they meant to inform her, that ſhe had ſunk from the dignity of a princeſs to the abject ſtate of a criminal. She ſmiled, and ſaid, “In deſpite of your ſovereign and her ſubſervient judges, I will live and die a queen. My royal character is indelible; and I will ſurrender it with my ſpirit to the Almighty God, from whom I received it, and to whom my honour and my innocence are fully known.” In this melancholy ſituation Mary addreffed a magnanimous letter to Elizabeth, in which, without making the leaſt ſolicitation for her life, ſhe only requeſted that her body might be carried to France; that ſhe might be publicly executed; that her ſervants might be permitted to depart out of England unmoleſted, and enjoy the legacies which ſhe bequeathed them. But to this letter no anſwer was given.

In the mean time James, who had neither addreſs nor courage to attempt any thing in behalf of his mo­ther, announced her ſituation to his bigotted ſubjects, and ordered prayers to be ſaid for her in all the church­es. The form of the petition he preſcribed was framed with delicacy and caution, that the clergy might have no objection to it. He enjoined them to pray, “that it might pleaſe God to enlighten Mary with the light of his truth, and to protect her from the danger which was hanging over her.” His own chaplains, and Mr David Lindſay miniſter of Leith, obſerved his command. But all the other clergy refuſed to proſtitute their pul­pits by preferring any petitions to the Almighty for a Papiſt. James, ſhocked with their ſpirit of intolerance and ſedition, appointed a new day for prayers to be ſaid for Mary, and iſſued a ſtricter injunction to the clergy to obey him; and that he might be free himſelf from any inſult, he commanded the archbiſhop of St Andrew’s to preach before him. The eccleſiaſtics, diſguſted with his injunction, perſuaded Mr John Cowper, a proba­tioner in divinity, to occupy the pulpit deſigned for the archbiſhop. When the king entered the church, he teſtified his ſurpriſe, but told Cowper, that if he would obey his injunction, he might proceed to officiate. Cowper replied, “that he would do as the ſpirit of God would direct him.” The king commanded him to retire, and the captain of his guard advanced to com­pel him to obedience. The enraged probationer ex­claimed, that this violence “would witneſs againſt the king in the great day of the Lord;” and denounced a curſe againſt the ſpectators for not exerting themſelves in his defence. The archbiſhop now aſcending the pul­pit, performed with propriety the function to which he had been called, and took the opportunity to recom­mend moderation and charity to the audience. In the afternoon Cowper was cited before the privy-council; and was accompanied there by Mr Walter Balcanqual and Mr William Watſon, two miniſters remarkable for their zeal. As a puniſhment for his audacious petu­lance, he was committed to the caſtle of Blackneſs; and his attendants having diſtinguiſhed themſelves by an impudent vindication of him, were prohibited from preaching during the pleaſure of the king.

Elizabeth, in the meanwhile, felt the torment and diſquiet of unhappy and miſerable paſſions. At times ſhe courted the ſadneſs of ſolitude, and refuſed to be conſoled or to ſpeak. In other ſeaſons her ſighs were frequent, and ſhe broke out into loud and wild excla­mations expreſſive of the ſtate of her mind. Her ſub­jects waited the determination of her will under a dis­tracting agitation and uncertainty. Her miniſters, who knew that it is the nature of fear to exclude pity, were induſtrious in inventing terrifying intelligence, and in circulating it through the kingdom. There were ru­mours that the Spaniſh fleet had arrived at Milford-haven; that a formidable army of Scottiſh combatants was advancing to the capital: that the duke of Guiſe had diſembarked many troops of veteran ſoldiers in Suſſex; that Mary had eſcaped out of priſon, and was col­lecting the Engliſh Catholics ; that the northern coun­ties had thrown aſide their allegiance; and that there was a new plot to kill Elizabeth, and to reduce London to aſhes. An actual conſpiracy was even maliciouſly charged upon L’Aubeſpine the French reſident; and he was forced to withdraw from England in diſgrace. From the panic terrors which the miniſters of Elizabeth were ſo ſtudious to excite, they ſcrupled not loudly and invariably to infer, that the peace and tran­quillity of the kingdom could alone be re-eſtabliſhed by the ſpeedy execution of the Scottiſh queen.

While the nation was thus artfully prepared for the deſtruction of Mary, Elizabeth ordered ſecretary Davidſon to bring to her the warrant for her death. Ha­ving peruſed it with deliberation, ſhe obſerved that it was extended in proper terms, and gave it the authori­ty of her ſubſcription. She was in a humour ſomewhat gay, and demanded of him if he was not ſorry for what ſhe had done. He replied, that it was afflicting to him to think of the ſtate of public affairs; but that he greatly preferred her life to that of the Scottiſh prin­ceſs. She enjoined him to be ſecret, and deſired, that before he ſhould deliver the warrant to the chancellor, he ſhould carry it to Walſingham. “I fear much (ſaid ſhe, in a merry tone), that the grief of it will kill him.”

This levity was momentary; and fears and anxieties ſucceeded it. Though ſhe earneſtly deſired the death of Mary, ſhe was yet terrified to encounter its infamy. She was ſolicitous to accompliſh this baſe tranſaction by ſome method which would conceal her conſent to it. After intimating to Mr Davidſon an anxious wiſh that its blame ſhould be removed from her, ſhe counſelled him to join with Walſingham in addreſſing a letter to Sir Amias Paulet and Sir Drue Drury, recommending it to them to manifeſt their love to her by ſhedding pri­vately the blood of her adverſary. The unlawfulneſs of this deed affected Davidſon, and he objected to it. She repeated reſolutely her injunctions, and he departed to execute them. A letter under his name and that of Walſingham was diſpatched to Mary’s keepers, com­municating to them her purpoſe. Corrupted by her paſſions, and loſt to the ſenſibilities of virtue, Elizabeth had now reached the laſt extremity of human wickedneſs. Though a ſovereign princeſs, and entruſted with the cares of a great nation, ſhe bluſhed not to give it in charge to her miniſters to enjoin a murder; and this murder was connected with every circumſtance that could make it moſt frightful and horrid. The victim for whoſe blood ſhe thirſted was a woman, a queen, a relation, who was ſplendid with beauty, eminent in abi­lities, magnanimous under misfortunes, and ſmiling with innocence. SirAmias Paulet and Sir Drue Drury, tho’ the ſlaves of religious prejudices, felt an elevation of mind which reflected the greateſt diſgrace upon the ſovereign. They conſidered themſelves as groſsly in-