The aſſociated nobles, pleaſed at the approach of the queen, put themſelves in motion. In the city of Edin­burgh they had gathered an addition to their force; and it happened that the Scottiſh officer who commanded the companies, which, in this period, the king of Denmark was permitted to enliſt in Scotland, had been gained to aſſiſt them. He had juſt completed his levies; and he turned them againſt the queen. The nobles, after advancing to Muſſelburgh, refreſhed their troops. In­telligence was brought that the queen was upon her march. The two armies were nearly equal in numbers; but the preference, in point of valour and diſcipline, be­longed deciſively to the ſoldiers of the nobles. The queen poſted herſelf on the top of Carberry hill. The lords, taking a circuit to humour the ground, ſeemed to be retreating to Dalkeith; but wheeling about, they approached to give her battle. They were ran­ged in two diviſions. The one was commanded by the earl of Morton and the lord Hume. The other was directed by the earls of Athol, Marre, and Glencairn, with the lords Lindſay, Ruthven, Sempil, and San­quhar. Bothwel was the leader of the royal forces; and there ſerved under him the lords Seton, Yeſter, and Borthwick.

It was not without apprehenſions that Mary ſurveyed the formidable appearance of her enemies. Du Croc, the French ambaſſador, haſtened to interpoſe his good offices, and to attempt an accommodation. He aſſured the nobles of the peaceful inclinations of the queen; and that the generoſity of her nature diſpoſed her not only to forgive their preſent inſurrection, but to forget all their former tranſgreffions. The earl of Morton informed him, that they had not armed them­ſelves againſt the queen, but againſt the murderer of the late king; and that if ſhe would ſurrender him up to them, or command him to leave her, they would conſent to return to their duty. The earl of Glencairn deſired him to obſerve, that the extremity to which they had proceeded might have inſtructed him that they meant not to aſk pardon for any offences they had com­mitted, but that they were reſolved to take cognizance of injuries which had provoked their diſpleaſure. This aſpiring language confounded Du Croc, who had been accuſtomed to the worſhipful ſubmiſſions that are paid to a deſpot. He conceived that all negociation was fruitleſs, and withdrew from the field in the expecta­tion that the ſword would immediately give its law and determine every difference.

Mary was full of perturbation and diſtreſs. The ſtate into which ſhe had been brought by Bothwel did not fail to engage her ſerious reflection. It was with infinite regret that ſhe conſidered the conſequences of her ſituation at Dunbar. Nor had his behaviour ſince her marriage contributed to allay her inquietudes. The violence of his paſſions, his ſuſpicions, and his guilt, had induced him to ſurround her with his creatures, and to treat her with inſult and indignity. She had been almoſt conſtantly in tears. His demeanor, which was generally rude and indecent, was often ſavage and bru­tal. At different times his provocations were ſo inſulting, that ſhe had even attempted to arm her hand againſt her life, and was deſirous to relieve her wretchedneſs by ſpilling her blood. Upon his account, ſhe was now encompaſſed with dangers. Her crown was in hazard. Under unhappy agitations, ſhe rode through the ranks of her army, and found her ſoldiers diſpirited. What­ever reſpect they might entertain for her, they had none for her huſband. His own retainers and dependents only were willing to fight for him. He endeavoured to awaken the royal army to valour, by throwing down the gauntlet of defiance againſt any of his adverſaries who ſhould dare to encounter him. His challenge was inſtantly accepted by Kirkaldy of Grange, and by Murray of Tullibardin. He objected that they were not peers. The lord Lindſay diſcovered the greateſt im­patience to engage him, and his offer was admitted; but the queen interpoſing her prerogative, prohibited the combat. All the pride and hopes of Bothwel funk within him. His ſoldiers in ſmall parties were ſecretly abandoning their ſtandards. It was equally perilous to the queen to fight or to fly. The moſt pru­dent expedient for her was to capitulate. She deſired to confer with Kirkaldy of Grange, who remonſtrated to her againſt the guilt and wickedneſs of Bothwel, and counſelled her to abandon him. She expreſſed her willingneſs to diſmiſs him upon the condition that the lords would acknowledge their allegiance and continue in it. Kirkaldy paſſed to the nobles, and received their authority to aſſure her that they would honour, ſerve, and obey her as their princeſs and ſovereign. He communicated this intelligence to her. She adviſed Bothwel to provide for his ſafety by flight; and Kirk­aldy admoniſhed him not to neglect this opportunity of effecting his eſcape. Overwhelmed with ſhame, diſappointment, terror, remorſe, and deſpair, this miſerable victim of ambition and guilt turned his eyes to her for the laſt time. To Kirkaldy of Grange ſhe ſtretched out her hand: he kiſſed it and taking the bridle of her horſe, conducted her towards the nobles. They were approaching her with becoming reverence. She ſaid to them, “I am come, my lords, to expreſs my reſpect, and to conclude our agreement; I am ready to be inſtructed by the wiſdom of your counſels; and I am confident that you will treat me as your ſove­reign.” The earl of Morton, in the name of the con­federacy, ratified their promiſes, and addreſſed her in theſe words: “Madam, you are here among us in your proper place; and we will pay to you as much honour, ſervice, and obedience, as ever in any former period was offered by the nobility to the princes your predeceſſors.”

This gleam of ſunſhine was ſoon overcaſt. She remained not many hours in the camp, till the common ſoldiers, inſtigated by her enemies, preſumed to inſult her with the moſt unſeemly reproaches. They ex­claimed indignantly againſt her as the murderer of her huſband. They reviled her as a lewd adultereſs in the moſt open manner, and in a language the moſt coarſe and the moſt opprobrious. The nobility forgot their promiſes, and ſeemed to have neither honour nor hu­manity. She had changed one miſerable ſcene for a diſtreſs that was deeper and more hopeleſs. They ſurrounded her with guards, and conducted her to her ca­pital. She was carried along its ſtreets, and ſhown to her people in captivity and ſadneſs. She cried out to them to commiſerate and protect her. They withheld their pity, and afforded her no protection. Even new inſults were offered to her. The loweſt of the popu­lace, whom the declamations of the clergy had driven into rage and madneſs, vied with the ſoldiery in the li-