

M A R Y,

QUEEN OF SCOTS,

A

TRAGEDY.



M A R Y,  
QUEEN OF SCOTS,

A

T R A G E D Y;

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

---

By the Honourable JOHN ST. JOHN.

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L O N D O N:

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T O T H E

Honourable Mrs. BOUVERIE.

MADAM,

ALLOW me so far to trespass on that friendship, which has long been the honour and happiness of my life, as to entreat your permission to inscribe to you this Tragedy.—Your compliance with this request will be the more gratefully felt by me, from my knowledge of your disinclination to attract the public attention towards those many eminent qualities which you possess, and from a proper sense of the insignificance of my testimony to those merits which are known and acknowledged by the unanimous suffrage of the most brilliant society, and of the first characters in this country.—

## DEDICATION.

Madam, as your acceptance of this dedication may, in some degree, imply your approbation of the performance, I cannot trust my pretensions to your favourable opinion solely to motives of friendship, however distinguished you are for that amiable quality; I have too high a respect for your taste and judgement, not to assert my *claim* and *title* to your indulgence on this occasion, which, in great measure, owes its origin to yourself; as I should neither have undertaken this attempt without your encouragement, or have offered it to the Theatre, where it has been honoured with so great an attendance, without your advice, in conjunction with that of many partial and indulgent friends.

M A D A M,

I have the honour to be,

With the highest esteem,

And most sincere regard,

Your very obedient friend,

And most humble servant,

JOHN ST. JOHN.

## ERRATA.

- Page 25, line 20, for *gloom's*, read *gloom*  
30, line 16, for *whether*, read *whither*  
50, line 11, for *cla* read *claim*  
55, line 10, leave out the word *Royal*  
59, line 9, for *dure*, read *dare*





# P R O L O G U E.

Written by WILLIAM FAWKENER, Esq.

And spoken by Mr. WROUGHTON.

OF modern, Tragic Bards how few are found  
Who dare to trust themselves on open ground!  
In Fiction's fortresses they love to lie,  
To coin their flimsy tales, and vainly try  
To move your passions by an idle shew  
Of fancied sorrows, and ideal woe:  
To *Greece*, to *France*, to *Italy* they roam,  
To lead you as they please, when far from home.  
Our AUTHOR moves not from his native land;  
Here in this LITTLE ISLE he takes his stand;  
Convinc'd, of tragic, as of comic store,  
No other nation ever yielded more;  
And FRIEND to FREEDOM, he disdains the rules  
And narrow precepts of the *foreign schools*.  
No labour'd stratagem these scenes present;  
No sudden change, or unprepar'd event;  
With chaster art he writes not to the eyes,  
Nor wou'd he stoop to win you by surprise;  
Yet hopes, with names familiar to your ears,  
To raise your horror, or draw down your tears.  
'Tis true ELIZABETH's victorious hand  
From Spanish tyrants sav'd the threatn'd land;  
Wife were her Counsellors, her Warriors brave,  
But she was WOMAN still, and Passion's slave.  
Fam'd as she was for policy and arms,  
She vainly claim'd *pre-eminence of charms*;  
See her with jealousy now frantic grown,  
Dread MARY's *smiles* far more than PHILIP's *frown*:

Is

Is there amongst you, who, with stedfast eye,  
Can MARY's sufferings view, nor heave one sigh?  
From kinder skies, and from luxurious courts,  
From tilts and tournaments, and feasts, and sports,  
She came to govern (oh, too hard a part!)  
A barbarous nation, and a tender heart;  
And fell a victim in that fullen age,  
To Factious fury, and fanatic rage.  
Oh! had she liv'd in more enlighten'd times,  
When graces were not sins, nor talents crimes,  
Admiring nations had confess'd her worth;  
And SCOTLAND shone the ATHENS of the NORTH.  
Too long hath virtue blush'd at MARY's name,  
And justice slumber'd o'er her injur'd fame:  
Truth to the heart at length shall force its way,  
And reason justify the passions' sway.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### M E N.

<i>Duke of Norfolk,</i>	- - -	Mr. Kemble.
<i>Sir William Cecil,</i>	- - -	Mr. Aickin.
<i>Lord Herries,</i>	- - - -	Mr. Barrymore.
<i>Davison,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Packer.
<i>Earl of Shrewsbury,</i>	- - -	Mr. Benson.
<i>Earl of Huntingdon,</i>	- -	Mr. Phillimore.
<i>Sir Amias Paulet,</i>	- - -	Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Beton,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Williames.
<i>Nawe,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Alfred.
<i>Lieutenant of the Tower,</i>	- -	Mr. Lyons.
<i>Sheriff,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Chaplin.

### W O M E N.

<i>Queen Mary,</i>	- - - -	Mrs. Siddons.
<i>Queen Elizabeth,</i>	- - -	Mrs. Ward.
<i>Lady Douglas,</i>	- - - -	Mrs. Farmer.
<i>Lady Scrope</i>	- - - - -	Miss Tidswell.

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# MARY QUEEN of SCOTS.

A  
T R A G E D Y.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Gateway of Bolton Castle.*

*Enter Beton, who perceives Lord Herries arriving.*

B E T O N.

SURE 'tis Lord Herries ! Oh, my noble friend !  
How have we daily pray'd for your return !  
Your royal mistress, from yon turrets height,  
By hourly watch, hath strain'd her beauteous eyes,  
Till gushing tears o'erwhelm'd her sight—But say,  
What tidings bring you from the English Court ?

L O R D   H E R R I E S.

Beton ! if faith, and zeal in a good cause,  
Cou'd have secur'd success, it had been thine ;  
Your claim of simple audience for a Queen  
Was founded on a royal pledge. The ring  
B Which

Which grac'd your embassy, was sent with vows  
 To Mary from Elizabeth, that she wou'd aid  
 Her royal sister's cause—But, oh, good Beton!  
 It needs not our experience to foresee  
 The gulph 'twixt vows, and their accomplishment.

BETON.

But the result?

LORD HERRIES.

Evasions and chicane;  
 Base terms propos'd; then treacherous advice  
 That Mary shou'd in policy submit  
 To this strange trial; Heav'n forbid! until  
 She's heard in person.

BETON.

Still deny her presence?  
 Still urge these poor pretences! Grant our Queen  
 Were liable to imputations—Grant  
 Whate'er hate envy list—'twill but enforce  
 Her claim to face th' accuser.

LORD HERRIES

I shall entreat  
 Permission to revoke this rash appeal.

BETON.

Wou'd it were done! Our country is debas'd!  
 While our annointed Queen submits her cause  
 To foreign jurisdiction, and betrays  
 At once her own and Scotland's dignity.

LORD HERRIES.

Thus shall I urge; you know her spirit well;  
 Touch but that string, 'twill vibrate o'er her frame;  
 She has a soul that wakes at honour's voice,  
 Alive, with eager trembling at the sound,  
 She flies to its embrace; let shame approach;

Straight she recoils, and shrinks within herself;  
 No plant so sensitive, no shade so fleet.  
 May Heav'n still guard her! which way is the  
                   Queen? [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. *The Hall in Bolton Castle.*

*Enter Lady Scrope, meeting Lady Douglas.*

L A D Y   S C R O P E.

How fares my royal guest this morn, sweet maid?  
 You meet me on my accustom'd daily course  
 To attend your Queen, and wait her high com-  
                   mands,

L A D Y   D O U G L A S.

My gentle Lady Scrope, you are too kind;  
 Such courteous words but ill besuit the state  
 Of my poor fallen mistress—Rather say,  
 Is she secure? Who guards the castle gates?  
 Is ev'ry arrow-flit, and loop-hole watch'd?

L A D Y   S C R O P E.

Tax me not, Douglas! with severity—

L A D Y   S C R O P E.

'Tis but your duty, which you exercise  
 With tender feeling, and more true respect,  
 Than those at first deputed to receive her  
 With all the forms and pomp of royal state.  
 For, oh! what aggravating mockery!  
 Bows, smiles, and court-like phrases never sooth  
 The pangs of Princes in imprisonment.  
 But your high mind wou'd scorn to pay base court  
 By acts of rigour on the wretched.

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LADY SCROPE.

Yes!

I know too well the dues of sovereignty :  
While she is with me, under the Lord Scrope's  
roof,

His wife, and Norfolk's sister, ne'er shall hear  
A Queen's complaints with cold indifference.

LADY DOUGLAS.

Oh, nobly spoken ! worthy your great birth !  
Oh ! how your sentiments and voice recall  
Your brother's image ! would he now were here  
For my poor mistress' sake—But see she comes.

*Enter Mary.*

LADY SCROPE.

May health and comfort to your Majesty  
Return, with this propitious morn !

MARY.

Alas!

My noble hostess, your civility  
Touches a grateful mind more pointedly ;  
Is more affecting ; melts my spirits more  
Than a less kind reception cou'd have done.  
You owe not me this visit ; for I came  
In strict obedience to your Queen's high will,  
Under a promise from her royal self  
That she wou'd meet me ere I shou'd arrive ;  
But in her place, behold ! she sends her guards  
To do me honour—Oh, my faithful maid !  
You've seen me travel with a prouder suit ;  
When all the gallant youth of France press'd on,  
Led forward by the Princes of Lorraine,  
Striving who foremost shou'd escort their Queen  
From Paris to the sea—The gorgeous train  
Sweeping



Sweeping along the plains of Picardy,  
 Like some bright comet in its pathless course,  
 Illumin'd all the country as it pass'd :  
 But what avail these thoughts ? for other scenes  
 I must behold—Yet, truly, this fair seat  
 Might well besit a royal residence,  
 And suits my fancy—but that I perceive  
 Some features in it which awake my mind  
 To strange misgivings—Wherefore, Lady Scrope,  
 Do centinels surround the battlements ?

## L A D Y   S C R O P E.

Madam, be not alarm'd ; and rest assur'd  
 All comforts, honours, free access of friends,  
 And every privilege that can assuage  
 Misfortune, shall be found within these walls.  
 Seek then no rescue, nor attempt a flight.

## M A R Y.

Flight ! said you, Lady Scrope ? I must not fly ?  
 Then there's no farther doubt—Ah, 'tis too plain !  
 I'm in confinement here ! a prisoner !  
 Oh, horrid word !—Oh, monstrous perfidy !  
 Oh, perjur'd, false Elizabeth ! Is this  
 The faith of England ? these the plighted vows  
 Of Queen to Queen ? the bond of sisterhood ?  
 And sacred rights of hospitality ?  
 If justice has not fled the earth and skies,  
 Requite it Heav'n ! Oh, my kind keeper ! now  
 No more my hostess ; you are merciful ;  
 Your kind indulgence mitigates my lot ;  
 Softens, and blunts the sharp edge of that hour,  
 The painful but short hour, that goes between  
 Th' imprisonment of Princes and their end :  
 You did assure me I shou'd see my friends ;  
 Your brother Norfolk is my dearest friend ;  
 Shall I ? —————

*Enter*

6 MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

*Enter Herries.*

LADY SCROPE.

———Here's one to put me to the proof—  
Heaven knows the issue; we'll retire and pray  
For peace, and concord, amity and love.

*[Exeunt Lady S. and Lady D.]*

MARY.

Herries! my friend! companion of my flight!  
Best counsellor who bade me shun this land,  
What answer have you brought from this proud  
Queen?

LORD HERRIES.

This is the purport: England's Queen declares,  
That as a friend, and not a judge, she hears  
This cause—Your restoration to atchieve,  
If you renounce all title to her Crown,  
During her life, and issue—Give up France;  
Ally yourself with her; renounce the Mass.

MARY.

Heav'ns, what a height of insolence is this!  
I see her aim; and now, no more, than this—  
Will she in person hear her sister Queen?

LORD HERRIES.

She still declines to see you, till you're clear'd  
Of this foul charge; which she herself abets,  
Basely suborning forgeries; mean time,  
Full of professions of sincerest love,  
She waits impatient to embrace with joy  
Her vindicated sister—But till then,  
Most sanctimoniously abhors the sight  
Of one, whose honour she herself betrays  
By her false calumnies,

MARY.

MARY.

Perfidious wretch !

LORD HERRIES.

Know you that Murray, your base brother, dwells  
At England's Court, consulted, closetted ;  
While you, a Queen, her equal in all points,  
Are in a vile durance—

MARY.

Grant me patience, Heaven !

LORD HERRIES.

Were he your equal, why this preference  
To him who shou'd plead guilty, not accuse ?

MARY.

'Tis all mere mockery and artifice  
To cheat the world, and gain its confidence  
By semblance of fair justice.

LORD HERRIES.

Rather say

Plain, undisguis'd injustice : might I speak,  
Your Majesty shou'd arrogate your right,  
As a supreme and independent Queen.

MARY.

And yet my trusty guide ! Can I recede ;  
Decline the enquiry ; scorn the public voice ;  
Leave the licentious world to its own thoughts,  
And my fair fame, a prey to wild conjecture ?

LORD HERRIES.

The world's more just than to expect a Queen,  
To plead to vassals in a foreign land ;  
Hold up her hand, and bend her knee to those  
Whose proudest heart, at sight of her approach,  
Shou'd prostrate fall, and humbly kiss the dust.

MARY.

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MARY.

And yet what other clearance can I have ?  
Shall I sit down under this heavy load ?  
Shall conscious innocence reject the means  
Of wiping off this stain ? No ! I'll resign  
All, but the first of titles, a fair name

LORD HERRIES.

'Tis not yourself, but Scotland you betray ;  
Rights of a Sovereign realm, transmitted thro'  
A hundred Kings ; rights which yourself were born,  
And which you've sworn to uphold.

MARY.

Truth will prevail ;  
Herries ! you may return to England's Queen :  
Tell her I here recall my late appeal,  
As all beneath my name and dignity.  
Tell her I came invited to this land  
By her fair words, and sought a refuge here ;  
That refuge is a prison—then repeat  
My wish in person to submit my cause ;  
(Wherein I shew her honour and respect  
Exceeding all example) If, at last,  
This woman, so forgetful of herself,  
Deaf to the claims of blood and royalty,  
Against a sister shall make fast the door,  
Admitting her accuser : let her know,  
The Queen of Scotland claims her liberty ;  
Demands her birthright ; nor will e'er resign  
That freedom Heav'n and nature gave to all.  
If this just suit's denied ; defy her then ;  
Challenge her worst : dare her to keep me here ;  
Bid her unhinge, and set at naught the laws  
Of nature and of nations ; let her pride  
Exult in barbarous disregard of right,  
And emulate th' unlettered Turk and Moor,

Till

Till in one common cause, and with one voice,  
All Christendom shall rise to rescue me.

[*Exit Herries.*]

*Enter Norfolk.*

NORFOLK.

Pardon this bold intrusion of your slave,  
Whose steps are guided by resistless charms,  
And every sentiment that purest love  
Breathes in the hearts of her true votaries.

MARY.

Are you then come, brave, generous man! My  
joy,  
Norfolk! at sight of thee, dispels my fears:  
Yet were it known you sought my presence here—

NORFOLK.

Is it then treason to approach these walls?  
Must I presume your guilt, who, thro' this veil,  
See your bright innocence?

MARY.

Heav'n knows 'tis such;  
But circumvented thus by perjuries,  
By bold bad men, what can a woman hope,  
A helpless, unbefriended exile?

NORFOLK.

Oh!

Can'st thou pronounce those words and look on me?

MARY.

No! thou didst guard me from th' impending  
wrath  
Of Murray, that inhuman enemy.  
Oh, thou hast lavished unrequited aid

C

Most

Most Angel like—Now first I feel my loss :  
 The fall of power ne'er wounds the breast so deep,  
 As when, from hearts that swell with gratitude,  
 It severs all the means of recompense.

N O R F O L K.

What do I hear ? No means of recompense ?  
 Why what reward can Heav'n ? a beauteous  
 Queen,

The paragon and envy of her sex,  
 The wonder and delight of all mankind ;  
 Sent from the skies to dazzle all below  
 With rays too bright for mortal sight to bear.

M A R Y.

Terms such as these apply not to a wretch,  
 A poor, unfortunate, degraded wretch,  
 Doom'd to captivity.

N O R F O L K.

Captivity !

It cannot, must not, shall not be ; such acts  
 Are not within the reach of envy's grasp.  
 Cold-blooded tyrants may conceive such thoughts ;  
 But, trust me, mankind is not yet so lost  
 To honour, decency, and gen'rous love ;  
 The manners of the age, the face of things,  
 Wou'd not endure to see the pride of the age,  
 And all the living beauty of the world,  
 Led like a sacrifice to night and hell,  
 And buried quick—nay, in the bloom of youth ;  
 And such a bloom as blasts the blushing rose  
 Of England's maids so fam'd—a form that mars  
 All other claim to grace or dignity.

M A R Y.

You mock me, sure !—Alas, what wou'd these  
 flights ?



# A TRAGEDY.

11

NORFOLK.

Yourself, and this fair hand; here on this earth  
I ask, in one rash prayer, all Heav'n can grant.  
[*Kneeling.*]

MARY.

Let not despair, or confidence, take place;  
Where fickle fortune reigns———

NORFOLK.

Oh, joyful words!  
I am not to despair; hence, hence I date  
All joys of life, and flat'ring hopes to come;  
And dedicate all honour, service, love,  
Henceforth, unto the mistress of my soul.

MARY.

Another mistress claims thy services,  
A proud, inquisitive, revengeful Queen;  
One full of envy; doom'd thro' life to feed  
On gall, and spleen; nor taste love's generous  
draught;  
Watchful she is, and jealous in the extreme:  
Beware how she's inform'd!

NORFOLK.

Why shou'd we fear?  
Her ministers approve; proud Leicester's self,  
Her favourite, will procure her full consent.

MARY.

Great minds are unsuspicious to their ruin;  
Trust not to Leicester's words—Nor dream that she  
Will loose these chains, and fasten hymen's bands,  
For one she hates, fears, views with envious eyes.  
Will she, so wise, join me to all your power?  
It cannot be; prepare then for the worst;  
And, if we fail, and I remain a slave,  
Perhaps in faster chains, they shall but add

Fresh rivets to our love—This token keep !

[*Delivering a token.*]

If cloſer walls await me, this may ſerve  
To inſtruct ſome faithful ſervant of your name,  
And of my wiſh for your acceſs—Adieu !

N O R F O L K.

Farewell, thou pattern of all excellence !

[*Exit Norfolk.*]

M A R Y *ſola.*

Now, Heav'ns ! as you regard our mortal cares,  
If innocence claims mercy in your ſight,  
Expand your guardian wings, and cover me  
From this black ſtorm ! avert the dire approach  
Of this too-subtil ſerpent's crooked pace  
That glides to my deſtruction ! How have I  
Deſerved her venom ? Is it that I am young ?  
Born to one Crown, and married to another ?  
Or that, in me, ſhe ſees with jaundic'd eyes  
Her lineal ſucceſſor ? Aye ! there's the crime  
Meaneſs cannot forgive—Poor narrow ſoul !  
'That wanting courage to ſubmit to fate,  
Seeks, like her father, to perpetuate  
A mortal throne, and reign when ſhe's no more :  
There's no diſtemper ſo incurable  
As thirſt of power—Here then for life I'm fix'd,  
Unleſs I work my way thro' walls of ſtone ;  
Alas, theſe hands are weak ! But I'll find ſome  
Shall tear up by the roots theſe thick-ribb'd towers ;  
I'll from my dungeon ſcream, till to my cries  
All Europe echoes—Norfolk ! thou ſhalt'ſt rouse  
That inſuppreſſive ſpirit of this iſle,  
Which hates injuſtice, ſuccours innocence,  
Appals the tyrant, and protects the oppreſſ'd.



## A C T II.

## SCENE I. WHITEHALL.

*Elizabeth seated on her Throne, attended by her Court and Guards.*

*Enter Cecil.*

ELIZABETH.

CECIL, your haste tells me you bring advice  
Of the result of this day's conference  
On Mary's cause.—

CECIL.

My liege, the conference  
By Norfolk, your own delegate, this hour  
Is suddenly dissolved.—The partial Duke,  
When Herries claim'd an audience for his Queen,  
Dismiss'd the Court, and justified the claim.

ELIZABETH.

Mary will never be in want of friends  
While Norfolk lives.—

CECIL.

And how long that may be,  
I know not; but can never wish long life  
To England's foes.—

ELIZABETH.

Of Norfolk say you that?

CECIL.

CECIL.

Not as a charge direct, of any crime  
 Within the grasp of law : but when a Duke  
 So highly honour'd by his Queen, shall plot  
 In state affairs—

ELIZABETH.

What mean these hints ? Explain.

*[Descending from her Throne.]*

CECIL.

The Duke arrives from Bolton, the Lord Scropes,

ELIZABETH.

Indeed ! I own the visit was ill tim'd.

CECIL.

Or flow'd it purely from fraternal love ?

ELIZABETH.

Why, Cecil, you delight in dark surmise !  
 Norfolk's an open undesigning man ;  
 His friendships and dislikes are all avow'd.

CECIL.

Soft clay takes deep impression—Flexible  
 To any shape, is moulded easily ;  
 And facil, honest minds, when caught by love,  
 Exchange their native qualities for those  
 Which suit their new designs.—

ELIZABETH.

Speak you of love ?

CECIL.

Aye, mutual, in all its forms declar'd ;  
 Close correspondence.—

ELIZABETH.

Oh, accursed news !  
 Oh, all-seducing harlot !—Wanton wretch !

Can

Can none escape the fascinating looks  
 Of this attracting basilisk? must she——  
 Cecil! this instant issue my commands  
 For closer custody; seek Shrewsbury;  
 Tell him to take her from the Lady Scrope,  
 Her Norfolk's sister, and from Bolton, straight  
 Proceed to Tutbury's strong fortress: there  
 Let her be guarded safe—begone—no stop—  
 Cecil, be sure you do not trifle here.  
 I would not have your wary character  
 Blemish'd, by joining in the babbling cry  
 Of every politic officious knave,  
 Seeking reward for premature reports:—  
 What proof have you of this?

C E C I L.

Ere long compleat;  
 Till then, my faithful word; but let not haste  
 Mar the discovery—Plots there are besides  
 Of blacker die, not flowing from the Duke,  
 But from the restless spirit of the church,  
 Whose midnight conclave brooding in the dark,  
 Devises stratagems and massacres  
 For those who break her fetters.—

E L I Z A B E T H.

Now dispatch,  
 Use all your zeal—forget not Shrewsbury.  
 [Exit Cecil.  
 [Sola.] The events begin to multiply, which tend  
 All to my point—This close imprisonment  
 Will now be sanctified in peoples eyes.  
 I'll spread the fame of this conspiracy;  
 But for the Duke's intrigue there needs no haste;  
 As yet 'tis in the bud, and may lie hid  
 Till farther light shall ripen and expand  
 Its native colours.—Here he comes at length.

*Enter*

*Enter Norfolk.*

NORFOLK.

I fear I'm come full late; tho' not the last  
In love and duty to my gracious Queen.

ELIZABETH.

My Lord, we know your fame for loyalty;  
For honour, justice, generosity;  
We think ourselves have not been wanting yet,  
In owning and rewarding your deserts;  
Nor can we doubt your faith and gratitude.

NORFOLK.

Forbid it Heaven that there should be just cause!

ELIZABETH.

Norfolk, you are our first commissioner.—

NORFOLK.

As such, I trust I've not disgrac'd my charge,  
Or England's justice.—

ELIZABETH.

You are not accus'd;  
Think not we wish for blind subserviency  
In th' exercise of such a trust; but say  
Frankly, what colour wears this wondrous cause?

NORFOLK.

On Mary's side fair as her beauteous front.—

ELIZABETH.

How! to my face? [*aside.*

My Lord, you never speak  
But from the heart; such frankness pleases me,  
And much becomes your family and name;  
Which, in good truth, I wish were well secur'd  
In the right line; your noble wife, my Lord,  
Hath

Hath lately left us to lament her loss;  
 You should repair it: who wou'd not be proud  
 To boast of Norfolk's heart? Why not aspire  
 To ask a royal hand?—The Queen of Scots  
 Is not, I guess, displeasing in your sight.

N O R F O L K.

Aspire to gain the Queen of Scots? shall I,  
 So highly countenanced by your good grace,  
 Court one in bondage, fallen, and accus'd?

E L I Z A B E T H.

Is, then, a diadem so small a prize?

N O R F O L K.

Pardon me, Madam, if I have no wish  
 To wed a prisoner.—Gods, when I reflect  
 On all the comforts I enjoy at home,  
 How can I wish to seek a land of strife;  
 And purchase, at the price of wealth and ease,  
 A barren sceptre and a fruitless crown?

E L I Z A B E T H.

Then England boasts a peer who scorns the match?

N O R F O L K.

Such are the gifts of bounteous Providence,  
 Such my condition in my native land,  
 That when surrounded by the numerous throng  
 Of my retainers, at my plenteous board,  
 Or in the crouded field at country sports,  
 I, your liege subject, sometimes rate myself  
 As high as many princes.—

*Enter Davison.*

D A V I S O N.

Madam, I come  
 From the Earl of Leicester, who, by illness seiz'd,  
 D Despairs

18 MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

Despairs of life, yet frequently repeats  
Your royal name, and seems as if he wish'd  
T' impart some weighty matter.—

ELIZABETH.

Say I'll come. [*Exit Dav.*  
[*Aside.*] So Leicester has some secret to divulge  
Upon his death bed, tho' I trust to Heav'n  
He doth not yet upon his death bed lie!—  
[*Addressed to Norfolk.*] And on what pillow Nor-  
folk lays his head,  
Let him beware!— [*Exit Eliz.*

NORFOLK, *solus.*

What may this caution mean?  
Beware what pillow! Ha! why more is meant:  
I mark'd her cold, dry looks, her pregnant sneers;  
All is not well—surely she has not heard—  
She has, and I'm undone—all confidence,  
All faith is rotten—Leicester is my friend;  
But who knows what in sickness he'll confess?  
Somehow I am betray'd: 'Tis Cecil sure;  
The prying, penetrating Cecil; aye!  
He at a glance views all this busy world,  
And reads our very hearts. I'll to him straight.  
[*Exit Norfolk.*

SCENE II. *Enter Cecil, meeting Lord  
Herries in haste,*

CECIL.

Whither so fast, my Lord?

HERRIES.

No matter, Sir,  
If far from regions whence all faith is flown,  
All reverence to royal rights—

CECIL.



C E C I L.

How's this ?

H E R R I E S.

England's no more a civiliz'd estate :  
 The savage Afric tyrant may expose  
 His subject's liberty to public sale,  
 Seize, bind, and sell the human race like beasts,  
 Mow down their heads like thistles in the path ;  
 He is untutor'd ; yet not more than you,  
 Barbarian, reckless of all faith and law.

C E C I L.

What breach of law ? what wrongful judgement's  
 this ?

H E R R I E S.

None : for you cannot, dare not judge our Queen.  
 Why is she then detain'd ? Curse on this land  
 ' And all its savage race, your cursed shores,  
 ' Plac'd like a trap to intercept the course  
 ' And passage of the sea, had well nigh caught  
 ' My Mistress on her way : ' Henceforth what sail  
 Will not, thro' rocks and sands, avoid your coast ?  
 Soon as the mariner shall from afar  
 Descry your hated cliffs, tho' spent with toil,  
 Consum'd with sickness, and distress'd for food,  
 He'll turn his leaky vessel, and escape  
 The feat of treacherous Circe's cruel reign.  
 Yet, ere I go, mark this, the hour's at hand  
 When foreign vengeance shall dismay your isle,  
 Scare all its coasts, and make its center shake  
 At sight of such a buoyant armament,  
 As never press'd the bosom of the main.  
 Beware !

[Exit Herries.]

C E C I L, *solus.*

Aye ; and in spite of thee, proud Scot !

D 2

Let

Let Scotland, France, and Spain blow up the  
storm,

I'll weather it, if no sinister wind,  
No inland gulf, o'erfet me suddenly:  
Mary's secure; and Norfolk's shallow brains  
Are wrapt in dreams of vanity and love;  
His plots I find have yet no farther scope.

[Exit Cecil.

SCENE III. Elizabeth *entering her Chamber with the Lieutenant of the Tower.*

ELIZABETH.

Lieutenant, now you've had your orders, haste!

LIEUTENANT.

The Duke is still below—I'll guard him well.

[Exit Lieut.

ELIZABETH, *sola.*

So! this design is riper than I thought:  
Leicester informs me that the contract's sign'd.  
The tower is now the fittest residence  
For this intriguing Lord, who thinks to mix  
The stateman's and the lover's part unseen.

*Enter Cecil, throwing himself at Elizabeth's Feet.*

CECIL.

Most gracious Queen! thus at your royal feet  
I crave a boon. E'en as I enter'd now,  
The Duke was seiz'd; oh, yet suspend your wrath!

ELIZABETH.

Can Cecil plead for Norfolk? Rise! and say,  
What means this double aspect? this quick change?  
This aguish heat and cold? Your steady mind,  
Which



Which us'd to point the safest road, now veers,  
Turns, like the shifting vane, at every blast.

C E C I L.

When have these eyes e'er view'd your enemies  
But with an even, stedfast look of hate?

E L I Z A B E T H.

Why, Cecil! are not all the Catholics  
United in this cause? th'ambassadors  
Of France and Spain haunt me from morn to night  
With their petitions for this captive Queen.

C E C I L.

Yet Norfolk's neither Catholic nor foe;  
Vouchsafe to hear him!—

E L I Z A B E T H.

Since you are so prompt  
In his defence;—who waits? [*Enter Attendant.*]  
Call in the Duke. [*Exit Attendant.*]

C E C I L.

Had he designs against your government  
I ne'er had sued for him; but he, poor dupe!  
Intent on his vain-glorious enterprise,  
Aim'd at no farther harm: and to be plain,  
He is so popular, that 'tis not safe  
To keep his person long in custody—  
But here he comes.—

*Enter Norfolk, throwing himself at Elizabeth's Feet.*

N O R F O L K.

My Mistress! Oh, my Queen!  
Here let me, prostrate on this ground, assert  
My faith and loyalty!

E L I Z A -

ELIZABETH.

You may arise ;  
 'Tis done already : honest Cecil prov'd  
 Your plots were not design'd against ourselves.

NORFOLK.

Tho' justice is of right, yet he who feels  
 Not thankful for't, betrays a narrow mind,  
 Forgets the general pravity of man,  
 Nor prizes virtues for their rarity.

ELIZABETH.

Norfolk, attend ! this caution now remains ;  
 What falls from high should deep impression make ;  
 Beware how you take part in Mary's cause !  
 Remember this forgiveness, and engage,  
 That henceforth you'll give over these attempts.

NORFOLK.

'This act of justice claims my solemn vow.

ELIZABETH.

Cecil, attend us—

[Exit Eliz.

CECIL.

Norfolk, this escape  
 Should serve to warn you from this idle chace ;  
 Now seek some other fair—take her to wife ;  
 Fly not at game so high ; the falcon's safe  
 Who for the lesser quarry scuds the plain,  
 But if he's struck, tow'ring to chase the hern,  
 He falls to rise no more—— [Exit Cecil.

NORFOLK, *solus*.

So ! this wise man  
 Thus condescends to waste his thoughts on me !  
 Advice is easier given than pursued.—  
 It is no trifling task to quit at once  
 All that makes life engaging, all I love !—

What

What have I promis'd? Heavens, I dread to think!  
Yet it must be! for when did Norfolk e'er  
Infringe his word? Nay, to his Queen, his kind  
Indulgent Mistress—What! for mercy sue,  
And break the fair conditions of the grant?  
The very thought's a crime—Nature may change;  
All creatures may their elements forsake;  
The universe dissolve and burst its bonds;  
Time may engender contrarities,  
And bring forth miracles—but none like this,  
That I should break my word—I'll to my love,  
Lament our fate, and take my last farewell.

A C T

A C T III.

SCENE I. *Before Tutbury Castle.*

*Enter the Earl of Shrewsbury and Beton.*

B E T O N.

I AM charg'd with royal thanks to Shrewsbury  
For his humanity and gentleness.

S H R E W S B U R Y.

Alas, good Beton ! 'tis a grievous task  
Thus to confine a Queen—Humanity,  
Where 'tis so due, claims less acknowledgment.  
I am enjoyn'd to keep her close, because  
The neighbourhood abounds with Catholics.  
I was in search of Bagot, the High Sheriff,  
With orders on that point—

B E T O N.

I learn from him  
That the Earl of Huntingdon will soon arrive ;  
I fear his surly, proud, imperious mind  
Will bring no comfort to my Mistress here.

S H R E W S B U R Y.

You know he claims succession to the Crown  
Before the Queen of Scots ; this strange conceit  
May swell his native pride and violence  
With envious malice—but I'll temper it  
By all the indulgences and gentle means  
Our rigid orders suffer—Now farewell,

## SCENE II. Tutbury Castle, Mary's Chamber—Mary and Lady Douglas discovered.

M A R Y.

No, not another tear ! our fate's decreed ;  
 Our lot is cast ; here in this sad abode,  
 E'en here we may enjoy a dread repose—  
 Better by far than the tumultuous throbb  
 Of my poor aching heart, while yet it dreamt  
 Of liberty and visionary crowns,  
 Whene'er I slumber'd, mock'd my troubled fight.  
 Here then, at last, in these dark, silent dens,  
 We shall be proof against anxiety,  
 And feverous expectation's agonies.

L A D Y D O U G L A S.

My royal Mistress, still there is hope, though this  
 May seem the mansion of despair ; so cold,  
 So comfortless, and fit for scenes of woe ;  
 Such deep, low, winding vaults ; such towers aloft  
 Impending o'er their base, like broken cliffs  
 Whose shapeless, weather-beaten summits hang  
 In rude excrescence, threat'ning instant fall :  
 Perhaps, in each of them some wretch pent up,  
 Lives here, suspended between heaven and earth—

M A R Y.

I like these dismal cells ; this awful gloom's  
 Congenial to my soul—each yawning cave  
 Looks like the entrance to the shades of death,  
 And promises oblivion of this world.  
 Rude as this castle is, here held his state  
 Old John of Gaunt ; hither flock'd all the pride  
 Of chivalry ; around the lists sat all  
 The beauties of the Court ; each Knight in arms,  
 Intent to catch a glance from some bright eye,  
E
Exulting.

Exulting in her champion's victory :  
 Our eyes are now to other uses doom'd ;  
 To read and weep by turns—Alas, my dear !  
 Your pretty eyes are far too young and bright  
 To waste their lustre on these fights of woe.

## LADY DOUGLAS.

Lose not a thought on me ! while I behold  
 My royal Mistress' face, my heart's at rest :  
 Not all the gayities and bravery  
 Which once you say these walls were witnesses to,  
 Have charms for me ; 'tis all I ask, to sit  
 Long, wintry, sleepless nights, and cheer awhile  
 The heavy hours that hang around your head.—

## MARY.

Heavens ! how have I deserv'd such kindness ? No !  
 This must not be ; you must depart, my girl ;  
 Fly quickly, shun this seat of wretchedness ;  
 For else, who knows but you may be involv'd  
 In that sad fate which hourly threatens me ?  
 Oh ! 'tis a sorry sight to see thee sit  
 At meals with me, who never can ensure  
 One morsel at our scanty board, from fear  
 Of deadly poison : fly ere 'tis too late ;  
 The prelude of imprisonment is short ;  
 Soon, very soon, we must expect to hear  
 Th' assassins wary step, fix'd on his point,  
 Yet trembling still with horror and remorse,  
 And faltering in the deed——Ah ! who comes  
 here ?

*Enter Shrewsbury.*

## SHREWSBURY.

Madam ! it grieves me that my presence here  
 Shou'd give you such alarm ; I hoped, that if

In any point I varied from my trust,  
'Twas not in cruelty—

M A R Y.

Oh, no, my Lord!  
Far otherwise; 'twas somewhat else, indeed;  
Perhaps an idle fear; at least while you  
Continue in your charge—

S H R E W S B U R Y.

If I remain—

M A R Y.

Why there's no doubt, I hope?—

S H R E W S B U R Y.

None: but report  
Now adds the name of Huntingdon—

M A R Y.

Alas!

Why is that monster sent? Are there no racks  
Or torturing engines made to plague mankind?  
No! I defy all art to find a tool  
So fit for her ingenious cruelty;  
The sharpest instruments which tyrants use  
Can ne'er impart such pain, as the blunt edge  
Of that unpolish'd fool's impertinence.

S H R E W S B U R Y.

I shall not fail to enforce all due respect.

M A R Y.

'Tis vain to preach civility to brutes.  
These tidings quite oppress my sinking soul.  
Now I've no comfort left; my Douglas! now  
You and I shall no longer sit all day,  
Consoling one another's miseries,  
Telling old stories to beguile the time,



Of things that pass'd, when I was queen, and you  
The brightest jewel in my Court.

LADY DOUGLAS.

Indeed

We have a kind of melancholy joy  
Indulging in our grief.

SHREWSBURY.

For that, alas!

I bring fresh food——

MARY,

How so?

SHREWSBURY.

This hour I learn

A strange account of some conspiracy  
Detected at Whitehall; wherein your name  
Was join'd with Norfolk's, who, with other Lords,  
Stands now committed to the Tower.

MARY.

Ha, me!

Merciful Heav'n! What say'st thou, Shrewsbury?  
Is Norfolk in the Tower on my account?  
Recall those words! Oh, they shot thro' my brain  
Like light'ning! Say you do not believe them,  
man!

Speak, prythee! Oh, you hesitate! I'm lost!  
He's gone! I see the cruel lions  
Has seiz'd the noble hart; he bleeds beneath  
Her horrid fangs. [*Leaning on Lady Douglas.*]

LADY DOUGLAS.

Alas! her memory fails;  
Excuse this transient weakness, Sir, in one  
So cruelly oppress'd, and made the sport  
Of cross and wayward fortune.

SHREWS-



SHREWSBURY.

Why this haste ?

*Enter Nawe hastily.*

NAWE.

This moment brings a messenger, who tells  
 That Norfolk, Pembroke, Lumley, Arundel,  
 Each to his several dungeon was confined  
 For Norfolk's treason ; that, on farther proof,  
 The Duke was clear'd ; who now, restored to grace,  
 Lives in full splendour, fame, and liberty.

SHREWSBURY.

Look to the Queen ! She faints.

*[Here Mary having changed from horror to joy,  
 faints and falls into Lady Douglas's arms.]*

LADY DOUGLAS.

Help ! help !

SHREWSBURY.

Who waits ?

*Enter Mary's attendants.*

Convey her softly : Thus, alas ! she's dead

*[They carry her to a couch.]*

LADY DOUGLAS.

My Mistress ! Oh my Mistress ! Oh my Queen !  
 She breathes ! she breathes ! yet there is life, oh,  
 Heav'ns !

SHREWSBURY.

Patience awhile !

LADY DOUGLAS.

Be silent all I pray !

Her

Her troubled spirit must not be disturb'd ;  
 These shocks have stop'd the current of her blood ;  
 And nature seeks a momentary pause :  
 Excessive joy succeeding grief so quick  
 Now o'erwhelms her mind ; but balmy sleep,  
 With tears that make the drowning tide to ebb,  
 Will ease the load that weighs upon her heart.

S H R E W S B U R Y.

Give her repose awhile, and watch her well.

*[Exeunt, leaving Mary asleep surrounded by  
 Lady Douglas and her maids.]*

### SCENE III. Before Tutbury Castle.

*Enter Beton and Nawe.*

N A W E.

I trust the Queen will soon regain her strength.

B E T O N.

No doubt if this were all ; but still I fear  
 Farther vicissitudes—The crazy times  
 Are big with strange events ; each teeming hour  
 Is fruitful of new mischief—Who goes there ?

*Enter Norfolk in disguise.*

N O R F O L K.

One born to freedom, and not bound to tell—  
 Whether he comes or goes———

N A W E.

What wou'd you here ?

B E T O N.

Let's take him to the Governor———

N O R-

NORFOLK.

Villains,

Stand off———

BETON.

No Villains serve the Queen of Scots ;  
Learn that, base ruffian——

[*They draw their swords and seize Norfolk.*]

NORFOLK.

Hold, are you the Queen's ?  
Serve your Queen Mary ? then a word with you :  
Know you this signet ?

N A W E.

Ha ! the token sure !

BETON.

The very token ! 'tis the Duke !

NORFOLK.

My friends !

BETON.

No more ; this is a dangerous place ; retire  
Below the drawbridge, to that sally-port,  
Half choak'd with ruins ; there wait patiently,  
Till we can execute the Queen's commands.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Mary discovered on her Couch,  
surrounded by Lady Douglas and her Maids.*

M A R Y.

Am I awake ? Methinks the clouds disperse ;  
A watry gleam of light breaks thro' the mist ;  
“ The tepid sunbeams play, and 'gin to shed  
“ Their all-enlight'ning vivifying rays,”

“ To

To cheer the world, and dissipate its gloom ;  
 All nature seems restored—" My gentle maids,  
 " Have you been with me whilst I slept? No  
 doubt ;

" For I have dreamt I was in Heav'n ; and you  
 " Were surely the fair angels that I saw  
 " Surrounding me in bliss"—Douglas ! I think  
 The last word that I heard was liberty ;  
 Norfolk is set at liberty ?

LADY DOUGLAS.

No doubt ;  
 That was the purport of our joyful news.

MARY.

Then I'm alive again, my hopes and all ;  
 Once more I'll dream of comfort, and indulge  
 Each fond delusion ;—I shall see my love ;  
 He'll soon be here ;—Norfolk won't tarry long.

*Shrewsbury and Huntingdon entering.*

SHREWSBURY.

Gently, my Lord ! perhaps the Queen's at rest.

HUNTINGDON.

We must use all dispatch.

SHREWSBURY.

Awhile ! My Lord !——  
 Madam ! the Earl of Huntingdon, who is joined  
 In trust with me——

*[Presenting Lord Huntingdon to the Queen.]*

MARY.

*[Aside.]* Alas ! are these my dreams  
 Of joy and comfort ? My Lords, I still rely  
 On your humanity and gentleness.

HUN-

HUNTINGDON.

Our first instruction is to hold her safe.

[Turning to Shrewsbury.

SHREWSBURY.

Aye, but in that beware how we transgress  
The bounds of mercy ; mercy is the due  
Of all who breathe on England's foil ; it grows  
From the same root, and is entwined around  
The sceptre of our Queen ; we are to her  
Subjects and Servants.

MARY.

I am neither, Lords !  
I am, like her, a Queen ; nor will consent  
To take as mercy, what I claim as right,  
Justice and liberty.

HUNTINGDON.

This is no time  
For such high strains ; learn your condition here.

MARY.

Is this a language suited to your birth ?

HUNTINGDON.

High birth is ne'er disgrac'd by truth, I hope ;  
And for my tongue, 'twere better fail in that,  
Than use my hands to perpetrate such deeds  
As Queens have sometimes done.

SHREWSBURY.

Oh ! shame ; such words,  
If they were true——

HUNTINGDON.

Talk not of words ! I come  
To execute my orders—First, 'tis said,

F

This

This castle, till of late, was us'd to hold  
The county prisoners.

## LADY DOUGLAS.

How ! wou'd you place a Queen—  
A lady form'd in nature's fairest mould,  
Rear'd like the tenderest plant, shaped by each  
grace,  
Each exquisite last touch of polish'd art,  
Among a tribe of felons ?

## SHREWSBURY.

What ! immur'd  
With all the refuse of the human race,  
The outcasts of the earth ?

## HUNTINGDON.

My Lord ! I know  
My duty ; sure you have forgot the charge.  
Who are all these that make the prison shew  
More like a royal court ?

[*Pointing at Mary's attendants.*]

## MARY.

Mean, abject slave !

## HUNTINGDON.

I here dismiss one half of this same train :  
Begone ! [To the attendants.]

## MARY.

No, stop ! inhuman wretch, forbear !  
On me direct your vengeance—let not these  
Poor helpless maids be driven from their home,  
Tho' 'tis a poor disconsolate abode :  
For still they wait with pleasure on their Queen,  
Proud to participate in all her woes :

But

But these are sentiments thou can'st not feel.  
Go, ask your mistress, whether such a train  
Is all too proud to attend upon the Crowns  
Of France and Scotland? ask what retinue  
I shou'd have deem'd becoming her estate  
With me, at Paris, or at Holyrood?

## H U N T I N G D O N.

Those days are past—without more idle words,  
There's one condition, and but one, by which  
You may be nobly entertain'd, and have  
All freedom and respect—Give up your Crown;  
Confirm Earl Murray Regent; and reside  
In England with your Son——

## M A R Y.

No more! perform  
The part that suits thee, jailor!—Thou lack'st wit  
To tempt me to resign my native Crown;  
To sacrifice at once myself, and son;  
And, make the world believe I own her charge.  
No! I prefer her dungeons—Death itself.

## H U N T I N G D O N.

Then be it so! Attendants follow me;  
Leave her to ruminate in solitude.

*[Exit Shrewsbury and Huntingdon, with the attendants following reluctantly.]*

M A R Y. *Sola.*

Give up my Crown; my son; support my foe,  
My mortal, base, unnatural enemy.  
'Tis a plain challenge to a Queen—Resign  
All sense of honour, claims of birth, all thoughts  
Of eminence in early youth imbib'd,  
And grown habitual, to those whom chance  
Has in derision deck'd with mortal crowns;  
Or else prepare, and summon fortitude



' To brave the threats of power, the taunts, the  
   ' scorn,  
 ' The worst indignities that envy breeds ;  
 ' That bitterest produce of the meanest plant  
 ' That grows in mortal breasts — Perhaps still  
   ' more ;'

Perhaps her iron hand may rend these limbs ;  
 This cruel wretch, this Huntingdon, is sent  
 To view my torments with unalter'd eyes ;  
 ' To sit, preside, direct the torturer's knife,  
 Glutting his greedy soul with scenes of blood,  
 While dying shrieks are music to his ears.  
 ' 'Tis hard for female spirits to bear up,  
 ' And stand the fiery trial—Ah ! who's that ?'  
 Spare me !

*Enter Norfolk in disguise.*

NORFOLK.

Oh, fear me not, my life ! 'tis I ;  
 'Tis Norfolk at your feet.

MARY.

Oh, Heavens ! once more  
 Save my poor intellects ! Oh, Norfolk, oh !  
 My guardian angel ! How shall I relate  
 All that befel me since ? Yet rather say,  
 How have you 'scap'd the jaws of that fell tygres ?  
 How got you hither ?

NORFOLK.

By the gift you gave ;  
 Your token known, they straight conducted me,  
 By secret ways, thro' these old walls, and thus  
 These eyes at once are dazzled with a sight  
 Dangerous to look on———

MARY.

M A R Y.

Danger is no more  
When my brave Norfolk's come; we'll talk of  
love,  
Of future bliss, and paint gay scenes of joy,  
Counting our happy days before their time.

N O R F O L K.

Alas! that's all, I fear, we e'er can hope.

M A R Y.

Let not your noble spirit, Norfolk, fail!

N O R F O L K.

Spirit will fail when reason cannot hope.

M A R Y.

Norfolk cannot despond in Mary's cause.

N O R F O L K.

Oh, think no more of such a worthless wretch;  
A base, mean villain, traitor to my Queen.

M A R Y.

Is love for me such treason in her sight?

N O R F O L K.

My treason is not 'gainst my lawful Queen,  
But against her, to whom I'm bound by ties  
Dearer than dull cold duty——

M A R Y.

Mean you me?

Doubtless you made confession of your love;  
Was that a treason against me? 'twas great,  
Worthy yourself; magnanimous to scorn  
Her utmost rage, and brave her dire revenge.

N O R -

NORFOLK, [*Aside.*]

How shall I wound her gen'rous, noble heart ?  
 ' Her, whose pure mind, whose unsuspicious  
   ' thoughts  
 ' Dress up my sins in virtuous robes ; thereby  
 ' But making them more hideous in my fight ;  
 ' And me more hateful to myself.'—Oh, fool !  
 That cou'd be brought to purchase this vile life,  
 By quitting all that's dear to me on earth !

MARY.

What do I hear ? Oh, say not so, my love !  
 You are not capable of such a thought.

NORFOLK.

Alas, I've pledg'd my word ; I've sworn to it.

MARY.

Extorted vows are void, mere idle breath.

NORFOLK.

Mine have not been so hitherto—an oath,  
 A sacred oath——

MARY.

Had I no oath from you ?

NORFOLK, [*Aside.*]

Ah ! there's the dreadful maze, the double road,  
 Where each path leads to ruin and disgrace.

MARY.

Oh, Norfolk, do not leave me ! do not forsake  
 Your poor, forlorn, and faithful prisoner ;  
 Already lost to all the world but thee ;  
 My only comfort, refuge under Heav'n.  
 Oh, 'twou'd belie the tenor of your life :  
 What wou'd I not for thee ? Let all the Kings,  
The

The rival Princes that have woo'd in vain,  
 Here in my prison recommence their suit,  
 Wou'd I not spurn them all for thee? Yet fly;  
 I'm lost; but you are born to better fates.

NORFOLK, [*Aside.*]

Be firm, my soul! Oh, torture!

MARY.

Cruel man!

To cast me off because I'm here confin'd:  
 What sent me hither but my love for thee?  
 When last I saw you, then you were a man,  
 Replete with courage, gentleness, and love.  
 What have I done to change your nature thus?  
 If I'm in fault, strike at this wretched heart;  
 Let it not break! Or leave me to my fate,  
 To chains and dungeons, insults and hard words;  
 Let savage Huntington dismiss my train——

NORFOLK.

The horror of my crimes comes thick upon me.  
 Cou'd I then leave thee thus, a prey to grief?  
 The sport of ruffian tongues? Why did not Heav'n  
 Blast with its lightning, and benumb these limbs,  
 So slow in striving to break ope the gates  
 Of this accursed cell? Oh, foul disgrace!  
 Where shall I 'scape the pointing hand of shame?  
 Here let me sue for pardon—All I ask,  
 Is to devote my life to rescue thee;  
 To stem the torrent, and oppose the flood,  
 Defy the deluge of o'erwhelming fate,  
 And snatch thee from the waves of misery.

MARY.

Are you then still my Norfolk? Do I dream?

NOR-

## NORFOLK.

No, while there's life in this poor frame, and  
while——

## MARY.

Enough, my Norfolk ! I am the debtor now :  
Your noble resolution doth restore  
The genial current of my frozen blood ;  
The blood of many hundred Kings doth rise  
To chace despondency, and swell my soul  
With thoughts of nobler deeds, and times to come.  
Mary shall once more triumph in her turn.

## NORFOLK.

Then farewell, beautiful and injur'd faint !  
Good angels hover round this dark abode,  
And guard you till the cries of honour's voice  
Shake these old battlements, and rend this roof ;  
Burst wide these bars, and once more charm the  
world  
With radiant light of matchless beauty's beams.  
Adieu, my love !

## MARY.

Remember me—Farewel !

## A C T IV.

## SCENE I. WHITEHALL.

*Enter Elizabeth and Cecil.*

ELIZABETH.

CECIL! what more? the Duke, you say, is secur'd.

CECIL.

Aye! beyond 'scape, my liege!—He's on his way;  
Perhaps has reach'd the Tower.

ELIZABETH.

Sir, he may thank  
Your intercession for that liberty  
Which prov'd his bane.

CECIL.

Reproaches from my Queen,  
So just, fall like the chastisement of Heav'n  
On those it favours.

ELIZABETH.

Heav'n favours none  
But those who see their errors, and repent.

CECIL.

If I repent me not the part I took,  
May I be sharer in his punishment.

G

ELIZA-

ELIZABETH.

We know your faith ; 'twas error, we're convinc'd ;  
 Let affiduity atone for it ;  
 Probe this infernal plot.

CECIL.

'Tis done ! Behold  
 This train of correspondence, 'twixt the Duke,  
 The Pope, the Queen of Scots.

ELIZABETH.

The treason is clear :  
 Cecil, my foes are numerous and strong.

CECIL.

Were they in number as the summer leaves,  
 Their autumn doth approach ; they soon shall fall,  
 Blasted, and driven by the wind.

ELIZABETH.

This day  
 One falls at least ; this faithless Lord no more  
 Shall dupe me with his promises ; let him  
 Await his doom—' yet stay ! his birth and name—

' CECIL.

' Are but fresh motives for example sake.

' ELIZABETH.

' Then be it so

' CECIL.

' And her Ambassador,  
 ' Who wou'd have forc'd the Tower, and seized  
 yourself ?

' ELIZABETH.

' That must be nicely weigh'd ; for sovereignty,  
 ' Aye,



' Aye, but the shadow of it, claims regard :  
 ' Tis not for us to extinguish hastily  
 ' That emanation from the royal light ;  
 ' Altho' the source from whence it springs may  
     seem  
 ' Somewhat obscur'd and clouded

‘ C E C I L.

But if threats

' Produce confession, we may learn to guard  
 ' 'Gainst farther harm.'

E L I Z A B E T H.

Proceed. [Exit Cecil.

He needs no spur ;

Nay, he anticipates my inmost thoughts.

Th' ambitious Duke's dispos'd of ; such half-  
     pac'd,

Soft, scrupulous fools, make poor conspirators.

Mary yet lives : but for the Ambassadors,

I shou'd have sent her cross the Tweed ere now,

To Murray's care : I wou'd it had been done,

When first she threw herself into my hands ;

It seem'd a consummation of success,

A period to my cares : but now this prize,

This precious prize, so unexpectedly

Entangled in my toils, proves a fierce snake

Which I can neither safely hold, or loose ;

While yet I have her in my grasp, she slips,

Twining her folds around my limbs—Alas !

I live in fear of my own prisoner,

And tremble on my Throne. [Exit Eliz.

SCENE II. *Enter Davison to Cecil.*

D A V I S O N.

The fatal order's sent ; e'en now the Duke

Prepares for death.

G 2

C E C I L.

C E C I L.

Oh, Davison ! these times  
Demand dispatch ; patience must have its bounds,  
Or change its nature, and degenerate  
To dangerous weakness.

D A V I S O N.

Yet the piteous fall  
Of this beloved, generous Duke, will rend  
The hearts of all his countrymen : the streets  
Are throng'd with weeping multitudes ; and groans  
Betray more deep-felt sorrow than the tongue  
Dares, in these days, to utter.

C E C I L.

Such esteem,  
And general sympathy, denote his sway  
And empire o'er the affections of the land ;  
And shou'd have served to other ends than strife,  
For the romantic honour and renown  
Of liberating helpless captive Queens. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III. *The Tower.*

*Norfolk and the Lieutenant discovered.*

N O R F O L K.

No, good Lieutenant ; I am at a point,  
The very point, and summit of my path,  
Up life's steep rough ascent ; and now must leap  
The dreadful precipice.

L I E U T E N A N T.

Yet still, my Lord,  
There's room for mercy ; and if fame speaks true,  
Good

Good cause for it. 'Tis said your Grace did save  
Her Majesty's own person from assault.

NORFOLK.

As I'm a Christian man, and doom'd to die,  
'Tis true ; and never have I aught devis'd  
Against her sacred self : but 'tis in vain  
To sue for mercy ; nor is it my wish  
To ask that mercy which I've once abus'd.  
Cou'd I but, during this sad interval,  
Cou'd I but send one——

[*Enter a servant delivering a paper to the Lieutenant.*]

Ha ! what's that I see ?

LIEUTENANT, [*Reading.*]

Alas !——

NORFOLK.

Enough ! I read it in your looks :  
My hour is come——

LIEUTENANT.

My Lord, the guards attend.

*Enter Sheriff and Guards.*

NORFOLK.

I am content, thank Heav'n, to meet my fate ;  
Not from indifference to life, or claim  
To innocence ; far otherwise in both :  
But knowing mercy's infinite extent,  
I cast the world behind me—One farewell !  
And then——

SHERIFF.

My Lord, in truth, we may not wait.

NOR-

## NORFOLK.

I go—and, good Lieutenant, tell the Queen  
 That he who lately stood in highest rank,  
 (Now sunk below the meanest citizen)  
 Tho' he's pronounc'd a traitor by his Peers,  
 Whom yet he blames not, still appeals to Heav'n  
 In his last moments, that there lives not one  
 More true to his religion, country, Queen,  
 Than dying Thomas Howard—Then implore  
 Her kind compassion to my orphan babes.  
 Say that my dying words were, "Peace be with her!"  
 And as I am the first to fall by the axe,  
 So may I be the last, in her blest reign!  
 May she do justice, and protect th' oppress'd!  
 So may her fame reach all posterity!  
 And by her hand, do thou, oh, gracious Heav'n!  
 Build up the walls of England!

## SHERIFF.

Alas! My Lord!

Delay is at our peril, we beseech—

## NORFOLK.

A little moment! I had something yet —  
 But let it pass! here! here! it rests; while yet  
 Life's current flows, while yet my nerves perform  
 Their functions—Mary! I must think on thee!  
 Bless thee with my last breath: may Heav'n afford  
 That succour which this mortal arm in vain  
 Attempted! may'st thou never feel such pangs  
 As he who dies for thee! and now, e'en now,  
 Flies with impatience from this hell to seek  
 A refuge in the cold embrace of death. —  
 Lead on! — Oh, Mary! Mary! Mary!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

## SCENE IV. WHITEHALL.

*Enter Elizabeth and Cecil.*

ELIZABETH.

Cecil ! our last commands have been perform'd ?

CECIL.

Madam, they have.—

ELIZABETH.

And how behav'd the Duke ?

CECIL.

With manly, decent constancy ; and seem'd  
 Most penitent in that he broke his word ;  
 But still disclaiming fully all designs  
 Against your crown and person ; at the last,  
 His parting soul seem'd bent on his own fate  
 Less than on Mary's——

ELIZABETH. [*Aside.*]

How ! how's this ! intent  
 On her at last ? must her attractions reach  
 E'en to the very brink of death ? alas !  
 That each progressive circumstance of woe,  
 Tends but to prove the power of her charms.

CECIL.

‘ Her minister, the Bishop, hath confess'd  
 ‘ His share of guilt, and open'd all the plot  
 ‘ ’Twixt him and Alva — Philip and the Pope.

ELIZABETH.

‘ Then bid him instantly depart my realm,  
 ‘ If he beholds to-morrow's setting sun  
 ‘ On English ground, his privilege is gone,  
 ‘ He dies a traitor's death — and from his Queen,  
 ‘ No

48 MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

‘ No more ambaffadors I’ll entertain ;  
‘ Or risk my life to grace my prifoner.

CECIL.

‘ The French King’s minifter, of late, is grown  
‘ Importunate for fresh indulgences ;  
‘ That ſhe may be allowed to take the air,  
‘ With fit attire and decent retinue :  
‘ All this is ask’d of grace ; not as a part  
‘ Of Anjou’s marriage treaty.

ELIZABETH.

‘ If that ſerve  
‘ T’ amuſe and hood-wink France, ſhe’ll think no  
‘ more  
‘ On Mary.’—Davifon ! what brings thee thus ?

*Enter Davifon.*

DAVISON.

Diſpatches from your Miniſter in France.

ELIZABETH.

Of weighty matter ?

DAVISON.

Heavier far, and worſe  
Than mortal ears can bear ; Heav’n guard us all  
From ſuch diſaſters as no tongue can tell !  
A viſitation which the world, till now,  
Ne’er ſaw or heard of.————

ELIZABETH.

Speak ! no more delay.

DAVISON.

Then hear the fate of all our friends in France,  
Swept from the face of th’ earth, exterminate,  
In one black night, at one infernal blow

*Dealt*



Dealt by the hand of Rome ; there scarcely lives  
A protestant to tell the massacre.

ELIZABETH *and* CECIL.

The massacre !

DAVISON.

I said the word : the tale  
Runs thus :—That signals from the Louvre top  
Proclaim'd the time of slaughter ; Paris first,  
And 'tis suppos'd, within an hour, that all  
The cities of that kingdom stream'd with blood.  
Nor age, nor sex was spar'd ; old men, nay babes,  
Fast in their helpless mothers' arms, were pierc'd  
With the same weapon ; sick men in their beds,  
Brave warriors in their sleep, were butcher'd : one,  
One only check'd their course—The first who fell,  
Brave Coligni, whose very name appals  
The bigot's heart—At sight of his grey locks,  
So known where'er the thickest battle rag'd,  
They stood aghast, till one more harden'd wretch,  
With eyes averted, stabb'd him to the heart.

ELIZABETH.

Oh ! let me shed one tear for that great man !

DAVISON.

' Marshals of France, and Bishops led the band,  
' Invoking Heav'n, yet calling out for blood ;  
' And, oh ! eternal infamy, the King  
' Look'd on, encourag'd, nay imbru'd his hands,  
' His sacred hands, in his own subjects' blood :  
' Pointing his carabine at those who fled  
' Apart, like stricken deer—while he, in sport,  
' At his balcony revell'd, 'midst a throng  
' Of ladies, praising his dexterity,  
' Taught, like himself, by his more cruel mother,  
' From early youth, to jest at homicide.

H

ELIZA-



ELIZABETH.

' No more, the tale's too dreadful, I'll retire.'  
 May Heav'n preserve my people from this curse !  
 War, famine, pestilence, are trifles all  
 Compar'd to this corruption of the mind,  
 This degradation of humanity.  
 I'll to my closet ; let none dare approach ;  
 No cares of state presume to interrupt  
 My holy solitude.—— [Exit Elizabeth.

DAVISON.

The Queen's retir'd  
 Most opportunely, for I've that to tell,  
 Which to no ear but thine——

CECIL.

What, Davison !  
 Hast thou, that can the least attention claim,  
 After thy dreadful tale ?

DAVISON.

That which demands  
 All your dispatch, prudence, activity,  
 The Queen's in danger, and each hour lost  
 Appears an age, ruffians there are——

CECIL.

How's this ?  
 Her life in danger ? say by whom ; and how ?

DAVISON.

' These ruffians came from Rheims, a seminary-  
 ' Intoxicated with th' omnipotence  
 ' Of papal power, and Rome's accurs'd decrees,  
 ' Thinking that if they perish'd in th' attempt,  
 ' They gain'd a glorious crown of martyrdom.  
 ' This motley crew, compos'd of soldiers, priests  
 ' Of various orders, mad enthusiasts,  
 ' So confident in their iniquity,  
 ' Cast lots for weapons ; then in full career

' Of

‘ Of riot, ’midst their cups, for frolick sake,  
 ‘ Were painted in one portrait, each with th’ arms  
 ‘ That fell to him by lot’.—These villains all  
 Are seiz’d.

CECIL.

‘ Can you no further trace the plot?  
 ‘ Are you so slack a friend? till now I thought  
 ‘ That if you gain’d the clue your zeal would soon  
 ‘ Tread back the windings of the labyrinth,  
 ‘ And from her dark recess drag forth to light  
 ‘ This forcerefs.

DAVISON.

‘ Mistrust not yet that zeal;  
 ‘ Behold this fruit of it.’—These lines I’ve gain’d  
     [*Delivering Letters.*  
 From Gifford, a corrupt, abandon’d priest,  
 Who sold his fellow traitors—these are said  
 To be the writing of Queen Mary’s hand;  
 And whether true——

CECIL.

Enough! they strongly bear  
 The semblance—now ’tis done—thanks, Davison!  
 I’ll to the Queen, nor heed her prohibition.

[*Cecil knocks at the closet door, Elizabeth enters from thence.*]

ELIZABETH.

Who dares with sacrilegious steps approach  
 And intervene betwixt his sovereign’s pray’rs,  
 And Heav’n’s impending vengeance on our race?

CECIL.

’Twas not without just cause——

ELIZABETH.

No cause, I trust,  
 Warrants plain disobedience of my word,  
 My strict commands—Sir!——

CECIL.

Madam, these events  
 Brook no delay.——

ELIZABETH.

Events ! why what events ?  
Canst thou add flames to *Ætna's* raging fire ?  
Imagination can no sequel find  
Worthy the tale he told.

CECIL.

This hour Davison  
Fears for your royal self.

ELIZABETH.

Speak, Davison !

DAVISON.

—— I trust  
All will be well, for the conspirators  
Are almost all secur'd.

ELIZABETH.

Conspirators !

DAVISON.

Aye, most inveterate, 'implacable !  
' Hell never sent such fiends to curse mankind,  
' Taught by religious zeal to emulate,  
' Nay to contest the prize of parricide.

ELIZABETH.

' You say they are secur'd ?

CECIL.

' Know you their names ?

DAVISON.

' Their chief is Babington ; a youth whose zeal  
' For Mary springs from a distemper'd brain,  
' Inflam'd by love.'—And more 'tis fully prov'd  
That Mary's in the league.

CECIL

CECIL.

—— An associate

In this conspiracy.

ELIZABETH.

Remove her straight  
From gentle Shrewsbury's care to Fotheringay.  
Let her no more be treated as a Queen.

[Exit Davison.]

Cecil, am I not just? why to what length  
Will she abuse my patience?

CECIL.

How many crimes  
Which now disgrace the annals of the world  
Owe their existence to false clemency,  
And weak procrastination? She must die;  
Or, you, a willing sacrifice, must yield  
Your life to save her.

ELIZABETH.

Mean you, that thro' fear,  
I shou'd assume her part, and basely turn  
Assassin?

CECIL.

Heaven forbid! are we then sunk  
Below the level of the pagan world?  
For they have justice; Justice is the right  
Of all beneath the sun; and shall not you,  
The source and fountain of it, be allow'd  
What you dispense to all? Are royal lives  
Worth less than those of subjects? or is she,  
This mighty captive, paramount to laws,  
Divine and human?

ELIZABETH.

Whither tends this theme?

CECIL.

CECIL.

To justice ; to the fair impartial course  
Of justice——

ELIZABETH.

Cecil ! you forget yourself,  
And her whom you address : Is this your zeal,  
Your reverence for royalty ? What law  
Can render her amenable to me ?

CECIL.

Nature has laws ; instinct, alike to all,  
Promulgates them—‘ Assassination needs  
‘ No human statutes to declare its guilt ;  
‘ They are but feeble, artificial props,  
‘ The patch work of society, which serve  
‘ Only to swell the catalogue of crimes,  
‘ By inefficient sanguinary means.’  
Thank Heav’n no mortal is exempt from law  
Who shall attempt the life of England’s Queen.

ELIZABETH.

Aye, in this island ; but the general voice  
Of Europe wou’d cry shame !—Presumptuous  
man !

No more—Let not your forwardness o’erstep  
The bounds of our forbearance, nor abuse  
Your sovereign’s ear with base suggestions ; cease !

*Enter Davison*

What fresh disaster now ? hate, fear, and death,  
Revolt, and treason, mark thy ominous steps.

DAVISON.

No prince was ever more belov’d and fear’d ;  
Your people in one bond associated  
Join to defend your life, and, with one voice,  
Call

Call for immediate justice on her head,  
Whose life is incompatible with yours—

ELIZABETH.

For that alternative, if that were all,  
Freely I'd pardon all her injuries :  
But for my people's sake, it cannot be :  
Heav'n has entrusted them, and their true faith,  
To my defence.

DAVISON.

Our lives, religion, all !  
Grant, oh ! grant justice !

ELIZABETH.

Have I not sworn to it,  
When I succeeded to th' imperial Crown ?  
You have our leave, our Royal warrant, Davison.  
[Exit Davison.  
[Aside.] Heav'ns, what have I pronounc'd ! I dare  
not think !  
Then I must act, and leave slow timorous thought ;  
This is no time for scruples and remorse.  
Cecil, 'tis done ! since nothing but her blood  
Can satisfy your thirsty souls——

CECIL.

My liege,  
Your grateful people will applaud the deed ;  
Bless the defender of their faith.

ELIZABETH.

'Tis false ;  
The universal world will curse the deed ;  
All future ages execrate the name  
Of her who brought anointed royalty  
To such disgrace : yet there is time—who waits ?

*Enter*

*Enter Servant.*

Fly quickly ; call back Davison—Alas !

[*Exit Servant.*

Alas, poor Queen ! Cruel, perfidious man !  
Your baneful counsel prompted me to this.

*Enter Davison.*

Oh, are you come ? — Davison ! I recal  
The horrid sentence——

CECIL.

Such are now the thanks,  
And ever were, of those who weakly strive  
To save a Prince determin'd on his fall.  
Madam ! since, inattentive to my prayers,  
You thus devote yourself—let me retire  
Unacceffary to your fate.

ELIZABETH.

Cecil !

I must not lose your service.

CECIL.

Why should I  
Stay to endure that vengeance, which will fall  
On all your Ministers, when Mary's plots  
Rob England of her Queen ?

DAVISON.

Till that's atchiev'd,  
She'll never rest ; her object is your Crown.  
Has she renounced her claim ? No ; to this hour  
She sometimes boasts her title to your Throne,  
As confidently as she us'd in France,  
When she, with her first husband's fleurs de lys,  
Quarter'd the arms of England.

ELIZA-



ELIZABETH.

That, indeed——

That was an early pledge ; with her first milk  
She drank the seeds of hate ; still, as she grew,  
Th' inveterate poison spread ; and now she pours,  
Full in my bosom, all the venomous store.

CECIL.

Oh, 'tis not mercy, it is cruelty  
To spare her, when the safety of your realm  
Hangs on her fate ; what if her voice shou'd pierce  
The prison walls, and thro' the nation sound  
A signal for a second massacre ?

ELIZABETH.

Ah, there is the word ! that word recalls my mind,  
Chills all my blood, and drives its current back.  
Heav'n doth exact a sacrifice to those  
Who fell for our true faith : 'tis Heav'n's decree—  
It is resolv'd—She dies—Fly, Davison !  
Outstrip the winds, and with the winged speed  
Of lightning, let the thunder-bolt of Heav'n  
Strike her devoted head !—Away ! Away !

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

A C T V.

SCENE I. FOTHERINGAY CASTLE.

*Enter Lady Douglas and Beton.*

LADY DOUGLAS.

**B**ETON, alas! you prophecy too well;  
Each moment brings some melancholy proof  
Of your forboding spirit.—

BETON.

Cou'd I doubt  
The consequence of such facility?  
You know how oft and earnestly I urg'd  
The danger of submission; but to plead,  
A Queen, in her own person, thus to plead!—

LADY DOUGLAS.

Had she not pleaded, this pre-judging Court,  
As by confession, had pronounc'd her doom.  
And yet, cou'd she suspect that such a list  
Of all the great nobility, such names,  
The warriors, heroes, patriots of the land,  
Cou'd so disgracefully be led to join  
In concert to her ruin?—

BETON.

Oh! too oft  
Servile compliances are brought about  
By joining numbers and great names, where none;  
No single, worthy individual

Would

Would show his face, or lend his honest fame.  
Know you what urg'd her to appear in court?

LADY DOUGLAS.

'Twas to defend her honour that she came,  
In all the majesty of innocence;  
Descending from a throne, she offer'd up  
Her dignity, a willing sacrifice,  
To her fair fame; impell'd by conscious pride,  
That inward pride which purity of mind  
Inspires, and prompts to dure corruption's art,  
To face, upon unequal terms, the wiles  
Of perjur'd treachery.—Oh! 'twas a sight  
New to the world; so strange, that mortal eyes  
Their credit lost; none who beheld, believed;  
But, Beton, such a mockery as this  
Can ne'er be realiz'd?—

BETON.

Oh, surely not;  
'Tis but an artifice to justify  
Past cruelties; and, what I fear the most,  
Perhaps still closer custody—

LADY DOUGLAS.

Alas!  
They dare not sure proceed to take her life?

BETON.

Oh, no! 'twou'd rouse all Europe; shake all  
thrones;  
Loosen the deepest-rooted monarchies:—  
They dare not think of it—you see they're gone  
For farther counsel to the Star Chamber.

LADY DOUGLAS.

'Tis time t'attend the Queen, Heav'n guard her  
still!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Mary's Chamber, Fotheringay Castle.**Enter Lady Douglas to the Queen.*

MARY.

Douglas! come hither Douglas! sit by me;  
 Thou art the constant solace of my woes.  
 I am almost worn out with grief and care;  
 And, as you sometimes hint, I plainly find  
 My health is much impair'd—I had not strength  
 Or spirits to do justice to my cause  
 Before this Court.—

LADY DOUGLAS.

Oh, my royal Mistress!  
 How cou'd you condescend to plead to them?

MARY.

Alas! too confident in innocence,  
 I undervalued human treachery;  
 Suffer'd my ears to catch the specious sound  
 Of Hatton's soft persuasive eloquence;  
 Who, faire and false as Belial, from his tongue  
 Shed manna, which beguil'd my silly heart,  
 ' Brought me to compromise my dignity,  
 ' By condescensions, which the petulance  
 ' Of rancorous Burleigh's bitter enmity,  
 ' Had ne'er effected.'—Oh, accursed fraud!

LADY DOUGLAS.

Fraud! aye, and open force; did they not seize  
 Your papers, burst your cabinet, and rob,  
 Aye, basely pilfer all your little hoard,  
 The remnant of your treasure, which you sav'd  
 To pay your poor domestics, and for acts  
 Of charity?—

MARY.

MARY.

But that, you know, of late  
Has been prohibited; because 'twas found  
One still remaining source of happiness.

LADY DOUGLAS.

Infernal, unexampled infamy!  
Yes, my dear Mistress, 'twas a cruelty  
More felt by you than by the poor themselves  
Who lost your daily charity.—

MARY.

Douglas!

Forfaken as I am, I cou'd not think  
That my own Secretary wou'd have turn'd  
Against his Mistress; and, in that, where he,  
Above all others, knew me innocent:  
I never much esteem'd the man; but yet  
I did not think the viper wou'd have bit  
The hand that fed it.—' He first came to me  
' From my poor uncle, the late Cardinal,  
' My uncle was the prop of all my counsels;  
' Alas! he's gone; and Charles, my brother, now  
' No longer reigns in France—he too is lost!  
' His end was wretched and unnatural.'—  
And for my son, my only child, he reigns  
In Scotland, patient of a mother's wrongs;  
' I am forbid to hear from him.'—Alas!  
Had he the heart or spirit of a man—

*Enter Beton.*

BETON.

Pardon the messenger of dismal news!

LADY DOUGLAS. [*Aside.*]

Oh, me, what now?—

BETON.

BETON.

And, oh, prepare to hear  
The heaviest tidings—

MARY.

I've been long prepar'd.

BETON.

Your own misfortunes you have ever born  
With fortitude, but other's sufferings—

MARY.

What others? speak! alas, I guess—

BETON.

Too well  
I fear—

MARY.

The Duke?—

BETON.

His troubles are no more;  
• He rests in peace, beyond the tyrant's sway,  
• Where mortal envy cannot reach: alas!  
Poor man! he fell a victim to his love;  
His dying breath still bless'd you.—

MARY.

Oh, just Heavens!  
• Since it has pleas'd you thus to visit him  
• For my offences—let my prayers ascend  
• In his behalf—yet stay; he's risen now,  
• Whence he looks down with pity and contempt  
• On worldly cares; views with serenity  
• Her despicable malice.—Oh, mean wretch!  
Why dar'd you not let fall your vengeance here?  
He dies at last in my defence!—to save  
This poor forlorn existence—Fie upon't!

Why



Why lingers yet my breath? — Out, out, for  
shame!

Seek the wide air, and catch my Norfolk's soul.

SCENE III. *The Hall.*

*Enter Beton, meeting Sir Amias Paulet.*

BETON. [*Afide.*]

Paulet arrived! — What is your pleasure here?

SIR A. PAULET.

I am about to seek your Mistress, Sir. —

BETON.

The Queen is ill at ease, and needs repose.

SIR A. PAULET.

Sir, I have business to communicate —

BETON.

Concerning her? —

SIR A. PAULET.

Aye, very nearly too. —

BETON.

From Westminster? —

SIR A. PAULET.

From the Star Chamber, Sir;  
No less than that her Secretaries both  
Have now confess'd the plot, and sworn to it.

BETON.

Oh, perjur'd, venal slaves! They never dar'd  
Confront her with these murderous lies — the sight  
Of injur'd innocence had choak'd their speech.

SIR



SIR A. PAULET.

Say rather their repentance has produc'd  
Full proof to justify the course of law.

BETON.

Who, but a judge determin'd to convict,  
Wou'd credit those whose faith is forfeited  
By plain, avow'd desertion of their trust?  
'Twere a judicial murder—the worst crime  
This sinful world has known: first, as the Judge  
Is, for his purity and wisdom, plac'd  
In high authority, and charg'd to guard  
Fair innocence; then, as the sufferer  
By such injustice, feels disgrace and shame  
Added to all the bitterness of death.

SIR A. PAULET.

Is she, who claims protection, above law?

BETON.

Call you imprisonment protection? Oh!  
Mere subterfuges, worthy of your Queen;  
This last exploit of bribing evidence  
Was an achievement suiting her great power,  
Her riches, her wise Ministers—Oh, shame!

SIR A. PAULET.

Is this the language, Sir, of Mary Stuart,  
Late Queen of Scotland? she shall answer for it;  
I must proceed to her.—

BETON.

Mean, servile wretch!  
Paulet! if you're a man, some future day  
You'll not refuse atonement for these words.

SCENE

SCENE IV. *The Queen's Chamber.*

*Queen Mary, Lady Douglas, Two Maids, and  
Sir Amias Paulet.*

M A R Y.

Are these your orders, Sir, before my face  
To take my canopy?—

S I R A. P A U L E T.

No doubt they are.

M A R Y.

And you're instructed thus t' insult a Queen?

S I R A. P A U L E T.

I am instructed to consider you  
As one attempting to destroy a Queen.

M A R Y.

'Tis false, by all that's sacred! Heav'n well knows  
I wou'd not touch the meanest life on earth,  
Much less the Queen's, for all that she enjoys,  
All her great empire—No; on my royal word.—

S I R A. P A U L E T.

Henceforth, no more let convicts idly dream  
Of forfeit titles—Farewell, Mary Stuart!

M A R Y.

Thinks she that such indignities degrade  
My native titles? tell her she doth fix  
Eternal shame, contempt, and ridicule  
On her own name, by these low practices;  
And say, tho' she may rob me of my life,  
Mary will die the lawful Queen of Scots.

[Exit Sir A. Paulet.

K

L A D Y

## L A D Y D O U G L A S.

Oh, my dear Mistrefs! heed not fuch bafe men,  
They are beneath your care.—

## M A R Y.

They harafs me;  
My fpirits are worn out; I'll lay me down;  
[*Mary reclines on her Sopha.*  
Methinks foft mufic wou'd compofe my nerves:  
' I once had mufic at command,'—but, oh!  
The lute's unstringed that fmooth'd the brow of  
care;  
Cold is the tongue that charm'd with living fire.

## ' L A D Y D O U G L A S.

' Allow your faithful maid to try her voice.  
[*Here Queen Mary's Lamentations fhould be  
fong by Lady Douglas or one of the Maids.*

## ' M A R Y.

' Thefe plaintive ftrains bring quiet to mind,  
' Balm to my troubled foul; they footh my  
' woes,  
' Recall old times, and tell me what I was.  
' Douglas! while yet I was in infancy,  
' The cruel father of this cruel Queen  
' Ask'd me in marriage, from my native land,  
' For his own fon; and failing in his fuit,  
' Wag'd war with Scotland: afterwards, your  
' know,  
' It was my fate to mount the throne of France,  
' As confort of young Francis; on whose death,  
' (Oh, ever lamentable, fatal lofs!)  
' I ftay'd in France till, by the jealousy  
' And cruel arts of Catherine, I was driven  
' To feek my own hereditary crown.'—

Doef

Doest thou remember how reluctantly  
I left the gay and sprightly Court of France?

LADY DOUGLAS.

Aye, as 'twere yesterday—I see you still,  
Fix'd like a statue at the vessel's stern,  
With eyes intent upon the Gallic shore,  
Watching each lessening object, till the coast,  
The wide-extended coast, and distant spires  
Of Calais, glittering in the evening skies,  
Alone remain'd in view; darkness came on,  
And tears incessant; till the morning calm  
Gave one faint glimpse of the departing scene:  
Oh, then you beat your breast and wav'd your  
hand,  
While intermingled tears and sobs, half choak'd  
Your ill-articulated, last adieu.

MARY.

Oh, what a change for a young Queen of France!  
From all the pleasures of that splendid Court,  
To the morose, sour aspect, the dull cant,  
And furious zeal, of Scotland's puritans!

LADY DOUGLAS.

What barbarous, fanatic insolence!

MARY.

Oh, I was destin'd in my native land  
To heavier ills; to Darnley's cruelty;  
Murray's ambition; Morton's treachery;  
My subjects' mean desertion of their Queen;  
Their base revolt; and baser calumnies.

LADY DOUGLAS.

The time shall come when the impartial world  
Shall nobly vindicate your injur'd fame.

MARY.

Long since, dear Douglas, I've resign'd this world,  
With all its vanities, and fix'd my heart  
On Heav'n alone—Ah, me! who's this?—

*Enter Davison.*

LADY DOUGLAS.

Who art thou?

DAVISON.

One whose approach forbodes a blacker storm  
Than e'er struck terror in the human breast.

MARY.

Know you this man?—

LADY DOUGLAS.

No; but I fear he brings  
Fresh insults and new rigours.—

MARY.

Whence come you

DAVISON.

From the Queen's self; who most reluctantly,  
Nor without many bitter sighs and tears—

LADY DOUGLAS.

Tears of a crocodile.—

DAVISON.

I say, with tears  
The Queen dispatch'd me, to announce the fate,  
The fate contain'd within this warrant.—

*[Delivering a Warrant.]*

MARY.

Ha! *[reading the Warrant.]*

*Enter Beton. — A Drum is heard beating a slow March.*

B E T O N.

Oh, mercy! Heavens! alas, my Queen! I fear  
Some dreadful fate; the Earls of Shrewsbury  
And Huntingdon, attended by the guards,  
Are at the castle gate.—

L A D Y   D O U G L A S.

Ah, here they come!  
Th' array of death! Ah! is it come to this?

*Enter Shrewsbury and Huntingdon, with Guards,  
Executioner, &c.*

S H R E W S B U R Y.

The painful office which I now perform—

M A R Y.

I know your business.—

S H R E W S B U R Y.

Ah! know you, alas!  
With what dispatch we're order'd to proceed?

L A D Y   D O U G L A S.

Oh, murder! murder! cruel murderers, stay!

M A R Y.

Patience, my child! I did not think, I own,  
My sister Queen wou'd have proceeded thus;  
But if my body cannot sustain one blow,  
My soul deserves not those eternal joys  
In Heav'n my holy faith has promis'd me.

H U N T I N G D O N.

'Tis your accursed faith that seals your doom;  
While

While you're on earth, there is no surety  
For our true faith—

M A R Y.

What do I hear? good Heav'n!  
Say you that I'm to suffer for my faith?  
Oh, happy and glad tidings! glorious news!  
' Repeat that word, thou messenger of joy!  
' Angels descending from their blest abodes,  
' Cou'd not have hail'd me with more welcome  
    ' sounds.—  
' Then it hath pleas'd the gracious Heav'ns at last  
' To hear my prayers, and recompense my woes.'  
Now, in one blessed moment, all my pain,  
All my long sufferings are exchanged for bliss.  
These ears have heard me thus proclaim'd a saint;  
And Mary's, aye, poor Mary's weeping eyes  
Have liv'd to see her crown of martyrdom.—  
I'll make short preparation; and mean while,  
Let all my servants be in readiness;  
And bid my confessor to follow me.

L A D Y D O U G L A S.

We will obey—

[*Exit Lady Douglas, with the Maids.*]

H U N T I N G D O N.

This may not be allow'd;  
We came not here to see our holy faith  
Mock'd by the tricks and superstitious forms  
Of Papal ceremony—Your confessor  
Must not approach—

M A R Y.

Sir, I was born to reign;  
I am your Mistress' kinswoman; like her,  
Descended from King Henry—Dowager

Of



Of France, and Scotland's lawful Queen; as such,  
I pray you, treat me ——

[*Exit Mary to her Oratory.*]

B E T O N.

Inhuman tyranny,  
That wou'd extend its barbarous cruelties  
Beyond the grave!—

S H R E W S B U R Y.

We may not violate  
Our strict commands—

B E T O N.

Heav'n will remember them :  
You are, then, order'd to refuse a Queen,  
In the last moments of her life, those rites,  
That consolation, which is always given  
To the most harden'd, graceless criminals,  
That e'er insulted justice, or brought shame  
On human nature?—

H U N T I N G D O N.

Nay, urge not that; for, lo!  
A pious prelate now attends without  
To offer his assistance—I'll propose—

[*Huntingdon offers to go towards the Oratory.*]

B E T O N.

If you're not lost to all humanity,  
Disturb not her last meditations thus.

[*Stopping Huntingdon.*]

*Enter Lady Douglas with four Maids, a Physician,  
and an Almoner—Beton places himself with them.*

H U N T I N G D O N.

Why are you all assembled here?—

L A D Y

LADY DOUGLAS.

You see

The sad remains of her poor family.

HUNTINGDON.

You are, at best, but useless, idle shew;  
Perhaps employ'd for superstitious use;  
Retire!—

LADY DOUGLAS.

You cannot mean to hinder us  
From this last, wretched office?—

HUNTINGDON.

Nay, begone!

BETON.

Infernal savage!—

LADY DOUGLAS.

Yet have mercy, Lords!  
Oh! you are far more gentle, Shrewsbury!  
Drive not her few, poor, faithful maids from her;  
Let them receive her blessing, and behold  
Their dying Mistress' looks, and close her eyes.  
In pity, nay, in decency, comply;  
Is't fit the person of a royal Queen  
Shou'd lie a mangled and unheeded corse,  
Without her maids to shroud those precious limbs,  
Which kneeling Princesses were proud to adorn?

SHREWSBURY.

'Tis not in nature to resist the claim.

*Enter Mary from her Oratory, dressed gorgeously,  
with a Cross and Beads.*

MARY.

This world to me is as a thing that's past;

A bur-

A burden shaken off—The retrospect  
Exhibits nothing but a wearisome  
And tedious pilgrimage—What is to come  
Opens a scene of glory to my eyes :  
Therefore with joy I hasten to begin  
This course of triumph —— Oh ! my faithful  
friends !

Ye all—all of you, my poor followers,  
Have sacrific'd your days to share my woes.  
Now let me ask forgiveness for the past;  
Pardon my many negligences!—

LADY DOUGLAS.

Oh!

Thus, on our knees, we crave your blessing all.

MARY.

Yes, I will bless you with my latest breath;  
'Tis all I have to give; except, perchance,  
Some trifles, which I here bequeath among you.  
[*Delivering her Will.*]

Beton, accept this ring—take that—And thou !  
*[Giving a Ring to Beton, and her Physician,  
 and her Almoner.*

These tokens may remind you of my love.—  
Come hither, all my maids! [*The Maids rise and approach.*] Farewel, sweet friends.  
[*Mary kisses each of them.*]

We soon shall meet.—Come, Douglas! let me  
bind

Thine arm with this my bracelet ; that so oft  
As you behold it, you may think on me.  
[*Clasping her in her Arms.*]

Now let me hold thee thus—Nay, do not weep  
That I'm translated from this scene of care

L

‘ To

- ‘ To endless joy—Once more farewell!—lead on!  
 [Mary makes a Sign for the Procession to go on,  
 and is proceeding, when Melvin, an old  
 Man with grey Locks, throws himself at her  
 Feet, in Tears.

‘ M E L V I N.

- ‘ Oh, mercy! mercy, Heaven! alas, my Queen!  
 ‘ That I shou’d live to such an age for this,  
 ‘ To see this sight, and carry back this tale ”

M A R Y.

- ‘ Melvin! my faithful servant, Melvin, heré!  
 ‘ In my last moments—They have kept thee long  
 ‘ Out of thy Mistress’ sight—thou comest in time  
 ‘ For her poor blessing—Good old man, return;  
 ‘ Commend me to my son—tell him I’ve done  
 ‘ No prejudice to Scotland’s crown—tell him  
 ‘ My latest words were those of Scotland’s Queen.”

[Melvin tries to speak, and is unable.

Poor soul, thy griefs have choak’d thy speech!

Adieu!

Bear witness all, tell it throughout the world,  
 But chiefly to my family in France,  
 That I die firmly in their holy faith!  
 And you, ye Ministers from England’s Queen!  
 Tell her, she hath my pardon; and relate,  
 That, with my dying breath, I do beseech  
 Her kindness to my servants; and request  
 Safe conduct for them into France; that done,  
 I’ve naught to ask, but that my poor remains  
 May be bestow’d in Lorraine, or in France,  
 Where I may hope for pious obsequies;  
 For here the tombs of my progenitors  
 Are all profan’d—Remember my requests!—  
 Now lead me on in triumph, till I gain  
 Immortal joys, and an immortal reign.

F I N I S.

# E P I L O G U E.

Written by the AUTHOR,

And spoken by Mrs. SIDDONS.

WERE you not told, before the play began,  
Our Author ventur'd on a daring plan?  
A tale of woe, a deep historic Play  
Giv'n in an age so debonnair and gay.  
Was this a place to set up a defence,  
And talk of injur'd Mary's innocence?—  
Of late discoveries, drawn from dates and words,  
Old rotten parchments, musty, dull records?  
No—all is now for tinsel, show!—this age  
Turns a deaf ear—but keenly views the stage  
The Tragic Muse, nay, all the sisters nine,  
Are now eclips'd—Aladin's lamp doth shine!  
Exulting o'er their tomb—now *boxers spar*!  
And beaux, in raptures, envy every scar!  
Learning and wit were once esteem'd, and then  
The stage produced Ben Johnson—*now*, Big Ben!  
Shakespeare make room for Humphries!—that's the way  
To bring the men of fashion to the play!

But to our Bard—How shall we judge his case?  
Who scorns the unities of time and place.  
Critics, what say ye?—Must he sue for peace  
To wits of modern France or ancient Greece?  
The great Voltaire has told us, that a play  
Should be within one house, and in one day—  
But in one evening, how can it be right,  
To represent the morning, noon, and night?  
To hail Aurora, swear the sun-beam glows,  
While these vile lamps still flare beneath my nose.

And

And as to place—deception's all in vain—  
We've known all night, that this is Drury Lane.  
Thus English Johnson's sterling wit and sense  
Treats this French rule, as a poor, weak pretence  
To cloak their narrow genius—an expedient  
To make their fable, like themselves, obedient.

When action, uniform in every part,  
Guides the clear tale directly to the heart,  
In vain dramatic pedants may combine  
The free-born Muse, by weakning, to refine,  
Whene'er she mounts, their damp, cold veil to fling,  
Or clip the master feather of her wing.  
No; let the Tragic Muse range far and wide,  
Bind not in chains the passions' faithful guide;  
Let the full heart expand, and seek relief  
From the sweet luxury of virtuous grief.  
May no stern critic or false shame control  
This noble weakness of each generous soul:  
For with the tender heart alone you'll find,  
The highest spirit and the firmest mind.