

DEATH OF THE REGENT MORAY.*

A. D. 1510-1.

THE assassination of the celebrated Earl of Moray, Regent of Scotland after the deposition of Queen Mary, on the public street of Linlithgow, is one of the most daring acts recorded in Scottish history. There can be little doubt that

* Anderson's Historical and Genealogical Memoirs of the House of Hamilton; Historie of King James the Sext, printed for the Ban-ratyne Club; Wood's edition of Douglas' Peerage of Scotland; Sir James Balfour's Annals; Chalmers' Life of Queen Mary; Life of the Regent Moray; Stewart's History of Scotland; Sir Walter Scott's Border Minstrelsy; Dalryell's Introductory Remarks to Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century; Chambers' Picture of Scotland; Statistical Account of Scotland; Robertson's History of Scotland; Birrel's Diary.

Moray was very unpopular shortly before the period of his death, though his personal friends and supporters were numerous and powerful. His vigorous administration irritated some; his ingratitude to his sister the Queen, to whose ill-requited generosity he owed his advancement and prosperity, made him hated by many, while his suspected ambitious attempts to secure the crown excited the wrath of his enemies. Various combinations were in consequence formed, the object of which was to kill the Regent, and one of the most singular of these attempts was that of Sir William Stewart, Lord Lyon King-at-Arms, who was accused of conspiring to take the Regent's life by sorcery and necromancy. He was removed from the Castle of Edinburgh to that of Dumbarton on this charge, and was soon afterwards put to death, not for attempting the life of the Regent, a pardon having been granted for that project, but for practising the said imaginary crimes of sorcery and necromancy.

Queen Mary was in 1570 in secure confinement at Coventry, and Moray, who had corresponded with Elizabeth on the subject, was extremely anxious to get her into his power. The English Queen was becoming tired of retaining Mary a prisoner, as her presence in England was a constant source of uneasiness, it being confidently and seriously believed that the unfortunate Queen of Scotland could not exist without an intrigue. It was the interest of Moray, as well as that of England, to prohibit Mary from assuming the government, and Elizabeth at length resolved to comply with Moray's earnest applications to get his sister under his own charge. A treaty based on certain conditions was concluded. The Regent was to receive Mary on the Borders of Scotland, whither she was to be conducted under the protection of English soldiers, and she was to be there consigned to the custody of her brother. There was nothing stipulated as to her reception or usage, and his

authority was to be exercised as he pleased. In return Moray promised to put Elizabeth in possession of the young King James VI. and the chief fortresses of the kingdom, and to furnish her with forces if she was engaged in a French war. This extraordinary treaty, so ruinous to the independence of Scotland, and so fatal to Mary, was strenuously opposed by Leslie, Bishop of Ross, and the ambassadors of France and Spain, but their resistance was useless, and the performance of it seemed inevitable. Whatever were Moray's secret motives it is unnecessary to conjecture, but his career was fast hastening to a close, and the hand of an assassin was to put a period to his dream of royalty.

The Regent had committed the Duke of Chatelherault, Lord Herries, and others to prison, considering himself insecure while those zealous adherents of the Queen were at liberty. The former was the chief of the House of Hamilton, and his imprisonment roused the fury of the whole name. Knowing well that they were the sole rivals of his greatness, he determined to crush the Hamiltons at every hazard, to undermine their influence, and to effect their destruction. The part which they had sustained at the battle of Langside was not forgotten, and the enmity which the Regent and Chatelherault entertained towards each other was undisguised. The Hamiltons were exasperated at the recollection of the injuries they had sustained, and were daily receiving. Their devastated fields, ruined parks, and ravaged orchards, stared them in the face, and deep curses were uttered against the author of their misfortunes. Yet the Regent's power was so great, and he was apparently so secure, that he might have defied their resentments, if the despair and vengeance of one man had not effected his destruction.

James Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh Bridge, a property about a mile above Bothwell, was the person who committed

this deed, though it was from motives entirely of a personal nature, and unconnected with the hatred cherished by the Hamiltons and their adherents against the Regent. This gentleman was a near relative of Archbishop Hamilton of St Andrews, and a cadet of the Ducal House of Chatelherault. He had been prosecuted in 1558, with a number of other gentlemen, for "abiding" from the Raid of Lauder. He was present at the battle of Langside, and was one of seven prisoners of distinction, two of them of his own name and family, the Lairds of Innerwick and Kincavil, who were led out to execution for their concern in that battle, but whom Moray spared, and ordered back to prison. Hamilton had contrived to make his escape from prison; but as the act of forfeiture remained in full force against him, he was compelled to lurk among his friends. It is not clear that the Regent cherished any particular hatred towards him; yet it is certain that all the gentlemen taken prisoners at the battle of Langside were released from the penalties of the act of forfeiture, with the exception of Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh.

The lady of Hamilton was the daughter and co-heiress of John Sinclair of Woodhouselee in Mid-Lothian, a barony stretching along the banks of the Esk, near Auchindinny, which ought not to be confounded with Woodhouselee, situated on the slope of the Pentland Hills, and distant at least four miles from the property which belonged to Hamilton in right of his wife. After the confiscation of his own estate of Bothwellhaugh, this lady had continued to reside at Woodhouselee during her husband's absence, never imagining that her own inheritance was also to be seized, and justly concluding that she would be secure on her private patrimony, where she could await the return of more prosperous times.

But Sir James Bellenden, Lord Justice Clerk, and one of the special favourites of Moray, had resolved to possess

Woodhouselee, and, taking advantage of Hamilton's forfeiture, he asked and obtained it from the Regent. As Bellenden was well aware that the lady was residing on the property, he applied for a warrant of ejectment and possession. Some officers were accordingly sent in the name of the Regent, who secured the house, and barbarously turned the unfortunate lady almost naked into the fields in a cold and stormy night, and when in very delicate health. Before the morning dawned she was found in a state of derangement, and she soon afterwards expired. The ruins of the mansion, from which this lady was expelled in the brutal manner which caused her death, are still to be seen in a hollow glen beside the Esk; and popular superstition makes the spectre of the injured wife of Bothwellhaugh still tenant the abode of her ancestors, always appearing dressed in white, with a child in her arms. It is stated that this spectre is so "tenacious of her rights, that a part of the stones of the ancient edifice having been employed in building or repairing the present Woodhouselee, she has deemed it a part of her privilege to haunt that house also, and even of very late years has excited considerable disturbance and terror among the domestics."

Whatever may have been the conduct of the officers when ejecting Lady Bothwellhaugh from Woodhouselee, it is certain that it was allowed to pass by Moray without any censure, if not with a tacit approval. The proceedings of those mercenaries, and the enormity of the provocation, aggravated by the derangement and death of his lady, in addition to the injuries he had already suffered, completely overcame Hamilton's prudence, and from that moment he vowed to avenge his wrongs, not on Sir James Bellenden, the usurper of his wife's patrimony, but on the Regent himself, whom he believed, not without reason, to be the great originator of this injustice. He made no secret of his intentions, and openly declared wherever he went that he

would effect Moray's destruction. He in consequence assiduously watched the Regent's movements, but he had been invariably disappointed in his purpose, until an opportunity offered which he resolved to embrace.

The cruelty of the Regent Moray to the lady of Bothwellhaugh has been denied by those who think it their duty to defend him, and they allege that it is a story depending solely on a work called "Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland, containing a full and impartial Account of the Revolution in that Kingdom, begun in 1567," edited by Mr David Crawford of Drumsoy, historiographer for Scotland in the reign of Queen Anne. This work, which was intended as an antidote to Buchanan's History of Scotland, is published as if written by a contemporary during the reigns of Mary and James VI., and was received by the public as a genuine composition, somewhat modified in style and in arrangement to suit the prevailing taste of the age, but in the matter of the narrative adhering closely to its supposed original. That work, however, though quoted as genuine by Hume, Robertson, and other writers, is now discovered to be spurious; and the avowed prototype of Crawford's Memoirs is "The Historie and Life of King James the Sext," published from the Belhaven and Newbattle MSS. by the Bannatyne Club. To that work the defenders of the Regent Moray refer for a complete refutation of the alleged cruelty inflicted by Moray on the lady of Bothwellhaugh.

But the valuable "Historie," to which Moray's *out-and-out* defenders refer, actually convicts him of the alleged cruelty to this lady. It was never asserted, even by his most virulent traducers, that he inflicted the injury in person, but it was done in his name as Regent of the kingdom and by his authority. The following is the passage from the work alluded to:—"I made mention before of the dishonest dealing to the Duke of Chatelherault and the Lords of the Queen's faction, whereat, and for another particular

cause he (Moray) was so deadly hated, that his death was conspired by a particular man called James Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh ; and although the Regent was sufficiently forewarned both of the man and the place of the enterprise, yet he regarded so slothfully that matter, that it turned out to his pains. This James Hamilton, among other courageous gentlemen of that clan, happened to be at the field of Langside with the Queen, and being taken prisoner there he was condemned to death, and was let loose again ; yet, according to the unreasonable law of Scotland, not only his proper (own) lands were confiscated to the King, but also the lands of Woodhouselee, pertaining heritably to his wife, whereby they were both put to shift. The simple gentlewoman, not thinking to be punished for her husband's acts, went to her own house, where she intended simply and *bona fide* to have remained, but was uncourteously and unmercifully put therefrom, all her goods taken from her, and she left *stark naked*. What from grief of mind, and exceeding cold that she had then contracted, this gentlewoman conceived such madness of spirit as was almost incredible. Her husband having received these three uncommodities, resolved to put his life to fortune, and avowed in divers public companies to be avenged on the *Bastard Regent*, for these were but ordinary words." This passage contains all that was ever asserted against Moray respecting his conduct to Lady Bothwellhaugh. The horrid treatment she received from functionaries armed with his authority must be viewed as having had his consent or tacit approval.

The Regent had been at Stirling, whither he had decoyed the celebrated Maitland of Lethington, under the pretence of a conference, and of obtaining his assistance in some dispatches, but in reality to impeach him of being privy to the murder of Lord Darnley, and to commit him to prison, in which he succeeded. Returning to Edinburgh, the

Regent proceeded as far as Linlithgow, and this venerable burgh was chosen by Hamilton as the scene to revenge his wrongs. With the utmost deliberation he made his preparations, believing that he would render a service to his country by ridding it of one whom he considered its greatest oppressor. His project was well known to the Hamiltons and their adherents, many of whom rendered him every facility in their power to assassinate their enemy.

The town of Linlithgow, pleasantly situated in a valley, and surrounded by rising grounds, with its magnificent old palace and beautiful lake, consisted then, as it chiefly does still, of one continued street, through which the mail road from Edinburgh to Stirling passes. This street lies from east to west, and a number of lanes and closes diverge from it, with a row of gardens and *kail-yards* on both the north and south sides of the town. The tenements, of which this main street is composed are for the most part large, dark-looking, old-fashioned, and decayed, resembling some of the fabrics in the Canongate of Edinburgh, for, as in the case of that well-known locality, many of the houses of Linlithgow formerly belonged to the nobility attending the court. The town was never walled with a view to defence, though formerly it was enclosed on its open side with a kind of boundary called *the Dykes*.

In this street a house was selected by Hamilton for the accomplishment of his purpose, which is said to have been occasionally occupied by his uncle, the Archbishop of St Andrews. It was situated about the middle of the town, and was distinguished by a projecting balcony, which, connected with the narrowness of the street, rendered it peculiarly favourable for the design of the assassin. This house, which was long an object of great interest to strangers visiting Linlithgow, as the place from which the *Good Regent*, as Moray was peculiarly called, received his mortal wound, has disappeared, and is replaced by a dull and heavy-look-

ing edifice, the very reverse of the antique wooden pointed and ornamented lodging in the gallery of which Hamilton took his station.

It is already noticed that several lanes or closes diverge from the main street of Linlithgow, leading to the gardens behind and the open country. There is a tradition in the town that all the closes in the vicinity of the house were carefully stuffed with furze or *whins*, to obstruct any instant rush to prevent Hamilton's escape, and the removal of which would have occupied a considerable time. It was his interest to present as many obstacles to the pursuit as he could command, and even this extremely simple one contributed to his safety. Hamilton also made his own arrangements within the house. He first spread on the floor of the room a large feather bed, that the noise of his feet in walking or springing might not be heard, and he hung up a black cloth opposite the window, that no one on the street might observe his shadow. His next care, we are told, was "to cut a hole a little below the lattice sufficient to admit the point of his harquebuss; and to add to the security of his flight, he examined the gate at the back of the house, and finding it too low for a man to pass under on horseback, with the assistance of his servant he removed the lintel, and kept his horse in the stable ready saddled and bridled. After all these preparations he calmly and deliberately waited the approach of the Regent." It may be here observed, that the servant who assisted him was hanged for his share in the murder in the Canongate of Edinburgh in 1571.

The Regent was duly informed of the threats of Hamilton, and he was even made aware of his intention on this fatal occasion, as also of the very house in which he was posted to murder him. Moray was remarkable for personal courage, but though he despised Hamilton, he did not think proper to disregard the warning of his danger; yet he issued

no order to apprehend the intended assassin. After entering Linlithgow he turned to go out at the same gate, with the intention of proceeding by a road which skirted the south side of the town, but perceiving the gate to be completely blockaded by a vast crowd, he unhappily continued onwards, resolving to ride briskly past the dangerous spot, and the cavalcade proceeded through the main street. As he rode along with his guards and attendants, the crowd was so great as to retard his progress in the narrow old-fashioned street, and he was farther impeded by a number of carts which were purposely overturned. While advancing, the pressure of the crowd increased, and he was unfortunately compelled to halt opposite the very house in which Hamilton was stationed. The assassin, who was well prepared, seized his piece, and took a well marked and deliberate aim at the Regent, whom he shot in the lower part of the abdomen. The bullet passed through him below the navel, and killed the horse of George Douglas of Parkhead, his illegitimate brother, who was riding by his side.

Hamilton instantly fled. The Regent's followers endeavoured to force the house, but they found it strongly secured, and the closes, filled with whins, into which they unconsciously plunged, afforded them no inlet. Before the house could be broken, the assassin had mounted his fleet horse, which stood ready saddled, and proceeded in his flight across the country. He was pursued several miles, and was at one time on the point of being taken. His horse was breathless, and almost ready to sink; whip and spur had no effect; and coming to a ditch the animal plunged into it, and stuck fast. The delay of a few moments would have placed Hamilton in the hands of his pursuers, and in desperation he drew his dagger and plunged it into his horse behind. The pain caused the animal to extricate itself, and to clear the ditch. The rider was soon beyond the reach of his pursuers. He fled first to the town of Hamilton,

where he was received in triumph, for the ashes of the houses in Clydesdale which had been burnt by Moray's army were yet smoking, and the prejudices of party, the habits of the age, and the enormous provocation which Hamilton had received, in the eyes of his kinsmen justified the deed. He sought shelter with his brother-in-law, Muirhead of Lauchope, who hospitably received him, and after a brief concealment he effected his escape to France, where he died some years afterwards. His pursuers having discovered that he was sheltered at Lauchope, plundered and burnt it to the ground, and ravaged the grounds of the owner. It appears that Hamilton served in France under the patronage of the family of Guise, to whom he would be doubtless recommended by revenging the wrongs of their niece Queen Mary upon her ungrateful brother. De Thou has recorded that an attempt was made to engage him to assassinate the great Admiral Gaspar de Coligni, the well-known supporter of the Protestants in France, but Hamilton, fierce and determined though he was, rejected the offer with indignation. He told them he was no mercenary trader in blood, and that he had avenged his own quarrel in Scotland. "Not," he exclaimed, "till Coligni has injured me as Moray did." Some allege that he challenged the bearer of the proposal on the spot.

The consternation of the multitude at Linlithgow, when the fatal shot was fired with such well-directed aim, may be easily conceived. A cry of horror burst from the crowd when they saw the Regent reel in his saddle, and a general rush was made to the house from which the ball was directed. All was confusion, dismay, and sorrow. Moray in the meantime told his attendants that he was wounded, and recovering from the surprise, he dismounted, and requested to be led to a house. He was even able to walk thither, and medical attendants were quickly summoned, while the inhabitants of the town expressed their sorrow

by tears and lamentations. At first it was thought the wound was not mortal, but towards evening the pain increased, and the unfortunate nobleman prepared for death. With all the calmness of a Christian he discoursed to his friends around him, and settled his worldly affairs. When he was told that he had ruined himself by his clemency, having once spared the life of the assassin, he replied with great magnanimity—"Your importunities and reflections do not make me repent my clemency." His last moments were becoming a great man. After he had arranged all his family concerns, he felt the pangs of dissolution overtake him. After recommending the young King to the care of those noblemen who were present, and performing his religious devotions, he expired a little before midnight on the 23d of January, in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

Nothing could exceed the dismay and surprise which prevailed in Edinburgh when the tidings of the Regent's assassination reached that city. The gates were closed, and the sentinels doubled. His body was brought thither amid the tears of the people, who knew his talents, his virtues, and his vigorous administration. He was generally bewailed as the *Good Regent*, a title by which he was long remembered in Scotland. He was interred in St Giles' Church, where his tomb is still to be seen.

The carbine with which the Regent was shot is preserved at Hamilton Palace. It is a brass piece of an ordinary length, and it appears to have been rifled or indented in the barrel. It had a matchlock, for which a modern firelock has been injudiciously substituted. It is some consolation to know that Bothwellhaugh latterly expressed great contrition for the crime, and that he died perpetually invoking the Divine forgiveness. This fact proves that he was stimulated by an indignant sense of his wrongs, though the whole family of the Hamiltons appear to have been in the conspiracy. Even the horse on which he escaped was

furnished by John Hamilton, Abbot of Arbroath. The estate of Bothwellhaugh has long ceased to have a Hamilton as its proprietor, and it now belongs to Lord Douglas.

Several persons were prosecuted for the murder of the Regent; it was one of the special charges brought against Archbishop Hamilton, and the unfortunate primate did not deny that he knew of it. Christian Shaw, relict of the "umquhill" David Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, the mother, and the deceased the father of the assassin, was "dilatit of art and part in the murthour of umquhill James Earl of Moray, Lord Abernethy, Regent," &c., and found a gentleman named Robert Ross of Thornton as her cautioner to appear when summoned. Arthur Hamilton in Bothwellhaugh was tried in December 1580 for being concerned in the murder, and found security to appear. In 1582 George Home of Spott, the brother-in-law of Bothwellhaugh, was tried before Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, Robert Pitcairn, commendator of Dunfermline, Mark Ker, commendator of Newbattle, and John Lindsay, parson of Menmuir, all "Lords of the Session," for the murder of Lord Darnley and the Regent Moray, and was acquitted. The English under Sir William Drury thought proper to make a show of avenging Moray's death. During the summer which succeeded the assassination, after burning numerous villages on the Borders, and visiting all the possessions of the Hamiltons with special vengeance, they came to Linlithgow, and threatened to burn the town for certain "unpardonable offences" committed therein. We are told that "calling the Provost before him, Sir William informed him that he would only permit the people first to remove their goods and infirm persons to a place of safety, and that every nobleman's and captain's house should be exempted from the conflagration. As the hour approached, however, for the execution of his design, the English general, moved by the intercession of Morton and

the wailings of the town's people, relented, and he ultimately contented himself with merely blowing up the hotel of the Duke of Chatelherault, and carrying off the magistrates of the town as hostages to Berwick."

The revenge of Bothwellhaugh is the subject of Sir Walter Scott's beautiful ballad entitled *Cadzow Castle*, addressed to Lady Anne Hamilton, some stanzas of which are laid before the reader. The Duke of Chatelherault is supposed to preside at a hunting entertainment at the time when "princely Hamilton's abode ennobled Cadzow's Gothic towers," in the forest of Evandale.

Proudly the chieftain mark'd his clan,
 On greenwood lap all careless thrown,
 Yet miss'd his eye the boldest man
 That bore the name of Hamilton.

"Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place,
 Still wont our weal and woe to share?
 Why comes he not our sport to grace?
 Why shares he not our hunter's fare?"

The individual who replies to the Duke's inquiry is Lord Claud Hamilton, his second son, commendator of the Abbey of Paisley, who led the van of Queen Mary's army at the battle of Langside, and was one of the commanders at the Raid of Stirling. He was the ancestor of the Abercorn Family, and continued unalterably attached to the cause of Mary.

Stern Claud replied, with darkening face,
 (Grey Paisley's haughty lord was he,)
 "At merry feast, or buxom chase,
 No more the warrior shalt thou see.

"Few suns have set, since Woodhouselee
 Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets foam,
 When to his health, in social glee,
 The war-worn soldier turn'd him home.

“ There, wan from her maternal throes,
 His Margaret, beautiful and mild,
 Sat in her bower a pallid rose,
 And peaceful nurs'd her new-born child.

“ O change accurs'd! past are those days :
 False Moray's ruthless spoilers came,
 And for the hearth's domestic blaze,
 Ascends destruction's volumed flame.

“ What sheeted phantom wanders wild,
 Where mountain Esk thro' woodland flows,
 Her arms enfold a shadowy child—
 Oh is it she, the pallid rose ?

“ The wilder'd traveller sees her glide,
 And hears her feeble voice with awe,
 ‘ Revenge ! ’ she cries, ‘ on Moray's pride !
 And woe for injur'd Bothwellhaugh ! ’ ”

He ceas'd—and cries of rage and grief
 Burst mingling from the kindred band,
 And half arose the kindling chief,
 And half unsheathed his Arran brand.

But who, o'er bush, o'er stream, and rock,
 Rides headlong, with resistless speed,
 Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke—
 Drives to the leap his jaded steed :

Whose cheek is pale, whose eye-balls glare,
 As one some vision'd sight that saw,
 Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair ?
 'Tis he ! 'tis he ! 'tis Bothwellhaugh.

From gory selle, and reeling steed,
 Sprung the fierce horseman with a bound,
 And reeking from the recent deed,
 He dash'd his carbine on the ground.

Sternly he spoke—“ 'Tis sweet to hear
 In good greenwood the bugle blown,
 But sweeter to Revenge's ear,
 To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

“ Your slaughter’d quarry proudly trod,
 At dawning morn o’er dale and down,
 But prouder base-born Moray rode
 Through old Linlithgow’s crowded town.

“ From the wild Border’s humbled side,
 In haughty triumph, marched he,
 While Knox relaxed his bigot pride,
 And smiled the traitorous pomp to see.

“ But can stern Power, with all his vaunt,
 Or Pomp, with all her courtly glare,
 The settled heart of vengeance daunt,
 Or change the purpose of Despair?

“ With hackbut bent, my secret stand,
 Dark as the purposed deed, I chose,
 And mark’d where mingling in his band
 Troop’d Scottish pikes and English bows.

“ Dark Morton, girt with many a spear,
 Murder’s foul minion, led the van;
 And clash’d their broadswords in the rear,
 The wild Macfarlanes’ plaided clan.

“ Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh,
 Obsequious at their Regent’s rein,
 And haggard Lindsay’s iron eye,
 That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

“ Mid pennon’d spears, a steely grove,
 Proud Moray’s plumage floated high;
 Scarce could his trampling charger move,
 So close the minions crowded nigh.

“ From the rais’d vizor’s shade his eye,
 Dark rolling, glanced the ranks along,
 And his steel-truncheon, waved on high,
 Seem’d marshalling the iron throng.

“ But yet his sadden’d brow confess’d
 A passing shade of doubt and awe;
 Some fiend was whispering in his breast—
 ‘ Beware of injur’d Bothwellhaugh!’

“ The death-shot parts, the charger springs—
 Wild rises tumult's startling roar !
 And Moray's plummy helmet rings—
 Rings on the ground to rise no more !

‘ What joy the raptur'd youth can feel,
 To hear her love the loved one tell,
 Or he, who broaches in his steel,
 The wolf, by whom his infant fell !

“ But dearer to my injured eye,
 To see in dust proud Moray roll ;
 And mine was ten times trebled joy,
 To hear him groan his felon soul.

“ My Margaret's spectre glided near ;
 With pride her bleeding victim saw,
 And shriek'd in his death-deafened ear—
 ‘ Remember injured Bothwellhaugh !’

“ Then speed thee, noble Chatelherault !
 Spread to the wind thy banner'd tree !
 Each warrior bend his Clydesdale bow !—
 Moray is fallen, and Scotland free.”

Vaults every warrior to his steed ;
 Loud bugles join their wild acclaim—
 “ Moray is fallen, and Scotland freed !
 Couch, Arran ! couch thy spear of flame !”

There are many poetical licences in these stanzas, especially in those which Bothwellhaugh is supposed to address to the Duke of Chatelherault, when he appears breathless and exulting in his revenge at the hunting feast in the forest of Cadzow, after riding thither all the way from Linlithgow. He neither saw Moray “roll in the dust,” nor heard “groan his felon soul,” for he remained not a single moment after he fired his carbine with well directed aim, and he could not have been certain that the Regent was mortally wounded. Margaret is mentioned as the name of Bothwellhaugh's lady, but other authorities state that her name was Isabella. It has also been contended that the

name of Hamilton himself was *David* and not *James*, but David Hamilton of Monkton Mains was his next brother, who was at the battle of Langside, and afterwards forfeited. Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, who died before 1594, left two daughters—the elder, who succeeded him, named Alison, sold the estate to her uncle David Hamilton of Monkton Mains already mentioned, who was cautioner in a bond of provision, 6th January 1594, for his niece, then married to Gavin Hamilton, minister of Hamilton, afterwards Bishop of Galloway. The younger daughter, Christian, married David Fullarton of that Ilk.

The sentiments supposed to be expressed by Hamilton in the narrative he gives to his chief respecting the Regent Moray, are those which we may presume were cherished by the Hamiltons and their friends against one whom they considered their enemy and oppressor. The Regent, notwithstanding all his faults, intrigues, and cunning schemes to advance his own interest and to obtain supreme power, was truly a great man; he was a distinguished patron of learning and learned men, and he did much to promote the spread of knowledge in Scotland. If, as Sir Walter Scott elsewhere observes, his illegitimate birth had not intervened, he would have ranked among the greatest and the best of princes who have filled the Scottish throne. The chief blots in his character are his base and unmanly ingratitude to Queen Mary, his servility to Elizabeth, which induced him to enter into many treasonable connections, and his unbounded ambition. His friendship also was as dangerous as his hatred was implacable, and though at first of a forgiving and clement disposition, towards the close of his life he became arbitrary and severe. Yet with all these and other dark traits in his history, his virtues, as Archbishop Spottiswoode remarks, were “not a few,” and he certainly was one of the most distinguished men of his age. By his Countess, Lady Anne Keith, daughter of

the Earl Marischal, he left two daughters, Lady Elizabeth, married to James Stuart, son of Lord Doune, from whom the present Earl of Moray is descended, and Lady Margaret, married to the Earl of Erroll. It may be added, that the large mansion called Moray House in the Canongate of Edinburgh, generally pointed out as his town residence, was not built till some years after the commencement of the seventeenth century, in the reign of James I. or Charles I. The house supposed to have been inhabited by the Regent when in Edinburgh is an old fabric on the west side of the lane called Croft-an-righ, which leads from the park behind the Chapel-Royal and Palace of Holyroodhouse to the suburb called the Abbey Hill—at least it is certain the Regent received this old mansion as a present from his sister Queen Mary. This house, which is now possessed by a respectable citizen of Edinburgh as a residence, has all the appearance, both externally and internally, of having seen very different days. Within its walls Queen Mary often visited her brother the future Regent, little suspecting his ambitious designs; the dark and crafty Morton has here discussed his deep-laid schemes with its celebrated occupant and others who figure in the history of that period; and here have Knox and the Protestant preachers been often entertained, and their discourses listened to by Moray with the most flattering attention.

When the news of the Regent's murder reached Mary in her dreary prison, the tenderness of her nature overcame her, and she wept at the fate of a brother whom she loved, though he had long acted as her enemy, and to a certain extent usurped her throne. According to her belief he was a heretic, and she shed tears of sorrow that he had died, as she thought, impenitent, unconfessed, and unforgiven. "Would that he had not died," she exclaimed in anguish, "till he had repented of his crimes towards his God, his country, and me!"