

**MARY STUART.  
A TRAGEDY**

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Mary Stuart. A Tragedy by Frederick Schiller

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**FREDERICK SCHILLER**

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A TRAGEDY**



**MARY STUART,**

**TRAGEDY.**

**BY FREDERICK SCHILLER.**

**TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH**

**BY J. C. M. ESQ.**

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**1801.**

## PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

*Elizabeth, Queen of England.*

*Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, a Prisoner in England.*

*Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.*

*George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury.*

*William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, Lord High-Treasurer.*

*Earl of Kent.*

*Sir William Davison, Secretary of State.*

*Sir Amias Paulet, Keeper of Mary.*

*Sir Edward Mortimer, his Nephew.*

*Count L'Aubespine, the French Ambassador.*

*Count Bellicourt, Envoy Extraordinary from France.*

*O'Kelly, Mortimer's Friend.*

*Sir Drue Drury, another Keeper of Mary.*

*Sir Andrew Melvil, her House-Steward.*

*Burgoyne, her Physician.*

*Hannah Kennedy, her Nurse.*

*Margaret Curl, her Attendant.*

*Sheriff of the County.*

*Officer of the Guard.*

*French and English Lords.*

*Soldiers.*

*Servants of State, belonging to Elizabeth.*

*Servants and Female Attendants, of the Queen of Scots.*

# MARY STUART.

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## ACT I.

*Scene.*—A COMMON APARTMENT IN THE CASTLE OF  
FOTHERINGHAY.

*Hannah Kennedy contending violently with Paullet, who  
is about to break open a Closet; Drury with an Iron  
Crow.*

KENNEDY.

How now, sir? what's this new temerity?

Back from this closet.—

*Paul.* Say, whence came the jewels?

They from the upper story were thrown down:

They were intended, that we know, to bribe

The gard'ner:—curse on woman's wiles! In spite

Of all my care, my studious care, still treasures

B

In secret. Where such precious things are hid,  
Lie, without doubt, still more.—

*[breaks open the closet, and searches.]*

*Ken.* Back, bold intruder;—

Here are deposited my lady's secrets.—

*Paul.* 'Tis even that I seek. *[pulling papers forth.]*

*Ken.* But trifling papers;

But the amusements of an idle pen,  
To shorten the sad tediousness of bondage.

*Paul.* In idle hours, the evil spirit's busy.

*Ken.* Those writings are in French.—

*Paul.* So much the worse!

That is the language of the foe of England:

*Ken.* Copies of letters to the Queen of England.

*Paul.* I will deliver them:—what glitters here?

*[pulling forth jewels from a secret compartment.]*

A royal diadem so richly set—

With stones, and with the fleurs-de-llys of France!

*[giving it to his companion.]*

Here, take it, Drury, lay it with the rest.—

*[Drury goes.]*

And ye have found the means to hide from us  
Such costly things, and screen them, till this moment,  
From our inquiring eyes?



*Ken.* Oh! how disgraceful

The violence which we are forced to suffer!

*Paul.* As long as she possesses, she is hurtful;  
For in her hands all things are turn'd to arms.

*Ken.* [*supplicating.*] O, sir! be merciful; deprive  
us not

Of this last ornament which grac'd our life.

Oft can the view of ancient grandeur cheer

The sad depressed captive—all beside

You have despoil'd us of.—

*Paul.* It is preserv'd

In careful hands, and when the proper time

Is come, it will be faithfully restored.

*Ken.* Who could imagine in these naked walls

A royal residence? Where is the throne?

Where the imperial canopy of state?

Must she then set her tender foot, that's us'd

To softest treading, on this common floor?

Ignoble pewter serves the royal table;—

No lady in the land but would disdain it.

*Paul.* 'Twas thus at Stirling, Darnley ate; while she

Quaff'd with her paramour the golden cup.

*Ken.* The poor assistance of a looking-glass

Has been refus'd.—

*Paul.* As long as she beholds  
Her own vain image, she will never cease  
To hope, and crown her hopes with deeds of treason.

*Ken.* Books are denied her to divert her mind.—

*Paul.* The Bible's read to her to mend her heart.

*Ken.* And e'en her lute is ta'en from her.—

*Paul.* Because  
She chose to tune it to lascivious airs.

*Ken.* Is this a lot for her, who has been bred  
So tenderly, a queen e'en in her cradle;  
Who, rear'd in Catherine's luxurious court,  
Enjoy'd the plenitude of every pleasure?  
Suffice it to have robb'd her of her power,  
Must ye then envy her its paltry tinsel?  
A generous heart may learn at last the lesson  
To bow itself beneath its great misfortunes;  
But yet it cuts one to the soul, to part  
At once with all life's little outward trappings!

*Paul.* These are the things that turn the human  
heart

To vanity, which should collect itself  
In penitence;—for a lewd, vicious life,  
Want and abasement are the only penance.—

*Ken.* And even if her tender youth did fail,

Her reckoning's with God and her own heart :—

There is no judge in England over her.

*Paul.* There is she judg'd, where she transgress'd  
the laws.

*Ken.* Her narrow bounds restrain her from trans-  
gression.

*Paul.* And yet she found the means to stretch her  
arm

Into the world from out these narrow bounds,

And, with the torch of civil war, t' inflame

This realm against our queen, whom God preserve,

To arm her murderous bands. Did she not rouse

From out these walls, the malefactor Parry,

And Babington, to the detested deed

Of regicide? And did this iron grate

Prevent her from decoying to her toils

The virtuous heart of Norfolk? Saw we not

The first, best head, in all this island, fall

A sacrifice for her upon the block?—

The noble house of Howard fell with him.—

And did this sad example terrify

These mad adventurers, whose rival zeal

Plunges for her into this deep abyss?

The bloody scaffold bends beneath the weight