 79. Anderson's Collections.

² The place chosen by Mary for her private conference with the deputies of Queen Elizabeth was in strict accordance with the manners and customs of royalty

in the sixteenth century, not only at the Court of France where she had been educated, but in England also, as we find from La Mothe Fénelon's official reports that the virgin Queen frequently honoured him with a private conference in her bed-chamber.

should either, without delay, assist her to subdue her rebellious subjects, or grant her a passage into France, to seek aid of other princes, observing, "that she had come freely," she said, "to seek the Queen of England's help, not of necessity; for," added she, "the best and greatest part of my subjects remain fast to me still." She explained "that the cause of the war was the treasonable determination of the conspirators to keep by violence what she had too liberally given them in her minority, since through her revocation of these grants, now she was of full age, they could not lawfully retain it, and that both Morton and Lethington were parties to her husband's murder, notwithstanding their deceitful pretences of avenging it."¹ The English deputies replied, according to their instructions, that "the Queen their mistress was sorry that she could not admit her into her presence, by reason of this great slander of murder whereof she was not yet purged; but they were sure that her Highness's affection towards her was very great; and if she would depend upon her favour, without seeking to bring strangers into England." Knollys expresses uneasiness in this letter to Queen Elizabeth, that "many gentlemen in that immediate neighbourhood and the adjoining shires," who had visited Mary, "had heard her daily defences and representations of her innocency, with her accusations of her enemies, very eloquently told," he says, "before our coming hither;" therefore he ventures to advise his Sovereign to give her the choice of returning to Scotland, or remaining voluntarily in her hands, attended by her own servants; he scarcely thought she would return into her own realm at the present time. But to detain her against her will, in a place where so much interest had been already excited in her favour, would be difficult. "She cannot," he says, "be kept so rigorously as a prisoner, consistently with your Highness's honour, but with devices of towels or toys² at her chamber-window or elsewhere, in the night, a body of her agility and spirit may escape soon, being so near the Border. And surely to have her carried far into the realm is a highway to dangerous sedition, as I suppose."

Mary having declared her intention to Scroope and Knollys of sending her faithful servant and prudent councillor Lord Herries, the following day, as the bearer of her letters to Queen Elizabeth, occupied the rest of the evening, and probably some of the hours that should have been devoted to sleep, in writing a long, impassioned letter to her whom she had rashly made the arbitress of her destiny. After a few complimentary phrases, she says: "I am sorry that the haste in which I wrote my last letter caused me to omit, as I perceive from yours I must have done,

¹ Letter from Sir Francis Knollys and Lord Scroope to Queen Elizabeth—Cotton. MS., Calig., fol. 79.

² Meaning that her sheets might be cut into strips to form a rope for her descent.

The lists at tournaments were called toys, from being separated by long bands of canvas; in French *toiles*, from which word tow, the now obsolete name for a rope, was also derived.

the principal thing which moved me to write to you, being indeed the principal motive of my coming into your realm, namely—that having been a long time a prisoner, and, as I have already written to you, unjustly treated, not only by their acts, but their false reports, I desired above all things to come in person to make my complaint to you, both from our proximity of blood, equality of rank, and professed friendship, that I might clear myself before you from these calumnious imputations which they have dared to bring against my honour, and also for the assurance I feel that you would take into consideration that they, being banished for crimes formerly committed against me, it was at your request I recalled these ungrateful subjects, and replaced them in their former estate, to the great detriment and prejudice of mine, as is now apparent. If, then, out of regard to you, I have done that which has caused my ruin, or at least gone nigh to do it, ought I not justly to look to her who, without evil intention, has caused the mischief, to assist in repairing the error into which she has been the means of leading me? I send herewith my Lord Herries, my faithful and well-beloved subject, who will inform you fully of all these things, as well as those of which, I learn from my Lords *Scrup* and *Knowles*, you are dubious, entreating you to give the like credit to him as to myself, and to send me, if you please, an early and positive answer in writing whether it will be agreeable to you that I should come to you speedily, without ceremony, to unfold to you the simple truth of all that has befallen me, in contradiction of their falsehoods, which I am persuaded you will have pleasure in hearing, as you have assured me in your letters that you will take my just cause in your own hands till I am restored to that estate to which it has pleased God to call me, all princes being bound to assist each other.”¹

“God be thanked,” continues Mary, “I am not destitute of good friends and neighbours to assist me in this my righteous quarrel, were it not for this detention, which, to speak freely to you as you do to me, I think rather hard and strange, seeing I came so frankly into your country, without making any conditions, confiding in your friendship promised by you in frequent letters, that having remained as a prisoner in your castle a fortnight at the coming of your councillors, I have not obtained permission of you to come and lament my case to you, since my confidence in you was such that I only asked to come to you to make you understand the reality of my grievances. Consider, I implore you, how important my long detention is to me, and be not the cause of my ruin, which, God be thanked, would not otherwise be inevitable. Manifest to me by deeds the sincerity of your natural affection for your good sister and cousin and sworn friend. Remember I have kept my promise; I sent you my heart

¹ From the Original.French—Cotton. Lib., Calig., British Museum—Autograph.

in the ring, and have brought you the true one in my person, to bind the knot that links us together more firmly.”¹

The nature of Elizabeth’s feelings towards her unfortunate kinswoman was sufficiently developed by the following incident : Mary had informed her, in her letter from Workington, that she had arrived in her realm in a state of utter destitution, without even a change of apparel, or the means of providing it. Womanly sympathy, to say nothing of the duties of hospitality and princely courtesy, rendered it incumbent on a sister Sovereign to supply the royal fugitive with everything of which she stood in need, and that in a manner consistent with the honour of the English Crown, and the exalted station Mary had occupied both in France and Scotland. Instead, however, of acting with the munificence of a Queen or the delicacy of a gentlewoman on this occasion, Elizabeth was guilty of the meanness of insulting her royal guest, by sending her such a selection from her own wardrobe as the bearers, Lord Scroope and Sir Francis Knollys, were thoroughly ashamed of delivering. She controlled her feelings when the ungracious offering was produced, and turned away in silence.²

Her indignant attendant Mary Seton, to whom the articles were delivered by Lord Scroope’s servant, surveyed them with ineffable contempt, uttering not a single word, either good, bad, or indifferent, in comment. This demeanour had the effect of eliciting an apology from the bearers of the present. They declared “such things as those must have been sent in mistake ;” indeed, Sir Francis Knollys, Elizabeth’s vice-chamberlain, thought proper, in his zeal for the honour of his royal mistress, to take the blame upon himself, by telling Mary Seton that he feared he had not communicated Queen Elizabeth’s order so clearly as he ought, so that the lady whose office it was to superintend packing these dresses must have fancied they were not intended for the use of the Queen of Scots, but for her maid.”³ Lamé and improbable as this excuse was, Mary received it graciously, and in doing so showed far greater dignity than if she had insisted that an affront was intended.⁴ Elizabeth was too eager to learn what effect this paltry piece of malice had had on Mary’s temper to allow the matter to pass unnoticed ; and from the tone of Sir Francis Knollys’ reply to Cecil, it would appear that he had been reprimanded for not having communicated the particulars of Mary’s demeanour. “As touching my negligence,” says he, “in not signifying how her Highness’s present was accepted of this Queen, the cause thereof was her Grace’s present letters, sent by my Lord Herries, who also was present when her Grace received the same ; whereupon I thought

¹ Letter of Mary Queen of Scots to Queen Elizabeth, May 28th, 1568, Carlisle. Cotton. Lib., Calig., British Museum—Autograph.

² Anderson’s Collections, vol. iv. p. 73.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 74.

that either by those letters or by message her Highness [Queen Elizabeth] should have understood her manner of acceptance thereof ; but her silence herein doth argue rather her scornful acceptance of the same than gratitude. The which I suspecting, before I delivered it, said, ‘that it was no present from her Highness, but such necessary things as her Highness was content that one of her maids should, for lightness of carriage, choose out for her present necessity.’ And seeing that after one of my men had delivered the same to one of her Grace’s maids she [Queen Mary’s maid] was not thankful but silent in that behalf, I again said, ‘that whereas her Highness [Queen Elizabeth] meant, at my request, that one of her maids should deliver things necessary for her Grace [Queen Mary], I thought her Highness’s [Queen Elizabeth’s] maid had mistaken me, and sent such things necessary for a maid-servant as she was herself.’

The only particulars of this royal gift on record are in the reports of the Spanish ambassador,¹ who tells his Sovereign, that the Queen of England had sent the Queen of Scots “*dos camisas ruines*,” that is, two old shifts ; “*dos pares di zapatos*,” two pairs of shoes, and some remnants of black velvet. It was well for the honour of England that Mary was able to contrast the generosity of the merchant of Cockermouth with the churlish conduct of the Sovereign of the realm. Her persevering efforts to obtain the restitution of her own wardrobe and jewels from her base-born brother and the confederate traitors who had driven her from her throne, have been censured as a trait of female vanity, by those who forget that, although the heroines of romance experience no inconveniences in travelling without proper changes of apparel, the queens and princesses of real life suffer greater mortifications from the absence of the usual requisites of dress than any other class of persons, because exposed to more observation. Sir Francis Knollys and his colleague took a lively and admiring interest in observing the effects of the skilful hair-dressing of the faithful Mary Seton, in setting off the natural charms of her royal mistress without the aid of jewels or regal array ; he says—“*Mistress Mary Seton, being Lord Seton’s daughter, is come hither, and the master cook’s wife ; so that now here are six waiting-women, although none of reputation but Mistress Mary Seton, who is praised by this Queen to be the finest busker [that is to say, the best dresser of a woman’s head and hair] that is to be seen in any country, whereof we have seen divers experiences since her coming hither ; and among other devices, yesterday and this day, she did set such a curled hair upon the Queen, that was said to be a perwyke [periwig], that showed very delicately ; and every other day she hath a new device of head-dressing, without any cost, and yet setting forth a woman gaily well.*” Although Mary, like Elizabeth and other princesses of that era, had the folly to wear false hair, varying in tint from black to golden—a

¹ Archives of Simancas.

circumstance which may well account for the disputes regarding the colour of Mary's hair—yet we may conclude that the curled hair suspected by the English commissioners to be a periwig was her own; for as she had not received any portion of her wardrobe at that time, and was without money, it is unlikely that she should have been provided with such unnecessary additions to her toilet, as a variety of wigs. “As touching her Grace's apparel,” proceeds Knollys, “besides divers suits of black colour she hath here, according to her desire, we have again sent to Edinburgh to my Lord of Moray for divers other suits of apparel, and we look to-morrow for return of the messenger. But she seemeth to esteem of none other apparel than of her own.”

The courtiers of a Queen so excessively fond of dress, and exuberant in all its details, as Elizabeth, could scarcely be surprised at a younger and more beautiful Princess attaching some importance to her wardrobe appointments. Scroope and Knollys were married men withal, and fully comprehended the feminine distress of the Scottish Queen at the absence of the rich array which beseeemed her rank. Either from kindly feelings of sympathy, or to put an end to her complaints on the subject, it is certain they exerted themselves to obtain from Moray restitution of a portion of her wardrobe. Richard Graham, the messenger, returned at last with five small cart-loads and four horse-loads of apparel. What was sent gave no satisfaction to Mary; she declared that the coffers contained nothing but refuse, such as old sleeves and superannuated coifs and ruffs—in plain words, things not worth stealing—for even the dresses she had been wearing at Lochleven were detained. She addressed her complaints to Queen Elizabeth on this occasion, and in consequence of her intervention, “thirty ells of gray taffety, thirty of black taffety, eight ells of fine black velvet, twenty-five gross of black jet buttons, twelve pairs of morocco shoes, at eight shillings a pair, four pairs of *mulis* or slippers, and two pounds' weight of black stitching-silk,” were sent by Moray. The materials for the dresses were mourning: Mary had resumed her dule-weeds. All the portraits that were painted of her in England, except the Workington picture, represent her in widow's dress.

Lord Scroope and Sir Francis Knollys came to wait on their royal charge just as she was finishing the letters she had written to Queen Elizabeth by Lord Herries, and to the Court of France by Lord Fleming. The painful subjects which had occupied her pen for so many hours, had ruffled her mind, and she expressed herself warmly against her fraternal foe Moray, and the other ungrateful traitors his accomplices, who had driven her from her throne, saying, among other things, “When I was but nine days old, they had a reverent and obedient care of me; and now that I am five-and-twenty years old, they would exclude me from government, like disobedient rebels.” This natural expression of her feelings

was provokingly answered by Knollys taking up the cause of the conspirators, which, he is careful to explain to Queen Elizabeth, "he did on political grounds, lest Mary should say she had just reason to complain of her Majesty's conduct in not assisting her;" and he went so far as to insinuate to Mary that she had forfeited the allegiance of her subjects by the commission of a cruel murder,¹—assuming thereby that she was actually guilty of a crime of which there was not the slightest proof. "Hereupon," continues he, "her Grace beginning to clear herself after her accustomed manner, yet the tears fell from her eyes." Hard as the diplomatist's heart must have been, it smote him when he perceived how deeply his unjustifiable innuendo had wounded her feelings. Moved by these touching manifestations of feminine sensibility, he changed his tone, and tried to soothe her with deceitful promises of his Sovereign's friendship and desire to see her cleared from all suspicions of the crime to which he had alluded. "For when I saw her tears," says he, "I forbore to prosecute mine objection, and fell to comforting her with declarations of your Highness's affection and good-will towards her. To which her Grace answered very courteously, but forthwith said 'she must go close up her letters to your Highness,' and so departed to her bed-chamber."²

It was well for poor Mary that she had an excuse for retiring, and a sanctuary so close at hand, where she could vent the anguish of her soul unrestrained by the observation of the English deputies, who had so rudely echoed, in their Sovereign's name, the calumnies of the subtle traitors who, having murdered her husband, bereaved her of her only child, and robbed her of her crown, had charged their own crimes on her devoted head. Little had Mary, when she took the fatal step of throwing herself into the arms of her royal kinswoman for protection, considered their relative positions, under the peculiar circumstances of her own proximity to the English succession, and the assertion of her claim to the crown itself which had been made in her name by her father-in-law, Henry II., and her late husband, Francis II. of France. Elizabeth had neither forgotten nor forgiven that offence, nor was she the person to allow romantic scruples to interfere with the consummation of her deeply-laid plans for reducing the hitherto free and formidable realm of Scotland into an English province. How must the astute Cecil have smiled at the simplicity with which the royal victim in his toils penned the following naïve billet, in the vain hope of propitiating him!—

LETTER OF MARIE STUART TO SIR W. CECIL.

"MESTER CECILES,³—The reputation you have of being a lover of equity, and the sincere and faithful service you render to the Queen, Madame my good sister, and consequently to those who are of her blood, inclines me to address myself to you in

¹ Knollys to Cecil, Carlisle, May 30th, 1568.

² *Ibid.*

³ Labanoff, vol. ii.

my just quarrel above all others, at this time of trouble, in the hope of obtaining the assistance of your good counsel. I have directed my Lord Herries, the bearer of this, to explain things more fully to you, to whom I refer you. After commending myself to your wife and you, I pray God to have you in His holy care.

"From Karlile this 28th of May,

"Your very good friend,

"MARIE R."

Cecil was already deliberating with his colleagues on the expediency of incarcerating Mary in that grim fortress whither, after suffering in other prisons the suspense and agonies of upwards of eighteen years of captivity—she was finally removed for the perpetration of the long-delayed scene of butchery which terminated her life-long miseries. A free press might have saved her, by recording facts as they were, and exposing the motives of her calumniators; but the press was then in its infancy, and under the control of her defamers; the literary power of Scotland was on their side, and hired to do their political work of defamation, while the few who possessed the ability and the honesty to write the truth of Mary Stuart, were forcibly prevented from giving publicity to anything in her defence.

CHAPTER VIII.

QUEEN MARY'S retinue, soon after her arrival at Carlisle, consisted of the following persons: Lesley, Bishop of Ross, the historian of Scotland; Lord Herries; Lord and Lady Livingston, both staunch Protestants; Lord and Lady Fleming; Mary Seton, Maria Courcelles, Mary Bruce; Bastian, and Margaret Cawood; Mr and Mrs Livingston; her French comptroller and his wife; Mr Hamilton, the Master of her Household; George Douglas, Willie Douglas; Gilbert Curle and M. Nau,¹ her private secretaries; John Beton, Captain Bruce; the Lairds of Whitlaw and of Skirling; a pantler, a cook, a pâtissier,—making twenty-eight persons in all. Their numbers, however, presently increased; for, in his next letter, Knollys reports her company of servants at thirty or forty; "whereof," he says, "there be gentlemen sewers, carvers, and cup-bearers half-a-dozen, and as many gentlemen waiters not much inferior to the other, whereof George Douglas was one, because we found him there. Now the Lord Claud (Hamilton), the Laird of Skirling, and young Mr Maxwell, with divers other gentlemen and their servants, do lie in the town at their own charges, to the number of thirty or forty more, which gentlemen do between meals come in to see the Queen.

¹ Our readers must not mistake this gentleman, Claud Nau, Sieur de Fontenay, for his younger brother Jacques, or, as he is sometimes called, Joseph

Nau, who held the same office of French secretary to Mary from the year 1574-5 until just before her death.

The arrival of Sir Nicholas Elphinston in Carlisle, as the bearer of letters and messages from the Regent Moray to Scroope and Knollys, excited lively demonstrations of indignation on the part of Queen Mary and her loyal followers. She demanded that he should be apprehended "as her grievous enemy, and the seller of her jewels," little suspecting that her good sister and professing friend Queen Elizabeth was rejoicing in the advantageous purchase of the stolen goods. The Laird of Skirling complained "that such a traitor was lodged in the same house where some of their loyal company were dwelling," and warned Sir Francis Knollys, "that if they met him they could not refrain from assaulting him."¹ The answer of the vice-chamberlain was such as to induce Mary to exert her authority to restrain her faithful followers from acts of violence.

To prove that she was not deserted by the great nobles of Scotland, Mary was guilty of the feminine imprudence of showing Scroope and Knollys letters from the Earls of Argyll, Huntley, and Cassillis, professing their entire devotion to her service. The result of this rash confidence was an interdict on her correspondence with her friends in Scotland, and a requisition for her to curtail the number of her Scotch followers in Carlisle. "My Lord Scroope and I," writes Knollys, "have moved her Grace that these young Lords and gentlemen of hers, that lie in the town here at their own charges, might be placed from the Borders more within the realm, and also that she would cease to send into Scotland and to receive letters from thence." Mary indignantly replied, "that unless they had commission to treat her as a prisoner, she would not submit to so unreasonable a requisition; for, if she dismissed the friends who had followed her to Carlisle, or refrained from intercourse and correspondence with those who continued to support her authority in Scotland, then would her cause be deserted, and her loyal subjects endangered by the Queen of England appearing to take part with her rebels." Scroope and Knollys denied that they had any commission to deal harshly with her, but observed, "that it would be most agreeable to the Queen their mistress if she would refrain from holding such intelligence." They took measures to prevent it by giving orders that no messenger, being a Scot, should be admitted into the town, unless he had a message to Lord Scroope. In another letter he makes the following observations on Mary's characteristics, and the exciting effect of the crisis on her mind: "This lady and Princess is a notable woman, and seemeth to regard no ceremonious honour beside the acknowledging of her estate royal. She showeth a disposition to speak much, to be bold, to be pleasant, and to be very familiar. She showeth a great desire to be avenged of her enemies. She showeth a readiness to expose herself to all perils, in hope of victory. She desireth much to hear of hardiness and valiancy, and

¹ Knollys to Cecil, June 6—Anderson's Collections.

commendeth by name all approved hardy men of her country, although they be her enemies, and she concealeth no cowardice even in her friends. The thing that most she thirsteth after is victory, and it seemeth indifferent to her to have her enemies diminished either by the sword of her friends, by liberal provision and rewards of her purse, or by divisions and quarrels raised among themselves. So that for victory's sake, pain and peril seemeth pleasant unto her; and in respect of victory, wealth and all things seemeth to her contemptuous and vile." This report of the high and intrepid spirit of the royal refugee is followed by the significant queries, "Now, what is to be done with such a lady and such a Princess? Or whether such Princess and such a lady be to be nourished in one's bosom, or whether it be good to halt and dissemble with such a lady, I defer to your own judgment." He sums up all by giving his opinion "that the safest and most direct policy would be to aid the Regent in time, and if spots in Queen Mary's coat could be made manifest, the sooner it were done the better." Urgency on such a subject to the leader of Elizabeth's councils was indeed superfluous.

The game was rapidly progressing. John Wood, secretary of the Regent Moray, had arrived in London with commission from the Regent and his Council, offering to make Elizabeth the umpire of the dispute between "the King's mother," the only title they now vouchsafed to Queen Mary, and the nobles of Scotland; thus assuming to be the representatives of that order, although more than two-thirds of the nobility were on Mary's side, and had openly protested against the coronation of the infant Prince. Elizabeth and her clear-sighted minister beheld in this reference to her decision a virtual acknowledgment of the paramount authority of England over Scotland. But if Mary, the rightful Sovereign of that realm, could be either cajoled or piqued, through her sensitive desire of clearing her reputation from the cruel stigma the usurping party had thrown upon her, into making a like appeal, that supremacy would be established in a more conclusive manner than when Edward I. played his deep game as the umpire between the rival candidates for the Scottish throne.

No one could be more anxious than Mary to enter into an explanation of her conduct. With courage which nothing but the consciousness of innocence could have inspired, she demanded, as she had previously done, of her usurping brother's Parliament an open investigation. She desired to be confronted with her accusers face to face, and to be heard in her own defence, not as a criminal pleading at the bar of a foreign tribunal, but as an independent Princess, desirous of explaining all that might have appeared suspicious in her proceedings, owning no judge but God, yet anxious to be justified in the sight of her fellow-creatures, by proving her own integrity, and the falsehood of her self-interested calumniators. "Surely," observes Knollys of Mary, "she is a rare woman, for as no

flattery can abuse her, so no plain speech seems to offend her, if she thinks the speaker an honest man."

After mentioning that Mr Middlemore, whom Queen Elizabeth had commissioned to deliver a remonstrance to Moray on his persecution of Queen Mary's loyal friends, requiring him to desist from pillaging and burning their houses and harrying their lands, had arrived at Carlisle on his way to Scotland, Knollys says, that as soon as Mary heard of this arrival, she eagerly inquired "whether he had anything to communicate to her from the Queen his mistress?" Being told he had, she seemed very glad, and appointed his audience at the early hour of eight the next morning. On being introduced into her presence, he addressed her in what Knollys calls "a well-laboured speech," in answer to the earnest and repeated requests she had made of being admitted to his Sovereign's presence, and her complaints of her detention at Carlisle. This "well-laboured speech" consisted of an elaborate reiteration of the insulting pretext on which Elizabeth had chosen to ground her uncourteous refusal to allow her royal kinswoman to enter her presence. Mary could not listen without passionate bursts of indignation and much weeping.¹ She inquired anxiously for Lord Herries, asking "whether he were a prisoner; whether he had received any answer from Queen Elizabeth; and if Mr Middlemore had not brought her any letters from him?" Middlemore replied, "that he could not tell what answer Lord Herries had received, but was sure he was no prisoner; and as for letters, he had brought her none from him, for when, by Queen Elizabeth's command, he had called on him at his lodgings in London, and offered to take charge of anything he had to send to the Queen of Scots, Herries had told him 'he had sent off all he had written on the previous Saturday.'" "Then," said Mary, "if I had any letters written to me on Saturday, eight days ago, you may see how little I am beholden to Mr Randolph, that in all this time they have not come to my hands." Randolph had very lately been promoted to the office of Master of the Posts; so that all letters to Queen Mary passed under his supervision. The offensive freedom of Middlemore's language provoked her to a passionate expression of her feelings. "I have none other judge than God!" exclaimed she. "Marry, I know mine own estate and degree, although, according to the good trust I have reposed in the Queen my good sister, I have offered to make her the judge of my cause. But how can that be, when she will not suffer me to come at her? But I see how things frame evil for me. I have many enemies about the Queen my good sister, and such as do work all they can to keep me from her, at the solicitation of my rebellious subjects, a Prince, and they but subjects, and yet traitors. But if they will needs come," continued she, "desire

¹ Letter from Middlemore to Cecil, June 13—Anderson.

my good sister the Queen to write that Lethington and Morton, who be two of the wisest and most able of them to say most against me, may come, and then to let me be there in her presence, face to face, to hear their accusations, and to be heard how I can make my own exculpation ; but I think Lethington would be very loth of that commission," she sarcastically added.

Middlemore, following his instructions, next demanded, in his Sovereign's name, that she should prohibit her friends at Dumbarton from receiving succours from France, in case any should be sent to them. Mary, with more spirit than prudence, plainly replied, "that in case his Sovereign would not assure her of her assistance for the suppression of her evil and unruly subjects, she would go to the Great Turk himself for help against them, and neither could nor would forsake her faithful friends ; but if her Majesty would resolve to give her aid, she would then promise not to seek it of other Princes." Middlemore told her, "that since she had put herself in his Sovereign's hands, and made her the only judge of her cause, her Majesty had commanded him to assure her that she would take both her and her cause into her protection ; yea, and if, after trial made, the justice of her cause would bear it, she would compel her adversaries to do her right, and help to restore her to her honour, dignity, and government." He then presented her a copy of his ostensible instructions, in Queen Elizabeth's name, requiring the Earl of Moray to forbear from further hostilities on Queen Mary's adherents. This pacified her sufficiently for him to proceed to the announcement of his Sovereign's intention of "removing her from Carlisle, and bringing her to some place nearer to herself, where," as he deceitfully pretended, "she would have more commodity and better air, more pleasure and greater liberty." Impatient of this cajolery, Mary told him "that her desire was to come to her Majesty at once, and that if she were not allowed to do so, she would rather tarry where she then was than be carried farther into the realm, which would be only to remove her farther from her friends, and make them forsake her ; for now she heard from them, and could comfort and encourage them, but then she would be where they neither could come or send to her, nor she to them." "Then," continues Middlemore, "she asked me 'whether I thought it should be before my Lord Herries' return that she should remove?' I said, 'I could not tell, but I thought not.' 'Alas,' she said, 'it is a small piece of comfort to me ! Nay, rather it is a hurt to me to be removed hence, and not to be brought to the Queen my good sister ; but now I am in her hands, and so she may dispose of me as she will. She doth ascribe to the Queen's Majesty the cause of all her troubles ; 'for at her entreaty,' she saith 'all those which now bear arms against her were called home and received from banishment, and therefore her Majesty should now be moved to give her aid against them.'" This argument Mary had already urged

to Elizabeth in more than one of the fruitless letters of remonstrance she wrote to her from Carlisle. In that written after her painful discussions with Middlemore, there is a tone of pathetic reproach, mingled with an indignant sense of the injurious nature of her treatment.

After expressing how much she is distressed at Elizabeth refusing that credit to her which she implicitly bestows on those who are unworthy of it, she says:—

“Being innocent, as, God be thanked, I know I am, do you not wrong me by keeping me here, when I am just escaped out of one prison, as if I were in another, encouraging by that means my perfidious foes to continue their determined falsehoods, and dispiriting my friends by delaying the aid others have promised if I would employ it? All men of worth are on my side, and my detention may cause their ruin, or compel them to go over to the others, which to my adversaries would be a new triumph. I have pardoned, for love of you, those who are now seeking my ruin. Excuse me if I speak as plainly to you as you do to me. You received a bastard brother of mine to your presence when he fled from me, and me you refuse to receive; but I assure myself you only defer doing so as my cause is just. For it is the resource of a bad cause to close the lips of the opponent. Besides, I know that the commission of John Wood was to procure this delay, as the most sure defence of their unjust quarrel and usurpation of authority; wherefore I beseech you to assist me, indebted to you entirely, or else be neutral, and let me do the best I can with others; otherwise, by delaying the time you injure me worse than my foes. If you fear censure, at least for the trust I have reposed in you, be neither for me nor against me, that you may see how I shall clear my honour when at liberty; for here I neither can nor will answer to their false accusations, although I will with pleasure justify myself to you voluntarily as friend to friend, but not in the form of a process with my subjects. Madam, they and I are not companions in anything; and were I to be kept here ever so long, I would prefer death to putting myself on an equality with the like.”¹

She begs, in conclusion, “that Lord Herries may be sent back to her with an answer to her requests, and that Lord Scroope may be directed to allow her unrestrained intercourse with her friends in Scotland; for otherwise, as he was proceeding, she would be cut off from all intelligence with her loyal subjects.” Scroope was only acting according to his instructions in endeavouring to do so. In spite of all his precautions, Mary’s friends intercepted and put her in possession of an important packet of letters from John Wood, the Regent Moray’s private secretary, and envoy to the Court of England, which fully demonstrated the hostile and treacherous part taken by the English Cabinet against her. Instead of silently availing herself of this information of the secret league against her, Mary wrote to Elizabeth in the following impassioned terms, complaining of the perfidy of her Ministers, and their confederacy with Moray:—

“They assure him that I shall be securely guarded, never to return to Scotland. Madam, if this be honourable treatment of her who came to throw herself into your

¹ Cotton. Lib.—Calig. c. i. fol. 94.

arms for succour, I leave other Princes to judge. I have shown all these paquets to this bearer, of which I will send the copies, if you will permit, to the Kings of France and Spain, and the Emperor, and will direct Lord Herries to show them to you, that you may judge whether it would be right to have your council for judges, who have taken part against me. I neither can nor will believe that it is you who are acting thus treacherously by me, but that the villain John Wood lies, as all of his profession will."¹ (Wood was a lawyer.)

Mary had only obtained evidence of a comparatively trivial portion of the confederacy between her usurping brother and Queen Elizabeth's cabinet ministers. The real errand of Moray's wily secretary, John Wood, was to submit copies of the letters pretended to have been written by Queen Mary to the Earl of Bothwell, to the consideration of Cecil and his colleagues, preparatory to the process in which Elizabeth had offered to act as an impartial umpire. This fact is certified by Moray himself, in these words: "Therefore, since our servant Mr John Wood has the copies of the same letters translated in our language, we would earnestly desire that the said copies may be considered of the judges that shall have the examination and commission of the matter, that they may resolve us thus far, in case the principal agree with the copy, that then we prove the cause indeed. For when we have manifested and shown all, and yet have no assurance that it we send shall satisfy for probation, for what purpose shall we either accuse or take care how to prove, or, when we have proven, what shall succeed?"

The drift of these involved and mystified queries was to ascertain beforehand whether Queen Elizabeth, and the Commissioners she meant to appoint to decide the controversy between the Scotch conspirators and their unfortunate Queen, would receive the letters alleged by them to have been written by the latter to Bothwell, as proofs of the crimes with which they had charged her. So flagrant an attempt to prejudice the umpires of a cause, before the legal investigation could be entered into, was never made by honest men. Now, had the letters in question really been written by Queen Mary, why, it may be asked, did Moray and his confederates send Scotch translations, instead of copies of the original French, to the learned English Queen and her erudite Secretary of State? Elizabeth and Cecil were accustomed to receive and read Mary's familiar letters in French, and would have been far better able to form a correct judgment of her style from seeing true copies in French of letters imputed to her, than from a translation even into English. Does not the fact speak for itself, that the Scotch versions of those letters of which Wood was the bearer were neither more nor less than the original draughts of these suspicious documents fresh from the pen of the Scotch forger, for the consideration of the illustrious English members of the confederacy for Mary's ruin and defamation, previous to the achievement of the really

¹ Labanoff, vol. ii. p. 102. From the Archives of the Marquess of Salisbury.

difficult task of putting them into a French dress? For that they were composed in Scotch, the provincial idioms and quaint national saws with which they abound plainly indicate.¹

"Yesterday," writes Knollys, "her Grace went out at a postern to walk on Playing Green, towards Scotland, and we, with twenty-two halberdiers of Master Read's band, with divers gentlemen and other servants, waited on her, when about twenty of her retinue played at foot-ball before her the space of two hours very strongly, nimbly, and skilfully, without any foul play offered, the smallness of their ball occasioning their fair play. And before yesterday, since our coming, she went but twice out of the town, once to the like play of foot-ball in the same place, and once she rode out hunting the hare, she galloping so fast upon every occasion, and her whole retinue being so well horsed, that we upon experience thereof, doubting that upon a set course some of her friends out of Scotland might invade and assault us upon the sudden for to rescue and take her from us, we mean hereafter, if any such riding pastimes be required that way, so much to fear the endangerment of her person by some sudden invasion of her enemies, that she must hold us excused in that behalf."²

The indulgences Mary at first enjoyed were gradually abridged, till she found herself treated absolutely as a prisoner. None of her gentlemen-in-waiting or servants were now permitted to sleep in the Castle, and only three of her ladies to remain with her at night, the three rooms leading to her bedchamber being filled with halberdiers, that which opened into it being occupied by Lord Scroope himself. The solitary casement which lighted her gloomy dormitory was latticed with iron bars, to preclude any attempts at escape. The Castle gates were not opened, unless for some messenger from Queen Elizabeth or Cecil, till ten o'clock in the morning.³ After the departure of her confessor, Lesley Bishop of Ross, Mary requested Lord Scroope to allow her to have an English priest to perform the daily offices she deemed essential. "There are no priests in England," he drily answered. She was allowed to walk to the cathedral,

¹ For numerous instances of these, the reader is referred to William Tytler's "Inquiry, Historical and Critical, into the Evidence against Mary Queen of Scots." In the Scotch version of the first letter Mary is feigned to write,—“I am *irkit*,” which means wearied; but the French translator, not having such a word in his vocabulary, has rendered it, *Je suis toute nué*—“I am entirely undressed or naked;” and the Latin, following on that tact, puts *nudata*—a blunder which Malcolm Laing declares was too great for Buchanan (in whose Appendix to his “Detection” it was put forth) to have made. Malcolm Laing endeavours to account for the suspicious scotticisms in the French version of the

said letters, by stating that it was not the French in which they were written, but French translations made from the Scotch translations of the letters found by Morton in the silver casket. But if French letters were really found as alleged, how happened it that no true copies of them were taken by Moray or his notary? The abstracts sent by Cecil to Queen Elizabeth from the letters exhibited to the English Commissioners at York are all in the Scotch dialect. State Paper Office MS., October, 1568.

² Letter from Knollys to Cecil, 15th June, 1568, Carlisle—Cotton. Library.

³ Reports of the Spanish Ambassador, June 27th, 1568—Archives of Simanças.

and occasionally did so, but she was always guarded by a hundred halberdiers.¹

Preparations were making at this juncture for converting the strong Castle of Tutbury in Staffordshire into a lifelong prison for Mary. Greatly distressed at the idea of being transported to a place so remote from her own realm, she directed her faithful servant Lord Herries to protest against it to Queen Elizabeth, whenever it should please her to grant him the audience she had so long delayed. It was not till the 17th of June that he and Lord Fleming, who had been detained the same unreasonable length of time from performing his mission to the Court of France, were admitted to her presence. Lord Herries opened the conference by telling Elizabeth "that the Queen his mistress thought it very strange she was to be sent so far from her own country and the highroads leading to it; that she could have no opportunity of receiving intelligence from her faithful subjects there, nor from any friend or relation she had in the world. These," continued he, "were not the promises your Majesty has so often made to my Queen, on the faith of which she came to England; but could she have imagined that she should be treated thus, she would have preferred encountering the hardest fortune that could have befallen her in Scotland." He said this in a very low voice to Elizabeth, because several of her inimical councillors were present, but she bade them draw near, and requested him to repeat aloud what he had just said to her. Herries having done so, she told him "that she intended to take the cause of the Queen her sister in hand, and was deliberating on the means of restoring her to her country and regal authority, either by mediating a treaty of reconciliation with her subjects or by force. For that purpose," continued she, "I have desired the Earl of Moray to send hither my Lord of Glencairn, or any other that may seem good to him, as his deputy, the Queen your mistress doing the same on her part, whereby I shall be able to understand the cause of their dispute, and to judge between them." "I do not see," replied Lord Herries bluntly, "how your Majesty can take upon yourself to be a judge between the Queen my mistress and her subjects, seeing that she is as much a Sovereign as yourself, and inferior to you in nothing but those misfortunes which have rendered her your suppliant." "The Earl of Moray," continued he, "is neither a King nor Prince, that he should send others here in quality of his ambassadors. He and the Earl of Morton are the two who have been the principal offenders against the Queen their mistress; and if your Majesty desires information from them, let them take the trouble to come hither themselves." "That will be the best," rejoined Elizabeth; "I will write to them to-morrow that they shall come." On the subject of Darnley's murder Lord Herries said, "The principal authors of that crime are those who now attempt to charge the burden of

¹ Reports of the Spanish Ambassador, June 27, 1568—Archives of Simançãs.

their own guilt on the Queen their mistress." "Consider, Madam," continued he, "the uncertainty of human things, and have pity on the unmerited calamities of your unfortunate suppliant. After the assassination of the King her husband, the murder of her servants, the cruel attempts on her sacred person—after the prisons and chains she has endured, shall subjects be heard against their Sovereign, traitors against their liege lady, the guilty against the innocent, criminals against their judge? I have not words to describe their wickedness, but I am prepared to come to deeds, and to verify the innocence of my Queen by irreproachable testimony, and papers written and subscribed by the hands of her accusers. If that shall not suffice, I offer myself, with the permission of your Majesty, to the combat in her behalf, hand to hand, against the boldest and most determined of her pursuers."¹

No reply being made to the offer of the stout Galwegian lord to maintain the innocence of his royal mistress by appeal of battle against all challengers, he took the liberty of reproaching Queen Elizabeth with her tardiness in granting him an audience, "having received letters," he said, "from the Queen his mistress, marvelling at his tarrying so long." Elizabeth replied "that she had been waiting for an answer to a letter she had written to his mistress, on a subject her Majesty had probably mentioned to him." She alluded to the letter telling Mary it was impossible for her to be admitted to her presence, on account of the dreadful crimes of which she was suspected. "Madam," said Herries, "I have already answered on that subject sufficiently, and it appears to me that as the Queen my mistress is innocent, there can be no cause for further demur, for I assure you she is desirous of answering in person to yourself, the Emperor, and the Kings of France and Spain, or their representatives, if required. In the mean time, if any of her rebels or disobedient subjects will say otherwise, the same answer will be returned and maintained to the end, whether by form of legal equity or by force; for although they have disloyally robbed her of her fortresses, her houses, her munitions, her treasure, her jewels, her decorations, and even her apparel, it is not in their power to alienate from her Majesty the hearts of her good and faithful subjects. It has been reported, I understand, that her Majesty, thinking to pass into France, was constrained to land in England. It must not, Madam, be assumed that the Queen my sovereign came into England pressed by such necessity that she had no other place of refuge, for before her Majesty left Scotland I offered her, on peril of forfeiting my head and all I have in the world, to assure her safe abode in the district where she was for forty days, and after that to take her, according to her own good pleasure, either to France or Dumbarton, for there was not an enemy within sixty miles; but her Majesty replied, 'that, the insolent conspiracy having proceeded to such ex-

¹ Letter of Lord Herries to Queen Mary, June 23th, 1568—Teulet's Collections.

tremities, she required the aid of a foreign Prince, and that there was no one in whom she had so much hope as the Queen her good sister, as well on account of your Majesty's great and kind promises as for your proximity of blood, and that hers was a quarrel which touched all other Sovereigns.'¹ The Queen my mistress has thrown herself into your arms as the princess of all the world in whom she placed her principal reliance, and if your Majesty will freely and honestly take her cause in hand in such a way as shall be consistent with her exalted rank, her honour, and security, she will use your counsel and conform herself to your will ; albeit, she can recognize none other judge than God, she and her predecessors having worn for many centuries an imperial crown."—" I am not going," rejoined Elizabeth, " to constitute myself a judge in her case further than may be for her weal and honour, which I shall tender the same as if my own. The Earl of Moray has referred himself to me, and I will send immediately to hear what he and his party have to say in explanation of their treatment of their Sovereign ; and if it be as you say, I will do for her according to my power, as if it were for myself ; if otherwise, I will still do all that is possible to reconcile them ; not that I would ever undertake to be her judge." " Madam," interrupted Herries, who understood her drift, " if your Majesty should not, with the advice of your Council, consider it expedient to maintain the cause of the Queen my mistress, I conceive that neither in honour nor reason can she be refused the liberty usually accorded to the meanest subject of France or Scotland, to retire honourably from your country ; this done, your Majesty will see that the greatest Princes in Europe will receive her courteously and affectionately, espouse her quarrel, and assist her to the utmost of their power. Unless your Majesty take upon you to act as her enemy, by assisting those who have perfidiously usurped her authority and place, they cannot maintain the position they have assumed ; and if your Majesty and your Council decide on assisting the Earl of Moray and his accomplices in their unjust cause, it will cost you ten times more to support those disloyal subjects against their natural Princess than to help her, besides the discord it would breed between yourself and other Princes. The time is now so precious that every day and hour we lose is of painful detriment to my Sovereign's cause, by detaining her away from her good and faithful subjects, insomuch that, even if it were your Majesty's pleasure to expend a thousand English pounds a-day in entertaining her without taking her cause in hand, such entertainment would give her no satisfaction, but vexation. Much rather would she return to Scotland in the little boat in which she left it, and go to seek her fortune through the world, than remain in this realm excluded from the presence of your Majesty, conscious as she is of her own innocence." Elizabeth listened without any appearance of displeasure to these bold and eloquent remonstrances of the in-

¹ Letter of Lord Herries to Queen Mary, June 28th, 1568.—Teulet's Coll. ctions.

trepid Scotch baron, but deferred her answer. When he and Lord Fleming were sent for to receive it, she declared "that she would do everything that could be expected by her dear sister, according to her promise ; but that her Majesty was well aware of the shameful and horrible reports her subjects had disseminated through the world, and that it would be for the honour of them both that the matter should be sifted ; not that she pretended to assume the character of a judge, but merely of the most affectionate and favourable of friends, to inquire of them what had moved them to speak thus of their Sovereign, and by what authority they had seized her crown, her fortresses, and other possessions, in which if they should appear without excuse, she would exert herself effectually in her behalf." "But what," asked Herries, "if it should appear to you otherwise, which may God forbid?" "Even then," blandly replied Elizabeth, "I will endeavour to make an agreement between her and her subjects in the best way I can, consistently with her honour and their security. On this account I wish the Queen your mistress to come fifty or sixty miles nearer here, and I have sent to the others to come to a place where I will despatch some of my Council to enter into the business. As for her passing from my realm into France, I will not so lower myself in the estimation of other Sovereigns as to permit it, seeing that, when she was there, her husband¹ took upon him to give her my style and title, and the royal arms pertaining to my realm and crown during my life. I will not risk the chance of being subjected to the like annoyance. I possess both the right and the power to maintain it, and I mean to take good care that nothing shall be attempted likely to give me trouble, for I should be sorry for other Princes to consider me so impolitic. As to her return to Scotland in such humble equipage as you have mentioned, it will neither be for her honour nor mine, nor apparently to her interest, to do so. I will with all diligence hasten forward the expedient I have resolved upon, and, after that, I will do as I have told you." "Madam," rejoined Lord Herries, "the Queen my sovereign has come into your realm in reliance on your promises and the ties of blood between your Majesty and her, and has put herself, humanly speaking, into your hands. Your Majesty has the power of doing as you please, and she cannot hinder you from exercising your own pleasure ; but whatever you do in her cause will be published to the world and her posterity, and all her true subjects will hold themselves obliged to your Majesty ; and since this is your intention, what day for certain may the Queen my mistress be allowed to learn your Majesty's resolution?" "As soon as possible," replied Elizabeth.²

In the course of the conversation, Herries told Elizabeth "that he understood that Mr James Makgill, a subtle chicaner and disturber of

¹ It was done by his father Henry II.

² Letter of Lord Herries to Queen Mary, June 23, 1563.—Teulet's Collections.

the laws, would be sent by Moray and his faction to lay before her the pretended Acts of Parliament confirming their Sovereign's alleged abdication of her regal authority to her son, and her appointment of the Earl of Moray as Regent." Little suspecting that Elizabeth was actually the custodian of the original documents, blotted with Mary's tears, Herries went on to explain the cruel and violent manner in which those signatures had been extorted, and their consequent invalidity. "Then," continued he, "the Earl of Morton has made the Earl of Moray Regent, and the Earl of Moray has made the Earl of Morton Chancellor, and they have proceeded to make their fellow-conspirators officers of State, such as Clerks of Register, and all other preferments that were in the gift of the Crown. How can such proceedings as these be accounted legitimate by other Sovereigns? Moreover," added he, "these conspirators, who kept their Queen in prison without permitting any of her good subjects to speak to her Majesty, took upon them to affirm in their fine Parliament that the demission was her own free will, whereupon the majority of the members signed a bond, which they have to show, promising to support them. At which time several of the great nobles, as the Earls of Argyll, Huntley, and others, prefaced their signatures by declaring that they were conditional, and would be null and void unless her Majesty, when at liberty, should signify her approval of what had been done. Her Majesty has, however, made a full revocation before her Estates, assembled at Hamilton in much greater numbers than were there, and those who made the proviso then declared openly that their own subscriptions were invalid for the reasons aforesaid. Besides this, there were Barons in that pretended Parliament who expressly opposed everything that could be in any way prejudicial to the honour, estate, and person of their Queen, and required instruments of that Parliament to certify that they did so."—"Who were they who did so?" interrupted several of the members of Queen Elizabeth's Council, apparently surprised at a fact which has never been recorded by the time-serving historians of the period. "Myself," replied Herries, "I was one of them."¹—"We were informed otherwise," they rejoined, "and that you had consented to the regency of the Earl of Moray."² "I would be glad to see or hear those among them who will venture to say so," exclaimed Herries.³ "They have here their men of law, as Wood and others, who are learned in finesses and falsifications, and it is their livelihood, for they have no other means nor professions; but this, which concerns Princes, is so high a matter that it requires personages of a different character."—"That is true," observed Elizabeth, on whom his manly straightforward manner

¹ Letter of Lord Herries to Queen Mary, June 28, 1568.—Teulet's Collections.

² Makgill being Moray's Clerk-Registrar, scrupled not to falsify the records of that Parliament, by misrepresenting the conduct of Lord Herries, and other

nobles, who had convened in the hope of being able to serve their captive Sovereign.

³ Ibid. See Teulet's Collections—Pièces et Documents relatifs des Affaires d'Escosse, vol. ii. p. 233—240.

made, at least for the moment, a lively impression, "and I will not suffer Makgill to come into my presence, nor one of those who are against your mistress."¹

When Lord Fleming solicited the passport to proceed with Queen Mary's letters to France, for which he had been waiting more than a month, Elizabeth flatly refused it, telling him, at the same time, "that if it pleased the Queen her good sister to send any other person, she would grant it, but she would not to him." He then asked leave to return to the Queen his mistress at Carlisle, to which she offered no objection; but when Herries desired to do so also, she told him he must wait till she could send her answer to Queen Mary. "Madam, the Queen my mistress will find fault with me," said Herries bluntly; "for she thinks I ought not to have been here more than three days. I think so myself. I had even promised my friends in my own country to be with them ere now."² "You must tarry, nevertheless," returned Elizabeth. The real object of his detention is thus explained by the French ambassador to the Queen-mother of France: "Within the last few days I have discovered that the Earl of Leicester has been trying to tamper with Lord Herries, for the purpose of drawing him over to the Earl of Moray's side, and has expressed an opinion that he should be able to succeed; but as to Fleming he had great doubts."³ Neither the one nor the other of those true-hearted Scottish nobles ever swerved in the slightest tittle from their duty to their hapless Sovereign in her dire reverse of fortune. They had each hazarded their lives and broad lands in Scotland for her sake, and all the gold in the English treasury would not have bribed them to desert her cause.⁴

Mary's brother-in-law, the King of France, had commissioned M. de Montmorin, an especial envoy to plead her cause to Elizabeth, and to solicit permission to proceed to Carlisle with letters and consoling messages. Elizabeth testified some reluctance to allow Montmorin access to Mary, observing, "that the Queen of Scots had very lately seen Monsieur de Beaumont on the like errand." She made great professions of her friendly intentions towards her royal kinswoman, saying "that no one could be so much interested in her cause as she was, on account of their near relationship."⁵ La Forest, however, easily penetrated the hostile

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 228.

² Letter of Lord Herries to Queen Mary, detailing what passed in his interview with Queen Elizabeth and her Council—Teulet, vol. ii. p. 240.

³ *Ambassade de La Forest*. London, June 24, 1568—Teulet, vol. ii. p. 230.

⁴ The circumstance of sixteen gentlemen of the Inns of Court inviting Lord Herries to a supper at the King's Head in Fleet Street, during his detention in London, excited the jealous atten-

tion of Cecil, and caused a strict inquiry; but it does not appear, with all his ingenuity, that he was able to torture this complimentary and hospitable mark of attention to Mary's faithful minister into an act of treason against Queen Elizabeth. Examination of Thos. Bishop, March, 1568-9, Cotton. Lib. Calig., c. i. p. 296.

⁵ Letter from M. de la Forest to the King of France, 12th of June. Teulet's Collections.

feelings which this grimace of friendship was intended to conceal. "She spoke," he says, "of the Queen of Scots in a tone of accusation rather than defence, which he and Montmorin checked with a suitable remonstrance. Then she vehemently protested that she would never allow the Queen of Scots to be touched, either in her life or honour, while in her realm."

Encouraged by the visit of Montmorin, and the friendly interest manifested in her welfare by her royal brother-in-law of France, Mary, at all times more frank than politic, addressed a long letter to Elizabeth, complaining of the perfidious proceedings of her councillors.

"They deceive you," writes the captive Queen, "in the hope of proving their false calumnies to you. The difference in our treatment by you might make me apprehensive, if my innocence and my trust in God, who has hitherto preserved me, did not give me confidence. Consider, Madam, they have the authority which pertains to me, the usurped possession of my goods, to corrupt with, and the finances of the whole country are at their command. Your ministers, too, from day to day, are writing and counselling them to pay no heed to your persuasions. Would to God you knew what I know of them! For me, I am detained here as a prisoner, dishonoured by the refusal of your presence, while they with armed force seize all they can, and have lately devised the means of retaining it, under the colour of their calumnies against me, who have neither council nor the power of using the exertions requisite in such case for the defence of my honour. I can only pray my God to judge between me and them."¹

She thus conjures Elizabeth not to condemn her on the misrepresentations of their confederates in her Cabinet: "Judge, Madam," she says, "according to the understanding God has given you above others, and not according to the counsel of those who are moved by private influence. I would not blame any one; but a worm will turn when trampled on; how much more difficult for a royal heart to endure such treatment as this cruel detention, through the advice that is given you." Nothing could be more indiscreet than these indignant appeals to Elizabeth against her ministers, who, if previously inimical, when Mary's sole offence consisted in a religious profession which induced them to consider it expedient to avert the dangerous contingency of her attaining sufficient power to disturb the establishment of the Reformed Church in Scotland and England, had now motives of personal animosity to add bitterness to the ardour of political zeal.

To Cardinal de Lorraine, who had supplied to her in childhood the place of the father she never knew, and to whom, as her spiritual director, she had been accustomed to unveil her faults without reserve, and unbosom the cares and sorrows of her early years, she wrote, as might be expected, more fully and confidentially:—

"MY UNCLE,—If you have not pity on me, and, as I may truly say, on my son and my country with me, I shall be in the like situation here, though in another land, as

¹ Labanoff, vol. ii. p. 108.

I was at Lochleven. I beg you to take into consideration that the party against me is small, and most of the nobles are on my side. Their people are beginning to leave them, and would do so altogether if I had ever so little help,—feeling that their quarrel is a bad one. In Scotland, and here even, where I have little opportunity to speak in answer to their false reports, they are regarded as traitors and liars.”¹

Her anxiety for the preservation of her faithful friends does honour to her feelings of gratitude, and will be read with interest ; she exhorts him to exert himself in their behalf :—

“Among others, the poor Lord Seton, who is in danger of losing his head for having been one of my deliverers from prison. Ascertain about this from Beton ; for I dare not send any one to make inquiries, for they declare they will put him to death if they can, and George Douglas, who assisted in my escape also. For which reason, I will send him as soon as I can procure a safe passage for him. I have written about it to the French ambassador, for they have prevented Lord Fleming from going to the King. If George goes, I will explain to you more fully their behaviour and mine since the beginning of these troubles ; for he has heard their fine accounts of me, and I can tell him the rest. I recommend you to give him an honourable reception, for otherwise few would lose their friends and hazard their lives to serve me. He is faithful, of that I can assure you, and will do whatever you command. I entreat you to send often to visit the Duke [de Châtelherault], for his kinsmen have served me extremely well ; and, if they are not succoured, eight-and-twenty gentlemen of his surname are condemned to be hanged, and their houses to be demolished. For every man who will not obey them [Moray and his Council] is made out to be participant in the crime which they have committed themselves.”

Mary alludes here to the assassination of her husband, under the shallow pretext of avenging which his deadliest foes—the very men who had previously been driven out of Scotland for plotting his death—had deprived her of her throne and usurped the government of her realm.

“Openly, from day to day,” continues she, “they are inventing falsehoods of me ; and secretly they offer to say no more evil of me, if I will leave them in possession of the government. But I will either die, or make them avow that they have lied in the many villanous aspersions they have cast upon me.”

After this honest burst of feeling, she pathetically adds—

“I implore you to have pity on your poor niece, and procure such succour for me as the bearer of this will explain to you, and send me some money in the mean time, for I have not wherewithal to buy either bread, a chemise, or a gown. The Queen here has sent me a small supply of linen and plate, and I have borrowed some, but I shall not be able to do so any more. You are involved in this humiliation. Sandy Clerk, who has been to France on the part of the false bastard, has boasted that you will neither furnish me with money nor be mixed up in my affairs. God has tried me sorely ; but at least assure yourself that I shall die a Catholic. May God remove me from these miseries shortly, for I have suffered injuries, calumnies, prisons, hunger, cold, heat ; flying, without knowing whither to go, fourscore-and-twelve miles across the country, without stopping or alighting, and then lay on the hard ground, drank sour milk, my only food oat-meal, without bread, passing three nights like the owls, on my way to this country, where, for my recompense, I am

¹ Queen Mary to Cardinal de Lorraine, Carlisle, June 21st, 1563—from the original French. Prince Labanoff, vol. ii. p. 115.

little better than a prisoner. In the mean time, they beat down the houses of my servants, and I cannot aid them, and hang the masters of them while I am unable to preserve them—all who remain faithful to me being detested by these cruel traitors. They have three thousand men at their command; but if I had succour, half of these would leave them for certain. I pray God to help me in His own good time."

Middlemore now arrived at Carlisle, on his return from Scotland.¹ Incapable of controlling her feelings when she considered herself wronged, Mary indignantly upbraided him with the double-dealing he had practised in regard to his late mission. Middlemore affected surprise at her displeasure, and assured her "she ought to consider herself under great obligations to the Queen his mistress for having sent him to expostulate with the Earl of Moray." Mary told him "that Moray had boasted before every one at table 'that he had had far different counsel from him than to resign the regency.'" ² Other things, also, she repeated from John Wood's intercepted letters, "which she said she had sent to Lord Herries to show Queen Elizabeth." Middlemore so stoutly protested that Wood had no foundation for what he had written to Moray, that he succeeded in persuading her. "I can easily believe," writes she to Elizabeth, "Middlemore's declaration that Wood invented it himself; for he who lies of me would not scruple to do the same of your Ministers. I told him that they were included in the dishonour done to you, by asserting such things, contrary to your intention." She concludes with apologizing for the badness of her writing; "for the sight of those falsely-invented letters," continues she, "made me so ill all night that I have no inclination for writing."³

The letters to which Mary alludes were not, as might be supposed, copies of those she was alleged by the conspirators to have written to Bothwell, but a fresh packet of John Wood's intercepted correspondence with Moray.

In consequence of Mary's indignant complaints Queen Elizabeth sent for John Wood, and confronted him with Lord Herries, who produced the intercepted letters, and having verified them beyond the possibility of denial, she insisted on Wood's declaring on what authority he had written to the Earl of Moray that her Ministers had given Middlemore secret instructions to the effect he had described. Wood coolly acknowledged "that he had invented it for the purpose of strengthening his master's cause."⁴ Had the offence been impartially tried in Scotland, as the law for preventing false witness, quaintly intituled "the Statute against Leasing-making" then stood, Master John Wood might have suffered the painful and degrading punishment which he, as a Lord of

¹ Queen Mary to Queen Elizabeth, June 22, 1568. Labanoff, vol. ii. p. 119.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*, June 22.

⁴ Letter from Queen Elizabeth to Queen Mary, Greenwich June 30, 1568—State Paper Office MS.

Session, had been wont to inflict on culprits of low degree when convicted of such offences. But he, as *leasing-maker* for the benefit of his worthy master the good Regent, reaped rewards instead of punishments for his "*lees*." Queen Elizabeth herself, deeply as her royal faith had been touched by the statements contained in Wood's letters to Moray, did not pass the slightest censure on his conduct, and, instead of dismissing him from her realm, continued to receive him as before. Cecil, so far from resenting the liberty taken with his name, treated Wood with greater confidence than ever, especially in regard to the intrigues for the approaching Conference at York, Wood being the person employed in getting up the case against Mary.

Wood writes from Greenwich to the Earl of Moray, discussing the persons most desirable to act as commissioners: "Not my Lord Morton, though most apt," observes he, "because he is thought unacceptable to the English Queen, but rather Glencairn, who is next best, and with him Doune,"¹—the secularized Abbot of St Colme, whom poor Mary fancied her friend,—“Mr James Makgill, and Mr Henry Balnaves.” These had been secret-service-men of England ever since Mary was born, and were, of course, ready to unite in any villany against her. Elizabeth's share in the dark purpose then in agitation is testified by Wood's significant hint to his good master "to use despatch, because it was dangerous to suspend matters, as this Queen (Elizabeth) was mortal, and princes, like private persons, might change their purposes." He writes to Lethington also, telling him "he had been of opinion that Queen Mary would like of his coming to assist at the trial, but was then surely informed that she had written and accused him and Morton of the murder. His next paragraph is corroborative of the confederacy between the English Cabinet and the Scotch traitors against poor Mary: "I am forbidden to speak to the Queen's Majesty here upon my first proposition, that is, touching the returning her (Queen Mary) to my Lord's hands, not, as I suppose, because it is so misliked as it may not be heard of, but they will rather have the gripe themselves, and rather have it in their power to loose the devil upon you than you should loose him upon them at your pleasure; and truly there is natural equity therein, seeing how loosely he was holden in times past ye are found unworthy jailers for the time coming."² This was a reproachful allusion to Mary's escape from Lochleven. So little was Mary aware of the spirit in which that event was regarded by the English Court, that she commended her brave deliverer George Douglas to Elizabeth in these words:³ "I beg you to grant your passport to the gentleman who is the bearer of this, and that you will vouchsafe him so honourable a reception as may show that the service he performed in delivering me was agreeable to you. He goes to pass some time in

¹ Hamilton Papers, No. 23.

² *Ibid.*

³ Queen Mary to Queen Elizabeth, June 26, 1568. Labanoff, vol. ii.

France to learn the language, and to be rewarded in some measure by the King my good brother and my uncles, by their desire, from the wish they have to know him who has achieved a deed that was so acceptable to them ; and I have willingly given him leave, seeing that I do not require so many of my good servants here.”¹ Douglas was also the bearer of her letters and credence to Mary’s royal kindred in France, and she commends him and the care of his fortunes to the King and Queen-mother in a manner that does credit to the goodness of her heart, but certainly indicates no warmer feeling than the lively gratitude his services had caused. To the King she says : “ I have despatched Douglas, the bearer of this, to report to you at length all that has befallen me ; he will tell you about my imprisonment, my escape and retreat into this country, and all I can learn that has lately happened in my own. I beg you to give credit to him as to myself, for he has proved himself my faithful servant, having delivered me from the hands of my mortal foes at the peril of his life, and the sacrifice of his nearest ties of kindred. He desires, that he may continue as he has begun to render me service, to remain for a time in your Court to await the assistance that may be accorded to me. I entreat you to give him such entertainment as may make it manifest that he has rendered you a service by saving my life. I will answer for his integrity. He requires now to seek his living in France, for he must lose all he had in Scotland unless I am shortly mistress there again.”

Mary uses nearly the same words of George Douglas in her letter to her mother-in-law, Catherine de Medicis, whom she informs, that instead of having the liberty, as she had hoped, of explaining personally the extent of her calamities, and the wrongs she had endured from the most ungrateful of subjects, she was to be transferred from one prison to another, and had no possibility of rewarding those who had served her. She explains her own pecuniary distress in this pathetic postscript : “ I beseech you to consider my necessity. The King owes me money, and I have not one sous ! I am not ashamed to address my complaints to you by whom I was brought up ; for I have not wherewithal to buy a chemise ; and the bearer will describe the condition in which I came hither.”²

CHAPTER IX.

THE course to be adopted in respect to the Queen of Scotland was debated in the English Privy Council on the 20th of June. Her letters to Queen Elizabeth were read ; and Middlemore having made his report

¹ From the original French holograph in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, graciously communicated by the late Emperor Nicholas.

² Labanoff, vol. ii. p. 129

of what passed in conference between him and her at Carlisle, her reiterated requests of being allowed to exonerate herself in a personal explanation of her conduct to Elizabeth, or else being permitted to proceed to France or return to Scotland, were negatived. The first, on account of the suspicions of her guilt, which it suited their policy to entertain; the second, lest a renewal of her claims to the title of Queen of England should be attempted; and the third, namely, her return to Scotland, because it would be taken ill by the parties then in possession of the government, and cause an interruption to the friendship and good understanding which had always subsisted between them and England. Neither could she remain in England, unless as a strictly guarded prisoner in some isolated fortress, for fear of her practising with the Papists and other disaffected persons to contest the Crown, to which it was presumed her ambition aspired.

Two papers, in Cecil's handwriting, are in existence, bearing the same date as this sederunt of Privy Council; one containing an abstract of the arguments that were adduced in Mary's behalf, the other of those against her. The first is headed *Pro Regina Scotorum*, and states her case very fairly.

"She is to be helped, because she came willingly into the realm upon trust of the Queen's Majesty. She trusted upon the Queen's Majesty's help, because she had in her trouble received many messages to that effect. She is not lawfully condemned, because she was first taken by her subjects, by force kept in prison, put in fear of her life, charged with the murder of her husband, and not admitted to answer thereto, neither in her own person nor by advocate, before them which in Parliament did condemn her."

Not one of these statements is denied, much less disproved, in the paper *Contra Reginam Scotorum*, which sets forth the arguments brought forward by Moray and his faction against her, and affords a notable example of how much easier it is to invent fictions than to controvert facts. It opens with the unverified assertion, "She procured the murdering of her husband, whom she had constituted King, and so he was a public person and her superior;" thus assuming as a certainty that Mary had been guilty of a crime of which no trial had been made, no evidence deposed, no testimony produced. The paradox of her having been actuated by a guilty passion for Bothwell is dwelt on with an eagerness which has betrayed the usually cautious diplomatist into the following misrepresentation of the circumstances connected with Bothwell's divorce: "She also procured him to be divorced from his lawful wife upon a charging of himself that he had lived in frequent advoutery (adultery), especially with one Lady Reres."¹ Cecil was well aware that this was false. His own hand had noted down the fact "that Bothwell obtained release from his marriage with Lady Jane Gordon in the Consistorial Court, on the plea of

¹ "Contra Reginam Scotorum"—State Paper Office MS.

relationship within the forbidden degrees." The charge of adultery was not brought forward by Bothwell, but against him by his injured wife, who sought and obtained her divorce from him on that ground in the kirk-session, where she proved, by sufficient testimony, his guilt with her own waiting-woman, Bessie Crawford; the name of Lady Reres was never mentioned in the process. This gross perversion of facts may serve as a specimen of the veraciousness of Mary's accusers, and the measure of justice that was preparing for her by an English commission, under the management of Cecil.

It was apparently to oblige Moray, who had complained in his letters to Forster and Drury of Mary being permitted to remain so long at Carlisle, that Elizabeth and her Council came to the resolution of removing her to Bolton Castle. "Without the Queen your mistress's express warrant for that purpose, I will not stir," was Mary's resolute reply to Scroope and Knollys. "Assuring myself," writes she to Elizabeth, "that you would either send for me to come to you or else allow me to depart elsewhere as freely as I came hither, and that you would not encourage those who would only make you a judge of their actions as a cloak for injuring me, if your conscience, honour, and penetration were not better than to permit you to be abused by their wicked inventions. Now then, since you may see that subjects favour subjects, I implore you, Queen sister and cousin, to have a fellow-feeling for your equal."¹

After supper on the 28th of June, Scroope and Knollys showed Mary the order for her removal from Carlisle to Bolton Castle, and told her "that the Queen their mistress had sent her own litter and horses for her use on the journey." Mary received the announcement much as Elizabeth herself had done on a like occasion a few years previously, when required by the warrant of the late Queen her sister to leave Ashridge for London under the escort of a guard commissioned to remove her, whether it were her pleasure to go or not. Scroope and Knollys used every flattering argument they could devise to soothe the offended dignity of their royal charge, persuade her to comply with a mandate which she was powerless to resist, "and to move with contentation and good-will."

The journey was, however, postponed. The royal litter and horses, which Scroope and Knollys had announced to Mary, had not in reality arrived, and, through some unexplained cause of delay, were vainly expected in Carlisle for upwards of ten days. Meantime Mary received the following letter from Elizabeth, dated June 30 :—

"My Lord Herries has told me two things which seemed to me very strange. One, that you would not answer before anybody but myself; the other, that without force you would not stir from the place where you are, unless you had license to come to me! Your innocence being such as I hope it is, you have no need to refuse to answer

¹ Letter from Queen Mary to Queen Elizabeth, June 26, 1568—Labanoff, vol. ii.

to some noble personage, whom I shall send to you, not to answer judicially, but only to assure me upon it by your answers; not making them to your subjects, which would not be considered proper, but sending to lay before me your defence, that I might publish it to the world, after being satisfied myself, which is my principal desire. Then, as to the place I have ordained for your honour and safe keeping," she continues, "I beg you not to give me cause to think all the promises you have made were but as wind, when you sent word to me that you would do whatsoever might seem best to me."

She coolly added, that she "intended to keep Lord Herries till Mary should have given her a proper answer on both these points." This was only an excuse for the detention of that faithful servant from his royal mistress till her removal from Carlisle should be effected, Knollys having intimated to Cecil that it would be desirable to do it in his absence. The high spirit of Lord Herries, and his courageous loyalty, doubtless rendered them apprehensive that he would not only protest against her removal, but strike a bold stroke for the deliverance of his captive Sovereign, by urging the young Scotch nobles and their servants then in Carlisle to attempt her rescue, and contest the possession of her person with her English guards at swords' points. In his absence there was no able and energetic person to organize effectual resistance.

The vigilant manner in which the royal fugitive was watched and warded at Carlisle Castle to prevent her escape, is very particularly described by Sir Francis Knollys. "This Queen's chamber at Carlisle," writes Knollys, "had a window looking out towards Scotland, the bars whereof being filed asunder, out of the same she might have been let down, and then she had plain ground before her to pass into Scotland. But near unto the same window we found an old postern-door, that was dammed up with a rampier of earth, of the inner side of twenty feet broad and thirty feet deep, between two walls, for the commodity of which postern for our sally to that window, with ready watch and ward, we did cut into that rampier in form of stairs, with a turning-about down to the said postern, and so opened the same, without the which device we could not have watched and warded this Queen there so safely as we did. Also there was another window of her chamber for passing into an orchard within the town-wall, and so to have slipped over the town-wall, that was very dangerous." This window was blocked up.

The courage and activity with which Mary had effected her escape out of Borthwick Castle, by descending from a window eight-and-twenty or thirty feet from the ground, must have made a very great impression on the minds of her English jailers, who were from first to last haunted with the apprehension that she would succeed in regaining her freedom by a like daring enterprise. Hence all these jealous precautions, and vigilance of statesmen and men-at-arms, to prevent the escape of one helpless lady, whose beauty and distress appealed in vain to the chivalry of the nation to whose honour she had confided

herself. She wrote to Queen Elizabeth again on the 5th of July, and repeating her protest against her removal further into England, she complains of Scroope and Knollys having prevented her friends in Scotland having access to or communication with her, contrary to the promises made to her by Elizabeth on her first arrival. "I entreat you," continues the forlorn fugitive, "to send my Lord Herries back to me, for I cannot be without him, having no other member of my Council here; and permit me, if you please, to depart hence without delay—anywhere, so that it be out of this country. I am sure you will not deny this simple request, for the sake of your honour, since it doth not please you to use your natural goodness otherwise, that since I came of mine own free will I may depart with yours."¹

As reasonably might the unwary fly, when entangled in the spider's web, expect its piteous cries for liberty would move the subtle weaver of the net to unravel his meshes and resign his prey. The ungenerous policy adopted by Elizabeth on this occasion was excused to herself by the laws of expediency. Very pathetic, notwithstanding its quaintness, is the tone in which poor Mary winds up her expostulations to her whom she had, in evil hour, rendered the arbitress of her wayward destiny.

"My good sister, be of another mind. Gain the heart, and there is not anything but shall be at your direction. I should think you would be satisfied in all were I to see you. Alas! be not like the serpent, which stoppeth its ears, for I am no enchanter, but your sister and natural cousin. If Cæsar had not disdained to read the complaint of a petitioner, he had not fallen. Why should the ears of princes be stopped, since they are painted so long, signifying that they should hear every one, and reflect well before they reply? I am not of the nature of the basilisk, still less of the cameleou, to convert you to my likeness, even if I were as dangerous and wicked as they say."²

The next day an express arrived at Carlisle from London at four o'clock in the morning, with a letter from Cecil to Sir Francis Knollys, and one from his Sovereign to Queen Mary, which was not delivered to her till near eleven. Knollys expected it was a positive order for her to commence her journey, but she said "it was not more pressing than the others had been;" "whereupon," writes he, "I thought we should have fallen into a new contention; yet in a while she seemed not greatly to repugne or deny to remove hence on Monday or Tuesday next, before which time she looks to have answer of her last letter written to her Highness; but how this mood will hold we know not.

"My Lord of Moray," continues Knollys, "hath sent by our messenger to this Queen three coffers of apparel; but because her Grace saith that never a gown is sent her hereby but one of taffety, and that the rest is but cloaks and coverings for saddles, and sleeves, and partlets, and coifs, and such-like trinkets, therefore we have sent to my Lord Moray again for her desired apparel remaining in Lochleven."

¹ Labanoff, vol. ii. p. 131-132—from the original French.

² *Ibid.*

Poor Mary, notwithstanding the utter destitution which had impelled her to write to her uncle and her royal mother of France, "that she had not wherewithal to buy a chemise," is reflected on by Knollys for her lack of liberality to the bearers of the refuse articles of her wardrobe Moray had sent: "But she doth offer our messengers nothing at all for their pains and charges, wherefore her Highness is like to bear the charge thereof."¹

The next day Sir George Bowes, with a hundred armed horsemen, approached Carlisle for the purpose of assisting her keepers to remove their royal captive; but Mary, when informed of it, required to make herself ready, refused to remove, and that so resolutely, that Scroope and Knollys, dreading the consequences of appearing to put open constraint upon her person, prudently gave up the point, and sent to stop Sir George and his men from entering the town, "because the Queen of Scots did refuse at that time to remove." Brave woman she, thus singly to resist the authority of those who had so large a company of armed men to enforce it; but well she was aware that the manly English knights and gentlemen whose will she opposed were of a different temper from the ruffian Bothwell, or the perfidious and brutal traitors, Morton, Lindsay, Ruthven, and their confederates. Neither noble Scroope, courtly Knollys, nor valiant Bowes, though devoted servants to the rival Queen, whose crooked policy had been the secret spring of all her troubles, would for their lives have stained their honour by dealing ungenerally with her; and even if they could have found it in their hearts to proceed to a show of violence, her first shriek would have been answered by the cry of her brave followers in the town—"Down with the false Southrons!—Blue bonnets, to the rescue!—Dirks and claymores for bonny Queen Mary!" and an immediate rising of the Roman Catholics in that district. Wisely, therefore, did Scroope and Knollys act by not bringing matters to such a pass. The journey was delayed once more; Mary employed the interval in writing to the Earls of Huntley, Argyll, and Eglinton, and others of her faithful adherents, to encourage them in their opposition to Moray's usurpation, by holding out hopes of her speedy return to Scotland, and quoting the delusive promises Queen Elizabeth had made of reinstating her in her regal authority. Aware that it was necessary to have a recognized leader for her party, she sent her commission to her banished kinsman the Duke de Châtelherault, constituting him Lieutenant of the realm in her absence. In this instrument—which was also intended to serve as a manifesto, not only to her own subjects, but to Christendom—she thus describes her case:—

"Being pursued by some of our rebel subjects, we have been constrained, after a battle, to retire into this country of England, where we are detained by the con-

¹ Knollys to Cecil, Carlisle, July 7, 1568.

trivance of the said rebels, who, not contented with having secretly slain our husband, proceeded to make us a prisoner under the false pretext of putting upon us the accusation of the murder themselves had committed on our said husband, as is sufficiently proved, desiring to take away our honour in like manner as they have stolen our rings and jewels, pursued our life, and holding our son as their prisoner till he shall be of age, after which they will treat him as they have done his father."¹

Mary's reliance was but on a broken reed, if she anticipated any good results from the Duke de Châtelherault. Selfishness and timidity were his leading characteristics. Her commission,² investing him with the government of the realm, which had better have been addressed to his gallant son Lord Claud Hamilton, was executed July 12th, 1568, on the eve of her reluctant departure from Carlisle.

The French ambassador, La Forest, sent word to Mary "that he was satisfied the Queen of England was sincere, and meant to use her with all due courtesy during the period of her detention, advising her to rest patiently till the excitement which at that time agitated all Christendom should have subsided;" while to the King his master he confidentially observes: "In truth, sire, I believe her person is in greater security where she now is, and treated with less indignity, than if she were in her own Castle of Edinburgh with those who say they wish to fight for her, so little trust is to be placed in those of her nation."

Surely La Forest had forgotten the fidelity of that gallant little company at Carlisle, who clung to the fallen fortunes of their fugitive Queen in her distress, when he formed so low an estimate of the honour of Scotland as to say, "little dependence was to be placed on men of that nation." The attraction of Carlisle for Mary, and the cause of her reluctance to be removed thence, was, that from the barred casement in her chamber there, she could still look back to the blue hills of her own beloved Scotland. True, she had been betrayed, calumniated, and spitefully used there, but she was too just to blame the great body of her subjects for the villany of the few. But the people of Scotland loved their hapless sovereign well; they love her still. Loyal affection for her has been transmitted as a heritage from father to son, and after the lapse of nearly three centuries, the name of "Bonnie Queen Mary" continues to be a household word, not only in the castles, but in the cottage-homes of Scotland. Had the cruel detention of her person in an English prison not rendered all exertions in her behalf hopeless, there can be no doubt that she would speedily have been replaced on her throne. Deeply had the absence of her maternal government been felt and mourned. Even his time-serving panegyrists, Buchanan and Sir James Melville, acknowledge that the unpopularity of the Regent Moray was extreme. Queen Mary's party was rapidly gaining ground in Scotland, and the resort of her friends to visit her at Carlisle was so considerable as to alarm

¹ Sloane Collection—British Museum

² Labanoff, vol. ii.

her keepers there into hurrying her oft-delayed departure without tarrying for further ceremonies.¹

Mary continued resolute in her declarations that she would not leave Carlisle, notwithstanding the active preparations that were making for her journey, till the very day before that appointed by the English Council for her departure for Bolton Castle, when the arrival of Sir George Bowes, who had again been sent for by her keepers, at the head of forty armed horsemen for her escort, convinced her that she had no other choice than to submit to the hard law of necessity. "Surely if I should declare the difficulty we have had to get her to remove," writes Sir Francis Knollys to Cecil,² "instead of a letter I should have to write a story, and that somewhat tragical. But this I must say for her, that after she did see that neither her stout threatenings, nor her exclamations, nor her lamentations, could dissuade us from our preparations and constant seeming to have authority and determination to remove her—although we never said expressly that we had authority to remove her *volens volens*—then, like a very wise woman, she sought to understand whether, if she did remove, she might send some of her noblemen into Scotland to confer with her party there." Her loyal kinsman Lord Claud Hamilton and the Laird of Skirling were the gentlemen selected by Queen Mary "to return to Scotland, and comfort her friends there" in her name, with messages of encouragement and assurances of hopes that were far from her desolate heart. The mournful passions of the scene may be imagined, when these true men of Scotland pressed round their lovely and beloved Queen, to bend the knee before her at her farewell reception in Carlisle Castle, and to kiss her hand for the last time, when she dismissed them with her thanks and blessings for their generous devotion to her service.

Mary left Carlisle on the morning of the 13th of July, surrounded, preceded, and followed by two strong companies of English guards, one under the command of Sir George Bowes, the other of Captain Read. She was accompanied by her keepers Lord Scroope and Sir Francis Knollys, and attended by her six faithful ladies, and as many of the voluntary followers of her adverse fortunes as could obtain permission to go with her in the capacity of servants. Twenty carriage-horses and

¹ The expenses of Mary's residence at Carlisle, with her personal attendants, including Lord Scroope and Sir Francis Knollys, up to the 12th of June amounted only to £162, 2s. 10d. The price of provisions at that time may be calculated from the fact, that forty sheep were purchased for £10, 14s. 4d., the expense of providing and bringing them to Carlisle being 3s. £7, 9s. 5d. were charged in the account for fish, lambs, veals, kids, capons, &c. &c., the number not specified. Eight bushels of wheat cost £2, 2s. 4d.,

about half the present current price. £10 were charged "for beer, £13 for Gascon wine, 20s. for peats and turfs." The outlay increased subsequently to about £52 a-week, which included the English establishment of Mary's keepers, as well as herself and her personal suite. The greater number of her followers lodged in the town, and lived at their own charges.

² Letter from Knollys to Cecil, dated Lowther, July 14. Cotton MSS. Calig., B. ix. p. 289.

twenty-three saddle-horses for the ladies and gentlemen of her suite, and four little cars, were hired for the accomplishment of the journey, as Sir Francis Knollys informs Cecil, with an apology for the expense thus incurred.

Lowther Castle, the feudal mansion of Lord Scroope's deputy-warden, Sir Richard Lowther, was the place chosen by Mary's keepers for her to sleep that night. "The cause why we chose this house for her remove towards Bolton Castle," writes Knollys, "was for that this house is twenty miles into the land from Carlisle, and standeth farther from the rescue of the Scots than any other house we could have chosen." Sir Richard Lowther paid his royal guest the respect of coming in person to meet and conduct her to his mansion. Mary supped and slept at Lowther Castle the first night of her journey from Carlisle to Bolton, July 13th, and breakfasted there on the morning of the 14th. The affectionate attention, respect, and sympathy with which she was treated by Sir Richard Lowther, his wife, mother, and sisters, made so lively an impression on Mary's heart that she was very loth to leave them. When the inevitable moment of parting came, she kissed and embraced the ladies of the family, and thanked them for the hospitality and kindness they had shown her. Fain would she have lingered, but the summons for her departure being reiterated, Sir Richard Lowther gave her his hand to lead her to her litter. When she reached the portal of the Castle she turned about to look on the friendly group once more, and burst into tears; then yielding to her impulsive feelings, she knelt, and, lifting up her hands, fervently pronounced her blessing on the house of Lowther through all generations, and prayed "that its prosperity might be augmented an hundredfold, and never fail." Neither the wealth nor honours of that ancient family, of which the Earl of Lonsdale is the descendant and representative, appear in truth to have decreased since the day when Mary Stuart bestowed all she had to give—her parting benediction on the line.¹

Queen Mary with her retinue and guard halted the second night at Wharton, and, after travelling all the next day, reached her destination on the evening of the 15th of July. The reverential attention and affectionate sympathy she had received from the Lowther family, had soothed her wounded spirit; the fresh air and pleasant features of the beautiful district of Richmondshire, with its green hills and flowery valleys, through

¹ Sir Richard Lowther was the cousin of Queen Mary's first kind English host, Sir Henry Curwen of Workington Hall. His wife, Frances Middleton of Middleton, was a near relative of Sir Henry Curwen's mother, Agnes Strickland of Sizergh. Sir Richard Lowther was also cousin to Camden the historian, whose testimony in favour of Mary Stuart's innocence of the crimes with which she

has been stigmatized, derives the greater importance from the fact of his close connection with so many persons of unimpeachable integrity, who were personally acquainted with her, and had enjoyed the opportunity of hearing those explanations from her own lips which she so often offered to give Queen Elizabeth in the presence of the English Parliament.

which her route lay, must have contributed to tranquillize the excitement of her nervous system, for she arrived in a calm and placid frame of mind, as we find from the following report, written by Sir Francis Knollys to Cecil on the morrow, July 16th: "We arrived here at Bolton Castle with this Queen yesternight, one hour after sunsetting. And since her departure from Carlisle she hath been very quiet, very tractable, and void of displeasent countenance, although she seemeth she will not remove any further into the realm without constraint. There hath been no repair to her by the way, as might have been looked for; the which repair, I suppose, was abridged by our sharp dealing with one Christopher Lassels coming to Carlisle out of Yorkshire, about three weeks past, of purpose to see this Queen."¹

Bolton Castle is in the North Riding of Yorkshire, about ten miles from Richmond, in a very secluded locality, which, at the period Mary was brought thither, must have been considered an out-of-the-world place, and was apparently chosen for her prison both on account of its loneliness and strength. "This house," writes Knollys, "appeareth to be very strong, very fair, and very stately, after the old manner of building, and is the highest walled one I have seen, and hath but one entrance thereinto, and half the number of soldiers may better watch and ward than the whole number at Carlisle." The building consisted of four large square towers at the corners, which were connected by intermediate suites of apartments, a story lower than the towers, enclosing a spacious court. A small tower rose in the centre. The north and south sides were a hundred and eighty-five feet in length, the east and west façades a hundred and twenty-eight. The apartments occupied by Queen Mary were at the south-west angle of the building; they are at present tenanted by a farmer's family.² "One thing I much noted in the Hall of Bolton," observes quaint old Leland, "how chimneys were conveyed by tunnels, made in the sides of the walls, betwixt the lights in the hall, and by this means, and not by covers, is the smoke of the hearth wonderstrangely conveyed;"³ meaning that the warm air was diffused through the large cold apartment by flues, a great novelty in the science of domestic comfort in the sixteenth century. "There was also," according to Leland, "a very fair clock at Bolton, with the motion of the sun and moon, and other conclusions;" what these were he does not explain.

This spacious feudal mansion, a massive ruin of which is still in existence, is seated on a rocky eminence above Wensleydale, and commands a glorious prospect of the valley of the Ure, Bishopsdale, and the scattered

¹ *Archæologia*, vol. xxi. p. 161. Wright's Elizabeth.

² A drawing of the antique window of her bedchamber has been engraved in the *Archæologia*. In this window she had written her name with a diamond,

but the pane of glass was unfortunately broken in an attempt to remove it by the desire of a dowager Lady Bolton, who wished to possess the autograph of the royal captive.

³ *Itinerary*, vol. viii. p. 66.

hamlets, interspersed with woods, on the lofty range of the southern hills. On the green behind the Castle, a crystal spring of delicious water gushes out and forms a natural fountain. Bolton Castle is considered bleak and dreary in the winter, but at the sweet season of the year when Mary Stuart was reluctantly brought thither, every approach to it was clad with the richest verdure, and redolent of midsummer flowers, brier roses, and woodbine, profusely garlanding the hedge-rows, harebells, larger and brighter even than those in Scotland, waving from every crag, blended with purple heath; tall, graceful spikes of throatwort, with its azure bells, mingled with nodding crimson foxgloves; while, beneath, pansies and wild thyme enamelled the velvet turf. Surely our sad northern Queen had never seen such an affluence of flowers, even in her regretted France, as those which greeted her in Wensleydale, and begemmed the picturesque cliffs of Leyburn, a district which combines in softer beauty some of the romantic features of Scotland with the festive and rejoicing scenery of merry England.

At Bolton Castle Mary was received and welcomed by Lady Scroope, the same noble matron who had met her at Cockermouth, with the English ladies of the Border, and attended her to Carlisle. The friendship that was then commenced between them had been cemented by a link unsuspected at the time by Queen Elizabeth and her Council, or Bolton Castle would have been the last place in the realm to which the royal captive would have been sent. The fact that Lady Scroope's brother, the Duke of Norfolk, had visited Queen Mary secretly at Carlisle, while she was under the charge of Sir Richard Lowther, had not then transpired.

So entirely unprovided was Bolton Castle with plenishings meet for the reception of a royal guest, that Sir George Bowes considered it his duty to supply some of the deficiencies, by sending for hangings and bedding from his own house, though a very considerable distance from that neighbourhood. Sir Francis Knollys, in his letter to Cecil recounting the services of Sir George Bowes, not only in assisting in removing the Queen of Scots from Carlisle, but contributing to the scanty furniture of Bolton Castle, observes, "for the which he is worthy of thanks at the Queen's Majesty's hands, since we had otherwise been destitute of convenient stuff for her Majesty's honour."¹ It was nearly four years before Queen Elizabeth could be persuaded to remunerate Sir George Bowes for his expenses in bringing his men to assist in the removal of her royal captive from Carlisle. He was also a considerable loser by the loan of his furniture. Mary, who never forgot a kindness, having occasion to write to him eleven years afterwards, mentioned in very gracious terms her remembrance of the courtesies he had shown to her during her abode at Bolton.²

¹ Memorials of the Northern Rebellion, by Sir C. Sharpe—Appendix.

² *Ibid.*

Among other preparations for the temporary residence of the royal captive at Bolton Castle, "provision was ordered to be made," from Queen Elizabeth's household, "of pewter vessels, brass pots and pans, racks and spits, and a copper kettle, for the boiling beef, garden sauces, and other necessaries." A warrant to the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster was issued for wood to be appointed for making charcoal in the forests pertaining to his office for her use, and weekly provision of venison was ordered to be made. Furniture was borrowed of different gentry in the neighbourhood of Bolton, but the owners were very anxious to have it again, as her stay was longer than they anticipated. Sir Francis Knollys speaks of the plate and stuff he expected Elizabeth to send to replace the borrowed, but observes: "I have not written for any cloth-of-estate (royal canopy), because this Queen maketh small regard of ceremonious honour, although to prosper in deeds of weight her desire is not inferior to the greatest princes; and yet sure her familiar courtesy becomes her very well, and very plausible¹ through her discreet usage thereof."

Queen Mary was rejoined at Bolton by James Borthwick, one of her accredited messengers to the Court of London. He told her, among other things, in the presence of Sir Francis Knollys, "that Cecil had said 'he longed to hear of her arrival at Bolton, and marvelled that he heard not of her removal.'"—"He is a great furtherer of my cause!"² was Mary's ironical rejoinder. Many of her troubles resulted from the unguarded frankness of her character. Her anger and its effects might be compared to a brief summer storm, a flash of lightning, a clap of thunder followed by a shower of rain, and then returning sunshine. True woman, proud and quick to take offence, but quickly mollified, her great weakness was the excess of charity which inclined her not only to forgive, but to believe and trust those who had injured her, and those whose interest it was to deceive and circumvent her. "She saith," observes Knollys, "'that all Scotland is weary of my Lord of Moray's government, and ready to yield unto her.' She likes my Lord of Moray's letter well, whereof I sent you the copy, and she saith, 'he would do well enough of his own nature, saving that he is somewhat puffed up by others, and made too desirous of government.' And upon the liking of his letter she hath written another unto him in French, the which she read unto us, wherein she accuseth him of ingratitude, but yet after a friendly manner of quarrelling, so that it seems she would fain win him, and that she is not utterly out of hope thereof."

Very plausible must have been Moray's first letter to his royal sister,

¹ He evidently means 'pleasing' by the word 'plausible.'

² Sir F. Knollys to Sir W. Cecil, Bolton, July 25, 1568—State Paper Office MS., inedited.

to produce so delusive an impression on her mind. His second, of which he sent a copy to Lord Scroope, to be forwarded to Queen Elizabeth, is a masterpiece of art and effrontery, glozing over all his treason against his injured Sovereign, under the hypocritical pretexs of duty to God and his country. Mary had asked him "how he could find it in his heart, after receiving so many benefits at her hands, to pursue her life in his Parliament, in addition to the many outrages he had committed against her." To which he adroitly answers, "that if he had desired to shorten her days, he had had within the last twelvemonth past greater means to do it than ever the will had entered his heart."¹ Small indeed was his merit in abstaining from shedding blood that would have been required at his hands by every true man in Scotland. Well did he know that even his guilty confederates, Morton and Lethington, would have been the first to excite the avenging fury of the people against him, by denouncing him as her murderer, even if she had died a natural death while in the keeping of his mother at Lochleven. "I shall never," continues he, "ask God mercy for any thought that ever entered in my mind towards the life of any mortal man, let be of your Grace, whom I take God to witness I have loved as dearly as ever I did, or shall, any living creature." What a manly burst of honest feeling does this appear, till we remember that the same hand which penned it subscribed the murderous bond for David Riccio's slaughter in cold blood! Could Moray so deceive himself as to think he had no cause to ask God's mercy for his practices against that man's life? None for the deliberate malice that foredoomed the barbarous deed to be perpetrated in the presence of a young pregnant woman, and she his sister and his Sovereign? None for consenting to her death, when he trusted the penalty of the regicide would fall on her besotted husband, and leave the path to empire open for himself? Yet in the face of these offences, and of his more recent acts of treason, defamation, and supplanting, he could call on his all-seeing Maker to witness how dearly he had loved her whom he had thus deeply injured.

Mary was cheered by the arrival of her servant, Lord Herries, at Bolton Castle, on the 25th of July, after his long detention at the English Court. He brought her flattering hopes of her speedy restoration to her regal inheritance, Queen Elizabeth having so completely deluded him on that subject, that he could not refrain from whispering in Sir Francis Knollys' ear, "that she intended to take order with the Earl of Moray for reducing him to his obedience." Mary, in the fulness of her heart, sent for Scroope and Knollys, and commanded Herries "to repeat the satisfactory message from their Sovereign to her, of which he was the bearer, in their presence," the effect whereof, Knollys tells Cecil, was,

¹ Anderson, vol. iv. p. 117.

“that if she would commit her cause to be heard by Queen Elizabeth’s order, not as her judge, but rather as her dear cousin and friend to commit herself to her advice and counsel, she (Elizabeth) would surely set her again in her regal seat.”

Mary wrote to Queen Elizabeth without delay, thanking her in the most affectionate terms for the message of which Lord Herries was the bearer. She thus gracefully signifies her acquiescence in the plan proposed by Elizabeth :—

“On your word there is nothing I would not adventure, for I can never doubt your honour or your royal faith, and thus shall I be content with what Lord Herries tells me you desire, and that those whom you please shall come, assuring myself that they will be well-chosen men of rank, fit for so important a charge. Moray or Morton, or both of them, as the principal of those who maintain the charge that is alleged against me, can come, as you desire to take with them such order as shall seem good to you, treating me as their Queen according to the promises made to me in your name by my Lord Herries, without prejudice to my crown, dignity, or the rank which I hold as your nearest of blood.”¹

She informs Elizabeth “that she had, according to the request which Lord Herries had conveyed to her for that purpose, directed her faithful subjects to disperse and remain quiet, as her good sister had guaranteed that Moray should not attempt anything of a hostile nature ;” “also, that she had written to countermand the promised forces from France and Spain for the succour of her adherents, being willing to owe everything to the friendship promised by Elizabeth.” Mary never committed a greater error. George Douglas had just succeeded in raising a thousand volunteers in France for her service, whom in consequence of these fatal orders he was compelled to disband.²

Huntley and Argyll were then in the field at the head of nearly ten thousand men, and having reduced the northern and western districts to their duty, were rapidly advancing to the south, with every prospect of crushing the usurping Regent. The Lords of Queen Mary’s party, including two-thirds of the nobility of Scotland, had consented to forget old feuds and coalesce heartily for her sake with the Hamiltons. In this spirit they had convened at Largys, and on the very day her ill-judged assent to Elizabeth’s requisitions was written, they had united in addressing a manly remonstrance to that Princess on her detention of their Sovereign, praying “that she might be restored to them, as everything went wrong in her absence.” This address was signed by twenty-one nobles. These great peers convened a Parliament in Queen Mary’s name at Ayr in the beginning of August, at which the proceedings of the rebel Lords were condemned, and the Earl of Moray was, by public proclamation in that town, denounced “as the murderer, by procuration, of the Queen’s husband, the late King, because he was a Papist.”

¹ July 28—Labanoff, vol. ii. p. 140.

² State Paper Correspondence.

Unfortunately for Mary, the flattering promises with which Elizabeth had deluded Lord Herries were only verbal. Mary requested her good sister to direct Mr Secretary Cecil to put them in black and white, by writing an official letter, stating in explicit terms the proposition sent to her through Lord Herries, but her request was evaded, and the promises violated. Mary, however, confiding in the honour of the English Sovereign, regained her elastic spirits for the first time since the murder of her husband. When she had been a fortnight at Bolton Castle, Knollys writes the following report of her to Cecil: "The Queen here is merry, and hunteth and passeth her time in pleasant manner." The influence of the bracing delicious air and glorious scenery of Wensleydale, and the bold hills of Richmondshire, reminding her of some of the royal sporting-grounds in Scotland, had produced a beneficial effect on the shattered health of the poor fugitive, whose nervous system had suffered so many agonizing shocks during the last three years, for so long and no more was it since the public solemnization of her nuptials with her ill-fated cousin. Years of agonizing excitement, sickness, and disappointed hope, they had been combined with outrages and scenes of horror unexampled at that time in the history of female royalty. Under how light a calamity, in comparison to one of the griefs and humiliations she had endured, had her royal father lain down and died! But Mary Stuart, proud and sensitive though she were by nature, resigned herself to the will of God, and, instead of fretting her life away, lived bravely on, through all the trials that were appointed to prove her virtue, as an ensample of how much may be borne by woman. Her deportment and manners were gentle and winning in the domestic circle. "I am sure," said she playfully to Lord Scroope and Sir Francis Knollys, "that if I would have returned into Scotland from Carlisle you would not have resisted me by force." Lord Herries, who was present, merrily confirmed her opinion. But they testily retorted: "What they should do in such cases they must learn of the Queen their mistress, and in nowise of any Scotchman."¹ They complained privately to Lord Herries of the increasing number of Queen Mary's retinue since her arrival at Bolton, the meaner sort of whom were living at Queen Elizabeth's expense. Herries inquired "what number her Highness might be allowed?" Knollys replied, "thirty men and six gentlemen were enough to remain at his Sovereign's charges." Herries then said "that, although his Queen would be loth to put away any, yet he trusted she would be contented to find the overplus at her own charges in the town." The number of Queen Mary's servants at Bolton Castle amounted to forty, including her women. "She hath dismissed," reports Knollys in his next letter, "and returned a dozen or sixteen into Scotland. All her servants of the stable, and divers others, to the number of twenty, do

¹ Scroope and Knollys to Cecil, July 28, 1568. Anderson.

board in the town" (probably Leyburn, for there is no town nearer to Bolton Castle). "Divers of her gentlemen, *bwoyes* (boys), and hungry servants are shifted out of this house." The expenses of the long journey with so many persons from Carlisle to Bolton, had, it seems, exhausted all the money Mary's keepers could command, and Knollys earnestly petitions Cecil for a fresh supply in their extreme need, of which he says they had before apprised him. In another letter he begs "that, when the money is sent, it may not be openly, by carrying it on a spare horse, for fear of misadventures by the way from these hungry thieves."¹

Although the distance from the Border, and the isolated situation of Bolton Castle, prevented such resort to Mary as there was at Carlisle, she was neither forgotten nor deserted by her loyal subjects. The following quaint description of one of her nobles who came to pay his devoir to her a few days after her arrival, is communicated by Knollys to Cecil. "There is an *owld* baron called the Lord Roslin, dwelling within six miles of Edinburgh, is come lately hither to this Queen. He is said to be of as great revenue as my Lord Herries, but he hath not half so much wit. He is called rich, and a great sparer of money, but what he may get by his sparing I know not, but by invention and policy it seemeth he should get but little. They say his possessions are seized on by the Regent, and belike that is the cause of his coming from his own country hither.

A design was in agitation in the beginning of August for conveying Mary from Bolton Castle across the Border to Fernyhirst Castle, where her loyal servant, the Laird of Fernyhirst, was in eager expectation of her arrival for several days. The traditions of Bolton and Wensleydale assert that Mary made a daring attempt to escape by being let down from a window in Bolton Castle, the only one looking into the country. The path she took is pointed out through the coppices that fringe the lofty terrace-hill with its natural battlement of rocks. A board with an inscription recording the incident has been put up to mark the place—that picturesque pass in Leyburn Shaw, about two miles from Bolton Castle, now called, in memory of that circumstance, "The Queen's gap," where the royal fugitive, when she had all but recovered her liberty, was overtaken by Lord Scroope and her guards, recaptured, and brought back. The influence of Lady Scroope must have been successfully exerted, not only with her lord, but Sir Francis Knollys, and every one in Bolton Castle, to hush up the perilous tale of the attempted escapade of their illustrious charge, for whose safe keeping they were all answerable with their lives. Mary's absence was regarded by the best and noblest men in Scotland as a national calamity at this period, while the odium into which her usurping brother had fallen was attested by public clamour and repeated con-

¹ Knollys to Cecil, July 26.

federacies against his life. The enormous bribes and patronage lavished on Sir James Balfour had not only opened the eyes of right-thinking men to the motive for them, but provoked the envy and ill-will of meaner villains. Supported, however, by a standing force, and possessed of all the available resources of the Crown of Scotland, Moray made these plots an excuse for establishing a despotism unexampled in the history of that realm, crushing not only the avowed adherents of Queen Mary, but ridding himself of all dangerous or suspected persons who had incurred his ill-will. To the astonishment of every one, he thought proper to accuse his own recently-inaugurated Lion King of Arms, Sir William Stuart, of being an accomplice in Patrick Bellenden's plot for his assassination.¹ A frightful tragedy, and not the least mysterious of the many dark transactions in which Moray's name is involved, must now be related, as it materially affects the credibility of the so-called confessions of Nicholas Hubert, *alias* French Paris, on which great stress has been laid by Laing, Mignet, and other writers, who have assumed Mary's guilt on no better evidence than the fabrications produced against her by the usurpers of her Government.

Sir William Stuart, when he was the Albany Herald, had been sent by Moray, in September, 1567, to demand the person of the Earl of Bothwell; but the King of Denmark, choosing to retain that great state-criminal in his own keeping, yet willing to preserve his alliance with Scotland unbroken, compounded the matter by giving up his servant Nicholas Hubert, whom Stuart brought back to Scotland as a prisoner in the beginning of the year 1568, and delivered to Moray, by whom he was incarcerated in a dungeon, first in Edinburgh Castle, and then at St Andrews, subjected to the torture, and practised with in every possible way, in order to induce him to bear false witness against the Queen, and he was, after a year and a half's solitary confinement, hanged at St Andrews, August 16, 1569. The slanderous falsehoods, which only torture could compel him to depose against the Queen, were published by Moray after his death under the name of his "Confessions." Hubert's revelations to Sir William Stuart during his voyage from Denmark had probably been of a very different nature; for Moray, though he bestowed on Stuart pecuniary rewards, and promoted him to the high office of Lord Lion King of Arms at his first arrival, took a very early opportunity for seeking his life under a charge of magic, seized his property, degraded him from his office, which he conferred on a connection of his brother-in-law, Lord Lindsay,² and invented a pretext for proceeding against his life. Sir William Stuart fled to Dumbarton, whence he addressed an eloquent

¹ Drury to Cecil, August 8, 1568—State Paper MS., inedited. Diurnal of Occurrences. Chalmers.

² Diurnal of Occurrences. Chalmers' Life of Moray. State Paper Office Correspondence, inedited.

letter to a nobleman of Moray's party, who had written to Lord Fleming, the Governor of Dunbarton, demanding him to be given up to justice.

"Desist, I pray you, to seek farther my blood, for, as I shall answer to the eternal God, I never conspired nor consented to the Earl of Moray's death. . . . I fear you not, nor none of that monstrous faction, for as God is the defender of innocents, so is He the just and severe punisher of cruel monsters and usurpers, who spare not to execute all kind of cruelty under the pretext of religion and justice. For to accomplish and perform the unnatural, ingrate, and ambitious designs, I am innocently persecuted, accused, and detracted. But there be some of his own secret council that, both directly and indirectly, have sought that bloody usurper's life, whom I shall name as occasion shall serve. Be, therefore, I pray you, rather a protector than a persecutor of my innocent life, and advertise me, if it be your good pleasure, what are the crimes whereof they accuse me."¹

Stuart falling, through some unexplained mischance, into Moray's hands, was incarcerated for several months in Edinburgh Castle, whence he was removed to a dungeon in St Andrew's Castle, and condemned to death by a very summary process for practices against the Regent's life. Moray affected to pardon him for that alleged offence, but only that he might inflict a more barbarous sentence upon him by consigning him to the flames, under a pretended accusation of witchcraft, August 15, 1569, the day before the execution of Hubert,² whom it was not considered prudent for him to survive. Let this truth be marked by readers of history, that the notorious Act of Parliament inflicting death by fire on witches, passed the same summer, ought not to be attributed to James I., as he was only then at the sage age of two years. It was provided by the "good Regent Moray," as political history calls him, for the destruction of this intractable Lion King. It never could be repealed, it survived the reign of the Stuarts and even the Scotch Parliament, and was actually practised against Scotch witches as near to our time as the middle of the last century!

CHAPTER X.

In the house and society of her kind hostess, Lady Scroope, who had been educated, like her brother the Duke of Norfolk, in the principles of the Anglican Church,³ of which both were members, Mary Stuart enjoyed the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the tenets and practice of that pure and apostolic branch of the Reformed faith, which had taken

¹ The orthography of this important letter is modernized to render it intelligible to the general reader, but the original may be referred to in Cotton. Lib. Calig., vol. ix, p. 272.

² Balfour's Annals—Diurnal of Occurrents. State Paper Office MSS., inedited.

³ They had been the pupils of Foxe the Martyrologist.

root in the land of promise over which she hoped one day to reign. Perceiving nothing to which she could on conscientious grounds object, she scrupled not to join in the worship.

Lord Herries had been educated in the tenets of the Church of Rome, but had embraced the principles of the Reformation, and was regarded as one of the most worthy of the Lords of Congregation; having, during his detention in London, become acquainted with the edifying and orderly worship established in England, he was anxious that Queen Mary should become a convert to its doctrines, and consent to the establishment of the Liturgy in Scotland. "In cities and towns," said he, "where learned preachers remain, I can allow very well of the order of prayer and preaching now used in Scotland; but in country places, where learned men are rare, the form of common prayer as used in England is better, according to my judgment." Mary being at that time much influenced by this honest and liberal-minded nobleman, and surrounded by persons holding the like opinions, such as Lord and Lady Livingston, on whose sincerity she could rely, was induced not only to listen patiently, but to unite with them in prayer.

Lord Scroope, elated at having prevailed thus far over prejudices hitherto regarded as indomitable, wrote to the Regent Moray, communicating his hopes that Mary would, ere long, abandon the mass. A French fleet in the Forth would have been less alarming to the usurper of Mary's government than the prospect of her conversion from her unpopular religion. He replied to Scroope's announcement in a tone which savoured little of the feelings either of a brother or a Christian,¹ much less of the tender affection he had professed for his royal sister in his previous letter to herself.

It was to no purpose that Mary complained to Elizabeth, and that the nobles of her party themselves united in memorializing Elizabeth; at the same time repeating their petition for the liberation and return of Queen Mary, reminding Elizabeth "of the letter they had written to her from Largs in that behalf; and as," continue they, "we have received no answer from your Highness, and we think the time very long, both through the absence of our sovereign lady, and sundry other inconveniences we receive thereby, beseeching most humbly your Highness to restore our Sovereign to her estate and honour as she was of before with her realm, in all sorts."² This memorial, being signed by a great majority of the peers of Scotland, affords unquestionable evidence that, so far from having forfeited the affection and allegiance of those who had the best means of judging what her real conduct and principles were, Mary was loved and esteemed by them, and her

¹ The Regent Moray to Lord Scroope, August 7, 1568—Anderson.

² Letter of the Scotch Nobles at Dumbarton to Queen Elizabeth, in favour of their Sovereign, August 24, 1568.

absence regarded as a national misfortune. They also wrote to the King and Queen-mother of France, imploring them to exert their power, if their influence should prove unavailing, to procure the liberation of their Sovereign, who was unjustly detained in England, and to grant succours of men and money to replace her in her regal authority, of which she had, they said, "been deprived by a pack of wicked traitors."

Elizabeth deigned no reply to the memorial of the loyal Scotch peers, but sent a summons to the Earl of Moray to appear at York, accompanied by such of his coadjutors as he might think proper to select, in order to answer the charges that had been preferred against him by his Sovereign. Reluctant as Moray was to leave his work of vengeance in Scotland unfinished, he durst not disobey the peremptory mandate of the powerful dictatress, whose object was* to compel him to bring forward in a tangible shape those defamatory accusations against Mary which had hitherto been confined to insinuations, and only disseminated in political libels. As the first step in this process, he prepared a commission in the name of the infant whom he entitled the King of Scotland, appointing himself, his confederate Morton, his brother-in-law Lindsay, the bravo of the faction, their profligate tool Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, and Robert Pitcairn, Commendator of Dunfermline, as commissioners to represent the High and Mighty Prince, King James VI., at the approaching Conferences. To these were added, under the name of assistants, Lethington, Mary's perfidious Secretary of State; Moray's private secretary, the inventive John Wood; the false, ungrateful, but highly talented Buchanan; with those veteran pensioners of England, Henry Balnaves and James Makgill.¹

Elizabeth appointed her kinsman the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Sussex as her Commissioners, uniting with them, ostensibly on account of his knowledge of the Scotch language and Scotch affairs, but really because of his uncompromising hostility to the Scotch Queen, Sir Ralph Sadler. When the rumour of this inimical appointment reached Mary, she wrote to Elizabeth, complaining "that her Ministers, with undue partiality to her rebels, had united with the two principal Commissioners one who had at all times acted as her enemy."² She mentions no names, but of course alludes to her earliest foe, Sir Ralph Sadler, and earnestly implores the arbitress of her fate to treat her as her relation and friend

¹ George Buchanan received goodly gear for the decoration of his outward man to the amount of £72, 17s. 6d. Henry Balnaves, though a Lord of Session, and one of the wealthiest civilians in Scotland, accepted suits of velvet and cloth to the tune of £231. John Wood, who was also a Lord of Session, was not left

out in this liberal distribution; while Lethington, who, it appears, preferred money to mercery, received £200 in hard cash. Treasurer's Accounts, 27th August, 1568—General Register House Edinburgh.

² Mary to Elizabeth, Sept. 1, 1568—Labanoff.

according to her promise, and not to allow her to be crushed with such palpable injustice. "I have," continues she, "said what I had on my mind about it to your vice-chamberlain, and now I implore you not to allow me to perish for want of a harbour, for as a ship agitated by all the winds so am I, without knowing where to find a port, if, taking compassion of my long wanderings, you receive me not to a haven of safety." "I beg also," adds she, "that you will prohibit the sale of the rest of my jewels, which the rebels have ordained in their Parliament, for you have promised that nothing should be done in it to my prejudice. I should be very glad if they were in safer custody, for they are not meat proper for traitors. Between you and me it would make little difference, and I should be rejoiced, if any of them happened to be to your taste, that you would accept them from me as offerings of my goodwill."

Mary made her first essay in writing English in a naïve little letter to Sir Francis Knollys, who had taken upon himself to be her instructor in that language. He was then absent from Bolton for a few days. Her letter is a great curiosity in regard to orthography; one or two sentences may serve as a specimen.

"It is sed Seterday my unfriends wil be vth zou; y sey nothing, bot trest weil. And ze send oni to zour wiff, ye may asur her schu wald a bin weilcom to a pur strenger;"¹ which means, "It is said Saturday my unfriends will be with you. I say nothing, but trust well." In the same droll style of orthography she tells Knollys that "she has sent him a little token to remember him of the good *hop* (hope) she has in him, and wishes him, if he can find a meet messenger, to bestow it on his wife rather than on any other." She concludes with this line, "*Excus my ivel vreitn this furst tym.*"

Lady Knollys, whom Mary was thus endeavouring to propitiate, was first cousin to Queen Elizabeth, and sister to Lord Hunsdon, the Lord Chamberlain, who had just been appointed Captain of Berwick. On his way from London thither, Hunsdon sent his eldest son, the handsome George Carey, to pay his duty to Sir Francis Knollys, as an excuse to get him presented slyly to the royal captive at Bolton Castle, who, notwithstanding her dire reverse of fortune, being the heiress-presumptive of the realm, might be called to the throne at any hour by the uncertainty of Elizabeth's life, or the caprice of popular feeling. The behaviour of Mary on this occasion is thus related by Hunsdon in a letter to Cecil: "I sent my son George to Bolton to my brother Knollys, of whose arrival the Scottish Queen was first advertised, and at his coming into the chamber received him very courteously, but told him 'she thought some uncourtesy in me that passing so nigh would not visit a poor stranger,'

¹ Labanoff, vol. ii. p. 172.

alleging it was along of some of her enemies who had *incensed* me of some evil against her, and praying me not to believe her enemies till I knew the truth.”¹ During the conference with George Carey, instead of entering into anything like light or frivolous discourse, she alluded with queenly dignity to complaints that had been made to her of the spoils and robberies committed on the Borders, praying him “to tell his father from her, that, if he found any of those outrages had been perpetrated by her followers, she wished him to punish them with greater severity than any others.” Lord Hunsdon was certainly well pleased with Mary’s gracious demeanour to his son, and the pleasant messages sent to himself through him. It may be conjectured, withal, that some impression was made on the heart of the young man by the captive Queen, for scarcely seven weeks later, we find his kind uncle, Knollys, taking infinite pains to persuade Cecil to propose the said George Carey to her for a husband;² a plain proof that she was considered by those who had the opportunity of understanding the real state of the case, as free to be wooed and wedded as if no such person as Bothwell were in existence.

Mary wrote to the counsellor on whom she had most reliance for ability and eloquence, John Lesley, Bishop of Ross, the historian, who had returned to Scotland, to repair to her without delay, in order to take upon him the management of her cause, she having appointed him as one of her Commissioners, together with the Lords Herries, Livingston, and Boyd; Gavin Hamilton, commonly called the Abbot of Kilwinning, the secular possessor of the rich abbey-lands of that foundation; Sir John Gordon of Lochinvar, and Sir James Cockburn of Skirling. Kilwinning arrived at Bolton Castle about the second week in September straight from the Court of England, where he had been soliciting a passport for his feudal chief, the Duke de Châtelherault, then in France, who was desirous of appearing at the approaching Conferences as one of the deputies of his oppressed Sovereign. Elizabeth, by delaying his passport, took care to prevent this loyal intention in the first instance, aware that the presence and support of the first Prince of the blood-royal of Scotland would produce a strong impression in Mary’s favour.

In reply to the complaints Elizabeth had written to her on the subject of the outrages committed by the Borderers, she says, “Neither you nor I, even in the time of peace, were able to keep our frontiers from aggression; how then can I, situated as I now am, control and govern those who will not recognize my authority?” She adds: “When I was in prison before the battle, you promised to restore me; and now I have

¹ Lord Hunsdon to Cecil, 4th Sept. 1568—State Paper MS.—Border Correspondence.

² Sir F. Knollys to Cecil, Bolton, Oct. 20—State Paper MS., inedited.

come, and confided myself entirely in your hands, can you do less? I think not, although your letters are civilly cold and ambiguous. I persuade myself that, if you did not wish to help me, you would not take upon you the trouble of managing my business, of which the issue, good or bad, will be attributed to you, whether as the restorer of a Queen or the reverse."

When Lesley, Bishop of Ross, arrived at Bolton from Scotland, about the 18th of September, Mary was in a state of sanguine expectation as to the result of the approaching Conference at York, which she told him "was appointed to make the Earl of Moray and others, her disobedient subjects, answer before the Queen of England's Commissioners for their unjust proceedings against her." Lesley expressed great concern at hearing Mary had fallen into the trap so artfully prepared for her. He told his royal mistress "that it would have been much better to have opened an amicable negotiation for composing the differences between herself and her disobedient subjects without English interference." To this Mary replied, "that she trusted the case was not as he apprehended, for she had understood the goodwill of the Duke of Norfolk to her by a message from his sister, Lady Scroope, which he had sent his confidential servant Lygon to Bolton to deliver to her. She thought Sussex, being his intimate friend, would be ruled by him, and that Sir Ralph Sadler would not withstand their advice. Besides this, she had many powerful friends in that country, as the Earl and Countess of Northumberland, the Earl and Countess of Westmoreland, the Nortons, and others."

Mary overrated the influence of the timid, irresolute Norfolk, as much as she underrated the firmness and diplomatic ability of Sir Ralph Sadler, who, though inferior in degree to the noble commissioners with whom he was associated, was the acting manager of the Conferences. His hostility against her had been decidedly shown when the question of recognizing her as the heiress of England was mooted in the Parliament of 1563, on which occasion he had declared "that he would never consent to establish a Scot in succession to the Crown of this realm, and thereby to do so great an injury as to disinherit the next heir of our own nation;" meaning Lady Katharine Gray. Then, in the discussions in the Privy Council on the measures to be adopted with regard to Queen Mary, when she took refuge in England, he was not ashamed to address the following unchristian-like exhortation to his Sovereign: "As for the Queen of Scots, she is in your own hands; your Majesty may so use her as she shall not be able to hurt you; and to that end surely God hath delivered her into your hands, trusting that your Majesty will not neglect the benefit by God offered unto you, in the delivery of such an enemy into your hands." An exhortation palpably suggested by motives of self-interest, for Sir Ralph Sadler was a considerable impropiator of church lands, and these,

if Mary Stuart were permitted to survive Elizabeth, might be in jeopardy. But Elizabeth had a more subtle game in view than immediate compliance with the base advice of the parvenu statesman, who had learned his code of ethics in the school of Cromwell and the Council-chamber of the reckless tyrant her father. She knew the power of popular opinion, and that to shed the blood of the royal fugitive, who had sought refuge in her realm, would render her an object of horror to two-thirds of her subjects, and make the name of Mary Stuart a war-cry against her with every Sovereign in Europe.

Bishop Lesley had gathered sufficient information from his spies in the English Council to be able to open Mary's eyes to the treacherous purposes intended against her. He was her spiritual director withal, and possessed of all the talents and persuasive eloquence likely to counteract her growing inclination towards the worship of the Church of England, and the impression which, in the absence of any of her own ecclesiastics, the preaching of her English chaplain, and the reasoning of her Protestant friends and faithful followers of that persuasion, had made on her mind. In less than a week after his arrival at Bolton we find a strong revulsion of feeling on that subject had taken place, for she wrote to her royal sister-in-law, Elizabeth of Valois, Queen of Spain, "that she would rather die than forsake the faith in which they had been nurtured together."¹ That Princess had written to her several times in a tone of the most affectionate sympathy, to which Mary thus gratefully responds: "I cannot describe the pleasure your kind and comforting letters have given me in this season of calamity. They seemed to be sent by God for my consolation in the midst of the manifold troubles which surround me." In reference to the collusion for her defamation between the usurpers of her Government and the English Sovereign, Mary bitterly observes: "She would by all means burden me with the reproach of that of which I have been so unjustly accused, as you may see by a brief summary of all the intrigues practised against me ever since I was born, by these traitors to God and me."²

A marriage between one of her little daughters and Mary's son having been playfully proposed by the Queen of Spain soon after his birth, Mary in this letter reminds her of the circumstance, and expresses an ardent wish "that what was said in sport might be brought to pass in good earnest," and suggests that "such an alliance may be the means of re-establishing the ancient faith both in England and Scotland." Fal-lacious notion! the evidence of history might have taught her that nations never return to a creed they have once shaken off.

The Conferences were opened at York on the 4th of October with imposing solemnity. The English Commissioners swore to proceed "sin-

¹ Mary Stuart to the Queen of Spain, Sept. 24, 1568—Labanoff.

² *Ibid.*

cerely and uprightly, not for affection's sake, or any other worldly respect, to lean or adhere to one party more than the other, more than reason, equity, and truth would bear, and to be honest, godly, reasonable, just, and true." The oath "to be honest, reasonable, just, and true," was also taken by Queen Mary's Commissioners, and by the Earl of Moray and his coadjutors, who affected to have received their commission from her baby-boy, whom they styled their Sovereign Lord the King of Scotland. The rival title of the infant puppet to his mother's throne was virtually acknowledged by the English Commissioners on the first day of meeting, by their requiring the Regent Moray, as his representative, to acknowledge the superiority of the Crown of England, by performing homage in his name for that of Scotland. Moray grew red, and wist not what to answer; but the sharp-witted Secretary Lethington extricated him from his dilemma with ready presence of mind, by saying, "that if the counties of Cumberland, Northumberland, and Huntingdon, with all the other lands which the kings of Scotland held of old in England, were restored, the homage should gladly be made for them; but as for the realm of Scotland, it had always been independent, and freer than England had been when it paid St Peter's penny to the Pope."

Mary, whom no selfish considerations ever rendered forgetful of the honour of her realm and the dignity of the vocation to which it had pleased God to call her in the first week of her existence, directed her Commissioners to preface all proceedings by entering a protest in her name, "that her submitting the consideration of the causes of difference between her and her disobedient subjects to her dearest sister, the Queen of England, or her Commissioners, was in no way to prejudice either the independence of her realm, nor her personal dignity as a Sovereign. In answer to this, Elizabeth's Commissioners declared "that the protestation made to that effect by the Queen of Scots' Commissioners, was not in any way to be allowed to prejudice the rights which the Queen's Majesty of England and her predecessors have claimed and enjoyed as superiors of the realm of Scotland." Mary demanded that the promise of the English Queen to replace her on her throne, should appear in the powers granted to her Commissioners; and the Regent Moray required a confirmation of the assurance he had already privately received, that if Queen Mary were convicted of the crimes with which he was preparing to charge her, she should never be permitted to return to Scotland.

The adjustment of the preliminary points occupied four days. Mary's Commissioners presented their royal mistress's complaint against the confederate Lords, Morton, Mar, and the others who had conspired against her authority, imprisoned her person in Lochleven Castle, seized her mint, coining instruments, and bullion, and crowned the Prince her son, then only thirteen months old; also "that James Earl of

Moray had taken upon himself the name of Regent, and that when it had pleased God to relieve her from the strait thralldom in which she had been held there for eleven months, they, the Earls of Moray, Morton, and Mar, notwithstanding that she had given commission to the Earls of Argyll, Eglinton, and Rothes, to endeavour to effect a pacification for the sake of her loving subjects, had with their partakers beset her on her way to Dumbarton with an army, waged with her own silver, overthrew her power, slew sundry right honest men her true subjects, and took others prisoners, from whom they had extorted large sums of money by way of ransom ; which undutiful proceedings had caused her to come into England, to require of the Queen her dearest sister and cousin, favour and support, that she might enjoy peaceably her realm according to God's calling ; and that these her subjects might be caused to recognize their lawful obedience, reform to her Majesty and her obedient subjects the wrongs they have done, and live as good subjects under her."¹ That it was Mary's intention to conciliate and win them to return to their duty, may be perceived by the brief and very temperate recital of her grievances, and her abstaining from detailing the gross insults and barbarous usage she had received at their hands.

It had been agreed, as a settled rule, at the opening of the Conferences, that Queen Mary's complaints should be sent in writing to the English Commissioners, who, after reading and considering them, were to send copies of the same to the Earl of Moray and his colleagues, to receive in like manner Moray's replies, and transmit them to Queen Mary's deputies. This rule was immediately broken, by Moray and his colleagues demanding and obtaining a personal conference with the English Commissioners, and propounding several important and very unfair queries before replying to Mary's charges. He required to be assured in the first place, "Whether the Queen of England would sanction his accusing Mary of the murder of her husband, and support him in it? Whether the Commissioners had full power to declare her guilty or otherwise, according to the evidence he should produce ; and if so, whether she might be delivered into his hands, or such order taken with her person in England that she would never trouble them again?" The English Commissioners replied, "that they were to communicate everything they heard to the Queen their Sovereign, and give their judgment according to her instructions." Moray and his confederates rejoined, "that unless positively assured of the Queen of England's intention to aid and maintain them in their proceedings, they would not proceed to any accusation." They gave in their reply to Queen Mary's complaint on the morrow, October 10, completely ignoring the foul charges they had registered against her in their Act of Council of the 4th of December, 1567, and their Act of Parliament of the 15th of the same month, by stating, "that

¹ Anderson's Collections, vol. iv. Goodall's Appendix.

the Earl of Bothwell having murdered the Queen's husband, and within three months after enterprised to ravish her person, led her as his captive to Dunbar, till he had divorced his wife and accomplished a pretended marriage with her, to obtain the government of her realm and power over the Prince her son, and that the reason of their taking up arms was to free her from the bondage of that tyrant." How far this declaration of Mary's adversaries is compatible with the absurd chimeras of her resistless passion for Bothwell, her collusive abduction, and voluntary wedlock with that ill-favoured and coarse-mannered ruffian, let those who put their faith in historical documents, and eschew political libels, decide.

Moray and his colleagues proceeded to excuse their imprisonment of their Sovereign in Lochleven Castle, under the pretext "that it was necessary to sequestrate her person from Bothwell, because she had conceived so vehement an affection for him that she refused to leave him;" also their usurpation of the power of her realm, and their coronation of the infant Prince her son, by declaring "that she had voluntarily resigned the crown to him, and had constituted the Earl of Moray Regent to govern in his name, and that voluntarily; no compulsion, violence, or force, having been used or practised to move her thereto." This declaration was attested by Lord Lindsay, the very man by whom her signature to the deeds of abdication and commissions of regency was extorted by ruffian menaces and threats of her life. How, then, can the slightest credit be attached to the depositions of witnesses who, by wilful and deliberate perjury, have, according to the righteous laws of evidence, forfeited all title to belief?

The same day the above answer to their Sovereign's complaint was delivered to the English Commissioners. Moray's secretary, Mr John Wood, wrote a confidential letter to their friend and confederate Cecil, representing to him "the necessity of a positive resolution or answer to their queries immediately, for their assurance, for that in consequence of its being delayed, the noblemen (Moray and his colleagues) who behoved to have accused the King their Sovereign's mother of the murder, had given in a very different answer."

Moray and his coadjutors deputed four of their assistants meetest for the business—namely, the Lord of Lethington, James Makgill the Clerk-Register of Parliament, George Buchanan, and Wood—to repair to the English Commissioners secretly, for the purpose of representing "that their answer had only been put in to occupy the time, the Regent and his colleagues not being minded to charge their dearest Sovereign's mother with the murder of her husband, till fully resolved of Queen Elizabeth's pleasure touching it, and her reply to the articles they had propounded in their last conference; but in the meanwhile they desired to exhibit such matter as they had to criminate her to them, not as Com-

missioners, but as private persons, to give them a better understanding of the business."¹ Pitiful subterfuge! What connection would Norfolk, Sussex, and Sadler have had with the business as private persons? It was for the purpose of biasing their judgment as umpires that this underhand proceeding was adopted.

The deputies having undertaken the bold task of gainsaying all that Moray and his colleagues had deposed two days before, showing that Mary was a captive when her marriage with Bothwell was accomplished, produced, in contradiction to that statement, the black budget that had been prepared for the purpose of endeavouring to make her appear the inciter of her husband's murder and the contriver of her own abduction. They proceeded to exhibit two contracts of marriage between the Queen and Bothwell. The first of these runs in her name, but is without date or witness, and, in terms no Sovereign would use, engages to "espouse James, Earl of Bothwell, in contradiction to relations, friends, or any others. God having taken her late husband, Henry Stuart, called Darnley, she is free, not being under the authority of either father or mother; and he, Bothwell, being equally free, she promises to accomplish with him the ceremonies requisite in marriage," &c. Now Mary, in all genuine documents, speaks of her unfortunate consort as her late lord and husband, King Henry, and occasionally as her late husband, but as *Darnley* never in any instance. He was her next of kin, the father of her child, and had been one with herself; and stiff as she really was on points of royal etiquette, she would not have disparaged herself by describing him as a private person, for "Henry Stuart, called Darnley," might have been a groom. The other contract is dated Seton, April 7, 1567, and is asserted to have been penned throughout by Lady Bothwell's brother, the Earl of Huntley, before either the acquittal of Bothwell or his divorce, but it is written in a law clerk's engrossing text, not Huntley's autograph. It bears, indeed, signatures affirmed to be those of the Queen and Bothwell, no very difficult hands to imitate in a court where we have legal evidence that forgery was not unfrequently practised.² It is morally

¹ Letter of the English Commissioners to Queen Elizabeth, October 11, 1568. Anderson. Goodall.

² Sir Robert Melville certifies the successful act of forgery performed by a leading member of the confederacy against Queen Mary, the highly eulogised Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange, in counterfeiting the hand of the Regent Moray in a warrant for the delivery of the Secretary Lethington into his hands, after his arrest on being denounced as a principal in Darnley's murder. Examination of Robert Melville before Scotch Privy Council. Hopetoun MSS. Thomas Barrye, Unicorn Pursuivant, formerly an officer in Mary's Court, was convicted of forging the signature of the Regent Lennox to letters and charters for his

own pecuniary advantage, for which offence he was sentenced, November 6, 1570, to be branded, and to lose his right hand. Pitcairn's Criminal Trials. Why should it not have been as easy to counterfeit Queen Mary's hand as those of Moray and Lennox? The like felonious art was practised in England, where it was punished far more severely; as an instance: "Henry Elks, Clerk, B. A., was hanged, bowelled, and quartered at Tyburne, June 18, 1585, for counterfeiting Queen Elizabeth's sign-manual for presentation to the parsonage of All-Saints, Hastings, in letters directed to the Archbishop of Canterbury and his Commissary-General, that he might be instituted parson there. Stowe's Chronicle.

certain that if these contracts had been in existence in December, 1567, when the Church Assembly inquired the reason of the Queen's imprisonment in Lochleven Castle, they would have been produced by the Lords of Secret Council, in proof of her violating the laws of God and her country, by signing promises of marriage to the husband of another woman. Nor can there be a doubt that they would have been laid before the Parliament, and mentioned in the "Act anent the Queen's detention,"¹ because, as assuming to be instruments drawn in her name, they must have been regarded as more worthy of attention than letters without dates, signatures, or superscriptions.²

"Afterwards," report the Commissioners to Queen Elizabeth, "they showed unto us one horrible and long letter 'of her own hand,' *as they say*, containing foul matter, and abominable to be either thought of or written by a Prince, with divers foul ballads of her own hand, which letters, ballads, and other writings were closed in a little coffer of silver and gilt, heretofore given by her to Bothwell."³ The source whence this unverified assertion touching Mary's gift of the coffer to Bothwell was derived, was Buchanan's MS. libel on his royal benefactress.⁴

The surprise expressed by Elizabeth's Commissioners regarding the letters exhibited by Moray's deputies, appears unaffected; but, as members of her Privy Council, they were well aware of the fact that they had been transmitted by him to her as far back as the preceding June, and that it was her policy to render the breach between Mary and the conspirators irreconcilable, by compelling them to take the odious task of her defamation on themselves. "In a paper here enclosed," continue these gentlemen in their official report, "we have noted to your Majesty the chief and special points of the said letters, 'written,' as they [*the conspirators*] say, 'with her own hand,' to the intent that it may please

¹ Dec. 15, 1567. Keith.

² Dec. 20—Acta Parliamentorum.

³ Joint Letter of the Commissioners to Queen Elizabeth, Oct. 11, 1568.

⁴ Afterwards published under the title of "Ane Detection of the doings of Marie Queen of Scots touching the murder of her husband, and her conspiracy, adultery, and pretended marriage with the Earl of Bothwell; and aue Defence of the *true Lords*, maintainers of the King's grace, action, and authority." Translated out of the Latin, by Thomas Wilson, Under-Secretary of State to Cecil; printed at St Andrews by Robert Leckprevik, under the express patronage of Queen Elizabeth, to whom it is dedicated. The manner in which that obscene and slanderous work was compounded between the traitors by whom Mary was dethroned, and their literary organ, Buchanan, is thus coolly explained in a paper put forth by Cecil's authority for the purpose of accrediting it. "The book itself, with the Oration of evidence,

is written in Latin by a learned man of Scotland, Mr George Buchanan, one privy to the proceedings of the Lords of the King's Secret Council there . . . The book was written by him, not as of himself, nor in his own name, but according to the instructions to him given by common conference of the Lords of the Privy Council of Scotland" (Moray, Morton, and their colleagues), "by him only for his learning penned, but by them the matter ministered, and that it was allowed and exhibited by them as matter that they have offered, and do continue in offering, to stand to and justify before our Sovereign Lady or her Highness's Commissioners in that behalf appointed when they were here for that purpose."

The French translation of this work, published in 1578 at Middelbourg, under the imposing title of *Papiers de l'Etat sous Charles IX.*, is M. Mignet's great authority against Mary Stuart!

your Majesty to consider of them, so to judge whether the same be sufficient to convict her of the detestable crime of the murder of her husband, which in our opinions and consciences, *if* the said letters be written with her own hand, is very hard to avoid."

Sir Ralph Sadler, with Buchanan at his elbow to assist with hints and explanatory annotations, drew up a clever summary of the letters in English, cutting out the numerous contradictions, and compressing half a volume of theatrical verbiage into three or four terse pages of confessions of evil feelings and murderous purposes on the part of the alleged royal writer; but even this close abridgment, being too prolix for probability, was recon-
densed within much narrower bounds in the paper sent with their report.¹

Neither in the Commissioners' report of the letters produced by Lethington and his fellow-deputies from the gilt casket, nor yet in this paper of abstracts, is it said they were in French. Indeed, from a careful comparison of the more diffuse abstracts in the Sadler Papers,² from which these are abridged, with the previous paper endorsed by Cecil, "Notes drawn forth of the Queen's letters sent to the Earl of Bothwell,"³ which are in broad Scotch, it will be seen that they are all derived from the same source, namely, the version in that dialect described by Moray as a translation, which he sent to Queen Elizabeth early in the preceding June by his worthy secretary, Mr John Wood.⁴ It is needless to repeat, that, had the letters been genuine, they would have been written in French, or, what is far more probable, in cipher, which Mary had been accustomed from her twelfth year to employ in all secret correspondence of a delicate or dangerous character, and that true copies would have been transmitted to the learned English Queen, to whom a Scotch translation must have been less comprehensible than Mary's French. Cecil's extracts, though they exceed those of Sadler in the eager malignity with which they have been chosen, are by no means so skilfully adapted to the object of being used as evidence, for they contain things too gross to impose on any person of common sense. No one who knows the heart of woman, or is at all conversant with human nature, could believe that if Mary had been, as pretended, in love with Bothwell, she would have depicted herself in colours so revolting. Besides, had she really medi-

¹ The first rough draught remains among Sir Ralph Sadler's papers, while the official condensed abridgment may be seen in the State Paper Office, endorsed by the astute director of the game, Sir William Cecil: "Abstract of matters showed to the Queen's Majesty's Commissioners by the Scots, sent the 11th of October." It has the following descriptive heading by Sadler: "A brief note of the chief and principal points of the Queen of Scots' letters written to Bothwell, which may tend to her condemnation, for her consent and procurement of the murder of her husband, as far forth as we could by the reading

gather." Sadler Papers, edited by Sir Walter Scott, vol. ii.

² *Ibid.*, p. 337-340.

³ Goodall. Anderson.

⁴ "Therefore," wrote Moray to Cecil, "since our servant Mr John Wood has the copies of the same letters translated in our language, we would earnestly desire that the said copies may be considered by the judges that shall have the examination of the matter." Note of what the Earl of Moray and his Councilors delivered to Mr Middlemore, to be reported to the English Queen, June 22, 1568—State Paper Office MS.

tated such a crime as the murder of her husband, she would have endeavoured to excuse it, by enlarging on his ingratitude, treachery, inebriate habits, and general misconduct, instead of dwelling on amiable traits never before discovered in his character—gentleness, submission, patience under rebuke and suffering, adoring fondness and implicit confidence in herself.

Cecil's extracts include the celebrated comparison, which the forger represents Mary as instituting between herself and Medea. What analogy could there be between Mary Stuart and that myth of classic lore? None, surely, that could induce her to waste time so precious to a Sovereign in scribbling pedantic folly about her to a rude wretch like Bothwell. But here we detect the literary vanity of Master George Buchanan, who had translated the tragedy of Medea from the Greek, and could not resist the opportunity of calling attention to the subject of his labours, in a manner which, in these days, would be considered a very adroit puff. It may also be observed, that Buchanan cannot refrain from bestowing a passing tribute of praise on the amatory verses pretended to have been written by Mary and addressed to Bothwell. "The verses," he says, "were not inelegant." Brantôme, however, who understood the delicacies of French poetry, speaks of these compositions "as very much beneath Mary's style, to which they have not the slightest resemblance," plainly attributing the production of them to Buchanan himself, whom he indignantly upbraids with the ungrateful return he had made for all the benefits he had received from his Queen, both in France and Scotland, including the preservation of his life and recall from exile. "He had employed his fine learning better," observes Brantôme indignantly, "had he spoken more faithfully of her than that 'she was enamoured of Bothwell!' and making sonnets and imputing them to her. But those who are acquainted with her poetry and taste have always declared that they were not by her. Bothwell," he adds, "was the ugliest and awkwardest of men."

These verses, or "sonnets" as they are ignorantly styled by the conspirators, are in French rhymes, extending to upwards of a hundred and fifty lines, beginning, "*O dieux, ayez de moy compassion!*" and profess passionate devotion to some nameless person. They were intended to serve as corroborations of the supposititious letters, certainly not written by Mary.¹ Witness these lines—

"Entre ses mains et en son plain pouvoir
Je mets mon fils, mon honneur, et ma vie."

In his hands, and in his full power,
I put my son, my honour, and my life.

¹ They appear to us at least one hundred years earlier than the 16th century. The casket had belonged to Francis II., and these might have been his extracts

from French poetry, kept in it by Mary. It was easy for her enemies after they had stolen the casket to add to its previous contents their falsifying documents.

Now this was what Mary had not done ; she had confided the keeping of the Prince her son to the Earl of Mar, and not to Bothwell ; it is therefore morally impossible that she could have written anything so utterly devoid of truth, and belied herself to confirm the shameless fiction of her calumniators, "that they took up arms to preserve the innocent person of their native Prince forth of the hands of him that murdered his father." Of these verses, then, obviously written to bolster up a falsehood so notorious, no more need be said ; and here, perhaps, it may not be amiss to place before the reader a genuine sonnet by Mary Stuart, as affording a somewhat more correct picture of the mind of that much misrepresented Princess :—

SONET PAR LA ROYNE D'ESCOSSE.

"L'ire de Dieu par le sang n'est appaise."

"The wrath of God the blood will not appease
Of bulls and goats upon his altars shed,
Nor clouds of fragrant incense upward spread.
He joyeth not in sacrifice like these.
Those, Lord, who would Thee in their offerings please,
Must come in faith, by hope immortal led,
With charity to man, and duteous tread
Thy paths, unmurmuring at thine high decrees.
This the oblation which is sweet to Thee :
A spirit tuned to prayer, and thoughts divine,
Meek and devout, in body chastely pure.
O Thou All-powerful ! grant such grace to me,
That all these virtues in my heart may shine,
And to Thy glory evermore endure."¹

It has been stated by one of Mary's modern French biographers,² "that Lethington, before the Conferences at York commenced, sent Sir Robert Melville to the Queen at Bolton, to show her copies of the letters which Moray intended to produce at York, and that she, after having carefully examined them, did not deny their authenticity, but requested Lethington to use his efforts to stay the rigorous accusations of Moray." This statement appears at first sight to tell against Mary, but on reference to the examination of Lesley Bishop of Ross in the Tower, November 6, 1571,³ it becomes apparent that the assertion "that she did not deny the authenticity of the letters" is the inference of those who have quoted a cunningly-devised fiction, which Cecil had no difficulty in introducing into his secretary's record of the so-called deposition of the captive prelate.⁴

The alleged bearer of the letters, Sir Robert Melville, certified to the Privy Council of Scotland, in the presence of Morton, one of the

¹ Translated from the Original French. Printed in the Bannatync Club Miscellany, vol. i. p. 348.

² Mignet, vol. ii. pp. 26, 27.

³ Murdin's State Papers, p. 52.

⁴ The evidence being given within six

steps of the rack, where the Bishop's servant had not long previously mortally suffered. Any one permitted, may see the stairs leading from the Lord-Lieutenant's Council-room to the Bloody Tower where the rack worked.

Commissioners, "that his visit to Queen Mary at Bolton Castle was not before but *after* the Conference at York."¹ The ostensible object of his journey to Bolton was to obtain from the Queen a ticket of discharge for the articles of wearing apparel he had delivered to her when in Lochleven Castle. This he obtained, and its date (October 15)² supplies indisputable evidence as to the true time of his being with the Queen at Bolton Castle, and corroborates his testimony "that it was after the Conference at York was ended;"³ which fact fully upsets the false but plausible story of "his having been sent by Lethington to communicate copies of the said letters to their royal mistress, with the friendly and dutiful offers of doing what he could to serve her," seeing that on the 11th, just four days previous to Melville's journey, Lethington had exhibited the pretended originals to the English Commissioners, and sworn point-blank "that they were written by her own hand to Bothwell."⁴ Besides, it was not by Lethington, but by Moray, that Sir Robert Melville was sent to Bolton, for he affirms "that he rode from Berwick to York with the Earl of Moray, with whose privity and full consent he proceeded to Bolton Castle to deal with the Queen, as if of his own head,⁵ to persuade her to ratify the demission of her crown," and that he paid a second visit to her on the same errand. But not a syllable of any private commission from Lethington, or the slightest allusion to any of the circumstances mentioned in this pretended deposition of the Bishop of Ross, who, when a prisoner in the Tower, had no means of knowing what use was made of his name to the prejudice of his royal mistress.⁶

The facts prove that Lethington, instead of showing any indications of "the great affection for his royal mistress" which Mignet says "he retained for her at this period," exerted his mischievous talents to the utmost against her, as the leader of the deputation employed by Moray

¹ Hopetoun MSS. Examination of Sir R. Melville before the Lords of the Scotch Privy Council.

² Labanoff, ii. 218.

³ Hopetoun MSS.

⁴ Letter of the English Commissioners to Queen Elizabeth, York, October 11, 1568. Anderson. Goodall's Appendix.

⁵ Hopetoun MSS., General Register House, Edinburgh.

⁶ In like manner, doubtless, have all the minutes of his examinations in the Tower been interpolated for political purposes. What was to prevent it? In proof how little reliance ought to be placed on the pretended revelations of this faithful servant of Mary Stuart, Dr Thomas Wilson, one of Cecil's under-secretaries, wrote to his patron "that the Bishop of Ross told him 'that the Queen his mistress was not fit for any husband; for, first, she poisoned her husband the French King, as he had credibly understood; again, she con-

sent to the murder of her late husband, the Lord Darnley; thirdly, she matched with the murderer, and brought him to the field to be murdered." This Dr Thomas Wilson was the author of the gross libel against Mary Queen of Scots, entitled "Ane Oration," being an imitation of the "Detection" by George Buchanan, which, with the assistance of Cecil, he translated from the original Latin into Scotch. In the same letter containing his shameless false witness of the Bishop, he thus alludes to the literary labour on which Cecil was employing him for Mary's defamation: "I do send to your honour enclosed as much as is translated into handsome Scotch, desiring you to send me 'Paris' closely sealed, and it shall not be known from whence it cometh. 8th of November 1571." By Paris, Wilson means the spurious confessions of Nicholas Hubert, published after his death. Murdin's State Papers, p. 57.

and Morton to prejudice the English Commissioners against her, by showing them the letters and other papers fabricated for her defamation, and instead of suggesting doubts of their authenticity, which he, as her secretary, might well have done, offered to swear "that they were written by her own hand."¹ Moreover, considering it necessary to allege some reason in support of the incredible assertion that the Queen, instead of marrying Bothwell in compliance with the recommendation of her nobles, planned her own abduction, he affirmed "that she did so because the commission of an act of overt treason, such as the appearance of laying violent hands on her person, was the only pretence on which it was possible for her to grant Bothwell a pardon under the Great Seal for the murder of her husband, which would be included in the list of his offences." Yet Lethington was well aware that no pardon under the Great Seal was granted by Mary to Bothwell.

This bold falsehood, however, answered the purpose for which it was devised: it imposed on those who had no means of disproving it. The English Commissioners reported it in their letter to Queen Elizabeth, with this emphatic comment,—“A fit policy for a detestable fact.”² and it has passed current from that day to this, among superficial historians, as a proof of Mary's guilt; thus exemplifying the profligate maxim of the Dutch King's conscientious Secretary of State, “A good lie well believed answers a political purpose as well as if it were truth.” Never was any Princess more successfully *be-lied* than Mary Stuart. A free press would have confounded the false tongues and pens of her political slanderers, and exposed the badness of a cause that resorted to means so base for support. But the press was in the hands of those whose interest it was to defame her.

Mary having gathered from the recital of the Act of Moray's first Parliament “anent her detention,” that the only evidence her adversaries pretended to possess in support of their aspersions on her conduct consisted of letters, which they asserted were written by her, fearlessly instructed her Commissioners to challenge them to produce the originals of any papers they imputed to her. “In case,” says she, “they allege they have any writings of mine which may infer presumptions against me in that cause, ye shall desire the principals to be produced, that I myself may have inspection thereof, and make answer thereto. And if such writings be, they are false and feigned, forged and invented by themselves only, to my dishonour and slander; and there are divers in Scotland, both men and women, that write the like manner of writing as well as myself, and principally such as are in company with themselves.” In this accusation she is supposed by contemporary historians to point at her perfidious secretary, Lethington, who had occasionally forged warrants

¹ Anderson, vol. iv. p. 62.

² *Ibid.*, vol. iv. p. 61.

and other papers bearing her signature, and whose wife, Mary Fleming, had learned to write of the same master as herself.

What credit the Duke of Norfolk attached to the documents, and the statements of the party by whom these letters were introduced to his attention, may be judged from the fact, that the same evening he, in a private conference with his friend the Earl of Northumberland, listened with apparent satisfaction to the suggestion of a marriage between himself and Mary, which that nobleman, not being aware of the terms on which the Duke had already established himself with the illustrious captive, came to propose to him.¹ As the President of the English Privy Council, Norfolk had been behind the scenes, and cognisant of the cruel practices which, from motives of political expediency, had been systematically adopted against the fair young northern Queen by his jealous Sovereign and her astute premier. Under these circumstances, he might well acquit Mary of any foreknowledge of a tragedy in which she was one of the predestined victims, although he lacked the manly spirit which ought to have prompted him, as the premier peer of England, to have raised his voice against falsehood and injustice, and not merely to have acted as her clandestine lover, but to have taken the courageous part of champion and vindicator of oppressed and injured innocence. Norfolk was at this period accounted the greatest subject in England. He was nearly related to Queen Elizabeth, being descended from the same great-grandfather, the victor of Flodden field. Having been educated by Foxe the Martyrologist, under whose tutelage he was placed by his aunt, the Duchess of Richmond, when the axe of the executioner deprived him in his tenth year of his father, the accomplished Earl of Surrey, he was a firm but liberal-minded Protestant. His portraits prove him to have been a model of manly beauty. Though only two-and-thirty years of age, he had had three wives. The last of these shortlived Duchesses had scarcely been dead six months when he was tempted to offer the fourth reversion of his hand to the beautiful and unfortunate Scottish Queen, after his stolen visits to her at Carlisle. He had three years before, when a widower, been proposed to her for a consort by Queen Elizabeth, in a vain attempt to divert her from fulfilling her engagement with Darnley; but her affection had been too firmly fixed on her wayward cousin to allow her to swerve from him. Thus Mary and Norfolk had met, not as strangers, but with the consciousness of what they might have been to each other if she had not mated herself to misery with one little worthy of her. Norfolk, dazzled by the possibility of winning a threefold diadem, and the loveliest Princess in the world, still in the full perfection of her charms, engaged to break her chains. She consented to honour him with her hand, and promised to wed her son to his infant daughter, so

¹ Confession of the Earl of Northumberland. Memorials of the Northern Rebellion, by Sir Cuthbert Sharpe—Appendix.

that his descendants might reign as well as hers. After Mary's removal to Bolton Castle, an active correspondence was carried on through the medium of the Duke's sister, Lady Scroope, Richard Lygon, a trusty gentleman in Norfolk's service, being the person usually employed in conveying the letters and tokens. There is no evidence of Norfolk visiting Mary during her sojourn at Bolton Castle. His proceedings at this period were characterized by an excess of caution; and in order to escape suspicion of the perilous course he was pursuing, he masked his real feelings and convictions by conforming to the tone all who wished to preserve Elizabeth's favour adopted in speaking of the Scottish Queen. The dissimulating letter he writes to Cecil, Pembroke, and Leicester, October 12, betrays some jealousy of the persevering matrimonial suit which the Duke de Châtelhault was making to Queen Mary in behalf of his second son, Lord John Hamilton, titular Abbot of Arbroath. Châtelhault was desirous of coming to York to support Mary; but Cecil determined to detain him in London, as he could not effect a coalition between him and the Regent's party. "As long," observes Norfolk, "as he dreams of a marriage to be had between this Queen and his son Lord Arbroath, I think you shall find that he will hearken to no end." Châtelhault and his sons always treated Mary's marriage with Bothwell as a nullity, and the calumnies of the conspirators with ineffable contempt. They had abundant means of knowing what her real conduct was.

CHAPTER XI.

MARY eagerly asked Sir Francis Knollys, on his return to Bolton Castle, from a visit to the English Commissioners at York, how matters were proceeding there, not having as yet received the answer of her adversaries to the charges exhibited against them by her Commissioners. She inquired "whether they would resort to their odious accusations against her, or seek a reconciliation, and what her good sister would do for her?" Knollys evasively replied, "that the English Commissioners had full power to hear all the accusations and controversies, and therefore, however tedious the process might be, some decision might be expected to follow." "Well," said Mary, "my Commissioners shall not begin severely; but if the others fall to accusations, they shall be answered roundly, and to the full, and then we are past all reconciliation."

Knollys expresses his opinion to Norfolk, "that if Mary's adversaries refrained from their odious accusations of her being implicated in her husband's murder, she might easily be won to a reconciliation; but he

saw not how such a reconciliation might turn to the benefit of his own Sovereign." Mary, with no less magnanimity than political wisdom, was willing, provided she could do so consistently with honour, to overlook all the personal injuries she had received, and rather to owe her restoration to an amicable treaty with her rebel Lords, than to the interference of her powerful neighbour, at the degrading price of sacrificing the independence of Scotland, by acknowledging the supremacy of England, and admitting English garrisons into her strongholds. Thus preferring her country's good to vengeance, and in the hope of putting a stop to the horrors of civil war—not out of fear of the charges her adversaries might bring against her—she adopted a line of conduct that might encourage pacific overtures from them.

The powers Mary had given her Commissioners being very limited, they considered it necessary to have a personal conference with her before they replied to the answer Moray and his colleagues had sent in. Two of them obtained leave to proceed to Bolton Castle to communicate with her. "Upon Wednesday night late," writes Knollys to the Duke of Norfolk, "hither came the Bishop of Ross and my Lord Boyd, her Commissioners; and yesterday in the forenoon she had learned of them what my Lord of Moray and his party had privily uttered to your Lordships, that are her Majesty's Commissioners, all they were able to allege against her, and how there would be a stay in the proceedings until your Lordships were advertised from the Queen's Majesty of answer of your letters already sent up in that behalf; and my Lord Scroope can tell you of divers other speeches she uttered unto us, insomuch as we marvelled how her Commissioners could come by such intelligences, whereof we pleaded ignorance, and said 'her advertisers deceived and abused her;' but she would not be persuaded."¹

Queen Mary's Commissioners had, of course, obtained their information from Norfolk himself; but so entirely unconscious was Knollys, though residing in the same house with her and Lady Scroope, through whom the correspondence was carried on, of the secret engagement between Mary and him, that in this letter he unfolds to Norfolk a project of his own for a match between her and Lady Knollys' nephew, George Carey, he being as near in blood to Queen Elizabeth on the mother's side as she was on the father's, by which means he considered marriage with one of the Hamiltons or either of the French Princes might be avoided, in the event of her being restored to her throne. "But peradventure," he adds, "my Lord of Hunsdon would be offended by my marrying his son in this behalf, and therefore I pray your Grace to use the matter thereafter;"² meaning the proposal to come from Norfolk, who was cousin to Lord Hunsdon as well as to Queen Elizabeth, and was supposed to possess considerable influence with his royal mistress.

¹ Letter from Sir F. Knollys to the Duke of Norfolk, October 15, 1568—State Paper Office MS.

² *Ibid.*

Mary's Commissioners, after remaining in private conference with her at Bolton two days, returned to York, and on the 16th of October gave in the reply she had instructed them to make to the allegations contained in the answer of the conspirators to her charges against them. "In respect to the murder of her late husband, no one could lament that tragedy more deeply than herself; that she was minded, with the assistance of the Queen of England, to punish it most rigorously; and had she not been troubled in her authority, might have been able to do so herself ere now. That if Bothwell were the murderer of her late husband, it was never known to her, but the contrary, seeing that when he was indicted under suspicion of that crime, he had been tried and acquitted by an assize of his peers."¹

Three of the rebel Commissioners, be it remembered, namely, Lord Lindsay, Henry Balnaves, and Sir James Makgill, were among the judges by whom Bothwell's acquittal was pronounced and recorded, "the same being approved and confirmed by the authority of Parliament and the unanimous votes of those who now preferred an accusation of partiality against her;" "they had recommended him to her in marriage," continues her reply, "as the fittest person in her whole realm, and solicited her to accomplish the same, as their own handwritings could testify; not one of them had objected to the marriage, nor come to the Queen, according to the duty of faithful subjects, to reveal to her that the Earl of Bothwell was the author of that crime, so that the first warning she had of it from them was by sound of trumpet, when they appeared in arms against her at Borthwick Castle. Neither had she 'preferred the impunity of the Earl of Bothwell to her own honour, by seeing him conveyed away at Carberry Hill,' as pretended by them in their answer to her complaint; for they, having sent the Laird of Grange to her with request that she would please to order the Earl of Bothwell to pass off the field, alleging him 'to be suspected of the said crime, until such time as the cause might be tried; and that if her Grace would pass to them, and use the counsel of her nobility, they would honour, serve, and obey her as their Sovereign;' and upon that promise, and for eschewing bloodshed, she consented to pass to them with the Laird of Grange, who at the same time took the Earl of Bothwell by the hand and 'bade him depart,' promising 'that no man should follow him;' and so, by their own consent, he passed away, whereas, if they had been minded to pursue him, they would not have omitted doing their diligence for that purpose, so that he might have been taken; but from the time they got her Majesty's person into their hands, they gave themselves no trouble for pursuit of him, so long as he was in the country near them, where he remained a considerable time."

A brief recital of the Judas-like greeting of the Earl of Morton on her

¹ Anderson. Goodall's Appendix.

arrival in his camp, and the immediate violation of the conditions on which she had dismissed her army, follows, with the express denial of their allegation "that she had offered to leave the realm that she might possess the Earl of Bothwell,"—as, indeed, the fact of her leaving him, on the promise of being reinstated in her regal authority, was sufficient proof. The shameless falsehood of their assertion "that she had voluntarily abdicated her crown, in consequence of being incapacitated by ill health from attending to her regal duties," is indignantly exposed; and Sir Robert Melville, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, and the Laird of Lochleven are appealed to as witnesses of the constraint that had been put upon her will, and the rigour of her imprisonment at the time her signature to the demission of her crown and the commissions of regency were extorted from her by menaces and fear of death. The coronation of the Prince her son is also shown to be the illegal proceeding of a faction, and not the act of the nation.

This statement, being based on facts of which Queen Mary was able to produce abundant evidence, was undeniable. Moray and his coadjutors ventured no reply. It is commonly alleged in apology for their silence, that they were waiting for Queen Elizabeth's instructions, who had placed them in a very awkward position by delaying to give them the positive assurances they had required as the necessary preliminary to their bringing forward openly the letters they had privily submitted to her consideration in the preceding June. Can there be more conclusive evidence of the badness of their cause? Well might the Duke of Norfolk observe in confidence to their associate Melville, that "he saw neither honest men nor wise men among them."¹ Yet he could not refrain from asking his old acquaintance Lethington, "how he and his colleagues could find it in their hearts to come before strangers to accuse the Queen their mistress? It had rather," he added, "been their duty, as her subjects, to cover her imperfections, if she had had any." The smooth-tongued traitor protested in reply, "that he had laboured to stay the accusation, and that now he would be glad of any help to hinder that shameful deliberation of the Regent, who had been pushed to it by a company of greedy rash counsellors, the most part of them his envyers and secret foes," and prayed the Duke "not to conceive so bad an opinion of them, but to draw the Regent apart, and listen to his explanations and the remedies he would propose."² Norfolk inquired "if the Regent could keep a secret?" Lethington assured him he could; and a private meeting was arranged to take place at night in the gallery of the house where Norfolk was lodged. The conversation commenced by Norfolk reminding Moray of their former friendship and familiarity, contracted between them at the siege of Leith. Moray protested that friendship should remain inviolate to his life's end; and Norfolk, after exacting a

¹ Sir James Melville's Memoirs, p. 206.

² *Ibid.*, p. 207.

promise of strict secrecy, revealed his purpose of marriage with Queen Mary, assuring him "that he intended no disloyalty to his own Sovereign, but only to prevent the evils of civil war and an unsettled succession;" he therefore desired "that Queen Mary and her son, the natural heirs of the English crown, might not be disparaged by injurious accusations." He also showed Moray "that Elizabeth was only using him and his coadjutors as her political tools in regard to the Conference; for she never intended to pronounce any positive opinion on the causes of difference between them and their Queen, but only to foment the quarrel and delay the time." After two or three conferences, Moray told Norfolk, "that if he would obtain Queen Mary's favour for him, and her promise to confirm him in the Regency of Scotland, he would in nowise accuse her; but as he and Norfolk were of the same religion, they might live as sworn brothers, the one to rule England, and the other to rule Scotland, to the glory of God and the weal of both realms." In the event of Queen Mary's marriage with Norfolk, she would of course reside in England, and govern Scotland by deputy.

The disgraceful position occupied by Moray and his coadjutors in the Commission, and the badness of their cause, is significantly intimated to their friend Cecil by the Earl of Sussex, who expresses his opinion, that "if they were to accuse their Queen of the murder, by producing the letters imputed to her, she would deny them, and accuse the most part of the murder, hardly to be denied; so, upon this trial of both sides," continues he, "her proofs will judicially fall best out, as it is thought." It was, however, far from Elizabeth's intention to allow her royal kinswoman the privilege accorded by the righteous laws of England to every individual, however humble in degree—that of a fair trial—lest her enemies should be proved perjured traitors.

Mary Stuart, in her former proud position as the reigning Sovereign of Scotland, the mother of a fair young son, and regarded by the malcontent adherents of the Romish Church as the legitimate representative of Henry VII., could not be contemplated without natural feelings of uneasiness. Mary Stuart, bereaved of her only child, clouded with calumny, driven from her throne, a fugitive and a captive in England, might be looked down on with exultation and crushed at will. There were no feelings of romantic generosity in the composition of the last of the Tudors that could move so politic a Sovereign to forego the advantages Mary's adverse fortunes had thrown into her hands; yet this would be the result if she suffered the innocence of that unfortunate Princess to become manifest.

"I see not," observes Sir Francis Knollys to Cecil, "how her Majesty can, with honour and safety to herself, detain this Queen, unless she

shall be utterly disgraced to the world, and the contrary party be thoroughly maintained." Elizabeth had from the first determined to pursue this line of conduct, but she proceeded with feline caution. Her first move was to break up the Conferences at York, which were progressing far too favourably for Mary. She wrote to her Commissioners to suspend proceedings, and send Sir Ralph Sadler to her, together with the Laird of Lethington and Sir James Makgill on the part of the Regent, the Abbot of Kilwinning and Lord Herries on that of Queen Mary; "and," continues she, "the more willingly to induce them of the Queen's part thereunto, who we think will most suspect the same, we would have you to use all good means whereby the Queen may understand that this our Conference is intended to do away the delay of time likely to ensue by sending to and fro by way of letters."

When Sir Francis Knollys announced that "his Sovereign Lady's pleasure was to suspend the Conferences till two of the Commissioners on either side should have repaired to her, with Sir Ralph Sadler, to explain matters more fully," Mary was surprised, and appeared at first to think it strange, "but," said she, "I was always desirous that my good sister would hear the matters herself;" adding, "that as she supposed the cause would now be decided at the Court, and not by order of her Majesty's Commissioners, she would send the rest of her own Commissioners home to Scotland." Knollys said "he did not think there would be more than a temporary suspension of the Conferences, after which all would proceed as before." Mary was inquisitive as to what was intended, asking "whether the Queen his mistress meant to make a reconciliation between her and her subjects?" Knollys replied "that he knew not what his Sovereign's intentions were, but was sure she would be glad to deal honourably with her Grace, to her relief and comfort." He next took occasion to sound whether Mary would be disposed to entertain a proposal of marriage from one of his Sovereign's near relatives on the mother's side, meaning his wife's nephew, George Carey: as Norfolk was related in like degree to Elizabeth, and had been only three years and a half ago earnestly recommended by her to Queen Mary for a consort, she naturally supposed he must be the person alluded to, and so demeaned herself that Knollys reported to Cecil his opinion "that she would not greatly dislike it."¹ He then proceeded to open the project to his brother-in-law Lord Hunsdon, the father of the bridegroom he had selected for his royal charge, in a letter which certainly may be considered as unique in the records of match-making.

If Knollys had not been convinced that the letters imputed to Mary which he had just seen at York were gross fabrications, he never would have ventured to propose her marriage with his son to Lord Hunsdon, Carey's father, the most truly independent and high-spirited nobleman.

¹ Knollys to Cecil—from Bolton, the 20th of Oct. 1568, late in the night.

in the realm, and cousin-german to his Sovereign. But Knollys had been domesticated with Mary for the last five months, employed as a spy to note her words, her looks, her gestures, and though he framed his reports occasionally in the tone most acceptable to his employers, his private convictions that she was incapable of the crimes imputed to her by her calumniators are manifest, as his project for her marriage to his nephew proved, which was, as might have been anticipated, highly displeasing to his jealous Sovereign. Lord Hunsdon, being now Captain of Berwick, could, if disposed to favour Mary, have made a most important diversion in her favour by allowing her to re-enter her own realm, and preventing the return of Moray and his confederates. The angry tone of the communication addressed by Elizabeth to Hunsdon on the subject is evident from the following paragraph in his letter to Cecil :¹—

“I thought my being so far off would a stopped mine enemies mouths from practising against me, but I see well that envy and malice will leave no corners unsought to bring their devilish designs to pass. But God will confound them at last : as it hath pleased you most friendly to answer in my behalf that I am not privy to any such matter, so I assure you before God you have answered truly, for I am so far from any thought thereof, as I protest that, if the Queen’s Majesty and both the other parties were agreed, I would not willingly consent thereto ; and for my *sun*, I dare answer it is no part of his thoughts. I trust her Majesty will do neither my *sun* nor me that wrong to believe any such matter, either of his doing or my consenting, till we may answer for ourselves.”²

Elizabeth, not intending Mary to marry at all, took the proposal greatly amiss ; and George Carey found it necessary to ignore any share he might have had in originating it, leaving his good uncle Knollys, like any other amiable matchmaker, to bear the reproach of being a troublesome busy-body. The following characteristic letter of Lord Hunsdon is too curious to be omitted, especially as it is entirely new to the readers of Mary Stuart’s biography. It is particularly worthy of observation that, so far from any slanderous imputations being thrown upon her, she is mentioned with the greatest respect, as one to whom it would be too great presumption for his *sun*, as he calls George, to aspire :—

LORD HUNSDON TO SIR W. CECIL.

5th November, 1568.³

“After the despatch of my last letter of the 2nd of this month, the same night I received a letter from my brother Knollys, by the which I perceive that the speech that is of the Queen of Scots and my *sun* proceeds from him, as ye shall see from the copy of his letter which I send herewith. And as he hath upon some fond imagination of his own head devised such a matter, without making me or my *sun* privy thereto, so for my part I think myself not well dealt with at his hand, and both I and my *sun* little beholden to him for it. When I would a *matcht* my *sun* with

¹ Lord Hunsdon to Cecil, Nov. 2, 1568—State Paper Office MS., inedited Border Correspondence.

² Ibid.

³ State Paper Office MS., inedited Border Correspondence.

Lady Warwick, I dealt not with my Lord of Bedford till I had made her Majesty privy to it, and therefore I trust her Majesty will not conceive so great a want of discretion, or knowledge of my duty, as to deal for any marriage with such a *parsonage*, either for my *sun* or anybody else, or that I think my *sun* in any respect either meet or worthy for her. And so I beseech ye assure her Majesty from me that, God willing, she shall never see me so far overshoot myself in any matter."

Mary, who had been the consort of a King of France, and sought in marriage by the Sovereigns of Sweden and Denmark, the heir of Spain, and the brother of the Emperor, would probably have expressed herself far more indignantly of the presumption of Sir Francis Knollys in trying to bring about a marriage between her and his wife's nephew, an untitled English subject, whose only claims consisted in his relationship to Queen Elizabeth through the Boleyn blood, and his descent from the royal Plantagenets through his great-grandmother, Lady Elizabeth Howard, the mother of Anne Boleyn and Mary Boleyn, the latter being the mother of Lord Hunsdon and Lady Knollys. But the attention of the royal captive being anxiously divided between the proceedings of the Commissioners, the persevering suit of the Duke de Châtelleraut for his son, and her own secret engagement with Norfolk, she was utterly unconscious of the impertinent intrigues of her keeper for the disposal of her hand to the heir of Hunsdon. The most curious feature in this mysterious underplot, for that purpose, is the fact that Norfolk, having been peremptorily commanded by Queen Elizabeth to quit York and repair to the Borders, to attend a special meeting of the Wardens and confer with Lord Hunsdon on their reports, was actually, as the dates of their letters prove, at Kirk-Oswald with him on the day¹ Hunsdon received Cecil's communication and wrote his angry denial of any cognisance of the affair. The Lord of Arbroath, second son of the Duke de Châtelleraut, recognized by Mary's party as a suitor for her hand, was at the same time endeavouring to raise a company of the Border chivalry, for the purpose of making a bold attempt to carry her off from Bolton Castle.

Mary's imprisonment there, under the friendly wardship of Norfolk's brother-in-law, Lord Scroope, had been gradually relaxed, and the number of her Scotch followers so greatly augmented, that it apparently depended upon her own pleasure to raise a revolt against the garrison; nor is it likely, with such a *châteline* as Lady Scroope to charm the guards, either by soporific draughts or persuasive words and promises, that much resistance would have been made; and without the precincts of the Castle, the whole country, as shown by Sir Francis Knollys' report to Hunsdon, was full of sympathizing friends. What, then, it may be asked, deterred the intrepid spirit of the royal heroine from at least attempting an enterprise so much less difficult than her escape from Holyrood, when in the

¹ State Paper MS., Nov. 2, Norfolk to Cecil—Border Correspondence, inedited.

hands of the brutal murderers of Riccio, her descent from the lofty window in Borthwick Castle, or her flight from Lochleven Castle, aided only by a stripling of sixteen? The answer is simply this, her honour was dearer to her than liberty or empire. An investigation, which she had herself offered, for the purpose of removing the aspersions that had been thrown on her reputation by those who had plotted the murder of her husband and driven her from her throne, was pending, and she would not give room for her foes to taunt her with evading it by flight; witness the following passage from the letter written to her by her Commissioners, the Bishop of Ross and Lord Herries: ¹—

“This last Tuesday, Maister Cecil and Sir Raff Saidler, amongst other purposes, shew unto us that my Lord Scroope and Mr Vice-Chamberlain (Knollys) had written to Court that they were surely advertised that there was certain horsemen taken up by the Abbot of Arbroath, to the number of three hundred, and some means making on the Border to convoy your Grace from Bolton, and therefore they behoved to give the better attendance to your keeping; to the which we answered, we knew assuredly ye would not depart suppose ye might, and if ye were in Carlisle, or on the Border side, and might depart without let, would not do the same before the end of this Conference.”

So far, therefore, from Mary shrinking from the investigation, she may be considered to have sacrificed both her throne and life to her courageous resolution to tarry and abide it, instead of availing herself of the tempting facilities for effecting her escape from Bolton Castle in the interim, her own strong sense of justice inclining her to believe that she would be confronted with her adversaries in the presence of Queen Elizabeth and her nobles, and allowed to speak for herself and cross-question her accusers. This flattering dream was dispelled by the arrival of the Laird of Riccarton at Bolton with letters from her Commissioners, communicating the startling intelligence that the Regent Moray, who had got leave, unknown to her, to accompany his two deputies to Hampton Court, had been admitted to private audiences by the royal umpire of the cause, who appeared much set against her, and was preparing to remove her to a stronger and more remote prison, to prevent her escape. Mary instantly ordered the Laird of Newton, one of her most trusty messengers, to make himself ready, for she would write by him to her Commissioners to break up the Commission immediately. Sir Francis Knollys begged her “not to make a quarrel of it before a quarrel was offered to her.” But Mary, having conceived great displeasure against him in consequence of the use Cecil had made of his name in the conversation which Lord Herries and the Bishop of Ross had reported to her, treated his remonstrances with disdain. “She alleged unto me,” writes he indignantly to Cecil, “that I had complained of her in advertising to the Court that she had caused the Abbot of Arbroath to levy 300 men to practise her

¹ From Kingston, Nov. 4, 1568—inedited State Paper MS.

escape from hence into Scotland. Whereunto I answered, 'that I had not so advertised the Court.' 'Yes,' saith she, 'my Lord Scroope and you have so advertised.' I answered, 'that my Lord Scroope had been from me, at the Borders, a good while, and what he had done in that behalf I could not tell; but I was sure I had not so advertised to the Court.' Whereupon she showed me a letter signed by my Lord Herries and the Bishop of Ross, averring the same upon your report to them. I answered again, 'that my Lord Herries and the Bishop had either mistaken or misrepresented you;' and therewith she offered me the copy of her letter, the which I send unto you herewith, to the end that you may justly save my credit in declaring to my Lord Herries that I have not lied unto this Queen in disavowing the advertisement thereof to the Court."¹ Knollys was between two fires,—in suspicion with his own Sovereign for having shown too much consideration for his royal charge, and despised by her as an oppressor and falsifier. To add to the difficulties of his position, he was almost without money to carry on the expenses of the establishment; and in consequence of the scarcity and dearness of provision, both for horse and man, in danger of being starved out. He had ventured to represent to Cecil that it was impossible to maintain horses for the use of the Queen of Scots, and yet, if she were debarred from her daily equestrian exercise, "it would cause her death." His apprehensions of her effecting her escape, however, led him to adopt the precaution of having twelve soldiers mounted and armed with pistols, to accompany her and her ladies whenever they took an airing, to prevent them from riding farther or faster than was consistent with prison discipline. The additional expense of a groat a-day to the soldiers' pay was incurred by this arrangement; "and this," he said, "was the best and cheapest way he could invent for security, and that he thought of horsing twenty soldiers more at the same increase of wages, with all which the weekly expenses would not exceed £47 per week, notwithstanding that Queen Mary's followers had much increased since the arrival of Lady Livingston." In reply to this communication, he received an intimation "that the Queen's Majesty was highly displeased with him for not reducing the number of Mary's Scottish followers and servants, and their horses, which her Majesty would have done by some good means, as she had before given order. And as for restraining the said Queen as a prisoner, as she hath and may perchance allege, her Majesty wolde that he should do as he is appointed, and not be moved with others' speeches."

In compliance with the stern injunctions of his Sovereign, Knollys refused to furnish provender for Mary's horses, supposing that she would then find it necessary to give them up. In this, however, he was mistaken. She had received a supply of money from France, by the hands

¹ Knollys to Cecil, Nov. 21—State Paper Office MS., inedited.

of her faithful equerry John Beton, with which she provided her horses with hay and corn on so liberal a scale that she appears to have actually overbid her keeper, and raised the price in that neighbourhood, for he complains to Cecil: "Amongst other wants here, our horse-meat grows marvellous scarce and dear; but this Queen will have it for her own horses whatsoever she pay, her delight to ride abroad is such."

Unmoved by the dissuasive arguments of Sir Francis Knollys, Mary wrote to her Commissioners, "that since, contrary to all that had been promised, the Earl of Moray, being the principal of her rebels, had, with his confederates, been admitted to the presence of the Queen her sister, to calumniate her, while she, his Sovereign, was excluded and denied the liberty of being heard in her own defence, wherein manifest partiality had been used, she desired to break up the Conference, the more so as she knew the whole nobility of the realm were about to assemble, when the matter might be publicly discussed." In the fearless spirit which the consciousness of innocence alone could have inspired, she added: "Therefore ye shall, afore our sister, her nobility, and the whole ambassadors of strange countries, desire in our name that we may be licensed to come in proper presence *afore them all*, to answer to that which may or can be proponed and alleged against us by the calumnies of our rebels." If this request were not granted, she enjoined them "to decline further proceedings, take their leave, and depart the place without delay." In the same letter, she complained "that when she had vanquished her rebels in the Conference at York, and expected a decision in her favour, the proceedings were suddenly stopped, and removed to such a distance as almost precluded her from exchanging communications with her Commissioners."¹ The first evil effect of this arrangement was, that before her Commissioners could receive her instructions not to renew the Conference, they had been beguiled into taking their oaths to act in the new Commission issued by Elizabeth for a second session of the Conference, to be holden at Westminster, and were as irrevocably entangled in the proceedings as parties who have unwittingly been led into a Chancery-suit. Previously, however, to the opening of the new Commission, they had obtained audience of Queen Elizabeth, and, being fully aware of the mind of their royal mistress, and supported by the presence of the Duke de Châtelherault, formally demanded, "that since the Earl of Moray and others, his adherents, had been admitted to calumniate their Sovereign's honour, license should therefore be granted to their Sovereign to come in proper person to the presence of the Queen and the nobility of England, there to declare her innocence of the false invented calumnies of her rebels and disobedient subjects." Elizabeth replied, "that she would not take upon herself to be judge; but as to their

¹ Goodall's Appendix, p. 189.

Sovereign's presence, she could not goodly admit the same until her causes were tried and ended."

Elizabeth had not only changed the place of the Conference, but she had completely altered the plan and nature of the arrangement from its original purpose, her object being to establish her supremacy over Scotland, by the conversion of the English Commission into a criminal court, in which the Earl of Moray and his coadjutors, acting in the name of Mary's infant son, were to be encouraged to charge their captive Sovereign with the crime of husband-murder; and if she could be induced to acknowledge such jurisdiction, by entering upon her defence under the idea of clearing her reputation and proving the falsehood of her accusers, then was she to be brought to a mock trial, and sentence of death to be passed upon her. "There are some in this realm," writes the French ambassador, "who pretend to show that the Queen of Scotland is lawfully detained a prisoner by the Queen of England, for having entered into her country without passport or leave, to the prejudice of the treaty between the two realms, and being thus come into her power, that the Queen of England has authority and jurisdiction over her. It is thus that the Earl and Countess of Lennox reason, who every day are on their knees, demanding justice for the violence which they pretend she committed on the late King of Scotland her husband, their son."¹

Lennox was at York during the Conference, not merely watching the event, but doing his utmost to create prejudice against his royal daughter-in-law and those engaged in her service. Evidence of the underhand league between him and Cecil, for her destruction, may be traced in the letter written by him on the 9th of October to that minister, thanking him "for his good-will and desire for the punishment of the persons he (Lennox) suspects of being the authors of the death of the King his son, and requesting him to order the arrest of the Laird of Riccarton, one of the messengers employed by Mary in carrying letters to Queen Elizabeth and her friends in Scotland."²

With the three original Commissioners Elizabeth had now associated her Lord Chancellor, Sir Nicholas Bacon, the Earls of Arundel and Leicester, her great-uncle Lord William Howard, Lord Clinton, and Cecil, the latter, the friend and confederate of Moray, having the whole management of the business, as indeed the surviving records, interlined, garbled and altered by his cunning hand, bear indubitable evidence. The following confidential communication from his colleague Walsingham, recently discovered in the State Paper Office, is a document of no slight importance, convicting both of being active members of the conspiracy against the life and honour of Mary Stuart.

¹ *Depêches de La Mothe Fénelon*, vol. i. p. 18.

² State Paper Office MS., inedited.

“20th of November 1568.

“SIR,—I was willed by my friend to advertise you, that if for the discovery of the Q. of Scots' consent to the murder of her husband there lack sufficient *prooves*, he is able (if it shall *please* you to *use* him) to discover certain that should have been employed in the said murder, who are here to be produced. Thus most humbly taking my leave of your honour, I beseech God to direct all your doings to his glory.

“From London, the 20th of November 1568. Your honour's always to command,

“FRA. WALSHINGHAM.”¹

It must be evident to every person of common sense, that if Mary had been guilty of the crimes her foes desired to burden her with, a host of witnesses might have been brought from Scotland, whose depositions would have substantiated her alleged culpability, without the slightest need for the English Secretaries of State employing their secret-service-men to provide them in London. And albeit the Regent Moray and his Lord Chancellor, Morton, had been in as great a hurry to hang Bothwell's servants for the murder, as Macbeth to slay the guards on whom he charged the regicide of the gracious Duncan, they had still that notable prisoner in their dungeons, Nicholas Hubert, *alias* French Paris, on the credit of whose posthumous confessions, Robertson, Malcolm Laing, and M. Mignet, have grounded their assertions of the authenticity of the silver-casket budget and Mary's guilt. Why then was he not brought forward to depose, in the presence of the English Commissioners, those things which were nine months later published in his name, but not till after he had been hanged? What witnesses could Walsingham's friend have provided whose testimony would have been so important as that of the Regent Moray's friend Sir James Balfour, by whom the bond for the murder was drawn, and who supplied powder for blowing up the house of Kirk-o'-Field; or his brother Robert Balfour, the owner of the house, and his cellarer Bonkle; or the Chancellor Morton's friend Archibald Douglas, and his servants Binning and Gairner, who, fourteen years later, confessed bringing a barrel of gunpowder to the house of Kirk-o'-Field, and that they were at the deed-doing?² Last, not least, Morton himself, who subsequently declared to the minister Brand and others, “that he had foreknowledge of the murder from Bothwell's lips, and that the Queen was the doer thereof.”³ Can any one suppose, if this had been true, that he would have hesitated to depose to that effect before the English Commissioners in self-defence, she having denounced him and Lethington as the principal contrivers of her husband's death? He had sworn at the opening of the Conference at York to deal openly, truly, and godly, and declare everything he knew. Why should he have withheld knowledge so important to the cause of himself and his confederates? What need for Walsingham to deal with his nameless friend for pro-

¹ State Paper Office MS., inedited.

² Arnott's Criminal Trials.

³ See Bannatyne's Memorials — also Arnott's Criminal Trials.

curing nameless men of straw¹ as witnesses of Mary's consent to her husband's murder, if the Lord Chancellor of Scotland were able to testify that Bothwell himself had assured him that it was her desire it should be done? But Morton's silence on this important point, at a time when he and his confederates were absolutely taunted by Cecil and Elizabeth with not bringing forward such matters as they had to produce against their Queen, proves that he had nothing of the sort to disclose.

Meantime Norfolk, having despatched his business on the Borders, which was intended to keep him out of the way, hastened to the Court, where he met with a very ungracious reception from Elizabeth, for Moray's secretary, John Wood, had informed Cecil of his contract with the Queen of Scots. Norfolk endeavoured to persuade Elizabeth that the reports of a purpose of matrimony between the Scottish Queen and himself were devised by his enemies for his ruin. "But," asked Elizabeth, with that profound art which might have won a frank affirmative from a more manly character, "would you not marry the Scottish Queen if you knew that it would tend to the tranquillity of the realm and the safety of my person?" Norfolk perceived the snare and evaded it with equal subtlety, but at the expense of his honour as a gentleman, and his loyalty to the calumniated Princess to whom his faith was plighted. "Madam," said he, "that woman shall never be my wife who has been your competitor, and whose husband cannot sleep in security on his pillow."² By this artifice he not only saved himself from the peril of being consigned to a prison lodging in the Tower, but so completely lulled the suspicions of his jealous Sovereign by gratifying her malice, that he was reappointed to the presidency of the Conference. Not thus should the man who had the honour of being the son of the chivalric Surrey, and the affianced husband of Mary Stuart, have sacrificed truth to expediency. But Norfolk was devoid of the noble independence of character which should dignify a man. He had been intimidated in his boyhood by the execution of his accomplished father on the most frivolous pretext. The terrors of the axe, under which so many of his ancestors on both sides had fallen, paralysed all the high and generous energies that might, under other circumstances, have rendered Norfolk the champion, the vindicator and deliverer, of the illustrious bride to whom he aspired.

The second sessions of the Conference opened in the Painted Chamber at Westminster, November 26, 1568, with the like ceremony of the Commissioners on both sides swearing "to be honest, godly, reasonable, just,

¹ The expression "men of straw" became proverbial for false witnesses in the reign of Elizabeth, from the well-known fact that certain sharp-witted rogues were accustomed daily to walk in the cloisters of old St. Paul's Cathedral, with straws stuck in their shoes, intimating by that

badge that they were ready to act as witnesses by swearing to any statement on which testimony might be required.

² Memorials of the Howard Family, by the late Henry Howard, Esq., of Corby Castle. Haynes' State Papers.

and true;" and the English Commissioners "to proceed in the treaty of this weighty cause sincerely and uprightly."

The Earl of Moray and his confederates then gave in what they termed their *Eik* or addition to their previous answer to her complaint at the beginning of the Conference at York, wherein they had declared "Bothwell was the murderer of the late King Henry, lawful husband of Queen Mary, the mother of their Sovereign Lord the King;" to which they now added, after seven weeks' delay, the supplementary declaration, "that she was the contriver and inciter of the said murder, principal fortifier of the murderer, intending also the destruction of the Prince her son."¹ The manner in which it was done will be best related in the words of one who was behind the scenes as an assistant at the Conference, namely, Sir James Melville, the friend, the confidant, and apologist of Moray.

"So soon as he [Moray] with his Council were within the Council-house, the Duke of Norfolk asked for the accusation. The Regent desired again 'the assurance of the conviction by write and seal.' It was answered again, 'that the Queen's Majesty's word, being a true Princess, would be sufficient.' Then all the Council cried out, 'Would he mistrust the Queen, who had given such proof of her friendship to Scotland?' The Regent's Council cried out also on that same manner. Then the Secretary Cecil asked 'if they had the accusation there?' 'Yes,' said Master John Wood (with that he plucks it out of his bosom), 'but I will not deliver it until Her Majesty's hand-write and seal be delivered to my Lord!' Then the Bishop of Orkney *cleaks* [snatches] the write out of Master John Wood's hands. 'Let me have it, I sall present it,' said he. Master John ran after him as if he would have had it again, or *riven* [torn] his clothes. Forward past the Bishop to the Council-table and gave in the accusation. Then said to him Lord William Howard, chamberlain, 'Well done, Bishop Turpy [Turpin], thou art the frankest fellow among them! none of them will make thy loup good,' scorning him for his louping out of the Laird of Grange's ship. The Duke of Norfolk had enough ado to keep his countenance. Master John Wood winked upon the Secretary Cecil, who smiled again upon him. The rest of the Regent's company were laughing each upon other."²

Such, then, was the disgusting scene of buffoonery acted on this occasion between the professedly reluctant and conscientious accusers of their captive Sovereign, and their confederates in the English Commission! A scene full of life-like character, and which bears the unmistakeable marks of having been rapidly and briefly jotted down on the spot by the unsuspected "chield who was among them taking notes." What a subject for an historical painter does not his graphic sketch present—the agitation and ill-suppressed indignation of the noble president of the Conference,

¹ Anderson, vol. iv. Goodall's Appendix.

² Sir James Melville's Memoirs, Bannatyne Club edition.

Norfolk ; the downcast eyes of the traitor Regent, shrinking in confusion from his angry and reproachful glance, contrasted with the ribald glee and boisterous determination of the profligate presbyterianized but really atheistical Bishop ; the honest scorn of the veteran English admiral, Lord William Howard ; the Mephistophelian leer and wink of the sly lawyer Wood on the thin misshapen English Premier ; his sardonic smile in return ; the exultant laughter of Lindsay and the other members of the confederacy, at the success of the well-concerted trick for bringing the accusation of their Sovereign forward, and at the same time shifting the responsibility of the proceeding on a pair of their tools, who had already committed themselves beyond the power of retreat !

“The Queen of England,” continues Melville, “having obtained her intent, received great contentment. First, she thought she had matter for her to show wherefore she retained the Queen ; then she was glad of the Queen’s dishonour, but she detested in her mind the Regent and all his company.”

Elizabeth’s blandishments to the royal victim of her Machiavellian policy, on this occasion, are thus recorded by Melville : “She sent also incontinent to the Queen to comfort her, praying her to think that she was in better case there, albeit kept for a while, than to be in Scotland with such unworthy subjects, who had accused her falsely and *wrongously* as she was assured, and that neither should they be the better nor she the worse for anything that they had done, for she would not be her judge nor give out any sentence thereupon, nor none should know by her or her Council no part of the said false accusation ; praying her to take patience in her gentle ward, where she was nearer at hand to get the Crown of England set upon her head, in case of her decease, who was but the elder sister.”

CHAPTER XII.

THE accusation of her rebel Lords against Mary amounted, after all, to nothing more than assertions. They entered into no details ; they produced no evidence ; they cited no witnesses in support of their allegations,—allegations to which they expressly stated they were “driven in self-defence by her pressing, and their fears of forfeiting the favour and comfort they had hitherto received in all their treasonable enterprises from the Queen of England.”¹ As it suited the policy of their powerful friend and patroness to treat it as a matter worthy of the greatest atten-

¹ Protestation of the Earl of Moray and his Colleagues when they delivered their Accusation—Goodall’s Appendix, p. 205.

tion, a third session of the Conference was opened for the purpose of encouraging them to produce the fabrications they had prepared to supply the place of personal testimony for the crimination of their Sovereign. The next step in the deep-laid plot for bringing Mary to a trial on a charge of causing the murder of her husband, the born subject of the Queen of England, was the appearance of the Earl of Lennox before the English Commissioners to demand justice, for the death of his son, on the Queen of Scots. By way of substantiating his denunciation, he exhibited four letters, two written by Mary and two by himself, being a portion of their correspondence on the subject of bringing Bothwell, and other persons placarded as the murderers of Darnley, to trial—letters which, however unfairly disjointed from the natural order of the sequence, could not by any logic be turned to her reproach. Lennox also produced a long paper, purporting to be notes of what passed between Queen Mary and his son when she came to him at Glasgow at the time of his sickness, “written down,” as he swore, “for his information at the time, by his servant Thomas Crawford.” The object of these notes was twofold: first, to infer that Darnley suspected the Queen had a design against his life; and, secondly, to corroborate the letters it was pretended she wrote to Bothwell from Glasgow, by making it appear that the discourse between her and Darnley detailed in the first of that series actually took place.

And here it is necessary to remind the reader of the existence of a letter from Lennox to his servant Thomas Crawford,¹ suggesting to him, from his house at Chiswick, on the 11th of June, 1568, several points in the notes which he pretended Crawford had written down for his information at Glasgow in January, 1567, seventeen months earlier than the date of that letter. John Wood, Moray’s inventive secretary, was actually with Lennox at Chiswick at the same time he was thus prompting Thomas Crawford to supply this corroborative evidence in support of the forged letters, the Scotch drafts of which the said Wood had submitted to the consideration of Elizabeth and Cecil a few days previously; a clearer case of subornation, therefore, was never detected in the annals of false-witness, though nearly three centuries after that long hidden work of darkness was contrived and executed.

The existence of this all-important document was, of course, unknown to Hume, Robertson, Laing, and other historians, who have built their theories of Mary’s guilt on the assumption that the disgusting series of letters imputed to her were genuine. But it is somewhat remarkable that not one of the numerous maintainers of her innocence should have perceived how strong an argument in Mary’s favour is suggested by the fact that the Earl of Lennox, with all his eagerness for her crimination,

¹ The original of this letter is in the Collection of his Grace the Duke of Hamilton, No. 13—Catalogue of the Hamilton Papers, printed for the Maitland Club.

was unable to produce one tittle of real evidence against her. If Darnley had considered himself injured as a husband, or unkindly treated by Mary, he would naturally have confided his grievances to his parents. One complaining letter from him, either to father, mother, or brother, would have weighed heavily against her. But the only letters of Darnley to his father, of which any particulars survive, are those which Buchanan affirms were written by that unfortunate Prince in the house of Kirk-o'-Field the day before his assassination, "bearing testimony to her tender and cherishing care during his sickness, and assurances of the sincerity of her reconciliation."

That no verbal complaints were repeated by Lennox as having been made to him of Queen Mary by his son, when he fled precipitately to him from Stirling after the baptism of the infant Prince, clearly demonstrates that Darnley's dissatisfaction was not of a personal but a political nature, and that his anger and suspicions were not excited by her, but by her ministers, Moray, Lethington, and Makgill. And why, it may be asked, should Darnley's father have confederated with these mortal foes of his son against his royal daughter-in-law? In answer to this, it can only be said that the fact, being notorious, is undeniable, and that the reason of his acting a part so unnatural may be perceived in the criminal ambition which had induced him to league with the foreign invader, Henry VIII., against her in her infancy. His insatiate malice against her, whose birth had prevented his promised adoption by her royal father as his successor, had not been mollified by her becoming the mother of his grandson. On the contrary, the existence of that infant, who, at her death, would become the undisputed Sovereign of Scotland, and heir-presumptive to the Britannic empire, was the great incentive for her destruction, since he might then aspire to govern three realms as the natural guardian and protector of the royal minor. Lennox had, withal, another son, Lord Charles Stuart, who, in the event of his grandson's death, would occupy the like proud position, unless, indeed, Mary were suffered to live, marry again, and bring forth other issue to bar his posterity from succeeding to either Crown.

Lord Herries being deputed by his fellow-commissioners to reply to the accusation of the rebel Lords against their royal mistress, did so on the first of December in a plain, manly address, which he read from a written paper, commencing with expressions of the regret and disgust he and his loyal coadjutors felt at hearing "their unworthy countrymen intended to colour their unjust and most ungrateful doings against their liege Lady by calumnious and false invented slanders, in so great a matter, whereof they themselves were the first devisers, writers with their own hands of that devilish Band, the conspiracy of the death of that innocent young gentleman Henry Stuart, presented to their wicked confederate James Earl of Bothwell, as was made manifest before ten thou-

sand people at the execution of certain of the principal offenders at Edinburgh."¹ This triumphant reference to the explicit declarations and disclosures made by several of the subordinate agents in Darnley's murder, with their last breath on the scaffold, was never gainsaid by Moray and his colleagues; the fact was of too recent occurrence to be forsworn. The assertion of Herries is corroborated by the testimony of the majority of the great nobles of Scotland, among whom may be enumerated the Earls of Eglinton, Huntley, Argyll, Errol, Crawford, Cassillis; the Lords Ogilvy, Livingston, Fleming, Sanquhar, Oliphant, Somerville, Yester, Glenluce, Drummond, and Kilwinning, in their manifesto from Dunbarton,² stating, "that the rebel Lords were the doers of the murder of which they accused the Queen, as," continue these loyal peers, "was deponed by them who suffered death therefor, who declared at all times the Queen their sovereign to be innocent thereof;" also, "that her adversaries, usurpers of her authority, offered remission to sundry that were convicted of that crime if they would say that her Grace was guilty thereof." When the names and spotless characters of such men as the Earls of Eglinton, Errol, the Lords Livingston, Fleming, Herries, and Ogilvy, are taken into consideration, no one can seriously believe that even party-zeal would have induced them to commit themselves to the world as the maintainers of anything that was notoriously false. Their statement respecting the exoneration of the Queen by the men who were put to death for Darnley's murder, remains to this day uncontradicted.

Herries explained that the true cause of the conspiracy against Queen Mary was to create a fresh minority by seeking a subtle pretext for deposing her and crowning her infant son, in order to prevent her from fulfilling her intention of availing herself of the prerogative of revoking, when she completed her twenty-fifth year, the too lavish grants of the Crown-lands which she, for their unshamefaced begging, had given to these ungrateful traitors and their supporters in her youthful inexperience. The Bishop of Ross demanded "in the name of their Sovereign that she might come in proper person to the presence of her Majesty the Queen of England, and there, before her Council and nobility, and such ambassadors as were here in this realm for any foreign Princes, answer for herself for defence of her innocency, and, in the mean season, that the other party, having in this sort accused her, might be arrested and stayed until the end of this cause might be seen."³ Elizabeth repeated

¹ Goodall's Appendix, p. 213—Sadler's State Papers, ii. 335.

² Sept. 12.

³ Goodall's Appendix. As neither Robertson nor Mignet have thought proper to mention the oft-reiterated offer of Mary to confront her accusers and repel their charges publicly, it is necessary, even at the risk of being cen-

sured for repetition, to call attention the more earnestly to the fact that the desolate and oppressed captive, instead of shrinking from an investigation of her conduct, demanded that it should be publicly made. Even as she had from her prison at Lochleven appealed to an inimical Parliament for license to appear in person to answer to the injurious alle-

her convenient excuse for refusing to allow Mary to enter her presence, even for the purpose of defending herself, as proposed, from the injurious charges that had been brought against her by the usurpers of her Government, observing, "that it would be best for the honour of both that trial should be ta'en thereof;" adding this conciliatory remark, "For I could never believe, nor yet will, that she did consent thereto." Mary's Commissioners replied, "that it seemed more reasonable that those inobedient subjects might not be heard any further till their Sovereign were present to speak for herself;" declaring, "that their own Commission was at an end," and required a positive answer to their supplication. Elizabeth replied, "that it required consideration;" and so dismissing them, they returned to their lodgings at Kingston. Moray and his company being also located there, frequent encounters between the adverse parties could not be avoided.

"To our reasonable desires," says the Bishop of Ross, "we could have no other answer of the Queen of England nor her Council, but that she would not admit the Queen our Sovereign to come to her presence, or to be publicly heard before her nobility for her defence. And perceiving that the Conference apparently tended to some other end than we looked for, at the special command of the Queen our Sovereign, and by the advice of ambassadors of other Princes, and of the Duke de Châtelherault and other friends then present, we refused to confer or treat any further with them; and so the Conference was dissolved on all hands."

In acting conformably to the advice of the Duke de Châtelherault, her nearest kinsman, who had been the Governor of the realm during eleven years of her minority, Mary acted constitutionally as well as wisely, for he was not only the greatest peer in Scotland, but the first Prince of the blood-royal, next in the royal succession after the Prince her son, and by the laws of Scotland legally entitled to hold the regency in the event of the demise of the Crown, or any other casualty during the minority of the Sovereign. When the peculiar position occupied by the Duke is considered, combined with the important fact that he was at that very time supported by the influence of the French party in a suit for Mary to accept the hand of his second son, Lord John Hamilton, it must be concluded that the decision he suggested on this occasion was most consistent with propriety as regarded the honour of his intended daughter-in-law, and her dignity as a monarch.

Cecil, the ruler of Elizabeth's councils, and the manager of the Conferences, told Mary's Commissioners, when they delivered in their address

gations of her usurping brother and his confederates, so did she from Bolton Castle repeat her demand to Elizabeth to be heard in her own defence, and con-

fronted with her accusers in the presence of the nobles of England, and the representatives of foreign Princes then in England.

to that effect on the 6th of December, "that they had misunderstood the answer of his Sovereign," and misreported it, which mistake they were bound to rectify.¹ Having by this subterfuge insured the delay of more than a week before they could communicate with Mary and receive her reply, he employed himself so successfully in goading the Earl of Moray and his colleagues to show cause for the accusation they had delivered against their Sovereign, that the collection, the same which Moray had deputed Lethington, Makgill, Wood, and Buchanan to exhibit secretly to the English Commissioners at York, he, with a farcical parade of mystery and reluctance, reintroduced to them on the 8th of December at Westminster. The journal of the Conference for that day, after describing the casket, states "that therein were certain letters and writings, which they (the Scotch Commissioners) *said* and affirmed 'to have been written by the Queen of Scots' own hand to the Earl of Bothwell, which had been left in the Castle of Edinburgh, and, before his flying away, was sent for by one Dalgleish, his servant, who had been taken by the Earl of Morton,' who, sitting there as one of the Commissioners, averred upon oath 'the same to be true, and the writings the very same without any change.'"² That oath—the oath of one of the principals in the murder those letters were meant to fix on the Queen—was the only attestation the parties by whom they were produced ever brought in verification of them. They had hanged Dalgleish without first securing his testimony on so important a subject, but Sir James Balfour, from whom Dalgleish was alleged by Morton to have received them, was living, and still allied with them in their unholy confederacy, and Nicholas Hubert, *alias* French Paris, the pretended bearer of the letters from Mary to Bothwell, was a prisoner in their hands; but they brought forward neither of these witnesses, nor any other, for the purpose of at least making the attempt to verify those most suspicious, and indeed self-disproving, letters.

All Mary's private papers were in the possession of her accusers, and had they found no answers from Bothwell to these fond foolish billets, or to any other of her missives?—for if she wrote these, it cannot be supposed the correspondence would be limited to just the eight alleged to have been found in that secure depository, a French filigree silver casket. Surely it must be regarded as a strong argument in her favour, that in none of her escritaires, her coffers, her cabinets, her bureaux, which she had been compelled unexpectedly to abandon to their tender mercies, was aught discovered that could be produced to corroborate, in the slightest degree, the infamous charges of her self-interested calumniators. That Mary Stuart did not encourage her courtiers to write such fulsome follies to her as her mature maiden sister of England condescended not

¹ Goodall's Appendix, p. 232—Journal of the Commissioners, Dec. 6, 1568.

² State Paper MS., Dec. 8, 1568.

only to receive from Hatton, but to answer in the same strain,¹ may be inferred from the fact that not one document was or could be brought forward in proof of such unseemly familiarity. It is moreover to be observed, that the English Commissioners, in their report of the silver-casket budget, cautiously abstain from stating that the suspicious papers it contained were actually written by Mary, but only that those by whom they were produced "said they were." Thus "*they*," Moray and his confederates, "exhibited a writing written in a Roman hand in French, as *they said*, and 'would avow by the Queen of Scots herself,' being a promise of marriage to the Earl of Bothwell,"—then seven letters, one after the other, "in Roman hand, which *they averred* 'to be of the said Queen's hand.'"² The letters are stated to be in French, and in token thereof three or four French words were quoted as the commencement of the three that are specified; but there is only one entire letter quoted in French, and this is a brief, tender expostulation with some one for being angry with her about something one of her female attendants had done. The French copy of this letter is only twenty lines, with a translation. The original may, perhaps, have been a genuine letter from Mary to Darnley, who, being jealous of her friendship for Lady Mar and Lady Moray, was likely enough to have evinced the like peevish feelings towards females of inferior degree in the household of his royal consort.

LETTER IV.

"My Heart, alas! must the folly of a woman, whose unthankfulness towards me ye do sufficiently know, be occasion of displeasure unto you, considering that I could not have provided a remedy without knowing it? and since I perceived it, I could not tell it you, because I knew not how to govern myself therein; for neither in that nor in any other thing will I undertake to do aught without knowledge of your will, which I beseech you to let me understand; for I will perform it all, my life, more willingly than you could declare it; but if you do not send me word to-night

¹ Calling him by the pet names of her "sheep," her "belwether," and her "sweet lids." Here is a specimen of one of Hatton's letters to Elizabeth: "I will wash away the faults of these letters, with the drops from your poor 'lids,' and so enclose them. Would God I were with you but for one hour! My wits are overwrought with thoughts. I find myself amazed. Bear with me, most dear sweet lady; passion overcometh me. I can write no more! Love me, for I love you. God, I beseech Thee, witness the same on the behalf of thy poor servant. Live for ever! Shall I utter this familiar term, farewell? Yea, ten thousand thousand farewells! He speaketh it that most dearly loveth you. I hold you too long. Once more I crave pardon, and so bid your poor 'lids' farewell. 1573, June.

—State Paper Office MS.

If such a letter from Bothwell to Queen Mary had been, or could have been, produced, it would have been triumphantly blazoned as an indisputable evidence of something worse than levity on her part. Yet this is only one of a long series, written by her handsome Vice-Chamberlain, to the maiden monarch of England, some of which will not bear quotation. They were carefully treasured by her, and may yet be seen in the State Paper Office, among the holograph letters illustrative of her personal correspondence. The late Sir Harris Nicolas printed a selection from them in his *Life and Times of Sir Christopher Hatton*.

² Session in the Painted Chamber, vii. viii. of December—State Paper Office MS.

"Your bondsman everlastingly tied,
CH. HATTON."

what you would have me do, I will undertake the risk of enterprising it myself, which might be injurious to our mutual design. And when she shall be married, I will pray you to give me another, or rather I will choose some one whose deportment, I think, will satisfy you; but as for their tongues and fidelity to you I would not answer. I entreat you that the opinion of another remove not your reliance on my constancy. Mistrust you me, who will put you out of doubt, and declare my innocence?

"Oh my dear life, refuse not to allow me to give proof of my obedience, fidelity, and voluntary subjection; for I take it as the greatest pleasure I can have if you accept it without ceremony, wherein you could not do me greater wrong, nor more mortally offend me."¹

Though the letter contains not the slightest clue for discovering either the writer, the woman alluded to, or the person to whom it is addressed, the confederates have in their descriptive endorsement stated, "that it was *anent* Margaret Carwood before her marriage, and written by the Queen of Scots to Bothwell," and "*prufe* her affecting." What is there proved would puzzle the cleverest riddle-reader the world ever saw to make out. There is, however, this additional annotation: "Margaret Carwood was one special in trust with the S. Q., and most privy to all her most secret affairs;"² and this annotation is in the handwriting of Randolph—a fact that speaks volumes.

There is also a copy in broad Scotch of the mysterious letter No. VIII., which was prudently withdrawn by the confederates from the series exhibited in the Painted Chamber, for there are allusions in it which prove that, if the original were written by Mary, it was not addressed to Bothwell, but to Darnley, after their private nuptials, which are more than once mentioned, together with tender complaints of his misconduct.

It will, however, be more intelligible in a condensed abstract. After tender reproaches for "thoughtlessness, want of care, broken promises, and the coldness of his writing now she is so far made his," and reminding him that "he had promised surety and honourable service," she professes "her lowly and dutiful submission to his commandments, without feignedness of heart and spirit, and of good reason, though my merits were much greater than of the most perfect that ever was, and such as I desire to be, and shall take pains in conditions to imitate for to be bestowed worthily under your *regiment* (rule). My only wealth receive therefore in all good part, the same as I have received your marriage with extreme joy, the which shall not part forth from my bosom till that the marriage of our bodies be made in public,"—promising, in conclusion, "to be ever his humble, obedient, and lawful wife." Now this surely applies to her secretly-wedded husband Darnley, in anticipation of the public solemnization of their wedlock.³ Secretly married to Bothwell she never was. His lawful wife nothing could make her, a

¹ State Paper Office MS.

² On this foundation malignant slanders on poor Margaret have been based by Buchanan and repeated by his copyists.

³ It is to Prince Labanoff's research that the proofs of this marriage are due. See his Collection, vols. iii. iv., and our previous narrative.

member of the Romish Church, consider herself during Lady Bothwell's life, without a Papal dispensation, for which she never applied: even his pre-contract to Lady Buccleuch would, to a Roman Catholic princess, have presented an insuperable objection.

A token is described as accompanying this letter—such token, however, as any guilty votaress of lawless love would have shuddered to contemplate, and never would have sent to a paramour—being a *memento mori* in the form of a mourning-ring, having for a device a sepulchre of *pietra dura*, enamelled black, sprinkled with tears and bones; and enclosing a portion of her hair, which, she tells the nameless person to whom it is sent, “is never to come forth till death grant unto him a trophy of victory over her bones, leaving him to be better bestowed than on her:” a tender and pathetic reproach to one whose highly-educated and poetic spirit would understand the metaphor and appreciate the sentiment. The original of this letter was probably found among Darnley's papers. Certainly the Scotch copy contains nothing that can apply to Bothwell; so that, if written by Mary, it was not to him, but to her secretly-wedded lord.

After Moray and his colleagues had exhibited the contracts, letters, and poetry, and affirmed “that they were written by the Queen,” they showed the English Commissioners the Book of Articles, containing garbled abstracts of the examinations of Bothwell's servants who had suffered death as accomplices in the murder of Darnley, on their own confessions, of having deposited the powder under the Queen's bed, and firing the train by which the house was blown up, although evidence of a less suspicious character has proved that the powder was in reality put in mines which were sunk for that purpose in the angles at the foundations of the building. Their examinations were attested by the signature of Sir John Bellenden, the traitor Justice-Clerk, who had presided at the trials and torture of these subordinate agents in the tragedy.¹ These depositions contained nothing tending to the crimination of the Queen, and they had fully exonerated her in their last confession on the scaffold, in the presence of God, and in the hearing of the thousands assembled to see them die.

A Journal² was also presented by the Regent and his colleagues to the English Commissioners, being, they pretended, “an authentic record of

¹ Sir John Bellenden took an active part in inducing Craig to publish her banns with Bothwell, and procured his own uncle, the profligate Bishop of Orkney, to perform the disgraceful office of marrying their captive Sovereign to her ruffian ravisher.

² The recentness of the fabrication is detected by the anachronism into which the author has fallen, of entitling the Earl of Moray “my Lord Regent,” on the

16th of March, 1566-7; and again, “April 9th, my Lord Regent departed furth of Scotland” (Cotton. Lib.—Caligula, B. ix., f. 247), whereas Moray did not obtain that office till the succeeding August: the discrepancy of falsehood is therefore glaringly apparent. So much for the documentary evidence on which the credibility of the crimes imputed to Mary Stuart by the usurpers of her Government depends.

the Queen's proceedings written down as they occurred," but palpably fabricated for the express purpose of bolstering up their accusation. It has already been noticed that the entries in this journal represent Mary as roaming about the land in a tête-à-tête tour with Bothwell, when the official reports of Sir John Forster bear indisputable evidence that she was performing a military and judicial progress, travelling in royal state, and attended by Moray himself and all the great officers of her Court. Personal witnesses against her there were none, for Thomas Crawford and Thomas Nelson, the only persons brought forward by Moray and his confederates to testify aught to her prejudice, made no verbal depositions, each being provided with his story written down on paper for the avoiding of inconvenient blunders; neither were they subjected to the process of an examination, or the ordeal of cross-questioning, as their papers were read and sworn to by them in the absence of Mary's Commissioners; yet they have been exultingly quoted by the assertors of Mary's guilt, and absolutely embodied as part and parcel of her history.

Crawford's paper of notes had already been introduced to the English Commissioners, read and sworn to by the Earl of Lennox, so that the appearance of this person to read them again, and affirm on oath that he wrote them down for his Lord's information at Glasgow, nearly a year and a half before they were suggested to him by that nobleman from Chiswick (during the visit of Moray's secretary John Wood), need only be mentioned among the proceedings of the 9th of December, when his evidence was used for corroboration of the first of the forged letters.¹ Thomas Nelson appeared before the Commissioners under circumstances calculated to produce a deep and marvellous impression, for he was the personal servant of Darnley, had slept in the house of Kirk-o'-Field on the night of the fatal 9th of February, and was the sole survivor of that mysterious tragedy, having been taken alive out of the ruins, preserved almost miraculously "by reason of a great stone wall betwixt the King's chamber and the place where he did lie. He was introduced by Moray with a request that he might depose on oath to his knowledge therein."² He did not, however, make a verbal deposition; his testimony, like that of Crawford, being confined to swearing that the contents of a written paper which he read were true.

Nelson had been arrested by Sir William Drury at Berwick, and detained there several months with the rest of Darnley's servants, to whom the royal widow had, in the fearless consciousness that she had done nothing that could be reported to her dishonour, granted passports to return to England after the death of their murdered master, on their expressing a desire to do so;³ and he was the only person among them base

¹ Anderson, vol. iv. p. 168.

² Goodall's Appendix, Dec. 9, 1568.

³ Sir William Drury to Cecil, February 15, 1567—Border Correspondence, State Paper Office MSS.

enough to be rendered the tool of her usurping brother, by coming forward as a false witness against her. His story of her Majesty's thrifty care for the preservation of a new black figured velvet bed (which he pretended was in the King's lodging at Kirk-o'-Field), by having a shabby old purple one substituted previous to the blowing-up, has been fully disproved by the two-fold evidence of the Royal Wardrobe-Book, and the lately discovered discharge for the furniture destroyed in the King's lodging on that occasion, that it can never again be quoted, except in illustration of the base arts and shameless perjuries resorted to by Mary's foes in their attempts to substantiate their charges against her. As, however, neither Elizabeth nor her ministers were a whit more aware of the existence of the documents which manifest Crawford and Nelson's perjuries than Monsieur Mignet himself, it is very possible they might have been deceived by Moray, by whom this false witness and his written statement were introduced to the English Commissioners.

The ceremony of comparing the letters in the silver filigree casket, alleged by Morton to have been captured by himself on the person of Bothwell's servant, the late George Dalgleish, with several letters written by Mary to Queen Elizabeth, was performed by Mr Secretary Cecil and others of his colleagues, in the absence of Mary's Commissioners; and it was declared "that, on careful and due collation, no difference was found"—a declaration which elicited the sarcastic comment from Lesley, Bishop of Ross, "O perfect and worthy collation! O meet and apt men for such a purpose!"

The Earls of Shrewsbury, Huntingdon, Worcester, Warwick, Northumberland, and Westmoreland—who had been summoned to give their attendance at Hampton Court on this occasion—expressed themselves, we are told, "honoured by this mark of their Sovereign's confidence, and infinitely shocked at the foul matter which had been exhibited, whereby they thought her Majesty had just cause for refusing to admit the Queen of Scots to her presence."¹ Yet, although they all (if we may trust Cecil's record) united in answering, as in duty bound, far different must have been the sentiments of two at least of the respondents, Northumberland and Westmoreland, as they afterwards proved by taking up arms as Mary's champions, in the hope of effecting her deliverance and placing her on the throne of England. This they would not have done had they attached the slightest credit to the assertion of her usurping brother and his confederates, that the letters were written by her. Nor can it be supposed that Northumberland would have ventured to propose her, on his own responsibility, to the Spanish ambassador as a consort for his Sovereign,² had he not been fully satisfied of her innocence. The reports of

¹ State Paper MSS.

² Confessions of the Earl of Northumberland. Memorials of the Northern Rebellion, by Sir Cuthbert Sharpe—Appendix

that Minister, as well as those of La Mothe Fénelon, the new French ambassador, bear witness that great diversity of opinion was expressed in Elizabeth's Council Chamber as to the course proper to be adopted in regard to Mary. Cecil, Leicester, Sadler, and Bacon, insisted that the papers exhibited by Moray substantiated the accusation; and Lord-Chancellor Bacon was so forgetful of equity as to declare, "that, as long as she were suffered to exist, there could be no security for the life and government of their Sovereign;" while Arundel, Norfolk, Sussex, and Clinton, contended "that she had a right to be heard in her own defence," and even represented to Elizabeth, "that, in allowing her to be oppressed and defamed by her rebellious subjects, she was preparing a dangerous precedent for her own." According to the reports of the Spanish ambassador, "the spirit shown by these great peers acted as a check to the violence with which Cecil and his party sought the destruction of Mary."

Queen Mary completed her twenty-sixth year at Bolton Castle on the day selected by her fraternal foe, and his accomplices in treason and falsehood, for the formal production of the disgusting forgeries they had prepared to colour their accusations. Winter closed in very early in that wild mountainous district, and with more than ordinary severity. Wensleydale and the surrounding country are described by Sir Francis Knollys as deep in frozen snow, and the roads so slippery as to be almost impassable. Elizabeth was bent on removing Mary to Tutbury, a much colder place. Knollys protested against the possibility of performing the journey at that time of the year, and under circumstances "when foot-passengers might make their way almost as fast as horsemen, and with much less danger." The unlucky Vice-Chamberlain, aware that he was in disgrace with all parties, and heartily weary of the ungracious duties of jailer, spy, reporter, and watch-dog, implored to be superseded, and allowed either to come to the Court or return to his own house, where his sick wife was pining for his presence; but his entreaties were disregarded.

Poor Lady Scroope, who was expecting her confinement about the close of the year, was, notwithstanding the inclemency of the season, barbarously prohibited, by a peremptory verbal message from her august kinswoman, in terms too coarse for repetition, from lying-in at her Lord's castle. "And," continues Knollys, "my Lord Scroope hath provided for her accordingly, two miles from this house"—probably by hiring a lodging for her in the village of Leyburn. "But, by her being here," observes Knollys, "we had this commodity, that at all hours she might visit this Queen in her chamber."¹ It may be surmised, however, that the noble daughter of Surrey, and sister of Norfolk, even if to avoid suspicion, and prevent the employment of a less scrupulous person, she had accepted the office of a domiciliary spy on the illustrious captive at Bolton, had not performed the odious duties expected of her to Elizabeth's satis-

¹ Knollys to Cecil, December 15, 1568.

faction, or she would not have been thus rudely driven from her own house at a season when quiet and comfort were so peculiarly requisite. What would have been said of Mary Stuart if she had ever abused her authority, either as Queen of France or Sovereign of Scotland, by such an unwomanly act of oppression? Not one instance of unkindness, or even discourtesy, to the ladies of her Court or household, has ever been cited against her. Dearly did they love her in her prosperity, fondly and faithfully did they cleave to her in the dark days when she was a throneless captive. The earnest applications from members of the female aristocracy of Scotland for leave to pass into England and wait upon her in prison, are sufficient evidence of the estimation in which she was held by those who had had the best opportunities of personal knowledge of her manners and characteristics. "Let the noble realm of France," exclaims her eloquent servant Leslie, "testify of her demeanour and behaviour. Let her own subjects, that be not her open enemies, and her double double traitors, accuse her hardly and spare her not. But let them think withal at their better leisure, and when they shall be better advised, whether there be any indifferent person who will not both detest and utterly abhor the perverse and naughty nature of such ungrate traitors, or that will not think it far unlike that this noble Queen, who hath so graciously pardoned their double and treble treasons, would ever find it in her heart so to use her own dear husband."

The traditional belief in Mary Stuart's innocence, which has lingered for nearly three centuries in the hearts and homes of Scotland, from the castle to the humblest cot, where oral chroniclers have repeated her tragic story from generation to generation, proves how strongly the power of moral evidence and the victorious influence of truth—truth felt, not fully seen—have wrestled with the lying spirit of political defamation, and kept alive the interest involved in the controversy, till the perjuries of her calumniators should, in the fulness of time, be made manifest.

Private intelligence from her friends in the English Privy Council having reached Mary that a secret treaty had been concluded between her false brother Moray and Queen Elizabeth, for surrendering both the Castle of Stirling and the Prince her son into the hands of the latter, she addressed, on the 17th of December, a letter to the Earl of Mar, which does equal honour to her feelings as a Queen and as a mother :—

"The natural love I bear my child, and my care for the preservation of that which it has pleased God to commit to my charge, impels me to write this letter to you, to inform you of things which, I doubt not, are concealed from you, or at least disguised by those in whom you confide the most. My son is about to be taken out of your hands and sent to this country, and the care of Stirling Castle committed to a garrison of foreigners. You know I confided both the one and the other to you, from the trust I had in you and those belonging to you.

"However you may, through the persuasions of others, have departed from your first glow of loyalty, yet if there be (as I cannot but think there is) still remaining

in you some lingering feeling and remembrance of that which, by the effects, I have shown I bear to you, though you will not acknowledge it in *my* behalf, let it at least be testified in that of my son, of whom I pray you to have the care to which your honour and the affection you owe your country oblige you. Provide in time for the security of the place, and take heed that you be not robbed of my son either by force or fraud; for what I tell you is certain fact, having been agreed, and the only question is how it is to be executed. I believe that it is the cupidity and ambition of your kinsman, alone, which has induced you to consent to the ruin and desolation of your country, and to see it rendered the vassal and slave of another, as it will be, if God by His goodness and mercy break not the wicked designs of those who work such ways as they are practising, for the purpose of aggrandizing themselves, and serving their private interests.”¹

In her postscript the royal mother emphatically adds: “Remember, when I gave you my son, as my dearest jewel, you promised me ‘to keep him, and not to resign him to any one without my consent,’ and this promise you have since repeated by your letters.”

As it suited Mar’s selfish interests to keep possession of the puppet King, in whose name the faction that had dethroned Mary governed the realm, the pledge he had given her served as a feasible pretext for traversing his ambitious nephew’s secret treaty with Elizabeth, by positively refusing to deliver him up. Elizabeth, having set her mind on getting the infant into her own hands, sought to obtain her object through the instrumentality of the captive mother, whom she instructed Sir Francis Knollys to intimidate and beguile into ratifying her abdication, remaining in England as a private person, and consenting that her son should retain the title of King, and that the Earl of Moray should continue to govern her realm in his name. “On these conditions the calumnious charges of the conspirators were to be committed to perpetual silence.” The manner in which Elizabeth instructs her agent to proceed is worthy of attention: “First, we would have you, whom we have just cause to trust, to attempt her herein, and yet to do the same as of yourself, by way of communication and devising with her of her troubles.”

In order to quiet the conscience of his royal mistress, and satisfy the more squeamish members of her Council, Cecil also penned, and has left on record, “Four reasons to prove the Queen’s Majesty’s detaining of the Queen of Scots just:”—

1. “She is a lawful prisoner by good treaties.” This can only allude to the secret covenants between Elizabeth and the Scotch traitors, whom she had supported in their intrigues and seditions against their native Sovereign.

2. “She may not depart until she have satisfied the wrong that she hath done to the Queen’s Majesty, in open claiming of the Crown, and not making just recompense.”

¹ Mary Stuart to the Earl of Mar, from Bolton, December 17, 1568—State Paper Office MS.

And lastly, which was intended to back the requisition of the Earl of Lennox for Mary's death,—“The Queen's Majesty is bound in conscience to answer the petitions of her subjects in matters of blood upon her subjects.”

It must be plain to every person who has had time and opportunity for tracing the collusive practices between the English Cabinet and the Scotch conspirators, that had the evidences produced by the latter as proof of Mary's guilt been such as would have borne the test of the public investigation she challenged, there would have been no hesitation in taking her at her word. For had it been possible to substantiate by personal testimony, or even properly verified documents, the horrible charges against her, the pride and policy of Elizabeth would have been gratified, and importantly served, by rendering Westminster Hall the arena for proving to the whole world that her younger and fairer rival, who equalled her in learning and accomplishments, and excelled her in literary genius and feminine grace, and whom a third of her subjects regarded as the rightful Queen of England, was a coarse fiend in angel's form, not only unmeet to govern, but unworthy to live. Could this have been done, the proceedings for Mary Stuart's disgrace would not have been confined within the walls of a committee-room, and to the pages of political libels.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN consequence of the deep snow, which had rendered the roads in that wild mountainous district of Yorkshire impassable without great danger both to man and horse,¹ Mary remained for many days of agonizing suspense in ignorance of the proceedings at Westminster and Hampton Court. When, however, the long-impeded couriers of her Commissioners made their way to Bolton Castle, and she received intelligence of the accusation her fraternal foe and his creatures had exhibited against her, and that he had endeavoured to support it by producing the mysterious letters to which he had previously alluded in the Act of Parliament “anent her detention,” she immediately ordered her Commissioners to renew the Conference, which she had, in her instructions of the 22nd of November, directed them to break up, on account of the partiality shown to her disloyal subjects, unless she were permitted to the like privilege of access to Elizabeth's presence.

A male Sovereign might have continued to stand on punctilios of royal etiquette, and paused to weigh the peril of compromising the dearly-bought independence of Scotland by condescending to respond, as a de-

¹ Letter to Cecil, Dec. 15, 1568—State Paper Office MS.

fendant, to an accusation from rebel subjects, in a cause submitted to the adjudication of the English Queen, who had manifested feelings of partiality in behalf of the latter sufficient to justify suspicion ; but Mary, the child of impulse, waived all these considerations. Her honour had been impugned, and she unhesitatingly adopted the course which beseeemed an honest woman, by directing her Commissioners to answer the accusation of her defamers in these simple and forcible words of denial :—" We have received the *Fik* given in by the Earl of Moray and his complices, and where they have said therein, or at any time, ' that we knew, counselled, devised, or persuaded the murder of our husband,' they have falsely, traitorously, and *meschantly* lied, imputing unto us maliciously the crime whereof they themselves are authors, inventors, doers, and some of them proper (personal) executors."¹

In refutation of their charge on the subject of Bothwell's trial and acquittal, and her marriage with him, she refers to her previous victorious answer at the Conference at York, proving that they, who now accused her of favouring him, had acted in confederacy with him, concealed his crimes from her, acquitted him by their own votes in Parliament, and combined illegally both to maintain him from further pursuit, and to accomplish the illegal marriage with her to which she had been, in consequence of that combination, compelled to condescend ; they shamelessly making it, though their own doing, the pretext, immediately after its accomplishment, for deposing her, and seizing her plate, jewels, and the revenues of the Crown, into their own hands.

" And whereas," continues Mary, with quaint but pathetic eloquence, " they charge us with unnatural kindness towards our son, alleging ' we intended to have caused him follow his father hastily ;' howbeit, the natural love the mother bears to her only bairn is sufficient to confound them, and requires no other answer." What special pleader, versed in the subtleties of the law, and practised in the persuasive arts of rhetoric, ever carried conviction to the hearts of a jury in behalf of injured innocence, like this simple burst of maternity, with which the royal widow repels the cruel assertion of her fraternal supplanter and his accomplices ? It has its historical parallel in the memorable appeal of another calumniated Queen, Marie Antoinette, to the mothers of France, in reply to the atrocious accusation of the monster Hébert.

After an indignant allusion to the manner in which the life of her infant, as well as her own, had been endangered at the assassination of Riccio, Mary sarcastically adds : " There is none of good judgment but may easily perceive their hypocrisy, how they would fortify themselves in our son's name till their tyranny were better established." Her conclusion is an evidence of the fearless spirit in which she was prepared to refute the

¹ Queen Mary's Letter to her Commissioners, Dec. 19, 1568, Bolton. Printed in Goodall's Appendix, p. 283.

forgeries of her enemies. "Ye shall desire," she writes to her Commissioners, "the inspection and *doubles* (meaning the copies) of all they have produced against us, and that we may see the alleged principal writings, *if they have any*, produced, and with God's grace we shall make sic answer thereto that our innocence shall be known to our good sister, and to all other Princes, and siclike shall charge them as authors and inventors of the said crime they would impute to us, and sufficiently prove the same."¹

If the letters, contracts, and poetry, alleged by the Scotch conspirators to have been written by Queen Mary, had been genuine, copies of them would, as a matter of course, have been communicated to her Commissioners by the English Commissioners, in like manner as they had the accusation or Eik to Moray's former answer, being part and parcel of the business of the Conference, without waiting for the ceremony of being asked for them. That copies of these supposititious documents were refused notwithstanding the reiterated demands of Mary and her Commissioners, affords not only strong presumptions that they would not bear the test of legal discussion, but suggests shrewd suspicions of the motives of the umpire by whom they were withheld. Instead of being allowed to see what had been produced against her, Mary was urged by her keeper, Sir Francis Knollys, in obedience to the instructions of his royal mistress, to compound the business altogether by ratifying her forced abdication. His insulting condolences on the badness of her cause, and the impossibility of her vindicating herself from the charges that had been brought against her, and the insinuated necessity of her condescending to the political suicide suggested, in order to prevent worse consequences, formed the entertainment of her dismal Christmas at Bolton Castle, in the absence of her friendly hostess Lady Scroope, who, having been despotically driven from her own house, was awaiting her childbirth in a village lodging.

Knollys informs Queen Elizabeth,² "that he had received her letter of the 22nd, together with a memorial of certain reasons to induce Queen Mary to yield to the demission of her Crown to her son ;"—the manner in which he performed his commission must be related in his own words. "And according to your Majesty's order," writes he, "as soon as this Queen came abroad, entering into conference with her of the state of her cause, and desiring to know whether she would answer or not, and finding her in her old humour of denial, I then began to say unto her 'that I did not marvel that she was not disposed to answer formally, but rather I thought her the wiser woman, because it passed my capacity to see how by just defence she could disburthen herself of the crimes that had been laid against her ;' whereunto she answered, 'Yes, she could.' 'Well,' said I, 'your Grace had need to look about you, for you do stand in a

¹ Goodall's Appendix, p. 289.

² Knollys to Queen Elizabeth, Bolton, Dec. 26, 1568. State Paper MS., inedited.

very hard case.'” Mary listened with calm contempt to this unprovoked impertinence.

Knollys next endeavoured, with feline softness, to lead her to the desired conclusion, according to the artful instructions he had received. “‘But now,’ said I, ‘it were wise handling of your Grace if you could with courtesy and discreet behaviour *provoke* [induce] the Queen my mistress to save your honour, and to cause all accusations and writings that are to be showed against you to be committed to oblivion, the which I think you might, by offering to be content with the demission of your Crown and Government of Scotland to your son, and you to remain in England a convenient time.’”

“Now, at afternoon,” proceeds Knollys, “she began to confer with my Lord Scroope, and she told him what advice I had given her herein; ‘and surely,’ saith she, ‘I think he doth not thus advise me to the intent I should be entrapped and abused.’” Mary, generous and candid herself, even to a fault, knew not how to suspect in another perfidy of which she was incapable. But the world-hardened courtier records without remorse or shame the confidence she had expressed in his sincerity; perhaps he plumed himself on having acted his part with such consummate skill as to persuade her that, notwithstanding his cruel insinuations of the difficulty she would find in clearing herself from the charges of her enemies, he was very much her friend. “And my Lord Scroope,” continues he, “being made privy by me beforehand, did also very earnestly persuade her in friendly manner accordingly; and, although she is too wise hastily to be persuaded in such a case as this is, yet both my Lord Scroope and I are in some hope that if the Bishop of Ross, at his coming, will earnestly persuade her hereunto, that she will yield therein.” “Shall I,” she asked indignantly, “resign for those rebels that have so shamefully belied me?” “No,” said Scroope, “your Grace may do it in respect of her Majesty’s advice;” and then both deceitfully plied her with sundry plausible reasons to induce her to condescend to what was required of her. “Well,” replied she, “I will make no answer to it for two days,” and so departed to her bed.

The result of her deliberations was to write again to her Commissioners, commanding “them to reiterate her denunciation of her accusers, as the contrivers, and some of them the actual perpetrators, of her husband’s murder,” and to demand copies of the writings they pretended to be hers. Mary’s uneasiness at this painful crisis was augmented by her anxiety on account of the mysterious disappearance of young Willie Douglas, whom she had despatched on a mission of some importance several weeks previously, and who had never been heard of since. Her grateful sense of the service he had performed for her, and the affectionate interest she took in his welfare, induced her to add to the above instructions to her

Commissioners an earnest paragraph, mentioning "that he was *tint*, or missing, immediately after he had gotten his passport from her good sister," and her fears that, out of revenge for the good and loyal service he had performed in delivering her from her captivity in Lochleven Castle, he had been murdered by James Drysdale, the Laird of Lochleven's servant, who had threatened "to wash his hands in his heart's blood, and, if he had the opportunity, to plant a whinger in her heart also;" she therefore "begs this may be mentioned to Queen Elizabeth, and diligent inquiry made after Willie."¹ This might have proved of little avail if she had not written also to La Mothe Fénélon, and the members of the royal family of France, entreating their good offices in his behalf. The French ambassador exerted himself so effectually that, at the end of a month, Willie was traced to a jail in the north of England, where he had been incarcerated. His liberation was at last obtained by the persevering intercessions of his royal mistress.²

Mary's courier, Borthwick, arrived at Bolton on the last day of December, 1568, bringing letters of some importance from the Bishop of Ross. She remained in her own chamber the whole of that day, perusing the letters he had brought, and conferring with him, the Lord Boyd, one of her Commissioners, who had obtained license to visit her, and Raullet, her faithful French secretary and decipherer. In the evening, when she came forth, her deportment was observed to be more cheerful, and she repeated with lively satisfaction various friendly observations and favourable promises, which, she said, the Queen her good sister had made to the Bishop of Ross, Elizabeth having said "she would have Mary a Queen still, though her son should be associated in the regal title with her, and the Earl of Moray to carry on the government by her authority in their joint names;" "and this," observed Mary to Sir Francis Knollys and Lord Scroope, "is better for me than your persuasions do tend unto." Knollys on this actually took the liberty of lecturing his royal mistress for having allowed her better feelings to counteract the harsh policy dictated by her Ministers.

Mary's Commissioners, on the 7th of January, in obedience to her instructions, made a formal demand, in her name, for copies of the letters the Earl of Moray and his colleagues had shown to the English Commissioners, pretending they were written by her. Elizabeth said "she would take time to consider the demand, but thought it would be best for some arrangement to be made, whereby her good sister, the Queen of Scotland, who considered she had cause to be discontented with her subjects, and they disliking her government, might live a private and peaceful life in England, by resigning her Crown to her son." The Bishop of

¹ Queen Mary's Letter to her Commissioners, Jan. 2, 1568-1569—Labanoff, and Goodall's Appendix.

² Despatches of La Mothe Fénélon, vol. i. pp. 133-134.

Ross replied, "that albeit the Queen his mistress would, to pleasure her Majesty, listen to some good treaty of agreement with her subjects, notwithstanding the great offences committed by them against her, she would never consent to demit her Crown."¹ Elizabeth pressed him, and the other two Commissioners present, to write to the Queen their mistress to propose it. This they at first absolutely refused to do; but having finally consented, Mary wrote in reply: "As to the demission of my Crown, touching which you have written to me, trouble me about it no more; for I am resolutely determined rather to die, and that the last word I shall speak in life will be that of a Queen of Scotland."²

Nor did she confine her declaration to the mere assertion of woman's will, but subjoined reasons for her decision worthy of the representative of the royal line whose sceptre had been her fatal inheritance. "The Commissioners of both parties," says she, "are assembled in this country on the dispute between me and certain of my subjects; the eyes of every one are fixed on the issue of this convention, in order to form judgment thereby which is in the right and which is in the wrong; and if it should be seen, that, after having come into this realm to demand succour, making complaint of having been unjustly driven from my own, I should be brought to yield to my adversaries all they could demand, what would the generality say but that I have been my own judge, and have condemned myself? Hence it would follow that all the reports my adversaries have circulated of me would be held for veritable facts, and I should be regarded with horror, especially by the people of this Isle. When, too, it shall be shown to such of the nobility as have sided with those subjects of mine rather than with me, that I have willed to make demission in favour of my son, who is not old enough to be able to govern, instead of thinking me innocent of that which has been imputed to me, they would put a contrary interpretation thereon, and say that it was from the fear of being publicly accused, and that feeling myself guilty, and having a bad cause, I preferred compounding to pleading, and by that shift escaped being condemned."³ After a brief summary of the evils that might result to Scotland, herself, and her child, in the event of her condescending to adopt the course prescribed to her by the English Sovereign, she thus concludes: "These perils are evident; therefore I am resolved not lightly to cast away that which God has given me, being determined rather to die Queen than live as a private woman."⁴

This right royal declaration of her captive cousin was presented to Elizabeth on Sunday, January 9th, by the Bishop of Ross and his fellow Commissioners. Convinced, by the courageous and dignified tone in which Mary had declined submitting to the unjustifiable demand that

¹ Goodall's Appendix, p. 300.

² Declaration of Queen Mary, presented by her Commissioners, Jan. 9, 1568-1569—State Paper Office MS., printed in

Goodall's Appendix, and Labanoff, in the original French.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ *Ibid.*

had been so perseveringly pressed upon her, that the principal objects for which the Scotch conspirators had been goaded into bringing forward their accusation, namely, the extinction of the political importance of her hated rival, and the annexation of Scotland to England, by the surrender of the infant Prince, were unattainable; conscious also, as her refusal to allow Mary to have copies of them sufficiently proves, that the papers produced by Moray in substantiation of the charges exhibited against his captive sister and Sovereign would not bear the test of a calm investigation, Elizabeth directed Cecil to break up the Conference immediately. This he did on the morrow, January 10th, with the following declaration to Moray and his coadjutors: "*That forasmuch as there had been nothing deduced against them as yet that might impair their honour and allegiances, so, on the other part, there had been nothing sufficient produced nor shown by them against their Sovereign, whereby the Queen of England should conceive or take any evil opinion of the Queen her good sister, for anything she had yet seen.*"¹

It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of this declaration, as bearing upon the falsity of the silver-casket letters. These letters had been produced and examined by the Commissioners of Elizabeth, having been distinctly asserted by Moray and his coadjutors to be the production of Mary herself, and, if genuine, could not fail to affect her character in the highest degree; and yet, without hearing Mary in her defence, or receiving any explanation whatsoever as to these letters, this declaration was made at a time when the genuineness of the said letters was clearly in issue, and in a manner that leaves no doubt that Elizabeth, Cecil, and the other English Commissioners, were convinced that they were forgeries. This declaration was no hasty or ill-considered statement; it was the deliberate judgment of Elizabeth, pronounced by her Minister after hearing one side only. Against that very side this was done, and by a Queen and Minister whom no one will ever accuse of partiality for Mary. How clearly, then, must Elizabeth and her Ministers have been satisfied of the falsity of these documents before they could have made such an announcement!—an announcement that must have for ever precluded them from again bringing forward these letters against Mary. Nor ought it ever to be forgotten that this declaration was made by parties—the only parties indeed—who had inspected the letters in question, and had heard all the evidence and all the specious arguments that even Moray, Morton, and Lethington, with Makgill and Wood to counsel and prompt them with legal subtleties, could adduce in support of their bold fabrications, and that, too, without anything on the part of Mary except an indignant denial of their authenticity. Easy is it to see why copies of these writings were denied to Mary: every one was convinced, on the showing of those who propounded them alone, that they could not be genuine. If it be said

¹ Goodall's Appendix, p. 303. Labanoff, vol. ii. p. 227. Chalmers' Life of Mary Queen of Scots. Bell's Life of Mary Queen of Scots.

that Elizabeth's declaration acquits not only Mary, but Moray and his confederates, and that it was a politic scheme resorted to in order to bring the parties once more into concord, without stopping to ask what judgment ought to be pronounced on those who deliberately made a false statement for such purposes, it is enough to say that Elizabeth did not for a moment abandon her endeavours to obtain her object with Mary; but, foiled in this quarter, turned to other, if not baser, arts to effectuate her purpose. How easy it would have been to have broken up the Conferences in other terms, and how advantageous it would have been to Elizabeth to have retained such a hold on Mary as these letters, *if genuine*, would have at all times afforded her, any one can perceive. Neither Elizabeth nor Cecil, however, dared to sanction the idea that these documents in any way affected Mary's character; on the contrary, they emphatically pronounced "that nothing had been *seen* that in any manner impeached that character;" yet they had seen and heard all that could support the charge of Mary having written these letters. Such are a few of the many observations that arise upon this declaration, a declaration which ought for ever to have consigned the parties who produced such evidence to well-merited ignominy as the utterers, if not the fabricators, of false evidence, and prevented any one who had any regard for his own character from ever afterwards asserting that such documents were genuine. Elizabeth had in reality too much regard for the opinion of the world to disgrace herself by venturing to pronounce her royal cousin guilty on no better evidence than had been produced by persons whose motives for belying their injured Sovereign were palpable to all but the wilfully blind.

The Florentine ambassador at the Court of France, Commander Petrucci, informs the Grand Duke his master, "that Queen Elizabeth had entered into a secret covenant with the Earl of Moray, promising that, if he could substantiate his accusation against his royal sister, and put the infant Prince and the principal fortresses in Scotland into her hands, she would obtain his legitimation, and get him appointed heir to the throne of Scotland at the death of the said Prince, Queen Mary's son;"¹ a bribe that opened the dazzling prospective of the English succession also, as the nearest male descendant of Henry VII., provided the disqualifying stigma of his birth could be set aside by Act of Parliament. "The removal of the principal obstacle to this arrangement, the Queen of Scotland, was necessary, and it was resolved to accomplish her death under the colour of justice. Her rebel subjects were enjoined to accuse her of her husband's murder, and this was accordingly done with so much vehemence, and so much favour shown to them in the matter, that her condemnation was expected, and she was accounted a dead woman. But

¹ Printed by Prince Labanoff in Italian, from the original document in the Archives di Medicis.

God, not willing to abandon her in her distress, gave such force to the truth and eloquence of Lord Herries, by whom she was defended, that no one doubted that she was innocent, and her accusers guilty of the crime they had imputed to her. The Queen of England was so greatly astonished and annoyed at this, that she could not conceal her vexation : and the rebels being much confounded, and not knowing what else to say or do, resorted to challenging and giving the lie to Lord Herries for what he had said against the bastard (Moray), and desiring him to prove the same by arms ; to which Herries answered, ‘ that all he had said was true, and he was ready to prove it by the combat,’¹ which he offered to all suspected of the crime who were willing to encounter that test ; but to this offer no one has chosen to respond, well knowing that it would lead to inconvenient discoveries.”

All the talent, both diplomatic and literary, all the influence, all the subtlety of the governing powers of Scotland and England combined, had been arrayed against Mary Stuart, but her adversaries had not succeeded in establishing the accusations they had brought against her. So far from suffering in the estimation of the great nobles who had assisted at the Conferences, Mary Stuart, as the result proved, acquired a party among them strong enough to shake the throne of Elizabeth. The grossness of the fabrications the usurpers of her government had exhibited as the only proofs they had to show of her guilt, opened the eyes of many independent English peers of both religions to the falsity of accusations of which no better evidence could be produced. Norfolk and Arundel, the premier Duke and Earl of England ; Northumberland and Westmoreland, one the representative of the Percies, the other of the Nevilles ; Pembroke, the nephew of the nursing-mother of the Reformation, Queen Katharine Parr ; the Earl of Sussex, and the Lord Clinton, were convinced of Mary’s innocence and the falsehood of her accusers. They contended “ that, as a matter of justice, and for the honour of England, the Queen of Scots, having frankly and fearlessly confided her cause to the arbitration of their Sovereign, ought to be replaced in her royal estate by her appointment ;” and they took that opportunity of urging her recognition as the rightful successor to the crown of England, in the event of Elizabeth leaving no issue.²

Norfolk, emboldened by the daily increasing impression in Mary’s favour, had spoken so plainly and frequently on this subject, that Elizabeth observed with sarcastic bitterness, “ the Queen of Scotland will never want an advocate as long as the Duke of Norfolk lives.”³

To have touched so popular and influential a nobleman as Norfolk at

¹ This was in allusion to the challenges which were exchanged between Lord Lindsay and Lord Herries, November 22. They are printed in Goodall’s Appendix.

² Reports of La Mothe Fénelon and of the Spanish Ambassador—Lesley’s Negotiations. Defence of Queen Mary’s honour—Jebb.

³ Memorials of the Howard Family, by the late Mr Howard of Corby.

that dangerous crisis, would have been to set the eastern counties in a flame, and provide a war-cry for the disaffected throughout the realm. But Mary, the exciting cause of Elizabeth's jealous apprehensions, was in her power, and the spirited refusal of that unfortunate Princess to ratify her compulsory abdication, and allow her son to be brought into England, was avenged by a peremptory order for her immediate removal from Bolton Castle to the cold gloomy fortress of Tutbury in Staffordshire. Mary vehemently protested against this unwelcome change, declaring she was a free Princess, and would not be removed farther from her own realm; but her objections were unavailing. "More than wonted rigour," writes an attaché of the French embassy,¹ "has been shown since the last few days to the Queen of Scotland; it is to compel her to resign her Crown, and they have threatened her, if she makes any resistance to going where it has been determined to send her (which in truth grieves her very much), that they will lift her up, and her female attendant with her, in her bed, and remove them by force in a litter, closely shut up, and fastened with a lock and key." Far different was the treatment of Moray and his confederates, whom Elizabeth had honoured both with private audiences, a farewell reception, and dismissed with public tokens of regard. She graciously promised to maintain Moray in the Regency, and rewarded him for the acceptable service he had performed with a present of five thousand pounds. Nevertheless he and his company continued to linger in the purlieu of Hampton Court, not daring to commence their homeward journey even with the armed escort furnished by their royal patroness; for such was the odium they had excited by their conduct to their Sovereign, that they were marked for popular vengeance by her enthusiastic partisans in the northern counties, through which their route to Scotland lay. The Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, in particular, had been so ineffably disgusted, that they had determined to cut him and his company off, with as little regard to the forms of law as had been shown by them in their cold-blooded bond for the slaughter of David Riccio. Northallerton was the place where it was intended they should be intercepted and slain. Moray received intelligence not only of this design, but that a series of ambushes would be laid in his way, in every track by which it was possible for him to reach the Scottish frontier; and even if by scarcely less than miracle he should escape these perils, still more imminent awaited him across the Border, for all Liddesdale, Dumfriesshire, and beyond the English boundary in Berwickshire, were burning to avenge their Sovereign's wrongs, and ready to receive him on the points of their spears. Thus not less than three hundred miles, which, under existing circumstances, he knew would be "dead-man's land" to him and his com-

¹ Secret Report of M. de la Vergne to the Queen-mother of France, written in cipher, and sent with the despatches of La Mothe Fénelon, vol. i. p. 169.

pany, lay between them and Edinburgh. Moray, however, glided out of all difficulties and dangers with his usual serpentine adroitness. He addressed himself to the Duke of Norfolk, through their mutual friend, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, with professions of penitence and regret for the course to which, he said, "he had been reluctantly driven by the arts and subtle dealing of his associates in treason, declared himself weary of the position he occupied, and desirous of a reconciliation with his royal sister and Sovereign, and coalescing with her party for restoring her to her throne." The credulous lover caught at the bait, and consented to see and confer with him once more.

A private meeting took place between them in the park at Hampton Court, at which Moray, after repeating his deceitful professions of penitence and affection for Mary, protesting "that she was the creature he loved best on earth, and wished most honour to," declared "that it was his intention, on his return to Scotland, to propose a general convention of the nobles, for the purpose of commissioning deputies to the Queen of England, requesting her to make a perfect agreement between their Queen and them, and to restore her to them, as the whole Estates of Scotland would gladly receive her again. This, on his faith and honour, he engaged to do, provided that he and all who had offended her were assured of her forgiveness, and restoration to her favour;"¹ adding, with consummate art, "that there was a fear, if she returned to Scotland with accustomed liberty to choose a husband," not that she would send for Bothwell back, but "that she might join herself in marriage with some great Prince beyond the seas, of France, Spain, or the house of Austria, who would avenge the injuries which she had received, and press her to alter the established religion; therefore, to avoid such inconveniences, he wished to have her marry the Duke of Norfolk, whom he loved and favoured above any of the English nobles, by reason of the familiar friendship that had been of old between them two, and the many benefits Norfolk had been the means of his procuring at the Queen of England's hands, especially the good entertainment he had received during his exile. Moreover they were both professors of the same religion, which he trusted Queen Mary might be led, through Norfolk's good persuasions, to embrace." "She," Moray added, "had been in her former marriages troubled with children, young proud fools, and furious men," meaning King Francis, Darnley, and Bothwell, "and now her subjects would be happy to have a wise man joined to her, more especially the Duke of Norfolk, whom they would gladly receive in preference to one of their own nation." Norfolk, too easily deceived, entered into covenant with the arch-traitor once more, and explained his hopes and expectation of wedding Queen Mary, with the goodwill of the most ancient and honourable members of the English nobility. "Earl Moray," said he in con-

¹ Lesley's Negotiations. Melville's Memoirs.

clusion, "thou hast Norfolk's life in thy hands;" an observation prophetic of the result of misplaced confidence.

Norfolk both wrote himself to Queen Mary, and requested the most influential nobles of her party at the English Court to advise her to accept Moray's overtures for pardon and reconciliation, "to give good answer to his message; and, in hope he would keep his promise of becoming the instrument of her restoration and the accomplishment of their marriage, to cause all rigour to be stopped on her part against him in Scotland." Moray employed one of his most trusted counsellors to discuss the matter with his royal sister's principal adviser, Lesley Bishop of Ross, and requested him "to inform her of his good mind and intention." "I advertised her," records Lesley, "that such things had been spoken to me, but even then I suspected the Earl's meaning not to be sound." Moray informed the Duke of Norfolk, through Lygon, how the Spanish ambassador had secretly sounded him on the subject of a marriage between Queen Mary and Don John of Austria. On which Norfolk caused his brother-in-law, Lord Lunley, to get it mentioned to Elizabeth, in the hope that her fear of such an alliance might induce her to favour his own projected union with the royal captive.¹

Mary in the mean time addressed the following frank and dignified expostulation to Elizabeth: "I came to you in my trouble for succour and support, on the faith of the assurance you had made me, that I might reckon upon you for every assistance in my necessity, and for this reason I refrained from applying for other aid to friends, relatives, and ancient allies, relying solely on your promised favour. I have never attempted, either by word or deed, aught that might give cause for complaint to you; yet, to my unspeakable regret, I see my conduct misrepresented, and falsely construed, but I hope God, with time, the father of truth, will manifest and make known to you the sincerity of my intentions. Meanwhile I am treated so harshly that I cannot comprehend whence proceeds the extreme indignation which it appears you have conceived against me, in return for the confidence I have placed in you above all other Princes."²

She thus mildly alludes to the insulting observations contained in the letter addressed to her by Elizabeth on the subject of Moray's accusation: "I cannot but deplore my evil fortune, seeing you have been pleased not only to deny me your presence, causing me to be declared unworthy of it by your nobles, but suffered me also to be torn to pieces by my rebels without making them reply to what I had alleged against them; neither allowing me to have copies of their false accusations, nor opportunity to disprove them; permitting them to retire with a decree virtually absolving them, and confirming them in their usurped pretended regency, and covertly throwing the blame on me, by condemning me unheard, detaining

¹ Lesley's Negotiations.

² January 22. Printed in the original French in Labanoff, ii, 281.

my Ministers, and ordering me to be removed by force, without being informed what has been resolved on my affairs, why I am to be sent to another place, when I shall be allowed to depart, how I am to be treated, nor for what purpose I am detained—all support denied, and my requests refused. All these things, together with other little discourtesies, such as not permitting me to receive news from my relatives in France, nor from my servants on my private affairs ; interdicting anew all communication with Scotland, and refusing to let me give commission to any of my people, or to send my letters to you by them, distress me so much, and, to tell you the truth, make me so timid and irresolute, that I know not how to proceed ; nor can I resolve to obey so sudden an order to remove, without first receiving some intelligence from my Commissioners. Not that this place is more agreeable to me than any other that it may please you to appoint, when you shall have made me acquainted with your goodwill towards me, and what is intended. In this, Madam, I entreat you to believe I mean no offence, but the natural care I owe to myself and my people to learn for what end, before thus lightly disposing of myself, I mean with my own consent ; for I am in your power, and you can, in my despite, command even the lowest of your subjects to sacrifice me, without my being able to do anything but appeal to God and yourself, for other reliance I have none.”¹

Elizabeth’s ministers had, indeed, made it their principal study to persuade their royal mistress, that Mary’s real business in England was to contest the crown with her.

Cecil’s correspondence with Norris during the Conferences is penned with consummate art, for the palpable purpose of being exhibited in order to produce an impression in the Court of France that Mary was guilty. But to those who have traced his secret confederacy with her usurping brother and his coadjutors, in her defamation, and are aware that he had been, ever since the preceding June, in possession of copies, in broad Scotch, of the abominable letters which her false accusers pretended Mary had written to Bothwell in French, and that he had endorsed, with his own hand, extracts of the foulest passages drawn from these surreptitious documents to serve as evidence for her condemnation, how sickening is the affectation of surprise he expresses to his colleague “at the foul matter that had been brought to light during the proceedings in the Painted Chamber at Westminster,”² and his asseveration “that he never thought to have seen such proofs of her wickedness as had been there exhibited.”³

An active correspondence was going on while Mary was at Bolton Castle between her and the Earl of Northumberland, which was commenced three weeks after her arrival by the Earl sending a gentleman of the name of Hameling to her with a secret message, proffering his services, and inform-

¹ January 22. Printed in the original French in Labanoff, ii. 281.

² Cabala, folio edition.

³ Ibid.

ing her "that he had a goodly gelding for her if she would condescend to accept it from him." Hameling was privately presented to the royal captive by John Livingston while she was hunting in the park. She received his message graciously, and "desired him to thank the Earl of Northumberland in her name, but to say 'that she lacked no horse, and would not have one from him, lest it should excite suspicion.'" The next day she sent a diamond ring to Hameling by Livingston for the Earl of Northumberland, and a letter; also a pair of gold beads and perfume for the Countess, which had been sent to herself by the Pope. Hameling returned in a few days to Bolton with letters to Queen Mary from the Earl and Countess of Northumberland, and a jewel of gold which had been given to the Countess by a Spaniard in the late Queen's time, and a gold ring, set with a little table diamond. Mary accepted these offerings very graciously, placed the ring on the fourth finger of her left hand, and declared "it should never be removed." Within the week "she caused John Livingston's wife to deliver to Hameling a fair tire of lawn for the head, with all things thereto belonging, for him to convey to the Countess of Northumberland, and a letter to the Earl," who presently returned an answer, and desired Hameling to ask Queen Mary "if she were sure of the Nortons," and she replied, "I am sure of them."

Captain Rede, the commanding officer of the band of men whose duty was to prevent the escape of the illustrious captive, acted the friendly part one day of drawing Hameling aside and advising him "to take heed of what he was about, for he was suspected of being a dealer between the Queen of Scots and the Earl of Northumberland, and that Sir Francis Knollys had him in suspicion."¹ Mary then chose another messenger. One day, when the Earl of Northumberland was dining with one of her partisans in that neighbourhood, she sent to him by one Francis Moore a letter and an enamel chain of silver exquisitely worked, very slender, but so long and fine that it would pass many times about any one's neck. It was a token from her to the Countess of Northumberland, who ever after wore it round her neck.

Unfortunately the Earl of Northumberland, having become a secret convert to the Church of Rome, was now bent on traversing Mary's matrimonial engagement with the Duke of Norfolk, although he had been the first to suggest it. But the disposition Mary had shown to conform to the worship of the Church of England, and the good liking she had expressed for the Liturgy, together with her complacent attention to the sermons of her Protestant chaplain, inspired strong suspicions that under the marital influence of a consort of the Reformed faith, handsome, amiable, and liberal-minded as Norfolk, even if she did not actually abjure the mass, she might adopt a more fatal course for Romanism by endeavouring to carry out her enlightened principle of establishing religious liberty in

¹ Examination of Hameling in Haynes' Burleigh Papers, 595.

her dominions, so that, to use her own expression, "every man might worship God according to his conscience," a principle perfectly opposed to the persecuting bigotry of polemics of all denominations, and no more to the taste of the Roman Catholic Earl of Northumberland than it had been to the hot zeal of John Knox for the presbytery.

Northumberland indulged in the chimerical hope of bringing England again under the Papal yoke through a marriage which he was endeavouring to negotiate between Mary Stuart and Philip II. of Spain, who had formerly, as we have seen, sought her for the wife of his son Don Carlos. But Philip's policy now required him to strengthen his cause in the Low Countries by marrying the daughter of the Emperor; therefore he wrote to Mary, recommending his illegitimate brother, Don John of Austria, to her for a consort, promising to assist her both with money and troops in the event of her condescending to his suit. This was no disparaging suit for the captive Sovereign of Scotland, for, like the brave Dunois, whose representative, the Duke de Longueville, her mother, Mary of Lorraine, had wedded, Don John of Austria had so covered the defect in his birth with the blazonry of renown, that the greatest princess in Europe might have been proud of calling him her lord.

Mary's wisest course would have been to resign Norfolk, and confide her cause to her renowned Spanish wooer, who was eager to engage in the chivalric enterprise of breaking the chains of the beautiful royal bride he aspired to win. He was learned, accomplished, a model of manly grace and beauty, and was considered the master spirit of the age. He threw his royal brother completely into the shade wherever he appeared, exciting a universal feeling of regret in Spain that Heaven had not decreed the sceptre to him who was so much better qualified to grace a throne than the cold-blooded, cruel, and formal Philip.¹

¹ The birth of Don John of Austria is among the mysteries of history. He was only twenty-four at the time of his famous naval victory at Lepanto in 1571, therefore he must have been some years younger than Mary Stuart. He was educated at Ghent, under the care of a Flemish lady of unstained character, who passed for his mother; but the scandals of the day declared he was the son of Charles V. by Mary Queen of Hungary. Don John was a young boy when Charles V., his imperial sire, died; but as he was owned by that Emperor as his son-illegitimate, and was extremely popular among his subjects as a very spirited and lively resemblance of that great sovereign, he was recognized as such at the Court of Philip II. Don John, at his first introduction to his half-brother, was received with fraternal kindness; but a subsequent adventure caused Philip to look on him with coldness and jealousy. It was the fashion for all sovereigns to

have a lions' den on one side of the porter's lodge of the royal dwellings. A peculiarly fierce young lion was brought to the King of Spain from Africa, and as there was supposed to subsist some occult liaison between all thoroughbred royal persons and lions, the Spanish nobles invited Philip II. to caress the lion, and he, seeing it was expected, went to pat him cautiously, when the creature reared, and showed such rough play that Philip called out for aid; his young brother, Don John, sprang to his rescue, pulled off this lion, who turned about, licked his hand, and showed the love for him often manifested by a noble large dog to his master. The Spanish grandees were delighted with the courage and manliness of Don John of Austria, and scarcely suppressed their ardent wishes that the great King and Emperor, Charles V., had not left such a successor. When Philip II. found that the young lion had been an old friend

But Mary's heart clave to Norfolk. She considered herself, withal, sure of the support of the Roman Catholic aristocracy of England, at all times, under any circumstances, and calculated on gaining the suffrages of the members of the Reformed Church also, as the wife of the greatest and most popular Protestant peer in England. So, without putting a decided and impolitic negative on a proposal that was backed by the nobles of her own faith, and advanced by the only Sovereign in Christendom who had the power of befriending her, she prudently replied, "that inasmuch as she was entirely in the hands of Queen Elizabeth, she was in no condition to enter into a matrimonial engagement at that time; for before it was possible to do so, she required succour in order that she might be replaced on the throne of Scotland."¹

In the midst of the excitement and turmoil produced in Bolton Castle by the peremptory orders for Mary's instant removal arrived the melancholy news of the death of Lady Knollys. As she was first cousin to Queen Elizabeth, who professed great affection for her, and Sir Francis Knollys was overwhelmed with grief for her death, it was naturally expected that the removal of his royal charge would necessarily be postponed till after the funeral. But no such respect was paid either to his feelings or the memory of the deceased. The disconsolate widower, who had been forbidden to quit his irksome post at Bolton Castle to cheer his beloved wife, by visiting her in her last illness, instead of being allowed to return to his desolate home, to pay the last mournful duty to her lifeless remains, was enjoined to superintend the removal of the Queen of Scots, and conduct her to Tutbury. Henry Knollys, who was then at Bolton Castle, wrote an apologetic letter to Cecil, humbly representing the impossibility of his poor brother Sir Francis, so distracted as he was with sorrow for the recent loss of his wife, attending to his orders for the removal of the Queen of Scots, especially as she persisted in declaring "that she would not be removed without violence."²

After three days' consideration, Mary wrote in the style royal to her keeper, who had secluded himself in the retirement of his own apartment enclosing Queen Elizabeth's order for her removal.

Sir Francis Knollys had in truth no more stomach for the journey at

and playmate of his brother, he never forgave the adventure, believing it all to be a trick to raise Don John at his expense. However, Europe expected bright deeds from Don John of Austria, who seemed to stand forth as the representative of the departing chivalry of Spain: he was advanced to high commands, both by sea and land, of the united Spanish, Netherlandish, and Venetian forces, and we shall have cause to find that he was the hero of more serious exploits than this of the lion, and the better-known adventure recorded by Montaigne, that

he undertook a journey from Bayonne to Paris, to see the young Marguerite of Valois dance a pavon or minuet, and stayed no longer than until she had concluded it with the exquisite grace he had been taught to expect. Such was Mary Stuart's last suitor.

¹ *Résumé Chronologique de l'Histoire de Marie Stuart*, par Prince Alexandre de Labanoff, p. 44 (privately printed at St Petersburg, 1856).

² Henry Knollys to Cecil, Bolton, January 21, 1568-1569—State Paper Office MS., inedited.

that distressing period than the royal remonstrant; but his orders were so imperative that he ventured not to put his head in jeopardy by either refusing or delaying to perform the ungracious service imposed upon him by his Sovereign. The resolution signified by Elizabeth on the 30th of October, of removing Mary to Tutbury Castle, would have been carried into effect in the beginning of November, but for the difficulty of providing horses and saddles for the journey. The Earl of Sussex, who had been applied to, with the intimation that he must supply what was required, thus excused himself: "Some saddles my wife hath of fustian of Naples for her women, which be too bad for the Scottish Queen's women; but her horses be at grass, or gone into Essex." Sixteen horses were at last lent for the long-delayed journey by the Bishop of Durham, it having been found impossible to obtain any nearer for that purpose; a significant token of the state of the public mind in the equestrian county of Yorkshire in regard to the royal captive, whose reluctance to be removed from that district was no secret. Notwithstanding all her objections, Mary and her devoted little train of Scotch and French attendants were forced to leave Bolton Castle on the 26th of January, and commence their comfortless journey, guarded by Captain Rede and his veteran band. Her Majesty and her friend Lady Livingston, who were both indisposed, were placed in a litter. The other ladies and their maids travelled on horseback. A more malcontent company never traversed a wilder and more desolate track on a cold midwinter day. The person most to be pitied of the party, next to Queen Mary, was Sir Francis Knollys, who, with a sore heart for his unburied wife, was doomed to bear the reproaches of the unfortunate Queen, and hear the complaints of her indignant ladies, besides having to contend with all the obstacles, and overrule all the excuses, their feminine ingenuity could devise to retard the journey. He was enjoined by his Sovereign's letter to control his personal griefs, and perform the service required of him, and to take the earliest opportunity for delivering her message touching certain intercepted letters to Queen Mary, and report her sayings and demeanour. It was, however, late when they reached Ripon, the place where they were to sleep, and his royal charge being exhausted with cold and fatigue, he refrained from harassing her by introducing the unpleasant business to her till the morrow. The following particulars are from the pen of Henry Knollys, to whom the task of reporting their proceedings was deputed: "Yesterday the Scottish Queen removed from Bolton to Ripon: of the difficulties that passed in the removing, and the whole manner of her behaviour he (Sir Francis Knollys) will advertise you more largely at better leisure. He forebore to trouble her yesternight, both because of her weariness after her long journey, and also for that it was very late within night before she came to her lodging."

Sir Francis wrote to Queen Elizabeth the next day, telling her "he

would suppress his own griefs to inform her of this Queen's answer to the copy of her *supposed* letter sent into Scotland"—an expression plainly intimating his opinion that it was not a genuine document. "She did not deny," he observes, "but that 'the first lines contained in the said copy were agreeable to a letter she had sent into Scotland, which touched my Lord of Moray's promise to deliver her son into your Majesty's hands; and, to avoid that the same should not be done without her consent, made her,' she saith, 'to write in that behalf.' She saith also, 'that she wrote that they should cause a proclamation to be made to stir her people to *defend* (prevent) my Lord of Moray's intent and purpose for delivering her said son, and to oppose his rebellious government,' as she termed it, but she utterly denieth to have written any of the other slanderous parts of the said letter touching your Majesty. She said also, 'that she suspected that a Frenchman now in Scotland might be the author of some Scotch letters devised in her name;' but she would not allow me to write this for any part of her answer."

Mary herself wrote to Elizabeth, during her halt at Ripon, a letter of no ordinary historic interest. She commences it with the announcement "that she had been forcibly removed from Bolton," but courteously implies her conviction that the constraint to which she had been subjected was without Elizabeth's knowledge, and assures her "that the reluctance she had shown in complying with her pleasure was not from an intention to oppose it, but only to obtain a little time to arrange business concerning her realm, which trifling indulgence had not been granted. I also wrote," she says, "to Lord Mar, reminding him of the promise he had made to me never to give up my son without my consent. The information came to me from Scotland, with a copy of the letter which they said you had written to my rebels before they came into this country. Madam, I never thought by this to offend you; but it would be bad for me that my child were delivered, without my consent, by those to whom it so little appertains to dispose of him."

After this explanation, she pathetically excuses what she had done, if taken aniss, by attributing it to the strong impulses of maternal love and apprehension. "Consider," she says, "I am a mother, and of an only child. I hope you will pardon me, seeing that I never thought of blaming any one but my rebels, who had made such offers. May it please you also not to harm my Commissioners, for they are innocent, but permit them to retire like the others (Moray and his confederates)."¹

The same agitating day Mary received letters from her Commissioners informing her of their detention in London, and was surprised by a visit from Sir Robert Melville, who had come to Ripon in quest of her, charged with penitential messages, professions of affection, and offers of service from the Earl of Moray, who deceitfully promised, if she would forgive

¹ Labanoff, vol. ii. pp. 287, 288, 289.

and restore him to her favour, to become the instrument of replacing her on her throne, and accomplishing her marriage with his friend the Duke of Norfolk.¹

Mary replied, "that she was sorry the Earl of Moray and his adherents had so far forgotten their duty towards her, who not only was their native Princess, but had been beneficial to him above all others; but yet she tendered her realm and subjects so lovingly that she would use herself towards them as a mother to her children, so that they would openly acknowledge their offence, and declare their intention to serve and obey her for the time to come; and if he would fulfil his promise, by labouring for her restoration to her crown and realm, then she would use his advice as one of the most principal of her loving council in all her affairs, especially touching her marriage either with the Duke of Norfolk or any other honourable Prince who should be thought most fit by her nobility and the Estates of Scotland for her honour and the weal of her realm: adding, that she must decline speaking further on the subject of her marriage till she was restored to liberty and her throne."² So far so well; but Moray was a death-doomed man, she knew; and much as he had injured, oft as he had beguiled her, cruelly as he had belied her, the tenderness of her nature would not allow the penalty his offences against her had provoked to be inflicted on him by her friends. An escort of two thousand armed men would not have sufficed to protect his life; a few lines traced by her hand, captive though she were, averted every danger that menaced him, and opened his way.

"The Queen our sovereign," says Lesley, "hoping the Earl would have kept his promise made to her and the nobility of England, wrote her letters to the Duke de Châtelherault, who was then upon his journey passing into Scotland, and to the Earls of Huntley and Argyll, and others of the nobility, to stay all hostility, and to the Borderers to stay any invasion or trouble they had intended against the Earl of Moray, and to discharge their armies which were then assembled upon the fields in readiness."³ Lesley deposes, in his examinations in the Tower, "that Moray was moved by his fear of the determination which he knew was set against his life, to send Sir Robert Melville to persuade the Queen his sister to write to her friends in his behalf, which she was the more easily induced to do by the recommendation of the Duke of Norfolk, at whose request she wrote to the Nortons and Markenfields, who intended to have fallen upon Moray and slain him at Northallerton, to allow him to pass unmolested."⁴ They reluctantly acceded to her pleasure; and, when Moray passed, showed themselves in force sufficiently near to give him a fright, for the purpose of convincing him that he could not possibly have escaped them if they had persevered in their design against his life.

¹ Labanoff.

³ *Ibid.*

² Lesley—in Anderson's Collections.

⁴ Murdin's Burleigh Papers.



Moray wrote from Berwick both to Queen Elizabeth and Cecil his thanks for the great favour and protection that had been vouchsafed to him. "In my returning homeward," he says to his friend Cecil, "I have been earnest, by such means as I could, to understand the Queen my sovereign's mother's disposition; and truly so far as I can inquire, in her conceit she esteems herself nothing dejected nor destitute of friendship, and so methinks there was never greater occasion to be careful of her surety, which I write even as mickle for the Queen's Majesty (Elizabeth's) estate, and for the repose that godly and honest men have under her gracious and quiet governance, as for my own place and interest, which can never be in good case the other being troubled. Ye are wise enough," he significantly observes, "without my counsel and admonition."

After resting one day and two nights at Ripon, where her time must have been too fully and excitingly employed for sleep, Mary was compelled to proceed on her reluctant journey. On the road between Ripon and Wetherby, her old acquaintance Hameling met her, and, notwithstanding the presence of her guards, contrived to speak to her privately. He was in some artful disguise, as a beggar soliciting charity by the wayside, for the conference excited no suspicion, though she sent a gold enamelled ring to the Earl of Northumberland by him with the significant message, "that she should require the Earl to remember his promise."¹

After this remarkable episode in the journey the cavalcade proceeded to Wetherby, where they halted long enough for Sir Francis Knollys to write his official report to Queen Elizabeth.² The same evening, January 28, they arrived at Pontefract Castle,

"Bloody prison!
Fatal and ominous to noble peers,"

where, almost within the memory of man, her own collateral kinsmen, Lord Richard Gray and Earl Rivers, the maternal brother and the uncle of her great-grandmother Elizabeth of York, had been ruthlessly butchered by the despotic warrant of the ambitious crookback, Richard of Gloucester. Pontefract Castle was assuredly not a lodging likely to enliven her whose fatal proximity to the Crown of England rendered her an object of vindictive jealousy to the reigning Sovereign. Undaunted, however, by the historic tragedies associated with the place, which so practically illustrated the proverb, "the steps of Princes from their prisons to their graves are few," Mary Stuart wrote from thence an intrepid and imprudently sarcastic letter to Sir William Cecil, the all-powerful minister of Queen Elizabeth, on the subject of the recent proclamations in Scotland, and the letters pretended by Moray to have been written by her and intercepted by his people. Had she confined her letter to Cecil to a brief positive denial of having either written or

¹ Haynes' Burlough Papers, 594.

² Labanoff.

authorized the statements relating to him and Queen Elizabeth, with which they had been artfully interpolated, she had done wisely and acted with more queenly dignity, than condescending to speak her mind, on the injurious treatment she had received, so plainly as she does, though with all conventional terms of courtesy.

In regard to the overtures of the rebels for reconciliation, in her letter to the Archbishop of St Andrews she observes, with truly royal spirit : "As to the appointment they desire, I am not of those that forgive not, but I am resolved afore the hearing of any condition that they shall find nothing in prejudice of my honour, or any of my faithful subjects whom they have touched with their braggings, for I will not leave them that have not left me." As regards the proclamations she wishes to be published in Scotland, she requests "that they may be so carefully worded as to avoid the danger of personal injury to herself." "I pray you," she says, "to speak of her Majesty with such respect that they may not find matter to make their profit against me."

Lady Livingston's indisposition had been so seriously aggravated by the fatigue of travelling and exposure to such severe weather, that, being unable to proceed, she was left behind at Rotherham, and her royal mistress was reluctantly compelled to continue the journey without her.¹ Mary was herself attacked with violent pain in the side next day, and became so alarmingly ill in the course of a few hours, that Sir Francis Knollys, finding it impossible to bring her on to Chesterfield, halted seven miles north of that town, and lodged her at the mansion of Mr Foljambe, where she and her ladies were honourably received and kindly entertained by their noble hostess, Lady Constance Foljambe, till she was sufficiently recovered to proceed to her destination.

CHAPTER XIV.

QUEEN MARY arrived at Tutbury Castle on the 3rd of February, 1569, eight days having been occupied in performing the journey from Bolton Castle. The inclemency of the weather, badness of the roads, the insufficiency of the horses, and, above all, the sickness and reluctance of the illustrious traveller and her attendants, may account for the funereal slowness of the progress and various stoppages by the way. She was received by the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury,² her new keepers, not as a

¹ Labanoff, vol. ii. p. 294.

² A few particulars of this nobleman and his lady, with whom Mary was doomed to spend many years of uneasy domestication, will be necessary to render the context of her biography intelligible. George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, was

one of the richest and most avaricious members of the ancient nobility of England. His natural disposition was kind and courteous, but he was a man of feeble character, cautious and timid, a constitutional invalid, and a victim to the tyranny of the unamiable and jealous wife to

guest, but a prisoner of state, Sir Francis Knollys, in obedience to his instructions, formally delivering her person into the custody of the Earl.

Tutbury Castle being almost destitute of furniture, and entirely of comforts, tapestry beds and other necessary articles were sent from the royal wardrobe in the Tower of London for the use of the Queen of Scots. "From Elizabeth's travelling-wardrobe were sent twelve small Turkey carpets, two pair of pillow-biers of assay, eight pairs of pallet-sheets of coarse holland, with hooks and crotchets to hang the tapestry, and cords for the beds."¹ As the warrants for their removal bear date January 20th, it is doubtful whether these things arrived at Tutbury before Mary's advent. Though her arrival had been long expected, the apartments she was doomed to occupy were damp and dilapidated, and the hospitable duty of airing them had been neglected,—cold comfort for the royal invalid, after her harassing journey at that rigorous season of the year. The next day she was confined to her bed with a severe relapse of the illness that had attacked her on the road to Chesterfield, rheumatic pains in her head and neck, accompanied with fever. "And this was a sore beginning," the distressing prelude of the neuralgic agonies that were entailed upon her by her incarceration in a prison so inimical to her constitution.

This royal fortress, with which so many varied recollections illustrative of the domestic history of England are associated, is seated on a lofty rock

whom he had rashly ventured, in the decline of life, to become the fourth husband. By his first wife, Lady Gertrude Manners, the sister of the Earl of Rutland, he had a large family, who, as the descendants of Anne Plantagenet, Duchess of Exeter, eldest sister of Edward IV., were in the line of the royal succession, and related both to Queen Elizabeth and to Mary Queen of Scots. His second Countess, aspiring though she were, claimed no such perilous affinity with the Crown, being the co-heiress of a wealthy Derbyshire squire, John Hardwick of Hardwick, and, notwithstanding her frequent change of names and titles, was generally spoken of in her own county by the homely epithet of "Bess of Hardwick," from the place of her birth. She married, first, Robert Barley, Esq. of Barley, who liberally endowed her with all his lands, and left her a childless widow. By her second husband, Sir William Cavendish, she had a numerous and beautiful family of sons and daughters. At his death she became the wife of Sir William St Loo, the Cap-

tain of the Queen's Guard, and obtained the preferment of bedchamber-woman to Queen Elizabeth, in whose favour she held a distinguished place. So great was the ascendancy she acquired over the mind of Sir William St Loo, that she induced him to disinherit his daughters by his former marriage, and to leave the whole of his fortune to her. Her great acquisitions in this way, joined to her rich inheritance and influence at Court, probably tempted the Earl of Shrewsbury to seek the fourth reversion of her hand; and it was undoubtedly the intimate acquaintance of Queen Elizabeth with the characteristics of this lady* which induced her to consign poor Mary to the jailership of the said Earl, being well aware that he would be watched, reported, and circumvented by his conjugal spy and tyrant, if disposed to yield to feelings of manly compassion, or tempted to lighten the chains of his illustrious charge.

¹ History of Tutbury, by Sir Oswald Mosely, Bart.

* The Countess of Shrewsbury is described by Lodge "as a woman of masculine understanding and conduct, proud, jealous, selfish, and unfeeling." Her practical talents were various, all tending to the improvement of her property.

rising like a stately acropolis in the centre of a wide extent of lowland meads, pleasant and fertile pastures now, but in those days undrained noxious marshes, and in winter plains of ice or water. It is situated on the south bank of the river Dove, which parts the counties of Derbyshire and Staffordshire, looking down on the town and ancient church of Tutbury. The Castle was considered a place of impregnable strength. It was girdled with a broad moat nearly thirty feet in depth, surrounded with lofty walls, with ramparts and flanking towers of defence, enclosing three acres of ground, the only access to it being by means of a draw-bridge, commanded by the artillery on the gateway towers. It is scarcely possible to contemplate the stately relics of the royal fortress, without being reminded of the touching lines of the Bard of Needwood Forest :—

“ There captive Mary looked in vain
 For Norfolk and his nuptial train ;
 Enriched with royal tears the Dove,
 And sighed for freedom, not for love.”

The old-world town of Tutbury, being only five miles distant from Needwood Forest, is connected with the ballad lore and legendary exploits of Robin Hood and his fair vanquisher Clorinda. Their deeds were annually commemorated at the gay festival of the people, familiarly called Titbury Day, when feats of archery were performed, prizes contended for, and sylvan games enacted. No one would have entered into the spirit of these popular commemorations with greater zest than Mary Stuart ; but it would have been as much as the Earl of Shrewsbury's head was worth to have permitted her fair face to be seen at any place of public resort.

Queen Mary's Commissioners having at last obtained license from Elizabeth to leave London and repair to their royal mistress, to explain to her what had taken place at the Conferences at Hampton Court and Westminster, arrived at Tutbury Castle on the 7th of February.¹ Mary, though suffering from severe indisposition, roused herself to perform the painful task of examining the register in which the record of their daily proceedings was entered, and was graciously pleased to sign a testimonial expressing “ her approbation of all they had said and done in her behalf, though the success had been otherwise than had been hoped.”² But when the Bishop of Ross, who had been flattered and cajoled by Elizabeth and Cecil into suggesting the idea of purchasing her liberty by ratifying her forced abdication, and consenting for her son to be brought to England, proposed this to her, her spirit rose ; she expressed both surprise and indignation, and forbade him “ ever again to name anything so derogatory to her honour, and her duty to God and her people.”³

“ There is one favour I must entreat of you,” wrote she to the pitiless arbitress of

¹ Labanoff, vol. ii. p. 296.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

her destiny, "which is, not to permit any more such shameful and injurious overtures to be placed before me, as those whereto the Bishop of Ross has been counselled to lend an ear, for, as I have requested Master Knollys to show you, I have made a solemn vow to God never to resign that place to which He has called me, so long as I retain strength to perform its duties; and thanks be to Him, I feel my powers augmented by the desire I have of acquitting myself better than before, being better qualified for it withal by what time and experience have taught."¹

When Sir Francis Knollys took his leave of Mary, she asked him to notify to her new keeper, the Earl of Shrewsbury, that a promise had been made to her, previously to her removal from Bolton, that the same number of her attendants were to be retained in her service, with liberty for her to send special messengers to convey letters and messages between her and her friends in Scotland, and to Queen Elizabeth. Knollys denied having made such promise, and Shrewsbury assured her "it was against his orders for her to hold any communication with Scotland." He informed her, also, "that her Commissioners could not be allowed to remain with her now they had performed the business on which they came, but must depart immediately." Mary remonstrated, in her letter to Elizabeth, against these restrictions, for which no reason had been alleged, intimating her belief that there must be some misconception on the part of the gentlemen in question. So far from imputing any blame to Sir Francis Knollys, she took the opportunity of speaking of him in terms of the highest commendation, and professed herself grateful for the respect and courtesy with which she had been treated by him and Lord Scroope while at Bolton, till such time as she was removed, "the manner of which, however," she says, "she cannot conceal, did appear hard to her."²

She repeats "her readiness to confute the calumnies of her enemies, and make her own innocence apparent, whenever she may be allowed to speak in her own defence." "May it please you," she adds, "to excuse such bad writing, for this uninhabitable abode, and the cold, have brought on rheumatism and pain in my head."³

Mary decided on sending Lord Herries to Scotland with her letters and instructions to her loyal adherents there; to retain Lord Boyd to assist Lord Livingston as her principal officers of state and personal advisers, using the counsel also of Lesley Bishop of Ross, whom she intended to employ as her envoy to the Court of England and elsewhere, as occasion and the necessity of her affairs might require. No sooner, however, had Lord Herries and his brother-in-law, Sir James Cockburn of Skirling, departed, than a sudden order arrived "for 'sequestrating' both Lord Boyd and the Bishop of Ross from her company," under the pretence that they were practising to convey her away secretly; and

¹ Labanoff, vol. ii. p. 300, dated Tutbury Castle, February 10th.

² Labanoff, vol. ii. p. 300.

³ Ibid.

they were commanded "to withdraw to Burton-on-Trent, and not to repair to her again till they could be cleared from that suspicion."

The rough sketch of the eloquent little work called "A Defence of Queen Mary's Honour" was drawn up by Lesley during the Conference at Westminster, with the assistance of the Lords Herries and Boyd; and when these three held their last general consultation with their captive Sovereign in her prison at Tutbury Castle, the manuscript was submitted to her consideration. Some additions and alterations were made by her own pen, and resolution was taken for it to be published as an antidote to the anonymous slanders that had been disseminated in London against her. It was not sent to press till the spring of 1570, when the following allegorical reference to the publisher was added: "Sold in Paul's Church *Yard* at the Signes of TIME AND TRUTH, by the Brazen Serpent, in the Shops of Ptoleme and Nicephore Lysosthenes, brother-ger-manes." Lesley deemed it prudent to insert some compliments to Queen Elizabeth, in the vain hope that she might, for the sake of this subtle flattery to herself, permit the vindication of her unfortunate cousin to be circulated. He was, however, mistaken. Anything in refutation of the calumnies on Mary was to be treated as treason to Elizabeth. "Before eight leaves of the Defence could be finished at press," Cecil got intelligence by his spies that a book in favour of the Queen of Scots was in progress; "which book," writes he to Sir Henry Norris, "tendeth to set forth to the world that the Queen of Scots was not guilty of her husband's death." The work was allowed to proceed quietly to the conclusion, and was then peremptorily suppressed. Lesley reprinted it at Liege in 1572, under the *alias* of Morgan Philips, Bachelor of Divinity. Some copies of the second edition, being sent to England for private circulation, were seized by orders of the Government, and the circulation rigorously prohibited. The policy of crushing so formidable a rival is indeed very ably set forth by Cecil in his autograph memorial of the state of the realm, and the great and imminent perils that threatened his sovereign. "By the universal opinion of the world for the justice of the Queen of Scots' title as coming of the ancient line"—meaning as the representative of the son of Margaret Atheling in the royal Scottish lineage; for he is too careful to offend Elizabeth by any allusion to the more formidable claim from Margaret Tudor, in consequence of the brand of illegitimacy which Henry VIII. himself had flung on the offspring of his marriage with Anne Boleyn, but proceeds to state that "her claims were countenanced by the strongest monarchies in Christendom, by secret and great numbers of discontented subjects at home, impatient for change, and expecting to be rewarded by her, and also by the probable opinion of great multitudes, both in Scotland and England, having an earnest and natural instinction to have both these realms under one head by means of the Queen of Scots." "The imminency of these perils had been," he states, "pro-

videntially averted by the death of Henry II. of France, and his son Francis, the internal troubles in Scotland, the unlucky marriage of the Queen of Scots with the Lord Darnley, and by the fame of her murdering her husband." But then he significantly observes, "The inward troubles of Scotland will cease if succours be not given to the Earl of Moray. The marriage of the Queen of Scots with Darnley is ended, and her marriage with Bothwell shall be dissolved by the Pope, and so her marriage expectant is a great furtherance to her cause, which she may use to allure the good-wills of many strong princes. The fame of her murdering her husband will by time vanish away." Mary's oft-repeated appeal "to Time, the father of truth," for the manifestation of her innocence, is the best comment on Cecil's last prophetic observation.

Soon after Mary's arrival at Tutbury Castle, one of Cecil's subordinate colleagues, named Nicholas White, passing through Chester on his way to Ireland, moved with curiosity to see the royal captive, thought proper to diverge from his journey, in order, as he pretended, to pay his compliments to her keepers, the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury. The Earl informed Mary of the arrival of the English courtier, and she appeared desirous of speaking with him. White, being introduced into her presence-chamber, remained there with her noble attendants till she came forth from her privy chamber to give her presence to the evening service of the English Church. She addressed him with the winning courtesy that was natural to her, bade him welcome, and asked him "how her good sister did?" He answered, in a strain of almost Oriental hyperbole, "that the Queen's Majesty, God be praised, did very well, saving that all her felicities gave place to some passions of grief which she had conceived for the death of her kinswoman and good servant Lady Knollys, and how by that occasion her Highness fell for a while from a Prince-wanting-nothing-in-this-world to private mourning, in which solitary estate she took cold, wherewith she was much troubled, and whereof she was well delivered." This parade of extreme sorrow on the part of Elizabeth for the death of Lady Knollys, to whom she had denied the consolation of the presence of her husband in her last illness, must, combined with the remembrance of the little regard vouchsafed to the natural affliction of the poor widower at the time of his bereavement, have appeared to Mary a notable specimen of affectation.

White writes to Cecil a very interesting account of his conferences with Mary, together with his observations on her characteristics and deportment. "She heard the English service with a book of the psalms in English in her hand, which she showed me after. When service was done her Grace fell in talk with me of sundry matters from six to seven of the clock, beginning first to excuse her ill English, declaring herself more willing than apt to learn that language; how she used translation as a mean to attain it; and that Mr Vice-Chamberlain was her good schoolmaster. From this she returned back again to talk of my Lady Knollys."

Master White had the bad taste to tell the captive Queen that, "although not culpable therein, she was herself the cause of the poor lady's death, which the long separation from Sir Francis Knollys, and a pining desire for his presence, had hastened." Mary, with unruffled sweetness, rejoined: "I am sorry for her death, because I hoped to have been acquainted with her," and then changed the subject. "I perceive by my Lord Shrewsbury," said she, "that ye go to Ireland, which is a troublesome country, to serve my sister there." "I do so, Madam, and the chiefest trouble of Ireland proceeds from the north of Scotland through the Earl of Argyll's supportation," was his rejoinder; to which she made little reply. He then asked her "how she liked her change of air?" With ready wit she answered: "If it might have pleased my good sister to let me remain where I was, I would not have removed for change of air at this time of the year; but I am the better contented therewith, because I am come so much the nearer to her whom I desire to see above all things, if it might please her to grant the same." White, by way of reply, proceeded to inflict on Mary a verbose and most provoking eulogium on the great bounty and kindness of the Queen's Majesty to her; and told her "how much cause she had to thank God that, after the passing through so many perils, she was safely arrived in such a realm, where he and others thought she had good cause to consider that she received very princely entertainment from the goodness of her Majesty;" adding an exhortation on the duty of submitting herself to the will of God, who had put her into this school to learn to bow her mind to Him who was above all the kings and princes of the world. Mary bore this meekly, and confessed "that she had, indeed, great cause to thank God for sparing her, and was grateful for every kindness she had received from the Queen her sister. As for contentation in her present estate," she frankly added, "she would not require it at God's hands, but only patience, which she humbly prayed Him to give her." "I asked her Grace," continues White, "since the weather did cut off all exercises abroad, how she passed the time within? She said, 'That all the day she wrought with her needle, and that the diversity of the colours made the time seem less tedious, and continued so long at it that very pain made her give over;' and with that she laid her hand on her left side, and complained 'of an old grief newly increased there.' Upon this occasion she entered into a pretty disputable comparison between carving, painting, and working with the needle, affirming, 'painting, in her own opinion, to be the most commendable quality.' I answered her Grace, 'I could skill of neither of them, but that I have read *Pictura to be veritas falsa.*' With this she closed up her talk, and, bidding me farewell, retired to her privy chamber."

Sketched by an avowedly unfriendly pen though this touching portrait of Mary Stuart in her weary English prison be, the genuine traits of the amiable and right-minded woman are unmistakable. Her patience

and command of temper, under circumstances of considerable provocation, are no less graphically delineated than the gracious courtesy and characteristic dignity of her manners.

Nicholas White learned from Harry Knollys, who was still at Tutbury, among other details of Mary's reluctance to be transported from Bolton to Tutbury Castle, that she had angrily exclaimed "that the Secretary Cecil was her enemy, and that she mistrusted by this removing that he would cause her to be made away with, and that her danger was so much the more because there was one dwelling very near Tutbury who pretended title to the Crown of England," meaning the Earl of Huntingdon, the great-grandson of George Duke of Clarence, and brother-in-law of the Earl of Leicester. But when her passion was past, she had the magnanimity to do justice to Cecil's merits, by observing, "that albeit the Secretary were not her friend, yet she must needs say that he was an expert, wise man, a maintainer of all good laws for the government of this realm, and a faithful servant to his mistress ; wishing it might be her luck to get the friendship of so wise a man."¹

How really charming Nicholas White considered the royal captive as a woman, how formidable a rival to Elizabeth even in her sternly-guarded prison, armed only with those mental powers and personal attractions with which nature had fitted her to add lustre to a crown, appears by his emphatic advice, "that few subjects should be permitted to have access or conference with this lady ; for besides that she is a goodly personage,"² continues he, adding, as in prudence bound, "(and yet in truth not comparable to our Sovereign), she hath withal an alluring grace, a pretty Scotch accent, and a searching wit, clouded with mildness. Fame might move some to relieve her, and glory, joined to gain, might stir others to adventure much for her sake."

It is impossible to refrain from smiling at the abruptness with which, after a discreet protestation of how much his affection for his own Sovereign had been augmented by the sight of the royal captive, he thus reverts to the latter : "Her hair of itself is black, and yet Mr Knollys told me that she wears hair of sundry colours ;" a piece of information which settles one of the minor subjects of controversy in regard to Mary Stuart.

"In looking upon her cloth-of-state," continues the observing diplomatist, "I noted this sentence embroidered, '*En ma fin est mon commencement,*' which is a riddle I understand not." This motto, it may be remembered, had previously puzzled Randolph and other English spy reporters, when they saw it wrought upon her throne at Holyrood ; not comprehending that the young blooming Sovereign in her nineteenth year, undazzled by the glories of her earthly state, testified thereby her hope of a better inheritance when the mortal should have put on immortality.

¹ Letter of Nicholas Whyte to Cecil, February 26, 1569—Haynes' Burleigh Papers, p. 599-612.

² Ibid.

Chosen for her warning in the days of her prosperity, she re-adopted it in the season of her adversity as her consolation.

“The greatest personage in house about her,” proceeds Nicholas White, “is the Lord of Livingston, and the lady his wife, which is a fair gentlewoman, and it was told me both Protestants. She hath nine women more, fifty persons in household, with ten horses. The Bishop of Ross lay then three miles off, in a town called Burton-upon-Trent, with another Scottish Lord whose name I have forgotten.” It was Lord Boyd. “My Lord of Shrewsbury is very careful of his charge, but the Queen overwatches them all, for it is one of the clock at least every night ere she go to bed. The next morning,” pursues he, “I was up timely and viewing the site of the house, which in mine opinion stands much like Windsor. I espied two halberdmen without the Castle wall, searching underneath the Queen’s bed-room windows.” In the previous part of his report White notices that John Beton, with whom he had become acquainted at the Court, as soon as he observed him in the presence-chamber, instead of giving any mark of recognition, hastened into the private sitting-room of the Queen his mistress, apparently to inform her, and kept out of his sight during the rest of his sojourn. Lady Livingston, whom Mary had been constrained to leave at Rotherham, about a fortnight previously, on a bed of sickness, uncertain whether they were ever to meet again on earth, was sufficiently recovered to follow her to Tutbury Castle and resume her duties, instead of taking that opportunity, as she and her lord might well have done, of relinquishing their unprofitable posts in their captive Sovereign’s household, and returning to the ease and comfort of their stately home in Scotland; for though Mary was captive, they were bound only to her prison by the ties of loyal affection. They were members of the Reformed Church, she of that of Rome, yet they had left their goodly heritage and fair young family in Scotland for her sake. Strong, therefore, must have been their faith in her integrity. Few persons indeed had had better opportunities of understanding what the real conduct and characteristics of Mary Stuart were. Lord Livingston, being the son of one of her Lord Keepers, had been on terms of brotherly familiarity with her from her infancy. His sister was one of her four Maries, her early friend and playmate, and Lady Livingston had been one of the ladies of the bedchamber ever since 1561. Neither guilt nor levity could have been concealed from their observation had guilt or levity existed, nor would their servants have been deaf to the tattle of the backstairs and the ribald jests of the lobbies, if the conduct of the Queen had given cause for scandal. It must indeed be obvious to common sense, that if Mary had been so lost to shame and decency as her libeller Buchanan pretends, and the forged letters infer, her service would have been deserted in disgust by every noble Scotch lady, especially those who were of the Reformed faith. Can it be supposed that a man of Lord Livingston’s high rank and unsullied honour, a leading member of the

Congregation withal, would have ruined his fortune and outraged propriety by supporting her cause, and permitting his beautiful and virtuous wife, the mother of his children, to wait upon her, share her perils and her wanderings, and partake her prisons, without wages or reward, had there been the slightest grounds for the odious accusations with which the traitors who had murdered her husband, given her over as a prey to Bothwell, and usurped her throne, sought to justify their proceedings and cloak their own crimes?

The hairbreadth escape of the Queen and Darnley from the threefold ambush laid by the conspirators against his life and her liberty, when on the road to Callander House, on the 30th of June, 1565, was too fresh in remembrance to allow Lord and Lady Livingston to attribute his mysterious assassination to any other than the traitors by whom it was then plotted. They had seen enough of the young royal pair in their hours of privacy, especially during their occasional halts to sup and sleep at Callander House when journeying from Edinburgh to Stirling, to have formed an accurate estimate of the real state of Mary's feelings towards her handsome petulant young consort. She passed a night also beneath their roof on her way to visit him at Glasgow, therefore they had had an opportunity of observing whether her deportment to Bothwell were inconsistent with the dignity of a Queen and the propriety of a virtuous matron. Had there been the slightest desire on the part of Elizabeth to elicit the truth, the attendance of so important a witness as Lord Livingston would have been required during the Conference in the Painted Chamber at Westminster, to depose to the real date of Queen Mary's journey from Edinburgh to Glasgow, the time of her arrival, and the length of her sojourn, especially whether the conversation detailed in the first of the silver-casket letters as having passed between her Majesty and himself actually occurred or not. But as it is obvious that his testimony would have exonerated his royal mistress, and overthrown the whole fabric of falsehood, he was prudently kept at a distance. Is it not apparent, also, that copies of the letters so earnestly and repeatedly demanded by Mary, were withheld because, he and Lady Livingston being with her, she would have been able, by their depositions, to expose the forgery to the whole world?

Some highly interesting particulars of the needle-work with which poor Mary endeavoured to beguile the tedium of her prison hours are thus communicated by the bard of Hawthornden, Sir William Drummond, in a letter to his distinguished contemporary, "rare Ben Jonson," who was engaged in writing a treatise on that quaint species of composition, of which many characteristic examples may be found in his own comedies: "I have been curious," writes Drummond, "to find out for you the *impresas*¹ and emblems on a bed of state, wrought and embroidered all over

¹ *Impresa* — an impression or device. Milton speaks of "impresses quaint." with a motto, from the verb *Impress*. *Impresas* were much in vogue in the

with gold and silk by the late Queen Mary, mother to our Sacred Sovereign, which will embellish greatly some pages of your book, and is worthy of your remembrance. The first is the loadstone turning towards the pole, the word, her Majesty's name turned into an anagram, *Marie Stuarta sa vertu m'attire*, which is not much inferior to *veritas armata* (armed truth), which is likewise meant as an anagram on Marie Stuarta. This hath reference to a crucifix, before which, with all her royal ornaments, she is humbled on her knees most *lively* (meaning life-like). With the word *undique*—"on every side"—added, would signify 'that through the cross she is armed at all points.'

The impresas to herself are selected, as showing that a strain of melancholy moralizing occupied the mind and pervaded even the needlework of this accomplished and unfortunate Princess. One of the impresas, wrought on this elaborate specimen of her taste and industry, was an apple-tree growing in a thorn, the motto being "*Per vincula crescit*;" implying thereby that her cause was increased by her captivity! Another of these allegories was Mercury charming Argus with his hundred eyes, expressed by a caduceus, two flutes, and a peacock, the motto "*Eloquium tot lumina clausit*;" Eloquence has closed so many eyes!

Two women on the wheel of fortune, one holding the lance, emblematic of war, the other, the cornucopia of peace, which impresa evidently typified Queen Elizabeth and herself, the motto, "*Fortunæ comites*," implying that whichever fortune favoured would prevail.

Her own widowed and desolate position is described by the impresa of a ship with her mast broken and fallen into the sea, and the motto "*Nunquam nisi rectam*;" Never till righted, or, Never unless erect!

Her maternal pride is expressed in the device of a lioness with her whelp beside her, and the words "*Unum quidem sed leonem*;" One only, but that one a lion!

One of the most beautiful of these allegories, denoting the source from which Mary derived consolation under the pressure of her calamities, is the device of three crowns, two opposite and one above in the sky, the motto, *aliamque moratur*, implying that she, the rightful Queen of Scotland and England, awaits a crown celestial in the heavens! The last is the sun in an eclipse, with the motto, "*Medio occidit die*;" Darkened at noonday. No fewer than thirty impresas, rebuses, and punning devices, were embroidered on this bed by Queen Mary and her ladies, besides much heraldic blazonry. "The workmanship," concludes Drum-

fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and Mary Stuart was considered to possess great skill in the composition of these pictorial metaphors. Sir William Drummond, in a letter to the Earl of Perth, explains that although there was an affinity between an emblem and an im-

presa, there was this difference—the motto attached to the emblem was to explain it, while the word or motto of the impresa expressed one part of the author's meaning, and the figures another, the whole being enigmatical.

mond of Hawthornden, "is curiously done, and truly it may be said of it, the execution surpassed the material."

The question has often been asked, How is it that women support calamities with greater fortitude than men? Their sensibilities are more acute, their physical force feebler, their reasoning powers are supposed to be of an inferior calibre. The enigma is, however, easily explained. Men give themselves up to morbid melancholy, brooding incessantly over their troubles: women divert their thoughts from dwelling exclusively on subjects of a painful nature, by employing their fingers in the sedative occupation of needlework. The salutary effect of sewing, knitting, and embroidering in calming the nerves of female patients is constantly proved in lunatic asylums. Mary Stuart probably preserved her overcharged heart from breaking, and her brain from frenzied excitement, by occupying those hands which had been accustomed to wield the sceptre and grasp the orb of empire, in composing and tracing with the needle allegorical illustrations of her misfortunes.

CHAPTER XV.

NEVER was Mary more completely under the delusion of false hopes than the first month after her arrival at Tutbury Castle. In fond reliance on her usurping brother's promises, she had despatched Lord Herries to Scotland with instructions for her loyal adherents there to attend the Convention of Nobles the Earl of Moray was about to assemble, as he intended to make it the necessary prelude for obtaining her restoration to liberty and her royal estate. The Convention was, indeed, summoned by Moray, but for the purpose of entrapping those peers whom he could not succeed in either seducing or bribing from their allegiance to their captive Sovereign. The majority of the great nobles, distrusting Moray, paid no attention to the summons; but the Duke de Châtelherault and Lord Herries, knowing that Queen Mary and Norfolk had entered into a secret treaty with him, and being impressed with a firm belief in the sincerity of his intentions, boldly presented themselves at the Convention, and had, in the first place, the mortification of discovering, not only how completely their royal mistress had been the dupe of his perfidious professions, but of finding their names paraded as deserters from her cause, and seceders to his party. Herries wrote to her immediately, explaining the real state of the case, and, to convince her of it, sent her a copy of a proclamation put forth by Moray, asserting "that at the Conference she had been found guilty, and the Queen of England had passed sentence against her."

Mary instantly addressed letters both to Cecil and Elizabeth, complaining of this falsehood.

“As for the false reports they have made of me, both in regard to things particular and general, I hope that Time, the father of truth, and my innocence, will bring remedy. I will not therefore enter further into the subject, save to beg you, as I told your servant at Bolton, to reserve one ear for my use without partiality, and I hope my innocence and the sincerity of my conduct may merit better, if they are closely considered by you and the other good servants of the Queen my good sister.”

At the end of a fortnight Mary received Elizabeth's answer to her last letter, utterly denying having given the rebels cause to make the assertions they had done. Her expressions are worthy of attention. “Madame, having learned your grievances, and understanding that you are greatly annoyed about some words contained in the proclamations made by your subjects, signifying that I had given sentence against you, I am much astonished that you should have felt so much trouble in fancying them to be true; for, if so be they have written them, how could it enter into your thought that I should have had so little value for my honour, or so much have forgotten my natural affection for you, as to condemn you before I had heard your reply, and so little regard to order as to have concluded before I had begun?”

In consequence, probably, of the irritating communications made to Elizabeth by her Premier, she was wound up to such a pitch of exasperation as to declare “that the Queen of Scots' head should never rest,”¹ and took the sudden resolution of removing her from Tutbury to Wingfield Manor-house. This new prison of Mary Stuart—her fourth since her arrival in England—was a strong and stately castle, built by Ralph, Lord Cromwell, one of Henry VI.'s Ministers of State, on the brow of a precipitous Derbyshire hill, in a wild secluded district, but commanding an extensive prospect over the picturesque valley of Ashover and its undulations, shut out, as it were, from the rest of the world by a range of mountains whose summits appear to mingle with the horizon. The remains of this feudal abode prove it to have been built with great regard to elegance; the light springing windows, richly wrought with carved tracery, the lofty arches and high embowed ceilings, are of the most graceful proportions. The Queen's apartments are supposed to have looked towards the west; but there is no reason to believe she ever occupied the dark dismal cell now pointed out as her dormitory. Wingfield is now a roofless pile; not only briars, but tall trees, have sprung up within the grass-grown courts. The desolate halls are mantled with ivy and wild-flowers. Nothing can be more picturesque and imposing than the first view of its gray turrets rising in solemn grandeur above the trees that now embosom this once sternly-fortified prison, where the hap-

¹ Chalmers' Life of Mary Queen of Scots.

less heiress-presumptive of Great Britain was doomed to pine away many a weary month of captivity.

In the postscript of a letter written from Wingfield to La Mothe Fénelon, Mary says, "I have just received the advice herewith enclosed from the Earl of Huntley, of which I have had a translation made, word for word, for the purpose of sending it to you. I believe he will do as he has said ; for besides the obligation he owes me for his life and property, which I have given him, he has a deadly feud with the Earl of Moray, who has done to death his father and his brother, and would do the like by him, if he could, and exterminate his house." Thus Mary, who had had too much painful reason to be accurately acquainted with all the facts connected with the Gordon tragedy, positively denounces her ambitious brother as the murderer both of the late Earl of Huntley and his son Sir John Gordon, to whose destruction she had reluctantly been rendered subservient, and manifests her own innocence by her reliance on the gratitude of the representative of the family, who must, of course, have been aware of what her real conduct and feelings on that occasion had been. That peer was the most powerful and efficient champion of her cause. "The Earl of Huntley," continues she, "holds still in my name all the northern counties in obedience, and has overawed all those who would league with my rebels ; and, with a little aid, would have means to come and look after them, or at least to take from them much of the country, and possess himself of several places of importance ; and if, from the side of Dumbarton, there could be a junction with him, the whole of the west country would be sure to rise in my favour, whatever appointment or promise there may be between the Duke de Châtelherault and the Earl of Moray, for neither of these two can long continue to exist if the other be not wholly ruined and destroyed. I beseech you, Monsieur de la Mothe, to give information of this to the King, and supplicate him again to accord succour to my poor afflicted realm ; and if his own affairs will not permit him as yet to give me his entire support, that it will at least please him not to allow me to lose Dumbarton for the want of munitions and a little money." ¹

Mary accredited the Bishop of Ross as her ambassador to Elizabeth's Court, he having succeeded in exonerating himself from the suspicion of planning her escape ; and Elizabeth, in the hope of being able to tamper with him, received him in that capacity. His first commission was to represent the outrage committed by the Earl of Moray by the arrest of the Duke de Châtelherault and her other loyal servants, and to entreat Elizabeth to insist on their release ; but this, like all her other applications to that Princess, proved unavailing. Mary wrote to Elizabeth herself on the subject, but in vain ; she complained also "of the manner in which the Duke's servant, bringing letters to her, had been arrested at

¹ *Depêches de La Mothe Fénelon*, vol. i. p. 376.

Berwick, and his letters taken from him, and that she found herself, in defiance of all the promises that had been made to her, cut off from intelligence with either Scotland or France ;" speaking her mind, as usual, far more plainly than prudence warranted. "As to the news from Scotland," she sarcastically observes, "Sandy Bog having been despoiled of his letters, which my Lord Hunsdon sent off by an express to you, you are better able to give me information on that subject, unless, indeed, what the Duke [de Châtellherault], his brother the Archbishop [Hamilton], and Lord Herries have written to me."

While Mary's bloom was prematurely doomed to wither in a comfortless English prison, and her high spirit, chafing like that of the cooped eagle that beats itself to death against the bars of its cage, was ready to burst its mortal tenement to escape the thrall, all went prosperously with her fraternal foe. The resources of her realm, her private property, were in his hands, and employed against her, and, bitterer far, her only child rendered the cover for his usurpation. Argyll, and at last even Huntley, despairing of her liberation, and intimidated by the rigorous treatment of the Duke de Châtellherault, Lord Herries, and other noble loyalists, considered it best to temporize, and on the 10th of May signed a treaty consenting to acknowledge his illegal authority.

By a strange coincidence, Queen Mary, who was too far distant to have received the intelligence of this terrible blow, was attacked the same day with a sudden and mysterious illness, accompanied with shivering fits, vomiting, and convulsions, which brought her to the verge of the grave. These alarming symptoms appeared a few minutes after she had taken pills, administered by her own physician, and, as she informed the Bishop of Ross, "reduced her to a state resembling that in which he had seen her during her dangerous sickness at Jedburgh:" like that, it was of an intermittent character.¹ The arrival of a messenger with a token, and letter in cipher, from the Duke of Norfolk, appears to have agitated her very much in her weak and precarious state. We gather from the tenor of her incoherent reply that he had heard his letters to her had been carried off, in consequence of her leaving her keys about, also that he had been jealous of her not having written to him so often as he wished. "The letters," she tells him, "are safe, and her keys in no such peril as he apprehended, and no one shall be trusted to oversee them ; she trusts none more than she is compelled."

"Dated from my bed, the 11th of May.

"I shall do what I may to be soon up, and, for your answer to my last letters, shall fully resolve you daily with letters. My trembling hand here will write no more."

So serious was Mary's illness, that her death was reported in London. "Elizabeth, whether conscience-stricken or from political expediency,

¹ May 10, 1569—Labanoff.

manifested great concern, and sent her own physician to ascertain how matters were, and, if she still lived, to tender his assistance."

Elizabeth herself addressed a letter of congratulation to Mary on her convalescence, expressing her satisfaction that the illness had not proved fatal. Well did Elizabeth know that, if Mary's sudden and mysterious attack of illness had proved fatal, all the world would have attributed it to poison administered by her order, from which imputation it would not have been easy for her to exonerate herself. She had therefore cause for thanking that such a catastrophe did not occur at that peculiar crisis.

When Mary was restored to convalescence, she found herself in such pecuniary straits, that she had not wherewithal to satisfy the claims of two extra physicians, Dr Francis and Dr Caldwell, whom her keeper, the Earl of Shrewsbury, had summoned to her assistance in the first alarm of her dangerous attack of illness. Mary Stuart was perhaps the only female sovereign ever reduced to so mortifying a predicament. Under these circumstances, she despatched her confidential messenger, Borthwick, to London, to tell Lesley, Bishop of Ross, that she was utterly destitute of money for that or any other purpose. Lesley, who was then residing in London as her accredited representative, and living on his own means, having exhausted both cash and credit, had no other resource than to acquaint the Duke of Norfolk with the distress of his captive Sovereign and her faithful followers. "Neither the Queen of Scots, nor any of ye, shall lack," was the reply of the generous English peer,¹ and he immediately delivered two hundred pounds to Borthwick to relieve her present exigencies; but as there were pressing demands in London for her service, Norfolk afterwards sent three hundred pounds more for her personal use.² Borthwick, however, demanded forty pounds of this money for his services, having probably indebted himself to that amount in his journeys backwards and forwards.

Thomas Bishop, the spy who had wormed himself into Mary's confidence during her abode at Bolton Castle, and been employed by her in her correspondence with Norfolk, having been arrested on suspicion, and thrown into the Tower, sent his son Francis to request three hundred pounds of her; and she, fearing that if she did not comply with his inconvenient demand he would betray all he knew, sent him the money she had just received, and informed Norfolk of what she had done; whereupon Norfolk sent her another hundred pounds for herself, and sixty-six pounds to pay the charges of the two physicians, his disbursements amounting in all to £966, which Lesley regarded as so large a sum that he facetiously warned Mary "that she would spend all the dower silver before she had her man,"³ and advised her "not to have any more money from him, but rather to raise what was needed in France or Flan-

¹ Lesley's Examinations, in Murdin, p. 27.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

ders." Mary sent her secretary, Raullet, to France for that purpose, but he only wasted his time in a series of fruitless endeavours to procure a loan for the service of his royal mistress. In this emergency, Lesley, Bishop of Ross, obtained from the Spanish ambassador a bill of exchange for ten thousand Italian crowns, drawn on Roberto Rodolphi, the head of the Florentine company in London,¹ a near relation of the house of Medicis, and the secretly accredited resident minister of the Pope in England. With that money Mary discharged her debt to Norfolk, and sent relief to her impoverished adherents in Scotland; but the accommodation, however necessary, was dearly paid for, by entangling her and her faithful followers in the intrigues of the busy and troublesome instrument of the Papal cause, whose object was to break her engagement with the Protestant Norfolk, for the purpose of marrying her to Don John of Austria, and rendering her the head of the Roman Catholic revolt that was on the eve of breaking out in the northern counties.

That Mary had no intention of disturbing Elizabeth's government must be apparent from her earnest endeavours at this period to conclude, through her representative, Lesley, Bishop of Ross, a treaty with her royal detainer for her restoration to liberty, even on the derogatory conditions of consenting to associate her infant boy with herself in the sovereignty of Scotland, and permit her usurping brother to govern the realm in their joint names, agreeing to ratify the treaty of Edinburgh, and submitting to various other demands, which she had hitherto strenuously refused.² Elizabeth, after she had considered these terms, required the Bishop of Ross to deliver them in writing to her Council, and to enter into conference with them on the subject. Several clauses were added, for the satisfaction of the Earl of Moray and his faction; free pardon and indemnity for all who had offended her were guaranteed by Queen Mary, together with full security that no alteration should be made in the established religion. She consented to legalize Bothwell's forfeiture, to render his banishment perpetual, and to procure a divorce from him.³

At last the English Council and Mary's representative considered everything settled; even John Wood, Moray's envoy, professed himself content; but Elizabeth demurred, declaring she was not satisfied about the alleged cession, which, it was said, Mary had made of her claims on the crown of England to the Duke of Anjou. An instrument, at Mary's request, was executed, and sent over by that Prince, fully exonerating "his well-beloved sister, the Queen of Scotland, from ever having made any such transfer or cession of her rights to him."⁴ Mary also addressed letters to Cecil and the Privy Council of England, containing a formal denial of having done so. Her party, among the English aristocracy,

¹ Lesley's Examinations, in Murdin, p. 27.

² Lesley's Negotiations; Camden.

³ *Ibid.*; Haynes; Lingard.

⁴ Labanoff.

was now daily increasing in strength and importance. Among the ostensible supporters of her cause were included the Earls of Arundel, Northumberland, Westmoreland, Pembroke, Sussex, and Southampton, the Lords Clinton and Lumley, the Marquess of Winchester, the Earls of Derby and Cumberland; and Sir Nicholas Throckmorton.¹

The ungenerous policy that had been adopted towards Mary had offended not only persons of her own religion, but excited the ill-concealed indignation of all just and independent gentlemen, to whatsoever denomination of the Christian Church they belonged; sympathy for the desolate and oppressed being not only the genuine characteristic of Englishmen, but especially enjoined by the Anglican Church. The loveliest, the most intellectual and liberal-minded Princess in the world, as well as the most clement, after suffering unprecedented injuries and indignities from the ungrateful traitors whom she had pardoned, recalled from exile, and restored to their estates, had, when compelled to seek refuge from their insatiate malice in England, while at peace with her sister sovereign, been, in defiance of equity and the law of nations, constituted a prisoner, and the calumnies of her enemies adopted as a pretext for denying her a friendly reception and assistance. Her base-born brother had been supported in his usurpation and injurious treatment of her loyal subjects, while she was insulted and dragged from one place of incarceration to another, prevented from receiving letters from her friends, alternately browbeaten and intimidated by her keepers, and plied with deceitful professions of friendship and assistance from their royal mistress, for the purpose of inducing her to ratify her compulsory abdication, and resign her title to the English succession. The fact was notorious to the lords of Elizabeth's Council, as well as those who had assisted at the Conferences at Westminster, that the Earl of Moray had been encouraged to accuse his captive sister and Sovereign of adultery, husband-murder, and intended infanticide—of which horrible crimes he was unable to produce the testimony of a single witness; that he had been treated with all possible marks of honour, and sent away with a present of £5000, while she was denied the privilege of appearing in her own defence, her Commissioners arrested without any reason being assigned for such a violation of their passports, and herself dragged by absolute violence from Bolton Castle to the damp comfortless fortress of Tutbury, regardless of her bodily indisposition, the inclemency of the weather, and the unfitness of the roads for travelling at that season of the year. Such proceedings would have been made, had they occurred a century later, matter of serious parliamentary investigation. But as the House of Commons was then almost wholly subservient to the will of the Crown, a confederacy of the great nobles took the law into their own hands, and, in the hope of averting the evils of a contested succession, securing the ultimate consolidation of the Britannic

¹ Camden. *Lesley's Negotiations*. Murdin.

empire under one head, and at the same time providing for the safety of the Reformed Church, agreed to settle the succession of the realm on the rightful heiress, Mary Stuart, on condition of her consenting to accept an English nobleman of the Reformed faith for her consort, and pledging herself not to trouble the government of England, to establish the worship of the English Church, to pardon all her rebellious subjects in Scotland, and to accept the Duke of Norfolk for a consort.

“According to this advice,” says Lesley, “these noblemen sent a gentleman called Mr Candish (Cavendish) to the Queen my mistress with the said articles, and certain honourable and costly tokens, and wrote very loving and affectionate letters to her, specially in praise and commendation of the Duke of Norfolk, persuading her very earnestly to like well of the marriage; and in case she did agree thereto, assured her of the goodwill of the whole nobility in all her honourable affairs, specially for the succession of the crown of England, failing the Queen of England and the heirs of her body.

“The tenor of this letter,” continues Lesley, “is patent to be seen, containing a very long discourse to the effect aforesaid, which is all written with the Earl of Leicester’s own hand, and subscribed by him and others of the nobility.” The fact that this letter was written to Mary by Leicester, in the names and on the behalf of the other great nobles, with the above offers, is sufficiently authenticated by the confessions of the Earl of Pembroke and other members of the confederacy.

In regard to the desire they had expressed that she would agree to marry the Duke of Norfolk, Mary replied, “that she had been so sorely vexed by her marriages in times past, that she was loth to think of such matters, being rather of mind to live a solitary life for the rest of her days; yet, nevertheless, all other things being agreed and concluded to her reasonable satisfaction, she was content to comply with the advice of the nobility of England in favour of her marriage with the Duke of Norfolk, whom she liked the better because he was well reported of, and beloved by the nobility and Estates of his own country; and she desired them to endeavour to learn the Queen of England’s pleasure on the subject; for unless her Majesty were well disposed to it, she feared the Duke of Norfolk might fare the worse for such expressions of goodwill and favour unto him as she might give utterance unto, in consequence of the recommendation of the other nobles his friends, and her other causes be endamaged thereby; also, as she had had over sad experience in her marriage with the Lord Darnley, to her great grief.”¹ The confederate nobles assured her “that no difficulty need be apprehended, as Elizabeth’s great fear was lest she should enter into either a French, a Spanish, or an Austrian marriage; and that, through Leicester’s influence with

¹ Camden’s Annals. Howard Mem.

his royal mistress, everything might in time be accomplished." Mary then gave her promise "that, as soon as her marriage with the Earl of Bothwell could be lawfully dissolved, she would become the consort of the Duke of Norfolk."¹ She took prompt measures for removing the obstacle to their union, by soliciting the Pope to release her from the abhorrent wedlock she had been compelled to contract with the Earl of Bothwell against her will. She despatched also a messenger into Denmark, who succeeded in inducing Bothwell to sign and execute an instrument consenting to the dissolution of their illegal and most disastrous marriage.²

Her brother-in-law the King, and all the royal family of France, together with her uncle the Cardinal de Lorraine, and her grandmother the Duchess-Dowager de Guise, signified their approbation of her intended union with the Duke of Norfolk; even the King of Spain, though he continued to recommend his brother Don John of Austria, feigned acquiescence, while, however, he did his utmost secretly to traverse it. A contract of marriage was executed by Norfolk, and sent to Mary for her signature, by Lord Boyd, together with a costly diamond, as a pledge of his faith. Mary signed the contract, and accepted the jewel, which she suspended about her neck, and wore constantly in her bosom from that day till the evening before her execution. The contract was consigned, for greater security, to the keeping of La Mothe Fénelon, the French ambassador.³ After this solemn plight, "the Duke entered into farther familiarity and entertainment of favour," says Lesley, "by sending of letters and tokens to the Queen my mistress, and receiving the like, and giving to me his counsel and advice in all my proceedings at Court, which I was commanded expressly by the Queen my mistress to follow."⁴

The following is a specimen of the affectionate and confidential style in which she corresponded with him after they were contracted to each other:—

"*Sunday*.—I received a writing by Borthwick from you, whereby I perceive the satisfaction you have of my plain dealing with you, as I must do of my duty. Considering how much I am beholden to you many ways, I am glad the grant of my goodwill is so agreeable to you. Albeit I know myself to be unworthy to be so well liked of one of such wisdom and good qualities, yet do I think my hap great in that, yea, much greater than my desert. Therefore I will be about to use myself so that, so far as God shall give me grace, you shall never have cause to diminish your good conceit and favour of me, while I shall esteem and respect you in all my doings as long as I live. This day I received a letter from you

¹ Camden's Annals. Howard Mem.

² Chalmers' Life of Queen Mary, octavo edition, vol. ii. p. 7. The document signifying Bothwell's consent to the divorce remained among Lord Boyd's papers even to the present times.—Mar-

ginal Note, *Ibid.*, Memoir of Bothwell.

³ Despatches of La Mothe Fénelon. Memorials of the Howard Family, by the late Mr Howard of Corby.

⁴ Lesley's Negotiations—Anderson.

by this bearer, whereby I perceive the thought you take of my health, which, thanks to God, is much better than it was at his departing; but not yet very strong, nor quit of the soreness of my side. It causes me to be more heavy and pensive than I would need to be, considering the care you have of me, whereof I will not thank you, for I have remitted all my cause to you to do as for yourself. Now, my Norfolk, you bid me command you, that would be beside my duty many ways. But pray you, I will that you counsel me not to take patiently my great griefs, except you promise me to trouble you no more for the death of your ward. . .

. . . I wish you had another in his room to make you merry. You forbid me to write; be sure I will think it no pains, whenever my health will permit it, but pleasure; as also to receive your letters, which I pray you to spare not when you have leisure, without troubling you, for they shall fall in no hands where they will be better received. The physicians write at length; they seem to love you marvellously, and not mislike of me. We had but general talk, and some of your matters, but not in anybody's name; therefore I answered nothing, but giving ear soberly. When Borthwick goeth up you shall understand all; in this it is unintelligible. Meantime I must warn you when I hear anything touching you.

"God preserve you from all traitors, and make your friends as true and constant.

"From Wingfield, late at night this 24th."¹

CHAPTER XVI.

THE contract between Mary and the Duke of Norfolk² was drawn up and executed without the knowledge of the English peers and privy councillors who had solicited her to become his wife. The measure was therefore rash and premature; but Norfolk's jealousy having been excited by the rival suit of Don John of Austria, backed by the influence of the King of Spain and the Roman Catholic party, Mary considered it necessary to give him that assurance of the sincerity of her intentions. She sent him her miniature, set in a small tablet of gold, in return for the diamond which Lord Boyd delivered to her as the pledge of the troth which he plighted to her in Norfolk's name. One of the principal agents employed in the exchange of letters and tokens was Mr Cavendish, or, as he was commonly called, Candish, a relative of Lady Shrewsbury's third

¹ This, like all Mary's letters to Norfolk, was written in cipher. How different the style and sentiment of her genuine love-letters are from the absurd follies her enemies accused her of writing to

Bothwell, it is scarcely necessary to observe. Harleian MSS., British Museum.

² See vol. vi., *Lives of the Queens of Scotland*, p. 386.

husband, Sir William Cavendish. Queen Elizabeth expressed equal surprise and displeasure on learning that Shrewsbury had admitted, not only his familiar friends and visitors, but divers strangers, to see the Queen of Scots, and converse with her. Mary's presence-chamber had indeed become the resort, both of the neighbouring gentry, whom curiosity or the romantic interest and sympathy her calamities and heroic spirit excited, had attracted, and of numbers of the ancient aristocracy from remote districts, as well as certain calculating worldlings, who came to ingratiate themselves with her whom the contingencies of a day, or even of an hour, might make their sovereign. Among those whom the ties of near relationship and personal friendship with the Earl of Shrewsbury rendered a frequent visitor in the domestic circle of that nobleman, both at Tutbury Castle and Wingfield Manor-house, was his deformed Roman Catholic cousin, Leonard Dacre, generally called "Dacre with the crooked back," the disappointed claimant of the barony of Dacre of Gilsland.¹ He was one of the busiest instruments in stirring up the Northern Rebellion, having entered heart and soul into the intrigues of his cousin the Earl of Northumberland for the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic worship in England, by the elevation of Mary Stuart to the throne,² as the consort of some foreign prince of their own faith—in a word, of Don John of Austria, whose brilliant talents and adventurous spirit qualified him to perform the part required of the paladin who aspired to win and wed her.

One day when the captive Queen was taking her melancholy prison exercise on the leads of Wingfield Manor-house, Leonard Dacre seized an opportunity of joining her there: and, obtaining a private conference, assured her of his devotion to her service, and offered to assist her in effecting her escape, not only from that strongly-guarded fortalice, but from England, if she would confide herself to his direction. He briefly explained to her that a plan, which could scarcely fail, had been arranged for her liberation between himself, the Earl of Northumberland, the Markinfields, and Christopher Norton.³ That he had, in consequence of the facilities which his relationship and intimacy with the Earl of Shrewsbury's family afforded, won over certain of the domestic servants at Wingfield to co-operate in the design, so that he should be able to get her out

¹ Leonard Dacre was the second son of William Lord Dacre. His elder brother, Thomas Lord Dacre, died early in life, leaving a son of tender age, and three infant daughters. The widowed Lady Dacre married the Duke of Norfolk, whom she constituted at her death the guardian of her orphan children by Lord Dacre, and he betrothed her three daughters to his three sons by his previous marriages. The little Lord Dacre was unfortunately killed by a fall from a vaulting horse, and Norfolk entered on

the heritage in the name and behalf of the infant co-heiresses. Leonard Dacre put in a rival claim as the nearest male heir; but as it was a barony which descended to the female representatives, his claim was overruled, and he became in consequence disaffected to the government of Queen Elizabeth, and a foe to Norfolk.

² Memorials of the Northern Rebellion, by Sir C. Sharp. Memorials of the Howard Family, by Howard of Corby.

³ Murdin.

of the house with one of her ladies without difficulty—horses were already provided that would be waiting with them to mount. The Earl of Northumberland had engaged, also, that twenty of his household band, with a relay of twenty spare horses, swift and sure, should be privately sent to a secret place of rendezvous, at a convenient distance, where they would meet her, if she had sufficient courage to adventure the enterprise. It was proposed for Mary to effect her escape in the dress of one of her ladies, who was willing to remain in her place, and undertook to delay the pursuit by personating her. Probably this was Mary Seton. Love for her was by Christopher Norton assigned as the reason of his visits to Wingfield Manor-house.

Nothing could be more favourable for the execution of the project for Mary's liberation. The Earl of Shrewsbury had been attacked with inflammation of the brain, followed by paralysis. The Countess solicited permission to remove him to the baths of Buxton; and after waiting more than a month in fruitless expectation of an answer, thought proper to convey him off with her to that invigorating spot, without tarrying longer for the tardy determination of Elizabeth and her Council, or their appointment of a suitable person to act as deputy-jailer to the royal captive in his absence.¹ So that until the arrival of Sir Francis Knollys, who was sent to take charge of Mary (when the report of the unauthorized departure of the Shrewsburys reached the Court), she was left only in the keeping of Captain Reade and his band—a circumstance that could not be expected to occur again; and had this unfortunate Princess availed herself of it with the like energetic spirit she had manifested at Lochleven, her enfranchisement would in all probability have been achieved by Leonard Dacre and his confederates. That Mary hesitated now was from no lack of courage, but romantic notions of the duty and obedience to which she considered her affianced husband the Duke of Norfolk was entitled from her. She would give no answer to Leonard Dacre's proposition till she had communicated it to him, and ascertained his pleasure therein.² Norfolk replied "that he could by no means approve of any practice for her escape;" he believed "Leonard Dacre's purpose was to carry her out of the realm in order to deliver her to the Duke of Alva in Flanders, or to the King of Spain, in which case her marriage with Don John of Austria would follow as a matter of course."³ Mary suffered herself to be influenced by his decision, and put a decided negative on the tempting offer of Leonard Dacre and his confederates to break her bonds. She knew that the ultra Roman Catholic faction, of whom Leonard Dacre was the acting instrument, was opposed to her marriage with Norfolk; and that if she threw herself into the arms of that party, not only must she resign him, but submit to go to all the lengths which their headlong zeal for the re-establishment of their faith in England would prescribe.

¹ Lodge.² Murdin.³ *Ibid.*

Her conduct in this instance shows that she desired to owe her restoration to liberty and empire, and, above all, her recognition as the heiress of England, to the liberal Reformers, of whom Norfolk was accounted the head. Unfortunately, the intrigues of the Earl of Northumberland for the Spanish marriage offended Norfolk, and alarmed many of the Protestant nobles who had previously been disposed to support her cause, but could not give her credit for preferring a consort of the Reformed faith to one of her own religion, supported by the power and wealth of the King of Spain and the influence of the Pope.

True to her peace-making disposition, Mary laboured much to effect a reconciliation between Norfolk and Leonard Dacre. Such was the confidence of the latter in her love of justice, that, although aware of her engagement to Norfolk, he offered to submit the controversy between them to her arbitration, and promised to abide by it. Norfolk consented to assign a portion of the lands in dispute to Leonard, in consequence of her intercession.

It was at this time one Captain Philip Stirley, from the garrison at Berwick, a chosen spy in the service of Queen Elizabeth, succeeded in worming himself into the confidence of Mary's friends and confederates in that neighbourhood. From Christopher Norton, whom he beguiled by artful professions of zeal and sympathy in Mary's cause, he learned that they were prepared to enterprise her deliverance about three weeks before Queen Elizabeth concluded her progress; but in consequence of a message from the Duke of Norfolk to the Earl of Westmoreland, it was prevented that time, which paralyzed and disarranged all their measures, to the great indignation of Westmoreland, who, in confidential discourse with Stirley the next day in his garden at Raby Castle, expressed his contempt of his noble brother-in-law's timorous conduct in these words: "If the Duke of Norfolk had not sent that message, we had done well enough; but he hath shown himself to be faint indeed;" and after bestowing a curse on Norfolk, added, with great bitterness, "he hath been the undoing of us all by that message."¹ Westmoreland told Stirley "that there were three several devices for carrying off the Queen of Scots, but they were always hindered by Captain Reade, who, though he appeared to be well disposed towards it, was not the man he feigned himself to be. One day when it was discussed, Reade said, "How can it be done without a good number of horsemen?" To which the Earl replied, "Leonard Dacre will assist with two hundred horsemen." Reade's demurs at that time broke it off. Christopher Norton was told by Stirley, "that when Lady Livingston came to him from the Queen of Scots, and turned a diamond ring on her little finger, he was to believe what she said. The lady appeared as described, and asked if credit might be given to Captain Reade, for he had offered himself to the Queen of Scots. "In no

¹ Memorials of the Northern Rebellion, by Sir C. Sharp—Append. 362.

wise trust him," was the reply. Lady Livingston brought back this answer to her royal mistress. Mary, with her usual imprudent frankness, told Captain Reade, who coolly observed, "that he knew she got her intelligence from Christopher Norton,"¹ whose visits to Wingfield Manor, as the acknowledged lover of one of Mary's maids of honour, seem to have been openly paid, in the absence of the sick castellan and his vigilant dame at the baths of Buxton.

Notwithstanding the seeds of dissension which were springing up, on the subject of her marriage, between Roman Catholic and Protestant partisans, Mary's party continued to increase in England, where she had become an object of such general sympathy and popular interest, that the jealousy of her father-in-law, the Earl of Lennox, was roused, and he could not refrain from observing to Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, "that he marvelled that the Queen of Scots, a woman so ill thought of heretofore, should find friends and be favoured in England and Scotland." Sir Nicholas cautiously replied: "Three things, in my opinion, move thereto. The first, her misery, whereof all men naturally take compassion; the second, her entertainment of such as came to her; and the third, the opinion that some had of her title to the succession, whereunto there were some exceptions, as there were to other titles, but as few to hers as to any." Throckmorton was deep in the confederacy for Mary's liberation, her restoration to the throne of Scotland, her recognition as the successor to Queen Elizabeth, and her marriage with his friend and patron the Duke of Norfolk.

An overpowering majority in the English Privy Council compelled Elizabeth not only to allow Mary's accredited deputy, Lord Boyd, to proceed to Scotland, but to make him the bearer of letters from herself to the Regent Moray and his Council, containing the following propositions in Mary's behalf, which she submitted to their choice: "First, that they should restore Queen Mary to her royal estate; or, secondly, associate her in the sovereignty with her son—the administration to remain with the Earl of Moray till the Prince completed his seventeenth year; or, lastly, that she might return to Scotland to live as a private person, with honourable treatment, and a suitable allowance."

Lord Boyd was accompanied back to Scotland by Master John Wood, who, acting as Moray's deputy in the late negotiations for a general treaty of reconciliation, had succeeded in persuading Mary's councillors and friends that he and his principal were both sincerely desirous of atoning for their past treasons by bringing about a counter-revolution in her favour. The great object of Lord Boyd's mission to Scotland was to deliver conciliatory letters from Mary to the Earl of Moray, and the Convention of Nobles at Perth, offering them her pardon and indemnity for their past conduct, if they would unite with her loyal subjects in ratifying the treaty

¹ Memorials of the Northern Rebellion, by Sir C. Sharp—Append. 362.

for her liberation and restoration, which had been concluded with the English Council, and co-operate with her loyal subjects in appointing judges to try the legality of her marriage with the Earl of Bothwell, in order that, if it were found illegal, sentence of nullity might be declared, and herself released from that wedlock. Thus Mary was not only willing to be divorced from Bothwell, but anxious that the circumstances under which her marriage with him was contracted should be investigated by friend and foe. Far different was the deportment of the traitors who had pledged themselves to accomplish that unhallowed wedlock, and having done so, took advantage of their own wrong, by making it the pretext for dethroning and calumniating their royal victim. The scrutiny she feared not to challenge they shrank from, and shamelessly averted, by the taunting exclamation: "If the Queen, our sovereign's mother, wish to be quit of Bothwell, let her write to the King of Denmark to execute him for the murder of the late king, her husband; that will be her most effectual divorce; and then she may marry whom she will."¹ What, it may be asked, would these men and their literary organ, Buchanan, have said of Mary, if she had so far departed from her duty as a sovereign, as to use her influence with a foreign prince to put one of her subjects to death for an offence for which he had been tried in the Justiciary Court of Scotland, before the Lords of Session, and acquitted by a jury of his peers—whose verdict had been confirmed by the three Estates of Scotland assembled in Parliament?

Lethington, who had promised Norfolk his powerful aid, replied to the clamorous opposition against the appointment of a commission to try the validity of the Queen's marriage with Bothwell: "It seems passing strange that they who heretofore so strenuously insisted on the necessity of separating Bothwell from the Queen, even to making it a war-cry, should have changed their tone thus inconsistently." Here the Treasurer, Richardson, starting from his seat, cut him short by "calling the assembly to witness that the Secretary had spoken against the King's authority, and therefore he and all who supported him were traitors, and should be dealt with as such."² The Convention then broke up tumultuously, having negatived the propositions in the Queen of England's letters, as well as Mary's requisition for a divorce from Bothwell. They had taken too much pains to accomplish her marriage with him to allow of its nullification.

Moray, with his usual duplicity, advocated the propriety of acceding to the treaty for the Queen's restoration, while he secretly exerted his influence to the utmost to have it negatived by his confederates in the Convention. Nevertheless her cause was in the ascendant. More than two-thirds of the nobles of Scotland were avowedly on her side, including those of the highest rank and the most unsullied honour, Protestants as

¹ Tytler's History of Scotland

² *Ibid.*

well as Roman Catholics. Mary, it is true, was a captive in an English prison, but English sympathy was powerfully exerted on her behalf. Many of the great nobles of that realm had written letters to the Regent Moray by his secretary, Wood, assuring him of their affection for his royal sister, and exhorting him "to render himself the instrument of her restoration to the throne of Scotland." A majority in the English Privy Council had resolved to compel Elizabeth to liberate and take effectual steps to reinstate her in her native sovereignty, and to recognize her as the next in succession to the Crown of England. The leading members in the association for this purpose, Norfolk, Pembroke, Westmoreland, Northumberland, Southampton, and Clinton, having assisted at the conferences in the Painted Chamber at Westminster, and seen and heard all that Moray and his confederates had brought forward for Mary's defamation, must surely be considered to have pronounced, by these strong demonstrations in her behalf, a satisfactory verdict that she was not guilty of the crimes with which the usurpers of her government had charged her.

Moray, under these circumstances, had played his game so finely that Norfolk was persuaded of the sincerity of his professions of friendship, and that his good intentions had been circumvented by others of the rebel faction ; while Elizabeth, fancying she had cause to suspect him, made Cecil write to Drury to express her surprise and displeasure at his practices for the marriage of the Queen of Scots with the Duke of Norfolk.¹ Moray lost no time in satisfying her as to his real intentions, by despatching his confederate, Alexander Home, to explain the whole affair to her. Elizabeth, who was then at Farnham Castle, in Surrey, sent for Norfolk to dine with her ; regarded him with ominous glances during the meal, and when she rose from table significantly bade him "beware of his pillow !" ² in sarcastic allusion to the expression he had used, to throw dust in her eyes, when she accused him of wishing to wed the Queen of Scots ; intimating also, for the royal gibe cut twofold, that he was putting his head in peril of the block. She did not confine herself to hints and parables, for meeting him in the gallery the next day, she sharply upbraided him with the misdemeanour of presumptuously seeking to ally himself in wedlock with the Queen of Scots without her leave or cognizance. With the same lack of truthfulness and moral courage as on the previous occasion, Norfolk denied the charge, protested that he had no affection for the Queen of Scots, nor any desire of making her his wife : spoke with contempt of the poverty of her realm, and boastfully enlarging on his own wealth and territorial possessions, observed, "that his own estates in England were worth little less than the whole kingdom of Scotland. Mary," continued he, "when I am in mine own bowling-alley at Norwich, I feel myself no whit inferior to a prince."³ Mary had only accepted him on condition of their engagement being

¹ Murdin. Camden.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

approved by Elizabeth, and had exhorted him and the great nobles, by whom it was promoted, to take the earliest opportunity of naming it to her. Leicester had undertaken to do this, but delayed, under one pretence or another, to perform his promise, till the matter became more difficult, on account of the suspicious mystery its concealment from her involved.

“I cannot fear all the practices of my enemies against me,” wrote Mary to Norfolk, “so that you be still well persuaded of me and my constancy. But, alas! I fear of Moray; you should never believe that he shall be too true: he will seek to hurt you all he can. But I think, if Leicester and Pembroke be your friends, they will find means to countermand his draughts.”

The draughts on which Moray exercised his inventive talents after the breaking up of the Convention of Perth, were the fabrication of posthumous confessions of Nicholas Hubert, *alias* French Paris, for the purpose of endeavouring to substantiate the calumnious charges against Queen Mary, and to authenticate the silver-casket letters after he had hanged that wretched foreigner without a trial, and burned the Lord Lion, Sir William Stuart, under a frivolous accusation of necromancy, to prevent the disclosure of the revelations made by Hubert to him on the subject of Darnley’s murder during their voyage from Norway. These double executions were perpetrated at St Andrews on the 15th and 16th of August this year; and it now becomes necessary to call attention to the following important facts, in reference to the circumstances under which these alleged revelations of that wretched foreigner were produced. Moray had held the person of Nicholas Hubert in solitary confinement ever since February, 1567-8, without so much as making the slightest allusion to him at the conferences at York and Westminster, although, as Nicholas Hubert was alleged, in his so-called Confession, to have been the bearer of several of the silver-casket letters, he ought to have been brought forward to depose to this on oath, and also to corroborate the accusations of the Queen’s complicity in her husband’s murder; but no allusion was made to the existence of so important a witness. Hubert still was alive, and capable of bearing testimony, when Mary’s envoy, Lord Boyd, demanded, in the name of his royal mistress, a commission to be appointed by her nobles to inquire into the validity of her marriage with Bothwell, in order to her obtaining a release from that illegal and abhorrent wedlock. Now, it must be evident that if Hubert were able to depose to a guilty and indecorous correspondence between the Queen and Bothwell, and to prove that her abduction was collusive, Moray would not have lost the opportunity of bringing such evidence of her infamy before the Convention of Nobles then assembled at Perth on the 25th of July. Instead of doing this, he removed Hubert from Edinburgh Castle to his own private residence at St Andrews, where he was entirely at his

mercy, and, within three weeks after the breaking-up of the Convention at Perth, sent him to the gallows without any public process; and after his execution, August 15th, 1569, put forth the suspicious documents described as "The Confessions of Nicholas Hubert, called French Paris."

The Countess of Lennox and Queen Elizabeth both wrote to Moray, earnestly entreating him to suspend the execution of this notable prisoner, and send him to England. So eager, indeed, was Elizabeth to see and confer with him, that she sent three especial messengers, one after the other, with her orders to Moray for that purpose. He wrote a reverential reply, expressing his regret that the execution was over before her Majesty's letters arrived; "but I trust," he shrewdly added, "his testimony, left, shall be found so authentic as the credit thereof shall not seem doubtful, neither to your Highness, neither to them who by nature have greatest cause to desire condign punishment for the said murder," meaning the Earl and Countess of Lennox. But the fabrication was too coarse to impose on Elizabeth. She demanded, as well she might, a legal verification of documents containing statements so extravagantly opposed to probability. My Lord Regent, having nothing in the shape of a legal verification to produce, resorted to the flimsy expedient of sending fresh transcripts, attested by Alexander Hay, notary, another of his secretaries.

The pretended Confessions of French Paris were aimed not merely against Queen Mary; they were designed by the Regent to prepare the way for ridding himself of his expensive and troublesome pensioners Sir James Balfour and Lethington, by denouncing both as principals in the murder of Darnley. Lethington was wholly in Norfolk's interest, and the part he had taken at the Convention of Perth in advocating the treaty for the Queen's restoration and marriage with an English noble of the Reformed faith, provoked Moray to crush him. Dissembling his deadly purpose, he succeeded, by friendly messages, in luring him from his safe asylum at Dunkeld to a convention at Stirling, where he received him with a deceitful show of affection. Scarcely, however, had Lethington taken his seat at council, when a message was brought that Thomas Crawford, a gentleman in the service of the Earl of Lennox, requested audience on business of importance. On being admitted, he knelt, and, in the name of his master, "demanded justice to be done on the Lord of Lethington and Sir James Balfour, for the murder of the late King Henry, father to the King their Sovereign." Great sensation was exhibited at the council-table; but Lethington preserved his composure. He was surprised, he said, at such a charge from so mean a person, but professed his willingness to stand his trial whensoever it should be appointed. But Crawford, still kneeling, demanded that he should be taken into custody at once, and no bail accepted. He was therefore committed, and Moray, exulting in the success of his intrigue, arrested

and conducted him as a prisoner to Edinburgh, and lodged him in the house of Forrester, one of his creatures, till Morton should have made necessary arrangements for hurrying this dangerous confederate to the solitary fortress of Tantallon. Lethington was rescued by the promptitude of his friend, Kirkaldy of Grange, the Governor of Edinburgh Castle, who surrounded Forrester's house with a band of armed men, and presented a warrant, to which he had forged the Regent Moray's signature, for the delivery of the prisoner into his hands, to be warded in Edinburgh Castle, which being obeyed, he carried him thither in triumph. Kirkaldy, like Lethington, having seen cause to repent of his treason against Queen Mary, had engaged, heart and soul, in the confederacy for her restoration, though he had so far dissembled, that this was his first demonstration against the Regent. Moray, thus deprived of his prey, and outwitted by one of the leading men of his own faction, sent to request a conference with Kirkaldy at his own house; but Kirkaldy, suspecting foul play was intended, refused to come, and thus escaped the ambush prepared for him by Morton, who had suborned four men to assassinate him at the entry of the Regent's lodgings. Moray then offered to come to the Castle to confer with the Governor there; "for," observes Sir James Melville, "he durst trust Kirkaldy, though Kirkaldy durst not trust him." His object was to persuade Kirkaldy to give up Lethington, to take his trial for the murder of the late King. "Yea," replied Kirkaldy, "on condition the Earl of Morton and Archibald Douglas are immediately arrested, and proceeded against according to the forms of law and justice, as the principal authors and executors of that crime." He promised, however, that Lethington should appear in court on any day that should be appointed for his trial. He kept his word; but Lethington's friends mustered so strongly in Edinburgh on that occasion, that although Morton had three thousand men-at-arms under his command at Dalkeith, in readiness to support the Regent, they did not venture to provoke the disclosures their old confederate was able to make. In fact, a public trial of any of the principals in Darnley's assassination, especially one whose hand had been with them in all their secret councils, was too dangerous. No one appeared against him, and he obtained a release.

Mary, meantime, had fallen sick at Wingfield, of the fever of hope deferred. The opportunity for effecting her escape had been lost through the jealousy and excessive caution of Norfolk. Elizabeth had despatched Walter Devereux, Viscount Hereford, to Wingfield Manor, to keep a strict guard over her, and also to be a spy on the proceedings of the Earl of Shrewsbury. That nobleman had been sternly recalled to the duties of his unwelcome office by a reprimand for having presumed to withdraw himself to Buxton, in company with his wife. Shrewsbury pleaded in apology so piteous a catalogue of bodily maladies, that Eliza-

beth's anger was mollified, and she sent Dr Francis, one of her own physicians, to his aid. Shrewsbury, in his letter of thanks, mentions "that, as the Queen of Scots was ill, he had allowed Dr Francis to see and prescribe for her, which he hoped would not be disapproved."¹ But Elizabeth's uneasiness at the intrigues in Mary's behalf, and the interest excited by the fair captive, increased daily. She sometimes declared she wished her out of her realm.

John Foxe, the Martyrologist, wrote an earnest and affectionate letter to his former pupil Norfolk, expressing great uneasiness at the report, now in every one's mouth, of his anticipated marriage with the Scottish Queen; not, however, saying one word in her disparagement; but only fearing it should be the means of troubling the tranquillity of the realm, and the cause of ruin to Norfolk himself, whom he warns against the treachery of his advisers in these remarkable words: "Howbeit, since the noise and clamour of the people maketh me somewhat to muse, and because true love is always full of fear, I beseech you to let me say what I think in this matter, that in case you take this way to marry with this lady in our Queen's days, it will in the end turn you to no great good. I beseech you, therefore, for God's sake, be circumspect, and mark well what they be that set you at this work, and whereunto they shoot. There is no greater cunning in these days than to know whom a man may trust."²

The prophetic warning of Norfolk's preceptor was literally fulfilled by the perfidy of Leicester, who, perceiving that the Regent Moray had already betrayed the secret of the matrimonial engagement between Norfolk and Mary to Elizabeth, feigned himself sick, and earnestly requested the honour of a private visit from his royal mistress, as he had something of great importance to communicate to her. Elizabeth visited him at Titchfield, where she seated herself by his bedside, and every one being withdrawn, he told her, with sighs and tears, "that his sickness proceeded from uneasiness of mind, being conscious of having violated his duty to her, by consenting to an intrigue for a marriage between the Duke of Norfolk and the Queen of Scots, without her cognizance, for which he was deeply penitent, and implored her forgiveness."³ He suppressed the fact that he had been requested by Norfolk and the associate nobles to communicate the matter to her Majesty. The Spanish ambassador taking this inauspicious moment for preferring his master's suit that Mary might be restored to liberty, Elizabeth angrily exclaimed: "I would advise the Queen of Scots to bear her condition with less impatience, or she may chance to find some of her friends shorter by the head."⁴ On this ominous hint Norfolk, and others of the

¹ State Paper Office MS.—Shrewsbury to Cecil.

² The letter is a fragment, and without date.

³ Camden; Udall; Lingard.

⁴ Camden.

great nobles who had espoused Mary's cause, considered it prudent to retire from the Court. Before his departure Norfolk sent secretly to Mary's ambassador, Lesley, Bishop of Ross, to come and confer with him at Howard House after supper. Lesley was met by Lygon, a gentleman in the Duke's service, who conducted him by a private entrance into the gallery, where the Duke came to him, and told him that his servant, Robertson, had brought him a ring from the Queen of Scots for a token, without any letter or message, which had greatly perplexed him, as he understood not her meaning therein. Moreover, she had sent him, two or three days before, by her trusty rider, Borthwick, a cushion embroidered by herself, with the royal arms of Scotland, beneath which there was a hand, with a knife in it pruning a vine, and the motto, "*Virescit vulnere virtus.*" Lesley knew enough of the metaphorical and poetic tone of Mary's mind to be able to explain that the mysterious design embroidered on the cushion was an "*Impresa,*" devised by herself, to convey a moral sentiment applicable to her own case, signifying that the vine was improved by the discipline to which it was subjected, as, in the language of Scripture, "faithful are the wounds of a friend." Her meaning in sending the token-ring it was impossible for him to solve at that time. Soon after his return to his own lodgings arrived another of Mary's confidential servants, Barclay, the Laird of Garteleigh, accredited by her to deliver a private message to Norfolk. Lesley brought him immediately to Howard House, and, having apprised the Duke, introduced him into his presence. Mary's message was to this effect: "That when she might have been carried away by Leonard Dacre and his friends, it was not permitted, and now she was to be put into the hands of her enemies, the Earl of Huntingdon, who pretended a title to the crown of England, and the Viscount Hereford, who had said one night at supper at Wingfield, 'that the Duke of Norfolk would ere long be cut shorter, and frustrated of his enterprise, which was, as he had been informed, to carry the Queen of Scots away with ten thousand men.'"¹ Mary wrote to the French ambassador on the 20th of September:—

"I send the present bearer to let you know that I shall be transported to-morrow from hence to Tutbury, and shortly afterwards to *Nutingame* (Nottingham), where I am to be put into the hands of the two greatest enemies I have in the world, that is to say, the Earl of Huntingdon, and the Viscount Hereford, and others of that faction, who have already arrived here. I find no constancy in M. de Shrewsbury in this time of my need. Notwithstanding all the fine words he has formerly given me, I perceive there is no confidence to be put in his promises. These things considered, I am in very great fear of my life."²

The next day, September 21, Mary was removed by a strong military force from Wingfield to Tutbury, where the Earl of Huntingdon had already arrived with a warrant to supersede the Earl of Shrewsbury in the office of her jailer.

¹ Murdin, p. 50.

² Labanoff, vol. ii. p. 378-9.

In consequence of a positive mandate from Queen Elizabeth to that effect, the Earls of Shrewsbury and Huntingdon entered Mary's apartments, and, in defiance of her indignant remonstrances, ransacked all her desks, drawers, and boxes, in quest of the treasonable correspondence which the Duke of Norfolk, the Earls of Arundel and Pembroke, and other great nobles of England, had been accused of holding with her. "My Lord of Shrewsbury and I," writes Huntingdon, "did search the Queen's coffers, but all in vain, except the cipher enclosed be of any value. If she had anything it is gone, I think, for my lord did tell me that she did burn many papers at Wingfield. She took very grievously our search; pleadeth her innocency to her Majesty, of whose dealing to her she speaketh bitterly, still desiring to go to France."

The association of the Earl of Huntingdon with Shrewsbury, which amounted, indeed, to constituting the latter a prisoner in his own house, was so displeasing to him and his countess, as almost to induce them to make common cause with Mary in resisting the authority of the unwelcome interloper. Huntingdon writes to Cecil: "First, I find my lord not very willing to be rid of his charge; by many speeches that have passed from him, I perceive it. The same mind also I guess to be in my lady, though both have said (I must confess) they be glad of the discharge they look for. My conviction, contrary to this speech, is not without cause, I am sure. The Queen of Scots, also, I perceive is not willing to change her keeper, and specially for me. She desired yesternight to have sent letters to the Queen's Majesty, in company of one of our men. First, my lord came to my chamber and told me. I denied it, but so did not he, and some difference we had for that matter. "Therefore, I heartily require you, if my chief desire of discharge take not place, let me be *solus*, or have some other match, if it be thought fit I shall serve; for so I find in myself I shall be better able to serve than in such sort as this present I serve here. And to Ashby I would carry her, if I should have her, where, by the grace of God, I would make a true account of her."¹

Mary wrote in cipher, and certainly found means to send to the French ambassador, the dangerous predicament in which she considered herself. "I know not," she says, "whether you are aware how uncivilly I have been treated, my scrutoires and coffers ransacked, my servants menaced and driven away, and myself prohibited from writing, or receiving letters, and all my people searched. I am here at Tutbury, where they tell me I am to be under the charge of my Lord of Huntingdon. Use your own discretion in advertising the Duke of Norfolk, and warn him to take care of himself, for he is threatened with the Tower.² Communicate with the Bishop of Ross on this instantly, for I cannot tell whether he knows about it. I have risked sending four of my servants to advertise him,

¹ Murdin, p. 531. Dated Tytbeury, this Sunday morning, 25th of Sept. 1569.

² Labanoff, vol. ii. p. 330.

but know not whether they have succeeded, for Borthwick was stopped and searched, but he had hidden his letters by the way, where I have found means of having them withdrawn. I beseech you also to move the ambassador of the King of Spain to plead in my behalf, for my life is in danger if I remain in those hands of the Earl of Huntingdon. I pray you to encourage and counsel my friends to hold themselves prepared, and to do for me now or never. Keep this letter secret, that no one know of it, or I shall be more strictly guarded; and give your letters to this bearer secretly, for Lord Shrewsbury's ship,¹ the most sure and convenient way possible for that, will serve me; but if it were known, it would be my ruin. It will be necessary to find some Englishman to convey your tidings to me. They might try the Bailiff of Derby, and some others. I implore you to take pity on a poor captive who is in danger of her life, and that without having committed any offence. If I remain longer here, I shall lose not only my kingdom, but my life, even if they did me no other ill than the vexation I feel at having lost all intelligence or hope of succouring my faithful subjects. If prompt aid be not found for this, may God in His mercy grant me patience, and that whatever befall me I may die in His faith."

Mary also wrote an indignant remonstrance to Elizabeth on the injurious treatment she had suffered, the increased rigour of her imprisonment, not being allowed to stir out for air or exercise, or to receive letters from her dearest friends and kindred, and that she had lately been subjected to having her coffers ransacked by armed men, who entered her chamber with loaded pistols, and put her in fear of her life, searched her attendants, and set guards over them, although nothing that could excuse such outrageous conduct was found. She entreats that Elizabeth will give her a hearing and allow her to depart from her realm, or, if she is to be considered as a prisoner, that a ransom may be named as the price of her freedom, which will cheerfully be paid by her friends.²

Her appeals were unavailing. Cecil wrote to Shrewsbury, "that the Queen's Majesty did approve of the entrance of the men-at-arms, with pistolets, into the Queen of Scots' chamber, in the performance of their duty." As for her objections to the Earl of Huntingdon's jailership, on account of those rival claims to the regal succession which might render her death a desirable event to him, Mary must have been very simple not to perceive it was for that cause she had been consigned to his keeping. She wronged him by her suspicions, nevertheless, for he resisted all temptations

¹ In explanation of her advice to send all communications for her by Lord Shrewsbury's ship, it is proper to mention, that Shrewsbury and his money-making Countess, Bess of Hardwick, carried on a very brisk trade in the sale, barter, and exchange of the rich mineral produce of their estates, and that they had two or

three vessels always plying, employed in the transport of these commodities between the north-west and north-east ports of England and London. It was by means of these ships that the captive Queen contrived to carry on her interdicted correspondence with her friends and allies. ² Labanoff, vol ii. pp. 353-5.

to harm her. The public mind was greatly excited on the subject of Mary's fortunes at this juncture. Wagers were laid in Scotland "that she would speedily return home to enjoy her own again," and predictions were rife in England that she would presently be called from her prison to the throne of that realm.

Ridolphi, the busy Papal agent, told Norfolk's secretary, Barker, "that if the Duke chose to act with courage and decision, all would go well; for he had spoken with Lord Montacute, and other nobles, who were all well affected to Queen Mary's cause. All they wanted to know was, what course he would take; therefore, if he had any heart or courage in him, then was the time to show it, for if he did not, all the world would cry shame on him, and the Queen of Scots would have cause to curse him." When Barker repeated these observations to his lord, the latter replied: "I will not cast away myself, my children, and my friends, for none of them all. I am bound to the Queen of Scots in honour; if I can comfort and quiet her, I am content." He wrote from Kenninghall to Elizabeth an apology for not complying with her summons to attend her at Windsor, alleging her hard speeches of him, and his fear of arrest as the reason. She sent in reply a peremptory order for him to return. He pleaded illness in excuse, and wrote to Cecil to inquire whether he should incur any danger by obeying the Queen's requisition. Cecil assured him he would not, and advised him to come without delay. Thus encouraged, he commenced his journey, notwithstanding the earnest dissuasions of faithful friends in his own country. At Burnham he was arrested by the Queen's command, to whom the Regent Moray had sent all his confidential letters to himself. Norfolk now reaped the bitter fruits of his own vacillating and deceptive conduct in regard to Mary, for if he had, with the manly spirit of an English nobleman, avowed, in the first instance, his conviction of her innocence, and his desire to be honoured with her hand, he would have confounded the devices of her usurping brother, and given far less cause of displeasure to his own sovereign.

The Earls of Arundel and Pembroke, Lord Lumley, and Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, having obeyed the Queen's summons to Windsor, were all arrested and sharply interrogated separately, and their answers compared; but all agreed in exonerating Mary from practising in any way to stir up seditions against Elizabeth. Her representative, the Bishop of Ross, being cited before commissioners appointed by Elizabeth to interrogate him, boldly replied: "Ye know well that the project of this marriage originated neither with the Queen of Scots, my sovereign, nor with me, having been suggested both to her Majesty and me by the principal lords of the council and of the realm of England."¹

In consequence of the denunciations of the Regent Moray, Mary's state became most precarious, and created great solicitude among the nobles of

¹ La Mothe Fénélon's Despatches, vol. ii. p. 270.

her party in England ; their servants, however, were far more earnest in her behalf. Owen, a gentleman in the household of the Earl of Arundel, came to the Bishop of Ross and anxiously inquired, " if there could no way be found to get the Scottish Queen out of Tutbury Castle, for if there could, she might be conveyed to Arundel in Sussex, and embark there for France." Mary herself wrote to Norfolk that " she had the prospect, through friendship in the Earl of Shrewsbury's house, of effecting her escape, and that if he could find means to get out of the Tower, she would adventure herself, but not otherwise, for she would not leave him in danger for any safeguard of her own life."

Norfolk replied by representing how perilous it would be for her to make any attempt at escaping from the place where she then was, and " that the friends on whom she relied might, notwithstanding their fair promises, leave her in the lurch when the matter came to the push. As for himself, he neither could nor would hazard getting out of his prison, considering there was no great danger for him at present ; but if she should seek to escape and be taken, he would be like to abide greater brunt for her doings than for anything of his own, and therefore wished her to content herself with her state, such as it was, rather than blindly to seek to overthrow herself, her friends, and her cause."

Mary conformed herself to his pleasure in this, as she had on the previous occasion, and the opportunity for effecting her escape was once more lost to her. She " contented herself in her present durance," she said, " since it was his will that she should continue to abide in her English prison," and only required of him, in return for her self-sacrifice, " constancy in his affection towards her."¹ Their letters to each other were frequent at this time. She wrote to him in cipher—and without using this caution she never ventured to send a letter to him—although the noble lover lacked skill to solve these pretty mysteries when they arrived. Higford, one of his private secretaries, was accustomed to decipher them, and transcribe the sense in plain writing, which he then gave the Duke to read. " But there was a time," deposes Banister, another of the gentlemen in his service, " within a little time after my lord was committed to the Tower, that Higford was sequestered from him, during which the Queen of Scots sent divers letters to my lord, and because her cipher was evil to be read, and he was then much troubled with the *migraine* in his head, he returned these letters to me back, and willed me to get them deciphered. Those letters were in number either three or four, and most certain it is, tended altogether to matters of love ; for about that time there was half a jealousy on my lord's part touching the Queen of Scots' faithfulness towards him, by the which she put my lord out of all doubt, as I think may appear by one of those ciphers." Several of Mary's letters were smuggled into the Tower in ale-bottles, the corks of such as contained these

¹ Higford's Deposition, October 11, 1571—Murdin, 81.

perilous missives being marked with a very minute cross to indicate which they were. Norfolk's answers were returned in the same way. Cuthbart, the deciphering secretary of the Bishop of Ross, and a tall countryman, a servant of Sir Henry Neville, besides the jailer's maid, and one or two other female servants in the Tower, being among the agents through whom the correspondence was carried on.

The dangerous situation in which Mary was at this eventful period, is apparent by the reply of Espes, the Spanish ambassador, when the Earl of Northumberland confided to him his intention to take her out of her prison by force. "I cannot advise the employment of force, for it would infallibly cause her to be instantly put to death." The only hope of effecting her enfranchisement was by stratagem—such stratagem as female ingenuity could devise and female courage execute. Nor were projects of the kind lacking. The Countess of Northumberland, while with her lord on a visit at the house of Mr Wentworth, one of their confederates in that neighbourhood, suggested the following romantic scheme for that purpose : The wife of Bastian being in childbed, the Countess proposed obtaining admittance, in the character of a nurse for her, into the apartments occupied by Queen Mary and her ladies, then changing clothes with her Majesty, who, in that disguise, was to effect her escape, while she remained to personate her, there being in height and figure some resemblance between them.¹ But this plan was found impracticable. Northumberland, when subsequently interrogated on the nature of his lady's acquaintance with the Queen of Scots, replied, "My wife never saw her, nor myself, but at Carlisle in the presence of many, about half-an-hour."² John Hamlen brought the first letter to me with tokens to us all ; likewise John Leveston, a gentleman of hers, brought two or three letters at sundry times from her. The effect of every one of them was giving thanks for my good affection towards her. Tokens were sent commonly with the letters, as myself received a ring, with a diamond, about the value of £5 or £6 by Hamlen ; my wife likewise, at the same time, another of small value. Another time, by John Leveston, a cross of gold about £5 or £4. To my wife a little stone set in a tablet of gold ; another time, by Francis Norton, a ring with a little diamond. My wife and I did send back such tokens and trifles as we had. I opened my mind with John Leveston how much it was disliked, not only by me but sundry others, that she should bestow herself in marriage with a Protestant, as the Duke of Norfolk was accounted to be."²

A meeting of the confederates took place soon after Norfolk's arrest, to consider what course ought to be adopted ; his message to them was, "in no wise to rise, or he should lose his head." Mary also sent an

¹ Letter of the Earl of Shrewsbury to Cecil—State Paper Office MS.

² Confession of the Earl of Northumberland—Sir Cuthbert Sharp's Memorials of the Northern Rebellion.

accredited messenger to their rendezvous in Gawtry Forest, near York, "to beg them not to stir." It would have been well for Northumberland and many others who had embarked in this rash undertaking if they had obeyed her prudent injunction ; but the intemperate counsels of Norfolk's sister, the Countess of Westmoreland, prevailed, and induced her lord and others to persevere in their fatal course. So far from giving the slightest encouragement to their insurrectionary project, Mary did her utmost to dissuade them from undertaking it.¹ Fears for the life of Norfolk, and a sad presentiment that her own condition would be aggravated by their enterprise, appeared to have dictated her pacific policy. She was, withal, ever accustomed to say, "I would rather pray with Esther than take the sword with Judith." The demeanour and characteristics of the captive Queen, are thus described by La Mothe : "She displays the utmost magnanimity, and a great and virtuous mind in the midst of evils and adverse fortunes."

Precluded from the air and exercise to which she had been accustomed, and which was so necessary for her peculiar constitution, Mary fell sick. "She is treated with great severity," writes La Mothe Fénelon to his Sovereign ; "but has found means to forward to me the four letters enclosed, which I really believe she has written without light. I assure your Majesty they will move you to compassion."

Mary from her sick chamber addressed the following appeal to Elizabeth herself :—"I have deferred as long as I could importuning you with my lamentations, hoping that with Time, the father of Truth, your good nature, considering the malice of my foes, who, without any check, have run their furious course against me, would incline you to have pity on your own blood, who chose you from among all other princes for refuge, next to God. Confiding in your friendly letters and loving promises, encouraged by the ties of kindred and near neighbourhood, I came and put myself into your hands and in your power, voluntarily and without constraint, where I have remained more than two years, sometimes in hope of your favour, through your courteous letters ; at other times plunged in despair by the practices and false reports of my adversaries. Nevertheless, my affection for you has always made me hope for the best, and suffer the worst patiently. Will my reliance on you be useless, my patience unavailing, and the love and respect I have shown you be so undervalued, that I am not to obtain that which you could not justly refuse to the greatest stranger in the world ?" She tells Elizabeth, "that the person calling himself Abbot of Dunfermline boasts that she is to be delivered into the hands of her rebel lords," and concludes with this pathetic appeal :—"You have known what it is to be in trouble ; judge from that what others suffer in like case. The readiness with which you

¹ Confession of the Earl of Northumberland—Sir Cuthbert Sharp's Memorials of the Northern Rebellion.

have inclined your ear to the inventions of my enemies has rendered you suspicious of me. It is time to inquire what it is that has moved them to their treacherous conduct to me, and to reflect that it was affection for you that induced me to come to a place where you have this power over me. Recall to memory the offers of amity that you have made to me, the acts of friendship you have promised me, and how, from my desire of pleasing you, I have been induced to neglect the support of other princes by your advice and promises of yours. Forget not the duties of hospitality to me alone ; weigh well my confidence in your honour, and have pity for your own blood, and then, I hope, I shall have no cause to repent me of what I have done." -

CHAPTER XVII.

MARY'S condition was somewhat ameliorated for a few days, in consequence of the intercessions of the Court of France. "The Queen of Scots," La Mothe Fénelon reports,¹ "has sent me tidings that she is better treated, and already feels the benefit of the representation your Majesties made in her behalf to this Queen, her cousin, notwithstanding the great wrath still borne against her. Huntingdon and his men have been withdrawn, so that, for the present, she is in the hands of the Earl of Shrewsbury alone, and both he and his Countess behave in all things truly and honourably to the Queen of Scots." The introduction of the Earl of Huntingdon into their castles had been not a whit more agreeable to them than to their royal guest ; and they appear, as far as they durst, to have made common cause with her to outwit and circumvent him.

The satisfaction produced to the inmates of Tutbury Castle, by Huntingdon's departure, was of brief duration. Scarcely could he have been absent three days, when the breaking out of the Northern Rebellion rendered his return with a strong re-inforcement of men-at-arms necessary. The Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland raised the standard of insurrection on the 14th of November ; entered Durham in triumph on the 15th, and, supported by a wild muster of the Roman Catholic population, advanced towards Tutbury. Shrewsbury wrote in great alarm to Cecil, informing him "that the rebels were within fifty-four miles of Tutbury," and that the Castle was unprovided for a siege. Long before this announcement could have been received in London a warrant arrived ordering Shrewsbury and Huntingdon to remove the Scottish Queen to Coventry, under a strong guard, and lodge her in the Castle there.

¹ November 10, 1569.

No time was allowed the captive Queen and her ladies for making the necessary preparations for this unexpected change of abode. The case was considered one of extreme urgency, and she was compelled to commence her journey the same day the mandate arrived, November 24th, probably in the afternoon, for they only reached Ashby-de-la-Zouch, a distance of fourteen miles, that night. There Mary slept. Under other circumstances she might have enjoyed a much longer sojourn than was permitted her, in a place with which so many interesting associations, both historical and chivalric, were connected, and where wealth and taste had done everything that could embellish rich English scenery, and the appointments of a stately baronial mansion. But she was dragged thither, sorely against her will, by a stern jailer, not a hospitable host, whose bread she ate in bitterness of spirit and alarm, without pretending to disguise her suspicion that he had been selected, on account of his rival pretensions to the regal inheritance she claimed, as the instrument for her slaughter. There were, moreover, strong polemic animosities between them; for not only was he the recognized head of the Puritan party in England, and the patron of every divine who had written against her, but the friend and maintainer of several turbulent Scotch preachers who had troubled her government by the advocacy of republican principles from the pulpit, and preferred living on his bounty to returning to their own country and scrambling for the miserable pittance accorded by her usurping brother to the Reformed ministers in Scotland. Mary might possibly have found her advantage had she endeavoured to conciliate some of these exiles, by explaining the liberal and enlightened principles on which it had ever been her desire to govern, instead of indulging in child-like petulance against Huntingdon.

Mary left the uncongenial towers of Ashby-de-la-Zouch unscathed, after one night's troubled repose there, and was conducted by Huntingdon and Shrewsbury to the ancient city of Coventry, where she arrived late that night.¹ The distance was twenty-six miles, and she is said to have halted with her keepers for temporary rest and refreshment at the ancient hostelry at Atherstone, called the Three Tuns, where her great-grandfather, Henry VII., when Earl of Richmond, passed the night before the battle of Bosworth, that being the half-way house between Ashby-de-la-Zouch and Coventry. To lodge their illustrious charge in Coventry Castle, according to their instructions, the two earls found impossible, for not only was it in the most ruinous and untenable condition, but wholly destitute of furniture, not having been repaired or inhabited since the Wars of the Roses. In this dilemma, after vainly endeavouring to obtain more suitable quarters for their royal charge and themselves, the two earls were fain to take her to the Black Bull Inn in Smithford Street, near the gate-

¹ Cecil's Diary.

way of the Greyfriars, just within the entrance of the town,¹ and to guard her there until better arrangements could be made. Shrewsbury wrote to Cecil the same night announcing the safe arrival of the Queen of Scots, informing him of the place where, for lack of other accommodations, they had been compelled to place her, promising to keep her secluded from every eye, since the more she was seen the greater would be the danger, and recommending Nottingham Castle as a fitter place for her custody. Huntingdon writes, November 28th, expressing anxiety to receive instructions as to what should be done with the captive Queen. "She lieth," he says, "at an inn where for me there is no lodging; her men also lie in the town, and go where they will, so as they may practise how they list. I have sought to get another house, which I have obtained, but we cannot go thither for lack of *stuff* (furniture), which I have also sought for amongst the citizens here, which yet they have not answered. My companion (Shrewsbury) hath brought none, nor will send for any till he knows whether he shall continue in the charge, whereof he seemeth doubtful. I also make no provision, for that I look not to stay here. It were very good that her Majesty's determined pleasure were known, and the sooner the better, both in what place this Queen shall remain, and who shall have the guard of her."

The perplexity in which Huntingdon found himself, and his distrust of Shrewsbury, are cautiously intimated by him in his letter to Cecil on the following day, in which he reiterates the unfitness of the place where Mary then was for the privacy requisite, stating also that he had found a house more suitable, but his coadjutor was unwilling to remove her. "This Queen," he sarcastically observes, "would fain come to Windsor to be a courtier: if I be not deceived, she doth look for it. She would fain have us write to her Majesty of her humble yielding to her Highness' pleasure, for her removal from *Tyt* (Tutbury). When our first letters were sent, it should have been written by her will, but neither my lord nor I did think it fit. You write that you would have her to be kept from sight and conference, but must tell you that neither is done, nor will be done above four days together. Yet that it is most convenient I must grant, and I have spoken for it; but more I cannot do, neither in this nor anything else. If I feared my tarrying in this charge with this companion long, I would renew my old suit for respect of her Majesty's service and discharge of my duty that way, and not for myself; for surely I cannot be matched with one that will use me more friendly, but you know what moveth me hereto." This, of course, was a suspicion that Shrews-

¹ This ancient hostelry was demolished at the close of the last century, and the present barracks were erected on the site. The officers' rooms occupy the site of the apartments where Queen Mary and her ladies were confined from the

25th of Nov. till December 9th. Coventry was at that period surrounded by massive walls, fortified with thirty towers and gates. The pastoral river Sherburne was then in existence, and a park which occupied three miles of ground.

bury was more favourably disposed towards Mary than was compatible with the policy of Elizabeth and her ministers.

Elizabeth wrote to the two Earls, expressing much displeasure "that they had carried the Scottish Queen to an inn, which," she observes, "is very inconvenient even for the name's sake, and directs them to remove her to the Greyfriars or some other convenient house, and that they should lodge in the same house with her, and not suffer her to be seen abroad on any pretence whatsoever." She also instructs them, "as they had found the citizens of Coventry very dutiful and loyal, to dismiss half the four hundred persons they had brought thither as her guard, considering that the danger was nearly over;" but charges them "not on any account to bring Mary nearer to London." In reply to this rating, the Earls jointly, and with the most profound humility, observe,—

"And where your Majesty doth mislike with the lodging of this Queen in an inn, it may please you to understand that, upon Mr Skipwith coming (by whom your Highness did send your commandment for the bringing her hither), we did immediately send our men to prepare a lodging for her, and gave them in charge to get either Mr Hale's house, or some merchant's, which by no means, on so short warning, could be obtained; and since our coming hither, we have done the best we could to prepare a lodging, which till this day could not be made ready for want of necessary stuff (furniture), whereof I, the Earl of Shrewsbury, could not be provided, at such sudden notice, for want of carriages, which in this town were not to be gotten."¹

The Countess of Shrewsbury, who had accompanied her lord to Coventry, where she appears to have acted as commander-in-chief, wrote to Cecil on the 9th of December to certify that "the removal of the Queen of Scots from the Black Bull Inn to a house in Coventry had been accomplished, and all possible measures taken for her safe and sure keeping"²

The new prison to which Mary Stuart was transferred was the antique mansion, within the gateway, opposite St Michael's Church, adjoining St Mary's Hall,³ being indeed a portion of the same building, and occupying two sides of the court whereof that stately banqueting-room forms so interesting a part. The apartments where Mary and her ladies were lodged are still in existence, together with the curious old wooden gallery connected with them, which looks into the court below. The spacious withdrawing-room, anciently known by the primitive name of the Mayoress's Parlour,⁴ which is now used as the council-room of the mayor and corporation of Coventry, was the presence-chamber of the captive Queen. Her bedchamber and those of her ladies were adjacent. A small private stair gave her access into St Mary's Hall, all the exercise that was permitted her being a melancholy promenade there, attended by her

¹ Huntingdon and Shrewsbury to Cecil, Dec. 2, 1569. State Paper MS.

² State Paper Office MS., unpublished.

³ Hearne's Appendix to Fordun's *Scotichronicon*.

⁴ MS. Town-Book of Coventry.

keepers. No unauthorized person could pass the fortified gateway that guarded the court and purlieus of the mansion, and shut them in from all the world. Mary had, however, no less than five-and-twenty of her faithful Scotch and French servants in attendance on her during her sojourn in Coventry. Among these were Mary Seton, Jane Kennedy, Marie Courcelles, Mary Bruce; Andrew Beton, her Master of the Household; Archibald Beton, her usher; Castellaune, her physician; and last, not least, those devoted Protestant followers, Lord and Lady Livingston, and Willie Douglas.

A reduction of her attendants being proposed, she addressed a spirited appeal to Cecil on the subject, and carried her point, for on the 9th she informs him "that she perceives, by the order taken by the Earl of Shrewsbury for her servants to remain with her, that her request has taken effect." She adds an autograph "Postscriptum" in her almost unintelligible English, thanking him "for this his lawful favour to her. Albeit," observes she, "I *vreit nott* this *two tymes* with my hand, for I was not well at *neider tyme*." In her next letter to Cecil from Coventry, Mary thus apologizes for employing the pen of her secretary, on account of her severe indisposition:—

"The occasion whereof we have not presently written to you with our own hand is through impediment we have of ane humour, and *reume* [rheumatism] has fallen in our *craig* [neck] for lack of good air and exercise, which has made us to be two days in writing our letter to the Queen, our good sister, such *doloure* we had, and yet is not well; but for these respects we trust you will excuse us."¹

The order that Mary was not, on any account, to be permitted to stir abroad during her abode at Coventry was rigidly obeyed. During her perambulations in St Mary's Hall the portrait of another distressed Queen, Margaret of Anjou, and her consort Henry VI., wrought in the tapestry, must daily have attracted her eyes, and inspired mournful reflections on the calamities of royalty. But Margaret of Anjou was wont to call "Coventry her safe harbour," so well assured was she of the loyal devotion of the then chivalric citizens there. It is possible a similar meed of sympathy might have been accorded to the fair and unfortunate Scottish Sovereign, had she possessed the like opportunities of exerting her eloquence and the influence of her feminine charms; but as she was carefully secluded from every eye, and represented as a dangerous enemy to the established faith, and the rival of their own well-beloved Sovereign, they acted as beseemed their duty to Elizabeth, and worked diligently, like good Protestants, in repairing the broken walls of the town, in order to defend it from the apprehended assaults of the Popish rebels, whose sacrilegious outrages on the Bible and Book of Common Prayer, at Durham, had excited just indignation, and greatly prejudiced the

¹ Marie Stuart to Sir William Cecil, Dec. 17, 1569—Labanoff.

cause of the Roman Catholic heiress of the realm. The citizens kept watch and ward at the gates night and day, and no stranger was suffered to approach the purlieus of St Mary's Hall. Yet in spite of all this vigilance, and the precautions adopted by her keepers, Mary contrived to carry on a correspondence with her betrothed lover in the Tower of London, and also with the friendly French ambassador.¹

The curious old portrait of Mary in the Mayoress's Parlour, which was probably painted during her confinement there, bears unmistakable traces of ill health, and attenuation of person from pain of body and mind. During her compulsory abode at Coventry, Mary's constancy to Norfolk was put to an unexpected test. The Earl of Huntingdon, who, notwithstanding her unconcealed aversion to him, endeavoured to establish himself on confidential terms with her, delivered a message to her from his brother-in-law, the Earl of Leicester, offering to procure her liberation from durance, and to accomplish her restoration to her royal office, provided she would break her engagement to the Duke of Norfolk,² and accept himself for her consort. Mary, not less surprised at this proposal than when the favourite of the English queen was first named as a candidate for her hand, replied, "that she had no thoughts of marriage, and that she understood the Earl of Leicester made far different pretensions. Moreover, if she were to gainsay the wishes of those lords who had written to her in favour of Norfolk, she feared she should offend them; and as the Earl of Leicester was himself one of them, he could not fail to conceive a very bad opinion of her if she did." Huntingdon, however, continued to press his brother-in-law's suit, and required her to give a more particular reply. "If the Queen of England, and those of her nobles who proposed the Duke of Norfolk to me, think it not good for the matter to proceed, I am fully resolved never to wed an Englishman," said Mary. Huntingdon, then affecting the tone of friendship, said, "she was right, for all the nation inclined to the same opinion."³ He recommended to her consideration a joint treaty between England and Scotland for the establishment of the Reformed faith, according to the worship of the Church of England; a firm league between the two realms; and for her to consent to an act for settling the succession of the crown of England after her demise on the nearest heir-male, reckoning himself, as the representative of George Duke of Clarence, the most direct. He suggested, also, that the King of France should be asked to depute commissioners to assist in arranging an amicable treaty between her and her subjects for her restoration, and an impartial investigation of the facts connected with the death of the late King her husband. Nevertheless he took every opportunity of earnestly and perseveringly renewing the suit of his brother-in-law for her hand.

¹ Despatches of La Mothe Fénelon, vol. iii. p. 23—25.

² *Ibid.*

³ Mary's Letter to Norfolk—Cotton MS. Calig. B. ix. 1345.

Elizabeth was at that time engaged in a treaty with the Court of France for a marriage with Henry Duke of Anjou ;¹ therefore Leicester, perceiving that his ambitious hopes of becoming her husband, or even of continuing to hold the pre-eminent place in her favour, were likely to be destroyed, made this covert attempt to renew his addresses to the younger and fairer rival Queen. If, however, the upstart favourite of fortune, who, without any other merit than personal beauty, had acquired unbounded wealth and honours through the lavish bounty of his partial Sovereign, imagined that Mary of Scotland, as a discrowned, calumniated, and oppressed captive, would listen to his addresses a whit more encouragingly in the Black Bull Inn or the Mayoress's Parlour at Coventry, than she had done in Holyrood, Linlithgow, and Stirling, surrounded by all the glittering attributes of royal state, he little understood the spirit of her to whom he presumed to aspire; and failing to win, persecuted with the deadly malice of a disappointed man.

Mary's deciphered letter to the imprisoned Norfolk, under these circumstances, will be read with lively interest in connection with this obscure but well-authenticated passage in her personal history. It commences with allusions to some misrepresentations that had been made to Norfolk of her conduct and intentions in regard to him, at which he had taken umbrage. "I have sworn to you," she says, "that I never meant such a thing, for I feared your evil opinion of me. You assure me of the contrary—I am most glad thereof. And therefore when you say you will be to me as I will, then shall you remain mine own good lord; as you subscribed once, with God's grace, and I will remain yours faithfully as I have promised."² This is in reference to the contract of marriage which they had mutually signed and executed. "And on that condition," continues Mary, "I took the diamond from my Lord Boyd, which I shall keep unseen about my neck till I give it again to the owner of it and me both. I am bold with you, because you put all to my choice. Let me have some comfortable answer again, that I may be sure you will mistrust me no more, and that you will not forget your own, nor have anything to bind you from her, for I am resolved that weal nor woe shall never remove me from you, if you cast me not away." After a little more tender expostulation, she communicates the matrimonial overture that Huntingdon had made to her on Leicester's behalf, and mentions that Huntingdon was then about to proceed to the Court, leaving her at Coventry under the charge of the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury. She suspects Huntingdon's journey boded no good either to her or Norfolk. "Now Huntingdon goes up," she says, "beware of him. He loves

¹ Despatches of La Mothe Fénélon, vol. iii. pp. 24, 25. Camden.

² Mary to the Duke of Norfolk, Coventry—Cotton. Lib. Calig. B. ix. 345.

neither you nor me. He spake these days past of Leicester's marriage with me; but I told him 'that I had once taken his counsel [Leicester's] in your favour, and if that might not come to pass, he [Leicester] should never be cumbered with marrying me.' Forgive me if I have been too plain; for I will never have them enter into that practice again, for he [Huntingdon] spake four sundry times in it. But now he laid a wager with me 'that you should have me.' And whereas he said afore, 'that the Queen of England would never let you out unless you refused me,' I said, 'You were not worth a want if you did, and that shortly you should be out.' I dare not trust him. But it did me good to hear it"—meaning Huntingdon's facetious bet on the probability of the marriage being accomplished. "Much more," continues she, endearingly, "if you may have your liberty and your own [herself] granted; and if you forget me, yet will I be glad of your weal. You may have better, but never anything straiter bound to obey and love you than yours, faithfully, till death."¹

Among the annoyances of which Mary had cause to complain, were the intemperate attacks that were made on her in the pulpit, by certain of the puritanical zealots patronized by the Earl of Huntingdon. She thus alludes to these aggressions in the autograph postscript of a letter written in her broken English to her representative at Elizabeth's Court:—

"I am advertised that a preacher of Litchfield has plainly preached in very outrageous and vile terms of me by my name. I would you knew if that is admitted to be so done, and if any order will be put therein in case I might get the proof of it. At Coventri, some lewd preaching was before my Lord Huntingdon. Albeit, it was told me 'it was meant for me,' I would not take it, because I knew my innocency; but where I am named, unless it be some tolerance, I think it is too much."²

Mary spent the joyless birthday on which she completed the twenty-seventh year of her age at Coventry, also her melancholy Christmas—it being found expedient to detain her there till after the suppression of the Northern Rebellion. The details of that ill-judged and most disastrous enterprise belong to general history. Suffice it to say, that if Mary's advice had been regarded it would not have been risked—that it ended in the exile, ruin, or execution of some of her warmest friends in England, paralyzed the hearts of others, and placed her own life in imminent jeopardy. The sword was indeed suspended over her neck by a single hair during the whole of that agitating crisis. A warrant for putting her to death without the ceremony of judicial proceedings, was prepared by Elizabeth's ministers, received the royal sanction, and passed the Great Seal.³

¹ Mary to the Duke of Norfolk, Coventry—Cotton. Lib. Calig. B. ix. 345.

² Labanoff, vol. iii. p. 17.

³ Letter of Leicester—Tytler's Appendix, vol. vii. p. 383.

Mary's head was spared at that time, not from feelings of queenly magnanimity or the tender relentings of womanly compassion towards woman, but because a more convenient and less startling method of taking her life had been devised, whereby the responsibility, as well as the odium of shedding the blood of an anointed Sovereign, would fall on another.

The Regent Moray solicited Elizabeth to send Mary back to Scotland. Elizabeth replied, "That if he would come himself to Hull to receive her, she should be brought there and delivered into his own hands, to be conveyed from that port to Scotland."¹ Moray stood in too tottering a position to undertake any such expedition—forsaken by the most respectable member of his faction, the Earl of Athol, deserted by Kirkaldy of Grange and Lethington, hated by the chivalric portion of the nobles for his treachery and ingratitude to his sister, Sovereign, and benefactress, and despised by all true Scots for his subserviency to England, it was only the possession of the revenues of the Crown, and a strong military force, with the spoils of the loyal friends of Mary, that enabled him to support his usurpation. To fetch her back himself in the manner proposed would have been to devote himself to popular execration and popular vengeance. He therefore stipulated for her to be consigned to his tender mercies by an English army, whose presence he knew would be required to support him and his party.

While the negotiations for this occult scheme were secretly progressing, a daring enterprise for the rescue of the captive Queen was devised by the indefatigable Owen, who proposed to lie in wait with a resolute party of horsemen to intercept and seize her on her return from Coventry to Tutbury, and to carry her by Banbury and Oxford into Sussex to Arundel Castle, of which the Earl of Arundel's cook had the keeping, and would receive her, and help to convey her into France.² Horses were provided for the adventure by a gentleman at Oxford. Mary, startled at the humble station of the paladins of low degree who had combined for her deliverance, replied, when their design was communicated to her, "that if the Duke of Norfolk or the Earl of Arundel would appoint a knight to take it in hand, she would adventure it, otherwise she durst not." This foolish prejudice prevented the execution of a project far more likely to have been carried on successfully than if it had originated with nobles, who were always surrounded by spies. Norfolk, as usual, disapproved of any plan for carrying her out of the kingdom, and it was abandoned.

Huntingdon and Shrewsbury apprised Cecil, on the 19th of December, "that a packet of letters had arrived for the Scottish Queen, which they had read and delivered to her, all but those in cipher; and that they also detained books and wine that had been sent to her, whereat she is highly

¹ *Resumé Chronologique*, Par Prince Alexandre de Labanoff, St Petersburg, p. 50.

² *Murdin*, p. 20.

offended.”¹ The decipherment of these letters evidently caused the hasty mandate for Mary’s immediate removal from Coventry back to her old prison at Tutbury.

Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, and the pain in the neck of which poor Mary complained, she was compelled to travel on the 2nd of January, under the escort of the two Earls and a strong guard. Lady Huntingdon accompanied her as far as Leicester, where she slept at Lord Huntingdon’s house in Lord’s place. The Mayoress and her sisters with other ladies came to wait on Lady Huntingdon, and the corporation presented her with a loaf of sugar, a box of fine biscuits, caraway cakes, and wafers, perhaps intended as a mark of attention to her royal guest.²

Mary arrived at Tutbury Castle, next day, without any attempt at rescue on the road. Whether her hopes had been excited by a secret intimation of the preparations that had been made by her humble but warm-hearted friends for her rescue, it is impossible to say; but that she was painfully aware of the disgraceful traffic of her ruthless foes in the English Cabinet, for her surrender into the hands of the traitors who had usurped the government of her realm, is perfectly apparent from the following passage in her letter to La Mothe Fénelon, written a few days after her return to Tutbury:—

“The answer you tell me was made you at your last audience by the Queen, my good sister, has greatly pleased me, and has diminished the alarm in which I have been some days past, and am even now, on account of the information that has been given me, that he who calls himself the Abbot of Dunfermline, practised lately by all possible means with the same lady, my good sister, and her Council, to have me sent to Scotland, and delivered into the hands of my rebels. What has passed and been concluded among them must be better known to you than to me. I am apprised that another messenger from my said rebels has arrived there eight days ago, whom I cannot but think has been sent over on the same evil errand, or a worse.”³ The warning Mary had received was correct. Sir Nicholas Elphinston was the bearer of a petition,⁴ signed by the Regent and his creatures, representing to Elizabeth, “that as Mary was the fountain from whom all the commotions, seditions, and practices that troubled England did flow, so her remaining in that realm gave her opportunity to continue them; and that the best means of bringing quiet to both countries, and providing for the security of the religion, was to send her back to Scotland, where she would be cut off from all means of continuing her correspondence with foreign princes and their ambassadors.”

¹ State Paper Office MS. unpublished, —the Earls of Shrewsbury and Huntingdon to Cecil, Dec. 19, 1569.

² Records of the Borough of Leicester, courteously communicated by William

Kelly, Esq.

³ Labanoff, vol. iii. p. 9.

⁴ State Paper Office MSS. undated, but indorsed in Cecil’s hand.

A requisition for her blood was at the same time sent by John Knox, to Cecil, in a mystical letter, exhorting him "to be thankful to God for benefits received," meaning the suppression of the Northern Rebellion; and warning him "that, if he struck not at the root, the branches, which appeared to be broken, would bud more quickly than men could believe, and with greater force than would be wished;" adding emphatically, "God grant you wisdom. In haste of [at] Edinburgh, the second of Januar. Yours to command in God." Signed "John Knox, with his one foot in the grave."¹ Knox's enthusiastic demand for the slaughter of his captive Sovereign was reiterated by Elphinston, in his conferences with Elizabeth and her ministers. He entreated her Majesty to consider the "dangers that might ensue to both realms by the increase of the factions which favoured Papistry and the Queen of Scots' title, unless the Regent were properly supported with arms, money, and ammunition, which, if she would accord, he and his friends would continue, on reasonable wages, to serve her as they had done their native Princess in Scotland. The Earl of Northumberland having fled into Scotland, and taken refuge at the Harlaw, the fortalice of Hector Armstrong, familiarly called Hecky Armstrong, a Border brigand, had been basely sold for a sum of gold to the Regent, who proposed to deliver him up to Elizabeth in exchange for Queen Mary."²

While Mary was penning, on the 24th of January, her agitated inquiries as to the proceedings of the traitor envoy at the English Court for her delivery into Moray's hands, her fraternal foe had been suddenly and awfully cut off, in the midst of his career of successful ambition and crime, by the terrible vengeance of one of the victims of his injustice, and was then lying cold on a bloody bier in the palace of Linlithgow.

Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, one of the loyal gentlemen of that name who drew the sword in Queen Mary's cause at Langside, had been admitted to quarter by the victorious Regent, at the termination of that disastrous conflict, and liberated, among many others of the vanquished party, but was deprived of his estates. His lady, flattering herself that

¹ The original of this document is preserved in the State Paper Office. So also are the instructions of Elphinston.

² The Earl of Westmoreland fell into better hands than his luckless coadjutor Northumberland. The bold Buccleuch and the loyal Kerr of Fernyhirst hospitably welcomed him, and not only refused to give him up, but showed their determination to defend him from all pursuit of the Queen of England and her creature the Regent. The popular feeling on the Border is thus described by Constable, an English spy: "At supper I heard *vox populi*, that the Lord Regent would not, for his own honour, nor for the honour

of his country, deliver the Earls, if he had them both, unless it were to have the Queen delivered to him; and if he would agree to make that change the Borderers would start up in his *contrary*, and rescue both the Queen and the lords from him, for such shame was never done in Scotland; and that he had better eate his own luggs than come again to sack Fernyhirst. Hector of the Harlaw's head was wished to be eaten among us at supper." This maledictory wish passed into a proverb, and "Hecky's dish" is still alluded to in reprobation of treachery.—Sadler's State Papers, vol. ii. p. 118.

Woodhouselee, being her personal inheritance, was not included in her husband's forfeiture, remained in her patrimonial mansion. But the Regent paid small regard to the rights of personal property. His confederate, Sir John Bellenden, the Justice-Clerk, had performed much dirty work in the accomplishment of the revolution, and, like Sir James Balfour, expected large reward for his services; so the lands and tenements of Woodhouselee were bestowed on him in part payment. When he came to take possession of his new acquisition, he found the lady of Woodhouselee was still occupying the house, and in no condition to vacate it, having only the day before brought her infant into the world; but, regardless of the common feelings of humanity, and deaf to all remonstrances and prayers, he violated the sanctuary of the lying-in chamber, and thrust the young mother out of the house into the deep snow, undefended from the inclemency of a mid-winter night. The next morning she was found wandering through the woods in frenzy, which only terminated in death!¹ Her bereaved husband, Bothwellhaugh, being an outlaw, was concealed for safety of his life in the house of his kinsman, Archbishop Hamilton, at Linlithgow: the Regent Moray, whom he regarded as the primary cause of what had occurred, crossing his path in the maddening excitement of his rage and grief, was doomed to pay the penalty of a crime which appeared to place its authors out of the pale of humanity. Understanding that the Regent was to pass through Linlithgow on his way from Stirling to Edinburgh, on the 23rd of January, Bothwellhaugh made his preparations for vengeance and for flight. The house in which he was hidden fronted the High Street, and, by the projection of a portion of the building, somewhat narrowed the thoroughfare. This he knew would be favourable for his purpose, by impeding the passage of the cavalcade at that point where the pressure of the crowd would cause the horsemen to ride slowly, and not more than two abreast. At the back of the house was a walled garden, with a wicket-gate opening into the fields, in the direction of the old Glasgow road. Perceiving that the wicket was too low to admit a horseman to pass at full speed, he removed the lintel, and having saddled and bridled the swiftest steed in the Archbishop's stable in readiness to mount, he barricaded the front entrance, and equipped himself for the journey. Booted, spurred, and armed, he took his stand in a wooden gallery with latticed windows, that overlooked the street, to await the coming of the Regent and his train. Having used the precaution of spreading a feather-bed on the pavement of the gallery to muffle his tread, and of hanging up a black cloth to prevent his shadow from being observed as he passed the windows, he cut a small hole in the cloth to enable him to take aim, just large enough to admit the muzzle of his harquebuss, which he loaded with four bullets. Pre-

¹ Historie of James the Sext. Tytler's History of Scotland.—This unfortunate lady was the daughter of Oliver Sinclair, the favourite of James V.

dictions of Moray's cutting off by a violent and sudden death had been rife in Scotland for some time. Several of the unfortunate old women, whom he had consigned to the flames on accusations of witchcraft, had avenged themselves by prophesying evil against him. One of the name of M'Niven, at whose execution he presided in person, hearing him order a bag of gunpowder to be placed by the faggot and tar-barrel prepared for her immolation, bitterly exclaimed: "What need o' a' this wastry o' powther; less than half an ounce shall be enough for my Lord of Moray."¹ This oracular denunciation was verified by the vengeful *harquebuss* of Bothwellhaugh, on the 23rd of January. Business of ominous import to Queen Mary had been transacted by the Regent that morning, at Stirling, with Sir Henry Yates and Sir William Drury, Elizabeth's envoys for concluding the negotiation for "their secret matter."² The farce of demanding hostages and guarantees for the security of Mary's life, which, to save appearances to the world, Elizabeth had hitherto done, was abandoned. The great obstacle to the accomplishment of the treaty was thus removed; and Moray's coadjutors in the government, Morton, Mar, Lindsay, Ruthven, and Makgill, were convened to meet him in council for the final settlement of this important matter, on the Sunday, in Edinburgh. It was then Saturday, and Moray was more than half-way on his journey thither. At Linlithgow he was met by John Hume, one of his friends, and entreated not to ride through the High Street, for there was a villain lying in wait there to take his life.³ But the cavalcade had already entered the long, narrow street, and the pressure of the crowd, while it prevented Moray from changing his course, compelled him to ride slowly; and this enabled Bothwellhaugh to take his aim with unerring accuracy. The bullet entered the Regent's body below his doublet belt, and wounded him mortally. Bothwellhaugh leaped on horseback, and arrived unscathed at Hamilton, distancing all pursuit.⁴ Moray expired the same evening, in the fortieth year of his age.⁵

¹ Adam Blackwood's *Life of Mary Queen of Scots*.

² Keralio's *Elizabeth*, vol. iii. p. 444. Murdin. See also Killigrew's correspondence with Cecil, in Murdin, where the articles of this murderous pact are unfolded.

³ *Ibid.* Tytler. Lingard.

⁴ Finally he took refuge in France, where, being offered a large reward if he would undertake the assassination of Coligni, he repelled the proffered bribe with noble indignation. "I have avenged myself on the villain who made my home desolated," he replied, "and I glory in the deed; but I will not condescend to the trade of an assassin. Coligni never injured me; why, then, should I seek his life?" When James VI. obtained some

degree of freedom and power on the fall of Morton, Bothwellhaugh ventured to return to Scotland; and being introduced into the royal presence, knelt and implored his pardon for the slaughter of the Regent Moray. "Pardon for his slaughter!" exclaimed the young monarch with great vivacity: "God's blessing on him whose son ye be; for an ye had not taken the life of yon traitor, I had never lived to wear my own crown." One of Scot's most pathetic ballads celebrates the wrongs and revenge of Bothwellhaugh.

⁵ Moray had been highly lauded by partisan historians. Dr M'Crie describes him as the darling of the people, in defiance of the testimony borne by his own friends and eulogists, Buchanan and Sir

One year only had passed away since Mary's sisterly love and womanly pity had successfully interfered for the preservation of Moray's life, from the determinate purpose of the northern aristocracy, to intercept and slay him and his companions in iniquity, on their journey back to Scotland. This generous grace he had requited, as soon as he reached Berwick in safety, by suggesting, in his letter to Cecil, the expediency of her murder under the guarded expression of "taking measures for her *surety*, in order to secure the peaceful continuance of Elizabeth's reign." His breach of all his promises to his royal sister, his treacherous arrest of her deputies, Herries and Kilwinning, his betrayal of his friend Norfolk, and his nefarious treaty for getting Mary into his own hands once more, in order to take her life by the insulting mockery of a trial, whereof the result was preordained, require no comment. The pretended confessions put forth by him in the name of Nicholas Hubert or French Paris, after he had hanged that wretched man, and burned Sir William Stuart at St Andrews, lest he should disclose the revelations made to him by Hubert on their voyage from Norway, were evidently prepared for the purpose of being produced, in a mock court of justice, for Mary's crimination, if his own hasty summons to a higher tribunal had not rendered all his guilty projects abortive.

The person of the Regent Moray has been as much mistaken, in modern times, as his character. The engravings that have been published as his portrait, by Lodge, M'Crie, and others, are erroneous, having, in reality, been taken from that of King James VI.¹ The only authentic portrait of the Regent Moray in existence is in the collection of his descendant and representative the present Earl of Moray, at Donibristle House, where it was discovered a few years ago, with that of his Countess, concealed behind a panel. Moray is there represented as handsome, but with a sinister expression of countenance, bearing, in features and complexion, a decided resemblance to his great-uncle Henry VIII. His hair is light-red, his eyes gray, his nose regularly formed, mouth small, with thin lips twisted into a deceitful smile; the face is very smooth, fair, and of a square contour; in short, a Tudor in all respects, but with the air of a diplomatic priest rather than a soldier. He wears a black-velvet flat cap, richly decorated with pearls, and a closely-fitting black-velvet

James Melville, of his unpopularity. His avarice was insatiable, of which his conduct to the Countess of Buchan is a proof. He did not even refrain from robbing his nephew, Francis Stuart, the orphan son of his brother John, Prior of Coldingham, of his patrimony, by obtaining from his administrator, Lumisden, Rector of Cleish, a grant to him and his heirs-male, in the name of the unconscious infant, of the whole estates of the

Abbey of Kelso. Chalmers' Memoir of the Regent Moray—Appendix, note, vol. iii. p. 390.

¹ The portraits of James VI. in youth and early manhood are almost as handsome as those of his son Charles I. Those who compare his effigies on his gold bonnet-piece with the so-called portraits of the Regent Moray, will perceive it is the same person.

doublet, ornamented with three rows of large pearl buttons. His Countess is also dressed in black-velvet, but loaded with jewels. Her little black-velvet hat, of the fashion familiar to us in some of Queen Mary's portraits, is surmounted with a diadem-frontlet of gems, every alternate ornament being a miniature of the crown of Scotland, presumptuously assumed by her as the consort of him who exercised the power of the realm; that power, of which the regal garland was the bauble type. Moray did not arrogate to himself the toys of royalty, being satisfied with the substance, whereof they are the shadow. But ladies love toys, and his Countess gratified her pride and vanity by flaunting in the regal decorations belonging to her Sovereign, which she obstinately refused to return to their rightful owner, after the "good Regent's" death had deprived her of the slightest pretext for detaining either the crown-jewels or Queen Mary's personal property.

Mary received the news of the tragic fate of her fraternal supplanter with a burst of tears, forgetting for the time his many trespasses against her, his ingratitude, treachery, and those worst and bitterest aggravations, the irreparable injuries he had done her by his attempts to justify his treason and selfish ambition by calumniating her. She expressed "sorrow for his sudden and untimely cutting off, wishing rather," she said, "that he might have been spared for repentance and acknowledgment of his faults."¹

Mary had great cause of displeasure against Lady Moray herself, for the ungrateful return she had made for the favour and affection that had excited the jealous discontent of the petulant Darnley, as well as the many bounties she had lavished upon her in the days of prosperity. Indeed, the number and value of the jewels bequeathed to Lady Moray, in the testament executed by Mary when not expecting to survive the birth of her child,² sufficiently prove the place that lady occupied in her regard.

Lady Moray paid no attention to Queen Mary's request for the return of her jewels, well knowing that she was in no condition for enforcing her demands, and that her threats were harmless. The tender yearnings of strong natural affection, which drew tears and lamentations from Mary for the tragic fate of her ungrateful brother, unseasonable as David's demonstrations of paternal grief for Absalom, when his deliverance from the too well-beloved traitor was announced to him, were in like manner subdued by reason and considerations of political expediency.

Nothing but Mary's detention in an English prison prevented her restoration to her throne on the death of Moray; for deeply had the change from her gentle and prosperous government been mourned, while the

¹ Lesley's Negotiations—Tytler's History of Scotland.

² Royal Record Office.

three sore visitations of famine, pestilence, and the sword had successively visited the land, and filled it with mourning and desolation.¹

The death of Moray, which was greatly lamented by Elizabeth, disconcerted her vindictive project for ridding herself of her captive cousin through his assistance. In the first transports of her exasperation, she caused the Bishop of Ross to be arrested, and committed to the custody of the Bishop of London, by whom he was kept for six weeks in very strict confinement, without being examined or given the slightest intimation of his offence.² The King of France had sent over M. de Montlouet on an especial mission of comfort to Queen Mary, with instructions, after he had seen and conferred with her, to proceed to Scotland and endeavour to adjust an amicable treaty with the rebel lords for her restoration; but Elizabeth angrily refused to grant him access to the captive Queen to deliver his letters and messages, much less to perform his mission to the Scotch lords.³ She complained bitterly, to Montlouet and La Mothe Fénélon, of the interference of the King of France in Mary's behalf, and spoke of the murder of the Regent Moray as if it had been the work of his unfortunate sister. She even went so far as to intimate her belief "that the Queen of Scots would procure some one to shoot her also, with a hagbut, though she had given her such good treatment, and at such an expense, that she knew the Scotch could not afford to do the like."

In regard to the expense, Elizabeth had recently been startled, as well she might, with the enormous charges in the Earl of Shrewsbury's accounts for the wine which he alleged was consumed by the Queen of Scots and her household. "Truly," writes he to Cecil, "two tuns in a month have not hitherto sufficed ordinarily, besides that that is occupied at times for her 'bathings and such-like uses, which, seeing I cannot by any means conveniently diminish, my earnest trust and desire is, that you will now consider me with such larger proportion, in this case, as shall seem good unto your friendly wisdom."⁴ In consequence of this statement, whereof the purpose was obviously to obtain an increase of salary, poor Mary has been gravely accused as a monster of ingratitude to her kind cousin, Queen Elizabeth, who generously provided her with board, lodging, and guards gratis; and indulged her with the privilege of swallowing two butts of wine a-month, besides the luxury of bathing in the same costly fluid. Baths of Gascon wine were, according to the medical practice of the period, occasionally prescribed to the captive Queen in her severe illnesses by her physicians, for the purpose of stimulating the cir-

¹ When the plague was in Edinburgh in the autumn of 1569, the Good Regent had ordered that every family in which it appeared should remove their sick to the Boroughmuir under penalty of death, and actually hanged one tender-hearted husband for presuming to conceal the fact that his wife was attacked with the

pestilence, and nursing her in his own house, instead of haling her forth to perish miserably among the unsheltered victims of this barbarous sanitary law.

² Lesley's Negotiations.

³ Despatches of La Mothe Fénélon, vol. iii.

⁴ Lodge, vol. ii. p. 499.

culation and relieving the neuralgic agonies that had been entailed upon her by her confinement in the damp dilapidated apartments she was doomed to occupy in Tutbury Castle, together with deprivation of the active exercise in the open air to which she had been accustomed. A gallop of a dozen miles a-day among the Derby hills, with hawk and hound, would have been more efficacious as a restorative to the languishing invalid than all the wine-baths in the world. The quantity of wine drunk by her may be fairly estimated by the fact, that when she kept her royal state, and exercised hospitality to ambassadors and foreign princes in the festive halls of Holyrood and Stirling, one gallon a-day was the allowance for her table; and as this included what was drunk by her guests, only a very trifling portion could have been consumed by herself, and a remainder was probably left for the perquisite of cupbearers and butlers.¹ The *eau sucre*, still the national beverage for ladies in France, called "sweet water" by the Scotch of her day, was her own drink, to which allusion is made in the self-accusation of Bothwell. Mary had forty attendants, all accustomed to drink the table-wine of France, nevertheless this statement of the marvellous quantity of wine consumed by her must be regarded as a notable specimen of the conscientious accounts of a noble government-contractor in the golden days of good Queen Bess. Shrewsbury, the most avaricious of men, is said by Castelnau de Mauvissière to have amassed no less a sum than 200,000 crowns by the profits he contrived to make of his office while the Queen of Scots was in his custody.

In reply to the persevering remonstrances of the Court of France in behalf of Mary Stuart, Elizabeth instructed her ambassador, Sir Henry Norris, to present, in her name, a memorial of the offences committed by that Princess against her, commencing with the assumption of her arms and title when Dauphiness; refusing to ratify the Treaty of Edinburgh; and marrying Darnley against her consent.

Elizabeth had too much regard for her own reputation for wisdom and sound sense to expose herself to the contempt of the Court of France, by even alluding to fabrications so clumsy and self-disproving as the silver-casket letters, for no person acquainted with palatial life could believe any Sovereign had time to write to a minister, with whom she might hold verbal communication at her own pleasure, such vulgar and voluminous follies.

The morbid appetite for the marvellous, which characterizes the vulgar, was appealed to by the forgers of those letters, well knowing that there was no scandal against royalty, however absurd and improbable, that would not be believed and propagated by unreflecting ignorance. But the Princes and Peers of France, who had seen Mary grow up among

¹ "Menu de la Maison de la Roynne," July, 1562. Par M. de Pinquillon. The allowance for the table of the Countess of Mar, as state governess of the infant King, was precisely the same.

them from childhood in the conscientious practice of every religious and moral duty, and that refinement which proceeds from a mind unspotted by the world, and had witnessed her conduct as both wife and Queen, could not have been persuaded matter so full of sin and folly emanated from her pen. Neither this memorial, nor the libels prepared by George Buchanan, which Cecil soon after sent to Walsingham for distribution in the Court of France, in aught diminished the respect with which Mary was regarded in that realm. Ronsard, in his descriptive sketch of the contemporary sovereigns of Europe, thus distinguishes her after her return to Scotland,—

“I saw the Scottish Queen, so fair and wise,
She seem'd some power descended from the skies.
Near to her eyes I drew, two radiant spheres,
Twin suns of beauty shining without peers.
I saw them dimm'd with dewy moisture clear,
And trembling on their lids a crystal tear,
Remembering France, her sceptre, and the day
When her first love pass'd like a dream away.”

A rally of Queen Mary's party took place as soon as the slaughter of the Regent Moray transpired. The Duke de Châtelhernaut, with the Earls of Huntley and Argyll, advanced her banner, and marched to Edinburgh, where Kirkaldy of Grange, the Governor of the Castle, eager to atone for his former treason by loyal service, received them as friends and allies in her cause.

There can be little doubt that Mary's restoration to the throne of Scotland would have been triumphantly accomplished, if her person had not been incarcerated in an English prison. Projects for her escape were not wanting, but unfortunately her consideration for Norfolk, her affianced husband, to whom she considered she owed the duty and obedience of a wife, prevented her from availing herself of the good intentions of her secret friends. She would not leave him in bonds to provide for her own safety. Having vainly endeavoured to ascertain what he wished her to do, if an opportunity for effecting her escape offered, she addressed the following letter to him on the 31st of January:—

“Mine own good Lord, I wrote to you before to know your pleasure if I should seek to make any enterprise. If it please you, I care not for my danger; but I would wish you would seek to do the like; for if you and I could escape both, we should find friends enough, and for your lands I hope they would not be lost, for being free and honourably bound together, you might make such good offers for the countries and the Queen of England, as they should not refuse. Our fault were not shameful; you have promised to be mine, and I yours. I believe the Queen of England and country should like of it.”¹

How Mary could delude herself with that idea, under existing circum-

¹ Decipherment, Harleian MSS., British Museum.

stances, appears passing strange; but it proves how sanguine her temperament was.

Norfolk's reasonable apprehensions of their letters being intercepted, caused a temporary cessation in the correspondence between him and Mary. At length she renewed it by writing to him on the 19th of March in this endearing strain:—

“Mine own good Lord, I have forborne this long time to write to you in respect of the dangers of writing which you seemed to fear, but I must remember you of your own, at times, as occasion serveth, and let you know the continuance of my truth to you, which I see by your last much suspected. But if you mind not to shrink at the matter, I will die and live with you. Your fortune shall be mine; therefore let me know in all things your mind.”

Gerard Lowther, the younger brother of Sir Richard Lowther, was ardently desirous of delivering Mary out of Tutbury Castle. He conferred with Bishop Lesley on the subject, and said “it should be done by forty or fifty of his brother's horsemen, and that he would convey her to an abbey belonging to his brother-in-law Goodyere.” Lesley bade him “make himself first sure that his brother-in-law would take it upon him, and in that case, whether he were indeed able to do as he said.” Gerard, in consequence of this caution, came to a more succinct understanding with Goodyere, and found that, although he was perfectly willing to assist in conveying letters, or any easy service required by the Queen of Scots and her friends, he was not to be relied on in so dangerous an enterprise as assisting to convey her away. The Lancashire, Shropshire, and Derbyshire gentlemen, were for the most part in Mary's interest, and ready to rise in her cause, provided foreign troops could be insured to support them. The Lancashire gentlemen on whom she principally relied were, Sir Thomas Stanley and Sir Edward Stanley, the younger sons of the Earl of Derby; Sir Thomas Gerard, and Lord Dudley. The two Stanleys provided, and long kept, a ship at Liverpool for the purpose of transporting her over seas, either to Scotland, France, or Flanders, provided she could be got out of her prison. But whenever she sent to consult Norfolk about it, he invariably represented “the great risk she would incur, and his extreme doubt of her being able to get out of the realm alive,” adding, “that if she would be quiet and content where she was for a year or two, he doubted not but God would put it into his sovereign Queen Elizabeth's head to deal with her in such manner as she and her friends should be content.” But independently of the timidity of his disposition, his jealous fear lest Mary should be carried abroad by those enterprising members of the Roman Catholic party, and married to Don John of Austria, or one of the French princes, prompted him always to dissuade her from encouraging any of the projects for her enfranchisement. To one of his own confidants he observed, “that he saw plainly that if the Queen of

Scotland were conveyed out of the country, she would be wholly lost to him, and become the prize of some foreign prince."

Northumberland, in his genuine confessions at Berwick, not only exonerated Mary from having the slightest share in fomenting the Northern Rebellion, but declared "that she repeatedly urged them not to rise." Lord Hunsdon, however, wrote to Cecil on the 30th of January, that "he had been given to understand that comfort was brought to the rebels by Willie Douglas, who had brought letters sewed in the buttons of his coat, being great three-square buttons, and assured them of aid from the Duke of Alva. He hath brought money twice with him," continues Hunsdon, "and even now I think hath either brought money, or credit for money."

The excommunication of Elizabeth by the Pope near that period naturally increased her animosity against Mary; yet she was of herself disposed to liberate the Bishop of Ross, on the grounds, as she candidly told her Council, "that no proofs could be found of the mal-practices of which he had been accused;" but her Ministers over-ruled her opinion, and detained him in confinement till after they had crushed Mary's loyal subjects in Scotland by three invading armies.

A convention of nobles was held at Dalkeith, at which Argyll and Boyd proposed, "as the best and only way of composing the distractions of the realm, and the quarrels of the nobles, the home-bringing of their Queen again." The convention lasted two days, but was broken up by the appearance of Randolph, introduced by Archibald Douglas, whose share in Darnley's murder was notorious. Randolph's appearance, thus accompanied, elicited a burst of indignation from the Earl of Argyll and the loyal portion of the nobles present. They vehemently reproached him for his diplomatic villanies, telling him, in plain words, "that it was not meet, nor for the weal of the country, that such a person as he should be permitted to remain therein, to make tumult and discord among the nobles, for the pleasure of the Queen of England." More than 500 villages were laid in ashes by the English troops, besides the castles of the nobles. Sir William Drury, at the head of a third English army of sixteen hundred men, including the veteran bands of Berwick, brought in the Earl of Lennox, the new Regent, whom it was the good pleasure of the English Sovereign to impose on Scotland, in the place of the rightful Queen, his daughter-in-law. Lennox, thus supported, advanced to Edinburgh, formed a junction with Morton, dispersed the loyal peers who had proclaimed Queen Mary's authority at Linlithgow, and sacked, burned, and devastated the whole district under the obedience of the house of Hamilton. Mary relates "that Shrewsbury came to her very merrily one night, and told her exultingly that the Earl of Northumberland had been surrendered to the Earl of Sussex; which report distressed her so greatly, that she wept till her eyes were swollen for three

days afterwards.” These burning tears flowed from mingled sources—grief for the calamity of the unfortunate English Earl, and indignant shame for the tarnished honour of Scotland; but they were prematurely shed. The disgraceful barter of the noble fugitive for English gold, was not completed till the following year, by Morton, who contrived to appropriate the blood-money to his own behoof, except the portion necessary to satisfy Sir William Douglas, the laird of Lochleven, in whose custody Northumberland had been placed by the late Regent Moray.

The last week in May Mary was removed to Chatsworth. Much as Mary disliked Tutbury, it appears from one of her letters to Norfolk that she did not contemplate her change of abode without uneasiness, the pestilence being then in Rotherham and in other places close by. There was another cause in addition to her natural apprehension of coming into the vicinity of the plague, which she thus explains to her imprisoned lover: “But I fear at Chatswyth I will get little means to hear from you, or to write, but I shall do diligence.” She calls him in the commencement of this letter “her own good constant lord,” and rejoices in the receipt of his comfortable letters; “which,” says she, “are to me as welcome as ever thing was, for the hope I see you are in to have some better fortune.” She speaks of her distress at the case of her friends in Scotland, and the fears she had entertained of her son being delivered up to Queen Elizabeth. In conclusion, she says:—

“Come what will, I shall never change from you, but during life be true and obedient as I have professed, and as I pray you think and hold me in your grace as your own, who daily shall pray to God to send you happy and hasty deliverance out of all troubles, not doubting but you would not then enjoy alone all your felicities, not remembering your own faithful to death, who shall not have any advancement or rest without you, and so I leave to trouble you, but commend you to God.”

Though Mary’s condition, as far as regarded her personal treatment, was somewhat ameliorated at this time, her life hung on a precarious tenure. The trials and executions of some of those who had taken a prominent part in the Northern Rebellion were still going on. “Last Friday,” reports La Mothe Fénélon, “three gentlemen of good family in the North, called the Nortons, condemned to death for the late rising, were drawn from the Tower to the scaffold to undergo their sentence, when Secretary Cecil suspended the execution, and spoke to them, hoping to gain some testimony in their last deposition against the Queen of Scotland and the Duke of Norfolk. They would say nothing, and on the morrow all were executed.”

Many a heart has swelled, many an eye has wept, when the true poetry of the North, in its simple ballad metre, has bewailed the fate of Richard Norton and his eight brave sons; but few know the strong trial of faith and truth some of those gallant gentlemen had to encounter before the

bitterness of death was passed. They were led to die—to die the dreadful death which hundreds of Elizabeth's subjects had suffered that year. The tempter hastened after their sledge, showed them the gibbet, the knives, the fire, the block, and questioned them for evidence against the Queen of Scots. Many persons would have invented evidence against her, for the mere purpose of escaping those horrors, but they would say nothing. They were remanded back to the Tower, but they remained firm. They were brought to the scaffold the next day, and died in their integrity.

Among the few memorials of Mary Stuart's compulsory abode at Chatsworth, is the square, elevated enclosure, scarce half a furlong from the house, called Queen Mary's Bower, where, according to local tradition, she was accustomed to resort for air when debarred from walking or riding in the park and chase. Nothing can be more lugubrious than the spot, which is moated and surrounded with a stone wall breast-high, opened in places with balustrades. It is approached by a flight of stone steps, forming a bridge over the deep dark waters that encircle the mound in slow and dismal course, emblematic of the melancholy stagnation of heart and spirit in which the bright, the beautiful, the energetic young Sovereign was doomed to waste the eighteen years of her life spent in England. Two dingy yew-trees, old but of stunted growth, face the entrance, and a sycamore, with three stems, of later date, partly overshadows it. Mary is said to have amused herself by planting and cultivating a flower-garden within this enclosure—a tradition in accordance with her well-known taste for horticulture; but all traces of her Eve-like occupation have departed, for the enclosure is thickly carpeted with turf, and the only flower to be seen within its desolate bounds, when I made my historical pilgrimage to Chatsworth in August, 1847, was a lonely harebell.

The Chatsworth of Bess of Hardwick, and its appointments, resembled not those of her munificent descendants the Dukes of Devonshire. The natural features of the landscape, the bold Derby hills that embosom the happy valley, are the same; but Mary Stuart's tearful eyes looked upon them in their wild and barren grandeur, not as they appear now.

The arrival of Mary at Chatsworth was the signal for a romantic association between the gentlemen of Derbyshire and her Lancashire partisans. Thomas and Edward Stanley, the younger sons of the Earl of Derby, Sir Thomas Gerard, Mr Rolleston, and Mr Hall, were the leading members of the confederacy. They entered into a ciphered correspondence with the captive Queen, through a priest of diminutive stature in the family of Rolleston.¹ By him Mary wrote to the Bishop of Ross desiring "that the Duke of Norfolk, without whose approbation she would do nothing, should be consulted." Norfolk replied verbally by his secretary, Barker,

¹ Murdin.

“that Sir Thomas Stanley was indeed a most meet man for the purpose ; but seeing she was now engaged in a treaty with Queen Elizabeth, he thought it better for her not to meddle therewith, but to entertain her friends.”

Among other enthusiasts who desired to achieve the chivalric exploit of breaking the chains of the fair Scottish Queen, was an Italian gentleman who came over to England in the suite of the Marquis Vitelli, and remained in the vain hope of effecting that design. He had a ship at Harwich in readiness to receive her, and had provided Hungarian horses for her escape, of such extraordinary strength and swiftness, that they could run forty miles without once stopping for a bait.¹ But the times were too full of suspicion to afford any facility for so visionary an enterprise. The idea of embarking Mary at Harwich for the coast of Flanders, appears to have had some connection with the insurrection of the Norfolk men at Harleston fair, on account of the incarceration of their Duke. Some blood was shed, and four of the county gentlemen, the ringleaders of the tumult, were tried, found guilty of various treasonable designs, and hanged.

Either to appease the angry irritation of the eastern counties, on account of the imprisonment of their Duke, who was undoubtedly at that time the most popular nobleman in England, or because the plague increased in the purlieus of the Tower, Elizabeth was graciously pleased to remove him from that fortress to his own house in Norfolk, there to remain a state prisoner during her pleasure. Norfolk purchased this concession, by signing a bond solemnly engaging neither to prosecute his marriage with the Queen of Scots, nor to concern himself in her affairs for the time to come, without the knowledge and consent of his own Sovereign. This pledge he violated as soon as he had an opportunity of renewing his correspondence with Mary. His servant Banister testified “that Norfolk was earnestly bent on wedding the Scottish Queen, not from motives of ambition, but from affection ;” and “very sorry I am,” said he, “that it was his lordship’s hap to fix his mind on no other person, for I partly know, by former experiences, that when he is entered into matters of love, he will hardly be removed from the same.”² The following curious facts were also deposed by Banister: “During the time of my then being in London, his Grace delivered to me to keep seven handkerchiefs, a pair of writing-tables, and a little tablet of gold, wherein was set the Queen of Scots’ picture, all which I re-delivered to his Grace at my going home. At the same time my servant Grimshaw paid to a servant of the Bishop of Ross £200, which his Grace lent the Queen of Scots.” During his imprisonment in the Tower, Norfolk employed this person to purchase two rings set with diamonds, which he sent for love-tokens to Queen Mary, one at midsummer, and one at the

¹ Murdin.

² *Ibid.*, 133.

preceding Christmas, while she was at Coventry. Matters appeared more auspicious for Mary in the month of July. Some beautiful specimens of her needlework, which she had occupied her weary prison leisure in executing as offerings for Elizabeth, had been graciously accepted with expressions of satisfaction. At the same time she wrote and sent that pathetic letter to her mother-in-law, the Countess of Lennox, quoted in the biography of that lady.¹ In consequence of the pressing instances of La Mothe Fénelon, whose deep respect and genuine sympathy for Mary were always prompting him to use his influence in her behalf, the King of France sent M. de Poigny as an especial envoy to England, with instructions to plead for her liberation, and to urge Elizabeth to negotiate a treaty of reconciliation between her and the rebel Scotch lords, to which he offered to become joint arbitrator. Poigny was also charged to solicit access to the presence of the captive Queen, to deliver letters and messages of consolation from himself and all the members of the royal family. After various excuses and a delay of three weeks, Poigny obtained permission to proceed to Chatsworth, to visit in her prison and affliction her to whom he had been accustomed to bow the knee in homage as his Queen. In her letter, by Poigny, to the Duc de Nemours, her cousin, she says, "I will not finish without thanking you for the favour and courtesy you have shown to a poor afflicted widow, who has the honour to be allied to you."² Thus Mary, though Bothwell was living, did not consider herself his wife, but the widow of Darnley, for whom she had resumed the dule-weeds she had been compelled to cast off, after persisting in wearing them several days after her forced marriage.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NEVER was Mary Stuart's cause more completely in the ascendant in Scotland, or the spirit of the people more thoroughly opposed to the intrusion of an English governor, than at the period when she was beguiled, once more, into the delusion of paralyzing the energies of her loyal adherents, by entering into negotiations for an amicable treaty for her restoration. The captivity of her person rendering her hopeless of any other arrangement, she flattered herself that, if she could obtain her liberty by the concession of certain points, all else she desired would follow as a matter of course. The Earl of Lennox had, it is true, been elected as Regent by the English faction, but the majority of the nobles refused to obey him, and summoned a

¹ Biography of Margaret, Countess of Lennox, comprising curious particulars of the early life of Darnley. Blackwood Editions, vol. ii. of Lives of the Queens of Scotland.

² Labanoff, vol. iii. p. 80.

Parliament to meet in her name at Linlithgow. The Earl of Huntley and Lord Ogilvy maintained her authority in the north of Scotland; the Earl of Athol at Dunkeld; the Scotts of Buccleuch and Kerrs of Fernyhirst in Teviotdale; the Maxwells in Dumfries and Wigtownshire; the Hamiltons in Lanarkshire; Argyll in the Highlands and the Isles; while Kirkaldy of Grange, willing to atone for his past trespasses against her, had released Lord Seton, Lord Herries, and her other loyal friends, from their durance in Edinburgh Castle. He had refused to fire the guns in honour of Lennox's election, openly protested against his usurpation of the Government; and the regalia being in his keeping, he resolutely detained the crown and sceptre for the use of the lawful sovereign, Queen Mary.¹ Lethington, in a letter to Cecil, expressed astonishment "that the Queen of England should reject the friendship of a powerful party in Scotland, consisting of the best and noblest in the realm, for the sake of a few of inferior degree, whose strength was nothing without her support."² He bitterly reproached Sussex for the devastations he had perpetrated in Scotland, telling him "that he had in two months done as much mischief as any English army had within a hundred years."

Cecil, and Sir Walter Mildmay, brother-in-law to Walsingham, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, were despatched to Chatsworth, to negotiate with Mary personally. They were accompanied by Lesley, Bishop of Ross, who was permitted to attend his captive Sovereign. Elizabeth, by way of credential to her Commissioners, wrote a bitterly insulting letter to Mary, upbraiding her with ingratitude for all the signal benefits she had conferred upon her, and accusing her "of repaying them by stirring up the late rebellion, and inciting her subjects to sedition, a crime so shocking that no one could hear it without horror." This observation came oddly enough from the confederate, "*comforter*," paymistress, and protector of the traitors who had driven their lawful Sovereign into her toils; but she followed it up with remarks still more offensive to the royal victim, who was smarting under the intolerable injuries she had heaped upon her.

"Attribute not the coming of these envoys to you to any other cause than my good inclination to learn if your heart and pen have been according—deeds being the best means to assure me of that. And inasmuch as you have written to me, by my Lord Ross, 'that you have things to communicate to me, which it behoves me to know, and you to declare,' seeing that I do not consider it convenient that we should meet, according to your desire, if you will please to write them by my secretary, they will be sent to me securely; or if it should rather seem good to you to communicate them to him, I dare promise for him that no living creature but me will hear of it from him; and of me you can scarcely doubt that I can keep my counsel in what touches myself; and if neither the one nor the other content you, I shall have great

¹ Tytler—Lethington to the Archbishop of Glasgow—Maitland Club Miscellany.

² Tytler—State Paper Correspondence.

fear that you have written about it for some other end than the necessity of the cause." ¹

It must have been a scene of almost dramatic interest when Mary Stuart, in her majestic beauty, and the small deformed English premier whom she had so often, with feminine imprudence, denounced as the planner of her ruin and the instigator of her murder, met for the first time, face to face, in her mock presence-chamber at Chatsworth. The two Ministers, after they had presented their credentials, entered at once into reproaches with the captive Queen, on the score of her alleged ingratitude to their royal mistress. Mary burst into a passionate fit of weeping, and complained bitterly of the treatment she had suffered. She would not hear Norfolk blamed without defending both his conduct and her own. "As to the proposed treaty for her restoration to her throne, everything," she said, "depended on the Queen of England, whose power in Scotland was greater than in her own realm." On being informed that, unless she consented to give up Edinburgh Castle and Dumbarton to an English garrison, she could not be liberated, she indignantly replied, "The Queen of England must then work her will on me, for it never shall be said that I have brought that realm into bondage of which I am the native Sovereign."

It was not till the 5th of October that she recovered her composure sufficiently to be able to discuss the conditions the English ministers were instructed to demand. These were ten in number, and better suited to her hard fortunes than to the lofty spirit with which she had borne up against her calamities. The most important article was that Mary's son should be brought to England, to remain there as a hostage for his royal mother. Mary replied, "that although the Prince her son was the dearest thing she had on earth, yet in consideration of the tender love borne to him by the Queen of England, as the offspring of her nearest kinswoman and kinsman, she would consent to his being brought to England to live in some honourable place there, under the government of two or three lords or gentlemen of Scotland, one of them to be named by herself, and the others according to the advice of the Earl of Lennox, his grandfather, and the Earl of Mar."

The bereaved royal mother adds: "The Queen's Majesty of Scotland desires most instantly that she may see her son, whom she hath not seen this long time, before her departing forth of this realm." ² Aware that the revenues of the Crown of Scotland would be unable to support the additional burden of a separate establishment for her son in England, Mary suggested "that the lands and immunities of some rich abbey in Scotland, then vacant, might be appropriated, to assist in providing a fund for that purpose." She also, in her maternal care for augmenting his estate, proposed "that the Prince her son, in addition to the lands

¹ Collections par M. Teulet, vol. ii. pp. 274, 275.

² Haynes, p. 615.

and seignories that have in former times belonged to any prince of Scotland, shall have all such lands as the Earl of Bothwell possessed, by means of any title, till the 15th of June, 1567, so as the lady his wife may continue to enjoy such portions as by the laws of the realm are due unto her.”¹

Here, then, is substantial evidence, *versus* political fiction, of Mary Stuart's real feelings in regard to Bothwell. Speaking in her royal character, she signifies her desire of annexing the escheat of the fair possessions which, in consequence of his overt acts of treason against herself, were forfeited to the Crown, to the appanage of the Prince her son, by his murdered victim Darnley. Yet, with characteristic love of justice, she conscientiously recognizes the rights of Lady Bothwell to her marriage-settlement, by a distinct reservation of such portions of the said Bothwell's estates as, by the law of Scotland, “were due unto the lady his wife”—thus positively treating as nullities both his divorce from his Countess and his marriage with herself.

The great object of Cecil's journey to Chatsworth was to endeavour to prevail on Mary to condescend to a marriage with Queen Elizabeth's young kinsman, Carey,² the eldest son of Lord Hunsdon, and grandson of Mary Boleyn—a match which, it may be remembered, was suggested two years before, during the conferences at York, by Sir Francis Knollys, as the basis of an amicable treaty for the restoration of Mary to her throne, a suggestion Elizabeth was now desirous of acting upon in order to avert the danger of Mary marrying either the Duke of Norfolk, Don John of Austria, or a prince of the royal house of France; and the captive Queen was offered her liberty on condition of accepting Carey for her consort, and investing him with the title of King of Scotland, of which the little Prince her son was then to be dispossessed, and sent to England for his nurture under the care of the Queen of England.³ But Mary considered herself too solemnly engaged to Norfolk to accept any other consort.

Mary wrote to Elizabeth on the 16th of October, telling her, “that having sent two such trusty and confidential ministers to confer with her, she hoped some good resolution would shortly be taken in her affairs, of which she had previously despaired. “I have,” continues she, “so fully discussed all the points with them, that I can scarcely fail to satisfy you of my affection towards you, and that no impediment exists on my part to prevent our sincere and perfect amity, which I desire beyond that of any other Sovereign, in proof whereof I consent to put into your hands the dearest jewel that God has given me in the world, and my sole com-

¹ Articles gathered out of a Communication, had with the Queen of Scots, for her Subjects, Oct. 10, 1570—Haynes' State Papers, p. 617.

² George Carey, whom La Mothe Fénelon erroneously calls Henry Carey.

³ Prince Labanoff's Appendix, vol. viii. p. 149-151. From the original French document in the Imperial Library, St Petersburg.

fort, which is my only and beloved son.”¹ She then renews her request of being admitted to Elizabeth’s presence, observing, “that she should esteem any agreement between them imperfect without that evidence of good faith.” Her desire was unavailing. Elizabeth could not disguise her hostile feelings when the French ambassador entreated, in his Sovereign’s name, that she would be pleased to liberate the Queen of Scots, and desist from crushing the faithful subjects of that unfortunate Princess, and maintaining the rebel faction. Elizabeth angrily replied, “that she was astonished that the King of France could take the cause of the Queen of Scots so much to heart, without considering the great offences she had committed against her; first by impugning her legitimacy, then by claiming a right to her realm, and finally by stirring up her own subjects against her.”

In the midst of the anxious negotiations which tantalized her in the month of October, Mary had the grief of losing her faithful servant John Beton, Laird of Creich, the master of her household, one of the most active and useful of the true-hearted Scottish cavaliers who had forsaken country, lands, and living to share her adversity, and wait upon her without wages in her English prisons. He had assisted in the chivalric exploit of liberating her from Lochleven Castle, and carried the news of her escape to the Courts of London and Paris. He had been associated with Lord Livingston in the important mission to the Scottish nobles in connection with the present treaty, and had just returned to bring her tidings of the state of her cause. He arrived at Chatsworth only to die. He had the honour of being waited upon in his last illness by no meaner nurse than the beautiful and beloved Queen for whose service he had given his life. As the Bishop of Ross was then at Chatsworth, he enjoyed the consolation of receiving those rites which persons of his faith deemed essential for the weal of a departing spirit. He was interred in Edenser church; therefore our own beautiful burial-service must, also, have been read over him. Willie Douglas, John Gordon of Galloway, and others of Mary’s devoted Protestant servants, were among the mourners who, with sad hearts and tearful eyes, assisted in laying the earthly relics of their distinguished comrade in his English grave. His monument, which still remains in excellent preservation in Edenser church, is an upright slab of black marble, fastened to the wall on the left side of the chancel, scarcely three feet from the ground; with a curious sepulchral brass, engraved like an ornamental picture-frame, with a scroll pattern, forming a draped arch at the top over his escutcheon. This is supported on either side by a recording angel writing in a book. At the foot is his recumbent effigies in the armour of the period. A Latin inscription commemorates his name, his lineage, and his faithful service “to that noble and virtuous princess Marie, Queen of Scotland and

¹ Labanoff, vol. iii. pp. 106, 107.

France, especially the honourable fact that he assisted in delivering her from the dolorous captivity in which she was kept by cruel tyrants in the Castle of *Laga Levenis* [Lochleven], and that he died, worn out in her service, in the flower of his days, in the year of grace 1570, aged thirty-two years and seven months." His best and noblest obituary record is from the pen of Mary herself, who, though she wept so sorely for his death as to bring on severe inflammation in her eyes, wrote the following beautiful letter of consolation to his eldest brother, the Archbishop of Glasgow, by her secretary Roulet, whom she sent to break the afflicting news to him:

"God," she says, "has visited you and me with one blow, by taking your brother, the only minister I had left to assist me of all my good servants and friends in this my long affliction and banishment. That it behoves us to praise God for all his dispensations, you could admonish me better than I you; and so much the more are we bound to praise Him, that your brother died a good Christian, a man beloved of all, regretted both by friends and foes, and above all by me, who having, according to the duty of a good mistress and friend, done all I could think of for him, have served and assisted as a witness of his good end, solemnizing his departure from this life with my tears, and accompanying his soul with my prayers. Now he is happy, where we ought all to strive to go; and I remain, deprived in the midst of my troubles of a faithful and tried servant, and in affliction for his loss, and the distress it will cause me, and I fear to you also; insomuch that I should be broken down with the complication of my misfortunes, did I not know you to be a wise and God-fearing man, and so attached to my service that you will resolve to conform yourself to the will of God, and take care of yourself, for my sake, to supply to me the place of your brother, as well as your own. I have determined to put your other brother, Andrew Beton, into the office he held about me, ratifying to him the gift made to the deceased, conformable to his last will, which he called on me to witness; wherefore I pray you to send him [Andrew Beton] properly instructed as to what I require, and what you desire he should do for you and yours."¹

The royal captive sorrowfully adds: "Excuse me to all those to whom I am not able to write with my own hand; for since the death of Beton I have had a bad eye, which is much inflamed, and I believe writing to you has not much amended it, of which you will have had proof from the first page. Now to conclude. I pray God to comfort you, and assure you of my favour and acknowledgment of your good service. Send me your brother, for I have no one here to put in authority over my household, or any one belonging to you. I assure you that you have a good friend in Roulet, as well as in Seton, who will be well satisfied to serve you in your absence, from the affection she bears to all those whom she knows to have been faithful servants to me, and from the honourable obligation she ought to feel towards her good friends, of which number she esteemed the departed, whose soul is with God. May He give you consolation, and me an end of my troubles, or patience, according to His good pleasure, to whom be praise in weal and woe!"

Cecil and Mildmay remained nearly three weeks at Chatsworth, conferring almost daily with the royal prisoner; yet nothing was settled, the negotiations being postponed till the arrival of Commissioners from Scotland, part of them on her side, and part on that of the rebel lords.

¹ Marie Stuart to the Archbishop of Glasgow, from Chatsworth, Oct. 1570—Labanoff, vol. iii. pp. 144-146.

The rigorous nature of the confinement in which poor Mary had been kept from air and exercise for the last fourteen months, is sufficiently proved by Cecil's notification of the gracious indulgences which, in consequence of the representations of the Bishop of Ross, he tells Shrewsbury he had induced his royal mistress to grant to the desolate and oppressed captive.

"The Queen's Majesty is pleased that your lordship shall, when you see times meet, suffer that Queen to take the air about your house on horseback, so your lordship be in company, and therein I am sure your lordship will have good respect to your own company to be sure and trusty, and not to pass from your house above one or two miles, except it be on the moors, for I never fear any other practice of strangers as long as there is no corruption amongst your own."

The confederacy among the Derbyshire, Lancashire, and Shropshire gentlemen, for the liberation of the unfortunate heiress-presumptive of England from her present captivity at Chatsworth, having been imprudently confided by Mr Rolleston to his son, one of Queen Elizabeth's band of pensioners, was denounced by him. All the parties were arrested and thrown into prison, except Hall, who fled to the Isle of Man, where Mary had so strong a party that it had been proposed, if they succeeded in getting her out of Chatsworth Castle, to take her there, and from thence to Scotland, where Grange was eagerly anticipating her arrival.

The generous impulses of English chivalry, in behalf of the oppressed and calumniated Princess, were not, however, quenched by the failure of this project in her behalf. Scarcely had the Bishop of Ross returned to London, when Hugh Owen came to assure him of the perseverance of himself and his confederates for her liberation. Owen brought with him a large map of England to demonstrate to the Bishop that the situation of Chatsworth, which he said was only ten miles from the sea, afforded peculiar facilities for her escape. The idea of regulating the plan of a royal heroine's escape from her prison by a map, was a novel trait in the history of the numerous associations for Mary's liberation; but Owen's map must have been strangely deficient in its scale of mensuration, for Chatsworth is not less than sixty miles from the coast. Mary was herself versed, as befitted her, in the royal science of geography, and had globes and maps in her apartments, both in Holyrood and her English prisons. Great complaints were, we find, made by her keepers, when removing her, "of the expense caused by the transport of her books and other weighty trumpery, on which she placed mighty importance."¹

Mary piteously complains in a letter to Elizabeth that the Earl of Lennox had thought proper to commence the education of the little Prince his grandson, by causing infamous epithets—or, to use her own expression, "filthy and most dishonest words"—to be applied to her in

¹ Murdin.

his hearing, "which," observes the hapless mother, "is so great a *mis-chantness* [wickedness] that it should be horrible not only to our said good sister but to all persons whatsoever."

The distress of her mind, acting on her sensitive and excitable temperament, produced severe bodily sufferings. She tells the Bishop of Ross, in her letter of the 27th of November, "that besides the accustomed dolour in her side, a rheum troubled her head greatly, with an extreme pain," and descending into her stomach, deprived her wholly of appetite for food. The sick and sorrowful captive was removed on the 28th of November from Chatsworth and the sweet valley of the Derwent, over the chain of rugged hills familiarly called "the Backbone of England," to the bleak feudal domain, Sheffield Castle and Manor, inherited by her keeper from his renowned ancestor John Talbot, the first Earl of Shrewsbury. The Castle was seated on the lofty hill, at the conflux of the rivers Don and Sheaf: from the latter the name of the town is derived, which Camden describes as "famous for its smiths;" its reputation for keen cutlery was still more ancient, for old Chaucer celebrates the Sheffield knife as a weapon of personal defence. The armourers who, enjoying the patronage of the warlike family of Talbot, built their forges at the foot of the Castlehill, were doubtless the originators of those unrivalled manufactures in steel and iron, which, enjoying a world-wide reputation, have raised the town of Sheffield to its present state of wealth and statistical importance.

Mary Stuart could not fail to perceive the superiority of the well-tempered penknives and sharp scissors made at Sheffield to those she obtained from France, and possibly her liberal commissions for presents to her Continental friends, and favourable report of the skill of the artificers there, contributed to the progress of the place where she was doomed to spend so many weary years of restraint. Money being very scarce in England at that time, the large income she derived from her dower and personal estates in France proved a source of prosperity to those localities where it was expended, and enabled her to do many kind and generous acts in the way of charity to the poor, and to reward those who obliged her and her noble followers. Sheffield, where she resided a greater number of years than at any other of her English prisons, experienced, of course, considerable benefit from the circulation of the foreign gold she expended there.

Mary was not lodged in Sheffield Castle on her first arrival, but in the newly-built family mansion, called the Lodge, and subsequently the Manor-house, nearly two miles distant from the castle and town, situated nearly in the centre of the spacious well-wooded park, with long avenues of oaks and walnut-trees leading to it from all points of the enclosure. It had two gardens and three spacious yards, an outer and an inner court.

The sharp air and bleak situation of Mary's new prison was of course

very unfavourable for her "*rheums*," as she termed her neuralgic maladies and inflammatory catarrh; she became rapidly worse after her arrival, so that she desired to prepare herself for death.

The Bishop of Ross induced two of the most eminent physicians in London, Dr Apslow and Dr Good, to accompany him to Sheffield, and to their skill Mary's recovery was attributed; but her case was for a long time considered desperate; anguish, which no human prescriptions could alleviate, was the exciting cause of her sufferings. La Mothe Fénélon writes: "I had hoped to be able to send you some good news of the Queen of Scots, but the Bishop of Ross has written to me of the state in which he found her when he arrived, which is very pitiable to hear; for, besides a complication of many maladies, she is afflicted with extreme vexation about her affairs, and quite broken-hearted, by having been told of some bad words which the Prince of Scotland, her son, has spoken of her. The agony inflicted by the painful fact to which the ambassador alluded, was not mitigated by the intelligence that her libeller Buchanan had been appointed her son's tutor. She thus writes to La Mothe Fénélon on the subject: "Master George Buchanan, who troubled himself to write against me to please the late Earl of Moray and my other rebels, and continues to demonstrate, by all possible means, his obdurate ill-will, has been placed with my son as his preceptor, which, for these and many other considerations, I cannot wish to be permitted, nor that my son should learn anything from *his* school. I pray you to move the Queen of England, that, at her request, which will not be refused, another may be put in his place."¹ The petition of the bereaved mother was unavailing. Buchanan had purchased his appointment by his active services in her defamation.

Mary's principal lady-in-waiting, and trusty friend, Lady Livingston, left her at this anxious time, having proceeded to Scotland with letters to Grange, Lethington, and other members of the royal party there, which could not have been safely intrusted to an ordinary courier. A passport from Queen Elizabeth for Lady Livingston, to repair to her lord, who was then Mary's accredited envoy, to move her partisans to enter into negotiations for the proposed treaty, enabled the fair and noble bearer to pass unsearched, and finally to deliver missives that might have cost a messenger in doublet and hose his life.

The fluctuations in Mary's health caused great anxiety to all who felt a kindly interest in her fate: some pains were taken to obtain correct information on the subject by her friend La Mothe Fénélon. "It has been reported," writes he, December the 23rd, "that the Queen of Scots is not yet out of danger, but just now one of her servants, who is her fruiterer, and fills the office of apothecary to her, and who served her last Wednesday at dinner, has brought me certain intelligence that she finds

¹ Mary to La Mothe Fénélon, March 4, 1570-71—Labanoff.

herself better." Mary's health continued in a weak and fluctuating state during the winter.

While the delusive negotiations for Mary's restoration were proceeding, projects for her enfranchisement were again meditated by her unsuspected English friends of low degree. Lygon, one of the Duke of Norfolk's gentlemen, came to the Bishop of Ross and proposed that an effort for that purpose should be made. The Bishop of Ross desired Barker to inform the Duke of Norfolk, and hear what he thought of it. Norfolk, as usual, was annoyed instead of pleased at the idea of the enterprise, and pettishly answered, "The Bishop of Ross will never leave practising ! I cannot tell what to think of it, nor what so slender a company can do."¹

Another project for her liberation was devised by Sir Henry Percy, the Earl of Northumberland's brother, though he would not have his name mentioned in it, which was for Powell to contrive her escape out of the house where she happened to be kept at the time, and that three trusty gentlemen of the names of Holland, Slingsby, and Clavering, who were willing to undertake the enterprise with six associates, should receive and escort her as far as she could travel the first day, then to be relieved by a fresh company of men and horses, and so, by a third convoy, to be brought into Scotland, where a number of her own loyal subjects would be ready to receive her. It was finally agreed that Powell, Owen, and Rowe should severally go down into the country at Easter, and appoint places for the reception of the Queen, where fresh horses should be laid for her ; and that, on the night appointed, a certain number of the confederates should enter the park, and then she and one woman and one man of her household should be let down from the window, set on horseback, and travel from place to place till they came to a castle in the North, where Sir Henry Percy would receive her, and carry her to the Border, Lord Herries being in the mean time apprised by the Bishop of Ross of what was in preparation, in order to be in readiness with other loyal friends to meet her.²

While the discussion was yet pending, her cause received a fatal blow. The fortress of Dumbarton was surprised during the truce, and the brave noblemen and gentlemen, who had for nearly four years maintained her authority in that stronghold of loyalty, were captured, with the exception of the Governor, Lord Fleming, who scrambled down the rock and escaped. Archbishop Hamilton was taken clad in coat-of-mail and steel-cap, and arraigned and hanged by Lennox's order as the murderer of Darnley, on the evidence of a priest, who swore that John Hamilton, servant of the Archbishop, had, in confession, acknowledged himself an accomplice in the crime ; "for that his lord, moved by ancient enmity, and a desire to bring the Crown into his own family, deputed the per-

¹ Murdin, pp. 119, 120.

² Depositions of the Duke of Norfolk, October 13, 1571—Murdin, 160.

petration of the murder to seven or eight of the most wicked of his vassals, to whom he gave the keys of the King's lodging at Kirk-o'-Field; that they entered very silently into his chamber, strangled him, and carried his body through a little gate into an orchard adjoining the walls, and then gave a signal to blow up the house."¹

Mary's confidential correspondence with Lord Claud Hamilton, and her other friends, informing them of the aid promised by the Duke of Alva, fell into the hands of Lennox at the capture of Dumbarton, and, being sent to Cecil, furnished the first clue to the intrigues into which she, despairing of aid from other quarters, had entered with the Spanish Government.² Other letters of hers were found expressing her indignant sense of the ungenerous treatment she had received in England, which tended to aggravate her disastrous position. The project for her escape from Sheffield, which was to have been attempted at the ensuing Easter, was discovered at the same time, and prevented, when on the very eve of execution, by the Earl of Shrewsbury removing her suddenly from the Lodge in the park to the Castle, in spite of all her remonstrances. The window was long pointed out in the ruins of the old Manor-house, as the Lodge is now called, as that from which the captive Queen intended to make her escape, in the same manner as proposed at Chatsworth, by means of a cord and pulley. Though her faithful servant, John Beton, was mouldering in the dust, Mary would not have lacked the assistance of one as trusty and as courageous, for George Douglas was with her, having just returned from France as if for the very purpose.

The Easter festival was passed by Mary in great affliction, weeping over the fall of Dumbarton, the ruin of its gallant defenders, and the utter extinction of her hopes of liberation. Her distress would have been much aggravated had she been aware of the trouble in which the Bishop of Ross, and her other servants and friends in England, were involved, in consequence of the arrest of the Bishop's secretary, Charles Bailly, at Dover, on his return from a mission to Flanders, with the impression of a new edition of that eloquent little volume, the "Defence of Queen Mary's Honour, in reply to the calumnies of her foes and Buchanan's libel, 'The Detection.'" Bailly was also the bearer of letters in cipher from the Duke of Alva, supposed to be intended for Queen Mary, the Duke of Norfolk, and the Spanish ambassador. He was carried first to the Marshalsea, and examined by Lord Burleigh, as Sir William Cecil must henceforth be styled, having been elevated to the peerage by that

¹ Buchanan's Hist. Scot., vol. ii. p. 417. If this deposition were not the most atrocious of perjuries, suborned by Lennox to procure the condemnation and execution of his old adversary, Archbishop Hamilton, then were Bothwell's servants, including French Paris, murdered men, and the confessions published in

their names forgeries, as well as the melodramatic narrative of Bothwell's proceedings at the firing of the train related previously by Buchanan in his first libel on his Sovereign, "The Detection."

² Labanoff's Resumé Chronologique. Lingard's Elizabeth.

title at the preceding Shrovetide. Neither threats nor promises could elicit anything from Bailly till he was removed to the Tower, and experienced the torture of the rack, when he suffered such disclosures to be wrung from him as led to the arrest of the Bishop of Ross, who was subjected to a very stern examination before the Privy Council on the 13th of May, and committed to prison.¹

Unconscious of all that was going on in London, and the storm that impended over her, Mary wrote on that inauspicious day to Elizabeth to request her to grant a passport for George Douglas to go to Scotland. "I should be very glad to oblige him, as his faithful services merit," she says, "but I cannot arrange it without your aid and favour, as I understand on that side of Scotland where he has the property I gave him before my imprisonment, and some other goods which belong to him, I must beg you to order the Earl of Lennox and his adherents to allow him to pass freely, and without constraint, as one of my faithful subjects and servants, under your protection, out of favour to me and respect for the King my good brother, in whose service he is." She wrote the same day to her ambassador in Paris, the Archbishop of Glasgow, directing him to take measures for facilitating the marriage of George Douglas with a young lady of rank in France, with whom he had fallen in love, and whose mother objected to him on account of his poverty. "George tells me," observes she, "that he cannot conclude the marriage he has so long contemplated with La Verrière without being assured of the grant I made him." In a very different spirit from the wrathful jealousy exhibited by Elizabeth when any of her courtiers betrayed a desire to enter into the holy pale of wedlock, she then instructs the Archbishop to obviate the objections George's pecuniary destitution had opposed to the accomplishment of his union, by enabling him, at the expense of a considerable sacrifice on her part, to settle five-and-twenty thousand francs on the young lady, if her mother and friends would allow the marriage to proceed on these terms.² "Even if to obtain that sum," continues Mary, "you are compelled to settle the lawsuit for which I was formerly offered forty thousand francs at a word. Although I should make a sacrifice to settle it, yet I must give him what I have promised. Endeavour, therefore, to get me out of this debt, which the service he rendered imposes upon me."

¹ The very interesting prison correspondence between Bailly and his master will be found in Murdin, and further particulars in Lesley's *Negotiations*. A facsimile of poor Bailly's touching inscriptions on the wall of his prison has been published by W. Robertson Dick, Esq., in his most valuable illustration of the Tudor reigns of terror, "*Inscriptions and Devices in the Beauchamp Tower.*" The first, which is a little defaced, supplies the date on which the luckless pri-

soner was brought thither, April 16, 1570.

² The settlement his grateful Sovereign out of her poverty was willing to enable George Douglas to make on his French love was probably inadequate to the expectations of the mother, for, instead of concluding that alliance, he returned to Scotland four years afterwards, and married Lady Barbery, the rich widow of one of his old Fifeshire neighbours, whose estates lay near Lochleven.

George and Willie Douglas were both Protestants, and remained uncompromising adherents to the faith in which they had been nurtured, a fact not generally known, but surely deeply interesting, as it proves that Mary's influence was not of the seductive nature described by her modern French biographers. The firmness of these chivalric young men to their religious principles, notwithstanding their faithful adherence to the fallen fortunes of their Roman Catholic Sovereign, enhances the value of the practical testimony borne by their conduct to her innocence, for they had been behind the scenes, witnesses of her personal conduct, not only as an oppressed captive, but as a queen and a wife, having seen her and Darnley together in hours of domestic privacy during their occasional visits to Lochleven. George Douglas must also have been cognizant of his brother Moray's previous plot for the assassination of Darnley at the Kirk-o'-Beith, and aware of the secret springs of the occult plots whose object had been to elevate his brother to the regency of Scotland. His worldly interests were obviously identified with that brother; but honour, conscience, and manly feeling, prompted him to sacrifice the brilliant prospects of wealth and political greatness to espouse the cause of his injured Queen. Strong was his faith in her integrity, it might have been said, had there been any room for doubt or reasoning on the conflicting nature of the evidence; but there was none in his case, for, as before observed, he had been behind the scenes. He knew Moray, he knew Morton, he knew Lindsay, he knew Ruthven, not as the world knew them, but as one who had been present at their secret councils, and employed at first by them as one of their turnkeys, till the ruffian violence offered to his liege lady, by his brother-in-law Lindsay, elicited reproof from his lips, and inspired him with the noble determination of becoming her deliverer, though the great theocrat of his party, Knox, was clamouring for her blood. Well did George Douglas know the arts by which the excitable temperament of Knox was acted upon, and rendered the blinded instrument of the Regent Moray. Under these circumstances the conduct of George Douglas is calculated to produce a stronger impression of Mary's innocence, and the guilt of her accusers, than all the rhetoric of the most eloquent of her literary champions, from Lesley down to Chalmers, while, at the same time, the generous efforts made by her to evince her gratitude by removing the pecuniary obstacles to his marriage with Mademoiselle La Verrière proves that the relations of sovereign and subject were strictly preserved between Mary Stuart and George Douglas, notwithstanding the insinuations of political calumny and the poetic fictions of historical romance.

"My health," writes Mary the second week in May,¹ "is but very indifferent. I am strictly guarded, and without any means of arranging my

¹ Mary to Archbishop Beton, Sheffield Castle, May 13, 1572.

affairs either here, in Scotland, or abroad, unless M. de la Mothe, by command of the King, takes pity upon me.

The painful news of the arrest of her minister, the Bishop of Ross, and the interdict placed on the exchange of letters between her and him, was announced to her by the Earl of Shrewsbury. She vehemently protested against it as a violation of the international law, that rendered the persons of ambassadors sacred. Mary's next grief was learning that three hundred English harquebussiers had been sent into Scotland to strengthen the cause of the rebel faction; and she writes on the 12th of June to La Mothe Fénélon, representing, in lively terms, the perfidy of Elizabeth's proceedings after inveigling her into prescribing pacific measures to her adherents, and entreats that the King of France will act consistently with the terms of the ancient alliance between their realms, by sending troops to Scotland to resist this unprovoked invasion. "I am resolved," she says, "to prefer the preservation of my kingdom to my life; and rather than the crown, which for long ages has remained in the right blood whence I am descended, be in danger of falling into any other less certain, I shall esteem my life well employed. But I cannot continue much longer in the state in which I am. I have been very ill for some days past, not so much from the weariness of my captivity and ill-treatment, as to see the gradual decay and destruction of my realm." During the whole of the spring and summer Mary continued to write impassioned letters to La Mothe Fénélon and her own ambassador at Paris, Archbishop Beton, complaining of the perfidious treatment she had experienced from Elizabeth, and detailing, at some length, the proceedings of Grange and Lethington, who, resisting for once the proffered bribes of England, were holding out Edinburgh Castle against Lennox. Of all these matters, in spite of the rigorous interdict on her receiving letters from Scotland, she appears to have obtained full and accurate information, and expresses great confidence in their zeal for her service. They had held a parliament in her name, at which protests were entered against the usurped authority of the Regent Lennox, and the treasonable acts of the section of the nobles by whom he was supported.

One of Mary's servants having arrived from France the third week in July, with letters and various articles for her use, La Mothe Fénélon obtained permission for him to proceed to Sheffield Castle and deliver them. "It was a great consolation," she says, "to receive the good news from France, and to learn some little of my affairs, though I had not the opportunity of replying, the bearer not being permitted to remain long enough for that. He arrived the day before yesterday, and was kept till eight or nine in the evening before he was allowed to deliver his two packets, which was done publicly, and he was not suffered to speak to me except in a loud voice." After complaints of her ill health and need of better advice, she says: "In the mean time I am of opinion that the

spring of Buxton, which is near this place, might be of service to me in relieving the swelling and hardness of my side. It is the proper season, and I pray you to request that I may be permitted to go there." Elizabeth refused the indulgence solicited, with the dry observation, "I should much like to learn what doctor it is who has given her that advice."¹

Mary, who, like all pining invalids, had set her mind on trying the remedy prescribed, which appeared so easy and within her reach, felt the disappointment keenly. She caused both the unkind refusal and the discourteous manner of it to be reported to M. de Foix, the French envoy-extraordinary for the marriage-treaty between Elizabeth and the Duke of Anjou. She had, however, much more serious grounds for complaint: letters had been intercepted by her friends in Scotland and transmitted to her, written by Elizabeth's ambassador, Randolph, to the Regent Lennox, the Earl of Leicester, and others, suggesting the expediency of getting rid of her by poison.² These she requested La Mothe Fénélon, as her ambassador was in prison, to lay before the English Queen and her Council, with a suitable remonstrance; and also to send copies of them to the King of France, whose protection she implored. "You know," writes she to La Mothe Fénélon, "the information that was sent to me from divers places before these letters fell into my hands—even before my illness—that I should be poisoned. And it is only reasonable, as Randolph mentions how I ought to be despatched, that I should be assured of my keeper, otherwise it would declare openly that they will give opportunity for putting the same into execution, and encourage those who are engaged in the plot to lay hands upon me. I pray you to keep the letters, and send them back to me after you shall have received the answer." Leicester, to whom they were shown, affected to give another sense to these murderous letters, expressing his opinion "that Randolph meant nothing more than to say that the adverse party would be very glad if they were rid of their Queen."³ As for Randolph, he utterly denied having written them at all; but Mary was too well acquainted with Randolph's writing and style to be thus satisfied; and she continued to express her conviction that her life was in imminent danger from the practices of the Earl of Lennox, who had been accused of suborning one of his dependants to poison her in her childhood, in order to bring himself nearer to the royal succession of Scotland, and his wife to that of England. His designs against her life at this time tended to a judicial murder rather than a silent assassination, for he had ratified the secret treaty, originally arranged by the Earl of Moray with Elizabeth, for her delivery into Scotland in exchange for the Earl of Northumberland, with the understanding that she was to be tried and executed six

¹ Mary to La Mothe Fénélon, July 25, 1571—Labanoff.

² *Ibid.*, p. 311.

³ Labanoff, iii. 340.

hours after her arrival in that realm. Blinded by the delusive negotiations for an amicable treaty with her rebels, Mary appears to have been utterly unconscious of this murderous pact, which was indeed conducted so privily that its record is confined to Burleigh's circumstantial instructions to his nephew, Killigrew, for renewing it with the Regent Mar, and carrying it into execution through his co-operation.

The defenceless life of the captive Queen was once more preserved from the malice of her powerful foes. Lennox, like Moray, was suddenly cut off in the midst of an abortive scheme of villany, without being permitted to gratify his insatiable thirst for her blood. A small but intrepid party of gentlemen, headed by Lord Claud Hamilton, dashed into Stirling on the 3rd of September, and after a short, sharp conflict, surrounded and captured the usurping Regent; but as rescue was approaching, Captain Calder fired and lodged the contents of his piece in his body, amidst the vengeful shouts of "Remember the Archbishop" from the Hamiltons.

So great was Lennox's unpopularity, even with his own party, that the Confederate Lords, with the exception only of Ruthven, Methven, and Lindsay, wrote to Queen Elizabeth a few days before his slaughter, expressing their desire for him to leave Scotland. The Earl of Mar, being in possession of Stirling Castle and the person of the little King, obtained the regency, the mark at which his ambition had so long pointed. His life-lease of it proved even briefer than the term decreed to his predecessors in that fatal dignity.

The detention of her person in an English prison, as at the death of Moray, rendered it impossible for Mary to improve the crisis for her restoration to her throne. The hearts of her faithful subjects yearned in vain for her return to heal the wounds of the bleeding land, but they were to behold no more the kindly face of her who had, during her five years' personal reign, contributed so largely to the comfort and prosperity of her people. Mary Stuart, their bright, their beautiful, their generous, their patriotic, and peace-loving Sovereign, was as much lost to them as if the grave had closed over her. Her name was, however, still a powerful inspiration through the length and breadth of Scotland, from the south to the far north, in the Western Highlands and the Isles; and her standard continued to wave proudly on the royal citadel of Edinburgh. Nor was she ungrateful for the devotion, nor unmindful of the wants, of her adherents. It was observed that the garrison of Edinburgh Castle paid for everything in English angels and royals, and French crowns and francs, which betrayed the source whence their supplies were derived. In June 1570 the Bishop of Ross had received 13,000 francs in angels and crowns from the French ambassador, due to Queen Mary from her dower-pension. The principal part of this she sent to her loyal servant Fernyhurst, to be applied to the relief of her distressed friends, leaving so little for her own expenses that she was under the necessity of

again accepting pecuniary assistance from Norfolk, who sent her £200 by the Bishop, and £100 more by the physicians, Apslow and Good, during her sore sickness; but when a further sum was required for the use of the defenders of Edinburgh Castle, he sent word that he neither had the money for that purpose, nor could he raise it on his land. Mary, however, succeeded in borrowing 1000 crowns, which she gave to George Douglas to convey to Scotland, after his sojourn with her at Sheffield in the spring of 1571. But he, not having a passport, and knowing himself to be a marked man, brought it to the French ambassador, and lodged it in his hands for safety. That Minister having just received 2000 crowns for Queen Mary on account of her dower, which was also intended for the same purpose, consulted Norfolk on the best method of transmitting it safely. Norfolk at first recommended it to be sent by one of her servants named Renton, sewn up in his doublet, but finally intrusted it to a courier of the name of Brown, sealed up in a bag, addressed to Laurence Banister, his steward at Shrewsbury, who had directions to forward it to Lord Herries. Brown, who was probably a spy of Burleigh's, suspecting, by the weight, that the bag contained gold, carried it to him instead of delivering it to Banister. The letters which were found in the bag led to the arrest of Norfolk's confidential servants, Banister, Barker, and Higford. The rack extorted from Banister, and the fear of it from Barker and Higford, admissions of the continuance of Norfolk's matrimonial engagement and correspondence with the captive Queen of Scots. Norfolk, who had ordered Barker to burn all her letters as soon as deciphered, put a bold face on the matter when questioned by a commission of Privy Councillors, and denied the charge; but this only rendered his case the worse, for Barker, instead of obeying his orders, had secreted all the letters under a mat in the Duke's chamber, together with copies of those which Mary had written to Ridolphi and the Pope, and the keys of the ciphers under a tile in the roof of Howard House, and, to complete his treachery, he showed the commissioners where to find them. A body of evidence was thus supplied which brought Norfolk to the block. He was arrested at his own house, Sept. 4, and conducted to the Tower on the 7th.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE first notice Mary received of the arrest of her affianced husband was from the lips of her keeper, the Earl of Shrewsbury, who told her "he had received letters from the Queen his mistress, announcing the great displeasure she had conceived, on discovering the unlawful intelli-

gence between her and the Duke of Norfolk, her enterprises for making her escape, her dealings with Ridolphi, for stirring up a fresh rebellion in England, with the assistance of the King of Spain, to whom she had offered to send her son ; for which reasons further restrictions were to be put on her liberty, and all her servants were to be removed from her, with the exception of ten men and six women." Her Scotch secretary Curle, her French secretary Roulet, her master of the household, Andrew Beton (who had succeeded his deceased brother John in that capacity), and her usher, Archibald Beton, were expressly to be excluded from the company she was permitted to retain, the orders for their expulsion being peremptory.¹ Ladies as well as gentlemen, above the number of sixteen, strangers in the land and destitute of money as they were, were enjoined to depart at two hours' notice, the Scotch to Scotland and the French to France.

In reply to the list of offences with which she had been charged, Mary with great dignity said : " I came hither voluntarily, and put myself into the hands of the Queen your mistress, confiding in her promises of friendship; and if she, having detained me by force ever since, suspects that I desire my liberty, I do not deny it, albeit I am an independent Princess, not accountable to her or any one else. If I have implored aid of the King of Spain, it has been as I have in like manner of all other Christian princes, and especially that he would be pleased to concur in any assistance the King of France might give me for the restoration of my realm ; but that it was to excite rebellion in this country is false, and a malicious invention : Ridolphi, of whom ye also speak, had no other commission from me than to procure the succours I wished to obtain for my faithful and obedient subjects, if that can be construed into rebellion by those who have no authority over either them or me. The Duke of Norfolk is subject to this Queen, if so be she can verify those suspicions against him. In regard to my son, he is nearer to me than to this Queen; and I am not bound to render account to her, or any one else, about offering him to the King of Spain, or any other Prince disposed to be a friend to him and me. But this cannot be, for he is not in my power. Moreover, there was no need for me to offer him where they have done me the honour to demand him of me. The late Queen of Spain, my sister-in-law (whom God absolve), wrote to me a little before her death, to propose the marriage of one of her daughters with him. I have her letters about it still. The Queen only makes these things her pretence for retrenching the little liberty she had left me. It is very ill and unjustly done, and I call on God to witness of the wrong."

"None of my servants," continues Mary in her letter narrating these particulars to La Mothe Fénelon, "were permitted to come near me

¹ Queen Mary to La Mothe Fénelon, Sheffield, September 9, 1571—Labanoff. Shrewsbury to Queen Elizabeth, September 9—Wright.



during this discourse. I requested permission, however, to speak to Roullet, before his departure, in the presence of my Lord of Shrewsbury, and it was granted; but when I commanded Roullet to give a faithful account to the King, my good brother, of all I had done since his return here, of my treatment, and that he left me in peril of my life, Shrewsbury changed his mind, and said 'that the four who had been so especially ordered to leave me should remain, for he had mistaken the orders of the Queen, his mistress, on that point, and desired that neither the master of the household [Andrew Beton] nor Roullet, who had both prepared for their departure, should go.'

Unmoved by Mary's tears and passionate remonstrances, Shrewsbury called for her check-roll, and required her to specify the sixteen whom she desired to remain with her. But all were precious to her, and she would make no distinctions. All had forsaken their families and country to follow her fallen fortunes, and share her hardships in the house of bondage, and with gratitude and delicacy of feeling that did her honour, she refused to name any in preference to the others. "She showed herself exceedingly sorrowful," says Shrewsbury, "when she heard that some of her servants should be removed from her, and seemed to despair the continuance of her life; but respecting my duty, without credit to her words, I applied myself to take order in despatching away her servants above the number appointed, and driven I was to name them that should remain about her; but those that I named would have departed with the rest also, upon failing to have the others still to remain with them, alleging that they would not serve without them."¹ The captive Queen thus proceeds with her account of the transaction: "The Lord Shrewsbury has made choice of some of them, and they have remonstrated that they could not serve after that fashion, for he had not retained the proper persons for the various offices necessary for my table, but wanted two or three to perform the duties of butlers, pantlers, and fruiterer, which is not in their power; so with my permission they have asked for their passports to withdraw. This he refused, and told them that 'he would keep them and make them serve by force.'² None of those who remain with me will he permit to stir without the gates of this castle where I am incarcerated." After her accustomed prayer that God would grant her patience, she adds: "Since writing this, milord Livingston, whom I thought would have been the bearer, was on the point of setting out, but has been forcibly detained like the others. Robisson has arrived, as I have seen him from my chamber window at the castle gate: he is now a prisoner, and they have taken from him the packet that he had brought for me, and sent it up to the Court."

The following day Mary proceeds thus with her details:—"Robertson

¹ Shrewsbury to Burleigh, September 9, 1571.

² Letter of Mary Stuart to La Mothe Fénelon, from Sheffield, September 8, 1571.

has been added, I understand, to the number of the poor wandering sheep who are to be driven away. If you could see," continues she, "the tears of my unfortunate servants who are departing miserably, not where they would, but where they must, you would have pity on them and on me. I cannot feel more anguish than I do. Worst of all, they would constrain certain Scots among them to go to Scotland, where they dare not appear. One of these is William Douglas, also Archibald Beton, and two or three others who would rather be slain here than hanged there. I implore you to see what you can do for them, and that all but sixteen persons be not taken from me, which would leave me not the retinue of a Queen, but a prisoner. Remind them in what honour I was held in France, and that now, as neither my people nor myself are permitted to go out, a few of the usual number might be allowed to remain. If you could obtain so much grace for the unfortunate captive and her poor banished ones, it would be some solace."¹

Mary even addressed herself to the hostile Minister from whom the blow proceeded. She wrote in the style royal, yet with the touching pathos that beseeemed a suppliant.

"Now, in our feeble estate of person is our servants reduced to the number of xvi. only, with whom it is impossible we can reasonably be served. For so many will not take on hand to serve us safely, but will depart altogether, to the end they be not charged in case any inconvenience happen to us among their hands. And shall we be retained within one chamber from all good air, which is most sovereign for our health, and so left *solitar*, where those who would practice our destruction may the easelier come by the same?² The rest of our servants, exceeding that number, knows not whither to go. There is no Scottish man, or very few of them, that has remained with us that dare hazard to pass in Scotland, unless they would deliberately put their own heads into the cord. And to pass in France, the Earl of Shrewsbury refuses them passport. What shall become of William Douglas, who has saved our life forth of Lochleven, and others that since has continually remained beside us? Shall they be led expressly to the butchery among the rest? It is too great cruelty that is meant to have us and them so handled. Nor can the French officers who has served us these many years have license to remain in the country or town near to us, to attend the urgent necessity we may have of their service. When we were yet most extremely handled in Lochleven by our rebels, they were suffered, as many of them as liked, to remain within the realm where they pleased. But now we know not how to despatch them, they shall be so driven to poverty for lack of means, being so far from us. Where-

¹ Labanoff, vol. iii. p. 368. She dates this mournful letter "From my prison chamber, this 9th of September 1571."

² Labanoff, vol. iii. p. 369.

fore we pray you, my Lord of Burghly, to have pity, and be a suitor to the Queen our sister, to consider better of our state."¹

In her next letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow, she mentions that Bastian was on the list of those who were to be driven from her; but as a particular favour he had been permitted to remain with her, being a very necessary servant, and "who," continues she, "during these sad times, cheers me with his inventions and work, which, besides my books, is all the recreation that is left me." Poor Mary! it was well that cares like hers could be thus occasionally beguiled. Bastian's occupation of Master of the Revels was gone, and his title in her lugubrious English prisons a melancholy joke, no doubt where his comic powers must have been confined, like King Lear's fool, to the endeavour of amusing his discrowned Sovereign with quips, and cranks, and flashes of fancy; and it would have cost her a severe pang to lose this relic of the royal state that surrounded her at the gay Tournelles, fair Fontainebleau, old Holyrood, and festive Stirling. Bastian, being a pleasant fellow, contributed to enliven the Shrewsbury family and household, as well as his captive Queen and her ladies, keeping the whole house in good humour, and therefore he was allowed to tarry, when Willie Douglas, Archibald Beton, John Gordon, and the rest of her "poor flock of wandering sheep," as Mary termed them, were barbarously driven away from her.

Mary tells the Archbishop that Bastian tarried with her, both in Scotland and England, at her request, "where," says she, "he and his wife served me well and faithfully, and now having children, and nothing to support them, his friends have promised to advance him if he will come to France; wherefore I beg you to look out for some office which he might serve by deputy, and receive the profits, that, in case I die in this prison, he may not be left wholly destitute; and if I live, that he may have the better courage to run my hard fortunes with me."² She suspected that the removal of the most tried and courageous of her household band was the prelude for her murder. She communicates to La Mothe Fénelon her ideas on that head, not with the agitation and alarm natural to a helpless unprotected woman, surrounded by the pitiless instruments of a jealous rival and unscrupulous foes, but with the calm courage of a Christian philosopher, looking the peril in the face unshrinkingly, and desiring to set her house in order in preparation for the event:—

"After the bad treatment I have received up to the present hour, seeing what is prepared against me, I can expect nothing but death, with which I have been so often menaced. Now they put upon me that I

¹ Labanoff, vol. iii. p. 371—September 9, 1571.

² Marie Stuart to the Archbishop of Glasgow, Sheffield, Sept. 10, 1571—Labanoff, vol. iii. pp. 373, 374.

have wished to conspire against this Queen and her state; and under that pretext they seek to deprive me of my kingdom and my life. Several days ago I wrote to you touching my affairs, but I suspect my letters have not reached you. The principal points to which they related was for you to supplicate the King, my good brother, on my part, not to abandon my faithful and loyal subjects to the invasion which she (Elizabeth) is preparing against them, but to succour them, and maintain his alliance. For the rest, that you should do as much for me in contemplation of my last want.”¹

It was then, while her heart was hot within her, and she thought there was but one step between her and death, she addressed the touching farewell letter containing her maternal advice, and what she supposed to be her last admonitions and directions, to those faithful adherents of her fallen fortunes, who had been so pitilessly driven from her, and cast forth as houseless and destitute strangers and pilgrims in a hostile land.

MARIE STUART TO HER BANISHED SERVANTS.

“My faithful and good servants, seeing that it has been the will of God to visit me with much adversity, and now with this rigorous imprisonment and banishment of you my servants from me, I render thanks to the same God who has given me strength and patience to endure it, and pray this good God that He will give you the like grace, and that you will be consoled, since your banishment is for the good service you have performed for me, your princess and mistress, for at least you will be greatly honoured for having given so good proof of your fidelity at such a time of need; and when it shall please the good God to restore me to liberty, I shall never be wanting to any of you, but will recompense you all according to my ability. For the present I have written to my ambassador for your sustenance, not having it in my power to do better for you as I could wish. And now at your departing, I charge you all, in the name of God, and for my blessing, that you be good servants of God, and not to murmur against Him for any affliction that may befall you, for thus He visits his own. I recommend to you the faith in which you have been baptized and instructed in my company, having remembrance that out of the ark of Noe there is no safety; and even as you made no profession of service to any other princess than me alone, so I beseech you make confession with me of one God, one faith, one Catholic Church, as the greater number of you have already done. And especially you who have been newly recalled from your errors, seek to be more perfectly instructed and grounded in the faith, and pray God to give you constancy in the same, for to such God will never deny His grace. And for you, Master John

¹ Labanoff, vol. iii. p. 76.

Gordon and William Douglas, I implore God, by his Holy Spirit, to inspire your hearts with that in which I could not more prevail.

“Secondly, I command you that ye live in friendship and holy charity with one another, and now being separated from me, that you mutually assist each other from the means and graces that God has given you, and, above all, pray to God for me. Make my very affectionate commendations to the French ambassador in London, and make known to him the state in which I am. And in France present my humble remembrances to all my uncles and friends, and particularly to Madam my grandmother, and that some one of you will go to see her on my part. Entreat my uncles to make very urgent suit to the King, the Queen, and Monsieur, to succour my poor subjects in Scotland; and if I die here, to take my son and my friends into the same protection as myself, according to the ancient league of France with Scotland. Make my commendations to my lords of Fleming and Glasgow, to George Douglas, and to all my good subjects. Tell them they are to be of good courage, and not to be paralyzed by my adversity, and that they must every one do the best they can to solicit of all princes aid for our party without regarding me, for I am content to endure all sorts of afflictions and sufferings, even unto death, for the liberty of my country. If I die I shall only regret not having the means to recompense their services and the troubles they have endured in my quarrel; but I hope, if it should be so, that God will not leave them unrewarded, and will make my son and the Catholic princes, my friends and allies, take them under their protection. If Lord Seton wants to have tidings of me, send him the copy of this letter.

“Finally, if I have not been so good a mistress to you as your necessities required, God is my witness that the good-will has never been wanting in me, but the means; and if I have seemed sharp in my reproofs to any of you, God knows that it has been with the intention of doing you good, not from any want of affection. I pray you to console yourselves in God. And you, William Douglas, be assured that the life you hazarded for mine will never be neglected while I have a friend living. “Do not part company till you are at the Court of France, but go all together to seek my ambassador there, and declare to him all you have seen and heard of me and mine.

“I pray God from the depths of an afflicted heart to be according to His infinite mercy the protector of my country and of my faithful subjects, and that He will pardon those who have committed so many outrages against me, and move their hearts to a prompt penitence, and that He will give you all His grace, and to me also, that we may conform ourselves to his pleasure.

“Written in prison, in the Castle of Sheffield, the 18 of September 1571-2.

"If you can keep this letter, carry it to Monsieur de Glasgow as a testimonial that your services have been agreeable to me.

"Your good and favourable mistress,

"MARIE R."¹

Elizabeth had desired that Lord and Lady Livingston might be used favourably, and granted commodity to depart at their pleasure; meaning that they were not to be thrust out on the wide world with such inhuman haste as the others. This indulgence was fortunate for Lady Livingston, who, since her return to her royal mistress after her visit to Scotland, had been attacked with a serious illness. "Lady Livingston," writes Shrewsbury, "remains still sick here, as she hath been this eight weeks, not able to travel. I desire to know her Majesty's pleasure about her, for she is not of the number appointed, because she meaneth to depart hence so soon as she is able to travel."

Mary wrote an earnest and pathetic remonstrance to Elizabeth, protesting against this cruel separation from her attached servants, intending to send it by Lord Livingston, accrediting him to explain her conduct from first to last, fondly imagining that the testimony of a Protestant nobleman of his high rank and unsullied honour would have due weight with a Sovereign of the Reformed faith; but when her letter was ready and sealed, Shrewsbury told her that Lord Livingston could not be allowed to leave the Castle. She then opened her letter, added a postscript complaining of this additional grievance, and handing it to Shrewsbury, begged him to forward it himself.

Lord Livingston was finally allowed to depart with the other expelled members of Queen Mary's household band from Sheffield Castle, and she accredited him as her envoy to the King of France, to explain the manner in which she and her servants had been treated, and to solicit the intervention of her brother-in-law in her behalf. In her letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow, of the 19th of September, she says:

"Lord Livingston will tell you how he left me. Assist him to speak to the King according to his instructions, and speak boldly, for my life is in danger if he does not declare himself against this Queen who treats me thus. She has sent to summon my faithful subjects by a herald (as I am informed) to submit to the authority pretended to be in the name of my son; in other words, to her pleasure and obedience, otherwise she will invade them with fire and sword. Since then I will no longer allow myself to be deceived by her fair words and dissimulations, nor allow her to take her footing in my realm as she hath done." "Give orders that money be sent to Scotland according to my previous instructions, by means of the merchants, and that it be enough, and to me also, for I have none left."²

She expresses alarm lest a packet of his letters which she had not re-

¹ Labanoff, vol. iii. pp. 378-381.

² *Ibid.*, vol. iii. p. 382.

ceived should have fallen into Elizabeth's hands, especially as M. de Foix, a previous French ambassador, had just arrived at the Court of England, to whom La Mothe Fénelon had unadvisedly confided a copy of her two last ciphers. De Foix had actually communicated these ciphers to Burleigh, and Elizabeth had been much irritated by the decipherment of an intercepted letter, in which Mary had not only commented on the perfidy practised towards herself, but made some sarcastic observations on the matrimonial treaty between Elizabeth and the Duke of Anjou. La Mothe Fénelon, greatly annoyed at this breach of faith in his countryman and brother diplomatist, apprised Mary of what had occurred, advised her never to use that cipher again, and reminded her of the intrigues de Foix had formerly practised against her with the Earl of Arran.¹

Mary mentions her noble young Protestant friend, John Gordon, whose reconciliation with the Church of Rome she much desired. She was more zealot than wise in this, for he was employing his pen warmly in her behalf, and one literary champion of the Reformed faith was calculated to have more influence in her favour than an army of panegyrists of her own religion. "Master John Gordon has told me," writes she, "that he owes some money over there [in Paris], which he will be constrained to pay immediately. I pray you to advance a year of his pension, which is two hundred francs."² It certainly was not for the lucre of gain that this accomplished young gentleman attached himself to the cause of his captive Sovereign, shared her English prisons, and devoted his time and talents to her service, even so far as to tilt a literary lance in her defence against her formidable adversary John Knox.

After several weeks' silence, Mary wrote to Elizabeth, complaining of the harsh usage to which she had been subjected, and concludes her sad and passionate supplications with the following burst of maternal affection:—

"I have yet another request to make, of small importance to you, but which would be a source of infinite consolation to me. It is, that you will please to have pity on a desolate mother, from whose arms an only child, her sole joy and hope of happiness in this world, has been torn, and permit me to write open letters, at least, to make inquiries touching his real state, and remind him of his afflicted mother, who might receive some comfort in being assured of his health. I might then remind him of his duty to God and to me, without which no human favour can profit him. If these requests are accorded, I will endeavour to dispose my-

¹ Labanoff, vol. iii. p. 367. De Foix's reports are frequently quoted by writers who take unfavourable views of Mary's character; but it is apparent, from his

treacherous proceedings against her, that he wrote under the influence of strong prejudice.

² *Ibid.*, vol. iii. p. 384.

self to receive, without murmuring, life or death, or whatsoever it may please God to send me from your hands."¹

Mary's condition was not improved by her passionate appeals to Elizabeth, for on the 9th of November she writes thus to La Mothe Fénelon :—

"My people are not allowed to approach the castle gates, and the Earl of Shrewsbury's servants are forbidden to speak to mine. The complaint that this Queen made to you by Burleigh, has been followed by fresh outrages and menaces to me. I am shut up within my chamber, of which they even intend to block up the windows, and to make a door, to give them power to enter when I shall be asleep, not allowing any of my people to come near me but footmen; and I am deprived of the rest of my servants. She has made known to me that this usage will only end with my life, after having made me languish so cruelly." "The Earl of Shrewsbury, as a great favour, the other day told me he would lead me on the leads of this house to take the air. I was with him there about an hour, and, in the course of conversation, he intimated that I was going to be sent back and put into the hands of my rebels. He spoke plainly of associating my son in my government."²

The news of the brilliant victory of Lepanto, won by the brave candidate for Mary's hand, Don John of Austria, on the 7th of the preceding month reached the royal captive in her sternly guarded prison at Sheffield, and gladdened her desolate heart, for she writes to La Mothe Fénelon on the 13th of November: "I have praised God, and will praise Him infinitely, for this happy victory, which it has pleased Him to grant the Christian armament over the Turk."³ Meantime her personal prospects appeared daily involved in deeper gloom. Lesley, Bishop of Ross, was lodged in the Tower, and underwent very sharp examinations from

¹ Mary to Elizabeth from Sheffield, 29th Oct. 1571—Labanoff, vol. ii. pp. 389, 390.

² The fate of this confidential communication is testified by its decipherment being endorsed in Lord Burleigh's hand; "7 November 1571. The Scottes Quenes letters to ye F^r Ambass^r intercepted at Sheffield."

³ The Turks had made a marauding voyage along the coasts of southern Europe, perpetrating frightful atrocities on the flourishing sea-board cities of Italy. All Christendom was panic-stricken, and every State that had been aggrieved by the cruel barbarians, furnished a quota of galleys, which they put under the command of the young hero Don John of Austria;—Colonna commanding the Pope's galleys, Andria Doria the Genoese, and Venerini those of Venice, Don John of Austria being generalissimo of the united Christian fleets.—Near the classical Corinth, October 7th, 1571, the predatory Turkish fleet came out of the little strong bay of Lepanto, scorning the mighty iron chain which would have defended them from

the attacks of the Christian naval powers. Don John of Austria was rowed by Turkish galley-slaves, while the cruel Admiral Bassa Ali, brother-in-law of Selim II., was driven over the waves by the exertions of Christian galley-slaves. Three hours the terrible conflict continued, till Don John, overcoming the Turkish Admiral when boarding him, took him prisoner, and having his head struck off in the midst of the fight, hoisted it on his flag-staff. Those who know anything of the atrocities of this barbarian will not blame him. One hundred and thirty Turkish war-galleys were taken by Don John, who was severely wounded. But Europe was saved, and the name of the young hero resounded on all sides. He returned to Messina, the rendezvous of the allied fleets, and anthems were sung, and sermons of thanksgiving were preached, all over delivered Europe, from the text, "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John." The hero and deliverer of southern Europe was proud of being reckoned the suitor of the captive and calumniated Mary Stuart.

the Privy Council on the subject of her correspondence with Norfolk and the Duke of Alva. He assumed a high tone at first, insisting on the inviolability of his office as an ambassador; but being menaced with the rack, he consented to answer, and his replies were considered to supply additional evidence against both the Duke and his captive Sovereign.

The era was replete with horror. A committee of the Privy Council attended day and night in the Tower for upwards of a fortnight, to superintend the rackings of the Duke's unfortunate household, who were severely tortured by Elizabeth's express order. At last Sir Thomas Smith wrote to Burleigh, begging release from the diabolical office of tormentor. "I suppose," he says, "we have gotten as much as is to be had; yet to-morrow do we intend to bring a couple of them on the rack, not in hope to get anything worthy of that pain or fear, but *because it is so earnestly commanded unto us.*"¹

Mary was now rigorously confined to her own chamber at Sheffield Castle, none of the few officers of her household who yet remained were permitted to approach her, and only one or two of her ladies; and though she became seriously ill, her physician, M. Castellaune, was not allowed access to her till a warrant could be obtained from Burleigh, licensing him to hold conference with her in private. Then there were no medicines in the castle for him to make up his prescriptions, and none could be obtained nearer than London. He wrote to Burleigh imploring for a supply of what was necessary, but no answer was returned; then to the French ambassador, to beg drugs and cordials for her use, but his letter was intercepted, and never reached the party to whom it was addressed, and she remained in a state of suffering from day to day, growing rapidly worse, and vainly expecting the desired medicaments, from which she hoped to derive relief.²

While stealthily penning a melancholy little billet to La Mothe Fénelon, Mary was interrupted by the entrance of Bateman, one of the government officials in the Castle, who had just returned from the Court. She had made him the bearer of a letter to Elizabeth, requesting the indulgence of a priest to administer religious consolation and the sacraments of her Church to her in her sickness, but he brought her instead a copy of the octavo edition in Latin of Buchanan's indecent libel on herself, which had just been anonymously printed in London with a new title-page, setting forth the slanderous accusations with which he had stigmatized her in the coarsest terms. Mary declared "that Bateman dared not have shown it to her unless he had had express orders to do so." She wrote to La Mothe Fénelon to ask the King her brother-in-law to remonstrate against so great an outrage on her, and to demand that the Queen of England should inflict condign punishment on the

Lodge's Illustrations, vol. i. 512—Murdin's State Papers, 95.

² Labanoff.

authors, printers, and publishers of such books. "I require also," continues Mary, "my good brother to permit in his realm (where I have friends and relations desirous of information in all that touches me) that the books made for my just defence, already printed or to be printed, may be freely published, that truth may be opposed to imposture and falsehood, with so many manifest and indubitable proofs, that there shall be no lack of persons of honour and reputation who will acknowledge them [the books in her vindication], by the testimony of their names, since the ill-will can no longer be dissembled of those who, up to the present hour, have procured me so many troubles and afflictions." Of these, the insult of which she complains was surely not the least bitter, though she speaks of the injurious publication, to which her attention had just been called, with the calm contempt it merited, as "the defamatory book of an atheist." The friendly ambassador failed not to demand, in his Sovereign's name, the suppression of Buchanan's libel on Queen Mary; but though the translation had been made by Dr Wilson, the Master of the Rolls, under the superintendence of Cecil, and was dedicated to herself, and published in London under her express patronage, Elizabeth pretended that it was printed in Scotland, and that she had nothing to do with it.

A letter being delivered to Mary by the Earl of Shrewsbury, written by the Bishop of Ross from his prison in the Tower, she, suspecting that he had been forced to write it by Burleigh in order to entrap her into committing herself in her reply, answered in the style royal by the pen of an amanuensis, "that she had received a letter which appeared to be his handwriting, but would remit showing him her mind, on the points it contained, to a more convenient time than during their restraint in prison," sarcastically observing, "that his letter reminded her of Isaac's saying, 'It is Esau's hands, but Jacob's voice;' for though she recognized the draughts of his pen, she could not tell who was the inditer of his matter."¹ Aware that her letter would be read by Queen and Council, she framed it for that very purpose, by expressing her desire for better treatment, stating "that she had been restrained for the last ten weeks within the bounds of her chamber, which, considering her malady, was to the danger of her life. But when it pleased God she left the same, it should be with the constancy of a good Christian, and a Queen descended of such noble blood. Praising God that albeit men had power over her life, they should have none to deprive her by detractions and impostures of the reward and honour due to those who live and die well and generously, rejoicing to depart out of this false world with a free conscience, leaving, she thanks God, a son and heir to succeed her."

Mary gained nothing by her manifestations of royal spirit, save the

¹ Mary Stuart to the Bishop of Ross, Sheffield, the 22nd of November, 1571—*Labanoff*, vol. iv.

imprudent satisfaction of acquainting her powerful adversaries with her opinion of their principles. By so doing she gave them additional motives for persevering in the cruel policy they were pursuing in regard to her. Her arch-enemy Burleigh writes exultingly to Walsingham on the 7th of December: "Sir Thomas Smith can tell you how straitly the Queen of Scots is kept, having now but ten persons of her own of all sorts. She pretendeth a great fear of her life, and craveth a ghostly father, being Catholic. He can tell you that the Queen's Majesty hath plainly notified to the States of Scotland that she will never suffer the Scottish Queen to resume the government of Scotland, and we are in hand to accommodate between Lethington and Grange.

The alarming state of Mary's health at this time induced her anxious physician, Dr Castellaune, to write again to Burleigh, reiterating his previous unnoticed report of her sufferings from the deprivation of air and exercise, and the want of proper medicines, mentioning also the fact that he had been reduced to beg for a supply of such things as he judged necessary for her from the French ambassador,—a fact truly disgraceful to the English Queen and her Council.

Dr Castellaune's report of the ininical effect the restraints to which Mary was subjected had produced on her health, wrought no amelioration in her condition, for Elizabeth, even if permitted by her premier to see the letter, was too much exasperated against her unfortunate captive to vouchsafe the slightest indulgence at that period. Mary's death was so earnestly desired by her and her ministers, that medicines continued to be withheld, and air and exercise denied, apparently for the purpose of bringing her life quietly to a premature termination. Mary had, however, a singular capacity for enduring sufferings both of mind and body, and a tenacity of life truly remarkable under circumstances so trying. The outpouring of her sorrowful and indignant feelings in her eloquent and impassioned letters probably acted as safety-valves, by relieving her oppressed heart of a portion of its burthen.

Mary had given her presence to the prayers and sermons that were daily made before the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury by their family chaplain in the hall, in like manner as she had previously done at Bolton Castle; but after the forcible expulsion of her faithful servants, Protestants as well as Catholics, she refused to do so any more. Nearly three years of almost constant attendance at the domestic worship of the Reformed Church, having given great offence to the princes of her own faith, she subsequently entered into an explanation of her conduct, by stating that she was persuaded to do so by some of the nobles of her own realm, who had accompanied her to England, and considered it desirable for her to conciliate the Protestants, by proving that she did not hold their doctrine in the horror that had been reported.

She did not discontinue her attendance at the daily Protestant services,

as was reported, at the breaking out of the Northern rebellion, nor even when she found herself deluded by captive negotiations ; but when she was told she would not be allowed to pass out of her chamber except to go into the hall to hear the prayers, she indignantly refused to do so any more.”¹

Sir Ralph Sadler arrived at Sheffield Castle on the 28th of December, to keep guard over Mary in the absence of the Earl of Shrewsbury, who was summoned to London to preside as Lord High Steward at the Duke of Norfolk's trial. Mary's demeanour at this distressing period is thus described by her new keeper, her earliest diplomatic foe : “ All this last week this Queen did not once look out of her chamber, hearing that the Duke of Norfolk stood upon his arraignment and trial. And my presence is such a trouble to her, that unless she come out of her chamber, I come but little at her ; but my Lady Shrewsbury is seldom from her ; and for my part I have not, since my coming hither, so behaved myself towards her as might justly give occasion to any such misliking of me, though, indeed, I should not rejoice at all of it if she had me in better liking.”

Norfolk was found guilty of high treason, on the evidence extracted by the rack from his unfortunate servants, the admissions of the Bishop of Ross, and the copies of the ciphered letters from the Queen of Scots, which had been preserved by Higford, and he was sentenced to death. The intelligence, being forwarded to Sadler by an express, was immediately communicated by him to the Countess of Shrewsbury, that she might declare it to the captive Queen ; but as he had announced it previously to some of the gentlemen in the house, it reached Mary first through some of her own people. She was in the first agony of her grief when the Countess, entering, “ found her all be-wept and mourning,” and with little regard to delicacy, bluntly inquired, “ what ailed her ? ” Mary sorrowfully replied, “ that she knew her ladyship could not be ignorant of the cause, and how deeply she must be grieved for the trouble of her friends, who fared the worse for her sake ; ” adding, “ that she feared the Duke of Norfolk fared the worse for what she had lately written to Queen Elizabeth.” “ Being answered by my lady,” continues Sadler, “ that she might be sure that whatsoever she had written to the Queen's Majesty could do the Duke neither good nor harm touching his condemnation ; so if his offences and treason had not been great, and plainly proved against him, those noblemen who sat on his trial would not, for all the good on earth, have condemned him.” The Queen therefore, with mourning, then became silent, and had no will to talk more on the subject. Elizabeth, for the present, contented herself with addressing a cruel letter to the sick and broken-hearted captive, taunting her “ with impatience and ingratitude for the signal benefits she had conferred upon her, and referring her for a list of these, together with a

¹ Labanoff, vol. iv.

catalogue of her offences, to a memorial which the Earl of Shrewsbury was instructed to read to her."

Mary listened with lively indignation and surprise to the recital of the offences imputed to her, and the favours of which she was alleged to be the unthankful recipient, and requested Shrewsbury "to give her a copy of the memorial, that she might make a suitable reply in writing." Elizabeth, not wishing for an answer, had ordered him by no means to supply her with a copy.¹ Mary then answered it from memory, point by point; and it is to be regretted that her pungent retort on her boastful accuser cannot be inserted at full length. The remarkable fact must, however, be noticed, that Elizabeth declared "that Mary was under signal obligations to her for refusing the Crown of Scotland, when proffered to her acceptance by the subjects of that realm, in token of their respect." To which Mary replied with a sarcastic apology, "that her thanks were yet unpaid, since it was the first word she had heard of such a circumstance, not being before aware that the practices between her rebellious subjects and the Queen of England had amounted to negotiations like that: if it were so, they had never acknowledged it; and she thought that, when she or her son should tax them with it, they would deny it." She reproaches Elizabeth, "for assisting with all her puissance those who, by her own testimony, had been guilty of so great a violation of their duty to their native Sovereign, and that, knowing what manner of men they were, she should have adopted their calumnies." Among the numerous benefits Elizabeth insisted she had conferred on Mary, were her deliverance, when in Lochleven Castle, from an ignominious death; her hospitable entertainment in the house of a great nobleman and the expenses of her detention in England. Mary replied: "That she praised God who had preserved her from doing anything worthy of such a death. She attributed her miraculous deliverance from the cruel hands of her inhuman rebels to Him; and after Him her gratitude was due to the King of France, who, by rich gifts, promises, and threats of vengeance, had deterred the Earl of Moray from her slaughter. That Elizabeth's friendly offices had been confined to sending Throckmorton to visit her, whose refusal of access had not been resented; that he had written to her, 'advising her to save her life, by signing whatever was required of her, for it could not prejudice her;' yet the Queen of England had not in the least assisted her in requiring the nullification of the injurious consequences which had resulted to her from following his counsel." "The alleged obligation for saving her life," she observed, "even if true, must surely be considered cancelled by the agreement the Queen of England had made with the Earl of Moray, a little before his death, to send her back to Scotland, and deliver her into his hands, and afterwards with the

¹ Reply of the Queen of Scots to Elizabeth's Memorial, February 14, 1571-72—Labanoff, vol. iv. pp. 17—41.

Earl of Lennox, to the same effect ; and what further was intended, she left to God and her said good sister. As for her imprisonment, for she could give it no other name, having been with her attendants enclosed for the last five months between four walls, without liberty to stir abroad, or write letters, or receive them from relations, subjects, or friends, she could not regard it as a benefit. She did not, indeed, deny that she was, as the Queen of England stated, in the house of a noble lord ; but those who are detained forcibly, even in the palaces of kings, cannot be considered otherwise than prisoners. The expense caused by her detention, with which the Queen, her good sister, had taunted her, was confined to feeding her and her attendants ; and as these were now reduced to sixteen, she did not think it could merit such great reproach. Everything, but the food, she paid for herself, as long as her servants were allowed to go and lay out her money ; but since such strict restraint had been imposed, she had even suffered the privation of absolute necessaries. Moreover, life was dearly purchased at the price of liberty, the destruction of health, and the ruin of her affairs ; and, at the cost of these, she hopes she shall not be constrained to eat longer of the bread of the Queen of England against her will."

"Among the tokens of friendship received from the Queen of England, there was one her good sister had forgotten to mention," Mary sarcastically observes—namely, the ring she had been pleased to send, with promise of employing her power to the utmost to succour her in any time of need, if sent to her again, in sign thereof, and adding, "That the Queen of England had since received the ring from the hands of the late Beton, and that on the faith of the assurances which accompanied that pledge, she had entered her realm."

Notwithstanding the vigilance with which Mary and her attendants were watched, and the rigorous nature of their imprisonment, she still persisted in attempting to carry on her correspondence with her friends and allies, and, as usual, with dangerous results to herself. A packet of her letters in cipher was discovered hidden under a stone, in readiness to have been taken away by some secret confederate without the Castle. Shrewsbury sent them up immediately to Burleigh, who in his letter of 4th March gives the following account of them : "One was from that Queen to the Duke of Alva. Another was to Grange and Lethington, to confirm them to stand fast and to expect money from the Duke of Alva by the Lord Seton." Mary's correspondence with Alva and Philip II. proved, as might have been supposed, very injurious to her cause with her royal French kindred. The facts were cleverly pressed on the attention of the King and Queen-mother by Sir Thomas Smith and Walsingham, the English ambassadors at Paris.

Elizabeth was daily assailed by her ministers with representations of

the dangers to which herself and the Reformed Church were exposed from Mary's partisans both at home and abroad; exhorted in the words of Knox, "to apply the axe to the root of the evil;" and assured "that, till the Scottish Queen was dead, neither her Crown nor her life could be in security." Credit is due to her for the firmness with which she resisted these subtle temptations. "Can I," she exclaimed, with a burst of generous feeling, "put to death the bird that, to escape the pursuit of the hawk, has fled to my feet for protection? Honour and conscience forbid!"¹ Her reluctance to shed the blood of Norfolk was testified by the fact of her repeated revocations of his death-warrant. In order to put an end to her mental struggles, Burleigh, who had gone too far to recede, summoned a Parliament, and carefully prepared the minds of an unreflecting majority, by the circulation of the translation which he had himself assisted Wilson in making, of Buchanan's slanderous libel against Mary, together with copies of the supposititious letters and other papers tending to her defamation, and endeavouring to prove from Scripture that it was a lawful and godly deed to send her to the scaffold. Worked up by these stimulants to the proper climax of political and religious antagonism, the Commons presented a petition to the Queen, containing three requests: First, that she would put the Queen of Scots to death;² next, that it should be accounted matter of treason in any person to advocate her title to the Crown of England; lastly, to order the sentence that had been passed on the Duke of Norfolk to be carried into execution. Elizabeth refused the first and second requests, but, overborne by her ministers, acceded to the third. Norfolk was beheaded on the 2nd of June. When Shrewsbury announced the tragic tidings to Mary, she was overwhelmed with grief. The recital of the determined proceedings in Parliament against herself, Elizabeth's gracious intervention for the preservation of her, made little impression; but she declared "that the Duke of Norfolk had sealed with his blood the testimony of her innocence."³

A fortnight after the axe had fallen on her affianced lover, Mary was roused from the indulgence of the all-absorbing grief into which that event had plunged her, by the arrival of Lord Delawar, Sir Ralph Sadler, the Attorney-General Bromley, and her malignant libeller Dr Thomas Wilson, Master of the Rolls, at Sheffield Castle, with commission to accuse her of having committed various offences against their Sovereign lady and the laws of England. The royal captive received them in her sick chamber, unsupported by any of her Council; and having read the letter addressed to her by Elizabeth, as their credential, addressed them in these words: "We protest, as Queen of

¹ Lingard, vol. vi. p. 272.

² *Ibid.*, p. 273.

³ Camden—Memorials of the Howard Family, by the late Henry Howard, Esq., of Corby.

Scotland, a free and sovereign Princess, that we will not submit us to the jurisdiction of the Queen of England nor any other, nor yet recognize any deputies sent towards us by our said good sister, otherwise than as one free Prince is accustomed to do to another." The deputies made recital to her of the articles with which they were instructed to charge her, commencing with the oft-discussed offence of "her assuming the arms and title of Queen of England—of treating of a marriage with Norfolk without acquainting the Queen Elizabeth, and practising with her ministers for his deliverance out of the Tower. Raising a rebellion in the North—relieving notorious rebels in Scotland and Flanders—seeking foreign aid from the Pope, the Spaniard, and others, by Ridolphi, in order to invade England—conspiring with English subjects to free her out of prison, and declare her Queen of England—that she had received letters from the Pope, wherein he had promised to cherish her as a hen doth her chickens—and that she had procured the Pope's Bull deposing the Queen, and permitted her friends in foreign parts to style her Queen of England." Mary answered, with a calm and settled countenance: "In regard to the assumption of the arms and title, she acknowledged such claim and pretence was made for her by the French King, her father-in-law, during the life of her late husband the King of France; but in respect to the coverture of her marriage and minority at the time, without any evil intention on her part,—that she had discontinued it after her husband's death, and had always been ready and willing to renounce all claim to the Crown of England during the life of Queen Elizabeth and her children. Her treaty of marriage with the Duke of Norfolk was not intended to the prejudice of the Queen of England, though she could not deny persevering in it, having given her faith to him." She denied procuring the Bull against the Queen of England, and declared "that when a copy of it was brought to her, she ordered it to be burned." She freely acknowledged "listening to various projects for the recovery of her liberty, as was most natural, though she denied having originated any of the plans for that purpose. She knew nothing," she said, "of the proceedings of her friends and well-wishers, beyond seas, in styling her 'the rightful Queen of England,' but sure she was it had never been done by her procurement." She concluded by reiterating her request to be heard, in answer to the charges against her, "by the assembled Parliament of England, in the presence of the Queen her good sister."¹

The Commissioners took notes in writing of Mary's replies, which were delivered verbally and at much greater length. She remonstrated "that they had rendered her sentences imperfect, and obscured the sense and full meaning she desired to convey, by the manner in which they had made their abstract of her answers;" they replied, "they were acting ac-

¹ Labanoff, vol. iv. pp. 199-202.

cording to their instructions, by which they were bound." "Then," observed she, "there is the greater reason that I should be heard by your Queen herself, and her Estates assembled in Parliament."¹ It is asserted that Leicester's influence with his royal mistress was successfully exerted on these occasions in Mary's behalf. If so, it proceeded from his renewed hopes (as Hatton had superseded him in Elizabeth's favour, and she was listening to a matrimonial suit from the Duke of Alençon) of winning the heiress-presumptive of the Britannic Empire for his wife, now Norfolk was in the grave.

About this time Lesley, Bishop of Ross, was transferred from the Tower of London to Farnham Castle, in Surrey, where he was consigned to the keeping of the Bishop of Winchester as a prisoner of state. Although his confinement was very strict, he regarded it as a most blessed change, and declares he was very honourably used by that prelate, notwithstanding the difference of their creeds. He obtained permission to send a letter to his captive Sovereign, acquainting her with his release from the Tower, and also sent her a book of devout meditations, in Latin, written by him during his incarceration there. Mary wrote in reply, from Sheffield Castle, thanking him for his book, which she assured him had afforded great consolation to her afflicted mind.²

The distressing tidings were next announced to her that the Earl of Northumberland had been sold by Morton to the English Government, and beheaded for high treason, without a trial, at York. The blow her cause sustained in consequence of the death, exile, and ruin of the great English nobles by whom it had been supported, was severe; but her worst misfortune was the implication of her kinsmen of the house of Guise in the atrocious massacre of St Bartholomew, which occurred at Paris, August 24th, two days after the execution of the Earl of Northumberland at York. Though the inciter of that crime was her atheistical and ever-inimical mother-in-law, Catherine de Medicis, who had hitherto rejoiced in the popular title of "the Protestant Queen," the forlorn and powerless captive, Mary Stuart, confined, as she was, within the four walls of her English prison-chamber, was doomed most unjustly to suffer in consequence a terrible revulsion of public opinion, which had previously been in her favour. The fulminations of John Knox against the Guisian blood were no longer attributed to bigotry or the blindness of polemic and political prejudice, but invested with the dignity of prophetic wisdom. Protestants naturally took the alarm at the prospect of a princess connected with that house, and professing the same faith, succeeding to the English throne. The fires of Smithfield were in fancy rekindled—the name of Mary was considered ominous—a fever of loyalty to Elizabeth was attended with feelings of antagonism to her Roman Catholic rival, on whom the reproach of the slaughter of the Huguenot martyrs of Paris

¹ Labanoff, vol. iv. p. 56.

² Lesley's Negotiations.

was now most unjustly charged, in addition to the black list of personal crimes imputed to her by the usurpers of her realm. Burleigh took occasion to exhort his Sovereign to provide for her own security, and that of her realm, by removing her dangerous rival; and the Bishop of London proposed in plain words "forthwith to cut off the Scottish Queen's head."¹

The opportunity was indeed favourable, but Elizabeth shrank from the responsibility of shedding that kindred royal blood on a scaffold. She desired to be ridded of her unfortunate rival, but by means that would shift the odium of the deed on her ready tools, the rebel lords of Scotland. Burleigh's nephew, Killigrew, was the envoy selected for renewing with the Regent Mar the treaty for sending Mary back to Scotland, to be put to death there, after the mockery of a judicial process—a treaty which had been successively agreed to by the Earls of Moray and Lennox, and rendered abortive by their untimely and violent deaths. The assertions of an historian are sometimes doubted, and frequently cavilled at, when opposed to the vulgar errors of prejudice; therefore it is desirable to place before the reader the following passage from the secret instructions delivered to Killigrew on this occasion, and which still exist in Burleigh's own hand:—

"It is found daily more and more, that the continuance of the Queen of Scots here is so dangerous, both for the person of the Queen's Majesty and for her state and realm, as nothing presently is more necessary than that the realm might be delivered of her; and though by justice this might be done in this realm, yet for certain respects it seemeth better that she be sent into Scotland, to be delivered to the Regent and his party, so as it may be by some good means wrought that they themselves would secretly require it, and that good assurance may be given that, as they have heretofore many times, specially in the time of the Queen's former Regents, offered, so they would without fail proceed with her by way of justice, so as neither that realm nor this should be endangered by her hereafter; for otherwise to have her and to keep her were of all others most dangerous."

And here, for the sake of perspicuity, it is necessary to explain that the persons described by the English premier as "the Queen's former Regents," were the Earls of Moray and Lennox, and that the Queen, whom these patriot Scots had successively served in that capacity, was the Sovereign of England, with whom they had confederated for the deposition of their own, and privily entered into a base covenant to consummate their treasons by a cold-blooded act of regicide.

Hostages were, in fact, to be given that Mary should be brought to trial and executed within four hours after her consignment by the English authorities to the rebel lords within her own realm.² "We have sent Killigrew this day to Scotland," writes Burleigh to Shrewsbury

¹ Ellis, 2nd Series, iii. 25.

² Letters from Killigrew to Burleigh and Leicester. Cotton. Lib. Calig. C. iii. f. 375.

on the 7th of September, ominously adding in reference to Mary, "All men now cry out of your prisoner. The will of God be done."¹ But the will of the all-just and merciful Controller of the designs of wicked men was not that the forlorn captive should perish by this nefarious confederacy for her destruction. Her probation was not finished, for she had yet to be perfected, through a lengthened term of earthly sufferings, for a brighter inheritance than the thorny diadem of Scotland. She had been twice preserved within the last two years from the cruel hands that sought her unprotected life, by the awful sudden summons, first of her ungrateful brother Moray, and then of her guilty father-in-law Lennox, to give account for their deeds at a higher tribunal than that which they were successively preparing to erect in order to pronounce a lawless doom on her.

Morton was the governing power who had ruled each succeeding Regent, and he assured Killigrew, "that if Mar hesitated to go the lengths required, it should be executed without him." All the military power and all the ready money in Scotland were in his hands; yet he "expected that the Queen of England must be liberal and effective in her support." Killigrew replied, "that if indeed the Earl of Morton could give some good security for the performance of *the great matter*," for so the destruction of Mary was mysteriously termed in their negotiation, "then he might safely reckon on the Queen of England for the satisfaction of all his wishes." Morton was at that time sick nearly unto death, but the unhallowed conferences for the murder of her who had twice given him his forfeit-life, and restored his confiscated estates, were held by his bed-side at Dalkeith. It was there that Killigrew, on the 9th of October, met and discussed the business with the Regent Mar, who, to his eternal infamy, agreed with Morton in declaring, "that it would be the best and only way to end all troubles in both realms."² Desirous, however, of reaping some pecuniary benefit in reward for undertaking the office of hangmen for Queen Elizabeth, they coolly proposed that her Majesty should pay the same sum to them she was accustomed to expend annually in the keeping of their unfortunate Sovereign in England. In reply to this suggestion, Killigrew drily observed, "that if they did not think the business profitable to them, he would not move his pen farther towards its accomplishment." Then Morton, raising himself in his bed, declared, "that both my Lord Regent and he did desire it as a sovereign salve for all their sores, but it could not be done without some manner of ceremony, and a kind of process whereunto the noblemen must be called after a *secret* manner, and the clergy likewise. Also, that it would be requisite for her Majesty [Queen Elizabeth] to send such a convoy with the party,"³ meaning the royal victim, whose immolation

¹ Lodge, i. 548.

² Tytler's History of Scotland, vol. vii. pp. 314—317.

³ Ibid.

they were thus contriving, "that, in case there were people"—well did the subtle traitor know the real feelings of the true hearts of Scotland towards their injured Queen—"that would not like it, they," her intended murderers, "might be able to keep the field." He further added, "that if they could bring the nobility [alluding to those of the usurping faction] to consent, as he hoped they would, they would not keep the prisoner alive three hours after entering within the bounds of Scotland."¹ Killigrew, desirous of clinching the business on the spot, inquired whether they would have him write to that effect. Mar faltered, and required time for consideration. He had been a churchman, and Mary's tutor, and from the time when the fair royal child was brought for refuge to his priory at Inchmahome, they had never been separated till her marriage with the Dauphin. For he had accompanied her to France, been her personal instructor, and seen her grow up from infancy to early womanhood in endearing domestication with himself. Dearly had she loved him, gratefully had she repaid his attention, fatally had she trusted him, though the brother of her father's mistress and the uncle of her aspiring brother Moray. Perhaps of all the traitors who betrayed their orphan Queen for English gold, calumniated and plotted against her life, Mar was the most inexcusable. He hesitated, it is true, when required to commit himself, by authorizing Killigrew to make the preliminary request to the English Queen for his royal pupil and Sovereign to be sent back to Scotland as a sheep to the slaughter, for, as Regent, the butcher's part and its responsibility must fall on him. Killigrew records "that he found him indeed more cold than Morton, yet seemed glad and desirous to have it come to pass."² Some of the confederates were of opinion that it could not safely be done without the meeting of a Parliament, but Killigrew would not listen to a proposal that gave the predestined victim the chance of an appeal to the sense of even the factious portion of the Estates of her realm.

"The Regent," writes Killigrew, "hath after a sort moved this matter to nine of the *best* of their party, to wit, that it were fit to make a humble request to the Queen's Majesty to have hither the cause of all their troubles, and to do, *etc.*"³ That convenient abbreviation, or, as Tytler in his pithy comment on Killigrew's letter terms it, "the emphatic 'to do, et ceteræ,'" comprehended the climax of the tragedy, by serving, as a cipher, to intimate the black deed which the English negotiator for Mary Stuart's murder shrank from naming in plain words, even to uncle Burleigh its originator. He proceeds, however, to certify the consent of the nine worthies whom the Regent had sounded, and that both the Regent and Morton would exert their utmost dexterity in the furtherance thereof. So finely had the quondam priest, Mar, played his

¹ Tytler's History of Scotland, vol. vii. pp. 314—317.

² Ibid

³ Ibid

game, that Killigrew actually suspected him of being deficient in diplomatic craft. "I perceive," observes he, "that the Regent's first coldness grew rather for want of skill to compass so great a matter, than for lack of goodwill to execute the same."

Mar intended to be well paid for becoming the executioner of the Queen of England's malice and selfish policy. Morton had received ten thousand pounds in gold for merely delivering up the Earl of Northumberland to the Captain of Berwick; but this was a deed attended with far greater responsibility than the betrayal of a fugitive English rebel, a crime of darker dye; it was woman-slaughter—regicide, withal, in its basest and most aggravated form, at the subornation and under the military support of a foreign Sovereign. The god of this world, Mammon, had blinded the Regent Mar to the danger as well as the turpitude of the project for Mary's murder. He was earnest to have some portion of the wages of his iniquity in advance, under the plea of "money to pay his soldiers." Killigrew, though an experienced trafficker with the secret-service men of England, was startled at the magnitude of the demands in the ultimatum delivered to him in Edinburgh, on the 26th of October, by the Abbot of Dunfermline. He objected to them as unreasonable, but forwarded the paper to Burleigh for his consideration. Before it was received in London, the murderous league was broken by the sudden death of the Regent, who was attacked with a violent and mysterious illness on the road to Stirling, after dining with Morton at Dalkeith. The doom of Mary Stuart had been, humanly speaking, sealed at that conference; but history is a continuous record of the fallacy of human calculations. Mar expired at Stirling on the 28th of October; his brother in iniquity, and political rival, Morton, who succeeded him in the regency, was suspected of having poisoned him during his late visit at Dalkeith. But from whatever cause it resulted, his death rendered the treaty for Mary's murder abortive.

There was an attempt to renew the negotiations for the same object with Morton; but though he amused Killigrew for several weeks with his artful diplomacy, he was too well aware of the real estimation in which Mary was held by her people to consent to her being brought back to her own realm. "Morton," to use the quaint but shrewd expression of his contemporary biographer, Hume of Godscroft, "was too old a cat to draw such a straw as that after him." Well did he know her death would not be tamely borne by patriotic descendants of men who had won their freedom, under the banner of her illustrious ancestor, at Bannockburn. Though thrice three thousand English spears were to cross the frontier to deliver her up to himself and his confederate traitors, yet would the gallant Scots of Buccleuch, the Kers of Fernyhirst, the Aytouns, Maxwells, and every other loyal Border clan, rush to the rescue of their lovely and beloved Queen, and save or perish with her.

Besides, his own share in Darnley's murder was too notorious for him to venture to provoke public inquiry, by proceeding against her on that accusation. It was an experiment too dangerous to be hazarded. No ! let the Queen of England keep or kill her hated kinswoman herself.

Burleigh, bitterly disappointed at the failure of the negotiation, wrote to his confederate Leicester: "I now see the Queen's Majesty hath no surety, but in doing as she hath been counselled."¹ "If her Majesty," pursues he, "will continue her delays for providing for her own safety by just means, given to her by God, she, and we all, shall vainly call upon God when the calamity shall fall upon us." The instructions which the godly writer addressed to the Earl of Shrewsbury a few weeks before, with regard to the victim of his astute policy, were to draw her into conversation on the subject of her English friends, stating that it was her Majesty's desire that he should tempt her patience so as to provoke her to answer somewhat.

Shrewsbury did not condescend to perform the serpentine part required of him by the all-powerful ruler of the councils of Queen Elizabeth. Suspicions had just before been infused into Elizabeth's jealous mind against Shrewsbury, by the report of his having allowed his friends access to the prison-chamber of his royal charge, as we find from the context of Burleigh's letter. "Her Majesty told me a while ago that a gentleman of my Lord of (I dare not name the party) coming to your lordship's house, was by your lordship asked, 'Whether he had seen the Queen of Scots or no?' and he said, 'No.' 'Then,' quoth your lordship, 'you shall see her anon.' Which offer her Majesty [Elizabeth] mislikes, and I said that 'I durst say it was not true in that matter.' I perceive that her Majesty would have that Queen kept very straitly from all conference, insomuch it is more likely that she shall be rather committed to ward [close prison] than have more liberty."²

Shrewsbury's reply to Burleigh's letter, though couched in the pitiless language he knew was expected of any one to whom the jailership of the hapless heiress of the realm was committed, is a melancholy record of the painful restraint in which she was doomed to pine away the meridian of her days. "This Queen," writes he, "remains still within these four walls in sure keeping, and these persons continue very quiet, thanked be God. She is much offended at my restraint from walking without the Castle; but for all her anger I will not suffer her to pass one of these gates until I have contrary commandment expressly from her Majesty; and though I was fully persuaded that my number of soldiers was sufficient for her safe keeping, yet have I thought good to increase the same with thirty soldiers, more for the terror of the evil disposed; and I have also given, and do keep, precise order, not only that no manner of con-

¹ Burleigh to Leicester, Nov. 2, 1572.—Cotton. MS. Caligula, C. iii. f. 386.

² Lodge, vol. i. p. 543.

ference shall be had with her, or any of hers, but also that no intelligence shall be brought to her, or any of hers." In another letter he says, "This Queen, as may appear, is so discontented, that she, having sundry times written unto the Queen's Majesty, is neither answered, nor suffered to receive out of France her money or other things needful for her use, as she cannot with good patience be contented to write to her Majesty at this time. She is, within a few days, become more melancholy than of long before, and complains of her wrongs and imprisonment, and for remedy thereof seems not to trust her Majesty, but altogether in foreign princes."

He next acquaints Burleigh with the wicked practices of three learned scholars, named Palmer, Falconer, and Skinner, who had the reputation of being conjurers, and were allied with certain mass priests and others in a plot for delivering the captive Scottish Queen out of his hands.¹ Matters of a less marvellous nature are communicated in the same letter, which, being personal to Mary, shall be recounted in his own words. "I have received the box and the books sent unto this Queen, with the letters from the French ambassador, conveyed all hither by Mr Randolph, which I have delivered unto her according to your letters, that came therewith, perceiving that in the box was contained a pair of beads of stone, a little book covered with black velvet, a cross of gold, and a letter from the Duchess of Guise. She said 'the box was opened, and that she wanted another book which she writ for.' But I did earnestly affirm to her, 'that neither was the box opened, nor anything lacking by means of your lordship.' Then she showed herself much grieved 'that anything should come unto Mr Randolph's hands that should be sent unto her.'

It is an amusing fact that Elizabeth was no less interested in obtaining a first peep of Mary's French fashions than her ministers were in penetrating the ciphered mysteries contained in the letters, addressed to the royal captive by her uncles and cousins of the house of Guise, and the Duke of Alva. Walsingham, in a subsequent letter to Mary's secretary, candidly acknowledges "that, in opening the coffers of the Queen of Scots, he found certain hoods, which so pleased certain ladies of his acquaintance, that he had taken the liberty to detain a couple."² Can any one believe that a cautious Secretary of State like Walsingham would have dared to admit his female friends to the opening of coffers intrusted to him by the French ambassador for transmission, by permission of his own Sovereign, to so important a prisoner of state as the anointed Sovereign of Scotland, Queen-Dowager of France, and next in blood to the royal succession of England? or that any lady whom he might thus rashly admit, save one, the all-powerful Elizabeth herself,

¹ Shrewsbury to Burleigh—Wright's Elizabeth, January 20, 1572.

² State Paper Office MS.

would be privileged by him, after inspecting the millinery of the captive Queen, to select such head-dresses as pleased her own fancy, and detain them from their royal owner? The fact speaks for itself, and is truly characteristic of the virgin Queen's passion for dress in all its varieties; and if Mary had not clearly understood the matter, she would not have failed to complain of the abstraction of her two hoods by Mr Secretary Walsingham. But not only did she submit to the larceny with a good grace, but took the hint, and acted upon it, by ordering the most costly and elegant hoods that could be devised in Paris for the express purpose of presenting them to the Queen of England. She netted also gold reseilles, and embroidered rare and beautiful articles of feminine decoration, in the hope of propitiating her.¹

A rumour that another project for the enfranchisement of the Queen of Scots, by stealing her away from the keeping of the Earl of Shrewsbury, was meditated by her secret friends, being communicated to him on the 1st of March, he wrote this emphatic declaration to Queen Elizabeth in reply: "I have her sure enough, and shall keep her forthcoming at your Majesty's commandment, either *quick* or *dead*, whatsoever she, or any for her, invent to the contrary; and as I have no doubt at all of her (aptitude in) stealing away from me, so if any forcible attempt be made for her, the *greatest peril* is sure to be hers."

Mary's uncle, Claude of Lorraine, the Duc d'Aumale, was slain that March by a cannon-ball at the siege of Rochelle, on which she makes this pathetic comment: "The news has been brought me, as current in London, of the death of my uncle, Monsieur d'Aumale. I am touched with afflictions from all sides. God, in His mercy, be my help! I know that he was born to die, and praise God that he has been pleased to call him while performing the duty he owed his King."²

Mary was permitted to receive letters from the French ambassador on the 25th of April, but they only increased her dejection, by informing her of the privations of the gallant defenders of Edinburgh Castle, and that her faithful friend, Lady Livingston, had been arrested on her return to Scotland, and was languishing in prison, although she was Protestant.³ The fact was about the same time announced by Burleigh to Shrewsbury, "that Queen Elizabeth had, after due deliberation, signified her pleasure that a Scotch boy, named Will Blake, might be admitted to wait on Queen Mary, provided Shrewsbury knew no cause to the contrary;" to which the noble Castellan replied, "that considering the said Will to be a painful drudge, unable to serve to other ends, he had admitted him into his house, and that his mistress rather disliked than liked his service."

¹ Labanoff.

² Mary to La Mothe Fénelon, April 11, 1573—Labanoff, vol. iv. p. 71.

³ The Statistical History of Scotland notes that both Lord and Lady Livingston died this year, but it gives no particulars of their deaths.

In the beginning of May, Shrewsbury, finding Sheffield Castle in so dilapidated a state as to require a thorough course of repair, took the liberty of removing himself, his family, and his royal charge to the Lodge in the Park,—a more salubrious and comfortable abode for them all. Burleigh's secretary, Dr Wilson, encountering Shrewsbury's son, Gilbert Talbot, at Court soon after, inquired "if it were true that his father had removed with his charge to the Lodge, and whether he had the consent of the Council?" Talbot replied, "that the removal was necessary in order to cleanse and sweeten the Castle." And on Wilson observing "that there had been a project for conveying that lady out of the Lodge," rejoined, "that the Earl, his father, took great heed to her, keeping numbers of men continually armed, watching both by day and night under her windows, over her chamber, and on every side of her, so that unless she could transform herself into a flea or a mouse, it was impossible she could escape.

CHAPTER XX.

THE tantalizing gleam of hope which the return of Kirkaldy of Grange and Lethington to their allegiance, and their gallant defence of Edinburgh Castle, had kindled in the desolate heart of the captive Sovereign of Scotland, was extinguished by the surrender of that royal fortress to the English forces under Sir William Drury, on the 29th of May, 1573. All the money Mary had received from her French dowry, or could raise on her personal responsibility, or beg from the King of Spain and the Pope, had been devoted to the assistance of the besieged. Prodiges of valour had been performed, and sufferings, too painful to recapitulate, endured by them for her sake. At last the only well in the Castle was choked up by the battering down of David's Tower; then the garrison, to use the words of their brave commander, "bought water with blood," by being let down by ropes, under a shower of bullets, to fill their buckets at a spring at the foot of the rock. This spring was poisoned by the besiegers, which drove the garrison to despair, and compelled Kirkaldy to relinquish the hopeless struggle. He sent for the English commander, and surrendered the Castle to him, fondly imagining that by so doing the lives of all parties would be safe under the protection of Queen Elizabeth, of whom he and Lethington had formerly been secret-service-men and pensioners. But they had forfeited the favour of the English dictatress by breaking their guilty league with Moray, Mar, and Morton, proclaiming Queen Mary's authority, and displaying her banner on the Castle of Edinburgh; Kirkaldy had also written a political poem, severely re-

flecting on her foes and calumniators, denouncing those who had once been ecclesiastics as "Proud, poisoned Pharisees."

It is satisfactory to be able to show that Kirkaldy lived to acknowledge Mary's innocence and the falsehood of her accusers, branded Morton as the contriver, and Archibald Douglas as the executor, of the murder he had previously charged on her; and after performing prodigies of unavailing valour, in the vain attempt to restore her to the throne from which he had been one of the principal instruments in hurling her, sealed his testimony to her integrity with his blood.

Sir William Drury promised to use his influence in behalf of his brave prisoners with his Sovereign, and conducted them to his own lodgings at Leith. Among the ladies were Queen Mary's illegitimate sister, the Countess of Argyll, the Countess of Home, Lady Kirkaldy, and Lady Lethington, one of the four Maries. There were thirty-four females in all; but the number of these had been sadly diminished during the siege, by the capture and execution of several of the soldiers' wives, who had courageously adventured, being let down with ropes from the rock, and stealing into the city, to purchase food for their starving husbands. Some of these conjugal heroines had succeeded in introducing supplies in that way; but the greater number were detected and remorselessly hanged by the order of the Regent Morton. Among these were matrons whose situation ought to have protected them from becoming the victims of such unprecedented barbarity. Tragedies of the most revolting nature occurred in several instances under these dreadful circumstances.¹

The regalia of Scotland, and all Queen Mary's jewels, save those which the Good Regent, Moray, had sold to Queen Elizabeth in May, 1568, or devoted to the personal decoration of his own wife, were in Edinburgh Castle at the time of its surrender. Morton took possession of these, in the name of the little King. Mary's faithful old jeweller, James Mossman, who was taken in the Castle, had endeavoured to preserve some of the most valuable of these decorations from the greedy clutches of the Regent, by delivering them in pledge for her to Lady Home, Lady Lethington, and others of the ladies. Sir Robert Melville took possession of some, and the valiant Captain himself, Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange, whose besetting sin was covetousness, before he surrendered his sword to Sir William Drury, secreted a choice selection of the most precious in his hose or nether garments. Poor Mossman was compelled to come to confession, either by the torture of the boot or the terror of it, and ladies, as well as gentlemen, were forced to relinquish whatever they had taken, either for their royal mistress or themselves. No one had acted a baser part in the conspiracy for Mary's defamation and dethronement than Lethington. His contrivance of the murder of Darnley

¹ Letter from Lethington to Queen Mary, August 10, 1572—Wright's Elizabeth, vol. i. p. 430.

resulted possibly from motives of self-preservation, in consequence of the vindictive temper and uncompromising animosity manifested against himself by that rash Prince; but of Mary his own pen has left on record that she was "a Princess so gentle and benign, and whose behaviour hath been always such towards her subjects, that wonder it is that any could be found so ungracious as once to think evil of her."¹

Elizabeth commanded Drury "to deliver his prisoners to the Regent, to be dealt with as he pleased." Lethington ended his days by poison, either administered by his own hands, as Sir James Melville affirms, or, as other contemporaries report, by the orders of Morton. It is certain, however, that Morton, who was very desirous of his death, yet dared not risk the consequences of his last dying speech and confession, by bringing him publicly to the scaffold for Darnley's murder, was the first person who insinuated that he had committed suicide; for, in a very remarkable letter to the Countess of Lennox, announcing the surrender of the Castle to Queen Elizabeth's forces, he says: "Lethington, the fountain of all the mischiefs, departed this life at Leith, hastening the same himself, as some has judged not altogether causelessly." Morton's apprehensions of Lethington's disclosures of the particulars of their guilty confederacy for Darnley's murder, did not end with the death of his wretched brother in iniquity: somewhat of these had, he suspected, been made to Sir William Drury, against whom he endeavoured to prejudice Lady Lennox, in the futile hope of deterring her from listening to his reports of the last words of one to whom the full particulars of that black mystery were so well known. He knew little of female curiosity, much less of the intensity of maternal feeling, if he imagined that aught he could say would deter the mother of Darnley from inquiring of Sir William Drury if Lethington had made disclosures regarding the authors of the mysterious murder of her son. The hatred and horror she subsequently expressed of Morton, with whom she had hitherto kept up a confidential correspondence, tells its own tale.

Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange, with his brother James, were hanged at the Market Cross of Edinburgh on the 3rd of August. They expressed unshaken attachment to their captive Sovereign with their last breath. When the fall of her last stronghold in Scotland, and the tragic fate of its defenders, were exultingly communicated by the Earl of Shrewsbury to Mary in her prison, she was cut to the heart, and told him bitterly, "That he was always a messenger of evil tidings, and never brought her anything good." In pursuance of the instructions he had previously received from Burleigh and Elizabeth "to tempt her patience," Shrewsbury told her "that she ought to be obliged to the Queen his Sovereign for the great charge and expense she had put herself to in recovering Edinburgh Castle from the Scotch rebels, and reducing it to

¹ Letter of Lethington to Cecil, Nov. 14, 1562—Keith, p. 232.

the authority of her son." "How," exclaimed Mary, indignantly, "can your Queen expect me to thank her for depriving me of my faithful friends? Alas!" added she, with a flood of tears, "henceforth I will neither hear nor speak of Scotland more!" Her distress, and the constraint she endeavoured to put on the outward manifestation of her feelings, is thus communicated by her cold-hearted jailer to Burleigh: "She makes little show of any grief, yet this news nips her very sore."

Mary remained overwhelmed with grief too deep for utterance for many months after these terrible events. She had been suffering severely for a long time with chronic inflammation and induration of the liver from want of air and exercise, aggravated by mental distress; her right arm was also disabled by rheumatism. She repeatedly petitioned for leave to go to Buxton, to try the salubrious warm spring there, but in vain. Shrewsbury, though he had himself derived signal benefit from the use of the Buxton baths and waters, was too cautious to back the urgent entreaties of the captive invalid that she might be permitted to have recourse to the same panacea. When the matter was referred to him, he answered, doubtfully, that "he did not know what need she had of the Buxton Well; but if it pleased the Lords of the Council to give directions for that purpose, he would carry her thither, and keep her as safely there as where she now was."¹

The season for taking the Buxton waters and baths was at that time limited to the months of June, July, and August. Mary had commenced her applications to be allowed to proceed thither for that purpose in the early part of June, in which month they were considered most efficacious; but it was not till the 10th of August that Burleigh signified Queen Elizabeth's ungracious consent. Mary had been removed to Chatsworth by Shrewsbury on the 1st of that month, and on the 17th she was still there, for on that day she dates a letter from thence to Burleigh—a letter of thanks for the unexpected favour that had been accorded by Elizabeth, of allowing M. du Vergier, the chancellor of her French dower estates, to visit her in her prison, to render her an account of her pecuniary affairs, and the proceedings of the lawsuits bequeathed to her by the late Queen her mother. Du Vergier was accompanied by the Sieur de Vassal, the French ambassador's *maître d'hôtel*. Both were permitted to spend several days beneath the same roof with her, during which time the rigour of her imprisonment was relaxed.

Mary's journey to Buxton was delayed till nearly the last of August, the end of the season, when Elizabeth candidly told the French ambassador, "she thought, as it was so late, it would do her harm rather than good;" but the anxiety of the sick and drooping captive for the change, which was also much required by her ladies and the other faithful companions of her long and weary durance, prompted her to accept the per-

¹ Lodge, vol. ii. pp. 28, 29.

mission that had been so tardily accorded. Escorted by Shrewsbury and a strong guard of soldiers, and accompanied by his vigilant Countess and her daughters, Mary was at last removed from Chatsworth to Buxton, a distance of only thirteen or fourteen miles, over a chain of precipitous and romantic hills, that might well have reminded her of the scenery of her beloved and unforgotten Scotland. She was conducted by Shrewsbury to his own pleasant mansion in Low Buxton, no other than the comfortable family hotel or boarding-house¹ now distinguished by the name of the Old Hall. It was then of much greater extent and importance, for the portion of the edifice now remaining was only the strong central tower in which Queen Mary, her attendants and guards, were lodged. The apartments occupied by herself are still inhabitable, and are eagerly competed for by many of the modern visitors to Buxton Wells, on account both of their salubrious aspect and the spell of romantic interest which her name attaches to every place connected with her mournful history. Buxton was the only place in England that made an impression on her sufficiently agreeable for her to wish to revisit it; but she derived peculiar benefit from the waters, even at that late season of the year. Sheltered from the bleakness of the winds by the lofty hill, at the foot of which the Old Hall is built, the bland yet bracing air of that mountain valley revived her dejected spirits, and appears, for the time, to have animated her with new life. She is said to have explored the dismal cavern of Poole's Hole, situated at the foot of Grinlaw Hill, about half a mile west of Buxton, and penetrated as far as the stalactital group, which has, in memory of her, been distinguished by the name of Mary Queen of Scots' pillar—no very easy or agreeable exploit for a person of her towering height, every visitor having at times, to stoop nearly double, and scramble over a wet, rough, irregular path, among broken, tottering, and disjointed stones, at risk of dislocating an ankle, breaking a leg, or slipping down into the black murky stream that creeps sullenly below this perilous causeway.

It was not the amusements and lively society, usually to be met with at Spas, that produced so beneficial an effect on Mary's health and spirits, for all strangers, whatsoever might be their need of the waters, had been ordered by Shrewsbury to quit the place, before she was allowed to enter it. Mary was not allowed to remain long enough there to derive more than temporary good from the waters.

After favourable testimony of the efficacy of the Buxton waters for the alleviation of depressed spirits, indurated liver, and neuralgic pain in the neck and arm, she again mentions her jewels, of which she had sent an inventory to Queen Elizabeth, with an entreaty for her to write to Morton on the subject. She next alludes to an intimation that had been made to her by Shrewsbury, that the Queen of England wished her

¹ Labanoff, vol. iv. p. 82.

to pay the expenses of her own table, and declares herself perfectly agreeable to do so. Then she tells him that "M. le Grand Treasurer, Burleigh, had assured her that the Queen, her good sister, intended for Shrewsbury to permit her to take exercise either on foot or horseback, whenever she desired, yet she was allowed no more liberty in that way than she had before the coming of M. du Vergier; and if letters were not sent giving such orders in positive terms to Shrewsbury, it would only be treated as mockery."¹ "I have so few officials," continues she, "that it is impossible they will remain long. There is but one gentleman-in-waiting, and if he fall ill, I shall have to wait on myself."

Meantime Morton having sent his emissary, Captain Cockburn, with letters to Elizabeth, soliciting her to deliver up the loyal Laird of Fernyhirst and Lesley Bishop of Ross, to be dealt with as persons condemned by the Parliament, Lesley wrote letters to the English Council claiming his privilege as an ambassador, and also addressed one in Latin, in the form of an oration, to Queen Elizabeth. In the preceding summer Lesley had obtained leave to write to his royal mistress, informing her that he had been removed from the Tower of London, and consigned to the keeping of the Bishop of Winchester, at Farnham Castle, and at the same time sent her a treatise in Latin, entitled, "*Meditations on Divine Consolations for an Afflicted Soul*," written by himself during his confinement in the Tower; "which," says he, "I dedicated unto her for her comfort, whereof she sent me answer again, which I received at Farnham Castle in September, 'that she liked very well of my treatise, and had received great comfort thereby, but was sorry that I had gotten no farther liberty than to be transported from one prison to another.'"

Mary was, in the beginning of November, removed from Chatsworth to the stronger and more gloomy prison of Sheffield Castle. She writes from thence to La Mothe Fénélon, on the 30th of November, directing him "to let the Bishop of Ross have five hundred crowns, out of her dower-pension, as a mark of her gratitude for his meritorious services, which she regretted not being able to reward as they deserved." The Bishop had just before sent his servant, Thomas Lesley, to Sheffield Castle with letters, a copy of his book, or register of his services, a copy of the oration he had addressed to Elizabeth, and an instrument requiring to be signed by his captive Sovereign, signifying her approbation of his proceedings, and discharging him from the perilous office of her ambassador to her unfriendly sister Queen. Shrewsbury read all these over before he suffered the bearer to present them to Mary, which, after this task was accomplished, was done in his presence. Mary writes to La Mothe Fénélon, begging him to extend her entreaties to Elizabeth to compel Morton to restore her jewels that were in Edinburgh Castle:—

¹ Labanoff, vol. iv. p. 82.

"It seems," observes she, "that he has charged those who defended the Castle with having separated and dispersed them into the hands of merchants and workmen, which is only to serve him as an excuse for stealing them himself; for he has slain those who had the charge of them, and were responsible to me for them, and, at least, could have testified where they were, whereby he has too clearly manifested his cunning and dishonesty. But as the Queen my good sister has such power over him, I think she will not permit him to commit such a robbery.

"But if I cannot have my right through the interposition of the Queen my good sister, to whom he renders entire obedience, I will take another way, by sending it" (the inventory of her jewels) "to those who have the means of calling Morton, and all who belong to him, to such an account as will make him feel they are not for his use."¹

She means her mother-in-law, the Countess of Lennox, who, as the grandmother of the little King, was peculiarly interested in preventing the alienation of the jewels, that were heirlooms to the Crown of Scotland, that lady having acquired, withal, such an insight into Morton's tricks as would render her a very formidable personage to be brought forward in a public controversy with him.

Mary concludes with the following natural expressions of maternal anxiety for the health of the innocent rival of her throne:—

"I am in great distress at not having any tidings of my son. Although the Earl of Shrewsbury, when I ask him, always says that he has not heard otherwise (thank God!) than that he is well; and this bearer, of whom I have made inquiry, has also assured me of the same, which, as neither you nor the Bishop of Ross have written anything to the contrary to me, consoles me;—yet, as I cannot but feel apprehensive till I am thoroughly assured about it, I entreat you, Monsieur de la Mothe Fénelon, to obtain, if possible, of the Queen my good sister, permission to have tidings of him from time to time, on which I can depend. He is all I have in the world, and the older I grow, the more foolish mother do I become, in which, however, I think I may be pardoned; and, being deprived of the sight of him, if, at least, I can be assured of his health, my ills would be half alleviated, and I could bear my afflictions more easily."

Early in the year 1574, Mary was agitated by the arrival of a deputation of Commissioners, headed by Wade, one of the English Secretaries of State, who came to announce the great displeasure the Queen their Sovereign had conceived against her for the unbecoming words she had spoken of her Majesty, and for evil practices in distributing money in bribes to pervert and seduce loyal subjects into treason, also to question her about her secret correspondence both in England and abroad. Mary haughtily replied, that she was falsely accused, and would answer none of their interrogations. As no evidence could be produced, the storm passed over without worse consequences to her than the renewal of the restrictions on her exercise in the open air, which had been relaxed in consequence of the persevering intercessions of the Court of France in her behalf.

¹ Labanoff, vol. iv. p. 92.

The undisguised preference of the handsome Henry, Duke of Anjou, for the throneless captive Mary Stuart, had been a source of deep mortification to Elizabeth, and the chivalric tone in which he had always advocated Mary's cause in the Council Chamber, as well as privately, urging the Ministers of his royal brother, Charles IX., to exert themselves for her liberation, had rather injured than assisted her whom he desired to serve. He had recently been elected King of Poland, and Elizabeth's jealousy had been especially provoked at this crisis by the report communicated by Walsingham, that he had applied to the Pope, through Cardinal de Lorraine, for a dispensation, to enable him to contract matrimony with his sister-in-law, to whom he had been undoubtedly a most persevering suitor. Mary considered her previous marriage with his eldest brother an insuperable barrier to her union with him; and never, even for reasons of political expediency, afforded the slightest encouragement to his pretensions.

Mary was at this time collecting materials for a very elaborate piece of needlework.

"I must give you the trouble," writes she to the French ambassador, "of procuring for me, and sending as soon as you can, eight ells of carnation satin, of the colour of the pattern I enclose, from a better choice than you can find in London; but I shall want to have it in a fortnight, together with a pound of silver thread, the finest that can be made."

Her requisition was faithfully complied with by his Excellency, for she writes to him on the 10th of March:—

"I have had the token and commissions delivered to me, which you have sent to my physician, conformable to the memorandum from his nephew, and received my carnation satin and the pound of silver thread, together with a letter from you, dated February 24th, by which I have been very glad to see that the Queen my good sister is less irritated against me. . . ."

"I am in great want of money," continues she, "not so much for myself as for my servants, who begin to cry out for their wages, some of them being burdened with children, others sick, and all in need. Unless my coffers from France arrive soon, I shall be badly off myself; and if you cannot get leave to forward them to me, I shall not know what to do. . . ."

"I have nothing else to tell you," continues the royal captive, "as all my occupation is to read and work in my chamber; and that being the case, I pray you to take the trouble, in addition to that for which I now return you my thanks, to send me, as soon as you can, four ounces more of the carnation silk, like the pattern I sent you. The surest way is to get it of the same merchant who furnished the other. The silver thread is too thick; pray let them choose it as fine as the pattern, and send it to me by the first opportunity, with eight ells of carnation taffety. Unless I have it soon, I shall be without employment, which I should be sorry for, as it is not for myself I am working."

Her genuine kindness of heart is testified by the following benevolent arrangement to relieve the distress of a very humble individual. "I understand," writes she to La Mothe Fénélon, "that one of the servants



of the late Queen my mother, named William Henderson, is detained in London for debts amounting to twenty crowns. I pray you to discharge them for him, and to let him have thirty crowns more to support him till I can help him more effectually.”¹ One of her old attached French ladies of the bedchamber, Madame de Rallay, had long been desirous of returning, to share the hardships of her English prison; and Mary, after many months of fruitless solicitation for a passport to enable her to do so, asks La Mothe Fénelon once more to prefer her petition to Elizabeth for that favour. “I am sure,” she says, “if you were to represent the age and virtues of that person, it would be found good that I should desire to have her in my household, without any suspicions being entertained that her coming was for any other purpose than serving and keeping me company in my chamber, as she has done from my youth.”

Notwithstanding their almost daily jars, Mary did Shrewsbury the justice to believe that he would not, for the honour of his house, suffer any attempts on her life to be made while she was in his keeping; and expressed her opinion to her uncle Cardinal de Lorraine, that there was a systematic intention of piquing him into throwing up his thankless office, that she might be put into the hands of a less scrupulous keeper; in which case she thought her life would be in imminent peril.

Our fair readers will perhaps be desirous of learning what use the captive Queen, who had so long persisted in wearing the *dulle-weed* for Darnley, made of the carnation, satin, and taffety, and the delicate silver thread she commissioned the French ambassador to procure for her in Paris; and sorry we are to record that it was intended for the decoration of the magnificent and present-loving Queen Elizabeth, whose hard heart, she had heard, and fondly believed, was to be mollified by propitiatory offerings of the kind.

“I pray you,” writes she to La Mothe Fénelon, “to present to the Queen of England, on my part, a specimen of my work, which you will receive by the carrier in a little case sealed with my seal, and that you will request her to take it in good part as a token of the respect I bear her, and the desire I feel to employ myself in something that may be agreeable to her. You will apologize for the faults if you please,” she playfully adds, “by taking some part of them on yourself, as you are not a good chooser of silver thread.”

The reception of this offering is thus communicated by his Excellency in his official report to his own Sovereign, Charles IX. : “The Queen of Scotland, your sister-in-law, is well; and, Sire, yesterday I presented from her to the Queen of England a *baquinne*² of carnation satin, very

¹ Labanoff.

² The *basquinna* was a Spanish garment, being an elegant modification be-

tween a cloak and a robe, and, when worn with the mantilla or scarf-veil, formed as complete an envelope as the

elaborately worked with silver, all wrought and tissued by her own hand. The Queen of England received the present very agreeably; she thought it very beautiful, and prized it much; and it appears to me that she is greatly softened towards the Queen of Scotland."

Elizabeth would not, for all that, grant Mary's earnest entreaty to be permitted to pass only three weeks at Buxton during the proper season. She condescended graciously to accept some of her sweetmeats, at which poor Mary expresses great pleasure, and, with childlike simplicity, promises to write to her Chancellor, Du Vergier, for a fresh supply.¹ That these sort of offerings were well taken by Elizabeth we learn from the pen of the man who knew her mind better than any other. "The Queen's Majesty," writes Leicester to Shrewsbury, "has seemed of late to receive such tokens as that Queen has sent her very kindly, and has so showed to the ambassador, and it seems, ere it be long, that she will send some token unto her again, and so has her Highness said also to the said ambassador." Elizabeth contented herself with talking of this; for there is no reason to believe she ever made her professions good.

It was not presents Mary wanted, but an amelioration of her hard treatment, leave to take air and exercise, and to receive tidings of her only child. About this time we find the bereaved mother endeavouring to beguile the tedium of her prison, by bestowing her cherishing care on the nurture of domestic pets, such as birds and dogs. "I pray you," writes she to the Archbishop of Glasgow, "to obtain for me some turtles and Barbary doves, to see if I can bring them up in this country (as your brother tells me might be done by feeding them in a cage like your red partridges). Send some one from London to instruct me in it. I should take pleasure in feeding them in a cage, as I do all the little birds I can find. These are pastimes for a prisoner."² In another letter she says: "If the Cardinal de Guise, my uncle, is gone to Lyons, I am sure he will send me a couple of pretty little dogs; and you must buy me two more, for, besides writing and work, I take pleasure only in all the little animals I can get. You must send them in baskets, for them to be kept very warm."³

It was well for this unfortunate Princess that she could occasionally abstract her thoughts from her wrongs, her calamities, and personal sufferings, to take pleasure in trifles. She desires to have Jean de Compiègne, her tailor at Paris, sent over to her with patterns of dresses, and of cloth gold and silver, and silks, the handsomest and rarest that are worn at Court, to take her orders. "Let me have made at Poissy," continues she, "two caps with crowns of gold and silver, such

Turkish out-door female garb; not, however, formed of gaudy-coloured satin and silver, but of rich, plain, black silk. The whole costume was probably derived from the Arab ladies naturalized in

Spain.

¹ Mary to Elizabeth, June 9, 1574.

² Labanoff, vol. iv. p. 183.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 229.

as were made for me formerly, and remind Beton of his promise to procure for me from Italy some of the newest fashions of head-gear, veils, and ribbons, with gold and silver. I will reimburse him for the outlay. Remember the birds about which I wrote to you in my last, and communicate the contents of this letter to my uncles, and beg them to let me have a share of some of the new things which fall to them, the same as my cousins ; for though I do not wear such myself, they will be put to a better purpose ;”—she meant as propitiatory offerings to Queen Elizabeth, in the hope of procuring better treatment for herself and her servants.

Among the memorandums in her letters to the Archbishop of Glasgow, for the distribution of pensions from her French dower-rents, she notes, “*Servais de Condé*, an old and faithful servant, has complained to me of being forgotten in the estimates for several years ; I desire that he and his wife may be placed at the head of the list. In the mean time, I have given him an order for money, which I beg you will see is paid to him.” She also requests “*that old Curle*,” another ancient servant, the father of her secretary, Gilbert Curle, “*might be supplied with a pension at her expense, to assist him in bringing up his motherless children.*”

Her French secretary, Roullet, had been for several months in a dying state, incapable of performing the duties of his office, but at the same time so jealous of any other person assisting either in reading or writing her ciphered correspondence, as to cause her much trouble and vexation. Sometimes she got a little help in this way from Andrew Beton, the master of her household, but very secretly, lest it should increase the irritation of poor Roullet, who had conceived a bitter hatred against his brother, the Archbishop of Glasgow, for having sent her a new set of ciphers, which were not to his mind ; whereupon he wrote to Cardinal de Lorraine, making such offensive observations on the Archbishop as to cause annoyance on the part of that faithful minister, which Mary had some trouble in appeasing. “*Roullet*,” observes she, “*is a faithful servant, and well understands his duties ; but being sick, suspicious, and peevish, he could not remain at peace a day with any one at present. He sent two or three times for me to make his will, and then did nothing but make childish complaints to me of the servants, how they had been corrupted, and had robbed him. One day he drives them away, another he would kill them, then he takes his cloak and sword and would go and walk, but being incapable of it, lies him down again. In fine, he is too ill to write himself, and always jealous of any one writing for me without him, which I have not done yet, save a word or two in my last letter, which he has not seen, and this, whereof he knows nothing ; for he would make more quarrels about it, and that would take up too much of my time, and we should have some fresh dispute before they were settled. It is pity he should thus afflict himself. Once a month he thinks he*

is going to die, affronts all those who compassionate him, and picks quarrels about nothing. He has twice demanded a passport to leave me, but afterwards took to his bed. I wish to have some one here to help me, for he writes nothing, nor has for the last year, but about his own quarrels; perhaps he might then recover his health." A hopeless matter that, however, for she goes on to say: "His complaint is pulmonary, the physician says, but he has other maladies of long standing. He has taken offence with the said doctor, and for more than a year would have none of his advice, or anything to do with him. The illness is incurable; and he is so impatient and suspicious that every one in turn is constrained to leave him. I dare not let him know anything of this despatch, so be pleased to answer it separately."

Charles IX. departed this life in the preceding May, but it was several weeks before the French ambassador was permitted by Elizabeth to obey the instructions of his own Court, by sending a ceremonial announcement of that event from his new Sovereign, Henry III., to Mary, to whom that mark of attention was due both as lawful Sovereign of Scotland and Queen-Dowager of France. "I have grieved much for the death of the late King," writes she to the Archbishop of Glasgow, "but I place no less hope in this. I know not how he may proceed now, but he used to be the brother-in-law who loved me the best of all."¹ His affection for her had exceeded that of fraternal regard. He had been a suitor for her hand before her marriage with Darnley. Since her widowhood he had more than once openly declared his preference for her though entangled by his ambitious mother in a matrimonial treaty with Elizabeth. After his election to the throne of Poland, he had conferred with Cardinal de Lorraine on the subject of procuring a dispensation from the Pope to enable him to marry her, and it was reported that, since his accession to that of France, he had again spoken of their union. There were also rumours, at the same time, in circulation in regard to three other candidates for Mary's hand, a son of the Emperor (*query*, the Archduke Rodolph), Don John of Austria, and the Earl of Leicester.² She tells the Archbishop of Glasgow "that her friends have communicated with her secretly on these subjects, and besought her not to engage herself to any one in England for fear of endangering her life." They had informed her withal, "that the Emperor's son made the fairest offers for her." The Spanish agent had written to her, "entreating her not to be too hasty in her decision, either in regard to the proposals that might be made to her in England, or by the new King of France; but if she would wait three months, he could promise her very comfortable news from his own Court."³

A curious picture of the internal factions that divided the Court of

¹ Labanoff, vol. iv. p. 210.

² *Ibid.*, p. 202.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 202.

Elizabeth at that time is thus sketched by the lively pen of the captive Mary:¹ "You know there are three factions in this realm, one of the Puritans, in favour of Huntingdon" (the representative of George Duke of Clarence), "which is secretly supported by Leicester; another by Burleigh for Hertford" (the father of Lady Katharine Gray's sons); "and the third of the poor Catholics. This Queen is opposed to all three, and places her chief reliance on Hatton, Walsingham, and a few others of their particular set; and she sometimes says, 'that she would like to return, after her death, to see the murders, quarrels, and divisions in this country; for,' continues she, 'Leicester flatters Hertford, and holds with his brother-in-law' (Huntingdon). Meantime, Leicester entreats Monsieur de la Mothe to assure me that 'he is entirely for me,' and has told him that he intends to make me a proposal of marriage, and to try and gain Walsingham, my mortal enemy, in favour of it. Burleigh wrote very honourably of me, when he thought it would come to my ears, protesting that he would not suffer, like others (he means Leicester), 'evil to be spoken of me, being the nearest relation to his Queen, and one whom he desires to honour, as long as I do no injury to his mistress.' Meanwhile, Bedford solicits to have the charge of me, which proceeds from Leicester, as he has even had me told, in order to persuade me to go there."

Mary's faithful French secretary, Roulet, died at Sheffield Castle on the 30th of August, "so suddenly," she says, "that when I sent to inquire after him, as I did every morning, he was breathing his last. He has left the five thousand crowns, I had given him, to me."² Shrewsbury entered the chamber of the deceased secretary as soon as he had expired, and seized the keys of his coffers, thinking to find something among his papers that might lead to important discoveries. Mary indignantly protested against this arbitrary proceeding as an intolerable outrage, and bade her keeper "look that he had good warrant for what he did, for answer it he should." Proud words, which she was powerless to make good. Nothing was found of the slightest consequence. Shrewsbury suspected that Mary had taken care to burn or withdraw all papers of a suspicious tendency before Roulet's death.³ That faithful servant was interred in Sheffield church on the 4th of September. Being now destitute of a secretary for her foreign correspondence, Mary requested her uncle Cardinal de Lorraine to engage some gentleman acquainted with the duties of such an office, of incorruptible principles, and of a placid, obliging temper, to serve her in that capacity. "The qualification of good temper," she declared, "was essential to her own peace, and that of her household, where all were subjected to prison restraints, and confined within their own narrow little sphere, which rendered it expedient for them to be on friendly terms with each other; whereas, in conse-

¹ Letter to Archbishop Beton—Labanoff.

² Labanoff, vol. iv. p. 216.

³ Lodge—Shrewsbury to Walsingham, Sheffield, August 31, 1574.

quence of poor Roullet's testiness and choleric disposition, there had been many affronts, jealousies, and disputes for the last year, and nothing was so distressing to her as quarrels." Cardinal de Lorraine believed he complied with all these requisitions when he sent her his own private secretary Jacques, or, as he is sometimes called, Joseph Nau, the younger brother of her old faithful counsellor Claud Nau, Sieur de Fontenaye.

We find Mary wasting her time and consuming money, which she required for other purposes, in preparing or purchasing elegant and costly offerings for Queen Elizabeth this summer and autumn. "If my uncle the Cardinal," writes she to the Archbishop of Glasgow, "would send me something pretty, such as bracelets or a mirror, I would give them to this Queen, for they have informed me that it is expedient for me to make her presents. If you find anything new, buy it for me, and request a passport for a person to bring it over. Perhaps in order to have it, this Queen will allow some one to come to me; if so, the letters that are written to me must be sent open, explaining that they concern a token from me to the Queen of England, which must first be delivered to me for my approval; and if my uncle would compose some device between her and me, such trifles would serve to wile away the time better than anything else." Poor Mary, what a miserable resource for a mind like hers! It seems she fondly built hopes on this sandy foundation, and hope was the great necessity of her desolate heart, without which she could not have worn away so many years of misery! On the subject of her religious exercises she mentions a book of prayers called "The Hours," which she desires to have procured "for the use of her little flock;" but because prayers in the vernacular tongue had been lately prohibited, by the Council of Trent, she was doubtful whether she might be permitted to have that manual in French for her servants. "As to myself," observes she, "God be thanked I have still enough Latin left for the purpose of prayer."

Mary mentions her want of money at this time to pay her servants and relieve the pecuniary distresses of the loyal Scotch exiles who had sacrificed lands and livings for her sake. The English refugees in Flanders were also a perpetual drain on her resources; and she, feeling it impossible to refuse the appeals that were made to her charity from those who pleaded attachment to her cause as the source of their distress, gave money-orders beyond her ability of answering them, and thus burdened herself with debts. Her French officers and lawyers took advantage of her hopeless captivity in England to let her farms, as the leases fell, at reduced rents, in consideration of the fees and bribes they received.¹ Even her beloved uncle, Cardinal de Lorraine, served his own interest instead of paying fatherly attention to hers, by giving away

¹ Labanoff, vol. iv. pp. 133-140.

lucrative offices and appointments to his friends and political allies, which she had intended to appropriate to her faithful Scotch emigrants.

During the latter part of the summer of 1574, a project was devised by Mary for having her son privily stolen out of Morton's hands, and carried from Stirling to Dumbarton, embarked for Flanders, and consigned to the care of the King of Spain for education, and married to one of the young daughters of that monarch by his late queen, Elizabeth of France. The acting agent in this design was George Douglas, who came secretly to Scotland, and remained there perdue for several months, vainly watching a favourable moment for putting it into execution.

The young Prince had completed his eighth year in the preceding June; and his precocious intellect and acquirements astonished every one who had had the opportunity of seeing and hearing him. He was described by one of his literary subjects as "the sweetest sight in Europe for extraordinary gifts of *ingyne* [genius], judgment, memory, and language. I heard him discourse," continues this writer, "walking up and down in the auld lady Mar's hand, of knowledge and ignorance, to my great marvel and astonishment." The barbarous manner in which the spirit of that hopeful boy was crushed by the malignant libeller of his hapless mother is well known. No wonder Mary was anxious to liberate her child from the control of a brutal tyrant, who was, by a system of insult and intimidation, labouring to destroy every manifestation of the manly and courageous spirit necessary to enable him to fulfil the high vocation to which he was born.

In the month of October, the gloomy monotony of Sheffield Castle was broken by a love-match between Lord Charles Stuart, brother of the unfortunate Darnley, and Elizabeth Cavendish, the daughter of the Countess of Shrewsbury, by her favourite husband, Sir William Cavendish. As Lord Charles was the next in the line of the regal succession, after Mary and her son, Elizabeth was highly exasperated at his having dared to marry without her knowledge or sanction; and though it was clearly against Mary's interest to promote any marriage that might possibly be the means of multiplying rival heirs to the crown of England, she spoke of her with great bitterness, as a party to the treason, for in that light she thought proper to regard it, and subsequently committed both Lady Lennox, the mother of the bridegroom, and Lady Shrewsbury, the mother of the bride, to the Tower.

In a peculiarly interesting letter from the captive Queen to her faithful ambassador at Paris, written about this epoch, we trace the confidential relations then subsisting between her and the Countess of Lennox, whose arrest and incarceration in the Tower put a stop to the design of abducting the little King of Scotland from his nursery palace at Stirling, and transporting him to the Continent for the safety of his person, both Mary and his grandmother, Lady Lennox, believing his life to be in imminent

danger while he was in the hands of his father's murderer Morton. "The transport of my son on advantageous conditions," writes Mary, "I must desire, but the proper time for it has not arrived, for my mother-in-law [Lady Lennox] is in trouble, and suspected of having made the marriage of her son [Lord Charles Stuart], through the persuasion of his servant François, who is also a prisoner."

Mary expresses, in her ciphered letter to Cardinal de Lorraine, her apprehension that what had just occurred would be made a pretext for consigning her to the charge of a less scrupulous jailer. "My good uncle," writes she, "if you could know the afflictions, troubles, and alarms I have every day, you would pity me, even if I were not your poor daughter and niece." She then, alluding to her restless desire of getting her son out of Scotland, exclaims: "Would to God you held him! What you say is true, that they make much suit for him in various quarters. I would rather he were at school than married either in the one place or the other, if I were not at liberty." She pleads earnestly to the wealthy but selfish ecclesiastic for pecuniary assistance, assuring him that if her relations could make up a round sum among them, it would stand her in good stead at that particular time. "My means," she says, "are very small; seeing, too, the great charge that falls on me of the exiles from the isles of Britain."¹

The supply of sweetmeats which Mary had sent for from France having arrived, the French ambassador presented half of them, by Mary's desire, to Elizabeth, in her name, in a private audience, and made what was called "*assaye* of them," for her satisfaction, by tasting them in her presence. Nevertheless Mary's enemies endeavoured to persuade Elizabeth that they were poisoned. When his Excellency heard of this insinuation, he was greatly hurt, and entreated the Queen not to eat them; but Elizabeth graciously replied, "that since he had taken *assaye* she could have no distrust, and had tasted them, and found them very good." She added, "that she owed the Queen of Scots a token, but delayed it because there was a report that the King of France intended to press for her liberation, and to espouse her quarrel." The ambassador waited on Elizabeth again on the 2nd of January, at Hampton Court, to wish her, in his Sovereign's name, "the Good Year!" Then, reports he, "I performed a little mission for the Queen of Scots, by presenting her letter, together with a very beautiful coif of reseil, very delicately worked by the hands of the said Queen, with the collar, sleeves, and other little pieces belonging to the set, all of which were executed as charmingly as possible."

Mary made earnest entreaties for a supply of money, in a letter addressed jointly to her ambassador at Paris and her uncle Cardinal de Lorraine. "For my servants," continues she, "are mutinying at not being paid. If

¹ Labanoff, vol. iv. pp. 233, 234.

I had the means of obtaining others in their place I would not bear it. If they lack anything here, they pursue me about it even to my bed—disrespect to which I have not been accustomed. They are good and faithful, but carry it with a high hand, ready to demand their dismissal of me for a straw. I entreat you to relieve me from this annoyance.” For the honour of her devoted Scotch followers, Mary explains, “I speak of those who are not my subjects.”¹

Notwithstanding her pecuniary difficulties, she gives the following commissions to her correspondents: “I pray you to have made for me a beautiful golden mirror, to suspend from the girdle, with a chain to hang it by, and have this Queen’s cipher and mine engraved on this mirror, with some appropriate device, which the Cardinal my uncle can compose. As there are friends in this country who ask for my picture, I pray you to have four executed; they must be square, and in square frames, of chased gold. Send them to me secretly, and as soon as you can.”²

Mary was not aware, when writing this letter on the 9th of January, that the beloved uncle, whom she was wooing to exert his elegant taste and skill in drawing ciphers and devices to propitiate her implacable oppressor, was no longer in existence, having departed this life at Avignon, on the 26th of the preceding December. The mournful tidings did not reach her, in her secluded prison-house among the Derbyshire hills, till the middle of February 1575. How deeply it afflicted her, her own pen bears record in her letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow, whom she gently reproaches for not having written to comfort her:

“I am much astonished that on so melancholy an occurrence I have neither received information nor consolation from you; this I attribute to your excessive concern for the loss I have sustained. Yet God be praised that He does not send me afflictions without granting me His grace to support them. Although I cannot, at the present moment, command my feelings, nor restrain these eyes from weeping, my long adversities have taught me to hope for consolation for all my sorrows in a better life. Alas, I am a prisoner, and God bereaves me of one of the creatures I loved the best. What shall I say more! He has taken from me at one blow my father and my uncle. I shall follow, when it shall please Him, with the less regret.”

She pathetically appeals to the traces of the tears that had blotted her paper in testimony of the distress she felt in writing on this subject, and mournfully adds: “I had no need to be told of this afflicting event, for I had a frightful dream of it, from which I awoke with an impression of that which has been so sadly confirmed. I pray you to write me the particulars, and if he spake of me in the hour of death, for that would be a consolation to me.”³

Mary enjoyed one comfort during the imprisonment of the Countess of

¹ Labanoff, vol. iv. pp. 234, 235.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*, vol. iv. p. 267.

Shrewsbury in the Tower. The Earl permitted Mr Hamilton, one of her followers, to visit Scotland, and he had returned, bringing the agreeable intelligence which she communicates to La Mothe Fénelon in this brief but joyous sentence: "My son loves me much!"¹ Perhaps when the princely child was unjustly beaten and insulted by his crabbed and tyrannical pedagogue, Lady Mar had been accustomed to console him with the hope of his royal mother's return, to protect him from the injurious usage to which he was subjected; and thus affection for her was engendered in his young heart at the very time his name was used by her foes as a war-cry against her. The desire of being loved and remembered in her affliction by the companions of her early days, amounted with Mary to passion. In some of her letters the strong yearnings of her spirit are eloquently expressed; in others with simple pathos, which is still more touching in its emphatic brevity; in that to Anne D'Este, Duchess of Nemours, the widow of her uncle Francis, Duke of Guise, written at this period, she says: "You may judge whether poor prisoners are glad not to be forgotten by their old friends and relations."

Mary's life was in imminent peril from an earthquake, which shook to the very foundation the quarter of Sheffield Castle wherein she was immured. The circumstance is thus communicated by Shrewsbury to Burleigh, without even the affectation of pity for the terror of the helpless Princess, who, within bolted doors, found herself in danger of being buried in the ruins of her prison, without the possibility of saving herself by flight. It seems the report was rife that her enfranchisement had been miraculously accomplished. "My lord, whereas there hath been often bruits of this lady's escape from me, the 26th of February last there came an earthquake, which so sunk, chiefly her chamber, as I doubted more her falling than her going, she was so afraid. But God be thanked she is forthcoming, and grant it may be a forewarning unto her."²

Shrewsbury expresses thankfulness for being warned that some of his servants were conveyers of letters and messages in the Queen of Scots' behalf, and desires to be informed of their names. Then, submissive as beaten hound, he expresses slavish sorrow at the mislike his gracious sovereign had signified at the liberty he had taken in his own house, by allowing his son Gilbert's wife (the daughter of his better half, the Countess of Shrewsbury) to be brought to bed there, as causing the resort of women and strangers thither; "nevertheless," he affirms, "the midwife excepted, none such came in Queen Mary's sight;" and further, to avoid such resort, he had christened the babe himself with two of his children.

The love-match contracted by Henry III. of France, with her cousin Louise of Lorraine Vaudemont, gave Mary great pleasure, and infused new hopes of succour in her desponding mind; while Elizabeth, of-

¹ Labanoff, vol. iv. p. 265.

² Lodge, vol. ii. pp. 50, 51.

fended that the handsome young monarch, who had once been a suitor for her own hand, had presumed to marry, could not restrain her jealousy from being apparent to the French ambassador, who delayed, in consequence of this acerbity, executing the commission he had undertaken, of presenting three nightcaps which Mary had worked for her. The juncture was unfavourable when he at last tendered these offerings to the acceptance of the maiden Queen. Elizabeth protested she could not possibly receive them, but placed her scruples on political grounds. "He would be startled," she said, "if he knew what people had invented touching her acceptance of the presents he had previously delivered to her from the Queen of Scots, for it was pretended that the Queen of Scots had obtained a promise from her to reinstate her by force, and that they had sent mutual pledges to each other." However, after a few flattering expressions, he succeeded in inducing her to receive the nightcaps, which he feared at first would have been left on his hands. When Elizabeth condescended to accept the gift, she facetiously bade him remind the Queen of Scots that, "as she had been some years longer in the world, she had learned that people, as they advanced in life, were accustomed to receive with both hands, but to give with only one finger." Mary, whose propensity for making presents amounted to a passion, did not send her pretty offerings to her rich and powerful kinswoman under the fallacious idea of receiving their value with interest in the way of a return, but in the hope of obtaining better treatment; and so far she was successful, that she was this summer permitted to visit Buxton again, and to spend the months of June and July there. She derived, as before, great benefit from the use of the tepid waters and the bath.

One person, and one alone, not included in the Earl of Shrewsbury's household, presumed to resort to Buxton Wells while Mary was there, and that was Lord Burleigh himself, who came for the ostensible purpose of making trial of the waters for the relief of his crippled feet and chronic gout; perhaps also with the intention of keeping a sharp look-out on the proceedings of his friend Shrewsbury, lest undue access of the Roman Catholic gentry to the captive heiress of the Crown should be permitted in that lonely eyrie among the mountains. If so, he must have been the more deeply mortified when he learned that Queen Elizabeth suspected that his motive in visiting Buxton was to ingratiate himself with Mary at the expense of his duty to her. She sent a peremptory order for him to return; and in a transport of jealous indignation accused him of disloyal intrigues with the Scottish Queen.

Lady Shrewsbury had accompanied her lord and his royal charge in order to superintend the domestic economy of the Old Hall, during their visit to Buxton. She was released from the Tower this spring, and Shrewsbury had considered it necessary to inquire, with all due caution and humility, on her home-coming, whether it were his Sovereign lady's

pleasure for her to be permitted to associate with the Queen of Scots. To this query, which had been propounded through the medium of his friend Leicester, the following gracious answer was communicated to the anxious husband: "And touching one part of your letter sent lately to me, about the access of my lady your wife to the Queen there, I find the Queen's Majesty well pleased that she may repair at all times, and not forbear the company of that Queen, having not only very good opinion of my lady's wisdom and discretion, but thinks how convenient it is for that Queen to be accompanied and pass the time rather with my lady than meaner persons."¹

Thus we see Bess of Hardwicke had succeeded in re-establishing herself in the confidence of her Sovereign lady, which Shrewsbury feared she had utterly forfeited by her maternal ambition in presuming to match her daughter with a person so closely allied to the royal succession as Lord Charles Stuart. That offence had entailed upon her, and the mother of the bridegroom, Margaret Countess of Lennox, the despotically-inflicted penalty of several months' incarceration in the Tower. It was during this imprisonment that the Countess of Lennox made and succeeded in safely transmitting to her royal daughter-in-law, Mary Stuart, a token of her affection, which is thus described in the inventory of fondly-hoarded relics that were torn from the captive Queen at Chartley ten years afterwards,—

"*Un petit carré fait à point tresse ouvre par la vielle Comtesse de Lennox elle estant in la Tour.*"² In plain English, "a little square of hair-point worked by the old Countess of Lennox while in the Tower;" a relic which must be regarded of no ordinary historic interest, when the relative circumstances of the donor and the recipient are considered, and the fact explained, that "*point tresse*" is a very delicate and costly species of point lace, worked with hair of silvery hue and silken quality, mixed with extremely fine flax thread. It was very difficult to make, and the art has long been forgotten. "*Point tresse*" is, however, well known to the antiquarian collectors of the lace and needlework of the sixteenth century, and may occasionally be met with on the Continent, where, on account of its extreme rarity, it fetches a very high price. It may be detected by the glittering of the hair when held up to catch the sunbeams, or if exposed to the test of fire, by frizzling, instead of blazing. The melancholy portrait of Margaret, Countess of Lennox, in her widow's dress, at Hampton Court, bears evidence that her hair had become perfectly white, and was, therefore, well suited to be used for the above purpose. Can any one believe that the bereaved mother of the murdered Darnley would violate the powerful instincts of

¹ Letter from Leicester to Shrewsbury, May 1, no date of year.—Lodge, vol. ii. p. 74.

² *Inventoire de diferentes Broderies et Ouvrages de Marie Stuart, Chartley, le 18 Juillet, 1586*—Labanoff, vol. vii.; Supplement, p. 240.

maternity, by occupying her prison hours, and straining the eyes which had wept so many tears for his tragic fate, in working point-lace with her sorrow-bleached hair for his widow, unless she had been fully satisfied—satisfied beyond the possibility of one lingering doubt—not only of the innocence of that much calumniated Princess of his murder, but also of her irreproachable conduct as his wife? It could have been no light or inconclusive testimony which had produced so remarkable a change in Lady Lennox's feelings since the time when, deceived by the practices of the executors of that mysterious tragedy, she had knelt and besought Elizabeth at her levee to avenge her on the fugitive Queen of Scots, for whose blood she had thirsted with the ferocity of a bereaved tigress. To what then are we to attribute a revulsion of feeling so extraordinary as the transition from vindictive fury against her captive daughter-in-law, to the love and reverence Lady Lennox expresses for her in the following letter written from Hackney on the 11th of November, 1575, the same year she had worked the "*point tresse*" during her imprisonment in the Tower as a token of affection for Mary? ¹

LETTER FROM MARGARET, COUNTESS OF LENNOX, DARNLEY'S MOTHER,
TO MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

"It may please your Majesty, I have received your token and mind, both by your letter and other ways, much to my comfort, specially perceiving what zealous natural care your Majesty hath of our sweet and peerless jewel in Scotland, not little to my content. I have been no less fearful than careful, as your Majesty, of him, that the wicked Governor should not have power to do ill to his person, whom God preserve from his enemies. No *time* I neglected, but presently upon the receipt of your *Majesty's*, the Court being far off, I sent our trusty, who hath done so much as if myself had been there, both to understand the state present and for prevention of evil to come. He hath dealt with such as both may and will have regard *for* our jewels preservation, and will use a bridle to the wicked when need requires. I beseech your Majesty fear not, but trust in God that all there shall be well; the treachery of your traitors is known better than before. I shall always play my part to your Majesty's content, willing God, so as may tend to both our comforts: and now must I yield your Majesty my most humble thanks for your good remembrance and bounty to our little daughter here, who some day may serve your Highness, Almighty God grant, and to your Majesty long and happy life. Hackney, this 11th of November.

"Your Majesty's most humble and loving

"Mother and Aunt,

"M. L."

¹ See the fac-simile of the Holograph letter printed by permission from the original document in the State Paper Office, for the Lives of the Queens of Scotland, vol. v., Blackwood. This fac-simile is likewise appended to this edition. The words printed in Italics are doubtful yet not consequential.

Between the date and the signature of the Countess of Lennox intervenes this pretty little letter from her daughter-in-law, Elizabeth Cavendish, wife of Charles Stuart, Earl of Lennox, Lord Darnley's brother. The young Lady Lennox, being the daughter of the Countess of Shrewsbury, had been domesticated the greater part of her life with Mary Queen of Scots, and was the mother of Darnley's niece, the infant Arabella Stuart.

"I most humbly thank your Majesty that it pleased your Highness to remember me your poor servant, both with a token and in my Lady Grace's letter, which is not little to my comfort. I can but wish and pray God for your Majesty's long and happy estate, till time I may do your Majesty better service, which I think long to do, and shall always be as ready thereto as any servant your Majesty hath, according as *by* duty I am bound. I beseech your Highness pardon these rude lines, and accept the good heart of the writer, who loves and honors your Majesty unfeignedly.

"Your Majesty's most humble and lowly servant during life,

"E. LENNOX.

"Indorsed,

"The Countess of Lennox to the Queen of Scots."

This letter was intercepted, and is verified by the indorsement in the well-known hand of Phillipps, Walsingham's spy decipherer, "The Countess of Lennox to the Queen of Scots," and has in consequence survived to render, in the fulness of time, a convincing testimonial of the respect and love of Darnley's mother for Mary Stuart. And if Darnley's mother were satisfied of her innocence, indomitable indeed must be the prejudice of those who, in the face of evidence like this, continue to dispute it. All Darnley's servants had been permitted by Mary to return to England at their own desire, and there can be no doubt that his mother had conferred with them, and heard the truth. Nelson, the only one of them who deposed aught to the prejudice of Mary, was in Lady Lennox's house, at Hackney, even till her death, with his wife, and had probably acknowledged his perjury.

The accident which deprived poor Mary of the consolation of receiving this letter, may be regarded as fortunate for her memory, since it escaped, in consequence, the destruction of the rest of Lady Lennox's letters to her, which were subsequently seized by Wade and Paulet, at Chartley.

As long as the Earl of Lennox lived justice to Mary was out of the question, for it was not to his interest to expose the fallacy of the pretext, under colour of which Elizabeth detained her in prison, while he governed and plundered Scotland in the name of her infant son. But Margaret's heart was more accessible, or her moral perceptions more accurate. She had been herself, at various periods of her life, the victim

of falsehood and domestic treachery. She had also been occasionally behind the scenes in the councils of her cousin, Queen Elizabeth, and was probably cognizant of the practices of the ruling powers, in the English Government, against her unhappy niece. Her own position in the regal succession gave her a certain degree of influence with the courtiers, and the key to many a secret of state now lost to history. But whatever were the revelations which met her ear or eye, we may be certain that it was no light or inconclusive evidence regarding the murderers of her son, that could have induced the mother of Darnley to enter into friendly correspondence with his calumniated widow.

One peculiarity of the manners and customs of correspondence in the sixteenth century is apparent in the original of this curious and important letter. The reader may observe slight tracings down each side of our facsimile; these indicate the cuttings which may be seen in the paper, just like button-holes before they are worked, and were cut altogether when the epistle was written, and folded square, perhaps cut with button-hole scissors. A broad tress of floss silk was then drawn through all the apertures, and knotted and sealed down so that no one could open the letter without cutting through the silken bond that secured it.

CHAPTER XXI.

MARY STUART, in the darkest eclipse of her greatness, at least enjoyed the consolation of receiving daily proofs of the disinterested affection of the devoted little company of faithful followers, who were content, for love of her, to share the hardships of her prisons and the same health-destroying privations from air and exercise that were inflicted on herself. Many a loyal Scottish baron was a landless exile for her sake, and deeply did she sympathize with their sufferings; but in apportioning her scanty resources to the relief of their necessities she experienced great difficulty, and it required some ingenuity to avoid incurring the jealousy of those who did not receive as much as others, whose claims on her gratitude were in proportion to the services they had rendered her.

Among other wrongs and vexations to which the captive Queen was subjected this year, was the exchange of her fair duchy of Touraine for the inferior one of Vermandois. There can be no doubt that the export of the large income Mary derived from her royal French jointure was a serious inconvenience to her royal brother-in-law, whose impoverished exchequer could ill support, in addition to the state establishment of his own consort, the burden of three dowager queens. Of these, Mary Stuart, in consequence of her superior importance as a sovereign in her

own right, had been endowed with the most considerable appanage, inso-much that the Queen-mother was accustomed to observe, with undisguised vexation, "The Queen of Scotland holds the fairest rose in France." Hence her well-known desire for Mary's death. A reconciliation between Henry III. and his brother, the factious Alençon, was effected by this scheming mother, by the clever arrangement of transferring the duchy of Touraine from Mary to him, in order to appease his discontent. Mary caused Mauvissière to petition Elizabeth to grant passports for her French chancellor, to come over to submit the closing accounts of her dower to her, with Dolu her treasurer; also for Made-moiselle de Rallay, and M. Lusgerie her old physician; and to allow her to visit the baths of Buxton for the benefit of her health.¹ Elizabeth graciously conceded all these favours. Unfortunately for Mary, Dolu was intercepted by the way, and robbed of all the money of which he was the bearer.² Lusgerie had been attached to Mary's service from her childhood, in her bright palmy days, when Dauphiness and Queen of France, and had accompanied her to Scotland, where he was witness of her splendour and her misery, and the confidant of her domestic griefs. He it was whom she sent to the assistance of Darnley in his dangerous attack of small-pox at Glasgow, and whose skill succeeded in raising him up from that usually fatal malady. How many agitating memories must have been awakened by the return of this beloved physician and old familiar friend to her in her English prison! where he found her under the circumstances which she thus describes to the French ambassador:—

"My health has been greatly impaired by a tertian fever, which holds me still in great debility. I have been suffering severely with the pain in my bad side; and, last Friday, a catarrh has attacked my face, which confines me still to my bed; but I hope it will go off, and that I shall be quite well again this spring, after I shall have taken the baths."³

Lusgerie must have arrived at Sheffield Castle about the end of the last week in May, for Mary's new French secretary, Jacques Nau, adds a postscript to a letter of his royal mistress, which is dated June 1st, in which he informs the Archbishop of Glasgow "that he has been constrained to sit up the three last nights in order to decipher the letters brought over by him, and to answer them." The lively secretary also communicates the following romantic report, which appears to have caused much pleasurable excitement within the usually lugubrious walls of Sheffield: "We have been secretly given to understand that the Queen of England means to come this summer to the baths of Buxton, and then to slip away from her Court in disguise, unknown to them, to visit our Queen at Chatsworth, and hold conference with her. I cannot assure you to a certainty of this, but her Majesty [Queen Mary] has a

¹ Pièces et Documens—Teulet, vol. ii. p. 35-7.

² Ibid.

³ Labanoff, vol. iv.

strong notion that it will be so, and that God will bring matters to a good and happy conclusion.”¹

If Schiller, who was a poet and no historian, had ever read Nau's letter, he would probably have improved his ideal scene of the meeting between the rival Queens, by modelling it on the outline there sketched of Elizabeth's rumoured intention of visiting her captive kinswoman at Chatsworth in disguise. “Since Monsieur has been here,” proceeds the secretary, “we have had no lack of preaching and fine discourses on life and death. We have heard the mass, and we hope to communicate at this feast of Pentecost; howbeit there will be some difficulty for the want of a priest, unless one be sent.” The above passage betrays the unsuspected fact, that the interdicted offices of the Church of Rome were solemnized in the apartments of the captive Queen at Sheffield Castle at this time, which could scarcely have been without the connivance of the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury. The Monsieur alluded to by Nau was probably a French ecclesiastic who had been introduced by Lusgerie in the ostensible character of his servant.

Lusgerie was both surprised and shocked at the rigorous nature of the incarceration and restraints to which he saw his royal mistress and her faithful household band subjected, and declared they “were worse off than the state prisoners in the Bastille.”² Nau, who had only been there a few weeks, and was already weary of so lugubrious an abode, communicates thus his dissatisfaction to the Archbishop of Glasgow: “Were it not for the grateful regard I cherish for the memory of the late Cardinal de Lorraine my good master, obliging me to devote my life to the service of those belonging to him, I should much desire to regain my liberty. As it was by your persuasion and advice I engaged myself here, I will leave it to you to extricate me, without vexing myself more about it.” The ciphered letter of his royal mistress, to which the young secretary had taken the liberty of adding this confidential communication in the form of a second postscript from himself, is of considerable length. It contains various instructions relating to the relief of the Scottish exiles in Paris, and expresses her fears that Sir James Balfour—who, it will be remembered, had been frequently denounced as one of the accomplices in her husband's murder—would be sent by Morton as an envoy to the King of France, and desires a protest to be entered in her name against his reception by the King her brother-in-law: “If the said Balfour,” she with royal spirit adds, “be received in his court in the quality of an ambassador, I shall withdraw mine.” This letter was written on the 21st of May; the first postscript to it, penned by Nau, bears the same date. It was not, however, sent till many days afterwards; for in consequence of receiving the private letters conveyed by Lusgerie, Mary adds a very long postscript herself on the 1st of June, in reply to the

¹ Labanoff, vol. iv. p. 331.

² *Ibid.*

Archbishop, in which she says: "I know not who has induced you to write to me about the Priory of Lenfant, nor have I any desire to be informed, nor to act against my conscience."¹ And here a break occurs: the royal writer had received intelligence of much deeper importance, which she communicates in a separate and concluding paragraph. Let the reader judge whether the person to whom it relates could ever have possessed the slightest interest in her heart.

"They have given me information of the death of the Earl of Bothwell, and that before his decease he made full confession of his sins, and acknowledged himself guilty of the assassination of the late King my husband, of which he exonerated me most expressly, swearing, on the damnation of his soul, my innocence of it. Now, if it were really so, this testimony would be of much importance to me in controverting the false calumnies of my enemies. I entreat you, therefore, to inquire into the truth of it by all possible means. Those who were present at that declaration, which has since been signed and sealed by them in the form of a *testament*" [more properly speaking, an attestation] "were Otto Braw of the Castle of Elcembre, Paris Braw of the Castle of Vascu, Mons. Gullenstarne of the Castle of Fulkenster, the Bishop of Skonen, and four bailiffs of the town. If Monceaux, who has negotiated in that country formerly, would make a voyage thereto, to inquire more particularly, and transmit the attestations, I shall be very glad to employ him, and will supply him with money for his journey."²

Had Mary been really guilty of the crimes imputed to her by the usurpers of her government and their literary organ Buchanan, how alarming to her would have been the idea of the death-bed revelations of Bothwell! But with the fearless courage which could only emanate from conscious rectitude, she dares the inquiry, and in the mean time expresses no surprise at the report that he had declared her innocence with his last breath, and even "staked the salvation of his soul upon it;" for the whole tenor of her conduct proves she was satisfied that if he had made confession at all, in the hope of appeasing the wrath of an almighty and all-seeing Judge, he must have exonerated her from having been a partaker in any of his evil deeds. She had always predicted "that Time, the father of truth, would one day make her integrity manifest." Believing that hour to be now at hand, she desired not to owe her vindication to an unverified report, however advantageous to her. She would not have it published to the world till it were properly authenticated, esteeming it valueless unless founded on fact.

¹ Labanoff, vol. iv. p. 336.

² June 1, 1576, Sheffield—Labanoff, tom. iv. pp. 330, 331. From the original cipher MSS. in possession of Dr Kyle, preserved in the Scotch College in Paris. The extract has been printed by Keith

with a less literal translation, but the valuable conclusion regarding the mission of Monceaux is among the many treasures due to the research of Prince Labanoff.

A full month passed away before the Archbishop wrote in reply. Being destitute of funds for sending a special messenger to Denmark, he had caused the inquiry so earnestly desired by his royal mistress to be made through the French ambassador at Copenhagen. "We received," he says, "the news of the Earl of Bothwell's death a good while ago, since which time the Queen-mother here (as M. Lansac assures me) has written to the King's ambassador in Denmark to transmit hither a copy of the testament in form; but this has not hitherto been done. I should think it very proper to send over M. de Monceaux, and I know also he would willingly enough undertake the journey: however, your Majesty cannot but see that I am in no capacity to afford him the money necessary for such a journey."¹

Mary, though she had not only exhausted but anticipated her dower-rents to minister to the necessities of those loyal Scottish subjects who were destitute exiles in foreign lands for her sake, and had also to contribute to the maintenance of the noble English refugees of her own Church, contrived to raise five hundred crowns, which she sent to Monceaux, to pay the expenses of his voyage to Denmark; but after many months of suspense, she had the mortification of learning from the Archbishop of Glasgow that this covetous and unfaithful agent, instead of undertaking the expedition, had coolly pocketed the cash, under the pretext "that the Queen of Scotland was already indebted to him in that sum on account of the expenses he had incurred in the performance of various missions in which she had previously employed him, and that he could not engage in this without a further advance of money." Mary had received satisfactory intelligence touching the arrival in England of the attested copy of Bothwell's Confession, which she communicates to her faithful counsellor, the Archbishop of Glasgow, in the following business-like terms: "I am informed that the King of Denmark has transmitted to this Queen (Elizabeth) the testament of the late Earl of Bothwell, and that she has kept it as secretly as she could. It seems to me that the journey of Monceaux is no longer necessary on this account, especially as the Queen-mother has sent there, as you wrote me word." Catherine had requested the King of Denmark to forward a copy to her, through his ambassador, of Bothwell's Confession, attested by the Danish bishop and nobles in whose presence it was uttered; and as he had sent an authenticated copy to Elizabeth, Mary had reason to expect that request would be complied with. One part of the intelligence was, however, incorrect: he of whom Mary writes so coolly "as the late Earl of Bothwell" was still in existence, though no longer treated with the consideration and privileges that had been accorded to his high rank and bold assumption of being the consort of his sovereign lady.

¹ Keith's Appendix, p. 142.

Upwards of eight years had rolled away since Bothwell had been removed from Copenhagen to the royal fortress of Malmöe, which is situated in the beautiful island of Schonen, the fairest of the Baltic group under the Danish sceptre. Here he was safely kept from the pursuit of his enemies, both Scotch and English, in spite of their reiterated demands for him to be surrendered in order to suffer the penalty of the crimes of which he had been accused; for the King of Denmark, not being satisfied of his guilt, as he had written a very plausible memorial, retorting the charges on the usurping faction in Scotland, ordered "that he should be well entertained in the Castle of Malmöe."¹ He was detained there as a state prisoner, indeed, but led a luxurious life, and was treated far better than he deserved, being allowed the liberty of shooting and other recreations, while the King of Denmark ordered and paid for velvet dresses and other costly array for his use.²

The leading members of the confederacy that had undermined the throne and aspersed the reputation of Mary Stuart—Moray, Wood, Lennox, Lethington, and Kirkaldy of Grange—had successively been cut off by tragic and untimely deaths; the Regent Mar had died suddenly in the midst of his iniquity, either of horror of conscience, or by poison. Justice seemed to have forgotten Bothwell, who all the while lived recklessly, indulging in his inebriate habits. His debaucheries began at last to tell on his iron constitution within the walls of Malmöe, where he drank and revelled day and night with the Scotch pirate Clerke. Reports came to Scotland, in July 1575, that both were dead; this was afterwards contradicted in respect to Bothwell, but he was said to be frightfully swollen with dropsy. His malady increased upon him with great violence in the following spring, and believing his hour was come, he cried out, in the agonies of an awakened conscience, that he desired to make confession of his crimes. It must be obvious, that although he might have hoped to improve his condition, in the event of his recovery, by continuing to protest his innocence, his only motive in proclaiming his own guilt, and exonerating his calumniated Queen from the slightest foreknowledge or participation therein, must have been that agonizing desire of relieving an overburdened conscience, which occasionally impels persons who have previously denied an unproved murder to make, what is vulgarly termed, "a clean breast," by avowing it on the eve of execution, or on a death-bed. Bothwell was a violent opponent of the Church of Rome, but a belief in the efficacy of oral confession still lingered; and, appalled

¹ Danish documents communicated to the late Mr Howard of Corby, Fellow of the British Historical Society, by C. C. Rafn, Secretary to the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen.

² I am indebted for these facts to the research of the learned Danish Professor Worsæe among contemporary regal docu-

ments connected with Bothwell's imprisonment in Denmark, transmitted by M. Hall, President of the Council, to my friend Lady Buchanan, who has kindly communicated them to me in illustration of this obscure but important portion of Bothwell's history.

by the terrors of death and judgment to come, he, in the presence of the Lutheran Bishop of Schonen, Baron Cowes the governor of Malmœ, three other Danish nobles, and the four bailiffs of the town, all professors of the Reformed faith, and therefore impartial witnesses, "acknowledged himself guilty of the death of the late King Henry, and declared in the most solemn terms that the Queen was innocent of it, himself with others of the nobles having contrived and executed it." Being requested by the Bishop of Schonen to tell the names of the accomplices, he replied, "The Lord James, Earl of Moray; the Lord Robert, Abbot of Holyrood; the Earls of Argyll, Crawford, Glencairn, Morton, Lord Boyd, Lethington, Buccleuch, and Grange." He confessed himself also guilty of having studied necromancy from his youth, and of practising his black arts on the Queen, "especially by the use of sweet water"—meaning, perhaps, that he had drugged her *eau sucrée*. For all which he begged pardon of God, and received the sacrament in attestation of the truth of all he had affirmed. The Bishop of Schonen, the Danish noblemen, and magistrates, signed the paper in which his confessions were written down in their presence. Duplicates of this paper, attested with their signatures, and sealed with the King of Denmark's seal, were sent by that monarch to Queen Elizabeth and to Scotland.¹ The death of Bothwell is recorded in both Scotch and English history as having occurred immediately after he had relieved his guilty conscience, by making confession of his own crimes, and declaring the innocence of his injured Queen. This statement appearing at the end of each of the three contemporary versions of his confession, even that accurate documentarian, Prince Alexander Labanoff, has fallen into the error of stating, in his chronological summary of the events of 1576, "that in April the Earl of Bothwell died at Malmœ, where he was de-

¹ Search having been fruitlessly made for these documents, their existence has been very unreasonably contested by Malcolm Laing and other one-sided writers, who were equally incredulous of the truth of Mary's assertion of her mother-in-law's reconciliation and friendly correspondence with her for several years before her death; a fact which the discovery and publication of Lady Lennox's holograph letter renders now indisputable. The familiar manner in which Sir John Forster speaks in a letter to Walsingham, the Principal Secretary of State, of the paper in question, proves that it was well known to both of them, and that it was considered of sufficient authority to be used for legal testimony in the Scotch Justiciary Court at the trial of Morton for Darnley's murder. "I hear," he says, "the Testament of the Earl of Bothwell has been put in against him."

One of these documents, probably that sent to Elizabeth, was extant as recently

as the middle of the last century, in the royal library in St James's Palace, as Mr Hamilton affirms in his *Observations on Buchanan*, and he makes a quotation from it which indicates that he had seen it. Its disappearance may be easily accounted for by the confusion caused by the neglected state in which the MSS. were so long allowed to lie in the cellars of old Harrington House. That any of them escaped may be regarded as a marvel. The substance of Bothwell's Confession has been printed by Bishop Keith from the contemporary copy in French, preserved in the Scotch College at Paris, being an avowedly hearsay version, "derived," it says, "from a merchant worthy of credit, who was present when it was uttered by the said Earl." Another copy is in the Cottonian MSS., Titus, C. vii. f. 39; the third is in the handwriting of Sir Julius Cæsar, Master of the Rolls to James I., Sloane MSS.

tained by the King of Denmark." But Bothwell neither died there nor then; local Danish records prove that he survived till the 14th April, 1578, in the fortress of Dragsholm, whither he had been privately removed by the King of Denmark.¹ The fact of Bothwell's confession previous to his removal from Malmøe is confirmed in the curious Latin MS. Biography of Mary Stuart, by a contemporary Hungarian historian, the learned Michael Entzinger,² a most valuable because a thoroughly impartial authority. Entzinger affirms "that the wise and just Frederick II. of Denmark chose to see and confer with this notable prisoner himself, and in a personal interview (which took place before Bothwell was transferred to the dungeons of Dragsholm) solemnly adjured him to declare the truth by making a free and clear avowal whether the Queen of Scotland was guilty or innocent of her husband's death. Then Bothwell, after praying God in a loud voice 'to be merciful to him, as he spake truly,' declared 'that the Queen was innocent of having cognizance or foreknowledge of her husband's murder.' On being desired by the King of Denmark to name the assassins, he replied, 'The bastard (Moray) began, Morton drew, and I wove the web of this murder.'" ³

Our learned Hungarian quaintly but impressively concludes his recital in these words,—“Bothwell died, but ‘Davus’ (which means the slave or convicted felon) lived;” an epigrammatic sentence which briefly implies that Bothwell, having by his own confession acknowledged himself a murderer, a regicide, a traitor of the darkest dye, and a practiser of occult arts, was considered to have forfeited all privileges and titles of nobility, and was no longer recognized as a belted Earl and the consort of a Queen, but treated by the King of Denmark as a condemned criminal.

Entzinger's account of the rigorous nature of the incarceration in which Bothwell was doomed to spend the residue of his days is corroborated by the following passage from the contemporary fragment of Queen Mary's

¹ Communicated to the late H. Howard, Esq., of Corby, by C. C. Rafn, Secretary of the Royal Northern Society of Antiquaries at Copenhagen. Dragsholm is situated on the northern coast of Zealand, between the towns of Holbek and Kallandsborg, but is vainly sought for in the map of the Danish province of Zealand; for, as if to increase the mystery in which the death of Bothwell has been involved, the name of that fortress has been changed to Adelsborg; likewise the apartments occupied by that great state criminal, in the royal castle of Malmøe, have been nearly submerged in the stormy waves that dash perpetually against these gloomy towers.

² Harleian, 582, 1 * Mariæ Stuartæ, Reg^æ Scot^æ Historia Tragicæ per Michælem Entzingerum. The manuscript is

beautifully legible, easily to be referred to by those who wish to test this evidence.

³ Can anything be more striking than the coincidence between these replies, as recorded by Mary's Hungarian biographer, and the following quotation of them Mr Hamilton has given from his reminiscences of the authentic copy of Bothwell's Confession, in the royal library in St James's Palace?—"He (Bothwell) declared that the Queen never gave consent to the King's death, nor was privy thereto, as he should answer to the eternal God." And being asked the question, Who were the contrivers of it? he answered, "Moray the bastard was the first contriver of it, Morton laid the plot, and I accomplished it."—*Observations on Buchanan.*

life, attributed to Lord Herries :—" It is recorded that the King of Denmark caused cast him into a loathsome dungeon, where no one had access to him but those who carried him such scurvie meat and drink as he was allowed, which was given him in at a little window. Here he was kept ten years (*a mistake for two*), till being overgrown with hair and filth, he went mad, a just punishment for his wickedness." The report of two Scotch voyagers, who happened to land on that coast, and understanding that Bothwell, of whom they had some knowledge, was confined in the castle, were permitted to see him, corresponds with the above description. But the learned Danish antiquaries of our own times, who have made the investigation of the records connected with Bothwell's detention in their country their particular study, declare " that the popular tradition of his madness is entirely without foundation, and that when at Dragsholm, he was treated much better than he deserved."

Bothwell expired on the 14th of April, 1578, and was interred in the church of Faareveile,¹ without either monument or other memorial than the entry in the register of that parish, which certifies the date of his burial.² Entzinger adds, " that Bothwell left written letters declaring the names and number of the conspirators, the pledges given by them, the means prescribed, the place and manner of its execution, and explaining all things concerning the murder and its authors."

Not the least interesting incident connected with the publication of Bothwell's attested Confession, was the effect it produced on the mind of Mary's son. A copy of this document, having been brought into

¹ Repps' Hand-Book of Copenhagen.

² "The body of Bothwell," writes Professor Worsae, "was interred in the small church of Faareveile, the parish church of Dragsholm. Some years ago, the sacristan of the church showed to me, in a sepulchre beneath the floor of the north aisle, a simple coffin of oak, which, according to tradition, enclosed the bones of the consort of the Scottish Queen. The coffin was very much decayed, and had neither plate nor inscription. By a recent restoration of the interior of the church, the said sepulchre has been completely shut up, and covered with a new wooden floor."

"Various dates for Bothwell's death have been assigned, but it has been ascertained that Bothwell died at Dragsholm, on the coast of the Danish province of Zealand, on the 14th of April, 1578. MS. communication by Mr Thorl Gudm Repp of Copenhagen."—Note to the very interesting collection of deeds and papers connected with the Hepburns, Earls of Bothwell, in the Bannatyne Miscellany, vol. iii. p. 280; an article from the erudite pen of David Laing, Esq.,

combining all the curious information derived from his researches and those of that indefatigable antiquary, Mr Riddell. At p. 408 in the same volume, the relationship between Queen Mary and Bothwell, by his descent from the Princess Joanna, daughter of James the First, and also from the son of Queen Joanna Beaufort, by her second husband, Sir James Stewart, "the black knight of Lorne," is demonstrated. In fact, Bothwell was as nearly related to the Queen as to his own wife, from whom he obtained a divorce, or rather sentence declaring the nullity of their matrimony, from the Consistorial Court, on the ground of consanguinity within the forbidden degrees. Is it credible, therefore, that Mary, as a devoted member of the Latin Church, would have voluntarily contracted wedlock that would render its offspring illegitimate? It is certain she never applied to the Pope for the dispensation which alone could have legalized such wedlock in the eyes of persons of her own communion, either in Scotland or the rest of Christendom.

Stirling Castle, had fallen into the hands of the Laird of Tullibardine, the comptroller of the household, who, with another gentleman, was eagerly reading it in the King's chamber, not supposing they were observed by the royal student, who was seated at a distant table engaged in writing. Some of their whispered words must, however, have attracted the attention of young James, for he rose, left his writing, and, coming suddenly upon them, insisted on seeing the paper they were reading. Tullibardine would not at first allow him to do so; but after the refusal had been repeated two or three times, the young King at last snatched it out of his hand, and, having read it carefully, gave it back without making any comment. After he had finished his writing, he began to converse with the gentlemen about him. He was observed to be in better spirits than usual, and continuing in the like animated mood from dinner to supper, all present were curious to learn the cause. After supper, Tullibardine commended him for his gracious deportment, and expressed pleasure at seeing him so cheerful. "Have I not reason, Tullibardine, to be so," replied the royal boy; "very grievous accusations and calumnies having been all along impressed upon me against her Majesty the Queen, my mother, that I have this day seen so manifest a testimony of her innocence?"¹

The Archbishop of Glasgow having been informed of this by a gentleman to whom Tullibardine had repeated it, hastened to communicate this touching instance of filial sensibility on the part of her son to Mary, well knowing how precious a cordial it would be to her desolate heart, sorely wounded as it had been during Lennox's regency by learning that the babe, of whom she had been bereaved, had been taught to apply opprobrious names to her with his first lisping accents. He was now in his eleventh year, with powers of intellect precociously developed, when all doubts in regard to the integrity of his royal mother were thus cleared away. Young as James VI. then was, he had had opportunities of seeing what manner of men the calumniators of his hapless mother were. "For fifteen years I was among them, but not of them," was his subsequent declaration, when alluding to their treachery and falsehood: "how they treated that poor lady, my mother, is only too well known."²

The regular course of chronology has been a little interrupted by the necessity of giving a full explanation of the fate of Bothwell, and the circumstances under which he rendered his last important testimony of her innocence; for that it was not the first we have the authority of Camden, "the nourice of antiquity," a contemporary, who, writing with Burleigh's papers and secret correspondence before him, affirms "that Bothwell himself, when he was prisoner in Denmark, attested several times, in his health as well as on his death-bed, and that with the most

¹ Keith's Appendix, p. 143.

² King James's address to the Convocation at Hampton Court.

solemn asseverations, that the Queen was in no degree privy to the regicide."¹ Important as such testimony, in addition to that of the men who had been executed as accomplices in the murder,² must be considered, the exculpation of Mary Stuart rests on a stronger foundation, for the date of Lady Lennox's intercepted letter,³ November, 1575, proves that Darnley's mother was satisfied of her innocence long before Bothwell's declaration was made in the presence of the Lutheran bishop, noblemen, and magistrates, by whom it was attested; and also, that she and her son, Lord Charles Stuart, with his wife, Elizabeth Cavendish, the daughter of Lady Shrewsbury, who had been domesticated with Mary for upwards of six years, deemed her worthy not only of their love, but their reverence.

Lady Lennox had both Fowler and Thomas Nelson, Darnley's servants, and Nelson's wife, in her household, where they remained till her death. Is it not, then, the most unreasonable of all paradoxes to assume that she was uninformed of any portion of the evidences that had been adduced by the conspirators for the purpose of producing impressions of Queen Mary's guilt? Her conduct, on the contrary, proves that she had become, since her husband's sudden and tragic death, cognizant of facts that compelled her to justify, to love, and reverence her royal daughter-in-law, and to transfer the feelings of indignation with which she had previously regarded her to the real authors of the crime—Morton and his accomplices, "the wicked traitors, whose treachery," she tells Mary, "is better known," and whom she encouragingly bids her "not to fear."

To return, however, to the current course of the narrative of Mary's melancholy prison-life. Elizabeth having been prevailed on by the French ambassador to allow her to go to Buxton Wells, she was conducted thither early in June by the Earl of Shrewsbury, under the guard of a strong escort of armed horsemen, accompanied by her faithful ladies and her old physician Lusgerie, who thought very highly of the waters, and pronounced them to be so well suited to the case of his royal patient, that he formed sanguine expectations of a perfect cure being effected by a persevering course of the baths and drinking the waters under his direction, in conjunction with such medicines as his long experience of her constitution would lead him to administer. Scarcely, however, was she quietly settled at the Old Hall, and beginning to derive benefit from the air and waters of Buxton, when a peremptory order was despatched by Queen Elizabeth to Shrewsbury, enjoining him "to remove the Scottish Queen immediately to Tutbury Castle;" a place as disagreeable and inimical to her as Buxton was the reverse.

This mandate for Mary's removal from Buxton was probably caused by

¹ Annals of Elizabeth.

² See the declaration signed by the majority of the nobles of Scotland, in Appendix of vol. vi., *Lives of Queens of Scotland*.

³ See fac-simile appended to this vol., done from the original by Netherc'iff.

Leicester having declared "that his physician had ordered him to drink the Buxton waters, and use the baths for twenty days." Lettice, Countess of Essex,¹ with whom he was much scandalized, Lady Norris, and another lady of rank, who is merely mentioned as "my Lady Susan," intended to proceed thither at the same time. Elizabeth thought proper to exert her royal authority over her Master of the Horse, by signifying that it was her pleasure for him to remain with his brother-in-law Huntingdon at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and have the Buxton waters sent to him there for his potations ;² thus preventing the meetings her jealous fancy anticipated between him and the unfortunate heiress of the crown. But she was scarcely less anxious to keep Mary from becoming acquainted with any of the ladies of the English Court, of which Buxton became at this time a favourite resort, being, indeed, next to Bath, the most ancient and historically celebrated of British spas.

Lusgerie tarried with his royal mistress at Sheffield only till the end of July; for being an old man, and accustomed to the luxuries and privileges of a Court physician, he found the rigorous restraints imposed on those who loved her well enough to share her prison, intolerable. A young apothecary, who had accompanied him from France to prepare his prescriptions, was, however, induced to remain with her. She writes on the 30th of that month,³ to thank Elizabeth for having graciously permitted the said *garçon d'apothecaire* to be added to the number of her attendants. She also petitions to be allowed to return to Buxton, and stay long enough to effect the cure which Lusgerie had predicted. She makes him the bearer of a pretty little coffer, and a head-dress, of which she begs Elizabeth's acceptance, with the assurance "that if the style pleases her, she will have another of the same fashion made up for her more at leisure." Mary also lamented "that some things she had sent for, which would have been more worthy of acceptance, had fallen into the hands of the thieves who had intercepted and robbed her treasurer on his journey."

The first intelligence Mary received in the beginning of the year 1577 was, that her loyal servant, Barclay, laird of Gartly, was arrested and thrown into prison, by the usurping faction in Scotland, for having mentioned the fact that Bothwell had declared her innocence in a solemnly attested Confession.⁴ Among the occupations of Mary Stuart in the early part of the same year, 1577, was that of making her will. A most interesting fragment of the rough draught intended for that purpose, partly in her own hand-writing and partly in that of her secretary Nau, whom she constitutes one of her executors, is preserved in the MS. room in the British Museum. In the commencing paragraph she says :—

¹ Sir Francis Knollys' daughter, by Catharine Carey, Elizabeth's first cousin.

² Lodge, vol. ii. p. 74.

³ Labanoff, vol. iv. p. 31±.

⁴ Letter from Archbishop Beton to Queen Mary—Keith's Appendix.

"I dismiss from my heart now all resentment for the injuries, calumnies, rebellions, and other offences which have been perpetrated against me during my life by my rebel subjects and other enemies. I leave vengeance to God, and supplicate Him to pardon them with the same fervour that I implore pardon for my own trespasses of Him, and from those whom I have offended either by word or deed."

"I will and ordain that, if I decease in this prison, my body be transported to France, and attended thither, at my expense, by all the members of my household, French and Scotch (who shall be with me at the time of my decease), to be buried beside the remains of my late dearly loved and much honoured lord and husband, Francis II., King of France."

She gives directions as to the number and mourning of the orphan schools whom she desires to follow in her funeral procession, the alms to be distributed, and the offices to be used. She bequeaths her rights to the crowns of England and Scotland, and everything she has, to the Prince her son, if he becomes a convert to the Church of Rome; but if he perseveres in what she, in the warmth of polemic antagonism, styles "the heresy of Calvin," then she transfers these rights to the King of Spain—a clause that cannot be too severely reprobated. "If her son die before her, she appoints either the Earl of Lennox [Darnley's brother], or Lord Claud Hamilton, for her successor, whichever shall have proved himself most faithful to her and most constant in his religion. Yet the young Earl of Lennox had been dead several months, and she mentions him as such in another clause, where she endeavours to secure his title to his daughter, the infant Lady Arabella Stuart. "I give," she says, "to my niece Arabella the earldom of Lennox, held by her late father; and enjoin my son, as my heir and successor, to obey my will in this particular"—James being himself the rightful Earl of Lennox.

The following codicil has an important bearing on the controverted point of Mary's guilt or innocence; and but for the confusion in the relatives, which require constant explanation, would doubtless have been quoted long ere this, as containing strong moral evidence in her favour, affording also additional proof of the friendship between herself and her mother-in-law, Margaret, Countess of Lennox:—

"I restore to my aunt Lennox all the right that she asserted to the earldom of Lennox before the accord made by my recommendation between my said aunt of Lennox and the Earl of Morton, seeing that was done by the late King my husband, on the promise of his [Morton's] faithful assistance if we should incur danger and require his aid, which he broke by his secret dealings with our rebel adversaries, who had practised against his [Darnley's] life, and for that purpose took up arms and displayed their banners against us."

It is scarcely necessary to explain that Mary here refers to the first plot for Darnley's assassination at the Parenwell, and the insurrection of the ringleaders of that conspiracy immediately after her marriage with the object of their murderous and persevering malice.

"I revoke," continues the royal testatrix, "all the other gifts I have made to the Earl of Morton, on his promises of good services for the future, and intend that earldom to be reunited to the Crown, if it be found to appertain to it, as his [Morton's] treasons, as much in the death of my late husband as in my banishment, and pursuit of my friends, have merited. And I prohibit my son from being ever served by him, on account of the hatred he has borne to his parents [herself and Darnley], and which I doubt not is extended to him also, knowing how he stands affected to the enemies of my rights to this realm, of whom he is a pensioner."

Mary mentions in her next codicil the man whom she had been compelled to receive as her third husband, but she does so, as usual, with the coolest indifference, by the title he originally bore, and without the slightest allusion to his ever having stood in any other relation to her than that of a subject:—

"I recommend my nephew, Francis Stuart, to my son, whom I command to retain him in his service, near his person, and to let him have the property of the Earl of Bothwell, his uncle, because he is of my blood, my godson, and was left to my guardianship by his father."¹

This will, though neither signed nor executed, must be regarded as a highly curious and valuable document, as affording a most interesting insight into the character and feelings of the royal testatrix, and especially of the friendly regard then subsisting between her and Darnley's mother, Lady Lennox.

CHAPTER XXII.

MARY was permitted to revisit Buxton in the latter end of May, 1577, on an indulgence which she appears to have obtained by propitiating Elizabeth with various elegant articles of dress embroidered by her own

¹ The boy of whom Mary speaks was the orphan of her best-loved illegitimate brother, Lord John of Coldingham, and Lady Jean Hepburn, Bothwell's sister. Mary was always passionately fond of him for his father's sake. Her son obeyed her desire by making him Earl of Bothwell, but found him a most troublesome and turbulent person.

Bothwell's mother died in 1572 at an advanced age. She is described in the endorsement of her will in the Consistorial Court of Edinburgh as "Ane noble and mightie lady, Dame Agnes Sinclair, Countess of Bothwell and Lady of Morham, who left of free gear £224, 13s. 4d., leaving her daughter Jane Hepburn, maistress of Cathness, her sole executrix. She left all she possessed, her debts being paid, to William Hepburn,

son natural to James, Earl Bothwell. This young man was in arms against the usurping Regent Mar in 1571, and his noble grandmother was forced to appear before the said Regent and Privy Council, and to give security (her kinsman, Henry Lord Sinclair, becoming her cautioner or surety), that she would neither supply nor commune with the said William Hepburne, natural son to James, some time Earl of Bothwell, nor name others of the King's rebels."—*Privy Council Register*, Dec. 26, 1571 (*communicated by John Riddell, Esq.*). Bothwell's son died a natural death. The divorced Countess of Bothwell lived to be turned of ninety: she married twice after Bothwell's exile; but neither during Mary's life, nor after her death, ever imputed blame to her.

hand. During the early part of her sojourn, the Earl of Leicester repaired thither under the pretext of using the baths and waters for the benefit of his health; and he actually had the boldness, through the favour of his friend Shrewsbury, to take up his abode under the same roof with her. Burleigh, naturally suspecting that some dangerous political intrigue was on foot between him and Mary, prepared to follow, for the purpose of keeping a sharp watch on their proceedings; but his intention was traversed by Elizabeth, who sent him a peremptory summons to return to the Court. Leicester's visit to Buxton was undoubtedly with the sanction of his royal mistress,¹ for the purpose, under the flattering guise of devotion to the interests of the captive heiress of the Crown, of endeavouring to elicit from her the particulars of her secret engagement to Don John of Austria, the report of which at that time excited great uneasiness in the English Cabinet.

After mentioning Burleigh's jealousy of Leicester's visit to Buxton, and that his intention of coming there himself to traverse Leicester's designs had been frustrated by Elizabeth, Mary says in her letter to Beton:—

“Leicester has offered to write to this Queen to exculpate me from the charge of permitting Don John's courtship without her knowledge or consent, and has also advised me to engage all the princes in Christendom to unite in making instances for my liberation, or better treatment at least; which suit, he hoped, would not be rejected. My answer to this was briefly, that when the Queen his mistress made her good-will towards me apparent, my kinder usage, I might force myself to give her credit for the like sincerity in regard to me that I had always observed towards her, having been so often deceived by her promises—as, for instance, when she beguiled me into making my friends lay down their arms in Scotland; and while all her principal counsellors and favourite servants were so inimical to my welfare and the good of my cause, it was difficult to hope for better things from her for the future than I had experienced in the past. In regard to foreign princes, if they felt disposed to resent the wrongs and injuries that have been done to me here, I had neither the power to prevent it nor to aid them, for all means of writing had been taken from me; but if this Queen had the good-will to me that he gave me to understand, she would make it so apparent by her conduct that I should not need to be obliged to any one but herself.”

Leicester, finding it impossible to worm himself into the confidence of the captive Queen, left Buxton, and returned to report his ill success to his royal mistress. Mary was remanded back to Sheffield Castle, and Julio Borgarucci, an Italian physician, much patronized by Leicester,

¹ Elizabeth wrote with her own hand to thank the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury for their honourable treatment of the Earl of Leicester. “We should do him great wrong (holding him in that place of favour we do),” she says, “in case we should not let you understand in how thankful a sort we accept the same at both your hands, not as done

unto him, but to our own self, reputed him as another ourself.”—Lodge, vol. ii. p. 80.

If any genuine letter from Mary Stuart, mentioning Bothwell as her second self, could be produced, it would be triumphantly quoted as an irrefragable evidence of guilt and folly.

whose reputation as a poisoner was notorious, was despatched thither on a private mission to Shrewsbury, the object of which has been darkly hinted by historians; but whatever might be the sins of Shrewsbury and his Countess against Mary Stuart, they were incapable of sanctioning any of the occult practices against her life which Leicester recommended.

The appointment of Mary's persevering suitor, Don John of Austria, to the government of the Spanish Netherlands, gave serious cause for uneasiness to Elizabeth's Cabinet. Philip II. prepared troops for a simultaneous invasion of Ireland and England for the liberation of the captive Scottish Queen, in the expectation of being supported by the Roman Catholic population in both realms, and her friends of the Protestant faith as well. The military talents of Don John of Austria, and the chivalric nature of his enterprise, supported by the wealth and power of Spain, were only too likely to dazzle the minds of the romantic. Matters were progressing silently, but with every prospect of success, when a courier, charged with a confidential letter from Don John to his brother Philip, fell into the hands of a troop of Protestant soldiers, who sent it to the King of Navarre, and he to the Prince of Orange, by whom it was immediately communicated to Queen Elizabeth. That able princess took such measures for the defence of her realm as rendered this formidable project abortive. Yet Don John's fancy being strongly fixed on Mary, he had indulged dreams of obtaining her for his consort, by means of an amicable treaty with her royal jailer.¹ "Two such as I know to be spies for Queen-Mother," writes Sir Amyas Paulet from Poitiers to Queen Elizabeth, "have told me within these two days that Don John hath sent to your Majesty to require the Queen of Scots for his wife."

Mary herself, in a letter to her absent *maître d'hôtel*, Andrew Beton, thus alludes to the reports of her matrimonial engagement to the chivalric governor of the Netherlands, with diplomatic coolness: "Walsingham has been made to believe, and on his imagination would fain persuade this Queen, that the object of your journey was to assist in those negotiations, and that directly you arrived in Paris, your brother [the Archbishop] posted off, under the pretence of the baths, to Don Juan, to arrange the treaty for his marriage with me."

Andrew Beton had been sent over from France, at Queen Mary's request, by Archbishop Beton, on the death of his eldest brother, John Beton, Laird of Criech, in 1570, to supply the place of that faithful and much-lamented servant, as her *maître d'hôtel*. He performed the duties of this profitless service so well as to entitle himself to the grateful consideration of his royal mistress. Unfortunately, however, for his peace, he became enamoured of Mary Seton, the only one of the four Maries who, eschewing the snares of wedlock, had remained, through good report and evil report, inseparably attached to the service of her royal

¹ Sheffield, the 13th of January, 1575—Labanoff, vol. iv. p. 260.

friend Mary Stuart. Mary Seton was still sufficiently charming to inspire a deep and enduring passion in the heart of the new inmate of their prison-house. Opportunity and importunity in many cases prevail, but Andrew Beton found it impossible to persuade the fair Seton to listen to his suit. At last, after serving, like Jacob, for seven years, in the hope of being rewarded with her hand, he wrote to his brother, the Archbishop of Glasgow, to complain of her cruelty, and besought him to solicit the influence of the Queen in his behalf. But even the royal Mary, whose kind heart sympathized with the distress of the rejected lover, pleaded his cause to her early associate and devoted attendant in vain; for Mary Seton declared "that Andrew Beton, being of inferior lineage, a younger brother, and not of noble blood, was no fitting match for her;" and when the Queen offered to make all right as far as titles and honours could go, she replied "that she was not free to marry, having made a vow to devote herself to a life of celibacy." Notwithstanding her own attachment to the Church of Rome, this excuse was treated by her Majesty with contempt.

In the postscript to her letter, Mary adds:—

"I have communicated the above to the damsel, who accuses me of too great partiality, seeing, that, for the sake of brevity, I have omitted all the circumstances under which she has made her submission to me, as a matter of duty, but in the hope of obtaining some indulgence for the observation of her vow, if it should be found null, her inclination having been for a long time, especially since our incarceration, more disposed to continue in her present condition than to enter into that of marriage! This I have promised to explain to you, as the confidence she reposes in me merits, and to decide as I shall find in my conscience best for her, so as to put her out of any danger of blame in consequence of acting by my direction, in the event of my considering it best to persuade her to enter the state less agreeable to herself. She demurs much on the difference of titles and rank, and told me that she has heard the marriages of the two sisters Livingston spoken of slightly, because they had espoused the younger brothers of their equals; and that she feared her relations, in a country where such etiquettes are kept up, would be of the like opinion. But, as the Sovereign of them both, I have offered to take the charge upon me of finding, as far as I in my present state can, a remedy."¹

Andrew Beton proceeded to France on this romantic mission, to consult his right reverend brother on the proper means to be pursued for obtaining a dispensation for Mary Seton to contract matrimony with him, notwithstanding her vow, or a nullification of it altogether. But ecclesiastical business has always been proverbially tardy, and the love-lorn *maitre d'hôtel* was burdened with much of the Queen's secret correspondence with her own relations, besides a vast amount of commissions from her and her ladies to match shades of silk for their embroidery, and to purchase and convey all sorts of perfumery, choice millinery, and patterns for dresses. His return was in consequence so long delayed, that Queen Mary, who suffered great inconvenience from his absence, wrote

¹ Labanoff, vol. iv. p. 341—344.

to inform him, that unless he came back very soon, she should be under the necessity of appointing a new *maître d'hôtel*. He assured her in reply that he hoped to return immediately. Still he came not, and inimical reports of his proceedings were insinuated to his royal mistress. In her long confidential letter to him on the 22nd of August, 1577, she says :—

“If there be any novelties in stuffs, materials for dresses, or any other little requisites that you think might please me, do not forget to bring them over for me, and your brother will make the treasurer there disburse the means. I am very glad that you will be able to accommodate Charles Paget ; but to avoid the suspicion it would create, make him buy and send the spinnet, by any person coming over, whom he does not mistrust.”

Her Scotch secretary added this facetious

“Postscriptum—From your servant, Gilbert Curle, who commends himself very humbly to your favour, and assures you that he has, according to your desire, made your commendations to Mademoiselle de Seton, Mademoiselle de Rallay, your last year's Valentine, and to all of this company.”

Long did the captive Queen and her ladies look for the return of the enamoured master of the household, to enliven the lugubrious monotony of their prison with his French news, and secret Scotch intelligence collected in France, his exciting budget of ciphered letters, and scarcely less interesting freight of Parisian millinery, and the pretty novelties in silks and *bijouterie* he had been commissioned to purchase. Perhaps if the secrets of all hearts had been revealed, that of the proud, coy, Mary Seton might have been detected, under all her sly semblance of indifference, beating anxiously for his return with the nullification of her perverse vow of celibacy ; but if absence, and the test to which she had put his love, had taught her to prize him as she ought, it was all too late, for she never saw him again. He died on his homeward journey ; and the fact is thus alluded to by Queen Mary in a letter to his brother the Archbishop, dated November 15th :—

“I hope to be informed of the state of affairs in Scotland through your intelligence with M. de Seton, to whom I pray you to make my commendations, and assure him of my good-will to him, according to his fidelity and devotion to my service. The desire that I had of your being allied by the marriage of your brother with Seton's sister, Mary, makes me regret his death the more, besides the loss I have sustained in so faithful a subject and servant. Endeavour to bear this calamity with the fortitude that time and resignation may at length bring even to the most feeble, that you may be preserved to continue with your Sovereign in the course of her adversities as constantly as you have persevered till now. I pray God to give you all necessary consolation, and to have you in His holy care.”¹

Her French secretary, Nau, in his postscript to the Queen's letter, after

¹ Labanoff, vol. iv. p. 402.

expressing regret at her want of more experienced counsellors, adds very feelingly : "All this company lament much the death of your late brother, myself, for your sake, more than all the others. I will write to you hereafter by the usual way, for I cannot dispose myself to do it now, from the remembrance of a fate so sad !" Mary Seton continued with the Queen seven years longer, when her health became so greatly impaired by the hardships and cold of the damp comfortless prisons in which they were incarcerated, that she at last withdrew to the convent at Rheims, over which Queen Mary's aunt Renée of Lorraine presided, and ended her days in cloistered seclusion—a lot for which her royal mistress sighed in vain.

Among the noble collection of historical portraits belonging to the late Duke of Devonshire in the gallery at Hardwick, is a fine whole-length of Mary Stuart, which, according to the antique Latin inscription, in the upper corner on the right hand, "was painted at Sheffield Castle in 1578, the thirty-sixth year of her age and the tenth of her English captivity." This is possibly the identical picture mentioned by her French secretary Nau in a P.S. to one of Mary's letters to the Archbishop of Glasgow, dated August 31, 1577, as in the course of preparation, and intended as a present for him, but unfinished. "I thought," writes he, "to have had this accompanied by a portrait of her Majesty ; but the painter has not been able to bring it to perfection before the despatch goes. It shall be sent next time." The picture was not finished till the beginning of the year 1578, and probably no opportunity of transmitting it occurring, remained at Sheffield Castle in the possession of the Shrewsbury family.

There are also at Hardwick two tableaus of Mary Stuart's pictorial needlework, probably executed by her industrious fingers during her close confinement at Sheffield, Chatsworth, or Tutbury ; for though the Derbyshire traditions connect her name and memory with Hardwick, there is no documentary evidence that she was ever there. The bed worked in cross-stitch by her and the voluntary companions of her duration, was, we know, brought thither from Chatsworth, and has been much deteriorated and diminished in its size by the dishonourable practice of visitors in cutting out pieces as relics. The tableaus at Hardwick are protected from such depredators by being framed and glazed. They are about a yard and a half in length, and three quarters of a yard in height, worked in tent-stitch. The first represents Abraham's trial of faith in the preparation for the sacrifice of Isaac. The pendant to this tableau is of the same size and similar work, representing the Judgment of Solomon. The costume is also of the court of Henry III. of France. They are evidently executed by the self-same hands as the screen belonging to the Earl of Morton at Dalmahoy, which was left unfinished by Mary at Lochleven

Castle,¹ but in much better preservation.² The captive sovereign concludes a long letter to the French ambassador, on important political subjects, with this truly feminine paragraph: "I have received the little box from the President, Duverger, with the shades of silk for my embroideries, and all the other requisites you have sent me, by the carrier of this town, and thank you heartily for the good diligence you have used in this matter."

Projects for getting her boy out of the hands of Morton, and having him conveyed to France, occupied Mary's mind during the year 1577. Her mother-in-law, Lady Lennox, was not only consenting, but eagerly co-operating with her in this design. "I can tell you no more on this subject," writes Mary to Archbishop Beton, "save that, by the new regulations of my son's house, Drumquhassil has been appointed Master of his Household, which is very favourable for the execution of our enterprise, if he remain faithful to his promises. I know that he depends entirely on Lady Lennox, my mother-in-law, and she has recently given me to understand that she is infinitely offended with, and irritated against, Morton, about a letter he has written to her, which has been shown to me—the most insolent and disdainful that even king could have written to the meanest lord among his subjects.³ I praise God that she becomes daily more sensible of the faithlessness and evil intentions of those whom she formerly assisted with her name against me, their designs having always been inimical to our race, as they are now rendering sufficiently apparent, and this makes us both dread the perils to which we see my son exposed."

Early in the spring of 1578, the royal mother exulted in the tidings of the bloodless revolution which deposed Morton from the regency, and invested her son with the government of Scotland, though he had not fully completed his twelfth year.⁴ The party by whom this loyal movement was effected was headed by the Earl of Athol. According to the reports of Queen Elizabeth's envoy, Sir Robert Bewes, "Morton was much despised and hated by the people of Scotland, and the majority of the Lords were anxiously devising means for bringing home their Queen."⁵ But, even as it had been at the cutting off of the three previous usurpers, who, under the specious title of regents, had appropriated the power and revenues of the crown, so was it at the deposition of Morton. Incarcerated in an English fortress, her person was irrecoverable. Popular feeling

¹ See vol. vi. *Lives of the Queens of Scotland*, p. 32, for description and facsimile engraving of this curious relic.

² They were discovered by the late Duke of Devonshire a few years ago, in an old oaken chest, where they had been lying, apparently forgotten, for more than two centuries, uninjured by moth

or damp, the colours being as fresh and bright as when they were first combined. Mary obtained her materials, and occasionally her patterns, from France.

³ Labanoff, iv. 397.

⁴ Labanoff. Tytler.

⁵ Murdin, 351.

might destroy or dispossess her foes, but to replace her on her throne was impossible. Her cause was, however, now identified with that of her son, and he was regarded by all true Scots as her representative. She writes of him to the Archbishop of Glasgow "as the future avenger of her wrongs," calls him "her dearest jewel," and flatters herself with the idea that his marriage with the Infanta of Spain will be accomplished; though her mother-in-law, Catherine de Medicis, had made an overture for an alliance between him and the young Princess of Lorraine, daughter of Claude of France. "But," observes Mary, "knowing of old the little good-will the Queen-Mother bears us, if it be not for some particular advantage for herself, which is the object of all her designs, I believe this overture is made with no other intention than that of breaking the suspected treaty with the King of Spain, both for the marriage of my son with one of the Infantas, and my own with Don John."¹

Mary's satisfaction in the emancipation of her boy from the thrall of Morton was but of brief duration. That subtle traitor, by means of his intrigues with the young Earl of Mar, the hereditary governor of Stirling Castle, succeeded in repossessing himself both of that fortress and the person of the young King, over whom he, for a season, resumed his former control. Mary could only weep and pray for his deliverance, and importune her uncle, Cardinal Guise, with letters, to raise funds for getting him abducted from Stirling Castle to Flanders or to France.

The sudden death of Margaret, Countess of Lennox, at this critical juncture, a few hours after the Earl of Leicester had been dining with her *tête-à-tête*, deprived Mary of her most influential coadjutor in her efforts for this object. The letter in which she announces that event to her faithful servant the Archbishop of Glasgow, is a document of no ordinary interest. "The Countess of Lennox, my mother-in-law, died about a month ago. This good lady, thank God, was on the very best terms with me, since the last five or six years we have corresponded together, and she has acknowledged to me in letters, written by her own hand, 'the wrong she had done me by her unjust persecutions, excited,' as she has given me to understand, 'by her having been badly informed, but principally by the express commands of the Queen of England, and the persuasion of her Council, who were bent on preventing our agreement;' but, when she became convinced of my innocence, she desisted from persecuting me herself, and refused plainly to sanction what they might do against me under her name."² This friendly correspondence between the mother of Darnley and his royal widow must, according to the term of years over which the latter declared it extended, have commenced soon after the death of the Earl of Lennox in the autumn of 1572. Of its actual exist-

¹ Mary to the Archbishop of Glasgow, 10th of April, 1577. Labanoff, vol. v. p. 23.

² Tytler. Labanoff.

ence, the intercepted letter from Lady Lennox to Mary, of which we have the pleasure of presenting a fac-simile, is an indisputable evidence.¹ Those letters which Mary tells the Archbishop "she had received from Lady Lennox, and carefully preserves, containing that good lady's penitential acknowledgments 'of having acted under erroneous impressions, when she put forth accusations against her in consequence of bad information, the commands of Queen Elizabeth, and the persuasions of her inimical Council,'" were of course seized by the agents of Walsingham and Burleigh among the other papers and valuables of the captive Queen, at the time all her drawers, coffers, escritaires, and other secret repositories, were broken open in 1586, in quest of evidence of her implication in Babington's plot. It would have been inconsistent with the policy of these systematic enemies of Mary Stuart, who had encouraged and confederated with every false witness among her traitor subjects for her defamation, had they allowed such testimonials of her innocence from the pen of Darnley's mother to see the light. And here it may not be amiss to remind the reader that Leicester, at the death of the Countess of Lennox, took possession of her papers—a proceeding which gave some colour to the popular suspicion that he had hastened that event by poison, his reputation for such practices being, like Morton's, almost as notorious as that of Palmer in modern times.

Reports of the dangerous nature of the illness which attacked Elizabeth in the spring of 1578 deluded Mary into the hope of being speedily summoned from her dreary prison-house to ascend the English throne. At the same time, Elizabeth's precious suitor, Alençon, thought proper to quit the French Court, on some offence taken with Henry III., formed a sudden friendship with the Duke of Guise, and proposed the Quixotic scheme of undertaking, in conjunction with him, an expedition in behalf of the captive Mary, by landing with a military force in Scotland, to unite with her loyal adherents there, rescue her son from the power of Morton, and then marching into England, where they calculated on being supported by a general rising of the Roman Catholics, and proclaiming Mary queen. Their project having been secretly communicated to Mary by her ambassador at the Court of France, she replies through the same channel:—

"I feel myself infinitely obliged, and cannot thank M. de Alençon and M. de Guise enough for their desire to aid me and hazard their fortunes for the re-establishment of mine. Although I dare not press them to execute the resolution they have formed of passing over with their troops into Scotland, yet, as this offer proceeds from themselves, I must tell

¹ Vol. v., *Lives of the Queens of Scotland*, p. 373. Engraved by Mr Nethercliff, from the original holograph MS. in Her Majesty's State Paper Office, Duke Street, Westminster.

them, that the sooner it is done the more likely it will be to prevent this Queen from frustrating them."¹

Mary continued to dream and write to her faithful servant, Archbishop Beton, about this singular confederacy for the relief of herself and her son, during the whole of that summer, the greater portion of which she spent at Chatsworth, whence many of her letters are dated. The death of Don John of Austria, in October, 1578, ended her last reasonable hope of restoration to liberty. She was removed from Chatsworth to Sheffield in the spring of 1579.

Intense anxiety for the fate of her son, then a prisoner in the hands of Morton, occupied the mind of the captive Queen during the winter and spring months of 1578-9. But Morton held his power on a tottering basis. The young King found means to write to his Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Athol, requesting him to raise troops to effect his deliverance. The signal for a general rising was given. A national burst of feeling pervaded the honest classes; they flew to arms with the indignant cry, "Morton has sold us to the English; he will deliver our King to Queen Elizabeth." The suspicions regarding his share in the murder of Darnley were renewed. He had risen to despotic power on the ruins of the royal pair, who had been sacrificed in order to create a minority and a regency for the benefit of his fellow-traitors and himself. The eyes of the people appeared fully opened to the astute proceedings of Mary's calumniators. Her cause was now identified with that of her son. Hopelessly incarcerated as she was in an English prison, it was only in his person she could reign in Scotland. An amicable treaty was with some difficulty effected between Athol and Morton, through the diplomatic talents of the English ambassador, and a coalition government was arranged.² Morton gave a splendid banquet in honour of the reconciliation; but scarcely had they risen from table when the Earl of Athol and his friend Montrose were seized with violent sickness. Both left Stirling precipitately, and hastened to Kincardine Castle, where Athol expired, having loudly asserted his suspicion that he was poisoned. Athol, while under the inimical influence of his brother-in-law Lethington, and his kinsman Lennox, had been one of Mary's most formidable opponents in Scotland. Time had made her integrity, and the villany of her calumniators, manifest to him, and converted him into one of her strongest partisans. After his death, his widowed Countess, a lady of the highest rank and most unsullied reputation, applied for permission to come with her daughter to share the hardships of their captive queen in her dreary English prisons, and to wait upon her there; a proposal which affords the highest testimonial of her faith in the purity of that calumniated

¹ Mary Stuart to the Archbishop of Glasgow—Sheffield, May 9, 1578. Labanoff, vol. v. p. 36-7.

² Tytler. Camden. Lingard. Bowes' Papers—State-Paper Correspondence.

princess, who had no worldly advantages wherewith to compensate the followers of her adverse fortunes for the sacrifices such fidelity involved. Lady Athol had been present at the fatal ball and masque at Holyrood on the night of Darnley's murder, a witness of the demeanour of the Queen; and if she had not been fully satisfied of her innocence of any collusion with the assassins, it is scarcely to be supposed she would voluntarily have offered to bring not only herself, but a youthful daughter, into close domestic association with her, by becoming members of her scanty prison retinue. Mary eagerly and gratefully accepted Lady Athol's offer, and entreated Elizabeth to grant permission for her and her daughter to come to her; but it was preempторily refused.

Meantime the doughty champion Alençon, notwithstanding his recent offer of invading England in conjunction with the Duke de Guise, for Mary's enfranchisement, renewed his negotiations for wedlock with Queen Elizabeth. He sent so agreeable an envoy to plead his cause, that Elizabeth was induced to grant sundry favours to her unfortunate cousin in consequence of his intercession. Among other indulgencies, Mary was allowed to send her French secretary Nau to Scotland as the bearer of her maternal greetings, letters, and such presents as her poverty permitted her to send to her son: a vest embroidered by her own hand, a locket with a device composed by her, and executed by a French jeweller in black enamel and gold; but her envoy, though he came with a passport from Queen Elizabeth, was neither allowed access to the presence of the boy-monarch, because he refused to give him the title of King, nor to deliver the letters and presents Mary had sent, because she had simply addressed them "To my loving son James, Prince of Scotland;" although the members of the Scotch Privy Council, in the temporary absence of Morton, were so moved by the earnest importunity of the youth, that, after much deliberation, they would have conceded the point, but for the officious interposition of the comptroller, who sent to apprise Morton. But the incident will be best related by Mary's own pen. "Every one," she says, "assures me that my son recognizes infinitely his devoir towards me, and that the poore chylde dar not show it in the captivity he is, fearing the hazard of his life. He was three divers times at Council, upon the receipt of Nau 'maintaining by advice' that the superscription of my letter bearing without ane other style, 'To my son,' might suffice unto them, and oftentimes asked them 'if the title of King stayed him to be my son and I his mother?' in such sort as the Council had once yielded unto him, and Nau would have been the next day admitted without the messenger, whom Tullibardine made run that night to Morton, advertising him that all the Council did favour that visitation if he came not with extreme diligence to *impesche* (prevent) the same by his presence, and in effect Morton made such haste that, although thirty-six miles off, he arrived two hours after dinner at Stirling, where sud-

denly appearing he made them answer, that 'if the said Nau would come again from me giving my son the title of King, he and his Council should receive him with all favour; but that without this recognizance, my son would not in any way recognize his commission.' Hereupon Nau made means that a gentleman who was with him might kiss my son's hand, but my son had no sooner laid his hand on this gentleman's shoulder than he was drawn by the sleeve in such sort that he could not speak unto him one syllable only. By this may every one know the fear these traitors have of my son's good nature to me."¹

Nau brought so distressing an account of the restraints to which her son was subjected by Morton, his want of exercise and relaxation, that Mary addressed an impassioned appeal on the subject to Elizabeth, representing to her the miserable state of captivity in which both mother and son were detained. She says: "Pardon me, Madam, if the maternal affection I bear to my only son and sole representative, rendering me infinitely solicitous for the preservation of his life, makes me importunate for you to deliver him from the danger to which I perceive he is exposed in the hands of the wretch Morton and his faction, the murderers of his father, and traitors and sworn enemies of his mother."² Elizabeth took no notice of this appeal, but made a formal complaint to the French ambassador "of the contemptuous manner in which," she said, "the Queen of Scots had spoken of Monsieur the Duke of Anjou" (as her French suitor Alençon was now entitled). When pressed by the ambassador to give up her authors for Mary's alleged contempt, Elizabeth said that "the Countess of Shrewsbury had affirmed 'that she and her husband's servants had heard the Queen of Scots use very unbecoming language of Monsieur.'" On Mary discussing this with the Earl and Countess, they were greatly surprised at an assertion so contrary to the honourable terms in which she had always spoken of the prince, and united in assuring her they would testify the same in writing.

An unexpected change took place in the affairs of Scotland this autumn, in consequence of the influence acquired there by Esme Stuart, Lord of Aubigny, the nephew of the late Earl of Lennox. He had been brought up in the service of France; but having obtained letters of recommendation from his friend the Duke de Guise to various members of Queen Mary's party, he came to Scotland, succeeded in gaining access to Stirling Castle, and forming a personal acquaintance with the young King his relation, and soon won his love and confidence. He strengthened himself by making an alliance offensive and defensive with James Stuart, son of Lord Ochiltree, brother-in-law to Knox, and captain of

¹ Queen Mary to the Archbishop of Glasgow, Chatsworth, July 4, 1579. Labanoff, vol. v. p. 96.

² Labanoff, vol. v. p. 103.

the royal guard, and soon organized so strong a party in the palace and council, that the youthful monarch practised his first exercise of regality by making him Earl of Lennox. That the influence of this near relative of the murdered Darnley on his royal cousin was used in Mary's behalf may be surmised by the tenor of the affectionate letter, simple though it be, which James wrote to apologize to her for not having been permitted to see her messenger and receive her letters. This letter, apparently the first written to Mary by her son, was never destined to gladden her sad eyes, for it fell into Elizabeth's hands, and though it contained nothing but the natural expressions of love and duty, she cruelly detained it from the bereaved mother, who in her doleful prison-house was vainly sighing for one word of filial affection from her only son to cheer her desolate spirit.

Mary, as we have already stated, often composed allegories and Impresas to convey her meaning, but they were always of a mournful character. In the year 1579 she devised and caused several medals, applicable to her own melancholy condition, to be struck in silver. The most touching of these symbols, and, as they have now become, memorials of her sorrowful estate, is that with her own portrait, half-length, holding an open book with this sentence: "O God, grant patience in that I suffer wrong!" surrounded with this pathetic distich:—

"Who can compare with me in grief?
I die and dare not seek relief."

On the reverse, a hand holding a heart, ready to join with another, having this rhyming inscription, addressed apparently to her son:—

"Hurt not the heart,
Whose joy thou art."

Even her silver counters were engraved with emblematical devices, bearing reference to the state of her mind, and moralizations on the mutability of fortune. But the moralizing of Mary Stuart was not confined to allegorical metaphors; an original unpublished MS., written by her hand, occupying nearly fifty-two pages, is preserved in the State-Paper Office, being the commencement of an essay on the uses of adversity, illustrated by examples from sacred and classic history and Scripture texts, furnishing abundant evidence of piety and philosophy.

"I have thought," commences the royal author, "that I could not better employ my time, to avoid indolence, now that I am deprived of the power of exercising the charge to which God called me in my cradle, than by descanting on the diversities of affliction; nor can I be justly censured for choosing such a theme, seeing that no person of this age, especially of my quality, has had greater experience therein. It will at least furnish the kindly disposed with matter to exercise their charity and fulfil the commandment which enjoins us 'to weep with those who weep.'

While those afflicted, like me, who shall hereafter read this little treatise, may learn from the examples of persons who have suffered similar trials, that the best remedy has ever been found in turning to God, who always invites them to do so. But as there are various kinds of adversity, some of which affect the interior or nobler part of man, more poignant and difficult of enduring; others the body, which are less so; I intend, in order to avoid confusion, to treat of all in turn, commencing with the most intolerable, which has sometimes led to a miserable end those who, becoming hardened in their afflictions, have forsaken God, and being in turn abandoned of Him, have incurred the guilt of self-destruction. Of such I shall take pains to bring instances, both from Scripture and ancient history; also to cite the examples of distinguished personages in modern times; and, on the other hand, of those who, being visited in like manner with similar troubles and adversities, have received them in a proper spirit, as the just and wholesome chastisements of the good God and Father whom they had often grievously offended; and thus their afflictions here have served them as a penance to prove their virtue, as the pure gold is refined from the dross." She dwells with pathetic eloquence on the case of those who, finding themselves falsely aspersed, and impatient of undeserved obloquy, had so far forgotten God's promises to deliver the innocent from all reproach, and despairing of His justice, stained themselves with actual crimes, such as murder or suicide. "O heart!" she exclaims, "too proudly covetous of the shadow of honour, for which thou sacrificest the true honour! not remembering that the real dishonour to be avoided is sin." She censures "the impatience of Scipio Africanus and of Coriolanus for allowing their indignant sense of personal wrongs to injure their country, the one by withdrawing himself into voluntary exile and depriving her of his services, and the other, in a far more blamable manner, by bringing a foreign army against her, and thus for ever sullyng his glory; since to be called a good citizen is the noblest title of honour a man can gain, save that of a good Christian"—a sentiment worthy to be emblazoned on the tomb of this much misrepresented princess, of whom the barbarous age in which she lived was not worthy.

Speaking of revenge having been considered commendable when provoked by personal injuries, she exclaims: "O act unworthy of a Christian! to whom not only is it not permitted to murmur at the rod of God, but who is even bound to think that he has deserved far worse; and that, instead of being a dishonour to him, it is a call to self-amendment by penitence, for there is no guilt that cannot be thus effaced, seeing that God hath told us, 'though our sins be more red than scarlet, if we will turn to Him He will render them whiter than snow,' and that if we are innocent, our recompense will be the greater, and our glory more excellent, for having patiently supported the cross He has assigned us."

In reference to her ideas of personal responsibility, she cites the parable of the talents from the Gospels of St Matthew and St Luke, adding in Latin the text from St Paul, "All Scripture is written for our learning."

She praises humility as the mother of virtue, and deprecates pride as the exciting cause of much crime, but recommends "that, in practising the one and avoiding the other, care should be taken not to fall into pusillanimity, unmeet for generous minds such as theirs should be who, by Divine Providence, are called to bear the sceptre and command over the people of God." With this noble observation the fragment suddenly breaks off, and the rest of the paper is occupied with texts and notations of appropriate portions of Scripture, in illustration, as may be presumed, of the continuation of the task she had marked out for the profitable employment of her prison hours.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE commencement of the year 1580 found Mary closely immured within the walls of Sheffield Castle, sick, anxious, sorrowful, and in want of all necessary comforts, even of wearing apparel, and without money to supply herself with what was requisite. She writes thus to her representative in Paris,¹ on the subject of her wardrobe requisitions:—

"I am so ill supplied with dresses, that I have been compelled to write to Madame de Mauvissière in the mean time to send me wherewithal to make a robe and a *soutane*. Money is also necessary, as you are aware, for tokens and presents, for which purpose I was in great need of it on the last day of the year. You will receive also an order for ten thousand livres to be sent to me, for I intend to lay by that sum in reserve every year against some occasion of importance where it may probably stand me in good stead. Have the dresses made by Jacques de Senlis, whom I intend to serve me in the place of the late John de Compiène, and for that purpose I made him take the measure of all my habiliments at his last coming hither. Mademoiselle du Nuyser can relieve you the trouble of buying the linen, silk thread, and all the other little requisites she is accustomed to send me."²

The anxiety Mary suffered on account of the dangers to which her son was exposed among the conflicting parties and interests in Scotland, aggravated her bodily sufferings. Sometimes she fancied that the political outcry Morton had raised about Lord John and Lord Claud Hamilton's designs on the Crown was founded on fact, and wrote to the Archbishop of Glasgow angrily of those loyal friends who had suffered so severely in her cause. Enclosed within the walls of Sheffield Manor-house and its surrounding woods, guarded from the approach of every living creature who could give her correct information of the affairs of

¹ Mary to Archbishop Beton, Feb. 20.

² Labanoff, vol. v. pp. 121-22.

her own nation, unless indeed those who were instructed to mislead her, how was it possible for her to form a proper judgment of what was going on there?

“The Government of my son,” writes she to Archbishop Beton, “begins to be very displeasing to the Scotch, who accuse him of being too young and volatile. This is a proof of the ill-nature of those who cannot endure to be under any legitimate authority—yet they have patiently suffered the cruel and tyrannical yoke of the most wicked and detestable persons among themselves.” She bitterly adds, “that were it not for the sake of her religion, and her desire for the preservation of her son and those who have remained faithful subjects to her, she would not give herself the slightest trouble about Scotland—even if by so doing she might be restored to the sovereignty of that nation the next day.”¹

Walsingham having discovered by means of his spies in Shrewsbury's household that Mary was accustomed to send and receive letters and parcels through a vessel belonging to the Earl of Shrewsbury, that traded to Rouen and other foreign ports, and that Jailleur, a Norman seaman, was the *charge d'affaires* employed on these occasions, caused him to be arrested on his return from a voyage, on the 4th of May, just as he was on the point of going on shore, and searched; but, through the favour of the master, he contrived to rid himself of two perilous packets, addressed to Mary by her faithful servant, Archbishop Beton. Both these packets reached Mary safely after a few days' delay, with the intimation, “that neither Jailleur nor his confederate in her service could be sent to France any more, but that another, equally trusty and intelligent, might be employed for the like purpose.”²

Lord Talbot, Shrewsbury's eldest son, in reply to some jealous cross-questioning from Queen Elizabeth as to persons being permitted access to her royal prisoner, whom it was her desire to seclude from every eye, assured her Majesty “that he for one had not seen the Queen of Scots for many years.” There was, however, more intimacy between Mary and the family of her jailer (whom she politely terms her host) than was at all consistent with this statement, as the following letter from her to Archbishop Beton testifies:—

“MONSIEUR DE GLASGOW,—I am much distressed that I have nothing here to serve me for a present at the baptism of the child of the Countess of Shrewsbury's daughter, who is married to the son of my host, to which I am secretly invited as godmother; therefore fall not to send me, with all possible diligence, a double martin, with the head, collar, and feet of gold, enriched with divers precious stones, to the value of four or five hundred crowns; or if that cannot be got so soon, send me a *serreteste* collar and chain for the neck, and bracelets of gold, enriched with precious stones, of the value also of five hundred crowns. You may judge what im-

¹ Labanoff, vol. v. p. 24.

² Queen Mary to Archbishop Beton, Sheffield Manor, May 20.

portance this is to me, both for my honour and other matters. Address the whole to Arnault, and let me have it promptly and without fail."

Queen Mary had previously honoured the Countess of Shrewsbury by becoming godmother to Elizabeth Pierrepont, the offspring of the marriage of her eldest daughter, Frances Cavendish, with Sir Henry Pierrepont. The royal captive lavished unbounded affection on little Bess Pierrepont, treating her not only as a favoured godchild, but as a beloved daughter. She educated her herself, made her sit at table with her and sleep on the same pillow; in short, having been bereaved of her only child, the tender cravings of maternity in that loving heart found an object in the pretty little one whose innocent smiles and endearing prattle solaced the gloomy monotony of her prison-chamber. The sternest prohibitions of Queen Elizabeth against any lady being permitted to "lie in the same house where the Queen of Scots was kept," had not prevented the repeated occurrence of such transgressions, to her great displeasure; but her indignation would probably have transported her into some signal act of vengeance against the offending parties, had she been aware that ties of love and spiritual kindred were actually contracted between the captive Sovereign and the infant descendants of the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury who were born under the same roof with her.

Shrewsbury, who was almost as weary of Sheffield as Mary, seconded her representations of her need of change and the use of the Buxton waters for the restoration of her health, by asking Burleigh to use his influence that leave might be granted to remove her first to Chatsworth and then to his house at Buxton. Instead of the desired permission, he received an angry refusal, which provoked him to ventilate his vexed spirit by complaining of the niggardliness of her Majesty's dealings in regard to the allowance for Mary's diet, "the great inconvenience to which the unpunctuality of the payments put him, besides the cark and care he had personally endured in his unthankful office for the last twelve years." Elizabeth intimated, in reply, "that it was her intention to reduce his allowance for the diet of the Scottish Queen."

A painful and alarming accident befell poor Mary in the outset of her journey to Buxton this year, which is thus described by her own pen:¹ "As ill luck would have it at Sheffield, those who were assisting me to mount my horse let me fall backwards on the steps of the door, from which I received so violent a blow on the spine of my back, that for some days past I have not been able to hold myself upright. I hope, however, with the good remedies I have employed, to be quite well before I leave this place." Shrewsbury tells Burleigh that he arrived with his charge at Buxton on the 28th of July, and in reference to her accident, says: "She had a hard beginning of her journey, for when she should have

¹ Mary to the Archbishop of Glasgow, Buxton, August 10.

taken her horse, he started aside, and therewith she fell and hurt her back, which she still complains of, notwithstanding she applies the bath once or twice a-day. I do strictly observe her Majesty's commandment written to me by your Lordship in restraining all resort to this place, neither does she see, or is seen by, any more than her own people, and such as I appoint to attend. She has not come forth of the house since her coming, nor shall not before her parting,"¹—no very cheering prospect for an invalid worn down with a complication of bodily sufferings, aggravated by anxiety of mind, and rendered chronic by want of air and exercise, and daily discomforts. Mary, however, improved in health and spirits as usual at Buxton, a place that always infused new life into her. But this favourable progress was not allowed to proceed; her keeper was commanded to tear her away at the end of three weeks, when she had only gone through half the course of baths and drinking prescribed by the physicians, and she was reluctantly brought back to her old quarters at Sheffield. Elizabeth always suspected that Mary's predilection for Buxton proceeded from her enjoying opportunities of communion with ecclesiastics of the Church of Rome, who privily resorted to that secluded nook among the mountains. Richard Topcliffe, so notorious in the reign of Philip and Mary for his barbarity to the unfortunate Reformers, having changed his creed to suit the Court religion, and directed his persecuting energies to recusant-hunting and denunciations, gives the following account of a confidential communication to Shrewsbury from the lips of his Sovereign, with which he was honoured on that subject:—

"I was so happy lately, among other good graces, that her Majesty did tell me of sundry lewd Popish beasts that have resorted to Buxton from these countries in the south since my Lord did come from thence. Her Highness doubted not but you regard them well enough, amongst whom there is a detestable Popish priest, one Du Main or Durande, as I remember, lurking in those parts after the ladies."²

Shrewsbury was himself too sorely tormented by the misrepresentation of spies and tale-bearers to feel disposed to act on these hints by annoying any of the strangers who resorted to his flourishing Spa at Buxton, even if he had reason to suspect them of belonging to the class designated by her Majesty and Master Topcliffe as "lewd Popish beasts," so long as they were prudent enough to mind their own business, and did not concern themselves with his by attempting to intrude themselves on the attention of his royal charge. Notwithstanding the rigid manner in which she had been guarded and secluded from every eye while at Buxton, he received an intimation of his Sovereign's displeasure on having been informed "that he had given the Scottish Queen liberty to be seen and saluted."³ Mary's compassionate compliance with the prayer of a poor

¹ Lodge.² *Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 190.³ *Ibid.*

lame woman who came into the lower court of the Old Hall, and hearing ladies were there, besought some good gentlewoman to give her a linen under-garment, was the cause of subjecting the Earl, several months afterwards, when a distorted version of this simple fact reached Queen Elizabeth and her Cabinet, to very sharp censure for permitting such contraband deeds to be perpetrated beneath his roof. The explanation Shrewsbury gives of the manner in which the captive Queen and her ladies contrived, with true feminine ingenuity, in their barred and bolted prison-chamber, to execute their charitable purpose, must have provoked a smile from the sternest Star-Chamber inquisitor who sat in judgment on his letter, for after confessing the unauthorized intrusion of the poor old cripple within the precincts of his lordly abode, and repeating the homely Saxon term she used in her prayer to the good gentlewomen above, he says, "Whereupon they put one of their smocks out of a hole in the wall to her, and as soon as it came to my knowledge, I was both offended with her and my people for taking letters to her." The Earl boasted of his vigilance, both in preventing the like improper doings for the future, and averting the possibility of curious or sympathizing gazers from looking on the fair face of the hapless heiress of the Crown, "by taking such order that no poor people come near the house while she was there; neither, at the second time, was there any stranger at Buxton," continues he, "that saw her, for that I gave such charge to the country about that none should behold her."

After this earnest vindication of his excellent performance of his duties as a rigid and uncompromising jailer, he humbly petitions for liberty to remove with his charge to Chatsworth, on account of the infectious sickness that had visited his house at Sheffield. The request, reasonable as it was, was sternly negatived, and an intimation of her Majesty's displeasure at it conveyed to him in a letter from Burleigh, stating her objection "to the Queen of Scots going there when his daughter, Talbot, was so near her confinement, and that she disliked any of their children residing with him and Lady Shrewsbury while the said Queen of Scots was in their keeping." Shrewsbury makes the following pitiful remonstrance, through a friend at Court, in reply to this tyrannical intimation:—

"It seems her Majesty has no liking our children should be with us (where this Queen is), that should be our most comfort to direct them for our causes, which is a great grief to us. Therefore I pray you, if you shall not think it will be offence to her Majesty, at your good leisure, to move her that I may have liberty to go to Chatsworth to sweeten my house, and that my children may come to me with her Majesty's favour, without offence or misliking of her Majesty, when I think good, else they shall not enter my doors."

Being unable to obtain liberty "to sweeten" his own house, which doubtless much required that sanitary process, Shrewsbury was compelled to remain with his royal charge in the infected and unsavoury abode at

Sheffield all the autumn. Under these circumstances it need excite no surprise that she was attacked with a dangerous illness, and required both physicians and surgeons to be sent to her aid.

An event, however, occurred in Scotland on the 31st of December, the report of which probably contributed more to her recovery than their prescriptions, or all the medicines in the world. Her great enemy, Morton, when seated at the Council board, in the presence of the young King her son, had been denounced by Captain James Stuart of Ochiltree, the brother-in-law of Knox, as the murderer of her late husband, the unfortunate Darnley. The accusation was made in these words: "My duty to your Highness has brought me here to reveal a wickedness that has been too long obscured. It was that man," continued he, pointing to Morton, "now sitting at this table, a place he is unworthy to occupy, who conspired your royal father's death. Let him be committed for trial, and I shall make good my words."¹ Morton affected to treat the charge with contempt, and said "that the rigour with which he had prosecuted all suspected of that murder was well known." Captain Stuart sarcastically inquired "how that pretended zeal agreed with his patronage of Archibald Douglas? That most infamous of men, who was an actor in the tragedy," continued he, "is now promoted to the highest seat of justice, and suffered to pollute that tribunal before which he ought to have been arraigned for the murder of his Prince." Morton being unable to reply, drew his sword. Stuart sprang to his feet prepared to meet and repel any personal attack; but the Lords Lindsay and Cathcart threw themselves between them and prevented an encounter. The Justice-Clerk having declared that on a charge of treason it was necessary for the accused to be warded, the young King placed Morton under arrest, and ordered his guilty accomplice, Archibald Douglas, to be taken into custody and brought to Edinburgh;² but that notorious criminal, who had married Bothwell's sister, and was then living on her domain, Morham Castle, fled precipitately; his worthy friend Douglas, Laird of Lang Niddry, having ridden two horses to death to outstrip the royal warrant, and bring him timely warning of his peril, that he might escape to England, where, like every Scotch traitor, he was sure of welcome. Queen Elizabeth and her ministers, for reasons too glaringly apparent, interposed in Morton's behalf. She instructed her envoys to try first persuasions and diplomatic cajolery, and finally threats, but in vain.

Queen Mary wrote, meantime, from Sheffield Castle, on the 12th of January, to her faithful minister, the Archbishop of Glasgow:—

"I have had information of the imprisonment of the Earl of Morton, accused of the murder of the late King, my husband, and that this Queen has despatched, in his behalf, to my son, Randolph, Lord Hunsdon, and

¹ Tytler's History of Scotland.

² *Ibid.*, vol. viii. Spotiswood—Letters of Sir Robert Bowes.

Sir Robert Bowes, one immediately after the other, while the Earl of Huntingdon is prepared to march to Berwick with ten thousand men to invade Scotland if he proceeds further against the said Morton. I cannot but remark on the evil purpose of this lady and such of her Council as have heretofore cruelly persecuted those who were entirely innocent of the said murder, as myself, the Hamiltons, and several others, would now maintain publicly one palpably guilty of it, found and convicted by his own signature among the principal authors of the crime.”¹

Believing the crisis was favourable for striking a grand stroke to confound the policy of her foes, Mary executed a commission appointing her cousin, the Duke of Guise, Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom of Scotland, and empowering him to open a treaty in her name with her son and the nobles of Scotland. This dangerous document was intercepted, and fell into Burreigh's hands, and was doubtless the cause which induced Elizabeth to execute a warrant for removing her from Sheffield Manor to Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and transferring the custody of her person from the Earl of Shrewsbury to that of the Earl of Huntingdon. This warrant was never acted upon. Perhaps the three knights on whom the chivalric office was imposed by Queen Elizabeth, of dragging, by brutal force, her unfortunate sister Sovereign from a bed of sickness to compel her to undertake against her will, and without knowing whither, a long rough journey in the depth of winter, declined becoming the ministers of such unfeminine cruelty, and no others equally trustworthy could be induced. Mary was, just at this critical juncture, seized with so severe a relapse of the malady which had hung upon her ever since November, that she was not expected to survive; and it was therefore found more expedient by the arbitress of her destiny to take the chance of her dying quietly in her bed, than in the struggle to resist the inhuman efforts of rude soldiers to remove her from it, or of the hardships and fatigue of a journey she was so unfitted to perform.

The embarrassment Shrewsbury suffered from want of ready money to provide for the numerous mouths he had to feed, including a garrison of forty ill-paid, discontented soldiers, caused Mary's Easter to be so meagre a one that her report of her prison cheer at this great festival, when all the world keeps carnival, excited the indignation of the French King, her brother-in-law, so highly, that Mauvissière was instructed to deliver a suitable remonstrance to her good sister Queen Elizabeth.

Mary's sad spirit was cheered by her receiving about this time a loving and dutiful communication from her son, and a present, not indeed the first he had sent, but the only one that had reached her in her prison-house. She tells her faithful servant, the Archbishop of Glasgow, “that her son's letters and token have given her much comfort, and she trusts that in time he will be entirely at her devotion.”

¹ Labanoff, vol. v. p. 188-89.

Her life hung meantime on a precarious tenure, and had done so for several months, Walsingham having written to Randolph in the beginning of the year, "that if a hair of Morton's head were touched, it should cost the Scottish Queen her life." The sore sickness, apparently a rheumatic fever, which had deprived Mary of the use of her limbs, and brought her to the brink of the grave, preserved her from the ignoble fate of being offered up as a victim to the manes of that great criminal, when, in defiance of all Elizabeth's efforts to preserve him, the axe of justice was doomed by the son of his royal victims to fall on Morton.¹

The feelings of Mary Stuart may be imagined when she learned that her boy, who had not fully completed his fifteenth year, had performed the filial duty of an avenger, as she had predicted of him ere he saw the light. Her cause became so popular both in Scotland and England since the trial and execution of Morton for Darnley's murder, and the consequent exposure of facts that had before been either carefully concealed, or artfully distorted to her prejudice, that Elizabeth took the alarm, and, irritated by the discovery of several Roman Catholic conspiracies, ordered her council to deliberate on the best course to be pursued in regard to the Scottish Queen in order to secure the quietness of the nation.

Mary had, in the preceding July, been removed to Chatsworth, while the necessary process of "sweetening" Shrewsbury's mansion at Sheffield was accomplished. Her thoughts and energies were now employed on her new project of establishing an association between herself and her son for reigning as joint sovereigns of Scotland. "Her compulsory abdication, while a prisoner at Lochleven, she had always protested against as illegal, and never would cease to do so; therefore it could confer no valid title on her son; but if he would unite with her in acknowledging her as the true and only lawful Sovereign of Scotland, she was ready to legalize his authority in the eyes of Europe, as well as her loyal subjects, desiring only, for her own honour and their satisfaction, that her name should be united with his in the government."

She wrote to Queen Elizabeth, stating that such an overture had been made to her by the Prince her son, through the King of France, and earnestly entreated her assistance in bringing it to pass. In allusion to the broken state of her health she observes, "that her relapse into the same maladies that afflicted her during the preceding year admonishes her that the approaching winter may possibly end her life and woes, and that she desired, before her death, to be the means of estab-

¹ Morton has not lacked apologists, who maintain that his complicity in Darnley's assassination was never proved; but even his own confession testifies that the project was revealed to him by Lethington, Bothwell, and Archibald Douglas, at Whittingham, three weeks before it

was perpetrated; that he listened unrepentingly, and only objected to unite with them himself, "because they could produce no evidence in confirmation of their assertion that the Queen was consenting to the deed they meditated."

lishing her son on such terms of friendship with the Queen of England as might tend to the glory, happiness, and repose of the whole isle." She complains of the fresh restraints that have lately been imposed upon her, and that instead of the amendment in her treatment that had been solemnly promised to the last envoys from the King of France, she had been more hardly used than ever ; that she can bear it no longer, being in danger of death from it, and having no hope of anything better, will endeavour to procure relief in any way she can.

The precocious talent manifested by James in extricating himself from the thralldom of Morton, and bringing that formidable traitor to condign punishment for his crimes, possibly caused Elizabeth to regard with uneasiness the prospect of his competing with her for the crown of England, under the claim of being the true representative of Henry VII. After due consideration of Mary's letter, she resolved to divert her from putting her threat into execution, by sending Walsingham's brother-in-law, Beale, the clerk of the Council, to Sheffield, under pretext of opening a treaty for the restoration of her liberty, but in reality to elicit all the information from her he could, as to her correspondence and influence with her son and the leading powers in Scotland.¹ Even his cold heart was touched by the pitiable condition to which he saw the once bright, beautiful, and animated Mary of Scotland reduced. She was confined to her bed with a harassing cough and pain in the side, unable to put her foot to the ground, and labouring under great depression of spirits. She craved the attendance of physicians, and to be permitted to take air and exercise when she should be sufficiently recovered to do so. Beale wrote to advise Burleigh to allow the coach that had been procured for her by the French ambassador to be sent down to Sheffield for her use, with her Majesty's permission for the Earl of Shrewsbury to let her drive in the park and immediate neighbourhood, proper precautions being adopted for preventing her escape.² Mary told Beale in one of their conferences, that, although she was not old in years, she was worn out in constitution, she sarcastically adding, "her hair had turned gray, therefore no apprehensions need be entertained of her thinking of another husband."

The great object of Beale's mission was to dissuade Mary from her resolution of resigning her title in favour of her son ; and he succeeded in inducing her, by flattering her with the hopes of liberty, to make a conditional promise that she would not enter into any arrangement or treaty for that purpose, without the knowledge or consent of the Queen his mistress. A few trifling indulgences were purchased by this concession, and her health improved in consequence.

Death visited Sheffield Manor early in 1582, and deprived Mary of a

¹ Beale to Burleigh, Sheffield, Nov. 16, 1581—Harleian MSS., p. 290.

² *Ibid.*, Nov. 28.

loving and valuable friend in her jailer's family: her sister-in-law, Elizabeth Cavendish, daughter of the Countess of Shrewsbury, and widow of Darnley's younger brother, Lord Charles Stuart, departed this life in the flower of her age, leaving an orphan daughter of four years of age, the unfortunate Lady Arabella Stuart. The proximity of this infant to the throne, to which, after Mary and her son, she was the legitimate heiress, rendered her ambitious and scheming grandmother, the Countess of Shrewsbury, desirous of the removal of those obstacles to her aggrandizement.

Mary was favoured with a second visit from Beale in April, 1582. He was, as in the preceding autumn, instructed to beguile her with deceitful hopes of freedom, and promises in his own name, for which the Queen his mistress did not mean to be responsible. It would be weary work to conduct the reader through all the paltry devices the mighty Elizabeth and her agents condescended to practise in their dealings with their helpless victim. On the present occasion, Beale told Mary "that her overtures for the establishment of a treaty of alliance were very agreeable to the Queen his mistress, who bore great affection to her, and as a proof of it would allow her to take all the exercise necessary for her health, within the park that surrounded the mansion where she then was, and even beyond it, according to the discretion of the Earl of Shrewsbury; moreover, that the two physicians, whose attendance she had requested in the preceding autumn, should be permitted to visit her,"¹—a charity so long delayed that she might have died a hundred deaths in the interim. Liberty for her to send a person to negotiate for her with her son was promised, provided she would engage to use her maternal influence for the purpose of inducing him to make a formal apology to Queen Elizabeth for the great disrespect of refusing to allow her messenger, Captain Arrington, to enter Scotland. Mary made no difficulty of doing as required, "being fully aware," as she wrote to her minister, Archbishop Beton, "that her letter would be regarded as a mere empty ceremonial." In this her judgment proved correct; for the youthful monarch wrote to Elizabeth "that he was sorry she was displeased at what his regard for the tranquillity of his realm, and a prudential consideration for the safety of his life, had compelled him to do, having been informed that the persons whom he had forbidden to enter his realm were notorious agitators, who had been accustomed to excite sedition and dangerous practices among his subjects." This was only the more displeasing to Elizabeth for being the simple truth; nor did the fact of his enclosing a letter, full of expressions of love and duty, to his captive mother, with a request for it to be delivered to her, contribute to dulcify the anger of his august godmother at his plain speaking. In consequence of Beale's representations Mary was permitted to go with Shrewsbury to Buxton wells on the 15th of June, after the Earl of Cumberland and the rest of the company who

¹ Labanoff, v. 281.

had resorted thither to drink the waters, had been compelled to evacuate the place. But, before she had been there a month, she was inexorably remanded back to Sheffield. She experienced, soon after her return, one of those severe relapses of her malady which are the almost invariable consequences of an unfinished course of the Buxton waters and baths.

M. de Mauvissière, the French ambassador, who had taken a fancy to her pretty house at Fontainebleau, requested her to bestow it on him. She expressed in reply her regret at being unable to gratify him, having promised it, three months before, to her cousin the Duc de Guise. Mary had inherited this mansion and estate from the late Queen her mother, Mary of Lorraine; but as the Duc de Guise pretended some claim to it, as part of the family property not divisible to females, she apparently considered it better to surrender it with a good grace than to defend her rights in a lawsuit.

Several years previously Mary had caused her portrait to be painted, with her son, then a little boy, kneeling at her feet in the attitude of imploring her blessing, her right hand being extended over him as if in the act of bestowing it, while with her left she pointed to his ancestral tree, as if exhorting him to prove himself worthy of the illustrious lineage whence he sprang. This painting she had consigned to the care of Lesley, Bishop of Ross, probably as far back as when he took his last leave of her at Tutbury, before he left England in 1573; but no opportunity of presenting this touching memorial and pictorial admonition of his captive Queen and mother occurred till after the overthrow and death of Morton. Its reception exposed James to a public attack from one of the popular preachers in the New Kirk, who thought proper to denounce it "as an especial device of a Popish mother to exhort him to walk in the ways of his ancestors, and adopt their idolatrous creed." Another fierce fanatic compared Mary to Nebuchadnezzar, and "thanked God that she had been," as he exultingly declared, "reduced to eat hay more than twice seven years." Her fare in her English prisons had certainly been at times little better.

On the 22nd of August the young King was treacherously invited to Ruthven Castle by the head of that family, whom he had just before made Earl of Gowrie, captured, and carried against his will by that nobleman and his armed followers, assisted by the Earl of Mar, Lord Lindsay, and the other leaders of the English faction, to Stirling Castle, and detained as a prisoner while they seized the reins of government. Mary's maternal fears naturally exaggerated the peril to which her son was exposed. At first, however, she rallied all the energies of her nature in a fruitless attempt to obtain succour for him by writing to her representative at the Court of France to implore her royal brother-in-law to send troops to his aid, under the command of the Duc de Guise. Her bodily sufferings, which appear to have been almost forgotten during the

agonizing excitement of her spirit, on account of the danger of her son, now returned upon her, accompanied with symptoms so alarming, that the English physicians who had been summoned to her assistance pronounced her case hopeless. She therefore determined to have the satisfaction before her departure of telling her mind plainly to Elizabeth by representing the cruelty with which she had been treated, and reproaching that princess with the outrage which had been offered by the English faction in Scotland to her son. A few brief extracts may suffice to exemplify the noble spirit in which the captive Queen, writing, as she believed, from a deathbed, asserts the integrity of her cause, and rallies her sinking energies in the hope of preserving her only child from sharing the life-long miseries that had been inflicted on herself.

“On that which has come to my knowledge of the last conspiracies executed in Scotland against my poor child, having every reason to fear the consequence from my own experience, I must employ the little of life and strength that yet remains to me to disburden my heart fully to you before my death, of my just and sad complaints. I will appeal to the living God, our only Judge, who has established us both alike, immediately under Himself for the government of his people. I will invoke Him, to the close of this my very heavy affliction, to deal with you and me as He will do at his final judgment, according to our deserts towards each other. And remember, madam, that to Him nothing we have done can be disguised by the paint and policy of this world, although my enemies, under you, might for a time hide from men, and perhaps from yourself also, their subtle and malicious inventions and practices.”

Mary states, and this she would not have ventured to do to one so well acquainted with the proceedings, unless the fact had been undeniable, that the truth regarding the fictitious matter, or “*impostures*,” as she contemptuously designates the spurious papers exhibited against her by her rebels, had been fully manifested in the conference to which she had voluntarily submitted to clear her character.¹ She notices also the disgraceful fact of Elizabeth “having sent an army to the frontier to prevent justice being done on the detestable Morton.” She inquires by what right or reason she is interdicted from receiving intelligence from her realm, and above all from her son; and complains of the deceptive treaties for the restoration of her liberty with which she has been mocked and tantalized.

In order to remove any pretended grounds for the barbarity of her treatment, Mary requests that her accusers may come forward with their charges publicly, and that she may be allowed to enter as publicly on her defence; that if found guilty she may be punished, and if innocent released.

“The vilest criminals now in your jails, and born under your authority,” continues she, “are admitted to be tried for their justification; why should not the same privilege be accorded to me, a sovereign queen, your nearest relation and

¹ Labanoff, vol. ii. p. 323.

legitimate heir? I think," she bitterly adds, "that this last quality has been up to the present moment the principal cause of exciting my enemies against me, and of all their calumnies for creating division between us two, in order to advance their own unjust pretensions. But, alas! they have little reason and less need to torment me longer on this account, for I protest to you upon mine honour, that I now look for no other kingdom than that of my God, whom I see preparing me for the best conclusion of all my sorrows and adversities."

A maternal appeal in behalf of her son, the representative of her claims to the royal succession after her death, follows, with a lively remonstrance against a continuance of the intrigues that have been practised against him in Scotland.

"I frankly declare to you, that I consider this last conspiracy and innovation as pure treason against the life of my son, the prosperity of his government, and the good of the realm; and that as long as he remains in the state in which I understand he is, I shall neither consider his words, writing, act, or deed, as proceeding from his free-will, but extorted by the conspirators, who, at peril of his life, are making him serve as a mask for them."

Then, reverting to herself, she truly and pathetically observes—

"Your imprisoning me without any right or just pretence, has already destroyed my body, of which you will shortly see the end; and even if it linger on a little longer, my enemies will not have much time to glut their cruelty on me. Nothing remains of me but the soul, which it is not in your power to fetter. Give it room, then, to aspire a little more freely after its salvation, which now it seeks alone, and not this world's greatness."

CHAPTER XXIV.

MARY STUART had still much to suffer, both in mind and body, ere the dregs of life's bitterness could be drained. She struggled through the weary winter of 1582-3. The death of her beloved grandmother, Antoinette de Bourbon, Duchess-Dowager of Guise, on the 17th of January, deprived her of the melancholy hope she sometimes expressed, of being permitted to quit her English prison, and, resigning all the dreams of ambition and distinctions of royalty, to spend the remnant of her days in religious seclusion with that dear relative, whose cherishing love had watched over her in the pleasant days of childhood.

Spring came, and found the poor captive still languishing on a bed of sickness, unable to put her foot to the ground, and piteously imploring to be removed to Buxton; but her keeper could not obtain permission. Mary received, at this dark epoch of her life, a tribute of disinterested homage and respect, from one who had enjoyed her patronage and sang her praise in the golden season of her prosperity. Pierre Ronsard, her old master in French poetry and elocution, laid the last laurel-wreath en-

twined by his elegant genius at her feet in her English prison, by dedicating the beautiful volume of poems he published in the year 1583 to her. The concluding lines of *L'Envoye* are little known, and will be read with interest: he is speaking of his royal patroness,—

“She, courteous, as she is, O happy book!
Receiving thee, with bright rejoicing look
And outstretched hand, in gracious tone shall ask,
'How Ronsard is? and what his present task?'
Then answer for me—'No employ can be
So sweet to him in life as pleasing thee!'”

Still a queen in her munificence, Mary spared from her scanty means to send Ronsard a truly royal acknowledgment, in return for a compliment which she possessed a mind to appreciate. Her present was a casket, containing 2000 crowns, and a silver vase, with the device of Pegasus drinking at the fountain of Castaly, with this inscription, “*A Ronsard—L'Apollon à la source des Muses.*”

Mary was tantalized in April with another negotiation, in which promises of the restoration of her liberty were held out to her for the purpose of eliciting all the information in her possession regarding the real terms on which she was with her son. Beale was the principal agent employed, but the Earl of Shrewsbury was united with him in the commission.¹ One day the Earl, being unable to resist the attraction of a cock-fight which was to be attended by all the country squires, his neighbours, deserted the diplomatic conferences in the chamber of his royal charge. Mary, being left alone with Beale and her French secretary Nau, entered frankly into confidential discourse with Beale. “She had suffered,” she said, “many sore afflictions of mind and body; but she had a great heart, which had enabled her to bear up against all; but now she desired to be at rest, by the making of some good accord between her son, her good sister, and herself.” Beale provokingly told her, “he did not think her project of an association between herself and her son in the sovereignty of Scotland was desired either by the King or the nobility.”

The young King, then in his seventeenth year, had written these consoling words to his captive mother: “Be assured that in all the adversities I have sustained for love of you, I have never failed of, nor been turned from, my duty and affection towards you; but, on the contrary, they augment with every trouble that befalls me. Always I would show that I recognize my duty towards you as much as any son in the world towards his mother.” The tender feelings of the young King of Scotland towards the mother of whose fond care he had been bereaved in his infancy, were sufficiently testified to the members of Elizabeth's Cabinet by the evidence of other letters, written by him, which they had intercepted and cruelly detained from her. In one of these he tells her “he had re-

¹ Beale to Walsingham, April 17, 1583—State-Paper Office MSS.

ceived her ring, sends her one in return, and begs her to send him her picture."¹

In another interview, Mary told Beale that Monsieur de La Mothe had informed her that "her son was well grown and his marriage could not be delayed above a year or two;" she added, "his father was married when he was but nineteen years old"—an allusion to her murdered consort which she scarcely would have made if aught of self-reproach had been connected with his memory. "As for myself," continued Mary, recurring to her favourite project—the association, "I am assured of a strong party among the Scottish nobles. I have a hundred of the bonds into which they have entered, to advance my cause whenever any good opportunity may occur."

Beale having elicited all the information he could from the captive Queen, who, as usual, told her mind too freely, departed from her for a season. Mildmay then took his place in the commission with Shrewsbury, and carried on the negotiations till the middle of June. When a draft of the articles of the treaty, which had been prepared from Beale's report of the concessions and promises made by Mary, was sent down to Sheffield, she at once perceived and resisted the attempt to bind her to the most stringent engagements, without the slightest advantage in return:—among other things, not to correspond with her son, nor to enter into either treaty or negotiation with him without the Queen of England's knowledge and sanction—"What is this?" she exclaimed; "and wherefore am I fettered with obligations so unnatural and unjust?" Shrewsbury explained "that it was what she had promised to Beale." "Not so," replied Mary, "my promises never bound me to anything unbecoming a Queen." Mary remonstrated with Elizabeth about this contemptible quibble, and the negotiation was abruptly discontinued, leaving her, when the fever of hope had subsided, in a deeper state of depression than ordinary.

At length the cheering tidings reached her in her prison that her son had regained his liberty, gathered his loyal nobles round him, and, without the effusion of a single drop of blood, reduced the English party to submission, by one of those bold and successful enterprises which occasionally decide the fortunes of princes and the fate of empires. Perhaps the heart of the royal mother swelled proudly with the hope that he who, in his boyhood, had effected the fall and punishment of Morton, and had again vanquished the English faction by the overthrow of the Ruthven, would, ere long, become her own deliverer and avenger. But "the man she had gotten from the Lord" was not destined to emulate the warlike destructives of his race. Called to a better vocation than that of a conqueror, he established his native throne as a peace-sovereign, and

¹ James VI. to his mother, the Queen of Scots, Jan. 29, 1580-81—Unpublished State-Paper Office MS.

healed the wounds of his bleeding and impoverished realm, instead of involving it in further strife with his too powerful neighbour.

Towards the end of the summer of 1583 leave was obtained by Shrewsbury to remove Mary to his Manor of Worksop, in Nottinghamshire, for change of air. Thirty orange-trees were planted while she was there; tradition adds, by her own hands. Shrewsbury applied for permission for her to walk in the adjacent forest of Sherwood; but it does not appear that license was given for these sylvan rambles. The following charming little letter was addressed by her, on her return to Sheffield, to her young favourite, Elizabeth Pierrepont, the granddaughter of the Countess of Shrewsbury:—

“DARLING,—I have received your letter and good tokens, for which I thank you. I am very glad you are so well. Remain with your father and mother this season, if willing to keep you, for the air and the weather are so trying here that I already begin to feel the change of the temperature from that of *Worssop*, where I did not walk much, not being allowed the command of my legs. Commend me to your father and mother very affectionately; also to your sister, and all I know, and to all who know me there. I have had your black silk robe made, and it shall be sent to you as soon as I receive the trimming, for which I wrote to London. This is all I can write to you now, except to send you as many blessings as there are days in the year, praying God to extend his arm over you and yours for ever.

“In haste, this 13th of September. Your very affectionate mistress, and best friend,

MARIE R.”

Endorsed—“To my well-beloved bed-fellow, Bess Pierpont.”¹

This letter was intercepted; and, simple and domestic as its purport was, the evidence it afforded of the familiar and affectionate terms existing between the royal captive and the youthful granddaughter of Lady Shrewsbury, might haply startle the mighty Elizabeth more than an intimation of some fresh plot against her government, in the decipherment of a captured packet from Spain or Rome.

While Mary Stuart was occupying her weary prison-leisure in the feminine amusement of superintending the preparation of a new silk dress for her fair young English pet, and writing to London for fashionable trimmings to render it more worthy of acceptance, plots and rumours of plots for her enfranchisement, and elevation to the throne of the Britannic Isles, were agitating England, Ireland, and Scotland, and not them alone. The King of Spain engaged to make a descent on England with a large army, simultaneously with the landing of the Duke of Guise in Scotland to form a junction with the young King of Scots, whose loyal nobles had promised to bring 20,000 of their vassals and dependents into the field; and then, with the name and wrongs of their captive Queen for their war-cry, to cross the Border, where they were to be strengthened by a general rising of the Roman Catholics of all degrees.² “Reporters of vain idle

¹ Cotton. MS., Vespasian, F. iii. fol. 58.

² Archives of Simancas.

stories were admitted and credited. Thereupon many were brought into suspicion; among the rest, Henry Earl of Northumberland and his son were imprisoned." The Earl of Arundel, the eldest son of the unfortunate Norfolk, was first confined to his own house, then committed to the Tower. Lord William Howard, his brother, and Lord Henry Howard, his uncle, were several times examined about letters from the Queen of Scots. Francis and George Throckmorton, sons of Sir John Throckmorton, two ardent but misjudging partizans of Mary, were arrested and sent to the Tower, where Francis Throckmorton was put to the torture. After suffering the rack thrice without making any disclosures, when he was led to it for the fourth time, his fortitude gave way, and he confessed "that two catalogues found in his trunk contained the names of the principal Catholics implicated in the intended rising, and the ports at which the landing was to be made. These," he said, "were for the use of Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador, to further the enterprize of the Duke of Guise." Elizabeth ordered Mendoza to quit the country; he obeyed with an air of defiance, and threats of vengeance. Lord Paget—whose brother Charles was a noted emissary of the Roman Catholic faction—fled with other suspected persons to France on the arrest of the Throckmortons. Unfortunately for Mary's friends, her letters were frequently intercepted; but there was no need to take that trouble about those she addressed to Mauvissière; for Cherelles, the perfidious secretary of that minister, having been bribed by Walsingham, furnished him with copies.¹ In one of these Mary expresses uneasiness at not having heard from Mauvissière, and naïvely observes:—

"I have little doubt but both my packet and yours are in Walsingham's hands. I find no security in writing by the carrier; and if all other means fail, the best recipe for secret writing is alum dissolved in a little clear water twenty-four hours before it is required to write with. In order to read it, the paper must be wetted in a basin of water, and then held to the fire; the secret writing then appears white, and may be easily read till the paper gets dry. You may write in this manner on white taffeta or white linen, especially lawn; and as a token between us to know when anything is written on a piece of taffeta or linen, a little snip can be cut off one of the corners. As to papers which are memorials reverse the M in the word *Memoire* (M). I will do the same when necessary; but it must not be done except on occasions of great importance."²

Cherelles, by putting Walsingham in possession of a copy of this letter, which still remains in the State-Paper Office, basely furnished him with a key to the little feminine devices whereby the forlorn captive endeavoured to veil her most private confidential communications with her friends.³ Never, surely, was any poor, helpless woman so completely

¹ Labanoff.

² Mary to Mauvissière, January 5, 1584.

³ A note from Cherelles, appended to his felonious copy of Mary Stuart's letter to his master, from Sheffield, February 26,

1584, in the British Museum, exhorts his suborner "to use the utmost secrecy, lest his practices should be found out by Monsieur l'Ambassadeur. For," continues he, "I would not for all the gold in

beset by heartless traitors. The notorious Archibald Douglas, whom, in spite of her own misgivings and better judgment, Mary had been induced by Mauvissière and the King of France, her brother-in-law, to trust and employ in her Scotch affairs, after he had, by a most plausible letter, in reply to her assurance to Mauvissière "that she would have nothing to do with a man suspected of being an accomplice in the murder of the late King her husband," persuaded her, "that he was only culpable in not revealing the fact that the greater part of her nobles, who had ill-will to her late husband, had entered into a band against him."

Reports of a very injurious nature to Mary's reputation became rife in the autumn of 1583, affirming that an improper intimacy subsisted between her and the Earl of Shrewsbury, and that she had even borne two children, of which he was the father. When this scandal was repeated to Mary, she was excessively annoyed, and mentioned it to Lady Shrewsbury, as the person, next to herself, whom it most concerned; but that lady only laughed, and "begged her not to be troubled about anything so absurd;" adding, "that she knew it to be one of their neighbour Master Topcliffe's inventions." This man, once the persecutor of Protestants and now the denouncer of Popish recusants, had long been trying to get up some story for Mary's defamation. Lady Shrewsbury considered this invention so ridiculous, that she was accustomed, when in extra good humour, to banter her poor old gouty husband on the subject of his reported amours with the Scottish Queen, and call her "his love."

On one occasion, when Shrewsbury, in obedience to his instructions, removed Mary to another of his mansions in the neighbourhood, while his thrifty Countess remained to superintend repairs and purifications, she wrote a caressing letter to her lord, beginning, "Dear heart," expressing her conjugal desire for his return, and concluding with the affectionate postscript, "I have sent you lettuce, for that you love them, and every Sunday some is sent to your charge and you. I have nothing else to send. Let me hear how you, your charge *and love*, do, and commend me, I pray."¹ But whether the unwonted finery affected by old Shrewsbury² excited a jealous suspicion in her breast that it was for the purpose of making him more amiable in the eyes of the captive Queen, she became suddenly very malignly disposed towards both, and began to adopt and disseminate the absurd scandals she had previously treated

the world have it discovered because of the disgrace to which I know I should be brought—not only disgrace, but loss of life. I should not, however, care so much for that as the disgrace, for sooner or later one must die."—Harleian MSS., No. 1582, f. 344.

¹ Lodge, vol. ii. p. 96.

² "I would," writes he to his agent in London, "that you should talk with the

tailor, and devise me some jerkin of thin pretty silk, to wear under my gown or cloke, or else some perfumed leather with satin sleeves, as the fashion is; wherein I would have you take my son Saville's advice. I would you should remember my chamois leather jerkin and hose; but I would have no silver nor gold lace upon it, but some pretty silk lace, and-perfumed."—Ibid., 242.

with ridicule. Mary wrote thus to the French ambassador, complaining of these wicked inventions :—

“I have learned from the reports that are spread hereabouts, that some of my adversaries have wickedly encouraged even so detestable a fiction as to impugn my honour with the nobleman who has me in ward.”

In another letter she says :—

“I shall not distress myself much about this invention of theirs, for it is a thing that will be considered devoid of all truth and probability by those who have any knowledge of the nobleman in question, and of my own deportment in this country, which I may say without impeachment has been unassailable. Yet the report having been maliciously circulated among better persons than themselves, who may peradventure desire to learn whether there be any foundation for it, it becomes expedient that it be put down. I therefore pray and beseech you, by the good-will you have always professed to bear me, that, both in my name and (with his approbation) in that of the King my good brother, my ancient ally and protector, you will make an earnest representation to the Queen my good sister, and to the Lords of her Council, of the just displeasure I feel, to the very depth of my heart, at the wrong and inexpressible injury which are inflicted on me in the matter.”

Of all her wrongs, Mary appears to have resented her defamation the most. “I charge my son,” she says, “to demand redress, not for my particular vindication, but for his own honour. This will be one of my last commands, if I should die before I am righted—there being nothing, whether it be my life or such share of worldly greatness as might hereafter pertain to me, but what I would willingly sacrifice for the vindication of my honour.”¹ The suspicion that the calumny was encouraged for a political purpose rendered it more annoying to her. “I am informed,” observes she, “that one of the Council said, before four or five persons of quality, ‘that they knew the report to be unfounded, but it would answer their purpose very well to allow it to go on, as it might be useful in traversing my marriage with the Catholic King.’”²

Mauvissière writes to the Queen-mother of France :—

“The Countess of Shrewsbury is a great enemy to the Queen of Scotland, and, wishing to accuse her husband, has made her sons by a former marriage spread abroad that the Queen of Scotland possessed entire power over him [the Earl of Shrewsbury], and could make him do whatever she pleased, which is not true; nor can she [Lady Shrewsbury] either establish or prove it, because the said Earl bears no affection to anything but his own interest, and to the two hundred thousand crowns which they say he has amassed since he has been the keeper of the Queen of Scots. The Countess his wife, who has a plotting bad head, may be left in a queer position in the long run, if the Queens of England and Scotland should come to an agreement, and the King of Scotland be enabled to maintain himself against the enterprises of his subjects, and continue to manifest his affection for the Queen his mother, which, to the great regret of the English, augments every day.”

The exciting cause of Lady Shrewsbury’s malignant conduct at this

¹ Labanoff, vol. v. p. 396.

² *Ibid.*, February 25.

time was a dispute about matters of property with her husband, which had produced anger and estrangement between them, and he, unlike her three previous matrimonial victims, refusing to succumb to her imperious will, she revenged herself by pretending to believe the slanderous story invented by Topcliffe for his and Mary's defamation, and incited her two youngest sons by Sir William Cavendish to repeat it everywhere, as the readiest method for annoying him. Of Mary she was not personally jealous, nor had she ever pretended to be so in the days when her beauty was unfaded, her step agile, and her form in the full perfection of womanly grace and majesty. And now that that unfortunate Princess had become a constitutional invalid, passing half her time on a bed of suffering, what, it may be asked, remained to provoke the envy and ill-will of the woman who was thus endeavouring to injure her? In answer it is only necessary to call attention to the fact that Lady Shrewsbury's little granddaughter, Lady Arabella Stuart, the sole representative of Darnley's brother, was the third in the line of the royal succession, and, failing Mary Stuart and her son, the heiress of the crown; or, if they could be sufficiently depreciated in popular opinion as to be excluded from their lawful heritage, both might be superseded by that English-born princess, her own immediate descendant, who was brought up under her tutelage. It therefore became, with this ambitious and worldly-wise woman, a matter of selfish policy to depreciate and blacken Mary's character in England, on the same principle that Moray and Lennox had previously aspersed her in Scotland.

Mary had lived down the gross aspersions with which she had been vilified by the artful usurpers of the government of her realm. "The testimony she had given during her long residence in England of her princely virtues and disposition, by her firm and quiet patience in suffering adversity," observes Lesley, "her godly conversation, and the intrepid manner in which she had met the assaults of her enemies, had quite blotted out and deleted all the calumnies and surmises invented and spread abroad for her dishonour, before her coming into England, in such manner," continues her eloquent contemporary, "that now time hath tried truth, the Queen my sovereign's causes are most lovingly embraced by the greatest princes in Christendom, and by many of the nobility, gentry, and commons of England, not only by favour shown in words, but also in the voluntary hazard of sundry of their lives and goods."¹

The situation of the captive Queen was peculiarly embarrassing, for Lady Shrewsbury, having come to an open rupture with her lord, commenced a suit in Chancery against him, quitted his house, and retired to Chatsworth, whence she wrote letters, complaining of him to his Sovereign. Shrewsbury made reprisals on his "wicked and malicious wife," as

¹ Negotiations by Bishop Lesley—in Anderson's Collections.

he terms her, by forbidding his sons who had married her daughters by Sir W. Cavendish, and his daughters who had married her sons, to go near her, and stopping the allowances of those who disobeyed him. In the midst of these turmoils and troubles the shock of an earthquake was again felt at Sheffield, which shook the apartments where the captive Queen was confined. Her women, who all clustered round her, had some difficulty in supporting themselves, by clinging to the furniture.

When the Countess of Shrewsbury went up to Court to pay her duty to her royal mistress, Elizabeth asked her the meaning of the report touching her husband and the Queen of Scots. The Countess evasively replied, "that a rumour to that effect had been spread by Master Topcliffe." Elizabeth shrewdly replied, "that it was impossible to annex any credit to such a story, esteeming her ladyship to be too clever a woman not to have perceived it at once, if there were any truth in it, being always near the Queen of Scots." She was then pleased to write a gracious letter to Shrewsbury, repeating this conversation, and commanding him to read it to Mary, who expressed her grateful acknowledgments to Elizabeth, but reiterated her demands that the authors of the scandal should be compelled to confess publicly the falseness of their inventions.

It was confidently reported at this time, that Lord Seton's son had proceeded to Bordeaux for the purpose of concluding a matrimonial treaty between Mary and the King of Spain. Mary being informed that Elizabeth was uneasy about it, begged Mauvissière to contradict it, and to declare in her name that nothing she had either said or done could have given rise to such a rumour.¹ Elizabeth made an ineffectual attempt to recover her former power in Scotland, by inciting the Lords of the English faction to undertake another revolutionary enterprise against the young King. They did so, and failed, which enabled him to bring Gowrie to the block, and establish his authority on a firmer basis than before, by surrounding himself with his mother's faithful friends. This was taken in evil part by Elizabeth and her Ministers, who were also offended by his prohibiting Buchanan's libels and books, written expressly for the defamation of his royal mother, which he ordered to be burned, and that none of his subjects should retain the smallest fragment of one of them, under the severest penalties.²

Mary was permitted in June, 1584, to indulge her craving desire to revisit Buxton Wells, now more than ever necessary for the renovation of her shattered health, symptoms of the distressing malady that had brought the Queen her mother to the grave having appeared, in addition to the chronic rheumatism that agonized and crippled her. The beneficial effect she experienced from this most salubrious of British spas, is

¹ Mary to Mauvissière, April 30, 1584.

² Teulet, vol. ii. p. 663.

thus testified by the royal invalid in a letter written to Mauvissière from that place on the 7th of July:—

“As soon as the cure of my arm will allow me to write to the Queen my good sister, I will not fail to return the thanks due to her for the favour she has shown me, in permitting me to take this journey, of which, if the end resemble the beginning, I hope to derive more benefit to my health than I have ever done from any remedy which I have heretofore used even here. It is incredible how it has relaxed the tension of the nerves, and relieved my body of the dropsical humours with which, in consequence of my debility, it had become surcharged.”

Just at this crisis, the death of the Duke of Alençon, and the assassination of the Prince of Orange, left the King of Spain unchecked in his ambitious career, with full power, had he been minded, to work out the projects that had been devised for Mary Stuart's deliverance. Elizabeth's diplomatic talents, as usual, prevailed. She renewed the suspended treaty for Mary's liberation, and permitted her to remain at Buxton quietly till August, before she ordered her back to Sheffield. A melancholy presentiment that she was quitting for ever her favourite resort, where she had always experienced at least a temporary alleviation of her severe chronic maladies, and occasionally enjoyed a shadow of liberty in seasons when her chain was lengthened, prompted Mary, before her departure, to write, with the point of a diamond, on a pane of glass in the window of her bedchamber in the Old Hall, four Latin lines, in imitation of Cæsar's verses on Feltria:—¹

Soon after Mary's return to Sheffield, it was determined to take her out of the Earl of Shrewsbury's hands, and transfer the custody of her person to Sir Ralph Sadler, Sir Henry Mildmay, and Mr Somers, who were united in a commission for this important trust. Sadler and Somers arrived at Sheffield, August 25; and as it was intended to conceal the fact from the royal captive that Shrewsbury was entirely discharged of her, Sir Ralph Sadler, when he waited on her the next day, introduced by the Earl, told her “that he was appointed by his Sovereign to take care of her during the absence of the Earl of Shrewsbury, who was going up to the Court.” Mary received the intimation calmly, and courteously observed “that she thanked the Queen, her good sister, that she had made choice of an ancient counsellor of her acquaintance to attend her,” with other gracious words, and expressed herself glad to hear of her Majesty's good health; adding, “now my Lord of Shrewsbury

¹ “*Buxtona, quæ tepidæ celebrabere numine lymphæ,
Buxtona, fortè iterum non adeunda, vale!*”

Translated by Archdeacon Bonney:—

“Buxton, whose tepid fountain's power, far famed, can health restore;
Buxton, farewell! I go—perchance to visit thee no more.”

This specimen of Mary Stuart's classical learning and genius was unfortunately destroyed, about the middle of the last century, in an attempt of the then Countess-Dowager of Burlington to possess herself of the brittle tablet on which it was inscribed by the poet-Queen.

goeth up to her Majesty, he can inform her of all my doings while I have been under his charge, and I require none other favour than that he say the worst of me he can."¹

Mary's new keepers were commissioned to remove her, with the assistance of the Earl of Shrewsbury, from Sheffield, but whither, their instructions did not specify; for so many places had been proposed and negated, that Elizabeth had come to no conclusion on this important point. The commissioners did not perceive the omission till after they had been two or three days at Sheffield. Sadler, being much fatigued with his journey, was glad to rest while the Queen's pleasure was ascertained whether the royal captive might be taken to Wingfield Manor, whither Shrewsbury had sent some furniture and provisions. The answer was in the affirmative. The next day, September 2, Mary left Sheffield for ever. Her health was so greatly improved by her visit to Buxton, that she performed the journey in one day.

Somers, whom she had previously known in France, during her early widowhood, rode with her, and by the way she entered into melancholy communication with him, uttering her grief for her long imprisonment. Somers told her, "that if she would leave to practise and have unfit intelligence with her son, and some evil ministers about him, she might find her Highness her good friend." "As to have intelligence with my son, and to esteem them whom he maketh account of as his good servants, and recommendeth as such to me, I must needs do that," replied Mary; "for if I should leave my son, who is more to me than anything in the world, for the Queen my sister's favour, which I cannot get, I might so be without both, and then what should become of me? As for my son," added the royal mother, "nothing can sever me from him, for I live for him and not for myself." Somers endeavoured to extract some information on the subject of her son's marriage, and told her he had heard of the Princess of Lorraine. "There had been such a notion," she said, but thought it would not be; adding, "that the Duke of Florence had offered his daughter, and a million of crowns with her." "Why, Madam," said Somers, "do you think the Duke would send his daughter from the warm and dainty country of Tuscany into that cold realm of Scotland?" "Yea, I warrant you," she replied. Then he asked about the marriage with one of the daughters of Spain. "So as my son may have the Low Countries withal, that were not amiss," rejoined she merrily; "but who can warrant that?"²

Either the fresh air and animating exercise, of which Mary was so fond, had enlivened her spirits, or she availed herself of that opportunity of probing the feelings of her new keepers, for she playfully asked Somers,

¹ Sadler Papers, vol. ii. p. 333.

² Notes made by Somers of talk between himself and the Scottish Queen riding from Sheffield to Wingfield, 2nd September, 1584—Sadler's State Papers.



“whether he thought she would escape from him if she could?” He replied, “he believed she would, for it was natural for everything to seek liberty that is kept in subjection.” “No, by my troth,” said Mary, “ye are deceived in me, for my heart is so great that I had rather die in this seat with honour than run away with shame.” “I would be sorry to see the trial,” rejoined Somers. Then she asked him, “if she were granted her liberty, whither he thought she would go?” “I think, Madam, you would go to your own in Scotland, as is reasonable, and command that,” he replied. “It is true,” said Mary, “I would go thither indeed, but only to see my son, and give him good advice. But unless her Majesty would give me countenance and some maintenance in England, I would go to France and live there among my friends on what little portion I have there, and never trouble myself with government again, nor dispose myself to marry any more, seeing I have a son; nor would I tarry long, nor govern, where I have received so many evil treatments, for mine heart could not abide to look on those who did me that evil.”

Shrewsbury, and eighty of his household servants, besides the band of forty men-at-arms, guarded the captive Queen. He tarried five days at Wingfield to assist in establishing her new keepers there, and instructing them in the very stringent regulations that were adopted to prevent her escape or rescue. On Sunday evening, September 6th, when he came to take his leave of her, accompanied by Sir Ralph Sadler, he uncourteously objected to become the bearer of letters she requested him to deliver to the Queen his mistress, because of their illegible appearance. Mary mildly explained “that her evil writing was caused by having strained the middle finger on her right hand.” Finding him still reluctant, she turned to Sir Ralph Sadler, and prayed him to have them conveyed. The cautious old statesman would not undertake to do so till her secretary Nau read them to him. Shrewsbury and Mary parted that night after fifteen years of domestication. The next time she saw him was in her chamber at Fotheringhay Castle, where he came with the Earl of Kent to bid her prepare for death.

Soon after his arrival in London in the autumn of 1584, Elizabeth sent for the Earl of Shrewsbury, and made particular inquiries as to the disposition of the Queen of Scots, “whether she bore her great ill-will, and if he considered any reliance could be placed on the promises of that Princess?” Shrewsbury cautiously excused himself from answering any of these questions till Elizabeth expressly commanded him to give his opinion. This he briefly, but emphatically, delivered in these words: “I believe, that if the Queen of Scotland promise anything, she will not break her word.” Thus did Shrewsbury, after fifteen years’ domestication with Mary, bear the like testimony of her truthfulness, as Darnley had formerly done.

The capture of the Scotch Jesuit, Crighton, at sea, and the marvellous

recovery and decipherment of the papers he had torn into small fragments, and cast into the foaming billows, alleged by the decipherer to contain evidence of a fresh project for a Spanish invasion, and designs against Queen's Elizabeth's person, caused the famous association of her nobles and principal subjects for the preservation of her life to be entered into at the suggestion of the Earl of Leicester. Those belonging to this association pledged themselves to prosecute to the death all persons conspiring against her Majesty, and to exclude from the royal succession any person pretending any title to the crown in whose favour such enterprise should be made.¹ Walsingham sent a copy of the association to Sir Ralph Sadler, with the intimation, "that her Majesty would like well that it were shown to the Queen his charge, and that good regard were had both to her countenance and speech after the reading thereof."² Mary listened attentively, and frankly offered to subscribe the association herself, as far as it engaged to punish any one who should devise, counsel, or consent to anything tending to the harm of her Majesty's person.³

While at Wingfield, two hundred and twenty gentlemen, servants, and soldiers, were employed to guard this one helpless woman. Every night a watch of several armed men was set within the house, the gentleman-porter being stationed with four or five soldiers at one ward, and divers soldiers at the other. Eight soldiers were perpetually pacing outside the house, four of whom watched under the windows of her apartments; there were also soldiers quartered in all the villages about.⁴ Mary's personal retinue had gradually increased through the favour of the Earl of Shrewsbury, from the sixteen persons to whom it had, at the time of Norfolk's second arrest, been reduced, to eight-and-forty: this number included ten children who had been born to the married couples in her train. She had now also an ecclesiastic, named De Preau, in her suite, who is mentioned by Sadler as "her almoner."

De Preau, the two secretaries, the physician, and the master of the household, dined together before the Queen, and were allowed a "mess" of eight dishes, the reversion of which went to their servants. Sixteen dishes were allowed for the Queen's dinner. The females in her train are enumerated by Sadler as "six gentilwomen, two wives, and ten wenches." The ladies dined together, and the reversion of the nine dishes allowed for them passed to the two wives and children. Five dishes were allowed to the serving-maids. The proportion of wine consumed by the Queen and her household is stated by Sadler to be about ten tun a-year, less, considerably, than half the quantity mentioned by Shrewsbury.⁵ Mary was then possessed of a coach and four good horses, and six horses for the gentlemen of her household. Fifteen chambers were occupied by herself and

¹ Sadler's State Papers, ii. 481, 482.

² *Ibid.*, 430.

³ *Ibid.*, 445.

⁴ *Ibid.*, 413.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 423.

her attendants—very close stowage, it must be acknowledged, for eight and forty people, two out of the fifteen being appropriated to her own use.

The autumn proved unusually wet and cheerless this year, and not only Mary, but her keeper, old Sir Ralph Sadler, fell ill with catarrhs and rheumatism. No attention was, of course, paid to her complaints. Those of her keeper, and his earnest petition “to be relieved of his office, and allowed to leave a place which, on account of the coldness of the country and foulness of the roads,” he said, “deprived him of the exercise necessary for the preservation of his health,” were deemed worthy of consideration by Walsingham; and, on his representing the same to Elizabeth, she promised to take some resolution for his relief, and to send for Lord St John of Bletsoe, to whom she intended to commit the charge of her captive cousin. But as neither entreaties nor threats could induce that nobleman to undertake the office to which he was appointed, Sadler was reluctantly compelled to continue where he was, till it pleased her Majesty to transfer both him and his royal charge to Tutbury Castle.

Mary, in more than one letter, requested the French ambassador, in proof of the pernicious license in which Lady Shrewsbury indulged her tongue, to intimate to Elizabeth that she had spoken many unbecoming things of her Majesty also. As Lady Shrewsbury was one of the ladies of the bedchamber, and had been, when Mrs St Loe, her personal attendant and especial confidant, both before and immediately after her accession to the throne, Elizabeth was naturally uneasy at the idea of either her revelations or inventions, and earnestly required her captive cousin to inform her what it was Lady Shrewsbury had said. The notorious letter imputed to Mary, recapitulating the odious details that errant scandal-monger had reported of the furious temper, personal infirmities, and indelicate conduct of her royal mistress, is supposed to have been written in compliance with this demand. But inasmuch as it bears no analogy to Mary's style, or the really queenly letters she wrote to Elizabeth demanding reparation for the calumnies Lady Shrewsbury had circulated of her, we are more disposed to regard it as one of the cunningly-devised impositions, got up by Walsingham and his staff of accomplished forgers, when Mary's life hung on the balance, for the purpose of exasperating Elizabeth against her beyond the possibility of forgiveness.

Early in November, Mary obtained leave to despatch her French secretary, Nau, to London, to negotiate the treaty for her liberty with Elizabeth, in conjunction with her son's ambassador, the Master of Gray, the French ambassador having consented to act as mediator in case of differences arising. Nau performed the journey on horseback, with five mounted attendants. Sir Ralph Sadler kindly granted Curle and Bastian leave to bear him company as far as Nottingham, sending, however, a confidential person and his master-stabler with them to see that they did

not make improper use of the indulgence. So great a liberty had not been accorded during the fifteen years of the Earl of Shrewsbury's jailership. They were allowed to stay out all night too, and enjoyed the recreation of returning through a village where a horse-fair was held, and rode up and down through it as boldly as if they had been a pair of Derbyshire squires. Old Stringer, the Earl of Shrewsbury's steward, could not refrain from writing to his lord to express his astonishment at such unwonted license being granted to any of the Queen of Scots' people, who had hitherto been no less prisoners than herself.¹ Nau was four days in travelling to London, where Mr Darrett lodged him in a place which Sir Ralph Sadler calls "Brutes Street," for one night, and took him next day to Kingston, the Queen being then at Hampton Court.² He possessed the advantage of a fine person and courtly manners, and received so gracious a reception, that Mary was infinitely cheered by his reports of the good-will and friendly intentions professed by Elizabeth towards her. He submitted a list of concessions in the name of his royal mistress, which literally left room for no further demands. But all was unavailing, Elizabeth's ministers having decided that Mary should never leave her prison-house alive. Elizabeth, however, detained Nau for several weeks, under the pretence of deliberating on the propositions. Mary, after waiting impatiently nearly a month, wrote to remind her "that she had not yet been favoured with her decision on the articles submitted by Nau; neither had she heard from him or any one else on the subject of the treaty; therefore she suspects her letters could not have reached him; for which cause she takes the liberty of enclosing one for him, which she hopes her Majesty will have delivered. She concludes in these pathetic words: "May God give you as many happy years as I for the last twenty have had sorrowful ones!—Wingfield, this 8th of December, the forty-second anniversary of my birth, and the eighteenth of my imprisonment."

Nau had been especially instructed by Mary to demand, above all things, from Elizabeth, that the Countess of Shrewsbury and her sons should be compelled to appear before her Majesty and the Council, and either prove or recant the scandal they had promulgated against her. This was rather a delicate commission for him who was in love with Lady Shrewsbury's granddaughter, Bess Pierrepont, and engaged, unknown to Queen Mary, in a clandestine courtship with that young lady. It is certain, however, that he discharged his duty in regard to his royal mistress unselfishly, and at an auspicious moment; for the Earl of Shrewsbury having commenced very determined measures for the vindication of his own character, and the punishment of his slanderers, both great and small, Elizabeth found it expedient to comply with the demands of her unfortunate captive, seconded by those of the French ambassador in the name

¹ Sadler's State Papers.

² Labanoff.

of the royal family of France, to summon Lady Shrewsbury, her sons and servants, before the Council, where, after a long investigation, having no evidence to adduce in support of the calumny, they declared on their knees "that it was a false and malicious invention," and denied on oath that they had ever said or repeated anything of the kind. They signed also a written affirmation "that the Queen of Scotland had never, to their knowledge, borne any child or children since she had been in England, nor deported herself otherwise, in honour and chastity, than became a Queen and princess of her quality."¹ Mauvissière, who was present at this scene, makes the following report to his sovereign:—

"I have this day informed the Queen of Scotland of what she has desired and sought for upwards of a year, which is, that the Countess of Shrewsbury and her sons by her first marriage, have been heard and examined about the reports they have spread through this nation against the honour of that Queen; but in presence of the Council they and all who slandered the Queen of the Scots have declared, 'that they have never said such things, nor ever spread or repeated aught that could touch her honour, never having seen or been aware of anything in her deportment unbecoming a Queen, and that they considered those who had spoken ill of her as wretches who had acted most wickedly.' This they affirmed before me in quality of your Majesty's ambassador, and signed and delivered a written declaration to that effect, which will content the said Queen of Scots almost as much as the recovery of her liberty."² Nau persuaded Mary that she obtained this long-delayed redress in consequence of his remonstrances, and she subsequently wrote to Lygon:—

"The Countess of Shrewsbury, I thank God, hath been tried and found to her shame, in her attempt against me, to be the same woman indeed that many have had opinion she was; and at the request of my secretary, Nau, he being at the Queen of England's Court in the month of December eighty-four, the said lady, upon her knees, in presence of the Queen of England and the principals of her Council, denied to her the shameful *brutes* [reports] spread abroad against me."

The spirited and persevering efforts of the royal captive in the defence of her honour would probably have availed little, even with the manly support of Mauvissière, if Shrewsbury, whose privileges as an English peer were touched, had not commenced menacing the circulators of the slander with the terrors of the law against "*scandalum magnatum*," which brought his precious pair of stepsons and their mother to perceive the necessity of submitting to the humiliation prescribed to them, to avoid the penalties they had incurred. But for their acknowledgment of its

¹ State Paper Office MS.

² Teulet, vol. ii. pp. 700, 701. The minute of the declaration made by the Countess of Shrewsbury and her sons,

preserved in the State Paper Office, is much fuller than the brief outline of it communicated by Mauvissière to his Sovereign.

falsehood before the Council, and the publicity given by the French ambassador and the Earl of Shrewsbury¹ to that acknowledgment, this calumny on Mary Stuart would have been quoted as a veritable fact, for her defamation, by the superficial class of historians who have disgraced their vocation by working up into their narratives of her life the gross libels from Buchanan's mercenary pen, the spurious letters assumed to have been sent by her to Bothwell, and the pretended revelations of French Paris, as if they had been authentic documents.

Shrewsbury was minded to have proceeded against Lady Hungerford for repeating the scandal against the Queen of Scots and him; but Mary, who knew and loved that lady's sister, refused to co-operate in the prosecution, declaring that "she was perfectly satisfied that her own innocence had been fully exonerated, and hoped the evil-speaking reported of Lady Hungerford was untrue."²

So widely circulated had been the scandal about Mary and her venerable keeper, that Anthony Standen wrote to her from Florence "that it was current all over Italy, insomuch that the Cardinal de Medicis, brother to the Duke, sent for him into his chamber, and asked him in confidence, before no one but the Duke, 'whether it were true.' Standen indignantly replied, 'Such things were only the dreams and malicious inventions of her foes, whose custom it was to spread disparaging reports of her. He explained the age of the Earl, described the holy tenor of Mary's life, and showed them her letter on the subject; whereat the Cardinal professed himself perfectly satisfied that it was false, and the Duke spoke enthusiastically in praise of her virtue and constancy in her afflictions.'"

CHAPTER XXV.

As early as the 3rd of November, 1584, Elizabeth and her Cabinet transferred Mary to Tutbury Castle.³ An order in Council was signed on the 7th of that month, directing Bryan Cave, one of the cofferer's clerks, to proceed thither, and expend the sum of £500. Walsingham directed, "that for the easing of charges, and the pestering of the house, the master of the household should be moved to take order for the disposing elsewhere of the ten children" whom Sadler had mentioned in his report of the followers of the Scottish Queen.⁴ It is easy to imagine that this numerous band of Scotch, French, and Italian infantry, who had presumptuously made their appearance without license from the Queen's

¹ Shrewsbury caused the falsehood of this accusation on his royal charge and himself to be declared in the long Latin epitaph on his tomb in St Peter's Church, Sheffield, which was prepared some years

before his death, under his own superintendence, by Fox, the Martyrologist.

² Labanoff, vol. vi. p. 365.

³ Sadler's State Papers, vol. ii. p. 442.

⁴ *Ibid.*, 450.

Majesty or her Council, in Mary's English prisons, did be-pesther the castellan, and sorely aggravate his difficulties when put on short allowance; but where did Walsingham suppose Andrew Melville was to dispose of them, without money, in a strange land, unless he resorted to Herodian methods of ridding the house of the unwelcome ones?

During the whole of November Mary was confined to her chamber, and principally to her bed, with her old malady, and Sir Ralph Sadler from time to time protested the impossibility of removing her in that state, as well as the unfitness of Tutbury Castle, with its damp bare walls, for her reception. The royal warrant for him to transport her thither arrived, however, on the 4th of December, coupled with an intimation from Walsingham, "that the Queen his mistress would be highly displeased if she sought to delay under colour of pretended sickness; while on the other hand her Majesty appeared disposed, in case she conformed herself to her will, to extend more favour towards her than had hitherto been done."¹ Mary was not only incapable of the journey, but unwilling to stir till after the return of Nau, who was still detained by Elizabeth under the delusive pretext of proceeding with the treaty. He had meantime come to an open quarrel with the Master of Gray, having been warned by his brother Claud Nau, the *Sieur de Fontenaye*, that Gray was playing the game of the English Queen and Cabinet against his royal mistress, by endeavouring to dissuade the young King of Scotland against the association of his royal mother with himself in the sovereignty, as displeasing to his subjects of the Reformed faith, and insinuating how much more to his advantage it would be to secure the friendship of the Queen of England by making a separate treaty with her, and abandoning his mother.

Sadler communicated Queen Elizabeth's letters to Mary on the 7th of December. She read them, and declared herself willing to conform herself to her Majesty's pleasure, but wondered she had heard nothing from Nau, and said, "she looked to see him before her removal, after which, however painful it might be to her, she would cheerfully go." Sadler testifies in the same letter, "that the Queen is certainly not in case to be removed by reason of her foot and side." The next day, in reference to her anxiety at not having heard from Nau, he observes: "I have much ado to keep her in tune of patience, which is sooner moved in this time of her dolour, not yet able to strain her left foot to the ground, and to her very great grief, not without tears, findeth that being wasted and shrunk of natural measure, and shorter than its fellow, fearing that it will hardly return to its usual state without the benefit of a natural hot bath."

He mentions "the necessity there will be for procuring a fresh stock of provisions on account of the delay, those laid in by the Earl of Shrewsbury being well-nigh exhausted, and no chance of obtaining more

¹ Sadler's State Papers.

in the immediate neighbourhood, already eaten bare by the long residence of so considerable a number of people—no good town nearer than eight miles, and firing very scarce, coal being the principal fuel, whereof sixteen or seventeen loads were used weekly, which were brought in wains drawn by bullocks through deep and foul ways, and when the river was up, as in great rains was the case, the bullocks had to swim, to the great grudging of their owners.”¹

Derbyshire was anything but the land of Goshen it is now, if reliance may be placed on Sir Ralph Sadler’s complaints of its barrenness. He received cold comfort from Walsingham in his perplexity for providing food, for that minister announced the fact, that “he found the Earl of Shrewsbury,” on whom their chief reliance for provisions was, “no way minded to furnish any more.”²

Mary carried her point of not stirring till her secretary was sent back to her. Nau returned to Wingfield on the 29th of December, with so many flattering messages and promises from Elizabeth, that the excitable spirits of the royal captive rose, and though still suffering great pain, and unable to stand or go without support, she professed her willingness to undertake the journey as soon as it should suit Sir Ralph. But now he, poor man, fell sick, as he had predicted he should, from the unwonted anxiety and discomforts he had suffered, and implored piteously to be relieved of his troublesome office. Burleigh sent for Lord St John, who had been appointed as Mary’s new keeper, and required him to proceed to Tutbury forthwith, to be in readiness to receive her on her arrival, and take charge of her; but he replied, “that neither could he, nor would he, go to his own undoing.” Burleigh strove with persuasions and threats without effect, and sent first Bedford, then Leicester, to reason with him, but all in vain. Then the Queen issued her peremptory orders, which availed nothing, for he declared “he would abide any extremity rather than go.” Leicester and the Lord Chamberlain had charge to tell him from the Queen that “she would make an example of him by punishing him for his wilfulness, and then he yielded to her Majesty’s commands,” he said, “but not with his own good-will.” Elizabeth, however, considered it more prudent not to trust a keeper of his temper with so important a charge, and “declared he should not go even if he would.” She expressed great sympathy and concern for Sadler’s sickness, and sent word to him “that he should be relieved as soon as he got Mary to Tutbury.”

Mary promised to be ready to set off on the 11th of January; but as a quarter sessions was to be holden at Derby that day, which would bring a great resort not only of the county gentlemen, but all sorts and conditions of people into the town, it was thought expedient to put it off till the 13th. That morning she wrote to Elizabeth to assure her “that

¹ Sadler’s State Papers, ii, 464.

² *Ibid.*

she was ready to submit to her pleasure, confiding in her favourable and good intentions, and that she was then about to enter the coach to proceed towards Tutbury." Sir Ralph Sadler wrote at the same time to Burleigh: "This day we remove this Queen to Derby, and to-morrow to Tutbury, the ways being so foul and deep, and she so lame, though in good health of body, that we cannot go through in a day; myself also being more unable than she is to travel, for that I have not been well this month and more; nor yet shall, I fear, recover so long as I remain upon this charge, whereof I long to be delivered, when it shall please God and her Majesty." To Walsingham he also writes, telling him "that the whole journey, being sixteen miles, is too long for one day, and that there is no other fit way than by Derby, by reason of the hills and woods, and yet this is very evil, and that he has given strict orders to the bailiffs and others at Derby, that there be no assembly of gazing people in the street, but all as quiet as might be."

The High Sheriffs of Derbyshire and Staffordshire having been summoned, by order of council, together with the principal gentlemen in both counties of approved loyalty to Elizabeth, to give their attendance and assistance in the removal of the Scottish Queen to Tutbury, arrived at Wingfield with their servants,—a remarkably thin escort, by the by, for they only amounted to sixteen persons. When Mary saw them, instead of manifesting distrust, she appeared gratified, and declared herself "much beholden to the Queen's Majesty for the honour she had been pleased to show her, by appointing such grave, ancient, wise gentlemen of that calling and reputation, to accompany her in this journey, and gave them all great thanks for coming."¹

Mary was only allowed to have a small number of the most necessary of her personal attendants to travel with her, the rest of her train, and all the carts and baggage, having been previously sent forward to Tutbury. Fortunately the weather for the journey proved favourable, and Sir Ralph Sadler succeeded in bringing his royal charge on to Derby, a stage of only eight miles, the first day. But even the performance of this short distance was considered a great feat, such was the dreadful state of the roads, which Sadler had had carefully surveyed beforehand, and had bridges made, in order to avoid several evil passages, and prevent sticking inextricably by the way.²

Babington Hall, that fine old Elizabethan mansion, with its picturesque gables and clustered chimneys, situated in one of the pleasantest suburbs of Derby, is pointed out by local tradition as the house where Mary spent the night. A sharp intimation of Queen Elizabeth's displeasure being subsequently conveyed to Sir Ralph Sadler, in consequence of the report of one of the mischief-making spies in his company,

¹ Sadler's State Papers, ii. 495.

² *Ibid.*, ii. 504.

“that a multitude of the women of Derby flocked to pay their respects to the Scottish Queen, and that she kissed and received them with gracious speeches,” he indignantly replied by denying the charge, giving the following interesting particulars of her reception and demeanour. “On her alighting,” he says, “he walked immediately before, and Mr Somers behind her, next to the gentleman who bore her train, and that she was received in the little hall by the good-wife, being an ancient widow named Mrs Beaumont, with four other women her neighbours. So soon as Queen Mary knew who was her hostess, after she had made a beck to the rest of the women standing next the door, she went to her and kissed her, and none other, saying, ‘she was come hither to trouble her, and that she also was a widow, and therefore trusted they should agree well enough, having no husbands to trouble them.’”¹ After this mournful pleasantry the royal traveller was attended by Mrs Beaumont and her sister into a parlour on the same floor, where she was relieved of her cloak, which Sadler terms “her upper garment and other things put about her, no stranger being admitted.” Somers, however, thought proper to intrude himself on the ladies, and to remain while these changes in the Queen’s toilette were effected; a piece of great impertinence, doubtless, but of course it was to preclude the opportunity of her confiding letters to Mrs Beaumont or her sister for secret transmission to her friends. In this, however, the ladies were clever enough to outwit him; for Mr Langford of Langford sent, we find, a packet of letters for Queen Mary, from Derby. The measures adopted to prevent the escape or rescue of the captive Queen that night are thus described by Sir Ralph Sadler: “So soon as she was within her lodging the gentleman porter stood still at the door, to suffer none to go into the house, but her own people from their lodgings next adjoining. And there I appointed the bailiffs to cause a good watch of honest householders to be at all the corners of the street and in the market-place, and eight to watch all night in the street where she lodged, as myself, lying over against that lodging, can well testify the noise they made all night.”² Not a very agreeable lullaby to the sick traveller.

When Mary and her keepers arrived at Tutbury, they found, as Sadler had suspected, a cold dilapidated house, with little furniture and no comforts. There were few blankets and coverlets, and only nine pair of sheets for eight-and-forty people, including the Queen. As for the beds that came from Lord Paget’s house at Beaudesert, none but the meanest were left, and they had been robbed of the chief part of the feathers; ten or twelve were minus bolsters. All the good hangings had been sold or stolen by those who had the care of the property confiscated for the Crown.³ Under these circumstances, and at that inclement season,

¹ Sadler’s State Papers, ii. 495.

² *Ibid.*, p. 505.

³ Sadler to Walsingham—*Ibid.*, p. 469.

Sadler's declaration to Burleigh, "that there was some ado to please this company," may easily be believed. "But," continues he, "with some shift and words, to supply, with speed, the necessary wants, the better sort were quieted. I sent to Coventry for some feathers to help many shotten beds, and for some common coverlets and blankets, whereof indeed there is need this cold weather in this cold house, and for some *dornix*¹ to make common hangings for her gentlewomen's and principal officers' chambers, and to make curtains and testers for her gentlewomen, and window clothes for her chambers, for hither came not one pair of curtains. I have also sent for as much linen cloth, of three sorts, as will make nine pair of sheets, more for a change as is needful. Those already delivered will be ready to be shifted before new can be made, I fear. If that town will not yield us all those things, I must needs send further for the lacks, for fair words and promises will not keep folk warm long."²

Mary appears to have derived benefit from the journey, which, bad though the roads were, had broken the dreary monotony of her confinement, by giving her change of scene and the sight of new faces, some of which were, perhaps, kind and sympathizing. Her general health was reported by her keeper to be good at this time, also that "she beginneth to go about her chamber with some help, her foot being yet swollen and weak." She desired to have better hangings for her chamber, those brought from Lord Paget's house for her use being unsuitable and unlined; while, on account of the lowness of the roof, the tapestry sent from the Queen's wardrobe was too deep, almost by half. Mary also specified in the list of her wants "a tent of tapestry, double-lined with canvass, for her chamber;" this was doubtless intended to supply the place of an alcove for her bed to stand in, to guard her from draughts. Sadler testifies the patience with which Mary and her people bore the want of window-curtains, hangings, and coverings, in so cold a house, till he could provide what was necessary from a distance. Moreover, when he showed her a book in which the expense of all the additional comforts she had required was computed, "she, of herself," he says, "*rebated* some things from her officer's demands, like a frugal good housewife, observing that 'she wanted nothing superfluous.'"³

Mary wrote to Burleigh a week after her arrival at Tutbury, complaining that the house where she was placed was very detrimental to her health, especially at that season, and most uncomfortable, being only built of wood and plaster—the wood imperfectly joined, and so badly furnished that those who had the charge of her were compelled to acknowledge "that they had been much deceived about it;" then she adds,

"I find myself worse off, both in my apartments and furniture, than I was before; but they give me hope that it may be remedied, in

¹ A now obsolete woollen manufacture.

² Sadler's State Papers, vol. ii. p. 89.

³ Sadler's State Papers, vol. ii.

which I know that an especial recommendation will much avail. . . . I particularly desire your good offices about my stud, without which I am more a prisoner than ever. Consider, by your own case, what exercise could be taken by those who have worse legs than you : to that pass have I been brought by lack of exercise, deprived of which I cannot long survive.”¹

Elizabeth, annoyed at the complaints which reached her from various quarters, addressed a royal letter to Sadler, expressive of “her displeasure on learning how basely her house of Tutbury was furnished at the time of the repair of the Queen his charge thither, and what want there was of things needful, not only for her use, but for one of much meaner quality.” Nevertheless Mary continued vainly to reiterate her supplications for hangings to her chamber and her bed, and to ask for a supply of sheets and pillow-cases all that winter. A few days after her arrival at this cold dismal place, so ill prepared for the reception of a royal invalid, Mary was seized with a fresh access of her painful chronic malady, and had, at the same time, to deplore the loss of one of the devoted companions of her captivity, Renée Rally, the oldest lady in her household, the last surviving link associated with the bright days of her youth, having been with her before her marriage to her beloved Francis. The hardships of Tutbury at this inclement season of the year probably caused her death.

Sadler having received a letter from his Sovereign for Mary, kindly observes : “I forbore to deliver it to this lady until the next day, because I heard she was in great pain by her old griefs, and also much troubled in mind for the late departure of her old servant, Mrs Ralley, of almost fourscore years, buried here this day.”² When Mary had read the letter, she declared “it was very comfortable—full of gracious words to her contentment.” Elizabeth was still amusing her with the farce of carrying on an amicable treaty for her liberation, while every day she riveted her fetters more tightly, “till the iron entered into her soul.”

The evil influence of the Master of Gray over the mind of her son produced that political estrangement which Mary, both as Queen and mother, felt as the severest blow she had yet experienced. The first suspicion of the painful fact was the information conveyed to her by Nau, “that Gray, having intimated that the young King his master found insuperable difficulties in the treaty of association with the Queen his mother, as joint sovereigns, was disposed to serve his own interest by entering into a treaty with the Queen of England in his sole and separate name.”

The fragment which remains of the intercepted letter the royal mother addressed to her son on the subject, is very interesting. “Never having

¹ Labanoff, vi. 91.

² Sadler to Walsingham, February 23, 1584-85.

heard," she says, "till now, that any objection had been made on your part, the language held by Gray seems marvellously strange to me, . . . not doubting that you, whom I love so dearly, nor he, who has given me so many promises of his services, would have ever wished to do anything to my disadvantage in any treaty here. I would rather impute blame to him, or to any one than to you."

Sadler was deluded by the flattering professions of Elizabeth's friendly intentions towards Mary into the notion that he might venture to allow her a little more air and some recreative exercise. Accordingly, when Mary's health improved with the approach of spring, sufficiently for her to sit on horseback, he took her out with him on several short excursions, to see him practice his hawks along the banks of the beautiful river Dove and its tributary streams, in the immediate vicinity of the castle. This trifling indulgence, being grudged to the poor captive by some inimical spy in the castle or its neighbourhood, was reported to Elizabeth, with the exaggeration "that the Scottish Queen was now allowed to go hawking six or seven miles from the castle unguarded." A stern notice of the royal displeasure was communicated to Sir Ralph Sadler by Walsingham. The sturdy old knight indignantly offered this explanation in reply: "The truth is, that when I came hither, finding this country commodious and meet for the sport which I have always delighted in, I sent home for my hawks and falconers wherewith to pass this miserable life I lead here, and when they came hither I took the commodity of them sometimes abroad, not far from this castle, whereof this Queen, having earnestly intreated me that she might go abroad with me to see my hawks fly, a pastime indeed which she taketh singular delight in, and I thinking that it could not be ill taken, assented to her desire, and so hath she been abroad with me three or four times, hawking upon the rivers here, sometimes a mile, sometimes two miles, but not past three miles when she was furthest from the castle."¹ Somers wrote at the same time, stating "that when their royal charge went to see the hawking she was always attended by a strong guard, well mounted and well armed, being herself only accompanied by two gentlewomen and four men of her personal train on these occasions." He adds this chivalric affirmation: "Her Majesty may be assured that if any danger had been offered, or doubt suspected, this Queen's body should first have tasted of the gall."² Thus every time the poor invalid was permitted, by the indulgence of Sadler, to enjoy the contraband recreation of riding two or three miles from the castle to see his hawks fly, it was at the imminent peril of her life; for if a party of gentlemen had galloped towards the same direction to witness the sport, she would probably have been butchered on the suspicion that they were coming to her rescue. Sir Ralph Sadler, who was ineffably disgusted with the office that had been thrust upon him, wrote indignantly to Walsingham on

¹ Sadler's State Papers, ii. 533.

² State Paper Office MS.

the duplicity with which Mary had been treated, adding "that he would rather yield himself to be shut up a prisoner in the Tower all the days of his life than remain any longer in this present charge."¹

Sir Ralph Sadler's first acquaintance with Mary Stuart had commenced forty-two years previously, in her nursery in Linlithgow Palace, when the Queen, her mother, to convince him of the falsehood of the reports depreciating the infant Sovereign as a feeble sickly child, had unwrapped her from her royal purple and miniver, and displayed her in her unveiled loveliness. Five-and-twenty years later, on her arrival as a desolate fugitive in England, he had advocated in council the barbarous policy of putting her to death, "for the glory of God and the good of his Sovereign."² He had, in consequence, been chosen as a suitable person to act as one of the commissioners at the conference of York: by him the reports were drawn up, and a digest made of the supposititious letters, surreptitiously exhibited by Moray and his coadjutors, to prejudice the umpires of the cause against her in 1568. Seventeen years later he had been appointed her keeper, probably under the idea that he might see the expediency of ridding the Queen of so troublesome and chargeable a prisoner; but standing, as he now was, on the threshold of eternity, and "anxious," as he declares himself, "to seek the everlasting quietness of the life to come," he beheld things in a light more worthy of a Christian; and after six months' domestication with her whom he had once fancied, in the bitterness of polemic and political antagonism, he was doing God and his country a service in persecuting even unto death, he learned to speak of her with respect and tenderness, and, as far as he dared, insinuated the propriety of her being treated with kindness and good faith by his Sovereign.

The treaty for Mary's liberation, though ostensibly carried on for a few weeks longer, was finally broken off, in consequence of Popish plots, now of more frequent occurrence than ever. Yet all the troubles and afflictions that had befallen Mary from her arrival in England, were trivial in comparison with the pangs that rent her heart when she learned that her son had abandoned her interests, accepted a pension from Elizabeth, and entered into an alliance on his sole and separate behalf with that sovereign. All this was the work of his profligate ambassador, Gray, who had now returned to Scotland, and was succeeded in his embassy by Sir Lewis Bellenden, the new Justice-Clerk. An autograph letter from her son, brought by Bellenden, was handed to Mary by Somers, announcing "that he was under the necessity, as she was held captive in a remote place, of declining to associate her with himself in the sovereignty of Scotland, or to treat her otherwise than as Queen-mother."

¹ Sadler's State Papers.

² See speech delivered by Sir Ralph Sadler in Council—Sadler's State Papers, vol. ii.

At first she refused to believe that it was the voluntary act of her son, and wrote to Mauvissière: "I have just received from Somers a letter, said to be from my son, but so far in language and substance from his former promises, and the duty and obligation he owes me, that I cannot accept it for his own, but rather that of Gray, who, full of impiety and dissimulation both to God and man, thinks this letter a masterpiece to effect the entire separation of my son from me." Twelve days of daily communication on this painful subject with her English keepers, who were instructed to represent her son as devoted now to their Sovereign, persuaded the royal mother that he had heartlessly abandoned her to life-long captivity. In her next letter to Mauvissière, she enjoins that minister "never, either in speaking or writing, to apply the title of King to her son, since he had ungratefully refused to receive it from her whose concession could alone give him a legal right to bear it." Then, with a burst of passionate haughtiness, she observes—

"Without him I am, and shall be of right, as long as I live, his Queen and Sovereign; but he, independently of me, can only be Lord Darnley or Earl of Lennox, that being all he can pretend to through his father, whom I elevated from my subject to be my consort, never receiving anything from him. If he [James VI.] had been the son of King Francis my lord, he might, peradventure, have had some colour for exalting himself; but without me, he is too insignificant to think of soaring. I ask nothing from him that belongs to him, but rather wish to give him what is mine, having offered to assure him by legal means of the place, which he should hold. I desire not to govern in Scotland, nor even to set foot there again, unless it were to visit him on my way to some other country. I neither want from him aid, pension, support, or entertainment of any kind whatsoever, not having received a single penny from Scotland since I left it."¹

In her postscript she proudly adds: "I beseech you not to let any one convert me from a genuine sovereign Queen into a Queen-mother, for I do not acknowledge one; failing our association, there is no King of Scotland, nor any Queen but me."

In the agonizing excitement of her spirit, she wrote even to Elizabeth on this distressing subject an eloquent and impassioned letter, in the strain of some injured mother of Greek tragedy, calling on heaven and earth to bear witness of her wrongs, and appealing to her bitterest foe for sympathy, and "threatening to bestow her malediction, and invoke that of heaven on her ungrateful son." No one can believe that she was of sound mind when writing this. The expression of her feelings, by acting as a safety-valve, preserved her overburdened heart from breaking; but to express them to Elizabeth was an inconsistency which can only be accounted for by the supposition that she was labouring under temporary inflammation of the brain, produced by this last and bitterest of her woes. "Unkindness from him to whom," she says, "I have borne such an intensity of love!"

¹ Labanoff, vol. vi. pp. 143, 144.

The events that varied the dreary monotony of Mary's prison-life were not of a nature to cheer or divert her mind from nourishing grief. Every day she saw a young Roman Catholic recusant, who was confined in a turret not more than ten paces from her chamber, dragged violently across the court-yard, in spite of his remonstrances and struggles, to the chapel to hear the prayers which he obstinately refused to attend on the ground of scruples of conscience. At the end of three weeks he put a period to his existence by strangling himself in his cell,—at any rate, he was found in that state by his jailers, and they, with unprecedented brutality, thought proper to outrage the feelings of the captive Queen and her ladies, by suspending his lifeless body from the turret opposite her chamber window. "What must have been our feelings, think you, on seeing so near us such a spectacle?" writes she to Mauvissière, in her eloquent letter relating this frightful occurrence.¹

The circumstances that led to the tragedy described by Mary were as follows: A dishonest menial of the name of Humphrey Briggs, having been discharged by his master, Nicholas Langford, Esq., of Langford, a Roman Catholic recusant, caused a threatening letter to be written to that gentleman, accusing him "of receiving letters from the Scottish Queen, and transmitting them, with the assistance of his confidential servant, Rowland Kitchyn, to Scotland, of having mass said in his house, and of entertaining and harbouring massing priests." The evident drift of this letter being to extort money, Mr Langford intrepidly showed it to a neighbouring magistrate, who had taken Briggs into custody on a charge of felony, and the matter was duly communicated to Sir Ralph Sadler. Nothing could be proved against Mr Langford; yet the charge of conveying letters for the royal captive appeared so probable, that Rowland, who was said to be in all his secrets, was arrested and imprisoned in Tutbury Castle, where he was dealt with, according to the odious practice of the times, in order to extort evidence against his master. After nearly a month's incarceration, fearing that at last something might be drawn from him to the injury of his master, he took the desperate resolution of circumventing his inquisitors by self-destruction. Mary construed the fate of poor Rowland into a martyrdom, and regarding it as a prelude to her own, in the first excitement of feeling on beholding the appalling spectacle, addressed a letter to Elizabeth on this subject, entreating her not to drive any one to desperate courses by persecutions for conscience' sake.

Among the other secrets of Mary's prison, elucidated by the study of the State-paper correspondence, we find that a romantic attachment had sprung up between Bess Pierrepont, young as she was, and the French secretary, Jacques Nau. The Countess of Shrewsbury, her grandmother, had set her mind on Bess marrying Lord Percy, the eldest son of the

¹ Labanoff.

Earl of Northumberland; and at her earnest solicitation Mary had written to propose the same to the young nobleman. As she was regarded by the members of that illustrious family as their rightful Sovereign, due attention was paid to her recommendation, but the arrest of the Earl of Northumberland, and the troubles that followed, delayed the accomplishment of the proposed matrimony. In the mean time Bess Pierrepont suffered herself to be captivated by the homage of the handsome French secretary, who had fallen in love with her, and enjoyed the unlimited opportunity, secluded as she was from the sight of other men, of offering his insinuating flattery and attention, and succeeded in implanting a reciprocal passion in her young inexperienced heart. This was a fact unsuspected by their royal mistress, who, regarding Bess Pierrepont as the future bride of Lord Percy, never dreamed of her encouraging the suit of a man old enough to be her father, and in whose daily society she had grown up from her fourth year, or that he would have regarded her fair young favourite in any other light than that of the pretty child with whom he had been domesticated for nearly twelve years, and, no doubt, had assisted in educating. But after her occasional visits to her parents, never before forbidden, the damsel's progress from childhood to the early bloom of womanly grace and beauty made itself apparent to the Secretary, though the captive Queen, absorbed in her own griefs and perplexities, observed not the silent courtship that was carried on behind her chair and beside her escritoire, between these privileged inmates of her privy chamber. Sir Henry and Lady Pierrepont were sufficiently aware of Nau's attentions to their daughter, to speak of him as "her good man," and "their sou."

Mary Stuart's melancholy prison-life became involved in deeper shades of gloom when Sir Ralph Sadler, having at last obtained his discharge from the ungracious office he had so impatiently filled, was succeeded by Sir Amyas Paulet, a rigid puritan—a stanch adherent of Leicester, and a man of harsh, uncourteous manners. This new keeper arrived at Tutbury Castle on the 17th of April, 1585.¹ Mary took an antipathy to him at first sight, and instead of giving him the like pleasant reception she had accorded to Sir Ralph Sadler, expressed herself surprised and offended at being committed to the custody of any one under the rank of a baron. The fact was, no peer of the realm, in whose principles Elizabeth could confide, between Trent and Tweed, would undertake that office, the allowance for the maintenance and safe-keeping of the captive Queen being now cut down to fifteen hundred a-year. After remaining at Tutbury Castle till the beginning of May, to put their successor into the accustomed routine, Sadler and Somers bade their royal charge farewell. She made Somers the bearer of her letters, and a memorial of various requests to Queen Elizabeth, together with her complaints of the damp,

¹ Labanoff.

dilapidated, and comfortless state of the apartments wherein she and her ladies were confined; the truth of which no one was better qualified to testify than himself; and she earnestly implored to be removed into some less inconvenient and noxious abode; also, that she might be permitted to have some new servants to supply the loss of those who had died or been disabled in her service. Neither her requests, complaints, or remonstrances, obtained the slightest attention. There was, indeed, only too much truth in what Lady Shrewsbury had formerly told her in confidence, "that the certain way of having anything she desired denied, was to express a particular wish for it to be granted, and then she was sure never to have it, but something the direct contrary" imposed.¹

Sir Amyas Paulet entered upon his new authority in the most rigorous spirit of jailership: he established restrictions on the captive Queen, and the voluntary participators in her incarceration, more intolerable than anything they had yet experienced. Cut off, as Mary Stuart was, from all the pleasures and amusements of the world, one consolation had hitherto remained to her, that of exercising her charity, by sparing from her stinted means to minister to the necessities of the neighbouring poor. Of this blessed privilege her new keeper thought proper to deprive her a few days after his arrival at Tutbury. Her feelings on this restriction will be best described by her own pen in her letter to Mauvissière:—

"I must complain through you to the Queen my good sister, that, among other innovations here, the Sieur Paulet has not permitted me for several days past to send some little alms, according to my means, to the poor of the neighbouring village, which truly I cannot but impute to a very strange rigour, as it is a pious work, of which no Christian can disapprove; and in which the Sieur Paulet might take the precaution of sending with my man his servants or soldiers, or even the constable of the village, if he pleased, so as to leave no grounds for suspicion; and having by that means provided for the safety of his charge, it appears to me wrong for him to debar me from a Christian work, that might afford me consolation in my sickness and afflictions, without offence or prejudice to any one. Remonstrate about this, if you please, on my behalf to the Queen my good sister, and pray her to order the Sieur Paulet not to treat me thus, for there never was a prisoner or criminal, however poor and abject, to whom this permission has been by any law denied."²

A report being spread at this time that Mary had made an attempt to effect her escape, Sir Amyas Paulet, in reply to a letter Burleigh had addressed to him, expressing some uneasiness on the subject, wrote to certify that there was no cause to fear the Queen of Scots would ever come alive out of his hands. "If I should be violently attacked," he sternly observes, "I will be so assured by the grace of God that she shall die before me."

While the life of this hapless Princess was held thus cheaply by her foes, and its brief remnant was daily embittered by the petty tyrannies

¹ Labanoff, vol. vi. p. 224.

² *Ibid.*, vi. 172.

to which she was subjected, she had also to mourn the sufferings and calamities of her most devoted friends in England. Philip, Earl of Arundel, who had been released for a short time from the Tower, was again arrested on an attempt to seek refuge from his enemies by quitting England, and committed to close confinement. Dr. Atslow, the skilful physician who had more than once relieved her in attacks of illness which others had pronounced hopeless, had also been apprehended on suspicion of being implicated with his patron Arundel in a conspiracy in her favour, and twice racked almost unto death for the purpose of extorting evidence from his confessions. A few days after the arrest of Arundel, another of her friends, the Earl of Northumberland, who had been long a prisoner in the Tower, perceiving his death determined on, put a period to his existence, in order to preserve his large estates from being forfeited to the Crown.

In the midst of these painful events, Mary was again attacked with a severe illness: on her recovery she sent for Sir Amyas Paulet, and expressed herself deeply hurt that the Queen his mistress, though duly informed of her sufferings and danger, had not once sent to inquire for her, or written a word of comfort; indeed, for the last four months, she had not vouchsafed a reply to any of her letters. Sympathy must have been very dear to this unfortunate Princess, if she desired that of Elizabeth. But she occasionally deluded herself with the forlorn hope of obtaining from pity that which was denied to justice.

She writes on the 10th of July to Mauvissière, complaining of the sufferings she experienced, even at that warm season of the year, from the bleak situation of her prison, and the coldness of her dilapidated bed-chamber, in consequence of the draughts that pervaded it in all directions through cracks and holes in the walls, and begs him to represent it to Elizabeth. "Tell her," continues the captive Sovereign, "there are a hundred peasants in the wretched village at the foot of this castle who are better lodged than I am!" After two months of hopeless expectation, no alteration being made, Mary addressed a letter jointly to the same Minister, who was about to return to France, and his successor, M. de Chateaufort, giving a frightful description of her prison.

The royal prisoner concludes her list of domestic grievances by mentioning the horrible malaria occasioned by want of proper drains, and the intolerable nuisance to which she was subjected by the practice of emptying that under her chamber window every Saturday. After alluding to the frightful incident of poor Rowland's death, being hanged from the wall opposite her windows, and of another who had been drowned in the well, she mournfully adds: "Then, too, I have lost my good Rallay here, who was one of the chief consolations of my captivity. Another of my servants is since dead, and others have been sorely tried with sickness."

The Countess of Athol had lately repeated her offer of coming with her

youthful daughter to wait upon her royal mistress in this dolorous prison ; and Mary, who had vainly solicited that a passport might be granted for them, now urges the two noble French envoys to exert their influence with Elizabeth for that purpose, "not having near me," she says, "in this solitude, any companions suitable to my rank and age." It did not, of course, suit the policy of the English cabinet to allow any one to be introduced into Mary's household, who might possibly act as a medium of communication between her and her son, for the explanation and reconciliation of the unhappy misunderstanding which had been created between them by his corrupt and perfidious ministers. The Countess of Athol and her daughter were not, however, the only countrywomen of Mary Stuart who were, at this dark epoch of her fortunes, inspired with the generous ambition of devoting themselves to her personal service in the land of exile and the house of bondage. Barbara and Gillies Mowbray, the two youngest daughters of the Laird of Barnbougal, a leading member of the presbyterian congregation and a man of large territorial possessions, sought and succeeded in obtaining the melancholy privilege of being added to the prison household of their captive Queen—a favour they might probably have solicited in vain if they had not been Protestants, and their father, Sir John Mowbray, a staunch adherent of the rebel faction. His opposition to Mary's government was doubtless on religious and political grounds ; for if he had not been convinced that the gross charges with which she had been stigmatized were false, he would have prevented his young daughters from entering her service and associating their destinies with hers. How great a triumph it was for Mary ! how striking a testimonial of the estimation in which her character was held by the ladies of Scotland, that the daughters of her foe should voluntarily relinquish the comforts and luxuries of their paternal castle to come and wait upon her in her dreary English prison ! The loyal maidens, Barbara and Gillies, preferred the apparently nun-like vocation of maids of honour to their captive Sovereign, to the prospect of forming the most brilliant alliances the Scottish Court could offer. But alliances are sometimes formed in prisons as well as courts, and before they had been a month at Tutbury Castle, the youthful charms of Barbara captivated one of the associates of her seclusion, Gilbert Curle, of whom Sir Ralph Sadler has given the following pithy description :—

"Mr Curle is one of this Queen's secretaries, a Scotchman, acquainted with all her affairs since her coming into this realm. He is nothing so quick-witted or so ready as Nau is, but hath a *shrewd melancholy wit*. She maketh great account of him as very secret and sure to her."

The regard of Barbara and Gilbert was reciprocal, and being sanctioned by their royal mistress, the gloom of those dismal towers was enlivened by the unwonted event of a bridal, the first at which Mary Stuart had assisted since the ill-omened nuptials of Bastian Paiges. The wooing was

a short one, for Mary announces "the arrival of a daughter of the Laird of Barnbougall in London, desiring to come and wait on her," in a letter to Walsingham dated September 30th,¹ not being then aware that she was accompanied by a sister, also a candidate for her service; and, on the 2nd of November—"Gilbert Curle and Barbara Mowbray sign a discharge to Nau for 2000 crowns,² being a present to them from their royal mistress on their marriage." Soon after the solemnization of this hasty prison-bridal, Mary was again confined to her bed with a severe attack of neuralgic pain and fever, which deprived her for several weeks of the use of her right hand and arm. While she was in this suffering state, Sir Amyas Paulet announced to her, "in obedience," as he said, "to his instructions," that the rebel lords had re-entered Scotland with a strong military force, surprised Stirling, and compelled the King, her son, to surrender himself and his principal fortresses into their hands."³ "These tidings," she bitterly observes, "have, in truth, produced the effect for which they were so promptly communicated, that of adding affliction to affliction, anguish of mind to bodily suffering, without the slightest compassion for the extremity of sickness to which the hardships of my prison have reduced me. She entreats the new French ambassador "to remonstrate with the Queen of England on the encouragement given to those who were playing the like game against her son's royal authority that had from first to last been practised against herself; also to state that the late Earl of Gowrie had, before his execution, confessed to the Master of Gray, that it had been arranged in England, only the project was prevented, that she and her son were both to have been put to death on the same day." She wrote this letter on the 8th of December.⁴ Melancholy birthday occupation! The ambassador was spared the trouble of making the desired representation of the wrongs of the royal mother and son in terms of diplomatic caution, for the letter, being intercepted, was read in the unadulterated force of Mary's impassioned eloquence, together with her genuine opinion of the dishonourable policy with which Elizabeth had acted.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN consequence of the serious remonstrances of the Court of France against Mary being kept any longer in a place so inimical to her health as Tutbury, Elizabeth at length determined to remove her to Chartley

¹ Labanoff's Appendix, vol. vii.

² State Paper Document, November 2, 1586.

³ Mary to Chateaufneuf, Tutbury, 20th of December, 1585.

⁴ Labanoff, v. 237-251.

Castle, belonging to Leicester's step-son, the young Earl of Essex. A considerable delay in the removal of Mary Stuart from Tutbury to Chartley occurred after it had been decreed. The young Earl of Essex, Robert Devereux, protested against his family mansion being converted into a prison for the unfortunate Queen, whose confidence in the honour of England had been so cruelly abused. He was, however, a powerless minor, and his reluctance only caused temporary delay.¹

Sir Anyas Paulet, who was suffering from the gout, and felt only for himself, tried to persuade Mary to remain quietly where she was instead of moving during the winter months. "Very little consideration," she bitterly observed, "had been shown for her when compelled to travel in the depth of winter from Wingfield thither, at a time when she could scarcely turn in her bed, after three months' confinement to her chamber." Paulet reported to Walsingham that "the Scottish Queen was certainly in great pain, having at this time defluxions," meaning inflamed swellings, "from rheumatic gout in her shoulder, her arm, and her heel."² He was himself ill, but consoled himself with the fact that she was worse, being confined to her bed, and unable to stir. Little did he understand the courageous spirit which animated that suffering frame, and enabled it to carry out her will. He had no inclination for the journey, "suspecting," as he said, "it would be troublesome, from the quantity of baggage the said Queen and her attendants had in apparel, books, and the like trash!"

Into what stern uncivilized hands, alas! had this accomplished Princess fallen in her latter days; but they were now rapidly drawing to a close. Her transfer to Chartley was, at last, fixed for Christmas eve. Paulet summoned the principal gentlemen of that district to assist in guarding her from any attempts at rescue. The journey was safely performed, notwithstanding her bodily indisposition and the bad condition of the roads, in one day. Change of air and scene effected, for a few days, amendment of health and spirits. Paulet reported Mary as somewhat better in the beginning of January; but towards the end of the month she suffered a relapse, sleeping little and eating less, and became so ill with pains in her limbs and debility, that she could not turn in her bed without help.³ What solace that bed was calculated to afford to the agonizing limbs of the royal sufferer in her feverish unrest, let the following particulars, communicated by Sir Amyas Paulet to Walsingham, testify—proving withal, that, bad as it was, worse had previously been allotted for her use. "Last year, when she came to Tutbury, she complained 'that her bed was stained and ill-flavoured,' and Mr Somers, to accommodate her, gave her his own bed, which was only a plain ordinary feather-bed; and now, by

¹ Lives of the Three Devereux Earls of Essex, by the Honourable Captain Devereux.

² Paulet to Walsingham, November 17, 1585—State Paper Office MS.

³ Sir Amyas Paulet to Walsingham, January 26, 1585-86—State Paper Office MS.

her long lying in it, the feathers come through the tick, and its hardness causes her great pain." He adds her petition for a down-bed; "a request which he could not in honesty and charity refuse to mention." There is not the slightest reason to think it was ever sent. From this bed of thorns, sans roses, Mary, on the 17th of January, dictated the answer her secretary Curle returned to a letter her agent Morgan had intrusted to Walsingham's emissary, Gilbert Gifford, with an assurance "that she might safely confide in and employ the bearer, a priest of their own church, and devoted to her cause, whose uncle lived about ten miles from Chartley."

Morgan was then in the Bastile, where he had been shut up by Henry III. of France, when Elizabeth, after Parry had accused him of conspiring her assassination, had demanded that he should be sent back to England for punishment. Henry kept his person in security, but sent his papers. These supplying evidence that a plot was going on, with which the Pope, the King of Spain, and many of the Roman Catholics in England and Ireland were connected, for the deliverance of the captive Queen of Scots,¹ Walsingham commissioned Pooley, Maude, and Gilbert Gifford, seminary priests, but spies in his pay, to obtain access to Morgan, and, under the pretext of seeking the death of Elizabeth and the re-establishment of the Romish Church, to obtain his confidence. Morgan listened to their suggestions, and accepted their proffered services. Worse than all, he brought the master-fiend of the trio, Gifford, into immediate communication with Mary, by making him the bearer of a letter to the captive Queen, which induced her to trust him. In order to carry on his operations, he engaged the brewer in the neighbouring town of Burton, when he brought the weekly supply of beer for the family to the Castle, to put within one of the barrels of ale allotted to the Queen of Scots' servants, a small wooden box in which letters addressed to her were enclosed. This box, when taken out by her butler, was delivered to either Nau or Curle. The packets of letters, for transmission to her agents and foreign friends, were returned in the same box to Gifford, when the brewer came for the empty barrels the following week.² Meantime the seals of Mary's letters were then carefully opened by Arthur Gregory, an official famous for his skill in that honourable department, the contents read, deciphered, and transcribed by Thomas Phillipps, and communicated by him to Walsingham.

It is a curious fact that Nau availed himself of the opportunity of transmitting, through Gifford, a private letter on his own love affairs to the French ambassador's secretary, Cordaillot, requesting him to obtain the consent of Sir Henry Pierrepont for his marriage with his daughter,

¹ Tytler. Camden—State Paper Correspondence.

² Chateaufneuf's narrative of the Babington Plot, Labanoff, vol. vi. Camden says "the letters were deposited in a hole in the wall, where a loose stone was removed and replaced over them."

“who has,” says Chateaufeuf, “been brought up by the Queen of Scots, and is very much beloved by her; the said father of the damsel being then in London, entered into the treaty with him for the marriage, secretly and against the will of the Queen their mistress.” This underhand proceeding, coming accidentally to Mary’s knowledge, excited her displeasure and created a coolness between her and her young favourite, insomuch that she requested Sir Henry and Lady Pierrepont to take their daughter into their own care.

Cherelles, the perfidious attaché of Mauvissière, had been continued in his old office of Secretary of Legation by his successor Chateaufeuf, and came to visit Mary at Chartley in the beginning of March, under the pretence of bringing her letters from the King and others of the royal family of France; but his real object was to obtain from her the keys to several of her ciphers which had baffled Phillipps: these he communicated to his suborner Walsingham. Only the next week the Archbishop of Glasgow¹ wrote to warn Mary “not to trust Cherelles in any way, for his most Christian Majesty was informed that he had been gained over by Walsingham to the service of the English Queen, who had given him a gold chain worth two hundred crowns.”² Poor Mary had pathetically expressed her regrets to this caitiff “that she had not a present worthy of his acceptance to offer him;” but of the few relics of her former splendour she gave him a diamond ring, together with her own table-book, in which she had written many sentences with her own hand. This incident was repeated by Cherelles himself, when upwards of fourscore years of age, to one of Mary’s French biographers, to whom he showed the book, which was richly bound in crimson velvet, embroidered by her own hands, clasped, and the corners guarded with plates of gold. “The book was indeed richly bound,” he said; “but she enriched it more with her royal hands, and the gracious manner with which she gave it.” He spoke also of “the profit he had derived from some remarkable sentences she had inserted therein,” and declared “that no one could see and converse with that illustrious lady in her prison and affliction without edification.” There is nothing more remarkable in the personal history of Mary Stuart, than that such record should have been borne of her, more than forty years after her death, by a person who had assisted in weaving the web for her destruction. Did no remorse for the base part he had played mingle with his reminiscences of his visit to Chartley?

The unhallowed confederacy between the Pope, Sixtus V., Philip II., the Duke of Guise, and other leading men of the Church of Rome, celebrated in the history of the sixteenth century by the name of the *Holy League*, had been organized in the summer of 1585. When Mary was advised to join the league she prudently declined doing so, observing, “that she could see no advantage derivable from it that could counter-

¹ Labanoff, vi. 261. ² This letter was intercepted, and is in the State Paper Office.

balance the injury it would do her in England if it were suspected she were a party to it." ¹ The principles on which the leaders of this confederacy had determined to act, were very different from the enlightened views of her who had declared herself, both on the throne of Scotland and in her English prison, opposed to constraint being put on the conscience of any one in regard to religion. Of the inimical effect her tolerant sentiments were likely to produce on the head of her Church, she was thus warned by Père La Rue :—

"Believe me, Madam, they have done you a very bad service who have spread the report at Rome, and, above all, with the Pope, that your Majesty will not consent to the use of force. The Pope is a very strong-minded man, and very severe against heretics, and will employ every means in his power for their extermination."

Better was it for Mary Stuart to die a victim, than to live and reign as the reluctant tool of bigotry and despotism, so uncongenial to her liberal mind and generous temper. The unscrupulous proceedings of the anti-protestant league on the Continent were naturally retaliated in England by increased severities on the Roman Catholic recusants, which, by driving them to desperation, provoked numerous conspiracies against Elizabeth's government and person. In all these Mary's name was the inspiration, her wrongs the watchword, of the disaffected members of the Romish Church. This was urged to Elizabeth, by her Ministers, as a cogent reason for the destruction of a rival whose existence was declared to be incompatible with her personal safety, the peace of the realm, and the security of the reformed Church. The massacre of St Bartholomew, the assassination of the Prince of Orange, and the persecuting bigotry of Philip II., of which England had had a fiery specimen during his joint reign with his matrimonial victim, Mary I., were all brought in array against the popish heiress of the Crown, as if she had been the inciter of all the crimes that had brought reproach on the Church to which she belonged.

About this time a fierce Roman Catholic, named John Savage, who had borne arms under the banner of Spain in the Low Countries, being persuaded by fanatic priests of the Jesuit seminary at Rheims, that it would be a meritorious act to assassinate Queen Elizabeth, took a solemn vow to perpetrate the deed himself. At Paris he encountered a kindred spirit in John Ballard, a half-crazy priest belonging to the same society. Ballard approved the design, offered to assist in it, and introduced him to Charles Paget and Morgan, both of whom assented to it. One of Walsingham's spies, of the name of Maude, by pretending great zeal for the Church of Rome and vehement hatred against Elizabeth, got into Ballard's confidence, was accepted as a member of the plot, and communicated all their proceedings to his employer. Charles Paget presented them to Don Bernard Mendoza, who had lately been appointed ambassa-

¹ Labanoff, vol. vii. p. 298.

dor from Spain to France, and he, to his eternal disgrace, encouraged the atrocious project, which, however, was to be executed without the knowledge of the Queen of Scots. So careful were Morgan and Paget on that score, that they extorted a promise from the wild fanatic, Ballard, that he should on no account introduce himself to her attention, nor seek to hold communication with her in any way. The conspirators arrived in England early in June. In London they met Anthony Babington of Dethick, a young Roman Catholic gentleman of good fortune and ancient family, who, residing near Wingfield Manor, had become so deeply interested for the captive Queen that his greatest ambition was to devote his life to her service. He had been for years one of the most zealous and successful of her Derbyshire adherents, both in the transmission of her letters, and receiving and conveying to herself those written to her by her friends, up to the period when Sir Amyas Paulet was appointed her keeper, whose vigilance effectually prevented any further communication. When the conspirators informed Babington of the projected invasion for Mary's deliverance, he observed "that it was unlikely either invasion or insurrection could succeed during Elizabeth's life, for an open attempt in Mary's favour would cause her keeper to perform his threat of slaying her." Ballard then confided Savage's determination to assassinate Elizabeth. Babington objected to the danger and uncertainty of trusting the execution of the design to one man only. His friend Pooley, another of Walsingham's spies, who was admitted to the discussion, suggested "that five companions should be associated with Savage to make all sure;" adding, "that he could himself provide a hundred men, who would surprise Chartley Castle, and carry off the captive Queen without Paulet being able to harm her." The excitable temperament of Anthony Babington kindled into a blaze of romantic enthusiasm; he was ready to do and dare anything to assist in breaking the chains in which Mary Stuart had languished so many years. Five persons of his own religion, equally reckless as himself, united in the plot for the assassination of Elizabeth. Their names were Abingdon, the son of the Queen's late cofferer; Tilney, one of her band of gentlemen pensioners; Barnwell, Charnock, and Titchbourne. These were all men of family. The unsound state of Babington's brain may be surmised from his folly and egotism in having a picture painted with the portraits of the six associate assassins, and his own in the centre of them, declaring, in a Latin motto, that "they were allied with him in a perilous enterprise."

It was clearly the intention of her friends to keep the plot from the knowledge of the captive Queen, who could render them no aid in its execution, and was so closely watched, that great danger of discovery would be incurred. On the other hand, it was the great aim of Walsingham and his tools to implicate her in a plot for the assassination of Queen

Elizabeth, that they might bring her to the scaffold under colour of justice. Babington, who was entirely under the influence of his supposed friend Pooley, was induced to write and send through Gifford a letter to Mary, acquainting her "that it was the determination of himself and friends to effect, at risk of their lives and fortunes, her deliverance from prison, and the despatch of her usurping competitor;" and that "on the receipt of her approbation they would engage to succeed or die,"¹ requesting her "to authorize them to act in her name, to promise rewards, and to direct them in their proceedings." It is difficult to believe that a letter so obviously calculated to commit both writer and respondent, was not interpolated for that very purpose in passing through the hands of Walsingham and his cunning decipherer Phillipps. It is worthy of notice that Babington sent his letter for Mary Stuart on the 6th of July, which was instantly despatched, not to her, but to Walsingham, who had it forwarded next day to Chartley by Phillipps.

Phillipps and the seal-opener Gregory arrived at Chartley on the 8th of July, but Babington's letter was not delivered to Mary till the 12th, for nothing could induce the Burton brewer to come before the usual day for bringing the beer to the Castle. A ciphered note was returned by Nau to Babington, promising an answer in three days; this was opened, read, communicated to Sir Amyas Paulet, and forwarded to Walsingham. But if Nau had read a letter from Babington, containing the startling revelations that afterwards were produced in Phillipps's decipherment, it is morally certain that he could not have communicated its purport to his royal mistress; for the tone in which she writes on the 13th of July to her faithful counsellor and confidential servant, Archbishop Beton, shows that she was perfectly unconscious that any projects against Elizabeth's life were in contemplation.

There was a remark Mary had been accustomed to make whenever she suspected she was likely to be consigned to the keeping of the Earl of Huntingdon; and as Sir Amyas Paulet was considered entirely under Leicester's influence, her repetition of it had certainly no more reference to the expectation of a violent death for Elizabeth, than it had seventeen years before, and simply alludes to the possible demise of that Princess according to the course of nature, the Tudor sovereigns not being remarkable for longevity, and Elizabeth having attained within three years the age of the oldest of her line.

Mary had been so seriously ill that spring with inflammation in her side, in addition to all her other ailments, that her recovery had for many weeks been despaired of by her physician, and her keeper himself reported her case as hopeless.² In her letter to Mauvissière, of the 31st of

¹ Labanoff, vol. vi. p. 361.

² Paulet's Correspondence, in the State Paper Office.

March, she complains that she has been "sorely vexed with defluxions, ever since the beginning of February; but is now a little better, except the pain in her right arm. It is a heritage," continues the poor sufferer, "that I have acquired during the last seventeen years of my imprisonment, which I fear will only end with my life. I beseech God to grant me the patience requisite." Sir Amyas Paulet reports to Walsingham in June: "The Scottish Queen is getting a little strength, and is sometimes carried, in a chair, to one of the adjoining ponds to see the diversion of duck-hunting; but she is not able to walk without support on each side." Phillipps tells Walsingham, on the 14th of July: "She begins to recover health and strength, and did ride about in her coach yesterday. I had a smiling countenance, but I thought of the verse—

'Cum tibi dicit Ave—sicut ab hoste cave'—

of which the literal meaning is, 'When he cries, All hail! as of an enemy beware.'

The like mysterious instincts of natural repulsion, which warn the bird of the antagonism of the lurking cat or serpent, rendered Mary uneasy at the proximity of this zealous labourer for her destruction. She mentions him at the close of the long letter to Archbishop Beton in allusion to the current report that she was about to be transferred to other hands. "They inform me that it is now said I am to be placed in the keeping of my Lord St John, according to what was purposed when Nau was in London, this man here [Sir Amyas Paulet] being generally much afflicted by sickness, and now reduced to such extremity that it is necessary for them to provide another in his place. In order to relieve him, they have already sent him a deputy named Phillipps, whom I take to be the same who was formerly employed here as a spy for Burleigh and Walsingham." The captive Queen's presentiment that the visit of this sinister-looking stranger to Chartley Castle boded her no good, led her to write to the French ambassador: "Try, if you please, to find out what the real errand is of a gentleman of the name of Phillipps, who has been sojourning here within the last month, and is treated with much consideration and deference."

No less than seven long letters, including the important one to Babington, produced in evidence against her at her mock trial, are alleged to have been written by Mary on the identical 17th of July, N.S., which, if printed, would occupy several pages of this volume. Six of these letters were put into ciphered characters, a work of time and care, by her secretaries Nau and Curle, from her minutes in French; but the long letters she wrote to Chateaufort on the 13th, and to Archbishop Beton on the 16th and 17th, must have fully occupied her personal attention on those days. Her letter to the latter of the 17th of July, being in her own genuine French, not ciphered, affords strong presumptive evidence that she was not cognizant of any conspiracy against Elizabeth's life; for

instead of urging the immediate landing of troops to support her cause, she earnestly desires "that the King of Spain may be induced to postpone his enterprise for the invasion of England, till a peace with France may place more men at his command, and allow the Duke de Guise to cooperate effectually in the design by the breaking-up of the armies. She says she wishes to have 12,000 crowns sent to her as soon as possible—4000 may do to begin with, to assist her in getting out of her prison, and suggests that this money may be packed in two secret caskets, each casket to be concealed in a leather bag full of cases of Spanish and Italian sweetmeats, and sent by the new servants she is expecting from France; and she will send a memorandum, openly, naming the sweetmeats she wishes to be procured, in order to disarm suspicion, eatables being less rigorously examined than other things." It was obviously in the power of Phillipps to give such a colour to the decipherments of Mary's letters as might suit the purpose of his patron, or he might invent *ad libitum*, as the originals were not produced to test the fidelity of his version of her letters. But it is a strong point in her favour, that, in her uninterpolated French letter of the same date, to the oldest and most confidential of her servants, there is not the slightest allusion to the enterprise for Elizabeth's assassination, or the contingencies that might be expected to arise from such an event. Then on this momentous 17th of July, when, if we may believe Phillipps's decipherment of her long letter to Babington, Mary Stuart was setting her life on the desperate chances of a madman's game, we find her occupying her time and attention on matters of such comparatively trivial import as the vexation caused by the perversity of her young English favourite, Bess Pierrepont, of whom she writes to Morgan, repeating her desire "of restoring her to her father, having performed the duty of a good mistress by wishing to have her preferred to the service of the Queen her sovereign."¹

Nau would naturally be deeply hurt at so determined an opposition to his union with the object of his long and passionate attachment, when his fellow-secretary, Curle, had been encouraged to wed Barbara Mowbray on the shortest possible acquaintance, and gratified by the Queen with a bridal present. Jealous and indignant feelings were, of course, excited by conduct so different towards himself and the fair Pierrepont. This curious prison episode, which has escaped all previous historians of Mary Stuart's life, materially affects the credibility of the charges brought against her, by proving that Nau, whom she was thus crossing in his fondest wishes, could not have been on such terms with her as might have inclined him to bring himself under the peril of rack, gibbet, and quartering knife, by writing the letter to Babington that was produced in evidence against her, or that, under these circumstances, she would

¹ Labanoff, vol. vi. p. 423.

have put her life into Nau's power, by employing him as the instrument of a correspondence like that, having no security withal that it might not be revealed by him to Bess Pierrepont, and by her to Lady Shrewsbury. In the midst of these domestic broils, agitations, and heart-burnings, the important letter to Babington of the 17th of July, alleged "to have been written by Nau from Mary's French notes," was despatched in the usual way. Paulet, to whom it was delivered by the Burton brewer, handed it to Phillipps, by whom a decipherment of the contents was transmitted to Walsingham, and after a delay of ten days, the letter was re-sealed and sent to Babington, interpolated with various passages in a similar cipher, and the addition of a postscript, inquiring the names of the six gentlemen.¹

The interpolation of a passage touching her rescue after the design shall have been accomplished, is proved by the flat contradiction that follows in the same letter, where she entreats her friends "not to move,"—meaning, not to allow any insurrectionary movement to take place, without the assurance of effectual foreign succour, "and by all means to get her withdrawn first from the place where she now is, and either surrounded with a good army, or put in proper security, till their own forces be assembled and the foreign troops landed; or it would give sufficient excuse," continues the letter, "to this Queen, if she took me again, to incarcerate me in some hole whence I should never come forth again, and to persecute with the utmost extremity all who had assisted me in it; which I should regret much more than any ill that might befall myself."² This bears the stamp of Mary's genuine inditing, and is incompatible with complicity in the design for Elizabeth's assassination; for need she fear aggravated ill-treatment, and punishment for her friends, from a dead woman? It proves withal that the enterprise to which she was consenting was a rising of her partisans for her deliverance, supported by a foreign invasion, and that she dreaded a premature revolt as certain to be attended with the worst possible consequences to herself and friends. She proceeds to suggest three plans, either of which might be adopted in the enterprise for her escape:—

"The first, as I am taking the air on horseback on a plain between this place and Stafford, where few people are ordinarily met, some fifty or sixty men, well armed and mounted, might come and seize me, as they might easily do, having generally not more than eighteen or twenty horsemen with me, armed with pistols only. The second is, to come at midnight and set fire to the barns, stables, and out-buildings,

¹ The original of this letter is not in existence, and as no postscript is appended to any of the contemporary copies, neither does it appear that any allusion was made to one at Mary's trial, the fact of the forgery has reasonably been doubted. Nevertheless Camden was, as he always is, correct in his information; for the rough

draft intended for that purpose, in Phillipps's hand, with some words struck out, and others substituted as more appropriate, was found by Mr Tytler in the State Paper Office, endorsed by Phillipps, "The Postscript of the Scottish Queen's Letter to Babington."

² Labanoff, vol. vi. p. 300.

which you know are near the house, and while my keeper and his servants are running there to extinguish it, your party, every one wearing a mark to distinguish him, might surprise the house, where I hope you would be assisted by the few servants I have. The third is, that when the carts, which generally come very early in the morning, arrive here, you could join them in the disguise of carters, and contrive to upset some of the carts under the great gateway, to prevent the gates from shutting; then make yourselves masters of the house, and carry me off before the soldiers could muster in any efficient numbers to prevent it, as their lodgings are much scattered, some of half a mile distant, and others a full mile from the house."¹

Mary's mind could have been little occupied with themes of a tragical nature at this time, for we find her, on the 18th of July, the very day after the letter to Babington was despatched, calmly employing herself in looking over her numerous pieces of embroidery and pictorial needlework, finished and unfinished, in the charge of Mademoiselle Beauregard, and superintending the classing and drawing up a curious descriptive inventory of these specimens of feminine taste and industry, which was made in her presence. In this list we notice one piece "with fifty-two flowers of various kinds in very fine work, all drawn from nature;" another with no less than "a hundred and twenty-four varieties of birds, likewise drawn to the life;" and a third with "fifty-two fish of different species." The history of Esther and Haman, in squares, besides several rich beds, cushions, and chair-covers, in progress.² A woman whose pastimes and propensities took so elegant and innocent a turn, was unlikely to have embarked in projects of a bloody and barbarous nature, which emanate from restless minds, unaccustomed to the peaceful and sedative labours of the needle.³

Elizabeth, alarmed at the danger to which she naturally considered her life was exposed, insisted the conspirators should be taken into custody. The discovery of a plot against her Majesty's person and government was then announced, simultaneously with the arrest of the deluded men.⁴ Mary and her servants, rigorously secluded from all intercourse with the outer world, remained in ignorance of everything beyond the walls of Chartley Castle. So cautious was her keeper of listeners within, that when Wade, one of the under-secretaries, came to him with instructions from the Queen and Council, they held their private conference in the open fields. The resolution then adopted was executed on the 8th of August, when Sir Amyas Paulet invited the unsuspecting captive to take an airing with him on horseback. Mary readily acceded to the proposition, the warm summer weather having so greatly improved her health that she was now able again to use equestrian exercise, which she

¹ Labanoff, vol. vi. p. 396.

² *Ibid.*, vol. vii. — Appendix 239, pp. 40, 41.

³ While at Chartley, the captive Queen endeavoured to beguile her weary hours with her favourite occupation, needlework. The bed embroidered by her and

her ladies is still in existence, though it twice narrowly escaped being destroyed by fire. The conflagration which consumed great part of the edifice spared the chamber where Mary had been confined.

⁴ Camden's *Annals*. Tytler. Lingard

preferred to any other. Accompanied by her two secretaries, and others of her prison retinue, and under a stronger guard than usual, she rode from Chartley towards the neighbouring park of Tixall, according to her keeper's direction. They had not advanced very far before they were met by a company of horsemen.

If the heart of the captive Queen, on their first appearance, fluttered with a momentary thrill of hope in the expectation that these were "the gentlemen" whom Babington had assured "her were associated in her service, and bound under the most solemn pledges to rescue her or die in the attempt," the more terrible must have been the shock she experienced when Sir Thomas Gorges rode forward, and told her "that, in consequence of the discovery of her share in a horrible conspiracy against the life of the Queen his sovereign, his orders were to conduct her to Tixall."¹ Mary indignantly denied the accusation, and began to expostulate in angry and reproachful words against this sudden change of abode. He was resolute that she should not return to Chartley, and prepared to enforce compliance with his requisition. Mary's spirit rose, and turning to the gentlemen of her suite, she passionately exclaimed, "Will you suffer these traitors to lay hands on your Queen, without interposing in her defence?" Nau and Curle were instantly arrested, and forced away. She perceived her party was too weak for resistance, and passively permitted Sir Amyas Paulet to lead her to Tixall, the mansion of Sir Walter Aston, about three miles from Chartley.² There she was separated from all her servants, and confined to two small rooms, without books, pen, ink, or paper, for seventeen days, in utter solitude. There is no reason to believe that even a change of apparel, or the solace of a female attendant, was allowed her during that dreadful period of horror and suspense. How she existed through it, is a mystery on which no record casts a light.

"But there's mercy in every place;" and as Mary Stuart, under all her trials, trusted in God, and prayed for patience and support, she doubtless was not deserted, but found some tender-hearted woman, wife, sister, daughter, or domestic of Sir Walter Aston to compassionate her, supply her wants, and perform all tender feminine offices for her, in her loneliness and destitution, for never was she forsaken by her own sex. Lest, however, the royal captive should excite too much commiseration in her misery, Sir Amyas Paulet thought proper to remain at Tixall to keep guard over her, while Wade and the other commissioners³ proceeded to Chartley, in obedience to their instructions, and seized her papers, ciphers, seals, and jewels. Elizabeth particularly required that all the caskets belonging to the Queen of Scots should be transmitted to

¹ Wade's Memorial. Sir Amyas Paulet's P.S.—State Paper Office MSS. Tytler. Camden. Lingard. Chalmers.

² Ibid.

³ Paulet's Letters in the State Paper Office.

her.¹ Alas! what did she expect to find in these private depositories of the poor relics of her hated rival?—had she not already possessed herself by means inconsistent with the honour of a Queen of England, of Mary's precious cordons of pearls? Others of the choicest jewels that Mary once could boast, had been delivered to Sir William Drury for her acceptance at the fall of Edinburgh Castle.² She must have been disappointed when she received the last remaining spoils of her royal cousin, a few rings, chains, and trinkets of little value, among which was a toy, formerly presented by herself, with the history of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*; her own miniature on ivory, and that of the old Countess of Lennox, Mary's mother-in-law; a little book of gold, with the portraits of Francis II. and his mother. Another of these pretty golden books, when unfolded, displayed no pledge or memorial of guilty love for Bothwell, but the united miniatures of Mary, Darnley, and their son.³

It is a striking fact, a fact that must surely be regarded as a strong presumption in Mary's favour, that, in all the voluminous mass of papers thus suddenly seized, not one was produced in evidence against her. As it had been twenty years before, when her private papers at Holyrood fell into the hands of Morton, Lethington, and others, who desired to get up a case against her, so was it now; no genuine documents for that purpose could be found.

The pathetic sonnet, written by Mary in French, was found among her private papers seized at Chartley:—

“Que suis je, hélas! et de quoi sert ma vie?”

“Alas, what am I! What's my life become?
A corse existing when the pulse hath fled;
An empty shadow, mark for conflicts dread,
Whose only hope of refuge is the tomb.

Cease to pursue, O foes, with envious hate,
My share of this world's glories hath been brief;
Soon will your ire on me be satiate,
For I consume and die of mortal grief.

And ye, my faithful friends, who hold me dear,
In dire adversity, and bonds, and woe,
I lack the power to guerdon love sincere;
Wish, then, the close of all my ills below,
That purified on earth, with sins forgiven,
My ransomed soul may share the joys of heaven.”

Sir Amyas Paulet brought Mary back to Chartley on the 25th of August. All the time she had been at Tixall he had not spoken a word to her, and declared “he never intended to speak to her again.” When

¹ Tytler, vol. viii. p. 298.

² Labanoff.

³ Inventory of Jewels belonging to Mary Stuart, seized at Chartley, August, 1586—Labanoff, vol. vii., Appendix.

she was about to enter her coach, and saw Sir Walter Aston and other gentlemen in waiting to escort her, she exclaimed, with tearful emotion, "Good gentlemen, I am innocent. God is my witness that I have never practised against the Queen my sister's life!" The poor, who had been accustomed to share her charity, crowded round her as usual, to supplicate for alms. "Alas," said she, weeping, "I have nothing for you. All has been taken from me. I am as much a beggar as yourselves."¹

Her first inquiry, on arriving at Chartley Castle, was for Curle's wife, whose situation demanded her tenderest sympathy. On being informed that she had brought forth her first-born child at that sorrowful season, Mary hastened to visit her before she entered her own chamber, and bade her "be of good comfort," promising "to answer for her husband in all that might be objected against him." The infant, a little girl, remained unbaptized, because Mary's priest had been removed; and as it was weakly, she asked Sir Amyas Paulet, who had rudely followed her into the lying-in-chamber, "to allow his minister to baptize it, with such sponsors as he could procure, so as it might bear her name." This being churlishly refused, she left the chamber, but presently returning, laid the babe upon her knee, and administered the rite of baptism, by taking water from a basin, and casting it on the child's face, saying, as she did so, "Mary, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost."²

Then she proceeded to her own chamber. Mr Darrell, the house-steward, offered the keys of the door to Bastian, who, in obedience to the command of his royal mistress, refused to receive them. Darrell was then ordered to unlock the doors himself. When Mary saw that her coffers and desks had been rifled, and her papers and jewels taken away, she passionately exclaimed—"There are two things of which I cannot be robbed, my English blood and my Catholic faith, in which by the grace of God I intend to die."³ One cabinet in her bedroom, strange to say, had not been violated—that which was supposed to contain her money. Sir Amyas Paulet wrote immediately to Walsingham to inform him of Wade's omission. In consequence of the directions he received in reply, he sent for Mr Richard Bagot, a neighbouring magistrate, with whom he rudely entered the presence of the captive Queen, and, regardless of her suffering state—for the agitation, distress, and anxiety she had gone through had brought on a very severe access of her old malady, neuralgic pain in the neck and arm, which had bereft her of the use of her right hand and confined her to her bed—told her, "that in consequence of her former bad practices, and doubting she would persist in the same by corrupting underhand some bad members of the State, he was expressly commanded to take her

¹ Letters of Sir Amyas Paulet—State Paper Office MSS.

² *Ibid.* Such baptism is permitted by the Roman Catholic Church. ³ *Ibid.*

money into his own hands, and advised her to deliver it up quietly.”¹ Mary stoutly refused to comply with this demand, and with many bitter words, expressive of her disdain both for his employers and himself, declared she would not resign the key. Sir Amyas called his servants, and told them to bring bars to break open the door. Perceiving the uselessness of further resistance, she submitted, and saw him seize five rolls of canvas, containing five thousand French crowns and two leathern bags, whereof the one had one hundred and four pounds in gold, the other three pounds in silver. The silver he generously left with her, because she declared “she had no more money in the house, and that she was indebted to her servants for their wages.” In Nau’s chamber he found two bags, one containing nine hundred, the other two hundred and eighty-six pounds and a chain valued at a hundred pounds. In Curle’s chamber he found two canvas rolls, each containing a thousand crowns: these, he was informed, “were Queen Mary’s gift to Mrs Curle on her marriage;” nevertheless he sealed and took possession of them, with the rest of the plunder, in his Sovereign’s name, and delivered them into Bagot’s charge. The pleasure with which Paulet executed a commission that would have been most painful to almost any other man, is thus testified by his own pen:—

“I feared lest the people might have dispersed this money in all this time, or have hidden the same in some secret corners, for doubt whereof I had caused all this Queen’s family, from the highest to the lowest, to be guarded in the several places where I found them, so as if I had not found the money with quietness, I had been forced to search, first all their lodgings, and then their own persons. I thank God with all my heart as for a singular blessing, that that falleth out so well, fearing lest a contrary success might have moved some hard conceits in her Majesty.”²

Compassion for the sufferings of the royal captive had, apparently, been manifested by the witnesses of this agitating scene in Mary’s sick chamber; for Paulet scornfully observes, “Others shall excuse their foolish pity as they may, but for my part, I renounce my part of the joys of heaven, if in anything that I have said, written, or done, I have had any other respect than the furtherance of her Majesty’s service.”³

The like hardness is exhibited by him in his treatment of Mary’s servants, and his earnest desire of dismissing those he considered superfluous, “for the easing of her Majesty’s charges. These,” he says, “he has enclosed in three or four separate rooms, to have their food brought to them by his servants, till her Majesty’s pleasure can be ascertained.” Truth, however, compels him to add,—“But the persons, all save Bastian, are such silly and simple souls, as there was no great cause to fear their practices.”⁴ In his note of those he considers unnecessary are an “old in-

¹ Letters of Sir A. Paulet—State Paper MSS. Robertson’s Appendix.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Ibid.

firm Frenchman, named Balthazzar, tailor of her wardrobe; another old servant, named Didier," whom, on account of his helplessness and years, Mary tenderly mentions, and desires to provide for, in her last written memorandum touching her faithful servants, on the morning of her death; "Curle's wife, Bastian's wife, her two daughters and son;" to which Sir Amyas adds this shrewd note: "If Bastian's wife be discharged, it is like that Bastian will desire to go with his wife, wherein there were no great loss."

Had Mary really been involved in the confederacy, it would have been absurd to write to the Duc de Guise in the strain she does, as he would have been cognizant of the plot:—

"This bearer will tell you how I and my two secretaries are treated. For God's sake succour and save them, if you can. We are accused of wishing to trouble the State here, and of practising against this Queen's life, or consenting to it. I have protested, which is the truth, that I know nothing of the matter. Paulet and his coadjutors say 'they have captured certain letters to one Babington, and to Charles Paget and his brother, which testify this conspiracy, and that Nau and Curle have acknowledged it.' I replied, that my secretaries could not have done so unless they had been compelled by the force of torture to say more than they knew."¹

This is surely the plain unvarnished language of simple verity, written under the impression that her death was at hand, in contemplation of which she thus proceeds:

"Make prayer to God for me; endeavour to have my body removed hence to be interred in hallowed ground, and have pity on my poor destitute servants, for everything has been taken from me here, and I am expecting to die by poison or some other secret way, which I am powerless to prevent: even this right hand, since my return to this place, has become impotent, and is so swollen and full of pain that I can scarcely hold the pen. Nothing remains to support me but the heart which will not fail me, in the hope that He who called me into being will give me grace and strength to die in His cause, the only honour I desire in this world, and to obtain His mercy in the next. I desire that my body may rest at Rheims, near that of my late good mother, and my heart beside the late king my lord."²

Meantime her two luckless secretaries were taken under Mr Secretary Walsingham's peculiar care, and separately confined in his lodgings in Westminster Palace, where they were daily plied with alternate threats and promises to induce them to bear testimony against their royal mistress. Both resisted stoutly, though assailed with all the subtlety of cross-questioning on depositions read to one, under pretence of having been made by the other, in order to entrap them. As for Nau, he was so intoxicated with his passion for Bess Pierrepont that for want of a better confidant, he could talk of nothing else to Walsingham's man, Aleyn, who, in the double capacity of spy and jailer, slept in his chamber and kept guard over him."³ One day a servant of Sir Henry Pierrepont

¹ Labanoff, vol. vi. p. 439.

² *Ibid.*

³ Examination of Aleyn before the Privy Council—State Paper Office MS., unpublished.

called to inquire after M. Nau, and Aleyn told him Nau talked of nothing "but his great love for his young lady."¹

Nau was, however, naturally anxious on her account during this time of terror, for he was undoubtedly a faithful lover, having resisted all Cherelles's persuasions "to give up both Bess Pierrepont and the Scottish Queen's unprofitable service, and marry a rich French widow worth 50,000 crowns, who was willing to accept him." The romantic passion of the enamoured French Secretary appears to have made a great impression on his jailer Aleyn, for he talked of it to all his acquaintance, even to Fowler the spy, who inquired "whether they were promised or plighted to each other." Aleyn said he thought they were; on which Fowler artfully observed, "In that case, if Nau be set at liberty unharmed, they will marry belike; for if they be plighted they cannot break it." How little did those who have censured Nau as the betrayer of his royal mistress suspect the temptations with which he was assailed.

That thorough-paced traitor, Archibald Douglas, curiously inquiring of Aleyn about Nau, and being told how much he talked of his love for Mistress Elizabeth Pierrepont, sarcastically observed, "I should have fancied Nau had somewhat else to think about than love." Walsingham told the French ambassador, on the 28th of August, "that the two secretaries had confessed more than was necessary to prove the guilt of the Scottish Queen:" this was false, for a week later we detect Burleigh writing to Hatton "that fears for their own safety deterred them, and he thought they would yield somewhat to confirm their mistress's crimes, if they were persuaded that themselves might escape, and the blow fall between her head and her shoulders"²—a plain testimony that they had confessed nothing to her prejudice. A fearful trial of their constancy ensued. Babington and his fellow-conspirators, fourteen in number, having been found guilty, the first seven, including Babington, were executed, with the most revolting circumstances of barbarity, in Palace Yard, Westminster, being cut down, embowelled, and quartered alive—a spectacle which the captive secretaries of Mary Stuart probably witnessed from their prison-lodgings in Westminster Palace. The next day, while the last seven of the conspirators were undergoing the like sentence at Tyburn, Nau and Curle were haled before Burleigh and the Lord Chancellor Hatton, and intimidated into admissions which, although containing really nothing positive against Mary, were triumphantly produced as evidence of her guilt. They admitted ciphering three letters to Babington, from minutes written by herself; and, on Phillipps's decipherment of the important one dated 17th of July being exhibited, said "it was the same, or like it," and signed attestations to that effect. Nau, however, privily

¹ Examination of Aleyn before the Privy Council—State Paper Office MS., unpublished.

² Burleigh to Hatton, Sept. 4, 1586.

wrote a long declaration or memorial of Mary's proceedings in the business, fully exonerating both himself and his royal mistress from ever practising against Queen Elizabeth's life. This paper he succeeded in getting delivered to Elizabeth herself, to the great astonishment and displeasure of Burleigh, to whom they were shown by her; and he has contemptuously indorsed the memorial¹ "Nau's long declaration of things of no importance, sent privately to Queen's Majesty." His actual meaning was, that it contained earnest protestations that Mary was innocent of the crime, on suspicion of which it was his determination and that of his colleagues to put her to death. The "strong necessity of their cause," that special plea of the unscrupulous statesmen of the sixteenth century, was doubtless the exciting motive which impelled them to this measure. Now they had succeeded in bringing matters into the proper train for that purpose, and the only difficulty was how to proceed. Leicester wrote from Holland, recommending the safe and silent operation of poison, and sent a reverend divine to Walsingham to persuade him that it was lawful.² Walsingham, however, determined that a judicial form should be adopted. It was at first proposed to bring Mary to the Tower, but Elizabeth, suspecting that she had a strong party in the city, would not permit it, and, after much vacillation and frequent change of purpose, appointed Fotheringhay Castle,³ in Northamptonshire, as the place where the pre-doomed victim should be arraigned and executed.

On quitting Chartley, Mary was separated from Mrs Curle, Bastian, and many of her faithful servants, both French and Scotch, who had forsaken country, friends, and living, to become the voluntary companions of her durance and privations in a land of exile. How sad must have been the parting between them and their royal mistress under circumstances so terrible! There is a Latin inscription in the window of the Manor-house of Abbot's Bromley, called Hill Hall, recording the fact that Mary Queen of Scots passed through that village 21st September, 1586, on her way from Chartley, having passed through Burton. She probably took rest and refreshment in that secluded mansion. On this her last dismal journey Mary was brought through Leicester, where either on account of her inability, or that of her invalid keeper Sir Amyas Paulet, to proceed, they halted for two nights there of Sept. 23rd

¹ State Papers, inedited. In another indorsement surprise is expressed as to how Nau got his letter in Mary's vindication into Elizabeth's hands.

² Camden's Annals.

³ Fotheringhay Castle was originally built by Mary's ancestor Simon de St Liz, who had married the daughter of Earl Waltheof, by Judith, niece of William the Conqueror, and transmitted the fair appanage of the counties of Huntingdon and Cumberland to David, King of Scotland, his grandson, — an inheritance

which, though reft away by the victorious Plantagenet, the sovereigns of Scotland never ceased to claim. Mary Stuart, therefore, accounted herself rightful Countess of Huntingdon, one source probably of the hostility subsisting between her and the Earl, in addition to his being the leader of the Puritan party, the brother-in-law of Leicester, and a rival pretender to the Crown, as the representative of "false perjured fleeting Clarence."

and 24th. Mary is said to have been lodged as before at the Earl of Huntingdon's house in Lord's Place. The Corporation presented Sir Amyas Paulet with three gallons of Gascon wine, one of sack, and four pounds of sugar, but a feeling so hostile to him and his coadjutors was manifested by the people of Leicester that it was found necessary to hire three men to watch his coach lest it should be either destroyed or carried off during the two nights he sojourned there with his royal captive.¹ Sir Amyas Paulet was assisted by Sir Thomas Gorges, and Sir William Fitzwilliam, and a strong band of soldiers in conveying Mary from Chartley to Fotheringhay. They reached their destination on the 25th of September.

Mary experienced a melancholy presentiment on first beholding those fatal towers from Peryho lane, and uttered the prophetic exclamation, "Perio! I perish." Local tradition affirms that Perry lane was so called from that incident, but as the parish in which that approach is situated is so designated in Doomsday Book, it is evident that Mary's ejaculation was a mournful play on the name when mentioned to her by the Castellan Sir William Fitzwilliam.

Fotheringhay Castle was a fortress of almost impregnable strength, and surrounded by a double moat, the outer being formed by the river Nen and the mill brook. The outer moat on the north side is seventy-five feet across, and the inner sixty-six. The gateway and front of the mansion were to the north. After passing the drawbridge was a flight of stairs leading to some fair lodgings, and up higher to the wardrobe, and to the fetterlock on the north-west corner of the castle, enclosing about sixteen feet in the form of an octagon, with upper and lower chambers. Within the castle was a goodly court leading to a spacious hall, wherein the royal captive afterwards suffered. On the left hand of the court was the chapel, some stately lodgings, the great dining-room, and a large room well garnished with pictures. When old Fuller the historian visited Fotheringhay Castle, he observed the following couplet from an old ballad written with the point of a diamond in one of the windows in Mary Stuart's well-known characters,

"From the top of all my trust,
Mishap hath laid me in the dust."

CHAPTER XXVII.

A WEEK after Mary's arrival at Fotheringhay, Sir Amyas Paulet writes to Walsingham: "I pray you let me hear from you if it will be expected that I should see my charge often; which as I do not desire to

¹ Chamberlain's Roll Corporation Records, Leicester. Communicated by N. Rolls, Esq.

do, so I do not see any good can come of it, so long as I stand assured that she is forthcoming.”¹

A commission was addressed by Queen Elizabeth, on the 5th of October, to “forty-six persons, comprising peers, privy-councillors, the Lord Chancellor, five judges of the realm, and the crown lawyers, constituting them a court to inquire into and determine all offences committed against the statute of the 27th of the said Queen by Mary, daughter and heiress of James V., late King of Scotland.”² The Earl of Shrewsbury was named in this commission, but he excused himself under the plea of indisposition; so also did ten others whose names were included.³ Chateaufort, the French ambassador, demanded in the name of the King his master, that the “Queen of Scots,” whom, both as his sister-in-law and a Queen-dowager of France, that Prince was in honour bound to support, “might be allowed counsel, and all things necessary for her defence.” After two days’ delay, Hatton returned a verbal answer in the name of Queen Elizabeth, “that the civil law considered persons in the situation of the Scotch Queen unworthy of counsel.”⁴

The commissioners, being four-and-thirty in number, arrived at Fotheringhay Castle on the 11th of October. Mary was confined to her bed by indisposition at that time; but Sir Amyas Paulet introduced Sir Walter Mildmay, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Barker the notary, into her bedchamber, to deliver Queen Elizabeth’s letter, which, in brief and imperious terms, announced the business on which the commissioners had come, and required her to answer them.

Mary, having read the letter, with dignified composure observed: “I am sorry the Queen my sister is so ill-informed of me. I have many enemies about her Majesty’s person; witness the long captivity in which I have been suffered to languish, till I have nearly lost the use of my limbs. The act that has lately been passed has warned me that I was to be made accountable for whatever attempts were made against the Queen my sister, whether by foreign princes, her own disaffected subjects, or for matters of religion. As to the accusation to which I am now required to answer, her Majesty’s letter is written after a strange fashion, and, as it seems to me, in manner of command.”⁵ The faded cheek of the poor invalid flushed with unwonted crimson, as with a burst of royal spirit she proudly added: “Does not your mistress know that I am a Queen by birth? Or thinks she that I will so far prejudice my rank and state, the blood whereof I am descended, the son who is to succeed me, and the majesty of other princes, as to yield obedience to her commands? My mind is not yet so far dejected, neither will sink or faint under this mine

¹ State Paper MS., “Fotheringhay, this present Saturday, Oct. 2, 1586.”

² Camden’s Annals.

³ Lingard; Ellis; Talbot Papers.

⁴ Chateaufort—Egerton, pp. 4, 5.

⁵ Camden’s Annals. Tytler. State-Paper MS.

adversity. I refer her to my former protest before Bromley, now Lord Chancellor, and my Lord de la Ware. The laws and statutes of England are to me unknown. I am destitute of counsellors, and who shall be my peers I cannot tell. My papers and notes are taken from me, and no man dareth speak in my justification, though I be innocent. I am clear from any practice to the hurt of your Queen. Let her convict me of the same by my words or my writings; but sure I am neither can be produced against me. Albeit I cannot deny that when she hath rejected every offer I made, I have commended myself and cause to foreign princes.”¹

The next day Paulet and Barker returned to her from the commissioners, to ask her, “whether she intended to adhere to the answer she had made, of which Barker had taken notes, and had now put it into writing?” She required him to read it over distinctly to her, and then said: “I acknowledge it to be truly taken, and will abide by it; but I request you to add that the Queen, my sister, writes ‘that I am subject to the laws of England, because I have lived under the protection of them;’ to which I answer, that I came into England to crave her aid, and have ever since been detained in prison, so that I have not enjoyed either protection or benefit from these laws.”²

In the afternoon, a deputation from the commissioners desired a conference with her; she again received them in her chamber. Burleigh and the Lord Chancellor assured her that “her prerogative as a sovereign availed her nothing in that realm,” and advised her to hear what was objected against her, threatening “that if she refused to appear, they would, could, and should proceed against her in her absence.” Undismayed by this menace, Mary replied: “I would rather die a thousand deaths than acknowledge myself subject to the authority of the Queen of England in any way, to the prejudice of regal majesty. Nevertheless, I am willing to answer all things that may be objected against me before a free and full Parliament. As for this assembly, it may be, for aught I know, devised against me, to give some colour of a just and legal proceeding, though I be already forejudged, and condemned to die, yet I adjure ye to look to your consciences in this matter, for remember the theatre of the world is wider than the realm of England.”³

All the diplomatic and legal talent in England was united against this one defenceless woman. They allowed her little time for rest or consideration, for, in the course of a few hours, Sir Amyas Paulet and the solicitor Egerton, were deputed to show her their commission, and the names of the commissioners. She observed “that it was plain, by the terms of the commission, that she was prejudged as guilty, therefore it was useless for her to appear.” They urged her to state her objections

¹ State Paper MS.—The Scottish Queen’s First Answers, Oct. 12, 1586.

² Camden, from Barker’s Registered Notes of the Proceedings.

³ *Ibid.*

in writing, but she scornfully replied, "that she was deprived of her secretaries, and had no one to make notes for her, and it suited not her royal dignity to play the scrivener."

The commissioners, after some consultation, sent the deputation to her again. Weary and exhausted though she must have been with the former exciting and vexatious conference, Mary betrayed neither the languor of an invalid, nor the impatience of a sorely harassed woman. She told them "there was a passage in their Sovereign's letter which puzzled her, by stating 'that she was living in England under their Queen's protection,' and as she could not comprehend it, she requested the Lord Chancellor to explain it." As this was a difficult question to answer, the great law-officer evaded it by replying, "that the meaning was plain enough, but it was not for subjects to interpret the letters of their sovereigns, neither had they come there for that purpose, but to try the cause."¹ Then she asked them by what authority they could proceed? "By the authority of our commission, and the common law of England," was the reply. But said she, "You make laws at your pleasure, whereunto I have no reason to submit myself; and if you proceed by the common law of England, you must produce precedents of like cases, forasmuch as that law dependeth much on cases and custom"²—a remark which proved Mary Stuart was not, as she professed herself, ignorant of the jurisprudence of the English constitution. The civilians, finding themselves baffled by the keen rejoinders of the lonely captive in her sick-chamber, told her "she was wandering into vain digressions," and demanded "whether she would appear to answer?" alluding to their commission. "Your commission," repeated Mary, "is founded on a recent law, framed expressly for my destruction, and my heart is still too full of courage to derogate from the kings of Scotland, my progenitors, by owning the authority of the Crown of England."³

Mary's courageous declaration, that she would not submit to the authority of the commission, having been reported to Elizabeth by a post-haste messenger on the preceding day, the following imperious letter, without superscription or regal address, was delivered to her, from that Princess, before her last conference with the commissioners:

"You have in various ways and manners attempted to take my life, and bring my kingdom to destruction by bloodshed. I have never proceeded harshly against you; but, on the contrary, protected and maintained you like myself. These treasons will be proved to you, and all made manifest. Yet it is my will that you answer the nobles and peers of the kingdom, as if I myself were present. I therefore require, charge, and command that you make answer, for I have been well informed of your arrogance. Act candidly, and you will receive the greater favour of me."⁴

If Elizabeth thought to vanquish the lofty spirit of her royal prisoner by intimidation, she was the more mistaken. It was treated with the

¹ Camden—State Trials.² Ibid.³ Ibid.⁴ Life of Egerton. .1

contempt it merited. The security of the position Mary had assumed, in refusing to acknowledge the authority of the commission, had been proved when Bromley, De la Ware, and other commissioners, were sent to her on a similar errand in June, 1572, sixteen years before, when a requisition had been made for her blood by a slavish Parliament, and a warrant for her execution had actually passed the Great Seal. Outraged, calumniated, and deceived as Mary had been, it is doubtful whether she would have been considered worthy of death, even if, impelled by the desire of liberty and the strong instincts of self-preservation, she had consented to the designs of the conspirators. But it is a strong presumption of her innocence that she was induced by Hatton's artful appeal to her conscious integrity to deviate from the safe position she had at first taken. "If you are innocent," said he, "you have nothing to fear; but by avoiding a trial, you stain your reputation with an eternal blot."¹ Mary, thus adjured, acted as she had previously done with respect to the conferences at York, sacrificed the privileges of a Sovereign to her desire of clearing her character from the evil imputations of her foes.

Early the next morning, October 14th, Mary signified her intention of appearing before the commissioners. The great hall was accordingly prepared for that purpose with a dais, canopy, and chair of state, surmounted with the arms of England, after the manner of a throne, to indicate the place, authority, and superiority of Queen Elizabeth. Directly opposite at the foot of the table, a chair, covered with crimson velvet, and a fair footcloth, were set for Queen Mary. The great law-officers of the crown, with clerks, were seated round the table. The Lord Chancellor, Bromley, and Lord Burleigh, with other peers, occupied stools and benches. Privy Councillors and judges occupied seats according to their degree.²

At the early hour of nine in the morning Mary entered the hall, passing through a double file of halberdiers, who formed a lane all the way from her chamber-door. She was dressed in a black velvet robe, with a long white lawn veil thrown over her pointed widow's cap, and descending to the ground. Her train was borne by one of her ladies, and she was followed by three others, one of whom carried a cushion for her feet. Her personal debility and unfitness to have left her chamber were silently testified by the difficulty with which she walked, leaning for support on the arm of her physician Burgoigne, and assisted on the other side by Sir Andrew Melville, her faithful Master of the Household, who, between them, conducted her to the chair that had been provided for her. Mary paused in indignant surprise. "I am a Queen by birth, and have been the consort of a King of France," she proudly observed. "My place should be there," glancing at the vacant seat beneath the canopy.

¹ Camden, from Barker's Registered Notes of the Proceedings of the Commissioners.

² Howell's State Trials. Ellis, 2nd Series, vol. iii. Tytler, vol. viii.

Having thus asserted her claims to the honours of regality, and marked the breach of etiquette of which her foes had been guilty, the transient flash of anger subsided. Seating herself with great dignity, she bowed to the hostile conclave with the like majestic and gracious demeanour, as if greeting the Three Estates of Scotland, assembled at her bidding in her own Parliament-hall at Edinburgh or Stirling. Her composure and self-possession astonished the English nobles and civilians; but under that calm queenly bearing she felt her loneliness, and their want of manly sympathy for her forlorn condition; for, turning to Sir Andrew Melville, she mournfully observed, "Alas! how many learned counsellors are here, and yet not one for me!"

How deeply must this have been felt by the just and generous princess who had, during her personal reign, benevolently instituted the office of a Queen's Advocate for the poor, expressly to defend the causes of persons unable to obtain legal assistance under oppression. Mary Stuart now belonged herself to the class of the desolate and oppressed; yet supported only by the consciousness of innocence, she had left the sanctuary of a sick chamber, when unable to move without assistance, and faced that formidable array of practised lawyers and crafty politicians, without counsel, or the assistance of any one secretary to take notes for her defence.

The Lord Chancellor opened the proceedings by declaring to the royal prisoner, "that the Queen's Majesty had at last determined to bring her to trial for conspiring the destruction of her (Elizabeth's) person, that of the realm of England, and the subversion of religion." He was followed by Burleigh, who desired her to hear the commission. After this had been read by the Lord Chancellor, Mary rose and said: "I came to England to crave the aid that had been promised me, and it is well known that, contrary to all law and justice, I have been detained in prison ever since. As to your commission, I protest against it. I am a free sovereign Princess, subject to no one but God, to whom alone I am accountable for my actions. I do not consider any of you, here assembled, to be either my peers or my judges to interrogate me on any of my doings, as I have told you before; and I now tell you that it is of my own voluntary pleasure I appear in person to answer you, by taking God to witness that I am innocent, clear, and pure in conscience from the calumnious charges with which I am accused. I call on my servants, here present, to bear record of this my protestation, lest my appearance before these commissioners should hereafter be held derogatory either to my own royal dignity, that of my son, or any other persons of my degree."¹

Serjeant Gawdy, in behalf of the crown, entered into the details of the plot, with sundry arguments to demonstrate her complicity in the conspiracy against his Sovereign's life.

¹ Camden. Chateaufneuf, in Teulet's Collections, vol. ii. 508. Cotton. MS. Calig. C. ix. f. 333.

Mary answered with stout courage: "I know not Babington; I have never held conference with him, written to him, nor received letters, of that kind, from him; nor have I ever plotted, or entered into plots for the destruction of your Queen. How could I do so, strictly guarded, and held in close prison, as I have been? Cut off from all intercourse and intelligence with my friends, environed with enemies, and deprived of counsel and assistance, how was it possible for me to participate in any practices to the injury of the Queen of England?"¹ Then it was urged, out of Babington's confession, that there had been intercourse of letters between her and him. She replied: "I do not deny that many persons have written to me, or that I have received letters from some who were unknown to me; but to prove that I have consented to any wicked designs, it will be necessary to produce my own handwriting."

On copies of Babington's letters being read, she said: "It may be that Babington wrote those letters; but let it be proved that I received them. If Babington, or any other, affirm it, I protest in plain words it is false." Abstracts from Babington's confession were then read, touching certain letters alleged to have been written to him by her in reply to those she denied having seen. She listened attentively, and when the passage was recited in which Babington was directed "to apply for advice and aid to the Earl of Arundel and his brothers," perceiving their destruction was intended, as well as hers, tears gushed from her eyes, and, unable to restrain her feelings, she pathetically exclaimed, "Woe is me, that the noble house of Howard should suffer so much for my sake!"² After a passionate burst of weeping, she resumed the self-possession of the royal heroine, and asked the commissioners whether they "thought it probable that she should direct application for assistance to be made to the Earl of Arundel, then a close prisoner in the Tower? or to the Earl of Northumberland, who was also named, seeing he was so young, and a stranger to her? Besides," added she, "if Babington confessed such things, why was he put to death, instead of being brought face to face with me as witness of the same, that so I might have been convicted by his testimony, if so be I were guilty of what is laid to my charge?" Then she appealed to the statute enacted in the 15th year of Queen Elizabeth, which expressly provides "that no one should be arraigned for intending the destruction of the Sovereign's life but by the testimony and oath of two lawful witnesses, brought face to face before him."

The crown lawyers replied that "they had her letters in evidence of her complicity." Mary desired to see them, and they produced Phillipps's decipherments. "Nay, bring me," said she, "mine own hand-writ; anything to suit a purpose may be put in what be called copies. Also, it is an easy matter to counterfeit ciphers and characters, if others have got

¹ Camden. Chateaufeuf, in Teulet's Collections, vol. ii. 508. Cotton. MS. Calig. C. ix. f. 333.

² Camden's Annals. Martin's Chronicle. Tytler. Howard Memorials.

the alphabet used for such correspondence." Then she pointedly alluded to Walsingham's practices for the purpose of her destruction and that of her son.¹

Walsingham rose, in some agitation, and protested "that, as a private person, he had done nothing unbecoming an honest man; nor, in his public capacity, unworthy of his place—though, out of his great care for the safety of the Queen, he had been curious to sift out all plots and designs against the same." Mary courteously replied, that she was satisfied with his answer, apologized for having spoken so freely on what had been reported, and prayed him not to give more credit to those who slandered her, than she did to those who accused him. "Spies," observed she, "are men of doubtful credit, who make a show of one thing, and speak another, therefore I beseech you not to believe that I have ever consented to the Queen my sister's destruction. I would not," continued she, with tearful earnestness, "make shipwreck of my soul, by conspiring her destruction."² The lawyers coolly told her, "this should soon be proved by witnesses," and then adjourned to their dinner, it being then past noon.

After this necessary interval for rest and refreshment, Mary met the commissioners in the hall again, anxious, of course, to see what witnesses they would bring forward. But they had nothing to produce against her but letters; that to Babington, containing her implied approval of the design against Elizabeth's life, a mere decipherment from the ready pen of Walsingham's clerk Phillipps, "who," as she sarcastically observed, "never deciphered any good for her." They produced the attestations her secretaries Nau and Curle had been compelled to write on the copy of her alleged letter to Babington, of July 17th, stating "that it was the same letter sent from her to him, or like it."³ Yet, how could the copy of Phillipps's decipherment be either the same or like the original cipher?

Nau and Curle had separately, on examination, deposed "that the Queen, their mistress, wrote the minutes in French, of her ciphered letters, and gave them to Curle, by whom they were translated into English, after which they were put into cipher by Nau. There should, therefore, have been three separate documents to verify each letter—her French minutes, Curle's translation, and Nau's cipher. Neither of these were produced. On what evidence was Mary, then, convicted of the crime for which she was brought to the block? On Phillipps's copy of the cipher? Nay, but on his alleged decipherment, which there was nothing to check. He was not even confronted with Mary, whose questions, deeply versed as she was in the mysteries of ciphering, might, and probably would, have exposed the deception. Mary demanded that her secretaries might be confronted with her; but as Elizabeth, in anticipation of this demand, had written to Burleigh "that she considered

¹ Camden.² *Ibid.*³ Labanoff.

it unnecessary," it was replied, "that their oaths were all-sufficient to convict her."¹ "I do not believe," replied Mary, "that they have thus sworn; but if, from fear, or hope of reward, they have done so, then are they perjured men, and their testimony worthless, because in violation of their previous oaths of fidelity to me. What," added she, "becomes of the majesty of princes, if the oaths or attestations of their secretaries are to be taken against their solemn protestations? I am held in chains. I have no counsel. You have deprived me of my papers, and all means of preparing my defence, which must, therefore, be confined to a solemn denial of the crime imputed to me; and I protest on the sacred honour of a Queen, that I am innocent of practising against your Sovereign's life. I do not, indeed, deny," continued she, weeping, "that I have longed for liberty, and earnestly laboured to procure it. Nature impelled me to do so; but I call God to witness that I have never conspired the death of the Queen of England. I have written to my friends, and solicited them to assist me to escape from her miserable prisons, in which she has kept me now nearly nineteen years, till my health and hopes have been cruelly destroyed; but I never wrote the letters you pretend, nor would I have done so to purchase a crown. I cannot answer, indeed, that my secretaries may not have received and answered such letters; but if so, it was unknown to me, and I claim the privilege of being convicted on the evidence of my own writing alone, or words proved by lawful witnesses; but sure I am nothing of the kind can be produced."

On the morrow, Mary again appeared before the commissioners, whose hostility she had fully proved by the manner in which Burleigh and the Lord Chancellor had endeavoured to browbeat her in her defenceless position and bodily debility. She came, as on the preceding day, supported between her physician and the Master of her Household, and followed by four of her faithful ladies.

She began by renewing her protestation that "she, as an independent Sovereign, admitted neither the superiority of the Queen of England, nor the authority of their commission, but came into that hall voluntarily, out of regard to her own honour, to vindicate herself from the horrible imputation that had been laid to her charge. Accusations," she said, "were often the work of enemies, and spies unworthy of credit, as the Queen of England herself had formerly proved, when accused of participation in Wyatt's plot, though perfectly innocent. My innocence," continued Mary, "is well known to God. My crimes consist in my birth, the injuries that have been inflicted on me, and my religion. Of the first I am justly proud, the second I can forgive, and the third has been my sole consolation and hope under all my afflictions, and for its advancement I would cheerfully give my best blood, if so be I might, by my own death, pro-

¹ Camden. Howell's State Trials.

cure relief for the suffering Catholics ; but not even for their sakes would I purchase it at the price of the blood of others, having always been tender of the lives of the meanest of God's creatures. It is, in sooth, more in accordance with my nature to pray with Esther than to play the part of Judith. I know," she bitterly added, "you call me irreligious. There was, indeed, a time when I would willingly have been instructed in the Protestant creed, but that was not permitted, my soul being regarded of no value."¹ Then the tears burst forth again, and, overcome by the excitement and fatigue she had gone through during the last three days and anxious nights, sobs choked her voice when she struggled to proceed, and her words became inarticulate.

The Court proceeded to charge her with the second part of the indictment, her correspondence with Mendoza and others to procure the invasion of the realm, and her offer to make over the kingdom of England to the King of Spain. Mary dried her tears while portions of her letters to Mendoza, Charles Paget, Morgan, and Inglefield were read, rallied her spirit, and replied with a stout courage—"I do not deny having written to these persons ; but I say that my letters have been unfairly garbled, and perverted to meanings which they did not originally bear ; and as my papers have been taken from me, I am deprived of the power of proving what was really written." She meant by producing her minutes and Curle's translations.

"I had not sought foreign aid," she said, "till I had been cruelly mocked by deceptive treaties, all my amicable offers slighted, and my health destroyed by my rigorous imprisonment." "When the last treaty was holden concerning your liberty," interrupted Burleigh, "Parry was sent privately by Morgan, a dependent of yours, to murder the Queen." "My lord," retorted Mary, "you are my enemy." "Yea," replied he, "I am the enemy of all Queen Elizabeth's adversaries." Mary demanded that she might have an advocate to plead her cause, and that another day might be allowed her for consideration and preparation of her defence, which being refused, Burleigh told her he would proceed to proofs. She contemptuously refused to listen to anything further. "But we," said Burleigh, turning to the commissioners, "will hear them." "I also," observed Mary, "will hear them in another place, and defend myself ; for it were extreme folly to stand to their judgment whom I perceive to be so evidently and notoriously prejudiced against me." Then rising from her seat she demanded to be heard in a full Parliament in presence of the Queen of England and her Council.² This courageous appeal to the representatives of a generous nation disconcerted the packed committee of courtiers, placemen, and lawyers, who had been deputed to hunt the defenceless captive to death in her prison. Proceedings terminated ab-

¹ Camden. Howell's State Trials. Ellis. Tytler. Keralio. Strangwayses.

² Camden, from Barker—State Trials, and Wheeler's Register of the Proceedings.



ruptly, and the Court broke up at one o'clock. Mary conversed some little time with Burleigh, Walsingham, Warwick, and Hatton, apart from the rest of the commissioners. The subject of their discourse never transpired.

Twenty years previously Mary had entertained Hatton in her royal halls of Stirling during the baptismal *fêtes* of the Prince, her son. He had seen her then in her royal splendour and the perfection of her charms, surrounded with pomp and pageantry, the centre of admiring eyes, the idol of her people, and, as the proud mother of a fair young son, an object of envy and jealous alarm to his all-powerful Sovereign. He saw her next in her sick chamber at Fotheringhay Castle, deprived of all the attributes of royalty save that innate dignity of which no reverse of fortune ever reft Mary Stuart—the broken-hearted victim of the cruel policy that had reversed all these transitory glories and plunged her into the depths of misery, when long years of incarceration in noxious prisons had added bodily sufferings to sorrow, faded her cheek, blanched her hair, and crippled her graceful form. He saw her also, after he had beguiled her into their toils, stand at bay in her lonely majesty, while beset by six-and-thirty pitiless assailants, calling themselves her judges, defending herself intrepidly for two days against all their subtlety and malice, and finally driving them to the dastardly recourse of a Star-Chamber process for her destruction.

Elizabeth, while violating the constitution of the land she governed by the disgraceful exercise of Privy Council despotism against a royal stranger who had sought refuge in her realm, boasted insultingly to her slavish Parliament that “the Queen of Scots, if proceeded with according to the law, must have holden up her hand at the bar of Stafford before a jury of twelve men.” To have done so would have given the unfortunate prisoner the best chance for her life, since it would not have been easy to cajole an honest English jury to pronounce a verdict of guilty against an undefended woman on the suspicious evidence of the alleged copies of unproduced letters, the oaths of imprisoned witnesses, who were not suffered to appear in court, and the confessions of men who had been hanged. Mary never shrank from the test of an open investigation of her conduct; but neither in Scotland nor England was she allowed the privilege of being confronted with her accusers before a parliament or a public assize. She was the victim of select committees of interested persons convened by her enemies.

The commissioners had brought the strong force of 2000 men with them to Fotheringhay, to overawe the country, and prevent any enterprises for the rescue of the royal victim. Elizabeth wrote to Burleigh “not to pronounce sentence against the Scottish Queen till the commissioners had reported their proceedings to herself.” Soon after the departure of these righteous judges, Paulet wrote to Walsingham “that he

had had an interview with the Scottish Queen, who had been indisposed, and was under medical treatment. He found her, however, very calm, and quite undismayed by the late occurrences. She even entered into conversation with him on the subject, and obtained all the information she could extract from him about the commissioners, by asking what person sat in such a place, and who in another, till she had made herself mistress of the names and leading characteristics of the majority of those who appeared in the hall." She also demonstrated the retentive powers of her memory by her observations on their respective speeches, which she freely discussed. Mary continued, as might be expected, very ill after the unwonted fatigue and excitement she had gone through. Happily she had now leisure and liberty to keep her bed, which she did for many days.

Courcelles was directed by his Sovereign, Henry III. of France, to hasten to Scotland, and urge the young King to make some strong demonstration to the Queen of England in behalf of his royal mother, whose life was in the greatest danger. Such a version of Mary's conduct in regard to the Babington plot and her intrigues with Spain as was best calculated to exasperate her son against her, was sent to that prince by Elizabeth, with an intimation "that she intended to proceed against her."¹ James asked his cousin, Francis, Earl of Bothwell, "what course he had better pursue?" "I think, my liege, if you suffer the process to go on," he bluntly replied, "you ought to be hanged yourself the day after." George Douglas, in more respectful but scarcely less energetic language, warned his royal master to "beware of the lying tales of some about him, who were the pensioned slaves of the Queen of England, and paid to create bad blood between them." "But," said James, to whom all his hapless mother's passionate letters and complaints of him to foreign ambassadors had been repeated, "has she not threatened that unless I conformed myself to her wishes, I should have nothing but the lordship of Darnley, which my father had before me? Has she not laboured to deprive me of my crown, and set up a regent? Is she not obstinate in maintaining the Popish religion?" "Ay," retorted Douglas, himself a firm but conscientious member of the Reformed Church, "she adhereth to the faith in which she hath been brought up, as your Majesty doth to yours, and, looking to the conduct of your religious guides, thinketh it more meet that you should come over to her opinions than she to yours." This provoked a smile from the young King, and the rejoinder, "Truth it is I have been brought up amid a knavish crew, whose doctrine I could never approve; but yet I know my religion to be the true one."²

The Star-Chamber process took place, as appointed, on the 25th of October, but several of the commissioners who had seen Mary Stuart at

¹ Courcelles' Negotiations, Bannatyne Club Edition, pp. 11-13.

² *Ibid.*

Fotheringhay, refused to attend—among others the Earl of Warwick—under pretence of sickness.¹ The two secretaries, Nau and Curle, were now brought forward in the absence of the royal prisoner, to affirm the truth of the depositions on which it was intended to bring her to the block. But Nau positively affirmed “that the principal heads of accusation against the Queen, his mistress, were false;” and in spite of the angry attempts of Walsingham to intimidate him, declared “that the commissioners would have to answer to Almighty God, as well as all Christian kings, if they should, on such false charges, condemn a Sovereign Queen,” and required that his protestation might be registered.² This demand was not complied with; and but for his own statement in vindication of his conduct, this important fact would never have been heard of beyond the closed doors of the unconstitutional tribunal, where the mother of our royal line of sovereigns was illegally “done to death,”³ by being pronounced “guilty of compassing and imagining divers matters tending to the hurt, death, and destruction of the Queen, contrary to the form of the statute specified in the commission.” Even before the commissioners assembled at Fotheringhay, under pretence of trying the fore-doomed victim, Leicester wrote to his friend Walsingham, from a sick-bed in Holland, an eager requisition for her blood, denouncing it “as hazardous to defer” what he terms “furtherance of justice on the Queen of Scots, either for a parliament or a great sessions,” and urging him and his colleagues “to be stout and resolute in this speedy execution.”⁴ Parliament was, however, more subservient to the murderous policy of the conspirators against Mary’s life than Leicester could have calculated. Both houses approved the proceedings of the commissioners, confirmed their sentence, and united in petitioning the Queen that immediate execution might be done on the defenceless captive.⁵ Puckering, the Speaker, added a memorial in his own hand, of “Reasons to move her Majesty to consent to the execution of the sentence against Mary, late Queen of Scots.” Elizabeth sent messages to both houses, requesting them to enter into a fresh consideration of so mighty an affair, and endeavour to find out some expedient whereby the Queen of Scots’ life might be spared, and her own security insured. They replied, “It was impossible;” and a sort of memorial or address was presented to

¹ Camden. Martin’s Chronicle.

² “Nau’s Apologie,” addressed to James I., 1606.

³ Walsingham’s letter to Curle in reply to one pressing him “to perform his promise,” has been considered an evidence that he had been tampered with by that minister to betray his royal mistress. Yet it is not so, for Walsingham upbraids him “with not having confessed anything that he was able to deny.”—Cotton. MS., Calig. C. ix. Curle, on his deathbed,

protested, “that as he should answer before the tribunal of his Almighty Judge, he had never violated his fidelity to the late Queen his mistress, but maintained her innocence both in her life and after her death, of all the calumnies and accusations of her enemies;” Lingard.

⁴ Leicester Correspondence. Edited by J. Bruce, Esq., Camden Society. Leicester to Walsingham, October 10, 1586.

⁵ Lords’ Journals. D’Ewce’s Journal of the House of Commons.

her Majesty by a committee of civilians, who had been deputed by the Commons to draw up "Reasons, to prove that it stood not only with justice, but with the Queen's honour and safety, to proceed to execution." Elizabeth was there reminded, "that more rigorous imprisonment, with threats of inflicting the penalty of death on the Queen of Scots, in case of her attempting to escape, an expedient that had been suggested, in order to preserve her life, would be unavailing; for she was told at Lochleven," pursues this disgraceful document, "there was no way with her but death, if she would not take her imprisonment quietly, and live without seeking her liberty, she notwithstanding adventured herself with a young fellow very dishonourably in a boat."¹ After such a version of that most touching incident, the deliverance of Mary Stuart from her cruel imprisonment in Lochleven Castle by little Willie Douglas, the brave orphan boy, whose feeble arm God had strengthened for the performance of an enterprise unmatched in the annals of chivalry, no farther proof need be cited of the malevolent spirit that inspired the petitioners for Mary Stuart's blood. Elizabeth gave an evasive answer to the petitioners, implying that she had not yet made up her mind what she would do, and prorogued her Parliament to avoid further importunity. Mary meantime continued to keep her bed from bodily indisposition, growing feebler every day. Her keeper, Sir Amyas Paulet, who was also an invalid, expressed lively satisfaction on the 13th of November that his old friend Sir Drue Drury was now associated with him in his charge of keeping "this lady," as he now styled Mary, systematically refusing to honour her with her royal title. For the purpose of urging her immediate execution, he emphatically adds, "the loss of a day may cause the loss of a kingdom."

Queen Elizabeth imposed on her kinsman, Lord Buckhurst, the ungracious task of announcing to her royal prisoner "that she had been pronounced guilty of death by the commissioners in the Star-Chamber, which sentence had been approved and confirmed by both houses of Parliament, and that they had united in petitioning for her immediate execution." He arrived at Fotheringhay Castle on the 19th of November, with Beale, the Clerk of the Council, who was associated with him in this mission. Lord Buckhurst made the painful announcement to the captive Queen in the presence of Sir Amyas Paulet and Drury, having previously done all he could to spare her the suddenness of the shock, by sending her a sympathizing message, expressive of his regret at having been deputed by his Sovereign to bring her heavy tidings, nor did he presume to enter her apartments till she had herself signified that she was ready to receive him. He executed the distressing office that had been thrust upon him with manly tenderness, and sternly checked Beale, whose duty it was to read the official papers, for the rudeness and incivility of his

¹ Camden's Appendix to Elizabeth's Life, in Kennet, vol. ii. p. 668.

behaviour. Mary received their communication with unruffled calmness, "but protested against the authority of the commission as illegal, and the sentence as unjust, being innocent of any practices against the life of their Queen."

Mary has detailed the leading features of the conference with sarcastic bitterness, in a letter to her faithful servant, Archbishop Beton, dated Nov. 24th, five days after the agitating scene she describes had taken place. "My physician and my other servants are still allowed to remain with me," writes she; "but I know not for how long, nor whether I shall have time to make my will, or the power to do so, my money, papers, and valuables having been taken from me. I pray you to solicit the intervention of all Christian princes for their restitution; for they are no longer mine, being appropriated by me to discharge my conscience of my obligations to my poor servants and my creditors. You will be surprised at this language, if you have not heard that Lord Buckhurst, Amyas Paulet, and one Drue Drury, knight, have announced to me 'that I have been condemned by the Parliament of this country to die.' They have exhorted me, on the part of their Queen, 'to confess and acknowledge my offences against her,' saying, 'that, in order to incline me to patience and a godly death, as well as to disburthen my conscience, she would send me a bishop and a dean, and that the reason my death was required by her people, was because I was a competitor for her crown, as I had formerly shown by assuming the arms and title of this realm, and that she could have no security while I was living, for all the Catholics stiled me their Sovereign, and her life had often been attempted in consequence;' secondly, that 'if I survived, her religion could not remain in security.' I thanked God and them for the honour they did me, in regarding me as an instrument for the re-establishment of my religion in this isle, of which, however unworthy, I would undertake to be a zealous defender, and would cheerfully shed my blood in that cause. 'It was a fine thing,' they said, 'for me to make myself out a saint and a martyr; but I should be neither, as I was to die for plotting the murder and deposition of their Queen.' I replied that 'I was not so presumptuous as to pretend to honours of saint and martyr; but although they had power over my body, by the Divine permission, they had none over my soul, nor could they prevent me from hoping that, by the mercy of the God who died for me, my blood and life would be accepted as offerings freely made by me for the maintenance of His church, apart from which I would not desire to purchase an earthly kingdom, by the loss of one eternal.' I besought Him to accept the sorrows and persecutions I had suffered both in mind and body as some atonement for my sins. But to have contrived, counselled, or ordained the death of their Queen, was what I had never done."

“The day before yesterday,” continues Mary,¹ “Paulet came again to me with Drury, who is much more modest and civil, to tell me ‘that since I had been admonished to confess and repent of my offences against their Queen, I had neither shown contrition nor any sense of my fault, so she had commanded him to take down my dais,² to signify to me that I was a dead woman, deprived of the honours and dignity of a Queen.’ I replied that ‘God of His grace had called me to that dignity; I had been duly anointed and sacred as such, and held it of Him alone, to whom alone I would resign it, together with my soul. I neither recognized their Queen for my superior, nor her heretical Council for my judges, and should die a Queen in spite of those whose power resembled that which robbers in the corner of a forest might exercise over the most righteous prince or judge in the world; but I trusted that God would, after my death, manifest the integrity of my cause to this realm. The kings of this country had often been murdered, and it would not be at all wonderful for me to share the like fate, being of the same royal blood.’ Paulet, finding that my faithful servants would not obey him, which they all stoutly refused to do, even the poor girls crying aloud for vengeance on him and his companions, he called seven or eight of his creatures, and having knocked down the dais, he seated himself, covered his head, and told me ‘that as there was no longer any time or leisure for me to waste in idle recreations, he should take away my billiard-table.’ I replied ‘that I had never used it since it had been there, for they had given me other occupations.’”

“Yesterday I assembled my little train, that I might, when they were all together, make my protestation both in regard to my religion and to clear myself of the false calumnies that have been put upon me. I said, which is the truth, that ‘I knew nothing about it [the conspiracy for that purpose], neither do I believe it.’ I recommend my poor servants to you, in the name of God. Console them of your charity, for in losing me they lose everything. . . . Adieu! for the last time! Be mindful of the soul and the honour of her who has been your queen, mistress, and good friend.”

The insatiable malice which prompted Mary Stuart’s foes thus to distil the bitterness of death to her drop by drop, must have been disappointed by the undaunted courage with which she contemplated the near approach of the King of Terrors. “They are now,” writes she in her farewell letter to Don Bernard Mendoza, “at work in my hall erecting, I think, the scaffold, on which the last act of my tragedy is to be performed.” To her cousin the Duke of Guise she writes a more tender and solemn farewell, telling him “that she is now, by an unjust sentence, about to be put to such a death as no person of their race, much less of her rank,

¹ Labanoff, vi. 293.

² The French call a canopy *dais*.

ever suffered. Yet she praises God for it, being useless to the world and to the cause of His church in her present state. And though," continues she, "executioner never yet dipped his hand in our blood, be not ashamed thereof, my friend." She recommends her poor disconsolate servants to his care, and tells him it is her intention "that they shall be witnesses of her last tragedy." She exhorts him "to have prayers made for the soul of his poor cousin deprived of all counsel or aid save that of God, who had inspired her with strength and courage to combat singly against the many wolves who were howling round her;" and bids him "give especial credit to a person who will bring him a ruby ring from her."¹

The injurious treatment Mary Stuart had experienced both in Scotland and England from political foes, who masked their personal malice under the convenient pretext of zeal for the true evangile, had, unfortunately, the effect of exciting in her bosom prejudice against the religion they disgraced; while, with the ardour invariably kindled in a high and generous spirit by persecution, she clung more fondly to her own in that dark hour, and expressed a proud satisfaction that she was victimized in its cause. Under the powerful influence of these feelings, her farewell letters to her friends and allies were written, especially that which she addressed to the Pope, professing "her attachment to the Roman Catholic Church, and her desire for its re-establishment in England. In testimony of which, and in preference to the peculiar interests of her own flesh and blood," she desires to call the attention of his Holiness "to the unhappy state of her poor child," and begs "that prayers and all proper means may be used for his conversion; but in case he prove obstinate in his errors, then she transfers whatever rights she possesses in the realm of England to the King of Spain."²

When the aspect of his royal mother's affairs assumed a serious appearance, James accredited Archibald Douglas as his ambassador to intercede with Elizabeth in her behalf. The appointment was considered ominous to Mary, for it was shrewdly observed "that, as Archibald Douglas had been present at the murder of his Majesty's father, he was now going to have a hand in the death of his mother." Douglas had just before got himself absolved, by a packed jury and deceptive trial, from the charge of Darnley's murder, on which his friend Randolph wrote a facetious letter to congratulate him in terms which leave no doubt of the notoriety of his guilt. He endeavoured to lull James's filial anxiety by persuading him his mother was in no danger; and at first, to a certain degree, succeeded, till correct information from authentic sources reached him, and roused the feelings of a son.

"The case of the Queen my mother," observed James to Courcelles, "is the strangest that was ever heard of since the creation of the world. Have you ever read in history of a sovereign princess being

¹ Labanoff.

² *Ibid.*

detained so many years in prison by a neighbouring monarch, whom she sought as a justifier?" Then he enlarged "on the noble manner in which he had been told his mother had defended herself before the Commissioners. She bore herself," continued he, "so bravely when environed by her foes, that many of them remained speechless, pondering on her words, and declared 'no orator ever spake more eloquently or better to the purpose.' The Queen of England had protested 'she would never shed her blood, but wished her safe in France;' and had assured his ambassador, Archibald Douglas, that nothing should ever induce her to agree to Queen Mary's death, or to sign any instrument authorizing it, though her Council and Parliament were urgent with her on the subject." James also told Courcelles that he had written to his royal mother with his own hand, and made his trusty servant Sir William Keith "the bearer of his earnest intercessions to the Queen of England, empowering him to offer any condition she could reasonably demand for the preservation of the Queen his mother's life."

James's autograph letter to his representative at Elizabeth's Court by Keith bears undeniable evidence of the sincerity of his intentions.

"Reserve yourself up no longer in the earnest dealing for my mother, for ye have done it too long, and think not that any of your travails can do good if her life be taken, for then adieu with my dealing with them that are the special instruments thereof; and, therefore, if ye look for the continuance of my favour towards you, spare no pains nor plainness in this case."

The filial efforts of the young King to avert the slaughter of his unfortunate mother, and the manner in which they were traversed by his perfidious Ministers, are testified by the following remarkable passages in a letter from the Master of Gray to Archibald Douglas:—

"The King's Majesty hath commanded me to write to you very earnestly to deal for his mother's life, and I see if it cannot be done by you, he minds to take the matter very highly. . . . This is a hard matter, to speak truly, for the King our Sovereign not to make any stir for his mother, and yet the matter is also hard on the other side for you and me, although we might do her good to do it, for I know, as God liveth, it shall be a staff for our own heads; yet I write to you, as he hath commanded me, to deal very instantly for her; but if matters might stand well between the Queen's Majesty there [Elizabeth] and our Sovereign, I care not although *she* were out of the way."

The emphatic pronoun *she* of course refers to Mary, against whom these brothers in iniquity were labouring. In another letter the Master of Gray, whom James now blindly commissioned to repair to the Court of England with fresh instances from him to Elizabeth in behalf of his royal mother. Archibald Douglas does not forget to communicate to his worthy coadjutor the public opinion in regard to his character and proceedings. "Your enemies never had so good subject to calumniate you

as at this time, for their common saying to the King is, that ye will be both slayer of his father and mother."

Elizabeth received the letters addressed to her by James, and Keith's remonstrances in his royal master's name against the murder of his captive mother, with transports of rage. His next envoys, the Master of Gray and Sir Robert Melville, apologized for the strong language that had been used, and Gray took the opportunity of privily whispering in her ear, "A dead woman bites not." This decided the matter; the eloquence and earnest efforts of Bellièvre, the French Ambassador-Extraordinary from Henry III., to induce her to give up her sanguinary purpose against the life of her sister Sovereign, were unavailing. The pretended discovery of a new plot against Elizabeth's life, in which it was alleged that Chateauneuf and his secretary were implicated, was announced, in order to prevent further remonstrances or intercessions from the Court of France, and served as an excuse for publishing the sentence of death against Mary in London. This was done by the heralds with sound of trumpet on the 4th of December; and as the public mind had been kept in a great state of excitement by industriously circulated reports of Popish plots and Spanish invasions for her deliverance, the fiat for her slaughter was received with great demonstrations of popular rejoicing. All the bells in London rang for four-and-twenty hours; bonfires were kindled, and the streets resounded with acclamations.

Unaware of the decisive step that had been taken by his Sovereign and her ministers towards the consummation of his intense desire for Mary's blood, and impatient of what he termed "unseasonable delays," Paulet wrote to Walsingham expressing his fears "that Fotheringhay was forgotten, although the lady under his charge had given all her Majesty's true and faithful subjects cause not to sleep soundly till the head and seed-plot of all practices and conspiracies were utterly extirpated." "He hoped," he said, "soon to hear of a happy resolution; but opportunities neglected often produced dangerous effects." Then, with unfeeling indifference, the amiable keeper mentions the personal sufferings of the poor victim to whom he so bitterly grudged the delay of a few precarious weeks of life and misery. "The lady is ill in one of her knees, but that is no new thing." No new thing! Alas for Mary, no! Every winter, since her first incarceration, in the damp dilapidated prison-lodgings she was doomed to occupy in Tutbury Castle, seated on its bleak hill, exposed to all the winds and malaria of ten miles of undrained fens, had seen her suffering from attacks of neuralgic or rheumatic gout, not the more tolerable from their periodical returns, till at last, from frequent recurrence, they had become constitutional.

The day after the publication of Mary's sentence in London, a deputation, consisting of some of the leading members of the English Privy

Council, Crown lawyers, and other officials, proceeded to Fotheringhay, and made a formal announcement of the fact to the royal captive. She listened without the slightest indication of surprise or discomposure, and intrepidly replied "that the sentence was illegal, founded on falsehoods and imaginations, invented against her, they having proceeded in like manner as the Scribes and Pharisees had done against her Lord." She concluded by repeating her former protests, "that she was a Sovereign Queen, neither subject nor amenable to the laws and statutes of this realm."

She was, however, treated in all respects as a condemned culprit, and with greater inhumanity than had ever been practised on the most atrocious of criminals: the chamber, and even the bed, of this unfortunate Princess were hung with black, to intimate to her and her afflicted servants that she was to be regarded henceforward as a dead woman.¹ The melancholy anniversary on which Mary Stuart completed her forty-fourth year dawned on her under this sable canopy, surrounded by the lugubrious trappings which for two months represented to her living eyes the hearse in which her mangled form was to be laid bleeding from the headsman's axe.

About the middle of December Sir Amyas Paulet came to inform Mary "that the Queen's Majesty had been graciously pleased to signify her intention of restoring the money and other effects that had been seized at Chartley, and also to permit her to see her almoner,"² from whom she had been now separated four months. The royal prisoner took this for an intimation that she must prepare for immediate death, but suspected that she was to be cut off either by poison or some other private method of assassination. The only apprehension Mary appears to have felt was that either the crime of suicide would be charged on her, in order to remove the imputation of her murder from her foes, or that confessions of guilt she had never committed might be put forth in her name, after her death; hence her desire that, if her blood were shed, it might be in public, in the presence of her faithful servants. Under the impression of these feelings, she wrote her last eloquent letter to Elizabeth, to whom she had previously written in the same strain, but more briefly, in November, after the Star-Chamber sentence was announced to her by Lord Buckhurst; but it is doubtful whether that letter had been permitted to reach the hands of the English Queen. That this was received and read there can be no doubt; for Leicester writes to Walsingham—"There is a letter from the Scottish Queen that hath wrought tears; but, I trust, shall do no further herein; but the delay is too dangerous."

¹ Letter of Bellièvre and Chateauneuf, the French ambassadors, to Henry III. *Lettres Originales d'Etat, Du Mesme's Collection—Bibliothèque du Roi.*

² Letter of Mary to the Duke de Guise—Labanoff. Tytler's *History of Scotland*, vol. viii.

After stating "the difficulty she has had in procuring leave to write," and declaring her intention "of taking that opportunity for exonerating herself from the charge of having borne malice or cherished murderous intentions against any one so nearly allied to her in blood," Mary thus reveals the deep things of her heart:—¹

"Now having been informed, on your part, of the sentence passed in the last Session of your Parliament, and admonished by Lord Buckhurst and Beale to prepare myself for the end of my long and weary pilgrimage, I prayed them to return my thanks to you for such agreeable intelligence, and to ask you to grant some things for the relief of my conscience. Since then the Sieur Paulet gives me to understand that you mean to gratify me by restoring my almoner,² and the money of which they deprived me, and that the rest would follow. . . . I will not accuse any person, but sincerely pardon every one, as I desire others, and, above all, God, to pardon me. And since I know that your heart, more than that of any other, ought to be touched by the honour or dishonour of your own blood, and of a Queen, the daughter of a King, I require you, Madam, for the sake of Jesus, to whose name all persons bow, that after my enemies have satisfied their black thirst for my innocent blood, you will permit my poor disconsolate servants to remove my corpse, that it may be buried in holy ground, with my ancestors in France, especially the late Queen my mother, since in Scotland the remains of the Kings my predecessors have been outraged, and the churches torn down and profaned. I trust you will not refuse this last request I have preferred to you, and allow, at least, free sepulture to this body when the soul shall be separated from it, which never could obtain, while united, liberty to dwell in peace. As to practising any ill against you, I declare, in the presence of God, I am not guilty of that crime; but God will let you see the truth of all plainly after my death. Dreading the secret tyranny of some of those to whom you have abandoned me, I entreat you to prevent me from being despatched secretly, without your knowledge, not from fear of the pain, which I am ready to suffer, but on account of the reports they would circulate of my death, without less suspicious testimony than those who would be the doers of it. It is therefore that I desire my servants to remain the witnesses and attestors of my end, my faith in my Saviour, and obedience to his Church, and that afterwards they may all, together, remove my body as secretly as you please, and as quickly as they can, without taking away either furniture or anything else, save those few trifling things which I leave them at my death, which are little enough in reward for their good services. One jewel that I received from you I shall return to you with my last words, or sooner if you please. I entreat you to permit me to send a jewel with my last advice to my son, and my last blessing, of which he has been deprived, since you sent me word of his refusal to enter into the treaty from which I was excluded by the wicked advice of his Council. This last point I refer to your favourable consideration and your conscience, the others I require of you in the name of Jesus Christ from respect to our consanguinity, for the sake of King Henry VII., your great-grandfather and mine, for the dignity we have both held, and for the sex to which we both belong."

Mary adds a fervent wish that all the papers that had been seized might be submitted to Elizabeth without reserve—a test to which, if guilty, she would not have ventured to appeal. She concludes in these noble words:—

¹ Du Mesme's MS. Collection of Original State Letters—Bibliothèque du Roi.

² This promise was never fulfilled.

"Accuse me not of presumption if, leaving this world and preparing myself for a better, I remind you that you will have one day to give account of your charge, in like manner as those who have preceded you in it, and that my blood and the misery of my country will be remembered; wherefore, from the earliest dawn of our comprehension we ought to dispose our minds to make things temporal yield to those of eternity. From Fotheringhay this 19th of December, 1586.

"Your sister and cousin wrongfully a prisoner,

"MARIE ROYNE."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ENCLOSED within the strong walls of her double-moated prison, and precluded from stirring beyond the narrow limits of her chamber, Mary found herself cut off from all intelligence, save what it pleased her keeper to communicate; and as it never pleased him to tell her anything but evil, she had not the consolation of hearing of the persevering efforts of her son to avert her doom; nor that prayers and supplications, in which he publicly assisted himself, were made to Almighty God at this time, in all the churches in Scotland, for her deliverance from her present peril. Several of the more chivalric nobles of Scotland, as Huntley, Athol, Lord Claud Hamilton, young Herries, and George Douglas, urged their young Sovereign to make his remonstrances by crossing the English border at the head of an invading army. James knew, however, that this would only furnish an excuse for putting his helpless mother to death immediately. He was, besides, destitute of the means of making warlike demonstrations; the Presbyterian party, including nearly two-thirds of his subjects, being opposed to provoking the hostility of the powerful realm of England.

Mary Stuart, among her other preparations for death, of which she was now in daily expectation, was anxious to investigate her accounts, doubtless from the conscientious motive of ascertaining and endeavouring to provide for the payment of her debts.

"This lady," writes Sir Amyas Paulet to Walsingham, "findeth fault that her papers of account for this last year, which include all former years, are kept from her. I have some books of account, found in Nau's chamber at the time of the search; and doubting lest they might contain somewhat on these causes, I have, without this Queen's privity, perused them, and do find that they contain accounts of former years."¹

This testimony of the business-like habits of his royal prisoner, and his own zealous inquisition into her household books, in hopes of finding something to produce in evidence against her, is followed by an expression of annoyance that she was still permitted to draw the breath of life for a

¹ Fotheringhay, Jan. 2, 1586-87—State Paper Office MS. unpublished.

few more days of agonizing suspense, during the pause created by Elizabeth's misgivings, and refusal to sign the warrant for her execution. "The delay," observes he, "is fearful! God send it a good and happy issue."

"This fanatical thirst for Mary's blood"—this malignant hatred, which no sufferings on the part of its hapless object but death could satisfy—tempted Walsingham, who felt they had all gone too far to recede, to write in conjunction with Davison that memorable letter to Paulet and his colleague—telling them "that her Majesty [Elizabeth] was much dissatisfied with both their lacking that care and zeal in her service she looked for at their hands, in that they had not of themselves (without other provocation) found out some way to shorten the life of that Queen." Intimating "that their Sovereign took it most unkindly of them that they should, for lack of the discharge of their own duties, cast the burden on her."¹

The stern integrity of Sir Amyas Paulet and Sir Drue Drury in refusing to comply with this request in the name of their Sovereign, has been highly extolled; but no advantage had been offered to induce them to incur the risk of being rendered, like Gournaye and Maltravers, not only unpaid executioners, but the scapegoats for public indignation. If we are to believe the testimony of Davison, the letter to Paulet and Drury, suggesting the private murder of their royal charge, was written, by Elizabeth's desire, on the 1st of February, after she had signed the warrant for Mary's execution, with a jest, bidding Davison "go and get it sealed; but to call on Walsingham by the way, and show it to him, though, as he was then sick, she feared the sight of it would make him die of grief." Then, he says, "she thought some better means might be adopted, and Paulet and Drury might ease her of the burden, and intimated her desire that he and Walsingham would sound their dispositions."² Davison's statements, if they may be relied on—and hitherto no historian has dreamed of questioning their truth—present evidence of peculiar blackness against Elizabeth; but is it not possible he may have belied her? Although I freely avow that I entertained a different opinion when writing my *Life of Elizabeth*, the duty of an historian compels me to declare that a new and singular light has been thrown on that dark passage—the death of *Mary Stuart*—by the discovery of a contemporary document, which, if founded on fact, transfers the guilt of that deed entirely to those ministers who, having injured the unfortunate heiress of the crown beyond hope of forgiveness, determined that she should not survive Elizabeth. The document in question is apparently the minute

¹ The original was found among Paulet's own papers, and has been printed by Thomas Hearn, the antiquary, in his appendix to *Robert of Gloucester*, and by Sir Harris Nicolas, in his *Life of Davison*.

² *Lives of the Queens of England*, by Agnes Strickland. Library Edition revised and republished in 1866. 4th Edition.

of a Privy Council or Star-Chamber investigation, dated 1606, nearly twenty years after Mary's execution, when death had swept all the leading actors in that historical tragedy from the stage. Walsingham, Leicester, Burleigh, Hatton, Paulet, Elizabeth herself, had all gone to their great account, and it is impossible to conceive any motive for fabrication in the matter. It is the deposition, attested by the signatures of two persons of the names of Mayer and Macaw, affirming "that the late Thomas Harrison, a private and confidential secretary of the late Sir Francis Walsingham, did voluntarily acknowledge to them that, in conjunction with Thomas Phillipps and Maude, he, by the direction of his master, Sir Francis Walsingham, added to the letters of the late Queen of Scotland those passages that were afterwards brought in evidence against her, and for which she was condemned to suffer death; that he could forge the hand and signature of every prince in Europe, and had done so often; and that he was employed by his said master, Sir Francis Walsingham, to forge Queen Elizabeth's signature to the death-warrant of the Queen of Scots, which none of her Ministers could ever induce her to sign."¹ It is certain that the warrant for Mary's execution remained six weeks in Davison's hands unsigned; and that Elizabeth ever did sign it rests on his unsupported testimony, no witness being present when, according to his statement, she set her hand to that instrument; and in the self-same hour desired him to take measures for having the necessity for using it superseded by Mary's keepers putting her to death.²

But whether the signature to the warrant for Mary's execution were written by the royal hand of Elizabeth, or, as Harrison subsequently affirmed, forged by him at Walsingham's desire,³ that fatal instrument was undoubtedly delivered by Burleigh and his coadjutors to Beale, without her knowledge or sanction, on the evening of Friday, February 3rd, with directions for him to assemble two out of the five noblemen to whom it was addressed at Fotheringhay Castle, and take the necessary measures for seeing it carried into effect.

The warrant was addressed to George Earl of Shrewsbury, Earl Marshal of England; Henry Earl of Kent, George Earl of Cumberland,

¹ Cotton. MS., Caligula, C. ix. f. 468.

² Davison's Apology—Life of Davison, by Sir H. Nicolas.

³ According to his own statement, the forger, like most petty villains, found himself left in the lurch by his employers, for immediately after he had achieved this important feat, Walsingham told my Lord Treasurer Burleigh that he (Harrison) could imitate any handwriting whatsoever so perfectly that no one could perceive the difference. My Lord Treasurer desired to see if he could imitate his, which he immediately did in his presence so accurately that it could

not be detected from the original. Whereupon the sagacious premier observed, "that Harrison was too dangerous a person to retain in the Secretary of State's office;" from which he obtained his immediate dismissal, interdicting him under pain of death from coming within thirty miles of the metropolis, or wherever the court might be; so that instead of reaping the reward he had been promised for his services, he was compelled to live in banishment till after my Lord Treasurer's death. Cotton. MS., Caligula, C. ix. f. 468.

Henry Earl of Derby, and Henry Earl of Pembroke. Of these, only the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent acted. Shrewsbury's reluctance may be gathered from the fact of his having actually offered to depute his office of Earl Marshal to Burleigh, when he found sentence of death had been passed on Mary; but he could not be excused from the performance of this painful duty. The Earl of Kent hated Mary on account of her religion, and, as a member of a house that claimed the regal succession, desired her destruction. Beale undertook the mission with alacrity, and, travelling in the same carriage with the executioner, who was clad in a complete suit of black velvet, arrived at Fotheringhay Castle on Sunday, February 5th, where he held a private conference with Sir Amyas Paulet for settling the preliminary arrangements.

The public mind was at this crisis systematically excited by reports of the discovery of fresh plots against Elizabeth's life, proclamations that the Spaniards had effected a landing at Milford Haven, that all the Papists in the north and west of England had risen to join them; and last, not least, that the Queen of Scots had escaped from her prison, and was about to march to London at their head.

Poor Mary was meantime in hourly anticipation of death. She had been deprived, in addition to all her other trials, of the counsel and support of her faithful Master of the Household, Sir Andrew Melville, who had been separated from her in the middle of January, without any reason for his removal being alleged. At this agitating crisis, when everything extraordinary, however natural, was construed into a portent, the soldiers who kept guard under the windows of the death-doomed Queen on the night of Sunday, January 29th, half an hour after midnight were startled by the appearance of a large and brilliant meteor, like a flame of fire in the firmament, opposite her bed-chamber window, which returned thrice, to their inexpressible terror, and was not visible in any other quarter of the castle.¹

Her faithful servants, who watched the arrival of every stranger with trembling apprehension, beheld the advent of Beale and his sable-suited companion with dismay. Mary herself was perfectly calm; but feeling the premonitory symptoms of one of her severe illnesses coming on, desired her physician Bourgoigne to administer some medicine that might arrest its progress, and prevent her from being confined to her bed: "for," observed she, "when the summons for my death comes, I would not willingly be so circumstanced that my incapacity to rise from my bed might be construed into reluctance or fear."² When Bourgoigne, who was destitute of drugs, asked Sir Amyas Paulet "to allow him to go into the fields to collect herbs and simples for the use of his royal patient," a peremptory refusal was returned; the request being

¹ Teulet, ii. 884.

² *Mort de la Roynie d'Escosse.* Jebb.

repeated with some importunity, Paulet told him "to write down the names of the plants he required, and they should be sent him." "I have not sufficient English to make unlearned persons understand the herbs and roots proper for the purpose," replied Bourgoigne. Paulet said "he could not grant the liberty required without first consulting his associate Sir Drue Drury, but would communicate with him, and return an answer on the Monday, when, if favourable, he might go out with the apothecary and collect whatever he pleased." Mary was surprised when Bourgoigne told her this, for never since her arrival at Fotheringhay had any one belonging to her been permitted to go without the gates. When she asked the next day, "whether she were to be permitted to commence her course of medicine?" Paulet replied significantly, "peradventure you will not require it." He knew the last act of the tragedy was at hand.¹

The Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent, with the High Sheriff of Northamptonshire and their attendants, arrived at the castle on Tuesday the 7th of February. In the afternoon they demanded an audience of the Queen of Scots. She replied, "that, being indisposed, she was preparing to go to bed, but if the matter were of importance she would receive them presently." They said, "it was a matter that would brook no delay." Mary on this called for her mantle, which she had thrown off, and, her ladies having made her ready, seated herself in her usual place at the foot of her bed in an easy-chair by a small work-table, with her ladies and Bourgoigne in attendance. One of her ladies told her that Beale, who had brought the message, had advanced into the ante-room, on which she bade them open the chamber door.² They did so, and the two Earls, introduced by her keepers Paulet and Drury, and followed by Beale, entered bareheaded. She received them with calm dignity, and returned their salutations in the easy gracious manner that was natural to her. Shrewsbury briefly explained the business on which they came, and requested her to hear the warrant. Beale, having first displayed it with the great seal, in yellow wax, pendant from it, proceeded to read it aloud. Mary listened attentively, with majestic composure, bowed her head at the conclusion, and crossing herself, responded, "In the name of God, these tidings are welcome, and I bless and praise Him that the end of all my bitter sufferings is at hand. I did not think the Queen my sister would ever have consented to my death, but God's will be done. He is my principal witness, that I shall render up my spirit into His hands innocent of any offence against her, and with a pure heart and conscience clear before His divine Majesty of the crimes whereof I am accused. That soul," continued she, "is far unworthy of the joys of heaven, whose

¹ Ibid. Bourgoigne is supposed to be the author, or at any rate the person by whom the details in this minutely circum-

stantial account of Mary Stuart's last days were supplied.

² Life of Egerton.

body cannot endure for a moment the stroke of the executioner.”¹ The earnestness with which she spoke brought tears to her eyes as she raised them to heaven, but a triumphant smile was on her lip. “She seemed not,” wrote Burleigh’s reporter to his patron, “to be in any terror, for aught that appeared by her outward gesture or behaviour, but rather, with smiling cheer and pleasing countenance, digested and accepted the said admonition of preparation to her unexpected execution, saying ‘that her death should be welcome unto her.’”

She asked what time was appointed for her to suffer. “To-morrow morning at eight o’clock, Madam,” replied Shrewsbury. “That,” replied Mary, “is very sudden, and leaves no time for preparation. In consequence of my papers being seized and detained, I have not yet made my will; and it is necessary that I should endeavour to make some arrangements, to provide for my faithful servants who have sacrificed everything for my sake, and who, in losing me, will lose everything.” She entreated that a little more time might be allowed for her to make those necessary arrangements, as well as for the performance of the religious offices requisite to prepare her for death. Beale observed, “that it was more than two months since he and Lord Buckhurst had brought her the announcement of her condemnation;” and Shrewsbury abruptly exclaimed, “No, no, madam, it is not in our power to prolong the time. You must die to-morrow at the hour we have named.” The Earl of Kent told her “she might have either the Bishop or the Dean of Peterborough for her consolation,” and observed, “that the Dean of Peterborough was a very learned theologian, and would be able to show her the errors of the false religion in which she had been brought up, and to instruct her in the truth; and as she had now so little time to remain in the world, it would be well for her to acknowledge her faults, and embrace a true faith for the salvation of her soul, instead of amusing herself with popish follies, abominations, and childish toys.” She replied, “that she had both heard and read much on the subject, especially since her detention in England, but her mind was fully made up that she would die in the religion in which she had been baptized.”

“Madam,” interrupted the Earl of Kent, “your life would be the death of our religion, and your death will be its preservation.” “Ah!” exclaimed Mary, “I did not flatter myself with the thought that I was worthy of such a death, and I humbly receive it as an earnest of my acceptance into the number of God’s chosen servants.” Then she spoke of the ill-treatment she had suffered, notwithstanding her high rank as the native Queen of Scotland, a Queen-Dowager of France, the great-granddaughter of Henry VII., the nearest relation to their Queen, and the rightful heiress of England. She had been promised friendship, but had been detained in cruel captivity nearly nineteen years, all which she attributed

¹ *Mort de la Roynne d’Escosse.* Tytler’s *Hist. of Scotland.*

to the artifices and intrigues of the Ministers of the Queen of England, who for their own private interests had never allowed them to meet. And at last, by an unjust accusation, and the illegal sentence of those who had no authority over her, an independent Sovereign, she was doomed to die by the hand of the executioner. "I take God to witness," continued she, placing her hand impressively on the New Testament which lay on her table, "that I never desired, sought, nor consented to the death of your Queen."¹

"That book is a popish Testament," exclaimed the Earl of Kent; "your oath is of no value." "It is," replied Mary, "the version authorized by our Holy Catholic Church, therefore more sacred, in my opinion, than your Protestant translation, which I do not receive." She declined the ministry of either the Bishop or Dean of Peterborough, and begged to be allowed to see her own almoner. This indulgence was peremptorily refused by the two Earls. "Then," said Mary, "I must trust in the mercy of God to excuse the want of such rites as His holy church deems essential in a preparation for death."²

The Earls had now risen to depart, but she had some questions she desired to ask. "Had the Queen of England sent any answer to her last letter?" "None," was the reply. "Would she accede to her request, to allow her body to be removed by her servants for burial, either in the Royal Abbey of St Denis, by the late King her husband, or by the late Queen her mother at Rheims?" "They did not know." "Would their Queen return her papers, and allow her poor servants to receive the trifling payments she had bequeathed them?" Sir Amyas Paulet said, "he thought, that inasmuch as her papers could not please the Queen's Majesty, they would be returned, and also her little furniture would be granted according to her disposition." Then she asked "whether her son were well, and how he took her treatment? Had he and the other princes of Christendom made any efforts in her behalf?" Lastly, she inquired whether her secretaries were alive or dead. Sir Drue Drury replied, they were both living. She asked of Nau in particular. "He is alive, but in close prison," said Drury. Mary, who had no means of knowing the truth, and suspected that Nau had borne false witness against her, exclaimed, "Nau is the author of my death; he has sacrificed me to save his own life."

The Earls, on their first entrance into the castle, had, according to the tenor of their instructions, demanded "that the body of the Scottish Queen should be delivered into their custody by her keepers." On withdrawing, the Earl of Shrewsbury, turning to Sir Amyas Paulet, who was behind him, said, "Sir Amyas, we remit this lady into your hands again. You will take charge of her, and keep her safely till our return hither."³

¹ Mort de la Roynne d'Escosse.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid. Tytler.

Bourgoigne, who, like all Mary's servants, was weeping bitterly, remonstrated "on the suddenness of the announcement, and shortness of the time allowed for his royal mistress to arrange her affairs, both temporal and eternal."

Mary listened in silence to her physician's tearful pleading, and when he paused, repeated, "I have not yet made my will." Shrewsbury briefly replied, "I have no power to prolong the time," and retired, followed by the others. Then all the servants, both male and female, who had with difficulty restrained the expression of their feelings, broke into passionate lamentations. Mary turned about with a smiling countenance to pacify them. "Up, Jane Kennedy," cried she, in a cheerful tone, to her oldest and dearest friend in that sorrowful little band; "leave weeping, and be doing, for the time is short. Did I not tell you, my children," continued she, tenderly addressing them all, "that it would come to this? Blessed be God that it has come, and fear and sorrow are at an end. Weep not, neither lament, for it will avail nothing, but rejoice rather that you see me so near the end of my long troubles and afflictions. Now, then, take it patiently, and let us pray to God together."

The men withdrew in tears, and she and her maidens continued for some time in their devotions, after which she proceeded to business, counting and dividing all the money in her possession, and putting each sum into a separate little purse, with a slip of paper on which she wrote with her own hand the name of the person for whom it was destined. She desired supper to be brought in earlier than ordinary, and was served at that meal by Bourgoigne, who waited on her now at table, in the absence of Sir Andrew Melville. She ate sparingly, as usual, and in the course of the meal tried to cheer her sorrowful attendant, who, instead of endeavouring to console her, did nothing but wipe his eyes, and endeavour to repress his bursts of weeping. "Did you not mark the power of truth, Bourgoigne," said she, "during the discourse I had with the Earl of Kent, who was sent hither, I suppose, to convert me? but it would require a doctor of a different fashion to do that. I was, they said, to die for attempting the life of the Queen of England, of which you know I am innocent; but now this Earl lets out the fact, that it is on account of my religion. Oh, glorious thought, that I should be chosen to die for such a cause."¹

When she had supped, she caused a cup to be filled with wine, and drank to her attendants, bidding them pledge her for the last time. They did so on their knees, mingling their fast-flowing tears with their wine. One and all besought her to forgive them if they had ever offended or injured her, which she readily promised to do, and entreated them, in her turn, to pardon her if she had ever treated any of them with harshness or injustice. Then she exhorted them to be constant in their religion,

¹ Mort de la Roynne d'Escoffe.

and to love one another, giving up all their little quarrels and jealousies for her sake, and living altogether in Christian amity.¹ When she had spoken thus, she rose from table, and said she would go down to her wardrobe, and divide everything that remained of her dress, and the few ornaments which, in consequence of being in the care of various trusty members of her household at the time her papers and jewels were seized at Chartley, had escaped the English officials who had rifled her caskets and cabinets on that occasion. Bourgoigne suggested that, in order to spare herself fatigue, the things should be brought to her, which was done; and she, seated in her chair, divided those poor relics of her former splendour among her friends and servants, absent as well as present, forgetting no one, not even the lowliest damsel in her prison household.² She desired that a fair sapphire-ring, which she took from her finger, might be conveyed, as a token of her esteem and grateful acknowledgment of his loyal services, to her brave kinsman, Lord John Hamilton, with an affectionate message and her last farewell.³ Several of the *souvenirs* distributed by the plundered Queen on that occasion were of very trivial value. Among the rest was a little drinking-cup or quaigh, made of an Indian nut, with silver rims, feet and handles, the same from which she pledged her servants at supper that night, which she appropriated to her goddaughter and namesake, Mary Strickland of Sizergh Castle, Westmoreland, a near relation of her first English friends, Sir Henry Curwen of Workington Hall, and his mother,⁴ desiring that it might be kept and handed down in the family of that young lady for her sake.⁵

The curious signet-ring, with the monogram of Henry and Mary Stuart, connected with true love-knots, and bearing the lion on a crowned shield within the hoop, lately found among the ruins of Fotheringhay Castle, was probably lost on this occasion, or perhaps it dropped from Mary's finger in her death agony on the block, and was swept away among the bloody sawdust unobserved. It is supposed, as there is a slight heraldic distinction between the lion on this shield and the royal lion of Scotland, that it was the ring with which Mary invested Darniey as Duke of Albany.

Mary sent the diamond ring, with which the Duke of Norfolk plighted his troth to her, to Don Bernardino Mendoza, in her letter from Chart-

¹ Mort de la Roynie d'Escosse Martyro de Marie Stuart. Tytler.

² Ibid.

³ It was courteously shown to me by the late Duke of Hamilton, with other historic relics, at Hamilton Palace in November, 1857. It is a large square sapphire, of peculiar beauty, cut in several diamond points, and set in gold enamelled blue in the curious *cinque-cento* work of the period.

⁴ Agnes Strickland of Sizergh, widow

of Sir Thomas Curwen. See Vol. vi. Lives of the Queens of Scotland, p. 105.

⁵ Which it still is; we had it some time, being lent us by Charles Stannard Eustace, claimant of the Baltinglass peerage, and the lineal descendant and representative of Mary Strickland's daughter, Elizabeth Bigland. This cup has an inscription round the rim, to commemorate the family tradition that it was Mary Stuart's bequest, under circumstances so truly interesting.

ley, but this signet, a trinket of comparatively little value, she never transferred to another. It is not mentioned in the inventory of her jewels, and the circumstance of its being found among the ruins of Fotheringhay tells its own tale, by demonstrating that it was retained by her till the last act of her tragedy, as the memorial of love too disinterested ever to be false.¹

When Mary had given away or devised everything belonging to her, except the dress she intended to wear the next day, and a fair handkerchief fringed with gold, which she gave Jane Kennedy to bandage her eyes with for the block, she wrote her celebrated letter to De Préan, her almoner, who was under the same roof with her, although not permitted to visit her, "begging him to recommend such prayers and portions of Scripture as he considered best adapted for her, and to keep vigil and prayer with her and for her that night; desiring to make her general confession to him, being prevented from doing it otherwise, declaring she died innocent, and requesting his absolution." Then she commenced a farewell letter to the King of France, telling him she was to die at eight o'clock the next morning, and that she should die innocent of any crime, and earnestly recommended her faithful servants to his care. She postponed its conclusion till after she had written her will, which occupied two sheets of closely-written paper, which anxious task she accomplished with wonderful celerity.

After she had finished, her damsels washed her feet; and being now much exhausted, she said she would take some repose, the clock having struck two, but desired, according to her invariable custom, to have some devotional reading from her Book of Hours, bidding Jane Kennedy, who was her reader, to select for her consideration some saint who had been a great sinner. Jane called over the table of contents, but when she came to the penitent thief on the cross, Mary bade her read that comfortable example of Christ's pardoning grace. "He was," she said, "a great sinner, but not so great a sinner as I am. May my blessed Saviour, in memory of his passion, have mercy on me in the hour of death, as he had on him."² Her weary head now rested on her pillow for the last time; but her faithful ladies, who with devoted love kept tearful vigils round the bed of their beloved mistress, thought she did not sleep. Her eyes were indeed closed, and her features, composed as if in tranquil slumber, retained no trace of the excitement she had gone through during the last agitating hours; but her lips continued to move as if in silent prayer, and occasionally a soft smile passed over her placid countenance. The heavenward spirit, reposing in the arms of faith and love, rested from its labours, and received strength for the last sore conflict.

¹ This ring is in the possession of Mr Waterton.

² *Mort de la Roynie d'Escosse.*

At six o'clock on the fatal morning of the 8th of February, Mary Stuart told her ladies "she had but two hours to live, and bade them dress her as for a festival." Very minute particulars of that last toilette have been preserved, both by French and English historians, and a contemporary MS. in the Vatican contains a description of it from the pen of an eyewitness of her death.¹ It is there stated that she wore a widow's dress of black velvet, but spangled all over with gold, a black satin pourpoint and kirtle, and under these a petticoat of crimson velvet, with a body of the same colour, and a white veil of the most delicate texture, of the fashion worn by princesses of the highest rank, thrown over her coif, and descending to the ground; also, which is not mentioned in any other account, that she had caused a camisole of fine Scotch plaid, reaching from the throat to the waist, but without a collar, to be prepared the night before, that when her upper garments should be removed, she might not appear uncovered before so many people. Burleigh's reporter gives the following minute particulars, which coincide with those communicated by Chateaufeuf, also from the notes of an eyewitness.² "On the head she had a dressing of lawn, edged with bone lace;" the covrechef or widow's coif mentioned by Chateaufeuf; "a pomander chain, and an *Agnus Dei* about her neck; and a pair of beads at her girdle, with a cross; a veil of lawn, fastened to her cawl, bowed out with wire, and edged about with bone lace. Her gown was of black satin printed (black brocaded satin), with a train, and long sleeves down to the ground, set with acorn buttons of jet, trimmed with pearl. Her kirtle was of figured black satin, and her petticoat skirts of crimson velvet; her shoes of Spanish leather; a pair of green silk garters; her nether stockings worsted, coloured watchet (pale blue), clocked with silver, and edged on the tops with silver; and next her legs a pair of Jersey hose. She wore also drawers of white fustian. While her ladies were assisting her to dress, she, with the feminine delicacy of a modest woman, earnestly entreated them to be watchful over her in the last terrible moment; when, observed she, "I shall be incapable of thinking of this poor body, or bestowing any care upon it. Oh, then, for the love of our blessed Saviour, abandon me not while under the hands of the executioner!"³ They

¹ I am indebted to the kindness and courtesy of Prince Massimo for the communication of a transcript of this curious document. Also to his learned sister, the Princess Lancellotti, for a *fac-simile* of Mary's letter to the Pope, making confession "of her unworthiness of salvation, save through the all-sufficient satisfaction of the blood of her crucified Saviour, on whose merits she alone relies for pardon and acceptance." She craves absolution for all her sins and shortcomings, which she declares "have been

manifold;" but solemnly protests "her innocence of the crimes of which she has been accused by her enemies." As a member of the Church of Rome, Mary, if really guilty, would, of course, have deemed it an act of sacrilege to make such denial to any ecclesiastic of her Church, much more its head, while in the act of asking absolution, which the wilful concealment of any sin would have rendered worse than unavailing.

² In Teulet's Collections.

³ Dargaud.

promised, with streaming eyes, to be near her and to cover her body as she fell.

Then she entered her oratory alone, and kneeling before the miniature altar, at which her almoner had been accustomed to celebrate mass, opened the gold and jewelled ciborium in which the Pope had sent her a consecrated wafer with a dispensation to do what had never before been permitted to one of the laity—administer the Eucharist to herself¹ preparatory to her death, if denied the ministrations of a priest. No mortal eye beheld her in that hour; but the following Latin prayer is well known to have been extemporized by her during her last devotions on the morning of her death:—

“O Domine Deus! speravi in te;
O care me Jesu, nunc libera me.
In durâ catena, in miserâ pœna, desidero
Languendo, gemendo et genu flectendo
Adoro, imploro, ut liberes me!”

My Lord and my God, I have hoped in Thee;
O Jesu, sweet Saviour, now liberate me.
I have languished for Thee in afflictions and chains,
Through long years of anguish and bodily pains.
Adoring, imploring, on humbly bowed knee,
I crave, of Thy mercy, to liberate me.

The wintry morning had dawned before Mary left her oratory. She then concluded her letter to her royal brother-in-law, Henry III. of France, by adding several earnest petitions in behalf of her faithful servants, and the final date—“The morning of my death, this Wednesday, 8th of February. Signed MARIE R.”

She returned to her bed-chamber, where, seating herself by the fire, she began to console her weeping ladies, by declaring the comfort she felt in her approaching release from her long afflictions, and reminded them “that her uncle, the late Duke de Guise, had told her in her childhood ‘that she possessed the hereditary courage of her race, and he thought she would well know how to die;’” yet he had never anticipated the possibility of her suffering the terrible death by which she was about to verify the truth of his prediction. She spoke of the transitory nature of human felicity, and the vanity of earthly greatness, whereof she was destined to serve as an example; having been Queen of the realms of France and Scotland, the one by birth, the other by marriage; and after being at the summit of all worldly honours, had to submit herself to the hands of the executioner, though innocent, which was her greatest consolation—the crime alleged against her being only a flimsy pretext for her destruction.

¹ Brantôme, who derived his information of Mary’s last hours from two of her ladies.

She desired her attendants "all to be present at her death, in order to bear testimony of her deportment, and her firm adherence to her religion; and although she knew," she said, "it would be heart-breaking to them to see her go through such a tragedy on the scaffold, yet she prayed them to be witnesses of all she did and said, being assured she could have none more faithful. After all was over, she hoped they might be allowed to carry her remains to France, and exhorted them to remain all together till they could do so. She had left them her coach and all her horses for their conveyance, and had put sufficient money in Bourgoigne's hands to pay the expenses of their journey." Bourgoigne now expressed a fear that her strength would be exhausted, and besought her to take a little wine and a piece of toasted bread, which he had prepared for her. She smiled, and thanked him for bringing her her last meal, and desired him to read her will in her presence to her assembled servants, which he did.

When the reading of her will was finished, Mary deposited it open in a box with the letters she had written, and took a tender personal farewell of all her servants, kissing all the women, and extending her hand to be kissed by the men, lamenting it was not in her power to bequeath them more. Elizabeth Curle threw herself at the feet of her royal mistress in an agony of tears, and implored forgiveness for her brother, Gilbert Curle. Mary assured her "she forgave him and every one, as she hoped herself to be forgiven."¹ Then she requested all her servants to unite with her in prayer. Just as they had disposed themselves to do so, Bourgoigne and Gourion told her "that Mademoiselle Rallay Beauregard and Gillies Mowbray had complained 'that she had left no remembrances for them, for their names were not mentioned in her will; not that they were greedy of bequests, but thought the omission might cause it to be said they had not performed faithful service to her.'" Mary assented to the justice of the remonstrance, rose from her knees, and with the greatest goodness repaired the omission by inserting their names and legacies in one of the blank spaces. Bourgoigne reminded her that she had "also, in her haste, forgotten to mention her almoner, De Préan," on which she inserted his name and legacy, with a recommendation for him to be appointed to two prebendaries.²

"Now," said she, "my friends, I have finished with the world; let us all kneel and pray together for the last time." Her devotions were interrupted by the summons of the High Sheriff, Thomas Andrews, who, finding the ante-chamber door barred and locked, smote loudly against it with his wand to warn her that her hour was come. The castle clock had struck eight. Being told "her Majesty was engaged in prayer with her servants," he accepted the excuse, and withdrew. In about a quarter of an hour he returned, with Sir Amyas Paulet, the Earls of Shrewsbury

¹ *La Mort de la Roynne d'Escosse*—Jebb, vol. ii. p. 632.

² *Ibid.*

and Kent, Beale, and several others, and knocked again. The servant who had charge of the door having, after the first summons, been directed by his royal mistress not to attempt resistance, lest violence should be offered, opened it, and the Sheriff entered alone with his white wand in his hand. Mary and her ladies, who were still on their knees at the upper end of the chamber, remained absorbed in their devotions without attempting to move. He stood silently contemplating them till they had concluded the prayer in which they were engaged; then, in a faltering voice, addressing the death-doomed Queen, he said, "Madam, the Lords have sent me for you." Mary, becoming for the first time aware of his presence, turned her face towards him, and intrepidly replied, "Yes; let us go."

Bourgoigne assisted her to rise from her knees, and asked her if she would take the ivory crucifix from the altar. She thanked him for reminding her of it, and gave it to poor Hannibal to carry before her. Supported by Bourgoigne and Gourion—for she could not move without help—she crossed the chamber, but before she reached the door they paused, and told her "they and all her servants were ready to do her any service, and to wait upon her to her last sigh, and even, if permitted, to die with her; but there was one thing they could not and would not do—no power on earth should induce them to conduct her to the scaffold." "You are right," replied Mary; and, addressing herself to the Sheriff, who was preceding her, said, "My servants will not lead me to death, and as I cannot walk without support, I must have assistance." Two of Sir Amyas Paulet's servants were accordingly appointed to assist her.

Her own servants, overpowered with grief and horror, followed her weeping and lamenting, but when they reached the outer door of the gallery, they were rudely stopped, and told they must go no farther. A passionate scene ensued; both gentlemen and ladies refused to be separated from their royal mistress; and even the young maidens tried to force their way after her, but were thrust back with threats and uncivil language. Bourgoigne appealed to the two Earls, and represented "the cruelty of the proceeding, and the unparalleled indignity they were putting on her, in depriving her of the attendance of her faithful servants at her death, some of whom had not been separated from her during the whole nineteen years of her imprisonment." As he could not prevail, Mary herself, addressing the two Earls, said, "she had certain requests to make, which she hoped would not be refused. One was, that the money, her gift to her servant Curle, which had been seized, might be restored to him." Sir Amyas Paulet engaged it should. "Next, that her poor servants might be allowed to have what she had given them by her will, that they might be kindly treated, and sent safely into their own countries. Lastly," said she, "I conjure you, that these poor afflicted servants of mine may be present with me at my death, that their eyes may behold

how patiently their queen and mistress will endure it." The Earl of Kent, with unprecedented brutality, replied, "Madam, that which you have desired cannot conveniently be granted; for, if it should, it were to be feared lest some of them, with speeches and other behaviour, would both be grievous to your Grace, and troublesome and displeasing to us and our company, whereof we have had some experience; also, that they would not stick to put some superstitious trumpery in practice, if it were but in dipping their handkerchiefs in your Grace's blood, whereof it were very unmeet for us to give allowance."

"My Lord," replied Mary, "I will give my word, although it be but dead, that they shall do none of these things. But alas, poor souls! it would do them good to bid their mistress farewell; and I hope your mistress, being a maiden Queen, will vouchsafe, in regard of womanhood, that I shall have some of my own women about me at my death. I know her Majesty hath not given you such strait commission but that you might grant me a far greater courtesy than this, even if I were a woman of far meaner calling." Perceiving there was no intention of granting her request, her tears burst forth, and she added with indignant emotion, "I am cousin to your Queen, descended of the blood-royal of Henry VII., a married Queen of France, and the anointed Queen of Scotland."¹

The Earls and her keepers at last told her she might select two of her women and four of her men servants. Mary named her two oldest and best-loved ladies, Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth Curle, who always slept in her bedchamber, and had been attached to her personal service more than twenty years;—Sir Andrew Melville, the Master of the Household; Bourgoigne, her physician; Gourion, her surgeon; and Gervais, her apothecary. Then she turned, and tenderly bade the others farewell, and blessed them. They flung themselves at her feet, kissing her hand, and clinging to her garments; and when they were at last parted from her, and the door locked upon them, both men and women wept aloud, and their cries were heard even in the hall.

At the foot of the stairs—which, on account of her lameness, she descended slowly and with great difficulty, supported on each side by two of Paulet's officers—Mary met Andrew Melville, who was now permitted to join her. He threw himself on his knees before her, wringing his hands in an uncontrollable agony of grief, the violence of which almost shook the majestic calmness she had hitherto preserved. "Woe is me," cried he, weeping bitterly, "that ever it should be my hard hap to carry back such heavy tidings to Scotland as that my good and gracious Queen and mistress has been beheaded in England." "Weep not, Melville, my good and faithful servant," she replied, "thou shouldst rather rejoice that thou

¹ Narrative of the Execution of the Queen of Scots, in a Letter to Burleigh. Ellis, 2nd series.

shalt now see the end of the long troubles of Mary Stuart : know, Melville, that this world is but vanity, and full of sorrows. I am Catholic, thou Protestant ; but as there is but one Christ, I charge thee in His name to bear witness that I die firm to my religion, a true Scotchwoman, and true to France. Commend me to my dearest and most sweet son. Tell him I have done nothing to prejudice him in his realm, nor to disparage his dignity, and that although I could wish he were of my religion, yet if he will live in the fear of God, according to that in which he hath been nurtured, I doubt not he shall do well. Tell him, from my example, never to rely too much on human aid, but to seek that which is from above. If he follow my advice, he shall have the blessing of God in heaven, as I now give him mine on earth." She raised her hand as she concluded, and made the sign of the cross, to bless him in his absence, and her eyes overflowed with tears.¹

"May God," continued she, "forgive them that have thirsted for my blood as the hart doth for the brooks of water. O God, who art the author of truth, and the truth itself, thou knowest that I have always wished the union of England and Scotland." One of the commissioners, doubtless the pitiless Earl of Kent, here interrupted her by reminding her "that time was wearing away apace."² "Farewell," said she, "good Melville. Farewell. Pray for thy Queen and mistress." The passionate grief of her faithful servant brought infectious tears to her eyes. She bowed herself on his neck, and wept ; and, with like sensibility as her cousin, Lady Jane Gray, had kissed and embraced Feckenham on the scaffold, so did she vouchsafe, as sovereign might, without disparagement of regal dignity, or departure from feminine reserve, the like affectionate farewell to that true subject who had shared her prison, and was following her to death. She who had experienced the ingratitude of a Moray, a Lethington, and a Mar, could well appreciate the faithful love of Andrew Melville.

Another gentleman came to kiss Mary Stuart's hand, and bid her farewell on her way to execution, with demonstrations of deep respect and tender sympathy, together with expressions "of regret and indignation that her blood should be cruelly shed while under his roof." This was Sir William Fitz-William, of Milton, who at that time held Fotheringhay Castle on lease from the Crown. Of a very different spirit from Sir Amyas Paulet, this fine old English gentleman had shown the royal prisoner all the kind attention in his power. Mary thanked him "for his gentle entreatment of her while in his house," and begged him "to accept, and keep as a memorial of her grateful appreciation of his courtesy, the portrait of the King her son, which he would find hanging at her

¹ Unpublished MS. of *Mary Stuart's Life and Death*, in the Vatican ; communicated by Prince Massimo.

² *Ibid.*

bed's head, being her last remaining possession that she had not bequeathed."¹

The procession proceeded in the following order:—First came the Sheriff and his men; next Mary's keepers, Sir Amyas Paulet and Sir Drue Drury; the Earl of Kent and Beale; then the Earl of Shrewsbury, as Earl Marshal, bearing his baton raised, immediately preceding the royal victim, who, having rallied all the energies of her courageous spirit to vanquish bodily infirmity, moved with a proud firm step. She was followed by Melville, who bore her train,² and her two weeping ladies, clad in mourning weeds. The rear was brought up by Bourgoigne, Gourion, and Gervais, her three medical attendants.

A platform, twelve feet square and two and a half high, covered with black cloth, and surrounded with a rail, had been erected at the upper end of the great banqueting-hall at Fotheringhay, near the fireplace, in which, on account of the coldness of the weather, a large fire was burning. On the scaffold was placed the block, the axe, a chair, covered also with black cloth, for the Queen, with a cushion of crimson velvet before it, and two stools for the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury. About a hundred gentlemen who had been admitted to behold the mournful spectacle, stood at the lower end of the hall; but the scaffold was barricaded, and a strong guard of the Sheriff's and Earl Marshal's men environed it, to prevent the possibility of a rescue.³

The dignified composure and melancholy sweetness of her countenance, in which the intellectual beauty of reflective middle age had superseded the charms that in youth had been celebrated by all the poets of France and Scotland, her majestic and intrepid demeanour, made a profound impression on every one present when Mary Stuart and her sorrowful followers entered the hall of death. She surveyed the sable scaffold, the block, the axe, the executioner and spectators, undauntedly, as she advanced to the foot of the scaffold. There she paused, for she required assistance. Sir Amyas Paulet tendered her his hand, to aid her in

¹ History of Fotheringhay, by Bishop Patrick. Jacob's Peerage. Family History of the Fitz-Williams, by Hugh Fitz-William. The portrait is said to be a fine work of art, and is still in the family of Sir William Fitz-William.

² Lingard. Tytler. Ellis. Camden.

³ An adagio piece of old music, of a similar character to the death-march in Saul, has been lately discovered in MS. at Oxford, with a statement that it was performed on Queen Mary's entrance into the hall at Fotheringhay; but as there is no mention of music in any of the minute contemporary accounts of her execution, it is more probable that it was played to amuse the people who thronged the

courts of the castle without; and it is a remarkable fact that this air, which, according to the slow time arranged, produces the most solemn and pathetic effect conceivable, is discovered, when played fast, to be the old popular tune called "Jumping Joan," invariably played in those days, and sung with appropriate words, to brutalize the rabble at the burning of a witch. The adagio arrangement, however, proves that if this detestable exercise of malice were decreed by Mary Stuart's foes to embitter her last moments, it was defeated by the band performing it in the solemn style of church music, as a funeral march.

ascending the two steep steps by which it was approached. Mary accepted the proffered attention of her persecuting jailer with the queenly courtesy that was natural to her. "I thank you, sir," she said, when he had helped her to mount the fatal stair; "this is the last trouble I shall ever give you."¹

Having calmly seated herself in the chair that had been provided for her, with the two Earls standing on either side, and the executioner in front holding the axe, with the edge towards her, Beale sprang upon the scaffold with unfeeling alacrity, and read the death-warrant in a loud voice. She listened to it with a serene and even smiling countenance; but, as before, bowed her head and crossed herself when it was concluded, in token of her submission to the will of God. "Now, madam," said the Earl of Shrewsbury, "you see what you have to do." She answered briefly and emphatically, "Do your duty."² Then she asked for her almoner that she might pray with him, but this being denied, Dr Fletcher, the Dean of Peterborough, standing directly before her without the rails, and bending his body very low, began to address her. "Mr Dean, trouble not yourself nor me," said the Queen, "for know that I am settled in the ancient Catholic and Roman faith, in defence whereof, by God's grace, I mind to spend my blood."³ "Madam," replied the Dean, "change your opinion, and repent you of your former wickedness." "Good Mr Dean," rejoined she, "trouble not yourself any more about this matter. I was born in this religion, and am resolved to die in this religion." The Earls, perceiving her resolution was not to be shaken, said: "Madam, we will pray for your Grace with Mr Dean, that you may have your mind lightened with the true knowledge of God and his word." "My lords," replied the Queen, "if you will pray with me, I will even from my heart thank you; but to pray with you, in your manner, who are not of the same religion with me, were a sin." The Earls then bade the Dean "say on according to his own pleasure." This he did, not by reciting the beautiful office for the dying or the burial service from our liturgy, but a bitter polemic composition of his own, tending neither to comfort nor edification. Mary heeded him not, but began to pray with absorbing and tearful earnestness from her own breviary and the psalter, uniting portions from the 31st, 51st, and 91st Psalms. She prayed in Latin, in French, and finally in English, for God to pardon her sins and forgive her foes; for Christ's afflicted Church; for the peace and prosperity of England and Scotland; for her son and for Queen Elizabeth; not with the ostentation of a Pharisee, but the holy benevolence of a dying Christian. At the conclusion of her last prayer she rose, and, holding up the crucifix, exclaimed, "As Thy arms, O Christ! were extended on the cross, even so receive me into the arms of Thy mercy, and blot out all my sins with Thy most precious blood." "Madam," interrupted the Earl of

¹ Lingard.² Teulet, vol. ii. p. 72.³ Ellis.

Kent, "it were better for you to eschew such Popish trumpery, and bear Him in your heart." "Can I," she mildly answered, "hold the representation of the sufferings of my crucified Redeemer in my hand, without bearing Him, at the same time, in my heart?"

The two executioners, seeing her preparing to make herself ready for the block, knelt before her and prayed her forgiveness. "I forgive you and all the world with all mine heart," she replied, "for I hope this death will give an end to all my troubles." They offered to assist her in removing her mantle, but she drew back, and requested them not to touch her, observing with a smile, "I have not been accustomed to be served by such pages of honour, nor to disrobe before so numerous a company." Then beckoning to Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth Curle, who were on their knees in tears below, they came to her on the scaffold; but when they saw for what purpose they were required, they began to scream and cry, and were too much agitated at first to render her the assistance she required, so that she began to take out the pins herself, a thing to which she was not accustomed. "Do not weep," said she, tenderly reproving them, "I am very happy to leave this world. You ought to rejoice to see me die in so good a cause. Are you not ashamed to weep? Nay, if you do not give over these lamentations, I must send you away, for you know I have promised for you."

Then she took off her gold pemeander, chain, and rosary, which she had previously desired one of her ladies to convey to the Countess of Arundel as a last token of her regard.¹ The executioner seized it, and secreted it in his shoe. Jane Kennedy, with the resolute spirit of a brave Scotch lassie, snatched it from him, and a struggle ensued. Mary mildly interposing, said: "Friend, let her have it, she will give you more than its value in money;" but he sullenly replied, "It is my perquisite."² "It would have been strange indeed," observes our authority with sarcastic bitterness, "if this poor Queen had met with courtesy from an English hangman, who had experienced so little from the nobles of that country—witness the Earl of Shrewsbury and his wife."

Before Mary proceeded further in her preparations for the block, she took a last farewell of her weeping ladies, kissing, embracing, and blessing them, by signing them with the cross, which benediction they received on their knees. Her upper garments being removed, she remained in her petticoat of crimson velvet and camisole, which laced behind, and covered her arms with a pair of crimson-velvet sleeves. Jane Kennedy now drew forth the gold-bordered handkerchief Mary had given her to bind her eyes. Within this she placed a *Corpus Christi cloth*, probably the same in which the consecrated wafer sent to her by the Pope had been enveloped; folded it cornerwise, kissed it, and with trembling hands

¹ This beautiful rosary is in the possession of Mr Howard of Corby Castle.

² Teulet, vol. ii.

prepared to execute this last office; but she and her companion burst into a fresh paroxysm of hysterical sobbing and crying.

Mary placed her finger on her lips reprovingly. "Hush," said she, "I have promised for you; weep not, but pray for me." When they had pinned the handkerchief over the face of their beloved mistress, they were compelled to withdraw from the scaffold; and "she was left alone to close up the tragedy of life by herself, which she did with her wonted courage and devotion." Kneeling on the cushion, she repeated in her usual clear firm voice—"In te Domine speravi." "In thee, Lord, have I hoped; let me never be put to confusion." Being then guided by the executioners to find the block, she bowed her head upon it intrepidly, exclaiming, as she did so,—"*In manus tuas.*" "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit."¹ The Earl of Shrewsbury raised his baton, in performance of his duty as Earl Marshal, to give the signal, but he averted his head at the same time, and covered his face with his hand to conceal his agitation and streaming tears. A momentary pause ensued, for the executioner's assistant perceived that the Queen, grasping the block firmly with both hands, was resting her chin upon them, and that they would be cut off or mangled by the blow, removed them, by drawing them down, and held them tightly in his own, while his companion struck her with the axe a cruel but ineffectual blow. Agitated alike by the courage of the royal victim, and the sobs and groans of the sympathizing spectators, he missed his aim and inflicted a deep wound on the side of the skull. She neither screamed nor stirred, but her sufferings were too sadly testified by the convulsion of her features, when, after the third blow, the butcher-work was accomplished, and the severed head, streaming with blood, was held up to the gaze of the people. "God save Queen Elizabeth!" cried the executioner. "So let all her enemies perish!" exclaimed the Dean of Peterborough: one solitary voice alone responded "Amen!" it was that of the Earl of Kent. The silence, the tears and groans of the witnesses of the tragedy, proclaimed the feelings with which it had been regarded.²

Mary's weeping ladies now approached and besought the executioners "not to strip the corpse of their beloved mistress, but to permit her faithful servants to fulfil her last request by covering it, as modesty required, and removing it to her bed-chamber, where themselves and her other ladies would perform the last duties." But they were rudely repulsed, hurried out of the hall, and locked into a chamber, while the executioners, intent only on securing what they considered their perquisites,

¹ La Mort de la Roynne d'Escosse. Bishop Patrick's Hist. Peterborough. Gunton's Hist. Peterborough. Camden. Tytler. Lingard. Ellis.

² Ibid. Martyre de Marie Stuart. Brantôme. When the executioner took up the head, it fell out of the coif and dressings,

and the hair appeared perfectly gray, being polled very short, which the Earl of Shrewsbury said had been done in his house for the convenience of applying fomentations to relieve her severe headaches.—Ibid.

began, with ruffian hands, to despoil the still warm and palpitating remains. One faithful attendant, however, still lingered, and refused to be thrust away. Mary's little Skye terrier had followed her to the scaffold unnoticed, crept closer to her when she laid her head on the block, and was found crouching under her garments, saturated with her blood; it was only by violence he could be removed, and then he went and lay between her head and body, moaning piteously. Some barbarous fanatic, desiring to force a verification of Knox's favourite comparison between this unfortunate Princess and Jezebel, tried to tempt the dog to lap the blood of his royal mistress; but, with intelligence beyond that of his species, the sagacious creature refused; nor could he be induced ever again to partake of food, but pined himself to death.¹ The head was exposed on a black velvet cushion to the view of the populace in the courtyard for an hour from the large window in the hall. No feeling but that of sympathy for her, and indignation against her murderers, was elicited by this woeful spectacle. The remains of the royal victim were contemptuously covered with the old cloth from the billiard-table, and carried into a large upper chamber, where the process of embalming was performed the following day by surgeons from Stamford and Peterborough. The curious contemporary portrait of the severed head of Mary Stuart in a charger, now at Abbotsford, was probably painted by some artist who either obtained access to the royal remains in the character of an assistant to those gentlemen, or through the favour of the indulgent castellan, Sir William Fitz-William. It is placed on a table covered with a scarlet-velvet cloth. A narrow parchment-scroll appears from beneath the charger with this inscription—"Maria Scotiæ Regina, February 9th, 1587;" Amyas Cawood, pinxit, probably the nephew or brother of the faithful Margaret Cawood.²

This affecting posthumous portrait bears an unmistakable analogy in features and contour to Mary's prison pictures; but the nostrils are sharpened and a little elevated. A solemn stillness appears to have composed the marbled brow, placid lips, and sealed eyelids, and the gray pallor of death supersedes the beautiful tints of her natural complexion. One pearl appears among the dark locks which have been replaced by the artist, and the brow is adorned with a radiated diadem—the martyr's crown. The delineation of the neck is considered anatomically true, and is a terrifically fine work of art; yet it is impossible to contemplate the ineffable composure of the features, without feeling that it verifies its own authenticity, by bringing Mary Stuart's countenance before us at the blessed season "when the wicked had ceased from troubling, and the weary was at rest."³

¹ La Morte de la Royne d'Escosse. Teulet.

² Presented to Sir Walter Scott by a Prussian nobleman.

³ A more painful delineation of the severed head of Mary Stuart is in the Museum of the United Service Club, probably, from its appearance, an authentic

The portrait in the Scotch College at Blairs appears to have been sketched from Mary on the scaffold, in the hall at Fotheringhay; if so, it must have been by the same powerful artist, Amyas Cawood, who has delineated the severed head. It represents Mary in precisely the costume described as worn by her on that occasion, holding her breviary in one hand and the crucifix in the other. In the back-ground, to the right below the crucifix, appears a vignette of the execution in miniature, which, from the accurateness of the portraits and costumes, must have been sketched from the life. There are the Earl Marshal, Shrewsbury, with his baton raised, the Earl of Kent, the High Sheriff with his wand, Beale holding the warrant carelessly folded together with the great seal pendant from it, the Dean of Peterborough with his book, and the two executioners in their black gaberdines and white aprons; last the royal victim, kneeling with her eyes bandaged and her head on the block, the blood pouring over her shoulder from the ghastly wound inflicted by the unskilful executioner, who, with uplifted axe grasped in both hands, is preparing to strike her again. Andrew Melville stands aloof in an attitude eloquently expressive of grief. On the other side of the Queen's figure, which is of full length and almost life-like proportions, are the whole-length portraits, in miniature, of her two weeping attendants in black dresses and white coifs; over the head of one is written "*Jean Kennethye*," over the other "*Elizabeth Courle*."¹

The instant the axe had fallen on Mary, Lord Talbot rode off, at fiery speed, to Greenwich, to communicate the news officially to Burleigh and his colleagues, who were anxiously awaiting it. The Premier forbade him to announce it to their royal mistress, saying, "it was better time should be allowed to unfold it to her by degrees." The ringing of the bells, the blaze of bonfires, and illuminations, led her to inquire the cause of these demonstrations of popular rejoicing. One of her ladies told her,

contemporary painting also, but representing her before her features had been composed from the death agony, or the broad eyelids, which partially reveal the full dark orbs below, closed by pious hands. The lips are apart, and show two of the small even upper teeth. A pearl earring, partly torn from one of the ears, is stained with blood. It is a fine painting, but in bad condition. On the back is the following notation: The head of Mary Queen of Scots the day after her execution. Lieutenant-Colonel Birch.

¹ This curious painting was presented by the latter to the Scotch College at Douay, where it remained till after the French Revolution, and was saved, with difficulty, from the destructive fury of the Jacobins by being hastily cut out of the frame, wound round a wooden roller, packed in a secure outer envelope, and

secreted in one of the nooks in the wide chimney of the refectory, where, as the brethren judged, there would be cold cheer for a while. There it remained from the year 1794 till 1815, twenty-one years. The few surviving members of the fraternity searched for their treasure, and found it uninjured; it was, after the dissolution of the College at Douay, removed to the Scotch College at Paris, and finally to Blairs, near Aberdeen, where it remains to convince those who are fortunate enough to obtain leave to peruse it, that the beauty of Mary Stuart was no poetic fiction, since even in the closing scene of her weary pilgrimage her noble features retained their classical and majestic outline; her expression, its high and intellectual character mingled with placid sweetness; and the contour of her face, its regular oval.

“the death of the Queen of Scots.” Mary had long been in a state of health so infirm that no surprise need have been excited if this event had occurred any day; and it is possible that Elizabeth might, if really innocent, have supposed that it had happened from natural causes. The next morning she heard the truth, and sending for Hatton, expressed the most vehement indignation, wept bitterly, and launched into furious threats of vengeance “against the men who had usurped her authority by putting the Queen of Scots to death without her knowledge or consent.” Hatton informed his colleagues; all were in consternation, and advised their tool Davison, who had undertaken to stand in the gap, to keep out of her sight till her anger should have subsided. Davison took to his chamber, under pretence of indisposition; but Elizabeth ordered him to be arrested and sent to the Tower. A deprecatory memorial was presented to her by Lord Buckhurst, in the name of her ministers, representing “that the committal of Davison would give rise to reports that the Queen of Scots was actually murdered; that the Lords of her Council would be thought murderers, and their whole proceedings from first to last esteemed no better than an unlawful course tending unto murder.”¹ But Elizabeth was inexorable—mulcted Davison in a fine of £10,000, and forbade Burleigh and Walsingham her presence, vehemently charging them with the whole and sole guilt of the death of the Queen of Scots, without her knowledge and against her will.

If Harrison's statement that he was employed by Walsingham to forge her signature to the warrant be founded on fact,² it explains all that has hitherto been regarded as problematical in Elizabeth's conduct, and removes the charge of hypocrisy which her greatest eulogists have found it impossible either to deny or excuse. But if she did not sign the warrant—and we have only Davison's testimony in proof she did—then was her ignorance of Mary's death unaffected, and her indignation against her ministers no grimace. Why, then, it may be asked, did she not proclaim the act of intolerable treason of which they had been guilty, in presuming to forge her signature, and inflict condign punishment on the murderers? To answer this question satisfactorily, it is necessary also to inquire whether it were in her power to do so? She was a despotic Sovereign, it is true; but these were the men by whom her despotism was exercised, and had been ever since she ascended the throne. It would have been easier for them to have placed the son of Mary Stuart on her throne than for her to have executed justice on them. Neither might it have been prudent for her to provoke the revelations of men who had foreknowledge of the plot for Riccio's assassination and Mary's arrest and projected deposition in March, 1566, who could unveil the black mystery of Darnley's death, were cognizant of Bothwell's pro-

¹ MS. Life of the Earl of Shrewsbury—Davison's Life.

² Cot. MS. unpublished, Calig. C. ix. 458-59.

jected seizure of Mary's person, and aware that the Scotch drafts of the pretended love-letters to Bothwell had been submitted to her consideration by Moray's secretary, John Wood, three months before they were mentioned by him and Morton, for the first time, to a select *sederunt* of their colleagues in Council, and six before they were exhibited in their French dress by Lethington, Makgill, Buchanan, and Wood, to the Commissioners at York.¹ Could they not also have disclosed the evidences of the three successive secret treaties with Moray, Lennox, and Mar, for Mary's murder by her rebel subjects, under colour of a pretended judicial process? Clearly Elizabeth was in no position to bring her offending ministers to justice for forgery and murder. She made a vigorous effort to rid herself of Burleigh and Walsingham; but they were too strong for her, and she was forced to content herself by punishing Davison, and proclaiming to the world that they, not she, were the authors of the death of the Queen of Scots. Let us hope, for the sake of womanhood, she spoke the truth.

"Without doubt, the Queen [Elizabeth] has been greatly abused in this business of the poor Queen of Scotland," writes a secret correspondent in the English Court to Chateaufeuf. "The whole game has been played by three persons only—the Secretary Davison, the Grand Treasurer Burleigh, and Walsingham. They have been the perpetrators of this cruel murder. The Grand Treasurer, fearing Davison should confess something of him, has come to London on purpose to retard the process, thinking that, by delay, the Queen may be induced to let Davison get off, which would be good for the two others; but the Queen is determined to have justice. The Grand Treasurer is in great alarm, and trembles excessively." The writer of this letter is supposed by Labanoff to be Lady Shrewsbury's son-in-law, Sir Henry Pierrepont, the father of Mary's god-daughter, and sometime favourite, Bess Pierrepont—a man very likely to know the real state of the case.

Elizabeth wrote the most humble of apologies to Mary's son, expressing her sorrow for "the miserable accident," as she termed the decapitation of his royal mother—telling him withal "that she had sent her near kinsman, Sir Robert Carey, to explain the truth to him." But James would not receive her envoy. Such indeed was the access of national indignation that pervaded all classes, save the unpatriotic English faction, that James sent an express to warn Carey not to advance beyond Berwick, "as it would be impossible to protect his life from the fury of the people if he ventured to enter Scotland."² James ordered the deepest mourning to be worn for his royal mother—a requisition with which all his nobles complied except the Earl of Sinclair, who appeared before him clad in steel. The King looked displeased, frowned, and inquired "if he

¹ See Lives of the Queens of Scotland, vol. vi. p. 224.

² Autobiography of Robert Carey, Earl of Monmouth.

had not seen the order for a general mourning?" "Yes," said the high-spirited representative of the lordly line of high St Clair, making his armour clash till it rang through the hall—"this is the proper mourning for the Queen of Scotland."¹

It is not, however, for kings to indulge their private feelings and personal resentments at the expense of their subjects. James was unprovided with the means of levying war against his powerful neighbour, and his ministers were entirely under the control of the English faction; so, after maintaining a resentful attitude for a time, he received Elizabeth's letters and explanation from her cousin Carey. Whatever the letter was, it appears to have been regarded by Mary's son as an exoneration, for he wrote sternly but candidly in reply—

"Whereas, by your letter and bearer, Robert Carey, your servant and ambassador, ye purge yourself of your unhappy fact; as on the one part considering your rank and sex, consanguinity, and professed good-will to the defunct, together with your many and solemn attestations of your innocence, I dare not wrong you so far as not to judge honourably of your unspotted part therein."²

Early in March, 1587, the obsequies of Mary Stuart, their beloved Queen Dowager, were solemnized by the King, nobles, and people of France with great pomp, in the cathedral of Nôtre Dame at Paris; and a funeral oration was pronounced in honour of her memory by Renauld de Beaulne, Archbishop of Bourges, and Patriarch of Aquitaine. He commenced his discourse with an impressive allusion to the visible tokens of grief which he observed on the countenances of his crowded congregation. "When I see your faces thus bathed in tears, and hear your sighs and sobs break the stillness, in which you are prepared to listen to me, I doubt within myself whether I ought not rather to keep silence than to speak." Speak, however, he did, and in a strain of impassioned eloquence, of Mary's early youth, which had been passed among them—of her endowments, whereof he said "it was not easy to find so many centred in one human being, for, besides that marvellous beauty which attracted the eyes of all the world, she had a disposition so excellent, an understanding so clear, and judgment so sound, as could be rarely paralleled by a person of her sex and age; that she possessed great courage, but it was tempered by feminine gentleness and sweetness. Many of us," continued he, "saw in the place where we are now assembled to deplore her, this Queen on the day of her bridal, arrayed in her regal trappings, so covered with jewels that the sun himself shone not more brightly, so beautiful, so charming withal, as never woman was."³ These walls were then hung

¹ Family anecdote by Miss Catherine Sinclair, in her animated work, "The Hill and the Valley."

² Letters of Queen Elizabeth and James VI. of Scotland, edited by J. Bruce, Esq. —Camden Society's Works.

³ The reader may perceive that this

was the original whence Burke drew his celebrated speech on the calamities and vicissitudes that had befallen Marie Antoinette. It is an interesting fact, that among the relics of the captivity of Louis XVI. and his family, preserved in the well-known iron chest in the Hotel de

with cloth of gold and precious tapestry; every space was filled with thrones and seats, crowded with princes and princesses, who came from all parts to share in the rejoicings. The palace was overflowing with magnificence, splendid fêtes and masks; the streets with jousts and tournaments. In short it seemed as if our age had succeeded that day in surpassing the pomp of all past centuries combined. A little time has flowed on, and it is all vanished like a cloud. Who would have believed that such a change could have befallen her who appeared then so triumphant, and that we should have seen her a prisoner who had restored prisoners to liberty; in poverty, who was accustomed to give so liberally to others; treated with contumely by those on whom she had conferred honours; and finally, the axe of a base executioner mangling the form of her who was doubly a Queen; that form which honoured the nuptial bed of a sovereign of France, falling dishonoured on a scaffold, and that beauty which had been one of the wonders of the world, faded in a dreary prison, and at last effaced by a piteous death? This place, where she was surrounded with splendour, is now hung with black for her. Instead of nuptial torches we have funereal tapers; in the place of songs of joy, we have sighs and groans; for clarions and hautboys, the tolling of the sad and dismal bell. Oh, God! what a change! Oh, vanity of human greatness! shall we never be convinced of your deceitfulness?" After rendering due testimony to her patience, courage, and piety, he concluded in these words: "The marble, the bronze, the iron, are decomposed by the air or corroded by rust, but the remembrance of her bright example shall live eternally."¹

Elizabeth considered it necessary to conciliate the King of Scotland by according a pompous state-funeral to the mangled remains of his royal mother after they had remained unburied and apparently forgotten for six months. This she appointed to take place in Peterborough Cathedral on the 1st of August. Heralds and officers of the wardrobe were sent to Fotheringhay Castle, to make suitable arrangements for the removal of the royal remains, and to prepare mourning for all the servants of the murdered Queen—those who had been detained at Chartley having all been brought to Fotheringhay, and, like the others, strictly incarcerated ever since their arrival. As all were to attend the funeral, Queen Elizabeth sent as much black cloth as was necessary to make mourning-cloaks for Sir Andrew Melville and M. Bourgoigne, and gowns for the ladies and women. Moreover, as their head-dresses were not of the approved fashion for mourning in England, her Majesty considerably sent a milliner on purpose to make others, in the orthodox mode, proper to be worn at the funeral, and to be

Soubise at Paris, is a yellow faded sheet of MS. music, with the lines ruled much aslant, together with the commencement of a translation into French, by Madame

Elizabeth, of the pathetic old ballad, *Queen Mary's Lament*—

"I sigh and lament me in vain."

¹ Jebb, vol. ii.

theirs afterwards. But these true mourners, caring nothing for outward show, declined availing themselves of these gifts and attentions, declaring "they would wear their own dresses, such as they had got made for mourning immediately after the loss of their beloved Queen and mistress."

On the evening of Sunday, July 30th, Garter King-of-Arms arrived at Fotheringhay Castle, with five other heralds and forty horsemen, to receive and escort the remains of Mary Stuart to Peterborough Cathedral, having brought with them a royal funereal car for that purpose, covered with black velvet, richly set forth with escutcheons of the arms of Scotland and little pennons round about it, drawn by four horses caparisoned in like manner. The body being enclosed in lead, within an outer coffin, was brought down, and reverently put into the carriage that had been prepared for it; the heralds having assumed their coats and tabards, brought the same forth of the castle bareheaded, by torch-light, about ten o'clock at night, followed by all her sorrowful servants, both men and women.¹ The procession arrived at Peterborough between one and two o'clock, on the morning of Monday, July 31st, and was received most reverently at the minster door by the bishop, dean, and chapter, and Clarencieux King-of-Arms, where, in the presence of her faithful Scotch attendants, it was laid in the vault prepared for it on the south side of the choir, the grand ceremonial being appointed for Tuesday, August 1.² The reason of depositing the royal body previously in the vault was, because it was too heavy to be carried in the procession, weighing, with the lead and outer coffin, nearly nine hundredweight; besides, in consequence of the defective manner in which the embalming had been performed, decomposition of a distressing nature had taken place, and it was feared the solder might burst.

On Monday in the afternoon arrived the state company of ceremonial mourners from London, escorting the Countess of Bedford, who was to represent Queen Elizabeth in the mockery of acting as chief mourner to the royal victim,³ which of course must be regarded as a public acknowledgment that Mary was innocent of all the crimes laid to her charge, especially that of practising against the life of Elizabeth. The next morning, Tuesday, August 1st, the solemnities commenced as early as eight o'clock. The Countess of Bedford, Queen Elizabeth's proxy, as chief mourner, was attended upon in her chamber by all the lords, ladies, and the Bishops of Peterborough and Lincoln, brought into the presence-chamber in the bishop's palace, and placed under the cloth of estate, while the staves of office were delivered to the great officers, Lord Chamberlain, &c., and the procession formed. Then, supported by the

¹ Manner of the solemnity of the Scottish Queen's funeral.

² "A Remembrance and Order of the Burial of Mary Queen of Scots," *Archæologia*, vol. i. p. 355.

³ *Ibid.*

Earls of Rutland and Lincoln, and her train borne by Lady St John, she took her way into the great hall, where a representation of Queen Mary's corpse lay in state on a royal bier, and was reverently followed into the church by the said proxy of the English Queen, as chief mourner, and attended by a great number of English peers, peeresses, knights, ladies, and gentlemen, in mourning. All Mary's servants, both male and female, walked in the procession, according to their degree—among them her almoner, De Préan, bearing a large silver cross.¹

The representation of the corpse being received without the cathedral gate by the bishops and clergy, the accustomed anthems were sung, and it was borne in solemn procession into the choir, and set down within the royal hearse which had been prepared for it over the grave where the remains of the murdered Queen had been silently deposited by torch-light at two o'clock on the Monday morning. The hearse was twenty feet square and twenty-seven feet high, richly adorned with escutcheons and fringe of gold. On the coffin, which was covered with a pall of black velvet, lay a close crown of gold, set with stones, resting on a purple-velvet cushion, fringed and tasselled with gold. When every one was placed according to their degree, the sermon was preached by the Bishop of Lincoln, from the 5th, 6th, and 7th verses of the 39th Psalm, "Lord, let me know mine end," &c.² All the Scotch Queen's train, both men and women, with the exception of Sir Andrew Melville and the two Mowbrays, who were members of the Reformed Church, departed before the commencement of the sermon or prayers, Bourgoigne setting the example of going out, and the rest following him. In the prayer, the Bishop of Lincoln, returning thanks for such as were translated out of this vale of misery, used these words: "Let us give thanks for the happy dissolution of the high and mighty princess, Mary, late Queen of Scotland and Dowager of France, of whose life and death at this time I have not much to say, because I was not acquainted with the one, neither was I present at the other. I will not enter into judgment further, but because it hath been signified unto me that she trusted to be saved by the blood of Christ, we must hope well of her salvation: for, as Father Luther was wont to say, many one that liveth a Papist dieth a Protestant." In the discourse of his text, he only dealt with general doctrines of the vanity of all flesh. Then the two Bishops and the Dean came to the vault and read the funeral service over the body, at the conclusion of which every officer brake his staff over his head, and threw the pieces into the vault upon the coffin, in which ceremony Mary's officers consented to perform their part. The procession returned in the same order to the Bishop's palace. The attendants of the murdered Queen were invited to partake of the magnificent banquet which was provided for all the mourners; but they declined doing so, observing, "that their hearts were too sad to feast, and

¹ Mort de la Roynne d'Ecosse.

² Archæologia, i. 355.

they preferred being by themselves, as they could not restrain their tears from falling. They were indulged in their wish, and dined in a separate room all together, no Englishman being present but those who served them, bringing them the choicest of dainties and the best of wines, kindly pressing them to partake of their good cheer; but notwithstanding all these courtesies, they gave them to understand they took no pleasure in their banquet, and wept more abundantly every time they were pressed to eat." ¹

The indignant spirit in which Mary's attendants received, or rather, we should say, repelled, the proffered courtesies of the officials of the English Sovereign, was probably the reason why they were sent back to Fotheringhay Castle instead of being liberated after the pompous funeral of their murdered mistress. They were detained there nearly three months in the most rigorous captivity, barely supplied with the necessaries of life, and denied the privileges of air and exercise. The particulars of their case being at last made known to Mary's son, James VI., he accredited Sir John Mowbray, Baron of Barnbougal, the father of Barbara and Gillies, as his envoy to the Court of England, with instructions to remonstrate in his name with Queen Elizabeth on the treatment of his unfortunate mother's servants, and to demand their release. This being granted, the French returned to France, and the Scotch to Scotland. Gillies Mowbray and Mrs Curle joined their father in London, together with Elizabeth Curle. When Mary's unlucky secretary, Gilbert Curle, at last obtained his liberty, he, with his wife Barbara, their infant daughter Mary, and his sister Elizabeth, embarked for Antwerp, where they passed the residue of their days. Elizabeth Curle took with her the noble whole-length painting of Queen Mary on the scaffold, which she presented to the Scotch College at Douay, of which Mary had been a great patroness; together with the portrait of that unfortunate princess, which hangs over her tomb and that of her sister-in-law Barbara, Curle's widow, in the small Scotch Church dedicated to St Andrew at Antwerp. She survived her royal mistress twenty-four years, Barbara twenty-nine. Their monument is of black and white marble, and the tablet containing their epitaph is supported between the statues of St Elizabeth and St Barbara. The portrait of their beloved royal mistress which surmounts it, is placed between two angels, one in the act of recording, the other of proclaiming, her virtues and her wrongs.

Mary's other devoted Scotch maid of honour, Jane Kennedy, whom Schiller, in his beautiful but most unhistorical tragedy of *Marie Stuart*, has transformed into her nurse, was not too old to love and be beloved, and on their release from prison and return to their native land, became the wife of her faithful associate in the unprofitable service of their hapless Queen, Sir Andrew Melville of Garvock, to whom she had been long engaged. King James, in order to testify his gratitude for her attach-

¹ La Mort de la Roynie d'Escosse.

ment to his royal mother, appointed her to meet and attend his bride, Anne of Denmark, to Scotland, in the year 1589. Jane was living in Fifeshire with her husband, Sir Andrew Melville, when the summons for her to proceed on this honourable appointment reached her. Willing to use due diligence in rendering obedience to her Sovereign's behest, she attempted to cross the rough waters of the Firth from Burntisland to Leith in an open boat, which being run down by a larger vessel in the storm, she, and all her company, were drowned.

Mary Stuart's remains, after reposing five-and-twenty years in Peterborough Cathedral, were exhumed by the order of her son James, and reinterred with reverential care in Westminster Abbey, in the centre of the south aisle of Henry the Seventh's chapel. The stately monument he erected for her there bears witness both of his respect for the memory of his unfortunate mother, and of his own taste in the fine arts. Mary's recumbent statue, reposing beneath a regal canopy, with her head resting on tasselled cushions, and the Scottish lion at her feet, is a glorious specimen of the sculpture of the sixteenth century, as well as a genuine and most satisfactory likeness of the beautiful and unfortunate mother of our royal line, corresponding in features, contour, and expression with her best-authenticated portraits. Nothing can be more graceful and majestic than the form, or more lovely and intellectual than the face, which indicates every noble and benevolent quality that could adorn the character of queen or woman—such, indeed, as a careful investigation of her personal history from authentic and documentary sources of information, proves that she possessed.

“As long,” observes her eloquent and pure-minded French biographer, Caussin, “as there shall be eyes or tears in this vale of misery, there shall be tears distilled on those royal ashes, and the piety of the living shall never cease with full hands to strew lilies, violets, and roses on her tomb.”

APPENDIX.

No. I.

THE BATTLE OF LANGSIDE.

I HAVE been favoured with the following observations from my friend Sir John Maxwell of Polloc,¹ Bart., the worthy representative of Queen Mary's last knight-banneret, and the present proprietor of the ground enriched by the blood of so many of the loyal gentlemen of Scotland who fell that day in her cause.

Sir John Maxwell's accurate knowledge of the locality, and of the hands in which the lands then were, renders his remarks peculiarly valuable, and it is to be regretted they were not communicated in time to be incorporated in the passage to which they refer.

"As the Queen writes to Queen Elizabeth that her nobles were between Regent Moray and herself, and on the north of Langside heights and village had attacked Moray's troops, which were advancing to intercept her Majesty's progress to Dumbarton, she probably had passed from Cathcart to the ford of the river Cart near to Crossmyloof. That hamlet was nearly, if not entirely, surrounded by the estate of Maxwell of Polloc, whom she had recently knighted, and who was then fighting for her at Langside, and it stood on the upper side of a morass which separated the heights and village of Langside from the hill of Hagbows, where the Prince her son was placed. Lord Herries, himself a Maxwell and a relation of that knight, kept the river Cart between her and the lands of Darnley, which were then the property of the Earl of Lennox, and which lands *marched* [were bounded] with those of Polloc on the south side of the river Cart. The road towards Renfrew (where she probably intended to embark), after leaving Crossmyloof and the lands of Polloc, traversed the property of Stuart of Cardonald, a cousin of the knight of Polloc, who was attached like him to the Queen. Her Majesty having passed some time at Glasgow herself, knew perhaps the nearest and safest way to Dumbarton, avoiding the Castle of Crocston, the residence of Lennox in that part of Renfrewshire. The tenants of Maxwell were fined as well as himself, which implies that Mary could trust herself on their land."

¹ Since deceased.

No. II.

Among the curious inedited holograph letters recently discovered in the charter-room of the Earl of Moray at Donibristle House, and courteously communicated to me by his Lordship's brother, the Hon. John Stuart, is the following letter addressed by Mary to her supposed friend the Commendator of St Colme's Inch, in a mixed dialect of English, Scotch, and French, which being a perfectly original document, must be submitted to the reader in her veritable orthography:—

“Gud frind,—I mervel miekle ze vreit ne meer to auld frinds for the vol nocht' forguet zou. Is for neues, I dar nocht vreit les I hewe a sipher; therfor send mi en. I am in gud hop ther is an imbassadeur to com out off France schortli for me. I refer al tydens to the birar, bot pres zou to vreit al neus to mi. Quen I woust thes birar fand zou himself I vuald vreit farder. My Lord Flimin vol schaw zow all neus. I prey zou vreit off zours to mi, and bi nocht so langsum for thes furth. Commend mi to zour wiff, and solisit her bruder to be constant; I dout it nocht, nor off zourself. I prey zou comend mi to zour bruder that merid zour seister, and desyr hum to com to mi for I vol brentt (or hev tt) adir or a du for hum. Efter zour nixt advertizement I schall vreit furadar. Zour auld frind, and so schal bi to the end.—From Boton, the xxiii off Juli.”

Addressed,—“To my gud frind St Colme.”

(*Holograph without Signature.*)

For the benefit of those readers to whom the above will be almost as unintelligible as if written in Welsh, a modernized version of the same is subjoined:

“Good friend,—I marvel *meikle* [much] ye write no more to old friends, for they would not forget you. As for news, I dare not write them till I have a cipher; therefore send me one. I am in good hope there is an ambassador to come out of France shortly for me. I refer all tidings to the bearer, but pray you to write all news to me. When I wist this bearer found you himself, I will write further. My Lord Fleming will show you all news. I pray you write of yours to me, and be not so longsome for the future. Commend me to your wife, and solicit her brother to be constant; I doubt it not, nor of yourself. I pray you to commend me to your brother that married your sister, and desire him to come to me, for I *vol* have it ordered or done for him. After your next advertisement I shall write further.

“Your old friend, and so shall be to the end.—From Bolton the xxiii of July.”

Addressed,—“To my good friend St Colme.”

No. III.

The strongest testimonial in Mary's favour will be found in the Instructions for her defence which the loyal nobles, both of her own faith and the Reformed religion—independent and surely competent witnesses of her conduct, both as Queen and woman—united in addressing to her commissioners preparatory to the Conference at York. The obsolete Scotch dialect and orthography having hitherto rendered this important document unintelligible to any other class of readers than historical antiquaries, we have considered it expedient to present it in a more comprehensible form. Those who desire to study it in the North British orthography and idiom, are referred to Goodall's Appendix, No. cxxxix. p. 354, printed from the original in the Cotton MSS., British Museum.

“Sept. 12, 1568.¹”

“Instructions and articles to be advised upon and agreed, so far as the Queen's Majesty our Sovereign shall think expedient, at the meeting of the Lords in England, committed in credit by the noblemen, earls, lords, &c., her Grace's true, faithful subjects of the realm of Scotland :

“To noble, wise, and expert men, reverend father in God John Bishop of Ross, Robert Lord Boyd, William Lord Livingstone, John Lord Herries, John Gordon of Lochinvar, Knight, Commissioners elect and chosen thereto :

“First, To declare that the noblemen of this realm, true and faithful subjects to their Sovereign, lament highly the pretence of certain particular persons within the same, who, being only moved with ambition and unquiet spirits, have, contrary [to] all reason, laws, and good order, usurped the authority, imprisoned our Sovereign, and done that thing that lies in them that her Grace's authority and power to reign should cease within this realm, to the evil example of all other *princes* [potentates]. And yet they who have enterprised the same are not in number the sixth part of the nobility, nor of the people, of the realm. And there are six or seven earls who have voted in Parliament before any of them who have usurped this place.² Although with sic treasonable and deceitful means they have obtained the *strengths* [fortified places] of the country by great booties and reward, given to traitors keepers thereof to deceive their native princess and mistress, and render her Grace's strengths and jewels into their hands, which has been the occasion that the people adjacent thereabout was made obedient in a manner to them, and in special the burghs. So the prince [Queen] being holden in captivity in strait prison in Lochleven, which could not *be won* [taken by

¹ Goodall's Appendix, No. 139, vol. ii. p. 354.

² Meaning that those earls, by reason of superior rank, had precedence of voting before Moray, Morton, and others of the faction, against the Queen.

storm] in respect of the strength and situation thereof, and also that they had the whole ammunition put in their hands by sic booty and treasonable deceit as is known. And in case the noblemen favourers of her Majesty had raised an army to that effect, it was menaced and boasted 'that they should send her head to them.' Likewise her death was oftentimes pronounced, concluded, and subscribed by a great part of her *takers* [captors]. And for safety of her life, her Majesty's *favourers* [partizans] ceased to put themselves in armour against them, and contained the country in some quietness, yet not without great grief of conscience, till God, of his special providence, relieved her Grace out of such strait prison.

"Instantly after her relief all the most part of the noblemen and whole people resorted to her Grace, and so many as were upon so short notice convened with free heart adventured and wearied themselves in her Grace's quarrel, while it chanced her by battle to be invaded by the said usurpers, who stopped her passage to Dumbarton, where her Majesty was bound for safety of her life *allanerly* till the time that whole force of her Grace's favourers might have been convened, wherefore her Majesty was constrained to seek for relief at the Queen of England's hands: And therefore all her Grace's true and faithful subjects of this realm desire effectually the Queen's Majesty of England to have regard unto her Grace's cause and proceedings thereof, and that of her princely power she would restore our Sovereign in her own realm with her support¹ . . . and likewise it will procure the hearty love of all true Scottishmen, otherwise it may be prejudicial to the Queen of England and all princes to suffer such inconveniences to come in practice. And also to require all *strengths* [fortified places] to be rendered to our Queen's Majesty and owners thereof, with all jewels, ammunitions, reapparelling thereof, and free delivering of the noblemen who are holden and detained in captivity by the Earl of Moray, and his complices, to be discharged, and goods and gear restored which *has* been taken from them, and that they desist from usurping of all authority for the time to come, and security to be made thereupon.

"It is to be diligently advised, in case our Sovereign be advised to submit to the judgment of the Queen of England, and to have the difference between her Grace and her subjects tried, admitting the Queen of England as judge—it is to be reasoned with our Sovereign, 'That the same appear-eth to be very hurtful and prejudicial to her, because her Grace, being a free prince having imperial crown, therefore is subject to no other prince on earth, nor cannot be judged by them; and therefore, by order of trial and judgment, her Grace's cause is not to be submitted in that manner. Yet nevertheless, in respect of her honest, just, and righteous cause, and of her good and clean conscience on all proceedings, we are assured she

¹ Here occurs some repetition of preceding sentences.

will not refuse, in presence of great princes, to declare her honourable part in all these causes invented calumniously against her Grace, providing alway they be not admitted judges against her. Not for fear of any decree may be given against her, but only of the prejudice may be engendered to all other princes in time coming through such practice, if it come in use. But in case it be our Sovereign's pleasure to have the cause reasoned in presence of the Queen of England, or any of her Grace's commissioners appointed thereto, ye shall use these reasons, answers, and defences, to be reformed, *eikit* [added to], or changed, always by our Sovereign's advice as follows.'

"If the subjects who are usurpers of our Sovereign's authority will allege and object, for colour and defence of their wicked and unjust proceedings, that their enterprise was upon the just deserving of our Sovereign, by reason of the suspicion had against her for alleged consent to the murder of her husband, ye shall answer and declare, 'That they can pretend no colour of defence by that way to their proceedings, because the whole progress of their *usage* [conduct] in times past continually, since the Queen's arrival in Scotland, has declared the effect of their meaning, which principally was grounded on two causes—the one for the forthsetting of the religion, and the other for the punishment of the murder of the King—although it is evident the same has not been their principal intention, but rather to aspire to the highest place and government of the realm. *For it is most sure that our Sovereign has never meant any alteration of the religion which her Grace found standing at her first arriving, but has appointed the ministers' stipends when they had none before.*¹ And further, the Queen's Majesty, by advice of the three Estates of her realm, satisfied the desire of the whole nobility concerning all the points of the religion by an Act of Parliament holden at Edinburgh the 15th of April, 1567.'

"And as to answer the other part, it is to be diligently and advisedly remembered and considered how, shortly after our Sovereign's homecoming from the realm of France into Scotland, the Earl of Moray having *respect* then (and as it appears yet, by his proceedings, to place himself in the government of this realm, and to usurp this kingdom), by his counsel caused the Queen's Majesty become so subject to him as if she had been a pupil, in such sort that her subjects had not access to her to *propone* their own causes, or to receive answer thereof, but by him only, so that he was only recognized as prince, and her Majesty but a shadow. And who[ever] pressed to find fault with his abuses, he did pursue them with such cruelty that some of the principal men he caused [be] put to death, destroying their *bairns* [children], houses, and memories, and

¹ The time when Mary did this good deed has been noted in a preceding volume: The grateful remembrance of it here proceeds, it may be supposed, from the Protestant subscribers of this manifesto.

caused others to be banished the realm, and put other noblemen in prison and detained them there.¹ And having the principals thus ejected of their places, he proposed to the Queen's Majesty to have the Crown *tailzeit* [entailed], and himself to have the first place, which she plainly refused, alleging 'she would not defraud the *righteous* [rightful] heirs, and also feared the wrecking of herself, and *secluding* [excluding] of her succession, in the respect the desirer of the said entail would never consent any way that her Majesty should marry any such prince as made suit to her;' therefore colouring the same upon alleging of many inconveniences that might follow upon the marriage of great princes, which her Majesty partly considered to be truth, and so by the common inclination of all princesses and other women (which rather desires to ascend than descend), for retaining the realm at liberty, and to be thrall'd to no others, was content to deign to accept the Lord Darnley to her husband, thinking therethrough to obtain the greatest favour of all them of that surname [of Stuart]. But the contrary is known, and what impediment was made thereto by the said desirer of the said entail [of the Crown, meaning Moray], who by himself and his assisters conspired the slaughter of the said Lord Darnley, being then appointed to marry with her Majesty, and also of his father, Matthew, Earl of Lennox, and divers other noblemen, being her company and followers at that time, and so to have imprisoned herself in Lochleven and detained her there all the days of her life, and he [Moray] to have usurped the government; which conspiracy was near put to execution in the month of June, 1565, at the Kirk of Beith, as many who were in counsel with him and drawn ignorantly thereon can testify.² And he, seeing the same revealed, drew sundry to his opinion under colour of religion, who were banished with him, and took refuge in England.

"And thereafter, he perceiving that they could not stay the marriage, and also that it pleased God that her Grace was able to have succession, and so being great with child, they contrived the slaughter of her Majesty's secretary in her presence, and cruelly performed the same, and held her most noble person in prison, intending by that way the death of her Majesty through high displeasure, *secluding* [excluding] her succession, and also her said husband, by reason he was seduced to consent thereto. But then, seeing that her Grace, by the pleasure of God, did escape their hands,³ and relieve herself of prison, wherethrough the doers thereof were banished for their enterprise. Also hearing of the young behaviour, through foolish counsel, of her said husband, they caused make

¹ In allusion to the victims of the Gordon tragedy.

² Two of them, Argyll and Rothes, who were leagued with Moray in this earlier attempt on the life of Darnley and the freedom of Mary, are subscribers to this manifesto.

³ Her escape with Darnley from Holyrood to Dunbar, aided by Arthur Erskine Bastian, and Margaret Cawood, as told in Volume I., present Edition.

offers to our said sovereign Lady, 'if her Grace would give remission to them that were banished at that time, to find cause of divorce, either for consanguinity,' in respect they alleged 'the dispensation was not published, or else for adultery [of Darnley], or to get him convict of treason because he consented to her retention in *ward* [imprisonment], or other ways to despatch him, which altogether her Grace refused, as is manifestly known. So that it may be clearly considered, and is sufficient presumption in these respects, her Grace having the *commodity* [convenience] to find the means to be separate, and yet would not consent thereto, that her Grace would never have consented to his murder, having such other likely means to have been quit of him by the Lords' own device [Moray and his coadjutors]; but that it may be inferred that they were the doers thereof, only as was *deponed* [deposed] by them who suffered death therefor, who declared at all times the Queen our Sovereign to be innocent thereof.

"And where they allege 'her Grace is found guilty thereof by Act of Parliament holden by them,' There was nothing done in their Parliament that could prejudice the Queen's honour in any sort, her Grace never being called or accused. For what was done, was not to declare her guilty of any crime, which of reason no ways could be done, *contraire her Majesty uncallit*, but only an Act made for safety of themselves from forfeiture, who treasonably put hands on her Majesty's noble person and imprisoning her: allanerly (always) founding their proceedings upon just meaning as they alleged—which sundry noblemen that was her *favourers bear withal* [put up with] principally for safety of her life, which, ere their coming to Parliament, was concluded and subscribed by a great part of her *takers* [captors], to be taken from her in most cruel manner, as is *notourly* [notoriously] known—although sundry of the noblemen, partakers with themselves, refused to subscribe the same, or consent to her death in any wise. And in case any such Act of Parliament had been made, the same cannot prejudice her Majesty in any sort, in respect they had no lawful power to hold Parliament,—and also, it is against all laws and reason to condemn any creature alive until they be first called to use their lawful defence, or at least presented in judgment and heard. Surely it is against all laws and reason, and also it was never seen in practice, that ever the subjects were judges of the Prince, 'but should always obey them, albeit they be wicked,' as the Scriptures declare. And it is truth, as they cannot deny, that her Majesty, immediately after her taking, divers times 'was content to admit the whole nobility and Three Estates of the realm her judges—she being heard to declare her own part in their presence'—which altogether was refused. So every man may perceive their whole suit is according to their first pretence, to *seclude* [exclude] her Grace and her succession of body, and also them of line, as

the *using* [usage] of my Lord Duke of Châtelherault and his friends *instantly* [at this present time] declare.

“And if it be alleged that her Majesty’s writing produced in Parliament should prove her culpable, it may be answered, That there is in no place mention made in it by the which she may be convict, albeit it were her own handwriting—*which it is not*;—and also the same is devised by themselves in some principal and substantial clauses. And such alleged privy writings can make no probation in criminal causes, which will be clearer *nor* [than] the light of the day; and so by the said writing nothing can be inferred against her Majesty.

“And in case it be alleged that the marrying of the Earl of Bothwell is one great suspicion of her knowledge, it is answered that before ever that marriage was laid to her charge, the most part of the nobility, and principally the usurpers, such as the Earl Morton, Lord Sempill, Lord Lindsay, and James Balfour, gave their consent to the Earl Bothwell. And to remove all suspicions wherethrough, *he might be able thereto* [meaning, to which he might be liable], they declared him innocent of that crime by a public assize, and cleansed him by an enrolment thereof, and the same was ratified again in Parliament by consent of the Three Estates, and so the same can infer no presumption against her Majesty.

“And further, in testification of her innocency, and that her conscience does persuade herself to abide all trial, she has rendered her most noble person within the realm of England, where *his* [Darnley’s] *father, mother, and principal friends make residence*, having special *commodity* [convenience] to sue trial thereof, which, if her Grace *had known herself guilty, she would not, of her own free motion, have come therein*. Yet nevertheless, her Grace, being a free princess, is not subject to the judgment of any other *prince* [potentate].

“And further, it is of truth that her adversaries, usurpers of her authority, offered remission to several that are convict of that crime by them, if they would say that her Grace was guilty thereof. But [they] offered to prove the seducers culpable thereof in whatsoever manner they please.

“Item, if it be *proponed* [propounded] that our Sovereign Lady the Queen’s Majesty has renounced her crown, and that the same was ratified in Parliament, to that may be answered, The date and place thereof declare the same to be void, her Grace being in prison, and so by law being of none avail, albeit she had not been compelled, as she was indeed, as was declared and verified by Robert Melvill, the time of her being in Hamilton, after she was escaped out of ward, who affirmed solemnly, ‘that he came to the Queen’s Majesty to Lochleven immediately before the said alleged *demission* [abdication], sent direct forth of Edinburgh from the Earl of Atholl, the Secretary, and others partakers in that cause,’ and advised her Grace ‘that it would be *laid to her charge* [required of

her] to renounce the crown, and if she did not the same, she would be put shortly to death; therefore their counsel was, expressly to obey their desire for her safety.' And so her Majesty had just cause of fear, for they affirmed, 'the same could do no hurt to her right afterwards.' And so, as soon as she was relieved, her Majesty revoked the same in presence of her nobility, and *maid saith* [affirmed] 'she was compelled thereto [to abdicate] upon fear of her life.'

"And as to the ratification of the same in Parliament, the same proceeded on wrongest ground, which was compulsion of our Sovereign to renounce the same, to be ratified; and several of the principal noblemen, such as the Earls of Huntley, Argyll, and Lord Herries in special, at that time *took instruments* [meaning, entered protests], 'that they consented not to that abdication, but in so far as it stood with her Majesty's free will; and if her Majesty would *abide* [concur in] the same afterward, and not otherwise; and in case thereafter it were found that she was compelled, or did the same upon just fear, that they should be free of their consent, as [if] the same had never been given, and all that followed thereupon to be null.'

"Albeit her free consent was affirmed by several then present, with many solemn oaths by some lords, and instruments of notaries declaring the same, *suppois* [although] the contrary be of *verity*, which shall be verified by *instruments taken in their parliament* [protests entered in the same Parliament] or by *singular battel*¹ [single combat], as they please.

"And *attour* [moreover] this *renunciation* [abdication] was but privately given, and also privately admitted, by a few number of them only who put hands on her Majesty, and not in any parliament; and also the King was crowned by the same number and their Regent in their manner admitted, and so all that followed can have no place.

"Item, In case certain articles be *proponit* [propounded, or proposed] to be reasoned and condescended unto between our Sovereign and the realm of England, it is thought good by the nobility of this realm, that are true and faithful subjects to their Sovereign the Queen's Majesty [Mary Stuart], to *condescend* [agree] unto all that may stand to the honour and glory of God, maintaining of tranquillity, peace, unity, and mutual concord between the two realms and the commonwealths thereof, provided the Queen's Majesty, our Sovereign, be restored and *reponit*

¹ The appeal to battle was, at that period, one of the most solemn laws of the whole island. Lord Herries, in the midst of inimical England, at Hampton Court, the scene of many a real romance of history, challenged Lindsay and all other of Mary's calumniators to meet him in single combat, to prove that his Sovereign Lady was falsely accused, and that her defamers did the deed whereof they accused her. This incident has been mentioned in the course of the volume, but not the fact which is recorded in this extraordinary document, that the same challenge had been offered in the Scottish Parliament convened by Moray, and, as at Hampton Court, no one accepted Herries' cartel.

[replaced] freely in her own realm with all reverence, and to her princely honour and government of the same, in such ways that the laws thereof be observed and kept, the liberty thereof maintained, and our ancient friendship and amity with our old friends and confederates inviolate.

“And, further, ye shall *condescend* [agree] so far as our Sovereign shall think fit for the present.

“Item, In case it be desired towards the government of the realm, that the Queen’s Majesty our Sovereign, by the advice of her Council of the nobility, it is thought good and reasonable that she shall do the same ; that she shall choose her Council of the wisest and most expert of the nobility of the realm, like as her predecessors have done at all times past, and to do all things concerning the government of the realm and the weal thereof by their advice ; otherwise, if her Majesty were constrained to use the counsel only of such as certain of her subjects choose for her, the same should make her to be in perpetual thralldom to them, which is not only prejudicial to her, but to all *princes* [potentates], and contrary to all customs and laws of the realm of Scotland. Always what her Grace thinks [good] to be done thereunto by your advice, we shall think good.

“Item, As to religion, although the matter be weighty in itself to constrain men’s conscience, yet, after reasoning heard thereuntil, what be thought good by our Sovereign and *you* [Mary’s commissioners at York] we will *condescend* [agree] thereunto.¹

“Item, As to the ancient league with France, it has stood long among us, and apparently it cannot agree with the honour of the realm to break the same. Yet so far as may stand with our honours and the weal of this realm, we are content to retain friendship with England, and to contract thereupon as our Sovereign sal think good ; and also to receive no *strangers* [foreign forces], to the prejudice of the realm of England, within our realm in any sort.

“Item, As to our Sovereign’s title to England, we understand our Sovereign the Queen’s Majesty bore ever that love and favour towards her sister the Queen of England, that suppose it had stood in her power to have molested her in her time, yet [she] would not do the same, nor intends (as we understand) to do in time coming.

“And now, seeing the Queen of England is so beneficial to our Sovereign, she thinks her Grace much more indebted than before, and therefore, it being our Mistress’ pleasure and will, finds that part good to be *condescended* [agreed] unto for the weal of both realms ; and that all occasion of trouble be removed, or suspicion in time coming, that our Sovereign shall not molest the Queen of England, nor her lawful succes-

¹ It is worth noting, in this remarkable clause, that the Roman Catholic subscribers, as well as the Protestant ones, invite Mary and her chosen council to govern the Church in Scotland.

sion of her body, without prejudice of our Sovereign's title thereafter. In like manner, the Queen's Grace of England shall do nothing in her time that may be prejudicial to our Sovereign's title after the Queen of England's decease, and to require if it be her pleasure to declare for that favour to our Sovereign in her own time when it shall please her to be moved thereto.

“Item, As to punishing the Queen's husband's murderers, the same to be execute upon the persons who has justly deserved the same, as law and reason will permit.

“Item, Whatsoever be *condescended unto* the Lords [subscribers of this document] promise to ratify and approve the same, and shall consent thereto in the first Parliament that is holden by our Sovereign Lady within the realm of Scotland, and upon their lives and honours shall set forward the same in time coming, and if further be required to *condescend* [agree] thereto as the Queen's Majesty, our Sovereign, by your advice, shall think good.

“Item, Ye shall not fail, at your first reasoning, to expound and declare highly the proceedings in this last their pretended parliament, to the forfeiting of sundry noblemen; and also that they daily continue *putting at* [persecuting] the Queen's true *favourers*, by charge of their houses, ‘*lifting*’ of pains for absence, and troubling them other ways, notwithstanding that we have desisted at our Sovereign's desire, at the Queen of England's request; and, therefore, to require the Queen of England, according to her promise, that hasty order be put thereto that her Grace's request be esteemed more weighty in time coming than it has seemed at this time, and therefore has just cause to employ forces for *restitution* [restoration] of our Sovereign in her own realm, which ye shall most earnestly require before all other things.

“Item, To remember, among other informations, that the principal cause first set forth by the usurpers, wherefore they put first in arms, was ‘to put the Queen's most noble person to liberty forth of the Earl of Bothwell's hands, and to punish him for the violent taking and ravishing her’—and likewise punishing him [Bothwell] for her husband's slaughter, and yet has proceeded further, as is notoriously known, to the usurping of her authority.

“These are the principal heads and articles which we presently have in heed for the weal of our Sovereign's service and the advancement of her affairs, to be ‘*sichtit*,’ concluded and set forward by the Queen's Majesty, or *reasoned* [debated] at her pleasure by the advice of the commissioners aforesaid.

“Subscribed with our hand at Dumbarton respective, the 12th of September, 1568.

JOHN, Archbishop of St Andrews EGLINTOUN.
(Roman Catholic). FLEMING.

GLENLUSE.

SANQUHAR (Roman Catholic).

ROSSE (Roman Catholic).

ARGYLE (Protestant).

CASSILIS (Protestant).

MAXWELL (Protestant).

LAURENCE, LORD OLIPHANT.

DAVID, LORD DRUMMOND.

HUNTLY (Roman Catholic).

CRAWFURD (Protestant).

ERROL.

JAMES, LORD OGILVY.

SOMERVILLE (Protestant).

YESTER.

“My Lord Bishop of Ross, Lord Livingstone (Protestant), Lord Boyd (Protestant), Lord Herries (Protestant), and Lord Kilwinning (Protestant), subscribed not these articles nor the Commission, because they were appointed commissioners accepting the same.

“So ends the copies of the instructions and articles of the Queen’s Majesty of Scotland, given for the Conference in England.”

The paper is most remarkable for the unity of purpose between Mary’s faithful friends, who were in about equal numbers professors of the rival religions; for the tone of deep respect to her character and person which pervades it; the ardent desire they have to see her again exercising her regal functions, and the careful application of every title assumed by regality, when speaking of the poor captive. Insomuch that the perspicuity of this well-written state paper is more impeded by the iteration of the epithets of “Sovereign Lady,” “Majesty,” “Grace,” and “Highness,” often occurring in the same sentence, and (as was the etiquette of the Tudor dynasty) all loaded on the same person—showing plainly that they considered their Sovereign no whit beneath the dignity of her more fortunate kinswoman Elizabeth, ill-treated and calumniated though she were.

THE END.

