the kindneſs which we have mentioned in her life. Ha­ving ſettled theſe attentions, ſhe entered her bedchamber with her women; and, according to her uniform prac­tice, employed herſelf in religious duties, and in read­ing in the Lives of the Saints@@. At her accuſtomed time ſhe went to ſleep; and after enjoying ſome hours of sound reſt, ſhe awaked. She then indulged in pious meditation, and partook of the ſacrament by the means of a conſecrated hoſt, which a melancholy preſentiment of her calamities had induced her to obtain from Pius V.

At the break of day ſhe arrayed herſelf in rich, but becoming apparel; and calling together her ſervants, ſhe ordered her will to be read, and apologiſed for the fmallneſs of her legacies from her inability to be more generous. Following the arrangement ſhe had previouſly made, ſhe then dealt out to them her goods, ward­robe, and jewels. To Bourgoin her phyſician ſhe com­mitted the care of her will, with a charge that he would deliver it to her principal executor the duke of Guiſe. She alſo entruſted him with tokens of her affection for the king of France, the queen-mother, and her relations of the houſe of Lorraine. Bidding now an adieu to all worldly concerns, ſhe retired to her oratory, where ſhe was ſeen ſometimes kneeling at the altar, and ſometimes ſtanding motionleſs with her hands joined, and her eyes directed to the heavens. In theſe tender and agitated moments, ſhe was dwelling upon the memory of her ſufferings and her virtues, repoſing her weakneſſes in the boſom of her God, and lifting and ſolacing her ſpirit in the contemplation of his perfections and his mercy. While ſhe was thus engaged, Thomas An­drews, the high ſheriſſ of the county, announced to her, that the hour for her execution was arrived. She came forth dreſſed in a gown of black ſilk; her petti­coat was bordered with crimſon-velvet; a veil of lawn bowed out with wire, and edged with bone-lace, was faſtened to her caul, and hung down to the ground: an Agnus Dei was ſuſpended from her neck by a poman­der chain; her beads were fixed to her girdle; and ſhe bore in her hand a crucifix of ivory. Amidſt the ſcreams and lamentations of her women ſhe deſcended the ſtairs; and in the porch ſhe was received by the earls of Kent and Shrewſhury with their attendants.— Here, too, ſhe met Sir Andrew Melvil the maſter of her houſehold, whom her keepers had debarred from her preſence during many days. Throwing himſelf at her feet, and weeping aloud, he deplored his ſad deſtiny, and the ſorrowful tidings he was to carry into Scotland.

After ſhe had ſpoken to Melvil, ſhe beſought the two earls that her ſervants might be treated with civili­ty, that they might enjoy the preſents ſhe had bellow­ed upon them, and that they might receive a ſafe con­duct to depart out of the dominions of Elizabeth. Theſe flight favours were readily granted to her. She then begged that they might be permitted to attend her to the ſcaffold, in order that they might be witneſſes of her behaviour at her death. To this requeſt the earl of Kent diſcovered a ſtrong reluctance. He ſaid that they would behave with an intemperate paſſion; and that they would practice ſuperſtitious formalities, and dip their handkerchiefs in her blood. She replied, that ſhe was ſure that none of their actions would be blameable; and that it was but decent that ſome of her women ſhould be about her.@@ The earl ſtill heſitating, ſhe was affected with the inſolent arid ſtupid indignity of his malice, and exclaimed, “I am couſin to your miſtreſs, and deſcended from Henry VII. I am a dowager of France, and the anointed queen of Scotland.” The earl of Shrewſhury interpoſing, it was agreed that ſhe ſhould ſelect two of her women who might aſſiſt her in her laſt moments, and a few of her men-ſervants, who might behold her demeanour, and report it.

She entered the hall where ſhe was to ſuffer, and ad­vanced with an air of grace and majeſty to the ſcaf­fold, which was built at its fartheſt extremity. The ſpectators were numerous. Her magnanimous carriage, her beauty, of which the luſtre was yet dazzling, and her matchleſs misfortunes, affected them. They gave way to contending emotions of awe, admiration, and pity. She aſcended the ſcaffold with a firm ſtep and a ſerene aſpect, and turned her eye to the block, the axe, and the executioners. The ſpectators were diſſolved in tears. A chair was placed for her, in which ſhe ſeated herſelf. Silence was commanded; and Beale read aloud the warrant for her death. She heard it attentively, yet with a manner from which it might be gathered that her thoughts were employed upon a ſubject more important. Dr Fletcher dean of Peterborough taking his ſtation oppoſite to her without the rails of the ſcaf­fold, began a diſcourſe upon her life, paſt, preſent, and to come. He affected to enumerate her treſpaſſes againſt Elizabeth, and to deſcribe the love and tenderness which that princeſs had flown to her. He counſelled her to repent of her crimes; and while he inveighed againſt her attachment to Popery, he threatened her with ever- laſting fire if ſhe ſhould delay to renounce its errors. His behaviour was indecent and coarſe in the greateſt degree; and while he meant to inſult her, he inſulted ſtill more the religion which he profeſſcd, and the ſovereign whom he flattered. Twice ſhe interrupted hint with great gentleneſs. But he pertinaciouſly continued his exhortations. Raising her voice, ſhe commanded him with a reſolute tone to with-hold his indignities and menaces, and not to trouble her any more about her faith. “I was born (ſaid ſhe) in the Roman Catholic religion; I have experienced its comforts during my life, in the trying ſeaſons of ſickneſs, calamity, and ſorrow; and I am reſolved to die in it.” The two earls, aſhamed of the ſavage obſtinacy of his deportment, admoniſhed him to deſiſt from his ſpeeches, and to con­tent himſelf with praying for her converſion. He en­tered upon a long prayer; and Mary falling upon her knees, and diſregarding him altogether, employed her­ſelf in devotions from the office of the Virgin.

After having performed all her devotions, her wo­men aſſiſted her to diſrobe; and the executioners offer­ing their aid, ſhe repreſſed their forwardneſs by obſerving, that ſhe was not accuſtomed to be attended by ſuch ſervants, nor to be undrcſled before ſo large an aſſembly. Her upper garments being laid aſide, ſhe drew upon her arms a pair of ſilk gloves. Her women and men ſervants burſt out into loud lamentations. She put her finger to her mouth to admoniſh them to be ſilent, and then bade them a final adieu with a ſmile that ſeemed to conſole, but that plunged them into deeper wo. She kneeled reſolutely before the block,

@@@ [mu] Stuart.

@@@ [mu] Stuart.