A SCOTTISH KNIGHT-ERRANT

VEN. JOHN OGILVIE, S.J.

From a picture in the Gesù at Rome.

A SCOTTISH KNIGHT-ERRANT

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHN OGILVIE, JESUIT

BY

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LONDON

BURNS OATES & WASHBOURNE LTD.

28 ORCHARD STREET, W. 1 — 8-10 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C. 4

AND AT MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM, AND GLASGOW

"But I ride over the moors, for the dusk still bides
and waits,
That brims my soul with the glow of the rose that
ends the Quest."

JOHN MASEFIELD.

Preface

UP till very recent times ordinary readers derived their whole knowledge of the history of the Catholic Church in Scotland from the writings of Knox, Buchanan, Spottiswoode, Calderwood, and others of the same school, and from their modern disciples, imitators, and borrowers. In these works, written from a notoriously Protestant standpoint, the Catholic religion and everything and everybody connected with it were, naturally, painted in the blackest colours. It is little wonder, therefore, that the Scottish people in general, knowing of the Catholic Church, its clergy and its defenders, before and after the Reformation, only from such sources, should have devoutly thanked God that they had been delivered from Popery and all its works and pomps.

More recently, however, through the painstaking labours of independent and fair-minded Protestant scholars, as well as by the very useful work done by Catholic writers, this perversion of history is being exposed, and people—at least those who think and read—are seeing things in a new light. They are beginning to view the religion of their forefathers, and its work and influence upon the nation, with more favourable eyes; the more they read about it in reliable authorities, the more good they will see in it, and the more they will realize that they have been deceived into a rash and erroneous judgment.

Preface

A modest but effective contribution towards this enlightening process is found in the present volume, which we trust will come into the hands of many non-Catholics in Scotland. They will read in it a charming account of the heroic life and sufferings of a fellow-countryman of their own who refused to render to Cæsar the things that were God's, and died for his refusal. Not many, so far as we can learn, were actually put to death in Scotland for the Faith; but John Ogilvie, S.J., was certainly one of them. That he was hanged for no other cause came out so clearly at his trial that the attempts of his judges to represent him as suffering for the civil crime of treason appear singularly fatuous. He stands worthily alongside the Martyrs in England, where the same methods were employed to secure condemnation and death.

May the prayers of the venerable servant of God avail, in sweet revenge, to obtain for his countrymen the knowledge of the truth and a share of his courage to embrace the Faith for which he died.

✠ HENRY G. GRAHAM.

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CHAPTER I: *Scotland's Sorrows*

IT was the fate of Scotland, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, to drink to the dregs of that cup of woe allotted by the prophet to the nation "whose king is a child." Every one of her Sovereigns, from the First James to the Sixth, ascended the throne a minor, and for a century and a half the country groaned under Regent after Regent. As time went on the ruling power passed more and more into the hands of the nobles, who were neither slow to seek it nor scrupulous as to the means employed to secure it. There was continual strife between the great families for the possession of the person of the young monarch, in which, as they well knew, lay their best title to supremacy. King after King, as he came of age, entered on the weary struggle to regain possession of the power lost during his minority. The nobles, though at continual feud with each other, and mutually mistrustful, united as one man when an attack on any of their number seemed to threaten the power of all. Scotland was torn asunder, now by the faction fights of contending barons, now by the desperate struggle between nobles and King. "In that mournful procession of the five Jameses there is no break. The last of them is engaged in the old task, and failing as his forbears failed. It is picturesque; sometimes it is heroic; often it is pathetic, but it is never modern. Modern history

sees it as a funeral procession and is silent while it passes."[1]

But that sad procession of Stuart Kings must be closely studied if the trend of the Reformation in Scotland is to be understood. During these long minorities the nobles made of Scotland one great battlefield, only forgetting their deadly feuds to unite against their Sovereign when, snatching his sceptre from the hands of those who would have still kept him in tutelage, he began his uneasy reign. Well did he know from experience how little trust he could place in the men who surrounded his throne. There was one body alone which could be relied upon if the balance of power was to be preserved, and that was the Church. To the Church therefore he turned to find the support, the advice, and the able friends he needed. What wonder if in gratitude for loyal service rendered, King after King should endow the Church with rich gifts and royal patronage !

Now, whereas the Church lands were free from taxation and her retainers exempt from military duty, while the estates of the nobles were continually burnt and harried by their enemies, or left uncultivated during the frequent faction fights, it is not surprising that the broad acres of the Church, carefully tended by the unpaid labour of the monks, prospered accordingly.

But as the Church grew in wealth, prosperity, and influence, a seed of evil within her, incidental to the times and to the conditions of the country, began to manifest itself. Unnoticed at first and unchecked,

[1] "Cambridge Modern History."

the evil grew until the whole body was infected with its poison.

Circumstances had tended to make the Church in Scotland monastic rather than parochial. Of the 1,000 parishes—perhaps more—into which Scotland was divided at the time of the Reformation, about 700 were held by the monasteries. The Abbey of Arbroath alone drew the revenues of 33 parishes, Paisley of 29, Dumfermline of 37. The Abbot, however, was bound to keep the parish church in repair, to look after the spiritual welfare of the people, or to send one of his monks to undertake these duties. Much, therefore, depended on the Abbots; as long as the great abbeys were governed by men whose sole aim and object was the religious well-being of the people, all went well, while, given Churchmen of lower ideals, the way was open for great abuses.

The secular power, as we have seen, was generally in the hands of the nobles, who, becoming aware of the wealth of the Church, determined to use it for their own ends. Kings and barons, seeking a secure income for younger or illegitimate sons, were not slow to see the advantage of preferring them to a rich benefice, and it became a common thing to find mere boys, wholly unlettered and incapable, fulfilling the office of primates, or men who had not even received Holy Orders bringing shame on the body to which they professed to belong. These intruders, prelates in name only, too frequently discharged no prelatical function save that of drawing the revenues they had coveted. When James IV. fell on Flodden Field, his illegitimate son, a mere boy,

although already Archbishop of St. Andrews, fought beside him. His other natural sons had also been appointed to vacant abbacies. In certain of the dioceses a kind of family claim seems even to have been staked out, one member after another succeeding to the see.[1] There was no thought of the responsibility of such a position, no trouble as to fitness for the office, no question as to holiness of life. Money had to be secured, and this was an easy way of securing it. It is hardly surprising that clerics such as these thought chiefly of their own ease and comfort and the wealth necessary to secure both. If the vicar of one of the parishes in their charge died, so much the better—the stipend he earned passed into the pocket of the prelate; if the churches needed repair, they might wait for it. The results were just what might have been expected: churches fell into ruin, children were uninstructed, the Sacraments were not administered. A generation of people grew up in almost absolute ignorance of their Faith; ready to receive any kind of spiritual teaching, they listened eagerly to the Lollards and Lutherans, who were already promoting their doctrines in Scotland.

The monasteries suffered also, for if it is hard for a fervent community, ruled by a wise and holy superior, to uphold the high ideals of the religious life, what was to be expected when the Abbot was a courtier or a man of worldly mind whose only thought was his own enjoyment?

It is not surprising that in these neglected parishes and monasteries the new doctrines began very soon

[1] Thus we find a succession of Stuarts in St. Andrews, of Hepburns in Elgin, and of Gordons in Aberdeen.

to gain ground. Many of the followers of Wycliffe, who had been driven from England, made their way to Scotland, where they found a fruitful field in which to plant the seed of Protestantism. The people, hungry for any kind of religious teaching, accepted what was presented to them as the truth, and the Church, through the turpitude of her ministers, lost the flock that these faithless shepherds had failed to feed. The work went on slowly and in silence. Early in the sixteenth century, in certain districts in the west, and in Dundee and the surrounding country, where an English garrison occupied Broughty Castle, numbers of people were slowly but steadily adopting the doctrines that Luther and Calvin were propagating so zealously in other lands.

A section of the clergy, however, who had the interests of the Church at heart, becoming aware of the danger, "voiced their opinion outspokenly," as we are told by the anonymous priest-author of the "Complaynt of Scotland." "No statutes of banishing or burning," he affirms, "will bring the schism to an end till the clergy remove their abuses."

Ninian Winzet, a brave and zealous priest, as learned as he was gentle, "expellit and shott out of his kindly town" for refusing to adopt the new doctrines, speaks in like manner. "All may laugh," he declares, "at the godly and circumspect distribution of benefices to your babes, ignorant men . . . that being the special ground of all impiety and division within ye, O Scotland. . . . Were not the Sacraments of Christ Jesus profaned by ignorant and wicked persons, neither able to persuade to godliness by their learning nor their living?"

"The abbeys came to secular abuses," says another writer of the time, "the Abbots and priors being from the court, who lived court-like, secularly and voluptuously. . . . Thus the seculars, temporal men, being slandered with their evil example, fell from all devotion and godliness."[1]

Quintin Kennedy, Abbot of Crossraguel, in his plea for reform, is still more outspoken. "If a benefice is vacant the great men of the realm will have it for temporal reward," he says, "and when they have got the benefice, if they have a brother or a son, nourished in vice all his days . . . he shall at once be mounted on a mule, with a side-gown and a round bonnet, and then it is question whether he or his mule knows best how to do his office. . . . What wonder is it when such personages are chosen to have Christ's flock in guiding that the simple people be wicked. . . . Thou mayst daily see a bairn or a babe, to whom scarcely wouldst thou give a fair apple to keep, get perchance 5,000 souls to guide; and all for avarice, that their parents may get the profits of the benefice. . . . The poor, kindly people, so dearly bought by the blood and death of Jesus Christ, perish, the Church is slandered, God is dishonoured, all heresies, wickedness, and vice reign."[2] Thus the Churchmen of the day, or at least the faithful few who remained true to the ideals and the teaching of the Church.

But Kennedy goes on to point out that it is to the rulers of the Church alone, even if they be vicious,

[1] Leslie, Bishop of Ross, "History of Scotland."

[2] Compendious Tractive, "Wodrow's Miscellany," vol. i., pp. 89-174

that supreme authority belongs, for, like the scribes and Pharisees, "they have sitten in the seat of Moses." It is they who must begin the much-needed reforms; it is not for everyone on his own account to be "correctors of the same abuses."[1]

Although approbation from Rome was still sought for appointments to benefices and bishoprics, Rome was far distant and the difficulties of communication great. If the candidate proposed was reported to possess all the desirable qualifications for the office in question, there would seem to be no reason for doubting the fact. When the news at last reached Rome of the true condition of affairs, a Legate was at once sent to inquire into the matter, but it was then too late. The superintendence of morals, of doctrine, and of the election of prelates, had been almost altogether neglected, and this at the moment when the supervision of religious discipline was particularly necessary, owing to the continual wars, and still more to the increasing desire for comfort and luxury, and the growing spirit of criticism due to the Renaissance.

"It has been made known to us that for certain years back ecclesiastical discipline has been very much relaxed in Scotland," wrote the Pope some years before the Reformation. "Ecclesiastical prelates alienate church property . . . to the Church's loss and in favour of men of power . . . also that they neglect the fabric of the said churches, allowing them to fall into ruin and decay . . . that divers abuses are introduced, and that very many crimes, iniquities, and scandalous enormities are committed by various persons of either sex, which

[1] Compendious Tractive, "Wodrow's Miscellany," vol. i., pp. 89-174.

give offence to the Divine Majesty, bring shame on the Christian religion, and cause loss of souls and scandals to the faithful."[1]

From every quarter, therefore, from Rome, as from Scotland herself, came the warning against laxity and the prevailing abuses—abuses that existed to a certain extent in every part of the civilized world. It was a time of transition. The outpouring of the new intellectual life, outcome of the Renaissance, was full of possibilities for both good and evil. Men's minds were restless and dissatisfied; traditional and time-honoured opinions had been attacked by daring hypotheses, wonderful discoveries had opened up new vistas never dreamt of before. Intellectual life pulsed strong, with a new sense of power, albeit a little dazzled with the brilliance of a new light which seemed to throw the past into utter darkness. Into this ferment of energy, of restlessness, of unsatisfied desire, had come the gradual rediscovery of the beautiful pagan literature, which, admits a Protestant writer, the Church had done so well to banish. The craving for a fuller expression of life here found a dangerous pasture. "Why preach asceticism? Why not follow a gayer philosophy? Why not seize on all the joys that life has to offer?" was the universal cry. This present life is real and tangible; all outside of it is but a shadow. But between the world and this new gospel, with its promise of an earthly Paradise, stood the austere and authoritative figure of the traditional Church, pointing to the path of renunciation and self-denial. "Who has appointed her judge over us?" was the next question. "So

[1] "Papal Negotiations," Pollen, S.J.

many things have proved false—why not this too?" Athirst for beauty and for joy, men caught wildly at all the world had to offer; Christian ideals were forgotten, and the seeds of the pagan corruption that lay hidden beneath the beauty of the pagan literature began to bear bitter fruit. The canker, widespread among the laity, crept slowly into the Church; worldliness and love of pleasure fought with and in many cases overcame the high ideals that she has always upheld before the world, although no one knows better than she that "we have this treasure in earthen vessels."

The need for reform was evident. No one saw it more clearly than those who were Churchmen in the best sense of the word. Again and again from wise and holy men in every country came the cry: "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, return unto the Lord thy God." The tide of true reform—reform within the Church herself—which was to culminate in the great Council of Trent, was already rising. That there were abuses, and great abuses, must be frankly acknowledged, yet, says Cardinal Newman, "we do not feel as a difficulty, on the contrary, we teach as a doctrine, that there are scandals in the Church. Though deplorable in themselves, they avail nothing as an argument against the Church herself, for they are the outcome of the weakness of the human element in her members, and in nowise the result of her teaching and dogmas. The greater the scandals, the more overwhelming they appear, the more do we see that only a Church divinely appointed and guided could have lived through and beyond them."

"Were I Pope," says Sir Thomas More, writing at

the very time of the Reformation, "I could not well devise better provisions than by the laws of the Church are provided already, *if they were as well kept as they are well made.*"

The state of affairs in Scotland was recognized as early as 1541, when an Act was passed calling on "every kirkman in his awn degree to reform theirselves," stringent laws against heresy being passed at the same time. During the following years we find the Parliament imposing penalties on all who neglected Sunday Mass, who played or behaved irreverently in church, or who ate meat on Fridays or on fast-days in Lent. Provincial Councils of the clergy met comparatively frequently; the state of many of the kirkmen was openly deplored and the neglect of preaching condemned, though it was frankly recognized that not a few of the clergy were incapable of preaching even the simplest sermon. To meet this difficulty it was decided to issue a little book, famous later as Archbishop Hamilton's Catechism. It contained a full exposition of religious doctrine, and was to be read to the people for half an hour every Sunday, "until God of His goodness provide a sufficient number of Catholic and able preachers, which shall be within a few years, as we trust in God." Laws which tended to internal reform were also passed and energetic measures taken. Even then, if the Church could only have acted independently and unhampered by political intrigue, Scotland might have been saved to the old Faith, but the earnest efforts of the clerics who remained true to the teaching and the spirit of the Catholic Church were nullified by those bent on her destruction.

Of one fact there can be no doubt. The Church was cordially hated by many of the most powerful families of Scotland, for during the continual struggle for supremacy between the King and the nobles she had steadily sided with the King; she had enemies, therefore, who both feared her power and coveted her wealth.

During the minority of James V. the kingdom had been, to all intents and purposes, ruled by the Douglas family, at which time, according to a Protestant historian, "murder, spoliations, and crimes of various enormity were committed with impunity. The arm of the law, paralyzed by the power of an unprincipled faction, did not dare to arrest the guilty; the sources of justice were corrupted, and ecclesiastical dignities of high and sacred character became the prey of daring intruders, or were openly sold to the highest bidders."[1] In 1528, aided by Archbishop Beaton, the King at last threw off the yoke. The Douglases, outlawed and banished, fled to England, where they met with a warm welcome and found the nobility enriching themselves with the spoils of that very Church whose chief representative in Scotland had been the means of bringing about their downfall. These men, whose fathers had fallen at Flodden, fighting for the honour of their King, now became the paid hirelings of his enemy. They adopted, moreover, the extreme Protestant opinions, hardly caring what tenets they embraced, so long as they might find in them a means to endanger the power which had brought about their ruin. Animated by this desire, they returned later to scheme and

[1] Fraser Tytler, "History of Scotland."

labour in Scotland for this end alone. Had the Church been strong and her ministers faithful, they might have schemed in vain, but this was not the case.

At the death of James V., who left a week-old infant as heir to the throne, the nobles made a fresh attempt to get the power into their hands. In this endeavour Henry VIII. was deeply interested, for if it were to succeed, these paid men of his could be depended upon to secure for him, what he of all things desired, the marriage of his son Edward to the infant Queen. The plan failed for two reasons: The "English Lords" were comparatively few in number, and France desired the baby Princess as a wife for the Dauphin. Scotland at large, while wholly distrustful of the "southerner," was on more or less cordial terms with France. "The whole body of this realm," writes Sadler, "is inclined to France, for they do consider and say that France requireth nothing of them but friendship . . . whereas, on the other hand, England, they say, seeketh nothing but to bring them into subjection."[1]

A decided refusal, therefore, was made to the demand of Henry, who, furious as usual when his will was crossed, determined to take by force what he could not obtain by stratagem. "Burn Edinburgh," he ordered, "sack and deface it; sack Holyrood House; burn as many towns and villages as you conveniently can . . . sack Leith, putting men, women, and children to fire and sword; turn the Cardinal's town of St. Andrews upside down, leaving no creature alive within the same."

[1] Sadler, State Papers, i. 326.

Truly, as the Scots themselves said, "a strange and boisterous wooing." The little Mary was sent to France for safety, and Henry by his own action defeated the plans of his pensioners, whose treachery might have succeeded where his violence failed.

The Queen-Regent, Mary of Guise, was a strong woman and brave; but, French by birth, her sympathies were naturally with France, and she never rightly understood her Scottish subjects. She was bent on strengthening the alliance between the two countries by the marriage of her baby daughter to the young Dauphin. The methods taken by Henry of England to get the little Princess into his power had deepened the Scottish hatred of England and strengthened friendly feelings toward France, but this state of affairs was completely reversed by the policy of Mary of Guise and her brothers. She neglected almost all the Scottish nobles, sought French advice, and peopled the Scottish towns with French garrisons, of whose excesses she herself had often to complain.[1] Resentment grew strong among the people; an interloper is an interloper, be he French or English, was the thought in many hearts. "We would die, every mother's son of us, rather than be subject to England," said a Scots Ambassador, adding significantly: "Even the like shall you find us to keep with France." The Regent, however, failed to see that she was alienating the people;

[1] Yet, when the Reformers denounced as ruinous the introduction of French soldiers and the fortifying of Leith by the Regent, she could reply with perfect truth that she had not brought in Frenchmen till the Congregation dealt with England, and had seized and fortified Broughty Castle.

her mind was set on one thing, the marriage of her daughter with the Dauphin. By this she hoped to unite the crowns of Scotland, France, and England; but before the marriage could come about it was necessary to obtain the consent of the "English Lords," and to this end Mary of Guise, faithful daughter of the Church as she considered herself, affected not to notice their secession from the Faith of their fathers, and by so doing unwittingly played into their hands.

The Scots, who would not have been ill-pleased to see their little Queen Sovereign of England and France as well as of Scotland, but were by no means ready to let their country be used as a pawn in French policy, looked with an ever-deepening mistrust on the proceedings of the Regent. The national feeling in Scotland was veering round, especially amongst the Commons, where the spirit of enmity to France was daily growing stronger, and in proportion as their hatred of England diminished, the doctrines of the English Reformers found a ready hearing. The "English Lords," moreover, by their description of what was going on in England and how the lands and wealth of the Church were falling into the hands of those who had the strength or the cunning to secure them, aroused a like spirit of covetousness in their fellow-peers.[1] Thus various currents, weak as yet in themselves, yet all tending in the same direction, were flowing rapidly towards the union which makes for strength.

[1] In 1543 the Regent Arran confessed to Sadler that so many great men were Papists that, unless the sin of covetousness made them Reformers, he saw no other way in which the Reformation could be effected (Sadler, State Papers, vol. i.)

CHAPTER II: *The Parliament of 1560*

IN 1557 the "English Lords," backed up by all of their fellow-peers whom they could induce to follow them, united under themselves the various factions and openly took the lead. In December of the same year a memorable meeting of the party resulted in the publication of the first "Covenant," by which the "Congregation of Christ," as they elected to call themselves,[1] formally renouncing the Catholic Church and assuming full power over ecclesiastical affairs in Scotland, ordered the English Prayer Book to be used in all parishes and the Sacraments to be administered in the vulgar tongue. In those parts of the country where the Lords of the Congregation had most influence these orders were actually carried out, neither the Regent nor the Bishops, apparently, realizing the full import of this unlawful assumption of ecclesiastical authority. It seems, indeed, to have been looked upon as merely one of those periodical outbursts of rebellion which were so common in Scotland. Mary of Guise, wholly intent on securing the marriage of her daughter Mary to the Dauphin of France, and anxious to conciliate all parties in the State, had little attention

[1] "They still call themselves the Congregation, and that also with this singular speciality, as being the Congregation of the Lord in opposition to those of the Church, whom they are pleased to call 'The Congregation of Sathan'" (Keith, "History of Church and State in Scotland").

to spare for other matters. In the April of 1558 she accomplished her end; the long-desired marriage was celebrated in the Cathedral of Notre-Dame in Paris, the young bride winning all hearts by her charm and beauty. At the Parliament held in the November of the same year the Scots consented to bestow the crown matrimonial on the Dauphin.

Mary of Guise was now at leisure to pay some attention to what was going on around her. She saw a kingdom torn in two, and the Lords of the Congregation, at the head of a numerous and powerful party, preaching and practising a religion alien to the Faith of their fathers. The Princess Elizabeth, whose Protestant leanings were well known, had succeeded Mary Tudor on the throne of England and was ready to help them with men and money. Thoroughly alarmed, the Regent resolved to act, but it was too late.

The Church, too, had realized the danger. In the last of the pre-Reformation Councils a commission was appointed to enforce various much-needed reforms, including the saying of Mass at least every Sunday and feast-day; the visitation of monasteries and the repair of churches. Bishops were commanded to preach at least four times a year, and priests likewise, if they were able. If not, they must either learn to do so or provide a capable substitute. The nature of the Sacraments was to be carefully explained to the people, and in order that this might be done efficaciously, a small leaflet was drawn up and published, which on account of its price became known as the " Twapenny Faith."

The Council showed a resolute determination to

get rid, at all costs, of some of the prevalent abuses, and to enforce reform in the lives of the clergy. It became clear to those who were unworthy of their profession that their practices would no longer be condoned. They must therefore amend their lives or break with the Church, and Bishop Leslie does not hesitate to tell us that in many cases they chose the latter alternative. A new religion was offered them with fewer obligations and lower ideals. They threw in their lot with the Reformers, and, increased by this not very desirable contingent, the Protestant party swept on to victory.

Mary of Guise, to whom the Church naturally looked for support, now came forward and issued a proclamation ordering all to attend Mass regularly, and summoning the chief Protestant preachers to appear before a Parliament to be held at Stirling.

It was at this juncture that John Knox appeared again in Scotland. Returning from Geneva, where he had retired when the country became somewhat too hot to hold him, he placed himself at the head of the summoned preachers, and, accompanied by the Lords of the Congregation and their followers—no inconsiderable army—marched to Stirling. The first halt was at Perth, where one of the leaders, Erskine of Dun, left the main body and went on alone to Stirling. The Regent, alarmed at the news of the approaching army, promised, it is said, to withdraw all proceedings against the preachers, and on the strength of this many of the leaders dispersed, taking their followers with them.[1] Mary now de-

[1] Knox, who *was in Perth*, says that the "whole multitude with their preachers, *stayed*." Andrew Lang in his "History of Scot-

nounced the preachers as rebels and outlaws. On this, Knox, who was still in Perth with many of his party, went to St. John's Church, where he preached to a large congregation on the "abomination of the Mass." The fact that as soon as he had finished a priest came out of the sacristy and began to say Mass illustrates the extraordinary confusion of religious ideas at the time. The theories that Knox had propounded still ringing in their ears, the crowd began to put theory into practice, and the beautiful old city of Perth witnessed such scenes as in all its stormy history it had never known before. One after another every church and monastery in the town was visited and robbed. The Charterhouse, the burial-place of Kings; the Blackfriars monastery, where Sovereigns had delighted to hold their Court; the chantries and chapels with their priceless treasures, were all alike at the mercy of this "rascal multitude," who continued their work of destruction all that day, the ensuing night, and well into the day which followed. Of the beautiful monasteries and churches that were the glory of Perth, nought but the ruined walls were left standing. So began the work of spoliation in Scotland.

The Regent, who had hastened to Perth, was obliged to come to terms with the rebels, while Knox, marching to St. Andrews, where a great assembly of the Congregation was to be held, destroyed on his way the churches at Crail, Anstruther, and Cupar. Arrived at St. Andrews, he preached in the

land" (ii. 49) proves rather conclusively that Mary did *not* promise to withdraw all proceedings against the preachers, but flatly refused to do so.

cathedral a fiery sermon on the casting out of the buyers and sellers from the Temple which so inspired his hearers that they proceeded on the spot to destroy the cathedral, the Dominican and the Franciscan monasteries, and to rifle all the churches in the town. It was not long before Stirling, Linlithgow, and even Holyrood shared the same fate.

France, in alarm at the strange tidings, sent troops to Leith. This aroused the suspicions of Elizabeth, who had already cause to believe that Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland and of France, was aspiring to the crown of England. From henceforth, seeing in the rebels her safest bulwark against the Guise ambitions, she helped them with money and advice.

On the 19th of October the Congregation, taking possession of Edinburgh, ordered the Regent, who had fled to Leith, to dismiss all French soldiers from the country. On her refusal to do so, a large body of Reformers proceeded to the Market Cross, where they proclaimed that " we, so many of the nobility, barons, and provosts as are touched with care of the common weal, suspend the commission granted by our Sovereign to the Queen-Dowager."

The Regent was soon besieged in her fortress of Leith, but the rebels were defeated and driven back to Stirling. This did not suit the policy of Elizabeth, who promptly sent an English army and fleet to assist them. Leith, again besieged, again successfully resisted the attacking army, but the Regent's days were numbered, and she knew it. Sick unto death, worn out and broken-hearted, she returned to the Castle of Edinburgh and sent for certain of the Protestant Lords. Having declared to them her

love of Scotland and her longing for its peace and prosperity, she besought them, as the only way to secure both, to drive out both the French and English armies, but to be faithful to the old alliance with France. A few days later she died.

Her advice was partly followed. By the Treaty of Leith it was agreed that both the French and English troops should be withdrawn, and that a Parliament should be held in the following August.

It was indeed a momentous Parliament—if Parliament it was[1]—that met on the 1st of August, 1560. The House was unusually crowded. All the lesser barons, who had only sat before by special writ, were present; they were mostly adherents of the new religion, and it was necessary to secure their presence if the scale was to be turned in favour of the Congregation. As no commission for the assembly of Parliament had been received from the King and Queen, many disputed the legality of the meeting, but after a week spent in hot discussion they were overruled, and it was decided to proceed to business.[2]

The Lords of the Articles, whose business it was to prepare the measures that were to be brought before the House, were then chosen. "The Lords spiritual chose the temporal, and the temporal the spiritual; the burgesses chose their own," says Randolph; but it was found that the peers had chosen from among the Lords spiritual only those known to be

[1] "The Convention which established the new creed was absolutely illegal. This, however, is a matter of mere academic interest" (A. Lang, "History of Scotland," ii.).

[2] "A parliament, illegally summoned, had changed the religion of the country and had substituted one series of dogmas for another" (Rait, "Scotland").

favourable to the new doctrines. The Bishops expostulated, but with no result.

Immediately afterwards a petition was presented begging that the doctrines of the Catholic Church should be abolished, particularly those of Transubstantiation, Purgatory, and the Invocation of Saints. This document, drawn up with all the coarseness and indecency of which Knox was such a master, is pronounced by a Protestant historian to be "difficult to read without emotions of sorrow and pity."[1]

The petition having been acceded to by a majority of members, the ministers were then commanded to draw up a short summary of their doctrines. This, known as "the Confession of Faith," was accordingly put together and submitted to the House. In its trend it was deeply Calvinistic, for Knox, the prime mover in the affair, had spent the years of his exile in Geneva, the headquarters of Calvin and his disciples. The adoption of the Confession of Faith marks the separation of the Protestantism of Scotland from that of England. The Lutheran tenets of the Southern Church were looked upon with bitter scorn by Knox, who never lost a chance of denouncing the Book of Common Prayer as savouring of "Popish Doegs and Devil's inventions."

The "Confession" having been submitted to the Lords of the Articles and to the Three Estates, votes were taken, each member in turn being asked his opinion on the matter. Five of the temporal peers had the courage to vote against the adoption of the new creed, declaring that they would believe as their fathers had done before them.

[1] Tytler, "History of Scotland."

Of the Bishops only six were present; three of the thirteen sees were vacant; the Bishop of Glasgow was in Paris, and the Bishops of Moray, Aberdeen, and Ross did not attend. From a letter amongst the archives of the Scots College at Paris it is evident that the Bishops had expected a settlement of the religious question at a properly constituted Parliament, assembled by royal authority, which had been announced for the 20th of August.[1] They had arranged to meet the royal commissioner who was to come over with the warrant, to confer upon the matter, but the summoning of the Parliament, without commission, for the 1st, defeated this plan, as it was no doubt intended to do. The Bishops of Dunkeld and Dunblane, with the Primate, Archbishop Hamilton, protested against the "Confession," but their protest was wholly unavailing; the assembly voted enthusiastically in its favour, and the victory was won.

A Parliament, illegally summoned, says Rait,[2] had changed the religion of the country, and had substituted one series of dogmas for another. Of liberty or tolerance no one thought. . . . The individual conscience, released from the laws of the Pope, was henceforth to be bound by the laws of the realm, and Papal jurisdiction was to be succeeded by the not less formidable courts of the Reformed Church. Those who had hitherto secretly favoured the Reformed doctrines, says Grub in his "Ecclesias-

[1] A Parliament is proclaimed, fixed for the 20th of August next, in which the question of religion will be treated ("Papal Negotiations," Pollen, S.J.).

[2] Rait, "Scotland."

tical History of Scotland," or who did not possess the principle or courage required in the adherents of a fallen cause, now hastened to proclaim their adoption of the Protestant opinions.

In December of the same year, writes Calderwood, the Presbyterian historian of the Reformation, " Francis, husband to our Queen, departed suddenly, a matter of joy to the Protestants of France and Scotland." Mary Stuart was now a widow, and circumstances dictated her return to her native land. It was to be for her something more than a simple passing from one country to another; the old peaceful, happy life was over, and before her lay an uncertain future, beset with trials of every kind. " The preachers of the Word," wrote Randolph, Elizabeth's shrewd Ambassador, to his master, Cecil, " will make it too hot for the woman when she comes."

The " woman," eighteen years old, young, fair, and defenceless, was met at Leith by boisterous crowds of her loving subjects, all eager to catch a glimpse of their young Queen and to make her welcome. Such enthusiastic greetings were surely incompatible with the dark rumours which she had heard of in France; Mary's mind was set at rest, but not for long. On the Sunday following her arrival the tidings went abroad that Mass was being said in the Chapel Royal at Holyrood, and " the hearts of the godlie began to swell." A mob raced to the spot—the very mob that had raced but a few days before to meet the Queen at Leith. Bursting into the palace, they would have dragged the priest from the altar in the very presence of their Sovereign, had not Lord James Stuart, Mary's half-brother, barred the

way. "Such a noise over one Mass!" commented one who was present. But Knox had not hesitated to say, "One Mass is more terrible to me than ten thousand armed men."

The "godlie" had been prevented from carrying out their project, but on the following day, led by the preachers, they assembled at the Market Cross to proclaim that "if any of her (the Queen's) servants shall commit idolatry, especially say Mass, (which) is much more abominable than slaughter or murder . . . it may be lawful to inflict upon them punishment wherever they may be apprehended, and without favour."[1]

To Mary, practically a stranger in her own land, the audacity of these proceedings was incomprehensible. She had recourse for advice to her half-brother, Lord James Stuart, whom she created Earl of Moray. We find him in the forefront of that group of apparent friends whom she trusted one after another, and always to her sorrow. To read of the Scottish nobles of these days is to read of men who bent to every changing wind, who played at loyalty with treachery in their hearts, who used both their Sovereign and their country as pawns in their own game, whose only religion was self-seeking, and whose only God their own success. Amongst them, like a lamb amongst wolves, stood the young Queen, with no faithful servant to whom she could turn for help and advice, save an obscure Italian. Rizzio was both shrewd and capable, as the Lords of

[1] "The persecuting tenets and assumptions which Knox denounced in the Church of Rome he defended and sought to carry out for the maintenance of the Protestant cause" (Grub, "Ecclesiastical History of Scotland," ii. 187).

the Congregation soon discovered; he was, moreover, a Catholic and wholly devoted to Mary's interests. It was decided that he must be removed, and we all know the sequel.

If the nobles betrayed their Queen, the preachers openly insulted her. She was denounced from every pulpit; her creed, her friends, her amusements, her very clothes, were all criticized and blamed in a spirit of bitter enmity. "God turn her heart and send her a short life," was the prayer for the Queen at the end of one of these sermons. But Knox went further still, and did not hesitate to insult his Sovereign in the very presence of her Council. "All Papists are the sonnes of the devil," he told her brutally. No wonder that Mary, accustomed to the love and reverence of the Court of France, "stood amazed for the space of a quarter of an hour" after an interview with the man who had declared openly in his sermons that the murder of a Papist was acceptable to God. The bitter realization that he was the spokesman of a body comprising a great number of her subjects was yet to come. She looked from nobles to preachers, from preachers to people, and found all arrayed against her.

Of those who were watching the progress of affairs in Scotland none did so more anxiously than Pope Pius V. In 1562 he sent as Legate to the Court of Scotland Nicholas de Gouda, priest and Jesuit, who drew up a report on the state of religion in the country. It is valuable as the testimony of an eye-witness.

"The monasteries are nearly all in ruins," he writes, "some are completely destroyed; churches, altars,

sanctuaries, are overthrown . . . no religious rite is celebrated in any part of the kingdom. . . . Mass is never said in public, save in the Queen's chapel, and none of the Sacraments are publicly administered. . . . The ministers are either apostate monks or laymen of low rank and quite unlearned. Their ministrations consist mainly of declamations against the supreme Pontiff and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The Bishops see all this, and yet make no effort . . . but in truth things have gone so far that they can do nothing against the heretics. The Bishops are for the most part destitute of all personal qualifications requisite for taking the lead in such stirring times. The only exception is the coadjutor Bishop of Dunblane. . . . Only a few religious are left . . . of the priests but few remain . . . a large number of the people are still Catholics. . . . All these misfortunes the best Catholics consider as owing to the suspension of the ordinary mode of election to the abbacies and other dignities. These preferments are bestowed upon children and other incapable persons. . . . The lives of the priests and clerics are not unfrequently such as to cause grave scandal, an evil increased by the supine indifference and negligence of the Bishops themselves. . . . It is hardly surprising that God's flock is eaten by wolves, when such shepherds as these have charge of it."[1]

The Legate, de Gouda, had been charged by the Pope to see the Queen. Mary was obliged to receive him secretly and to dismiss him quickly, lest it might be discovered that she was harbouring a Papal

[1] Forbes-Leith, "Narratives of Scottish Catholics."

envoy. He tried to see the Bishops, but only a few admitted him, and then only on condition that he came in disguise. Rumours of his presence in the country got abroad, and it was with no little difficulty that he was able to return to the Continent.

His report on the state of religion in Scotland had at least one good result. The Pope ordered the foundation of colleges abroad where Scottish boys might be educated for the priesthood and for missionary work in their own country.

The marriage of Mary to her cousin Darnley only increased the enmity of the nobles, intent on getting the power into their own hands. Plot followed plot—the murder of Darnley, the Queen's marriage with Bothwell, and the black indictment brought against her of unnatural crime. Of the truth of that indictment this is not the place to speak, but it is well to remember that those who formulated it had not only resolved on Mary's ruin, but were men who would stick at nothing to obtain their ends. Lochleven followed, then one short hour of freedom with its quickly extinguished hopes, and Mary of Scotland, with that fatal trustfulness which had betrayed her so often before, cast herself for protection into the arms of a woman who had neither pity nor honour.

CHAPTER III: *King, Kirk, and Bishops*

WITH Mary Stuart's flight from Scotland her reign came practically to an end. Her son being still an infant, the country was ruled by Regent after Regent until, in 1578, in name if not in deed, James took the power into his own hands. In the April of 1571, Lennox, the father of Darnley, who had succeeded Moray as Regent, captured Archbishop Hamilton, member of a family he had cause to hate, and condemned him to death. Clad in his pontifical robes, the last of the pre-Reformation prelates was led to the Market Cross at Stirling and there hanged "as the bells struck six hours to even." Several unknown priests who had dared to say Mass were also apprehended and sentenced to death, but, the sentence being commuted, were "bound to the Market Cross with their vestments and challices in derision, where the people pelted eggs at their faces by the space of an hour, and thereafter their vestments and challices were burnt to ashes."[1]

Under the Regency of Mar a step was taken which was to lead to much trouble in after years. The King's party were desperately in need of money, the last of the Catholic ecclesiastics were dying off, and the revenues of the vacant sees were claimed by both King and Kirk alike. Morton, greedy and

[1] Diurnal of Occurrents.

unscrupulous, and paramount in the Government, was determined to have the money, and through his influence a Convention was held at Leith, at which were appointed pseudo-Bishops—men who, while drawing the revenues of the ancient sees, consented to pass on the money to those by whose influence they had been nominated.

To the ministers of the Kirk the very name of Bishop was anathema. So tremendous an outcry was raised that it was eventually conceded that the new prelates should be subject in all things to the presbyteries and the General Assembly. This subjection was by no means nominal, the "Tulchan" Bishop of Galloway being condemned to do public penance for having dared to pray openly for his Sovereign, Queen Mary, then a prisoner in England.

During all these years the Catholics had remained faithful to their Queen, and it is not improbable that they would have prevailed against the Protestant faction had not Elizabeth of England provided the latter with money and troops. Until 1575 the supporters of Mary held Edinburgh Castle, but with its fall they seem to have lost heart.

At the death of Knox in 1572, Andrew Melville became leader of the Presbyterian party. He dreamt of establishing in Scotland such another theocracy as that of Calvin in Geneva, and to this end waged bitter war on the Regent Morton, who detested both the preachers and their assumption of power. Both were strong men, and their incessant quarrels were the beginning of that long struggle between the Episcopalians and Presbyterians which was to

culminate in the overthrow of Laud and the death of Charles I.

In 1578 James began his reign. A mere boy in years, he had already experienced the dire necessity of trimming his sails to the changing wind. The Assembly sent a deputation to congratulate the young King on having taken over the direction of affairs, and James, it is recorded, not only "gave a very comfortable good answer," but promised to be a protector of the Kirk. His protection, it must be avowed, had its peculiarities. The pretensions of the preachers were on the increase, and their view of the relations between Church and State differed considerably from that of their royal Master. For many years the latter had little opportunity of enforcing his own opinions, but, notwithstanding the apparently amicable relations dictated by policy, there was always an undercurrent of hostility between Court and Kirk. A characteristic of the Presbyterian Church was the importance it attached to preaching. Gouda, in his report to Rome, mentions specially that "the nobility and people crowd to the sermons." This cannot be wondered at, for to the multitude, eager for any kind of excitement, the sermons must have been an unalloyed delight. It is Carlyle who sees in Knox the "constitutional opposition party," while Andrew Lang finds in the pre-Reformation sermons a foreshadowing of the modern press.

The preachers claimed all along the right to say exactly what they chose, considering it their chief business to denounce the Court and its doings. James may well have objected to being obliged to

listen to sermons which were practically a résumé of his own doings and those of his friends, enlivened by the caustic comments of the minister; but that these discourses were interesting to the people no one will deny. Men would not have been human had they not enjoyed such piquant addresses, more especially so when the King himself happened to be present. In St. Giles's Cathedral he occupied a gallery but a few feet from the pulpit, and it was no uncommon thing for the sermon to be interrupted by an impromptu argument between the preacher and his indignant Sovereign. In England, when a like incident had taken place, the drastic treatment meted out by Elizabeth to the offender had discouraged a repetition of the offence. James could interrupt, but dared not, like his cousin of England, dismiss the preacher.

Even the prayers were of a topical character. "It is a shame to all religion to have the Majesty of God so barbarously spoken unto," was James's indignant comment when his own misdeeds, real or imaginary, had been the subject of a long and eloquent prayer. Small wonder that the King had little love for the preachers and small regard for the inspiration which they claimed to possess. The General Assembly had a powerful weapon in the excommunication which was dealt round impartially to those who opposed its decrees, and which amounted practically to outlawry.

That James had a sneaking preference for the episcopal form of Church government was not unknown to the leaders of the Kirk, who at the Assembly of 1580 had attempted to checkmate any possible

movement in that direction by abolishing the title of Bishop. The enactment held good for four years, when the Earl of Gowrie, having made one of the periodical attempts to seize the King's person and failed, fell into disgrace. As Gowrie was one of the leaders of the Presbyterian party, his downfall caused it to lose for a time its supremacy, and Melville and other moving spirits were obliged to take refuge in England. James was not slow to take advantage of their absence. He summoned a Parliament, and appointed Bishops, giving them authority over both ministers and presbyteries; but his term of power was short-lived. The exiled nobles, returning in force to Scotland, seized Stirling Castle, and at the good news the ministers flocked back to Scotland. The tables were now turned, and the King, with his newly appointed Bishops, was at the mercy of the Kirk, whose pretensions grew with this unexpected success. James was obliged for the moment to content himself with occasional outbursts of expostulation, as when he addressed a deputation of ministers as "loons, snakes, and seditious knaves," or remonstrated sharply with one of the returned ministers on his choice of a text for a sermon preached in St. Giles's Cathedral. The preacher, however, having declared himself directly inspired by God even to the choice of his text, triumphantly resumed his discourse.

As for the Bishops, it was decided that they should be allowed to retain the name; but all their powers were withdrawn, and they were obliged to take charge of a parish and consider themselves under the supervision of the presbyteries.

In 1587, when the nets were being drawn ever closer round the ill-fated Mary Stuart, the nobles urged the King to take some steps on her behalf. Although historians have tried to make excuses for James's conduct, there seems but little doubt that he deliberately left his mother to her fate. He contented himself with ordering prayers for her welfare (which most of the ministers refused to say), and at the tragic news of her death merely "investit himself with a dull weid of purple for certain days," going to bed that night "without his supper." So the simple chronicler of his life.[1]

Catholic missionaries had now for some time been labouring in Scotland, and in 1586 the Assembly suddenly awoke to the fact that people were beginning to fall away from the new religion. They complained to the King that Catholics were still allowed to meet unmolested in Dunfermline and Dumfriesshire, declaring that the people of Ross had become cold to "religion" since the coming of the Jesuits amongst them. The complaints broke out a little later with increased bitterness, the horrified preachers having discovered that pilgrimages were still being made to certain holy shrines, and that the feasts of Easter, Christmas, and Ascensiontide were once more being openly celebrated in various parts of the country.

In 1589 took place one of the first of the steps which were to lead to the alliance of the Scottish Presbyterians with the English Puritans. The official English Church, with its episcopacy and ritual, had always been detested by the Scottish Reformers,

[1] "Historie of King James the Sext," by an anonymous writer of the sixteenth century.

who considered as their real brethren the various sects who formed that Puritan party which Elizabeth despised and hated. When the rumour reached Scotland that laws were being enacted against the Puritans, the Scottish pulpits echoed with fervent prayers "for our afflicted brethren," a token of sympathy which greatly displeased Her Majesty of England. "I pray you stop the mouths or shorten the tongues," she wrote to James, of "such ministers who dare make oraison in their pulpits for those persecuted in England for the gospel," adding, with a flash of the Tudor temper, "I will not stand such indignity at such caterpillars' hands." James, though fully in sympathy with her sentiments, was wholly incapable of shortening the tongues or stopping the mouths of any of his loyal subjects. When, a little later in the year, he had a quarrel with the ministers on the subject of his claim to "sovereign judgement on all things within the realm," the Rev. Mr. Pont informed him roundly in the name of the Kirk that "there is a judgement above yours, and that is God's, put in the hands of the ministers." In the following November it was announced from the pulpit that the King could be excommunicated in case of contumacy and disobedience to the will of God. As the ministers considered themselves in all cases the sole interpreters of the will of God, this was practically a claim to complete supremacy in the realm. It can hardly be wondered at that James, turning with longing eyes to the decently discreet Church "by law established" in England, uttered what was to become the war-cry of the future, "No Bishops, no King."

In 1593 some of the Catholic nobles rebelled against the persecution to which they were subjected by the Kirk. The Earl of Huntly rallied his clansmen; an army under the Earl of Argyll was sent to meet them, and a battle was fought at Glenlivet. The Catholics, who had heard Mass and received Holy Communion on the hillside in the dusk of the early morning, charged the foe with the old Catholic cry of "The Virgin Mary," and won a complete victory. A solemn *Te Deum* was chanted on the field of battle, but Huntly's success was short-lived. James, alarmed at this show of his vassal's power, allied himself for once with the preachers, and took the field at the head of a large army. Huntly and his followers were defeated, and James, elated by success, decided that he was now strong enough to cope with the Kirk. He was soon undeceived. Melville, in an interview that has become historical, addressing him as "God's silly vassal," remarked suggestively, shaking him by the sleeve the while to emphasize his words, that "there are here twa kingdoms and twa kings. There is Christ and His kingdom the Kirk, whose subject you, King James the Sext, are; and not therein a King or lord, but only a member."

The Assembly insisted that the Catholic Lords should be proclaimed and outlawed. To this James demurred, for he looked upon all enemies of the ministers as useful allies, but he was obliged to give in. Amongst those denounced by name were the Earl of Huntly; his uncle, Father James Gordon of the Society of Jesus; Father William Ogilvie, another Jesuit; and the Earl of Errol. Although James was forced to issue the proclamation, his known partiality

for Huntly and Father Gordon had the practical effect of rendering it null. The anger of the preachers rose, Mr. John Ross going so far as to announce from the pulpit that the King "was no better than an open oppressor of the Kirk." "We have had," said he, "many of his fayre wordis, wherein he is mighty enough, but few of his gude deddis. Of all men in this nation, the King is the maist fair and maist dissembling hypocrite."

This was more than even James could stand. He complained formally to the Assembly, and Ross was summoned before the Kirk, where he defended himself in a manner so much to the liking of the assembled brethren that he was acquitted. James, now thoroughly roused, defied the Kirk, and by an Order in Council Ross was banished.

The complex nature of the body known as the General Assembly, which has been described as Board of Trade, War Office, and national police rolled into one, can be seen by the fact that when it met in 1594, all trafficking with Spain, necessitating as it did constant intercourse with Papists, was forbidden. But the people, although enthusiastic for purity of doctrine, were not prepared to go to the length of giving up a very profitable commerce to secure it, and the merchants raised such an outcry that the Assembly relented so far as to allow them to go to Spain to receive the moneys due to them.

In 1596, a rumour being rife that the King had omitted the reading of the Gospel at table, a Commission was appointed to inquire into the spiritual state of His Majesty and his household. A deputation of ministers set out accordingly for Holyrood, their

wives having kindly undertaken to perform the same office with regard to the Queen and her ladies. James, being found guilty of having neglected the reading of the Gospel at table, was severely reprimanded and ordered to remove certain obnoxious persons from the Court; but Anne of Denmark, more spirited than her royal consort, sent word to the horror-stricken ladies that she was too busy dancing to be bothered with them. Dancing was one of the capital sins in the preachers' decalogue.

James's patience was now worn out, and he began to show openly the resentment that he had until then endeavoured more or less to conceal. It was probably on account of this that Mr. John Walsh, commenting to his congregation at St. Giles's on the King's misdoings, declared that whereas the King "had been possessed with ane devil, now the ane driven out had been replaced by seven worse spirits." The sermon was preached when matters were at a crisis. The Assembly, repudiating the King, proceeded to appoint a "Committee of Public Safety," to which move James replied by ordering all the preachers to leave the city. The Assembly retorted by announcing that its members were responsible for all their actions to God alone, and such being the case, would remain in the city or leave it according to their pleasure. The city churches rang to the usual denunciatory sermons, and rioting broke out in Edinburgh.[1] James, equal

[1] The tumult of the 17th of December has been excused as an accidental outburst of popular fury; but there were circumstances connected with it which plainly showed a deliberate purpose of resistance to the royal authority (Grub, "Ecclesiastical History of Scotland," ii. 269).

for once to the occasion, quelled them with such determination that the ministers were obliged to seek safety in flight. He then reduced the population to order by threatening to remove the Court from the capital, and to return to it no more. A young Scotsman of the name of John Ogilvie, then a student at Louvain, heard of these disturbances, and made good use of the information in after days. The Assembly which met at Perth a few months later was a chastened body; the high-water mark of its power had been reached, and the tide was already on the ebb.

By 1600 James had permanently gained the upper hand, while the Bishops, nominated and protected by the King, were gradually freeing themselves from the bondage in which the Kirk had held them. In 1605, when James was at last firmly seated on the throne of "that Blessed defunct Ladie," as he thought fit to describe the murderer of his mother, the General Assembly made one desperate effort to recover its lost power. Defying the King's prohibition, the ministers met in Council and proceeded to business, but the meeting was dispersed and six of the leaders thrown into prison.

The power of the Bishops, on the other hand, went on increasing. In 1610, by "menaces and threats," James "caused the synods . . . to choose James Spottiswoode, Archbishop of Glasgow, their moderator; which election divers of the ministers did oppose, but were so dealt with that they gave in." The tables were now completely turned, and the office of Bishop, which had been "solemnly damned" in 1550, was an established thing. But the submission of the ministers, compelled as it

was by sheer necessity, was more apparent than real. Every act of the Bishops was narrowly watched by the preachers, who were merely biding their time until the fleeting years should bring them once more the power they had lost.

Until 1610 the Scottish Bishops had been appointed solely on the nomination of the King, there being no pretence even at any form of consecration. To remedy this state of affairs Spottiswoode and ten other Bishops were summoned to London, there to receive "such episcopal orders as their English brethren could confer."[1] "On their return," says Row, "they did to the Archbishop of St. Andrews as they were done withal at Lambeth, *as near as they could possibly imitate.*"[2]

The Presbyterians, whose one aim had been to obliterate from their country every trace of Catholic rite and ritual, had now to look on in impotence while the new Bishops introduced the ceremonies of the English Protestant Church, almost as distasteful to the Kirk as those of "Popery." Their angry protests were all to the same end—these men could be no true Protestants; they were but Papists in disguise, or at least sympathizers with the Papists. In vain did the Bishops repudiate such an idea. "Prove yourselves," was the sum of the reply; "fine words avail nothing." In one way, and one alone, could the

[1] Row, "History of Scotland," Wodrow Society.

[2] The English Bishop Andrews moved that the three Scots Bishops should "first be ordained presbyters because they had not episcopal ordination." The Archbishop of Canterbury said that he saw *no necessity*, because "ordination by a presbyter is lawful when Bishops cannot be had, or else it might be doubted if there were a lawful mission in the Reformed churches."

Bishops show that they were free from any tendency to Catholicism—by the persecution of those who were staunch to the old Faith. Clinging in desperation to this plank of safety, they sought for a victim, and when their need was at its greatest, found one close at hand in the person of John Ogilvie, priest and Jesuit. The Bishops were on their probation; the hostile Kirk, eager for their ruin, was watching. Such was the state of affairs in the spring of the year 1615. Two years later John Ogilvie landed in Scotland.

PART II

THE CONFLICT

CHAPTER I: *The Boyhood of John Ogilvie*

IN the year 1583 a certain Sir Walter Ogilvie was owner of "all the lands and baronnies of Ogilvie and Drumnakeith." He had married Agnes Elphinstone, daughter of a noble Lowland family, who died leaving one daughter. In 1583 Sir Walter married again. During the interval which elapsed between his first and second marriage he had improved his position from a worldly point of view, by adopting the doctrines of the Reformed Faith, and was consequently able to choose a wife from one of the greatest families in Scotland. The lady on whom his choice fell was no less a person than the Lady Mary Douglas, daughter of the Earl of Morton, and grand-daughter of the Lady Douglas who had been gaoler to the unfortunate Mary Stuart at Lochleven. By this second marriage Sir Walter had seven children, five sons and two daughters, the eldest, born at Drum in the year 1583, being John Ogilvie, the future martyr.

The remains of the house of Drumnakeith are still to be seen in the valley of the Isla. It lies in the heart of the country inhabited at that time by the great clan of the Gordons and ruled over by its chief, the Earl of Huntly, whose influence and power had won for him the proud title of "Cock of the North." These lands had passed into the hands of the Ogilvies as a wedding portion when an Ogilvie of the old days

had taken a Gordon to wife. This marriage, which might have united the two clans, seems to have had a directly opposite effect, for a quarrel over the estates led to a bitter feud in which many on both sides lost their lives. Although the Ogilvies, in spite of their powerful enemies, managed to retain the lands, ill feeling continued to increase, with the result that in the frequent quarrels among the clans, the Gordons and the Ogilvies would invariably be found on opposite sides, eager for a chance of paying off old scores.

A Highlander by birth, John Ogilvie spent the early years of his life among this hardy, if somewhat turbulent people. Differing in customs, dress, and language, no less than in character, from the Lowland Scots, the Highlanders were chiefly remarkable for their courage and endurance. They were divided into separate clans, each one of which formed a great family, ruled over by the head or chieftain, who held his lands by the power of the sword and by the allegiance of his people. "Throughout the State correspondence of the day," says Hill Burton, "there is ever a tone of respect for the strength and capacity of the Highland Scots, however troublesome their presence is sometimes found. They are a valiant nation, able to endure the miseries of war, and pleased with any entertainment, be it ever so little." They had their own code of honour, of which the first articles were loyalty to their chief and observance of the laws of hospitality. The quarrel of the chief was that of the clansman, and to this community of interests and the belief that revenge for an injury was the most sacred of duties, were due most of the bloody

feuds which made of the Scottish Highlands a perpetual battlefield.

In the sixteenth century the clan of the Gordons was paramount in the North both in numbers and in influence. When the Reformation brought a new seed of dissension into the country, Huntly and his followers remained true to the old Faith, while many of the Forbeses, Ogilvies, and Leslies, owing to their jealousy of the powerful Gordons, threw in their lot with the Reformers. The question, like most others, was decided by the chieftains, and the faithful clansmen often found themselves confronted with a hard choice. Either they must renounce the Faith of their fathers or fail in loyalty to their chief. In a certain part of the Western Highlands Presbyterianism is still known as "the religion of the Yellow Stick," owing to the tradition that a chieftain who had himself adopted the new doctrines proceeded to cane his followers, less firmly convinced than he of the advisability of the change, into the Presbyterian Kirk.

But even while professing to follow the new religion, the Highlanders were slow to relinquish the Catholic customs in which they had been brought up. They would still celebrate the old seasons of Yule and Paschaltide, and in many cases, long after the Faith itself was lost, they would assemble to sing the old Catholic hymns and carols, to visit the holy wells, or make long pilgrimages to the old shrines of the Blessed Virgin.

"In Scotland, wherever there existed remnants of the old apparatus of idolatry," says the historian Hill Burton,[1] "zealots would be found prowling

[1] "History of Scotland."

about them in adoration. In corners of the vast ruins of Elgin Cathedral groups of Popish worshippers assembled secretly down to the reign of Queen Anne. In remote places, where there were shrines, crosses, or holy founts, the people, though nominally Protestant, were found practising some traditional remnant of the old idolatry. Crosses, shrines, and other artificial attractions to such irregularities might be removed, but there remained the most significant of all, the old centres of devotion, the consecrated wells, the springs of water from which, according to the traditions of the old Church, the earliest missionaries made the first converts to Christianity. The documents of the Church of Scotland for centuries are filled with these causes of backsliding."

Among such people as these, simple, hardy, and brave, John Ogilvie spent the early years of his life. Although Sir Walter Ogilvie, and presumably his wife, had conformed to the new doctrines, the country people about their home were Catholics, and their children must often have heard stories of the olden days. They would have seen—and there would not have been wanting people to tell the thrilling tale—the stone at Kirkmichael to which only a few years before the faithful parish priest had been bound and burnt to death. Nor was this an isolated instance of the treatment meted out to the successors of St. Columba and St. Ninian by the men who stigmatized the Mass as idolatry and superstition. In the Diurnal of Occurrents, the 4th of May, 1574, we find the following curt entry: "There was ane priest hangit in Glasgow, callit * * * *, for saying Mass."

Already there were missionaries abroad, ready to face imprisonment and death if only they might win a few souls back to the Faith. The boy John Ogilvie must often have seen strange men passing through the valley, and noticed the eager welcome they received from those who knew that the pedlar carried a more precious burden than the treasures in his pack, and that the wandering soldier served a greater King than James of Scotland.

Those were wild times. The fiery cross would often flash out through the darkness of the night, and the well-known cry, "Help a Gordon! a Gordon!" which summoned the great clan to their chieftain's aid, would ring through the quiet valley. News from the great world outside would sometimes penetrate to the lonely house among the hills, and the return of Sir Walter from one of his many journeys would be eagerly looked for. For young John knew, as who in Scotland did not, that Mary Stuart, their Queen, lay a prisoner in England at the mercy of a jealous woman. In the early months of 1587 came a fearful rumour—a rumour that had the power to unite in a common desire for action every class and clan in the country. Scotland's Queen, it was whispered, was to be tried for treason, condemned, and put to death. James VI. ordered prayers for his mother's safety, and the women prayed with all their hearts, though the men would rather have laid hold of their weapons in one desperate effort to tear their Queen from Elizabeth's clutches. But James was not of heroic mould, and even his order for public prayer was set at defiance by the godly. The ministers of the Kirk flatly refused to pray for Mary Stuart, and a scene

was enacted in the capital that set half Scotland laughing and the other half cursing; for it was James's misfortune, if not his fault, that when he most wished to be taken seriously he was often the centre of a comedy. Since the ministers would not pray for his mother, he determined to conduct the prayer-meeting himself, and set off for St. Giles's with an armed guard and the notorious Adamson, Archbishop of St. Andrews, who was to take the rebellious ministers' place. But the Kirk had been beforehand, and the royal party arrived to find the pulpit already occupied by one of its members, a young minister of the name of Cowper. James, now rather at a loss, ordered the preacher to pray for his mother, to which royal mandate the minister, with the courtesy which seems to have distinguished his kind, replied that he "would do just as the Spirit of God directed him." The King bade him come down from the pulpit; then, as he showed no signs of obeying, the captain of the guard stepped forward to give him a helping hand, whereupon he sullenly descended, muttering that "that day would rise up in witness against the King on the great day of the Lord." In the confusion that ensued, most of the congregation followed the minister out of the church.

"What devil ails the people," cried James in a pet, "that they will not stay to hear a man preach?" But the last of the godly were already vanishing through the open doorway, and the King and the Archbishop were left to conduct the meeting as best they could. News of the ridiculous scene flew through the country, while fast on its heels came the dreadful tidings that while James had been wasting his time

in such futile wranglings, the unfortunate Queen had been beheaded at Fotheringay. Horror and indignation were rife; nobles and Catholics united in urging the King to avenge his mother's death, but a weak protest, promptly quenched by a handsome gift of money from Elizabeth, was sufficient to satisfy the filial love of Mary Stuart's son. "Thus," says an old writer, "all memory of Queen Mary's murder was buried. The King received their ambassador, and by his persuasion is become their yearly pensioner. What honesty the common weal receives thereby I think that posterity shall better know than this time can judge; for more just occasion of war had never prince on the earth nor this prince had."[1]

To the Ogilvies the terrible news would have caused a deeper sorrow than to many others; for the old days at Lochleven must have been often in Lady Ogilvie's mind, when, playing as a child with her sisters, she would catch a glimpse of the sad face of the beautiful Queen of Scotland, a prisoner within the castle walls. She would tell to her children, no doubt, the thrilling story of Mary's deliverance, effected so cleverly by young Douglas, their own great-uncle, and their hearts would burn within them at the tale. Alas! there was but one consolation left in those sorrowful days for those of Mary Stuart's subjects who had still remained faithful to their Queen—her long and bitter sufferings were at last at an end.

A year had scarcely passed when the news of the sailing of the great Armada sent a fresh thrill through the country, a thrill of hope to some, of fear to

[1] "Historie of King James the Sext."

others. "Terrible was the fear," says James Melville,[1] "piercing were the preachings, earnest, zealous, and fervent were the prayers, sounding were the sighs and sobs, and abounding were the tears" of the brethren.

In the Catholic North the feeling was very different. The Scottish Catholics, unlike their English brethren, would have welcomed a victory that might have set them free from a relentless persecution. They looked to Spain as their only hope; the enemies of their Faith were more hateful to them than the enemies of their country. "The Scottish Catholics," says Andrew Lang,[2] "could only hope to escape a grinding persecution by the aid of foreign Powers." The news of the defeat of the Armada soon reached the North, where the want of enthusiasm at the tidings was the signal for a fresh outburst of persecution.

Little is known of the early years of John Ogilvie's life. In all probability, like most of the sons of the Highland gentry in that part of the world, he was sent to the High School at Aberdeen, where everything would seem strange to the young Highlander. The Saxon tongue would have to be substituted for the soft Gaelic of his childhood, and the doublet and hose of the citizens would seem like the dress of another country to eyes accustomed to the tartan. The townsmen of Aberdeen had a wholesome fear of their Highland neighbours, which, if the old chronicles tell us true, was not without foundation. The city was well walled and guarded by night and by day; every man was required to have his javelin, axe, and halbert handy at his side, and to use them,

[1] "Memoirs." [2] "History of Scotland."

too, when occasion called him to the defence of the town. The rival clans, as a matter of fact, found it a very convenient battle-ground, and many a quarrel between citizens and Highlanders, as well as between the different Highland factions, had been settled in the streets of Aberdeen.

In the High School, an old Catholic foundation which had been appropriated by the Kirk, the traditions of the old Faith died hard, and the ministers in possession found their position rather a thorny one. The boys, mostly Highlanders, to whom fighting came as naturally as swimming to a duck, were as wild as their fathers. In the old Catholic days holidays at Yuletide and at Easter had been a matter of course, and were looked upon by each generation of schoolboys as an unalterable privilege, if not a right. The Kirk, however, had decreed that the observation of the birthday of the Saviour of the world and of His Resurrection was abominable superstition and idolatry; the school was to be kept open and lessons given as usual. But they had not reckoned with schoolboy nature; and the scholars, taking the law into their own hands, did what the boldest of their parents feared to do, defied them openly. The arrival of Christmastime was invariably the signal for a riot which culminated in the boys taking forcible possession of the school, barricading the doors, and keeping the ministers and the city fathers successfully at bay for close on a fortnight.

In 1590 the celebration of James's marriage with Anne of Denmark gave rise to festivities all over the country. The King, always in need of money, yet anxious to make an imposing appearance on this

important occasion, had recourse to all kinds of expedients to attain his end. Quaint notes were sent out to the nobles and Highland lords, begging gifts of "fat beef" and "mutton on foot," and "wild fowls and venison." From the Earl of Mar he coaxingly begs the loan of "*the* pair of silk hose" to wear at the wedding, adding pathetically, "ye wadna that your King suld appear a scrub on sic an occasion." From another friend he asks "the loan of some silver spoons to grace his marriage-feast." He implores his Council to do all that they can to make the reception of the newly married pair as imposing as possible. "A King of Scotland with a newly married wyfe will not come hame every day," he urges. The Council seem to have risen to the occasion, for we read that on the arrival of the Queen in Edinburgh "there was forty-two young men all clade in white taffetie, and visors of black colour on their faces, like Moors, all full of gold cheynes, that dancit before her Grace all the way." The wedding-present of James to his bride consisted of three substantial gold chains made from one of great length "borrowed" by him from Arran for the purpose. Arran did not like to refuse, "for gin he had refused he would have tint the King, and in delivering of it he should tyne the chain."

Even then poor James was not at the end of his troubles, for the Kirk decided that the coronation ceremony was idolatrous, and told him that his bride would have to do without it. But this time the King was equal to the occasion. He shrewdly remarked that if the ministers had scruples, the Bishops would have none, and this settled the

question. The idolatrous anointing was performed by Mr. Robert Bruce, who poured forth upon the young Queen " a bonny quantitie of oil."

Soon after the royal wedding a fresh disturbance broke out. The Earls of Huntly and Moray quarrelled, and the fighting that ensued reduced three counties to a state of civil war. Huntly and his army ventured as far south as Fife, where Moray was murdered by the Gordons. James, angry but unable at the time to punish Huntly, had recourse to an old trick of the Scottish monarchs when in a similar predicament. He urged the Mackintoshes to attack the Gordons, a behest which they were nothing loth to obey, for they had many an old score to pay off. But the attempt was a failure; the Gordons completely defeated their antagonists, with the result that " sundry parts of the north countries were so wreckit and stricken that great numbers of honest and peaceable folks were murtherit, their homes burnt, their goods spoilt and dispersit."[1] The Earl of Argyll was despatched with a large army to reduce Huntly to order, but without success. An action was fought at Glenlivet, where Argyll was disastrously defeated, leaving Huntly master of the field. James, now thoroughly roused, determined to march against the conqueror at the head of his royal troops, but at this news Huntly lost heart and determined, together with Errol and Angus, to leave the country. Their decision was vigorously opposed by Father James Gordon, a cousin of Huntly's, who clearly foresaw that the Catholic cause would undoubtedly suffer should the three most powerful of its leaders

[1] " Historie of King James the Sext."

go abroad. The Catholic Earls, however, persisted in their intention, and preparations were made for their departure. On the day they were to set sail High Mass was celebrated for the last time in Elgin Cathedral. The great building, one of the glories of Catholic Scotland, was filled to overflowing. After the reading of the Gospel, Father Gordon preached a short sermon, in the course of which he begged the three Earls to reconsider once more a resolution that would be so fatal to the Catholic cause. They remained obdurate, and when the Mass was over took horse to the sea-coast and set sail for France. Within a few weeks of their departure they were, together with Father Gordon, condemned to banishment; they had merely anticipated the sentence.

In the same year, 1593, young John Ogilvie and Francis Douglas, son of the Earl of Angus, went abroad to complete their education.

The progress of affairs in Scotland was anxiously watched by the Catholic priests who had been driven into exile on the Continent, and who found it hard to give up the hope that a better day would soon dawn for their unhappy country. The rapid growth of Calvinism, however, soon brought home to them the sad conviction that Scotland could no longer be looked upon as a Catholic country. The great work of the future, they now realized, would be the education of Catholic priests to labour on the Mission, ready, if need be, to give their lives in the attempt to win back their countrymen to the Faith. Mary Stuart had been the first to realize this truth, and from her English prison had encouraged Bishop

Lesley to seek help at Rome for the establishment of Scots colleges on the Continent. The Scottish Benedictines had several foundations abroad, notably at Vienna and Ratisbon, but by the end of the sixteenth century most of these had been alienated from their original owners. Ratisbon, however, still remained in their hands, although the community had dwindled until it consisted of two monks and the Abbot. Thither, in the times of persecution, went the Scottish sons of St. Benedict, exiles from their own country, and a college was soon opened, with the famous Ninian Winzet at its head. But one college was insufficient for the need, and a small seminary was founded a little later by a Scottish priest, Dr. James Cheyne, for the training of boys destined for the priesthood. When John Ogilvie went there in 1593 it had been removed to Douai, and was in charge of the Jesuits.

To a Highland lad of those days Douai might well seem to be the ends of the earth, though the excitement and novelty of the new life which was opening before him would no doubt soften the pang of parting from home and family.

It may be asked how young John Ogilvie, nurtured, apparently, in the Calvinistic creed, found his way to a Jesuit college to be trained as a Catholic priest. The matter remains a mystery. Catholic missionaries, it is true, were constantly passing backwards and forwards between Scotland and the Continent, it being the favourite route for even the English priests. "Scotland is the common passage for English caterpillars into foreign parts," wrote one of the Continental spies to his English master. In 1593 Father William

Ogilvie, S.J., formerly chaplain to the Earl of Angus, and possibly a relation of the Ogilvies of Drumnakeith, was one of these travellers. It may have been through his influence that the boy was sent abroad.

Although the fact has been established beyond doubt that the martyred John Ogilvie was the eldest son and heir of Sir Walter Ogilvie of Drum, we cannot be so certain that the Lady Mary Douglas was his mother. If the date of his birth was, as asserted by Father Forbes-Leith in his "Vie de Jean Ogilvie," somewhere between 1579 and 1580, he certainly was not, for Sir Walter's second marriage only took place in 1582. If, therefore, the date of his birth is correctly given, he must have been the son of Agnes Elphinstone, Sir Walter's first wife, and this may throw some light on the circumstance of the boy's being sent abroad to a Catholic college to be educated. Agnes Elphinstone's brother joined the Society of Jesus, and died a saintly death in the Jesuit novitiate at Naples. It is quite possible that his sister may have remained true in her heart to the old Faith, and obtained from her husband the promise that her children should be brought up in it. In this case the difficulty would at once be solved. The second wife, with four sons of her own, would not be likely to object to a measure which would leave the inheritance open to her own family. As, however, neither the date of John Ogilvie's arrival at Brünn nor that of his birth is definitely known, the question is open to conjecture.

In an Italian narrative, printed by Father Forbes-Leith in the first edition of his Life of John Ogilvie, it is stated that he went to travel on the Continent,

and whilst there, having entered into controversy with some Catholic priests, proceeded to study the Scriptures, with the result that he was converted to the Faith. But the Italian narrative is in several respects untrustworthy. John Ogilvie cannot have been more than thirteen years old when he came to Douai, and intelligent though he undoubtedly was, it is difficult to imagine him at that tender age the skilled controversialist that the Italian biographer would have us believe him. Another account says that he went abroad in order to preserve his faith, and this would seem to corroborate the first suggestion. We can, however, but conjecture; all that is definitely known is that in 1593 he arrived at the Scots college at Douai, where he was entered in the college records as having been "brought up a Calvinist." There he remained for three years, until, in 1596, owing to the unsettled state of affairs in France, where several cities were still holding out against the Huguenot Henry of Navarre, the Rector of the college migrated with his little flock to Louvain. There the Jesuit, Cornelius à Lapide, was lecturing on the Holy Scriptures; the task of catechizing and instructing the boys of the Scots college was entrusted to the famous commentator, who wrote in after years of his joy and pride in having had the future martyr among his pupils.

But the difficulties of the Rector were not at an end. Although the number of his pupils was steadily increasing, the funds for the upkeep of the college were as steadily diminishing, and he was at last obliged to distribute some of his boys among the other colleges on the Continent. As a result of this

proceeding, John Ogilvie found himself in 1598 at the Benedictine monastery at Ratisbon, where, however, his stay was very short, for within a few months' time he had won one of the bursaries founded by Pope Gregory XIII. for the education of foreign students, and had gone to the Jesuit college at Olmütz. By this time his vocation had taken shape, and he had resolved to devote his life to the service of God in the ranks of the great army founded by Ignatius of Loyola.

With this end in view he offered himself, together with several of his young companions, to Father Ferdinand Alberi, Provincial of the Jesuits in Austria. As, however, a pestilence was raging in Brünn, where the novitiate was situated, it was suggested to the would-be postulants that they should defer their entry until the epidemic had abated. All were content to wait but John Ogilvie, who, following the Provincial to Vienna, obtained leave to brave the risk of infection and enter at once. On the Christmas Eve of 1599 he was on his way to Brünn. The new life and the new century were to begin together.

In Brünn, the capital of Moravia, most of the people had embraced the Lutheran doctrines. They had, however, been won back to the Faith of their fathers by the preaching of the famous Jesuit, Peter Canisius, known amongst Catholics as the Apostle of Germany. The Jesuits had founded there a college for the boys of the country, and later a novitiate. One of the first novices of Brünn had been Blessed Edmund Campion, and the house was still fragrant with memories of the gallant young Englishman who had gone forth so joyfully to meet

a martyr's death. The cell which he had occupied would certainly have been pointed out to the newcomer and the story told to him of how one of the Fathers, who was reported to have communications with the unseen world, had written over the door on the eve of Campion's departure for England the words: "Beatus Edmundus Campianus, Martyr." The spot in the garden, too, would surely have been pointed out to him where on the same day Our Lady was said to have appeared to the young priest in a vision, assuring him that his desire had been granted, and that he would shortly shed his blood for Christ.

For ten years John Ogilvie remained at Brünn, undergoing that strong formation which the Society of Jesus gives to its members. Though few records remain of his life at this time, his occupations can easily be conjectured. In 1601 he went to Gratz to study philosophy, teaching at the same time an elementary class in the school, and here he made his first vows on St. Stephen's Day in the same year. From Gratz he went to Neuhaus, and from Neuhaus to Vienna, whence, after six years of teaching, he returned to Olmütz, there to begin his course of theology.

Those were stirring times in the Society of Jesus. The year 1605 witnessed the beatification of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, the saintly young scholastic who had renounced a splendid career as the eldest son of one of Italy's most princely houses to become a humble Jesuit novice. Four years later it was the great Founder of the Order, St. Ignatius Loyola, who was raised to the Altar, while from almost every quarter of the world came news of the heroic life and still more heroic death of countless Jesuit martyrs.

In the heart of John Ogilvie during all these years one thought had been paramount—the desire to do for his country what Campion and Southwell had done for theirs, to live a life of hardship and face a martyr's death in the hope of winning a few souls back to the Faith. Harder even than the English Mission—and that was hard enough, with its attendant dangers—was the Scottish Mission for which he longed. But the account of the difficulties, heard from those who, more fortunate than he, had been called to labour in that beloved country, only served to augment John Ogilvie's desire. In the summer of 1611 he was suddenly ordered to Prague to join Father Elphinstone, who was on his way to Scotland, but some change of plan seems to have been made; the moment had not yet come. For two years longer he was to wait, until at Paris, in the autumn of 1613, he was ordained priest. A few weeks later he was named, together with Father Moffat, for the Mission in Scotland, and ordered to set out at once. He was just thirty years old.

CHAPTER II: *On the Mission*

THE Catholics in Scotland were in a pitiable condition. The animosity of the Kirk against those who still held to the Faith of their fathers was now organized into a steady and systematic persecution. "The permission even of a single case of Catholic worship, however secret," says a Scottish historian, "the attendance of a solitary individual at a single Mass in the remotest district of the land, at the dread hour of night, in the most secluded chamber, and where none could come but such as knelt before the altar for conscience' sake only and in all sincerity of soul: such worship and its permission for an hour was considered an open encouragement of Antichrist and idolatry. To extinguish the Mass for ever, to compel its supporters to embrace what the Kirk considered to be the purity of Presbyterian truth, and this under the penalties of life and limb, or, in its mildest form, of treason, banishment, and forfeiture, was considered not merely praiseworthy, but a point of high religious duty; and the whole apparatus of the Kirk, the whole inquisitorial machinery of detection and persecution, was brought to bear upon the accomplishment of these great ends."[1]

What the "purity of Presbyterian truth" was expected to accomplish by those who had brought about the Reformation was the raising of the moral tone

[1] Fraser Tytler, "History of Scotland."

throughout the country. Whether it succeeded or not can be judged from the reports of the Kirk itself. In 1597, nearly forty years after the establishment of Presbyterianism as the State religion, a period during which the leaven had had time to work, the General Assembly came to the conclusion that "the common corruption of all estates within this land" was unpleasantly obvious. After enumerating a list of the prevalent vices of the day in language which the historian Hill Burton describes as "more descriptive than the decorous habits of modern literature would sanction," the document ends with the trenchant observation: "Lying is a rife and common sin."

"The clergy of the Reformation," observes Andrew Lang, "far unlike the old Churchmen, set admirable examples of private conduct."[1] Yet we find not infrequently in the records of the Kirk itself, as well as in contemporary documents, instances of the ministers being cited for the very offences so often brought against the Catholic clergy—and worse.

"John Kello, minister of Spott, in Haddingtonshire," says Robert Chambers in his "Domestic Annals of Scotland," "was executed in Edinburgh for the murder of his wife. The confession of this wretched man shows that he was tempted to the horrible act by a desire to marry more advantageously,

[1] Under Morton (1575), says the same author, not very consistently, "the Kirk was being reduced to the same condition as the Church before the Reformation. Ignorance, profligacy, secular robbery, under a thin disguise of ecclesiastical revenues, were all returning. Ministers sold their livings. The Bishops had none of the sacerdotal and mystic character which attaches to them in the Catholic faith" ("History of Scotland," ii. 253).

his circumstances being somewhat straitened. He deliberated on the design for forty days; tried poison, which failed; then accomplished it by strangulation." According to a contemporary recital,[1] "he stranglit her in her awn chamber, and therafter closit the ordinar door that was within the house for his awn passage, and sae finely seemit to colour that purpose after he had done it, that immediately he passed to the Kirk, and in the presence of the people made sermon as if he had done nae sic thing."

"Nothing is more remarkable in the history of this period," says the same author, "than the coincidence of wicked or equivocal actions and pious professions in the same person. Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, who had joined the Reformers, and in the basest manner taken part against Queen Mary, who was in constant trouble with the General Assembly on account of his shortcomings, writes letters full of expressions of Christian piety and resignation. Sir John Bellenden, justice-clerk, who had a share in the murder of Signor David, and who, on receiving a gift of Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh's estate of Woodhouselee from the Regent Moray, turned Hamilton's wife out of doors, so as to cause her to run mad—this vile man, in his will, speaks of 'my saul, wha sall baith meet my Master with joy and comfort, to hear that comfortable voice saying, 'Come unto Me, thou, as one of My elect.'"[2]

The bitter quarrel between the Kirk and the Bishops, which had seemed to promise a breathing space for the Catholics, had only served to augment

[1] "Historie of King James the Sext."

[2] "Domestic Annals of Scotland."

their misery; for while the Presbyterians persecuted them from hatred of their Faith, the Episcopalian party, afraid of the taunt not infrequently brought against them of a leaning towards Popery, persecuted them to prove the orthodoxy of their Protestantism.

Every house in every parish was visited by the ministers, and everyone without exception ordered to assist at the Presbyterian services. Note was taken of every absentee; recalcitrants were visited a second time, and warned that if they did not mend their ways excommunication would be the result. This was no laughing matter, for it amounted, practically, to boycotting, involving civil penalties of the most drastic kind. No one might remain in the service of a man or woman under the ban without incurring excommunication themselves. No one might speak to, buy from, or sell to them; no one was allowed to attend them in sickness or bury them when dead. Their children could be torn from them and brought up to hate and despise the religion of their fathers. In the sight of the law they had no rights; they were pariahs and outcasts on the face of the earth. It is not surprising that all but the most valiant of the Catholics gave up their Faith rather than face such a prospect. "The country," says Andrew Lang, "was drilled into almost uniform conformity and systematic hypocrisy."[1] All Catholics had to choose between loss of lands and goods and native country, or loss of conscience and honour.

The only alternative open to a Catholic was to

[1] "One thing was obvious to the preachers—admit toleration, and, as Hamilton said, 'then are we all gone.' The country would veer round to the ancient faith" (A. Lang, "History of Scotland").

seek liberty of worship in a foreign land, but even this was soon denied them. A law was passed obliging every person leaving the country to bind himself by security not to practise the Catholic religion abroad. Another, enacted a little later, decreed that any Scottish subject hearing Mass in a foreign country would forfeit any property he might hold at home.

Not even the privacy of family life was secure from intrusion. Many of the wealthier and nobler families who had given outward adhesion to the new form of worship, but were suspected of adhering in heart to their own religion, were obliged to support in their own houses, and at their own expense, a "wise pastor, armed with powers of exhortation, inquisition, and rebuke." This "wise pastor" followed his unhappy hosts like a shadow wherever they went, his obtrusive and unwelcome nose being thrust into every family matter, however intimate, and his obnoxious doctrines being forced upon them at every hour of the day. Even the proud Huntly was forced to submit to this infliction. The followers of John Knox could boast of having reduced persecution to a fine art; the very pettiness of its details made it the harder to bear. "There are tortures attributed to the Inquisition," says the historian Hill Burton, "which some men would rather endure than this scheme."

During his long sojourn on the Continent John Ogilvie had followed closely the progress of events in Scotland. Reports from missionary priests were constantly arriving at the different colleges abroad, supplemented by the accounts of the missionaries

themselves as they passed to and fro on their various journeys. There were the exiles, too, who would have much to say of the intolerable conditions of the life from which they had fled. The disadvantages under which a priest "on the Mission" in Scotland had to labour were well known to all. An efficient disguise was the first necessity, for spies were on the watch in all the Continental towns and seaports, ready to apprise their masters in England and Scotland of every movement of a priest.

In the autumn of 1613 a young soldier, known to all inquirers as Captain Watson, landed at the port of Leith in company with two other gentlemen. The soldier was Father Ogilvie, and his companions, Father Moffat and Father Campbell, were respectively a brother Jesuit and a Capuchin friar. The three priests at once separated, Father Ogilvie going north, Father Campbell to Edinburgh, and Father Moffat to St. Andrews, in which city he was seized just one year later and thrown into prison on the charge of being a "Mass priest."

Father Ogilvie would have found many changes in his old home since his departure twenty years ago. The three little sisters of the old days were grown up and married. One was now Countess of Buchan, another Lady Forbes of Pitsligo, and the third Lady Grant. His father and mother were still alive; they were destined to survive their martyred son.

One can but wonder what reception they gave him, and whether pride or fear was uppermost in their hearts. Was it with a wistful clinging to the old Faith, but half renounced for safety's sake, that they welcomed the son who had come back to them as

its champion, or did they look coldly upon his enterprise as the act of a madman, calculated to put the whole family in jeopardy? History remains silent; all that we know is that a few weeks later Father Ogilvie was at Strathbogie Castle, the seat of the Earl of Huntly, and that there he spent Christmas. It was the most Catholic part of the country, and there would be work for him to do. It is notable that on his death-bed, twenty years later, Huntly was to remember that Christmas Communion.

His ministrations at Strathbogie at an end, Father Ogilvie proceeded to Edinburgh; for the Lowlands and not the Highlands were to be the scene of his future labours, and Edinburgh his headquarters.

In Perthshire, halfway between the two centres, is a lonely well which still bears the name of "Father Ogilvie's Well." Tradition says that a priest of that name once took refuge there during the times of persecution. If this were, as seems probable, our Father Ogilvie, it is likely that the incident happened on this journey, and that the sharp eyes of the Government spies had already pierced the disguise of Captain Watson.

Edinburgh had its advantages as a hiding-place. The largest city in Scotland and fairly central for work in the Lowlands, it possessed a little colony of staunch Catholics who were always ready to help and harbour the missionary priests. In the stream of visitors who were constantly passing through its streets, one more stranger would easily pass unnoticed.

Father Ogilvie took up his abode in the house of

one William Sinclair, an advocate. Here he found Father Moffat, and here the two priests remained during the first months of 1614. Easter fell early that year, on the 30th of March, and towards the end of Lent Father Ogilvie crossed via London to Paris, where he spent the last days of Holy Week and Eastertide. Whatever may have been the cause of this journey, and it was evidently a matter of business, Father Gordon, S.J., uncle of the Earl of Huntly and Father Ogilvie's superior, seems to have considered it an unwise proceeding, and Father Ogilvie returned at once to London. He was still "Captain Watson," and in this disguise made the acquaintance of a certain Sir James Kneilland of Monkland, a needy Scottish gentleman, who, like so many others of his countrymen, had followed James I. to England in the hope of bettering his fortunes. In June the soldier and the knight travelled northwards in company, thus cementing a friendship which seems to have become fairly intimate, for later in the same year Kneilland was denounced as a Catholic and a penitent of the priest's. Part of the long journey northwards was spent by Father Ogilvie in the perusal of a little book which had been given to him in London, and which contained an account of the trial and imprisonment of Father Garnett, the English Jesuit, accused of complicity in the Gunpowder Plot. The reading of the little narrative was turned to good account by Father Ogilvie later on, when he himself came to stand his trial.

Using Sinclair's house as headquarters, the missionary now proceeded to travel about the Lowlands,

reconciling apostates to the Church, instructing converts, and working untiringly for the salvation of souls. Near Sinclair's house there lived a Catholic named Cruickshank, who had stables in the Canongate. It was natural enough that a soldier should frequent these stables, more especially as he was employed in travelling about the country buying likely horses for his friend. Thus it was that Father Ogilvie could say Mass in peace in the stables, his mission as horse-dealer covering the greater mission of a seeker of souls.

In Glasgow there was also a small colony of Catholics, and through one of these, a certain Robert Heygait, who had met Father Ogilvie in Edinburgh, the presence of the priest was made known in the western city. Unlike most of the other missionaries, who observed the greatest secrecy as to their movements, Father Ogilvie made no attempt to hide himself, and, trusting to boldness as his best disguise, went about his business quite openly. While in Glasgow he lodged at a public inn, spending his days, as any other soldier might be supposed to do, in walking about with his friends. Who was to know that the friend was being instructed the while, or that during the short visits paid by Captain Watson to certain of the townspeople appointments were being made for longer visits under the cover of night ? Long excursions into the country in quest of promising horses for his friend Mr. Cruickshank aroused no suspicions, and for a time all went well. Mass was said every morning at the house of Marion Walker, a zealous Catholic, who kept open house for her co-religionists, full of joy at the chance of

receiving once more the Sacraments of their Church. Marion Walker was one of the first to be seized after Father Ogilvie himself, and died, after great hardships, a confessor of the Faith, in the prison at Dumbarton Castle.

During the time of Father Ogilvie's stay in Glasgow, Robert Heygait had been busying himself bringing faint-hearted and timid Catholics to the priest; his zeal, indeed, was greater than his prudence, and led ultimately to the capture of all. A man named Boyd, of good family and of some standing in the city, grew suspicious and began to frequent Heygait's shop, pretending that he was interested in the Catholic Faith, and wished to be received into the Church. The unsuspicious Heygait welcomed the stranger with open arms, telling him that there happened at that very moment to be a priest in the city to whom he could go for instruction. This was just what Boyd wanted. He went with Heygait to see Father Ogilvie, and kept up the pretence of being a zealous neophyte until he had ferreted out the fact that Captain Watson's horse-dealing expeditions covered visits to all the Catholic strongholds in the neighbourhood, and had discovered the names of all the people who frequented Marion Walker's house for Mass. Then, and then only, did he reveal himself as the traitor he was by denouncing to their enemies the men who had trusted him, for the sake of his soul's welfare, with a secret that might cost them their lives. It was a common enough tale in seventeenth-century Scotland.

To John Spottiswoode, Protestant Archbishop of Glasgow, Boyd's information was as welcome as rain

in summer. He and his Episcopalian brethren were in bad odour with the Kirk, which persisted in associating the name of Bishop with everything that savoured of "Popery," averring that Episcopalianism was nothing but "Satan divided against himself." Here was a chance to vindicate himself completely from such an aspersion, and to prove that a Bishop could be as enthusiastic as any member of the Kirk when it was a question of suppressing a Papist. The traitor and the Archbishop put their heads together, and had soon evolved a plan. In a few days' time the election of a baillie or city magistrate was to take place in Glasgow; during the excitement with which such a proceeding was usually attended the capture of the priest could be easily effected. The arrangements concluded, the two men parted—Boyd to keep up his farce of going to Father Ogilvie for instruction, and the Archbishop to give orders for the arrest.

CHAPTER III: *The Arrest*

SINCE Archbishop Spottiswoode is one of the chief characters in the drama which ended in the martyrdom of Father Ogilvie, it may be interesting to see what manner of man he was and how he had come to hold his present position.

Born in 1565, and the son of one who is described as "a pillar of the Reformation," he became at the age of twenty-one minister of the parish of Calder in Midlothian. We hear of him next in the retinue of the King. When, in order to limit the power of the Kirk, James, by a *coup d'état*, forced upon it the Episcopalian system, and several of the ministers, who a few weeks before had been denouncing Bishops as "limbs of the devil," promptly accepted a see with its accompanying emoluments, Spottiswoode was among their number. The canny monarch, it is true, had gilded the pill of Episcopacy, thus suddenly thrust upon the reluctant Assembly, by pointing out the urgent necessity of ferreting out and punishing Jesuits and Papists, in which delightful occupation, he assured them, they would find the Bishops of the greatest assistance. But though forced to accept the Bishops, the Kirk never ceased to dislike them, looking upon them as turncoats and apostates, whose sudden conversion had been brought about by the desire to enjoy big revenues. "Ambitious of preferment," says Cunningham, "Spottiswoode early devoted himself to the King

and the Episcopalian party, and got the reward of his services by being made Archbishop of Glasgow, and later of St. Andrews. It cannot be denied that he was willing to sacrifice his country's Faith to his own ambition." When in 1637 the Assembly declared war against "Popery and Prelacy," and proceeded to excommunicate the Bishops, Spottiswoode was proved guilty of "carding and dicing during the time of Divine service; of tippling in taverns till midnight," together with unnameable crimes which go to make a blacker indictment than any brought against the pre-Reformation Bishops by the bitterest of their enemies.

That the Kirk was given to unlimited abuse of those who opposed its power, no one who has read the documents of the period can deny, nor is it fair to judge a man solely on the evidence of his enemies. The Episcopalians allude to Spottiswoode as a "pious and wise man, grave, sage, and peaceable." A certain George Martine, who wrote an account of the See of St. Andrews, speaks of his "holy simplicitie and primitive disposition," a testimony which is a little leavened by Bishop Burnet's description of him as "a mild and prudent man, of no great decency in his course of life." Cunningham allows that "he did not devote Sunday to gloom, but loved a game at cards or at dice," and that he could be "joyous over a glass of wine."

From these conflicting accounts it may be gathered that Spottiswoode was a shrewd, intelligent man, whose religious convictions came second to his ambition, and whose private life gave cause for scandal. Genial and kindly when it suited him to

be so, he could, as we shall see, be cruel and vindictive when crossed. But here we are chiefly concerned with his veracity as an historian, for besides his "History of the Church in Scotland" and several other works, he wrote what he describes as a "*True Relation* of the Proceedings against John Ogilvie, a Jesuit."

Now, the title "a True Relation" implies the fact that there were other accounts of the proceedings going about, as there undoubtedly were, which Spottiswoode wished to contradict, since in them he played but a poor part. If he had known, which he did not, that Father Ogilvie had written while in prison the whole history of his arrest and imprisonment, completed by several eye-witnesses of his execution, and testified to under oath, he would perhaps have been more careful about some of the statements which he describes as true. But Father Ogilvie's MS. was conveyed secretly out of the country lest it should fall into the hands of his enemies, and has remained in the archives of the Society of Jesus ever since. The trial and the execution had created a strong impression in favour of the martyr, and this it behoved the Archbishop, if possible, to destroy. His method of procedure can be seen at a glance from a single instance in his "History of the Church of Scotland."

In the Parliament of August, 1560, when the Confession of Faith was passed and the old religion swept away, Spottiswoode declares that the Catholic Bishops remained silent. Now, this implies, as Spottiswoode undoubtedly meant it to imply, that the Catholic Bishops were pitiful cravens who cared

but little for their religion. As a matter of fact, only six Catholic Bishops were present at the Parliament, which many people looked upon as illegal. Of these six, two had never been consecrated, and *three* protested. This fact is attested by State documents which are still extant, but of which Spottiswoode probably knew nothing.[1] Yet men were still alive, when he wrote, who had been present at the Parliament, and it seems impossible to conceive that the misstatement was a mere slip of the pen. The Parliament of August, 1560, is the pivot on which the history of the Reformation in Scotland turns, and on such an important event as this the historian had every facility for making sure of his facts.

The events of that fateful 14th of October, which saw the arrest of Father Ogilvie, have come down to us in the martyr's own words. Towards the end of his long imprisonment, through the instrumentality of the Archbishop's wife, who showed him some little kindness, he was allowed the use of pens and paper. He had to use them in secret, he tells us, taking advantage of the moments when the vigilance of his gaoler was somewhat relaxed, but he succeeded in writing in Latin a full account of his arrest and imprisonment. Six days before his trial he delivered the MS., together with two letters, to Mr. Mayne, a Catholic, who had been seized on the same day as himself, and who had been sentenced to banishment for life. Mayne concealed the paper, which

[1] State Papers (Scotland), Eliz., vol. v., No. 10. Maitland to Cecil, August 18th. "The Parliament swallowed the whole Confession, only some five laymen and *three* Bishops dissenting" (Andrew Lang, "History of Scotland," ii.).

was afterwards completed by those who had been eye-witnesses of the martyr's trial and execution, and deposited it in the hands of the Rector of the Jesuit college at Bordeaux. It was printed at Douai in July, 1615, and later by the Maitland Club in the volume of their publications entitled "Illustrations of the Reigns of Queen Mary and James VI." An English translation by Father Karslake, S.J., has been published in Glasgow.

On the morning of his arrest Father Ogilvie said Mass at Marion Walker's house. It was destined to be his last on earth. "I was betrayed," he says, "by one of those I was to have reconciled with the Church. The traitor was of a noble family . . . and had been recommended to me as a Catholic and as one who had been waiting for a long time for some opportunity of being reconciled."

We gather from the narrative that Father Ogilvie had only returned that morning to Glasgow, after one of his many absences. He had made an appointment with Boyd, who was to go to him for instruction in the afternoon. About four o'clock he went out for a walk in the streets of the city with a friend, when the traitor, evidently on the watch, gave the signal agreed upon, and one of the retainers of the Archbishop, accosting the priest, ordered him to go at once to "His Lordship." Father Ogilvie, imagining that by "His Lordship" was meant the Sheriff, whom he knew to be the grandson of the would-be convert, turned back at once, but his friend, loth to let him out of sight, insisted that he should go with him to his house. This proposal was vehemently opposed by the Archbishop's man, and a heated

argument ensued. "Whilst, however, I am amicably arranging the dispute between the two," says Father Ogilvie in the narrative, "a crowd of town officers and citizens collect about us. They seize my sword and begin pushing and pulling me about. I ask an explanation of their conduct, inquire what harm I am doing, and whether they are in their right senses. I told them that it was the other two who were quarrelling, and that I had nothing whatever to do with it. No need for a long story. I was lifted up from the ground by the united rush of the crowd, and almost borne away on their shoulders to the magistrate's house. They snatched away my cloak, but I said that I would not stir a step until it was given back to me. Then someone offered me his, but I said I wanted my own, and at last I got it away from them. I protested against the outrageous behaviour of the angry mob, and promised them that I should let everyone know how they had treated a visitor to their city, who was doing no harm to anyone, and that without any lawful warrant or accusation brought against me. In the meantime the Archbishop, who was in another part of the city, was informed that the men he had sent to apprehend me had been killed, that a general massacre was taking place, and that the city was in arms." This alarming message seems to have been carefully prepared beforehand, that the prelate might have a plausible reason for assembling the barons and apprehending the priest.

In 1609 the King had instituted two Courts of High Commission, one in each archdiocese, each Court consisting of the Archbishop himself together

with his suffragan Bishops and a certain number of the nobility. They could call before them anyone whom they considered to be scandalous in life or *erroneous in opinions,* and could impose whatever fines they chose or imprison for any length of time. They could excommunicate any subject of the realm and see to it that the penalties of excommunication were carried out. They were bound by no law but their own discretion; they were subject to no appeal, and their sentence was final. Thus it had come about that the Archbishop had almost unlimited power in Glasgow in matters civic as well as religious—" a power," says Cunningham, " which associated with the name of Bishop everything that was odious in despotism."

" The Bishop," continues the narrative, " assembled the barons, who happened to be in the city, and they came in a body to the street. He saw that all was quiet there, and asked where I was. They replied that I was in the house of the magistrate who had been elected that day, and thither he hasted with all his company. I was sitting between the table and the wall; he called me out and struck me across the face. ' You are an over-insolent fellow to say your Masses in a Reformed city,' he said."

Spottiswoode, in his account of the proceedings, carefully omits the mention of this dastardly blow, but his contemporary, Calderwood, had no reason to be so reticent. " The Bishop buffeted him," he frankly states.

" Your action is rather that of the executioner than of the Bishop," was Father Ogilvie's quiet reply;

but Spottiswoode had given the lead, and those under him took the cue from their master. "They showered blows upon me from every side," continues the narrative, "plucked the hair from my beard, and tore my face with their nails, until Count Fleming restrained them by his authority and by main force. Then, while I was still half stunned from the effect of so many blows upon the head, orders were given that I should be stripped. Some men there began immediately to obey the command, untying the strings and undoing the buttons of my clothes, until, when they were on the point of removing my shirt, very shame restored my senses, and I cried out to know what such wanton insolence was for."

It was so late by this time that it was judged well to remove Father Ogilvie to the prison, but even there he had no peace.

"They threatened that they would soon proceed to extremities," he says, "but I laughed at their threats, their angry faces, and their words. They threatened me with the 'boots': I told them to bring them, but they replied that they were too kind to use them. 'But lying is not kindness,' I said; 'why promise what you do not perform?' The keeper of the gaol then remarked that I was a queer kind of fellow, for prisoners, as a rule, did not beg to be punished, but desired to be let off. 'That is all right for those who are ashamed of their actions, or dread their punishment,' I replied, 'but I glory in my cause and triumph in its penalty.'

"'Take care,' said he, 'what you are doing, and remember to whom you are speaking.'

" 'I know all about that,' replied Father Ogilvie; 'be sure to shut up your prison properly, and go to sleep until to-morrow.' "

But for the prisoner himself there was little sleep; he was tormented with anxiety lest those to whom he had ministered should suffer on his account.

His fears were not without cause. The traitor, having made sure of his first victim, had led a band of searchers to the houses of the Catholics whose names he had succeeded in discovering. At the inn where Father Ogilvie had lodged they found his luggage, containing a breviary, some Papal decrees concerning the conditions under which holders of ecclesiastical property might be reconciled to the Church, relics of St. Ignatius, St. Margaret, and St. Catherine, an altar-stone, chalice, and vestments, together with other "rags of Popery." These articles, though highly compromising to the priest himself, put no one else in danger; it was far otherwise with his private papers, carefully deposited in what he had believed to be a safe hiding-place, but which was betrayed to the authorities by "a certain Frenchman." "They were in a very safe place," says the narrative, "had men only been honourable and silent."

The discovery of two of these papers might prove disastrous to his fellow-Catholics, one of them being a list of Catholic houses where travelling priests might safely apply for shelter, while the other, drawn up by Father Anderson, a Jesuit priest who had left Scotland but a short time before, gave a full account of all the property belonging to the Fathers in the country, with detailed information as to where

it was to be found. This property seems to have consisted of altar-stones, chalices, and other things needful for the Divine service, which had been left in different parts of Scotland for the convenience of travelling priests.

To Father Ogilvie the loss of his own life mattered little; he had counted the cost before setting out on his hazardous enterprise. But the thought that the lives and property of many good Catholics, whose only crime was that of having harboured and succoured their priests, should be in danger on his account was a cause of sore trouble to him.

The first to be seized were Heygait and Marion Walker, who, with fourteen others, were "all empreasonit in the Castell of Dumbarton, ther to remayne upon thair awin expenses and therefter relaxit and confynit for a pecuniall soume for contravening the Act of Parliament, and fand cautionn under great soumes of money not to commit the like fault or cryme again."

As it was into Spottiswoode's pocket, presumably, that both the "pecuniall soume" as well as "the great soumes of money" found their way, his interest in Papist-hunting is easily explained. On the 7th of December this little band of Catholics, who were tried apart from Father Ogilvie, were found guilty and condemned to death. The sentence, however, was not carried out, the great "soumes of money" and a public humiliation being considered on the whole more advantageous to the common weal. Marion Walker died in prison of the hardships there endured; the others, the fines having been duly paid, were released. But though the law was satisfied, the

Kirk was not, as the following extracts from the book of the Kirk Session of Glasgow bear witness:

"On the 25th of January, 1615, James Forret, Archibald Scheillts, and John Wallace (went to) the presbytery humbly confessing their heinous offence in being present with John Ogilvie, priest, at idol service, and hearing Mass to the great dishonour of the Kirk. . . . (They) offered full satisfaction. Also James Stewart, Archibald Muir, Andrew Sumner gave in their supplication, humbly confessing their offence in receiving and entertaining the foresaid priest . . . protesting to embrace the (religion) presently professed in this kingdom of Scotland for ever . . . and with their blood will defend it to their life's end." One can imagine the feelings with which these unfortunate creatures, goaded by the fear of death, or excommunication with all its horrors, uttered the words in which they were forced to denounce their religion as idolatrous, and to profess their belief in doctrines which denied all that they held most dear.

On the 1st of February Sir James Kneilland was summoned before the presbytery, and admitted that he had received the priest twice, "thinking that he was a soldier, as he came with Captain Donaldson and many other soldiers." Kneilland declared that he was a "good Protestant," and had communicated according to the rite of the Reformed Church in England, while his wife had done the same in Glasgow. The truth of Sir James's statement seems to have been doubted, for he was ordered to procure a testimony from the minister of the church in England at which he said he had communicated, and produce it at a later meeting of the presbytery.

He does not seem to have been further molested, so must have succeeded in convincing the Kirk that he was a good Protestant.

On the 8th of March Sir Archibald Muir was summoned before the presbytery and charged with the crime of having entertained Father Ogilvie at his house. He was ordered to attend the sermons regularly, while the ministers debated as to the penance they would require of him.

On the 10th of April, a month after the martyrdom of Father Ogilvie, all his companions were summoned before the presbytery. The heroic death of the priest had produced a strong impression in his favour, which both Spottiswoode and the Kirk were doing their best to counteract. The following sentence was therefore pronounced on the little group of Catholics who had been associated with him in Glasgow: "That on Sunday" they should stand "at the High Kirk door from the first ringing of the bell to (end) of the sermon in linen clothes and bare-headed, and there crave the prayers of the people as they enter, and this being done, the first Sabbath in the forenoon, ye shall go to the New Kirk in the afternoon in the manner aforesaid. Next that ye enter to the public place of penance within the High Kirk on the two Sabbaths immediately following, all others being discharged for the time from the said place, and after sermon descend to the pillar and give token of repentance before the congregation for this abominable act . . . and absolution is deferred to the synodal assembly at Ayr on the 10th of April."

Heygait, like Marion Walker, was of stauncher

stuff. He remained firm and was banished for life from his country.

Of Father Ogilvie's Edinburgh friends, three were seized and brought to trial a few months after his martyrdom. They were all sentenced to death, but were reprieved at the place of execution, heavily fined, and one of them at least, the Advocate Sinclair, driven into exile. He gave evidence at the preliminary process of Father Ogilvie's beatification, published by Father Forbes-Leith in his "Vie de Jean Ogilvie."

CHAPTER IV: *The First Examination*

IN the morning of the 15th of October, after a sleepless night in prison, Father Ogilvie was led to the Palace of the Archbishop, where he found assembled a board of examiners, consisting of the Archbishop himself, the Bishop of Argyll, five barons, and the Provost of the city. "I was ill from the harsh usage of the previous day," he says, "and trembling with weakness." This was hardly surprising, since he had had no food for over twenty-four hours.

He was straightway challenged on the subject of mental reservation, a long and weary argument ensuing, which only came to an end when the judges discovered, to their cost, that the prisoner was more than equal to them at every point. They then proceeded to direct questions, and asked him if he were of gentle birth.

"I am," he replied, "and so were my parents before me."

"Have you ever said Mass in the King's dominions?" was the next question.

"If to say Mass is a crime," he answered, "you cannot expect me to answer that question. It lies with you to produce the witnesses."

"We have proof of it," they continued, "in the testimony of those who saw you."

"If your witnesses have satisfied you on that

point, all right. I shall neither weaken their testimony by my denial nor strengthen it by my confession until I see fit to do so."

"Then you are a priest?" they questioned.

"You said just now that you could prove that I had said Mass. If that is so, you are surely able to prove also that I am a priest."

It was a case of check again.

"What is your name?" was the next inquiry.

"Why do you ask?" replied Father Ogilvie. "If you suspect me, bring forward my crime and prove it by witnesses. You have not deserved so well of me that I should oblige you with gratuitous information. What I am bound by law to say, I will say, but nothing more."

"Do you acknowledge the King?" they asked.

"James is *de facto* King of Scotland," was the reply.

"At this question," says Father Ogilvie, "I was a little afraid, but the stupid fellows, not understanding law terms, did not know how to follow up the point." He knew enough of the recent proceedings in England to be aware that the authorities were using every pretext to try to condemn the priests on the ground of treason rather than religion. They were determined to be rid of them at any cost, but were resolved that they should figure as traitors and not as martyrs. Again and again in Father Ogilvie's trial we find the judges harking back to the subject of the Papal Supremacy, "that two-edged sword," as Blessed Thomas More had named it. Those were days of transition, when a startled world saw new theories advanced and new methods boldly

advocated. Theologians had grown so accustomed to seeing the spiritual and temporal power living, so to speak, under the same roof, that the spectacle of nations cutting themselves adrift from the spiritual authority of the Pope was almost unintelligible to them. They were inclined to treat it as a passing phase and to advocate the use of the old weapons, such as decrees of deposition and excommunications. They did not see, time alone could show them, that the old state of things had passed for ever, and that new ways and means must be devised to meet the new needs and dangers. Father Ogilvie took one standpoint and held to it firmly throughout. Whenever any question of faith was involved, he avowed his belief and gloried in it; when it was a doubtful matter involving some point not yet defined as of faith, he refused to commit himself. "In replying to such questions," he would answer, "I should be acknowledging you as judges in religious controversies, which you are not." To the Pope or his deputies, the sole legitimate judges in such matters, he told them, alone an answer was due.

"James is *de facto* King of Scotland," he had said.

"Swear to it," replied the judges.

"Why should I swear ?"

"So that all may know whether or not you have reasonably conspired against the King."

"You well know," was the answer, "that to swear needlessly is to contravene the Divine command, which says: 'Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain.' And it seems to me that I should be swearing uselessly, were I to swear to

my own evidence, since, according to the law, an oath in my own favour would avail nothing."

It was a reversal of the usual proceedings for the prisoner to point out to the judges that the law prohibits such oaths, for the reason that many of the worst kind of criminals would be only too ready to perjure themselves if in so doing there were a chance for them of escape from punishment.

"Bring forward your witnesses," said Father Ogilvie, "to prove your charges against me, and if you cannot do so, why, then, do you persecute an innocent man?"

"We ask you in the King's name to take the oath."

"Tell me first, then, what you require me to swear to."

"That you will answer all questions put to you without equivocation or mental reservation."

"I am not bound to do so," was the reply, "but I will take my oath that I shall truly answer all the questions which I think right to answer; in all other cases I shall say that I do not wish to answer."

"And what are those things that you will not speak to?" they inquired.

"I shall say nothing that would tend to my own detriment or to the prejudice of any other innocent person."

"And what are your reasons for refusing to answer such questions?"

"My reasons are two. In the first place it would be sinful to say anything that would compromise or injure an innocent person, and I shall not do so. Secondly, since the foundation of all laws is the law

of nature, which aims not at man's destruction, but his preservation, I shall say nothing which might lead to my own injury and so to the contravention of that Divine law."

Eventually Father Ogilvie took the oath on the express understanding that he should be free to refuse an answer to questions which he considered unjust. This done, he gave them full particulars as to his name, family, and birthplace. The official account of this part of his trial is as follows:

"The priest being asked what his name was, he called himself John Ogilvie, son of Walter Ogilvie of Drum; and that he had been out of this country twenty-two years, and that he studied in the colleges of Olmütz and Gratz, and remained in Olmütz two years and in Gratz five years; and that he received the order of priesthood in Paris; and that he came home to Scotland before now, and remained six weeks or thereby. And that he came home (*i.e.*, from London) about May last or thereby; and confessed that the bag produced before him on the table was his own. And that he was one of the ordinary Jesuits. And being asked whether the Pope's jurisdiction extended over the King's dominions in spiritual matters, affirmed constantly the same, and would die for it." "Johannes Ogilbœus, Societatis Jesu," is the signature appended to the document.

The examination proceeded.

"I was again asked whether I had said Mass in the King's dominions, and replied that since the King's edicts and Acts of Parliament have made it a crime to say Mass, I could not answer that question.

In any case, I said, my judges were there to inquire into crime, not acts of religious worship, such as the celebrating of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The King, I told them, was supreme judge in cases of murder, treason, and robbery, but not of the administration of the Sacraments.

" ' But,' they said, ' the King is not a layman.'

" ' He is certainly not a priest nor has he received even minor orders.'

" They next wanted to know why I had come to Scotland.

" ' To convert my countrymen from heresy and to save souls.'

" ' Whence have you authority to minister to the people, since neither the King nor the Bishops have given it to you ?'

" Laughingly I answered that their Bishops, like their King, were mere laymen, and had not a particle of jurisdiction to give, since Christ committed the sheep to the care of Peter, and whosoever wishes to feed those sheep must first have authority to do so from the Holy See, the representative of St. Peter. ' It is from that See,' I told them, ' that I have my jurisdiction, and that jurisdiction I am able to trace back to Our Lord Himself through an unbroken line of Pontiffs.'

" ' But it is treason to assert, as you do, that the Pope has any spiritual jurisdiction in the King's dominions.'

" ' He has such jurisdiction. It is an article of faith.'

" ' Would you dare to sign a paper to that effect ?'

" ' Yes, and if need be I would sign it with my blood.'

" Straightway I signed it. Then they asked:

" ' Can the Pope depose a King ?'

" ' He cannot depose a lawful King who is an obedient son of the Church.'

" ' But supposing that the King is a heretic ?'

" ' Many theologians hold that the Pope can depose an heretical Sovereign.'

" ' What do you yourself hold ?'

" ' When it shall be defined as an article of faith that the Pope can depose an heretical King I shall give my life-blood to defend it, and when I receive power to judge both Pope and King I shall tell the one what he may do, and the other what he deserves. As for what I now hold, there is no necessity for me to say until I am called upon to express my opinion by the one who is judge in these matters—the Pope or one of his delegates.' "

Questioned on the subject of the Gunpowder Plot, Father Ogilvie told his judges that he detested parricides and held them in horror. One of the judges argued that Jesuits taught that it was lawful to kill heretical Sovereigns.

" If you want the truth of that matter," said the prisoner, " read the decrees of the Council of Constance, and you will see that it is the heretics who teach and the Church that condemns such doctrines. Wicliffe taught that subjects might lawfully kill their rulers if the latter were at fault, and that by sin, rulers forfeit their authority. These theses the Church condemned." He then declared that the Gunpowder Plot was the deed of a few misguided Catholics, and proceeded to turn the tables on his opponents by instancing the disgraceful attacks

made on the King by the Presbyterians, notably during the riots of 1596, and again when a band of ministers under the Rev. Robert Bruce wrote asking the Marquis of Hamilton to seize the throne. These proceedings, now conveniently forgotten, he compared with the Gunpowder Plot, brought up on every occasion against the Catholics. The latter, he pointed out, was a mad project devised by a few courtiers, whereas the former were open rebellions, led by the preachers themselves.

"Against the Jesuits," he concluded, "you can bring forth naught but lying suspicions, worthy fruit of the hatred you bear us, but these riots I speak of were facts of which eye-witnesses still remain, in the person of the King and others."

From the Gunpowder Plot it was an easy step to Father Garnett and his alleged complicity therein, and Father Ogilvie was questioned about the martyred Provincial.

"'He was innocent,' I said, 'and not for the whole world should he have revealed anything heard under the seal of the Confessional.'"

"If anyone should confess to me," declared the Archbishop, "anything against the life of the King, I should denounce him, even though I had heard it under the seal of the Confessional."

"One would be unwise, then, to choose you as his confessor," replied the priest.

They then declared that the Pope had canonized Father Garnett.

"Who says that?"

"Why, at Rome he is painted amongst the martyrs of your Society."

" It is a poor argument that is taken from painters and poets, and one which proves nothing. I myself do hold him a martyr if he died for the secrecy of the Confessional, and, moreover, if the Pope has declared him a martyr I would willingly die in defence of the fact."

The Archbishop meanwhile was getting annoyed at the way in which the wary priest was escaping all the pitfalls they had so carefully prepared to catch him.

" Have done," he cried, " with all these suppositions of yours. We want to know what you yourself think."

" I think this," was the reply. " Whilst journeying through England I read a little book which contained a statement written by Father Garnett himself when he was in prison. This statement two Ambassadors and many other gentlemen declare to be true, and from reading it I say that I believe Father Garnett died a holy death and was innocent of the plot."

They produced the public acts containing the account of Father Garnett's trial.

" ' Those,' I said, ' were compiled by his enemies, and so inspire but little confidence. But these things do not concern me. I came to Scotland to preach Christ and not Garnett. I have to answer for my own acts, as he already has answered to God for his. Each for himself, and God for us all.' "

At this stage, Father Ogilvie tells us, he was overcome by faintness, the result of his long fast. He was in a fever, and shivering from head to foot. The examiners noticed this, and, with the first touch of humanity they had shown, ordered him to go to the fire; thus his first examination came to an end.

Even then, weak and ill as he obviously was, he was not left in peace. A Highlander amongst the crowd declared that the prisoner was no true Ogilvie, but a perjurer who had adopted that honest name as a cloak for his misdeeds. He ended his angry accusation by the threat that he would throw the priest into the fire.

Father Ogilvie, unmoved by this tirade, lost neither his temper nor his ready wit. "You could not throw me into the fire at a more opportune moment," he remarked good-humouredly, "for I am shivering with cold. But do it carefully, or you will scatter the ashes and have the trouble of picking them up." Even the Highlander joined in the general laugh that followed this sally, and they parted on good terms.

It was now the turn of the Provost, who declared that the prisoner was no Ogilvie, but a townsman of his own, whose mother still lived in the city and whose brother was a preacher. Several among the citizens backed him up in this statement, recounting escapades in which Father Ogilvie had figured as a boy.

"I denied the whole story," he writes, "so they brought my so-called mother to identify me as her son. She refused to own me, because she said my fingers were not deformed, nor was I mentally deficient, as was her son. I was, she said, too sharp."

The judges had come to the same conclusion. They announced that the examination for that day was at an end; the people, favourably impressed by Father Ogilvie's patience and sense of humour, were dispersed, and the priest returned to his prison.

CHAPTER V: *Edinburgh—The Torture*

THE preliminary examination over, Spottiswoode wrote a lengthy report of the proceedings to the King. The document is still in existence, and parts of it make interesting reading.

"Most Sacred and Gracious Majesty," he begins, "it has pleased God to cast into my hands a Jesuit that calls himself Ogilvie. He came to this city and said some Masses, for (assisting at) which we have tried eight of our burgesses. He himself will answer nothing that serves for discovering his traffic in this country, which appears to be great. . . . I crave Your Majesty's pardon to deliver my advice for the punishment of these transgressors and the trial of the priest . . . exemplary punishment is necessary in this case, and by the law their lives, lands, and whole estate are in Your Majesty's hands. . . . Being (found) guilty and put in Your Majesty's will they would be fined according to their quality and estate; only Robert Heygait, that has been the seducer of the rest, should be banished out of Your Majesty's dominions during Your Highness's pleasure. . . . The fines Your Majesty will be graciously pleased to command the treasurer to divide with me, (because) all are burgesses of this city, and by the privileges Your Majesty's predecessors have granted to this see these (fines) of all malefactors fall to the Bishop."

It is obvious that the Archbishop had an eye to his own interests. He needed the money, he said, to recompense the traitor Boyd and others "who have served me in this business, and to whom I have particularly obliged myself. . . . For the Jesuit, Your Majesty may be pleased to command him to be brought to Edinburgh and examined by such of the Council as Your Majesty may be pleased to nominate. . . . They should be commanded to use his examination with great secrecy, and if he give not answer nor confess ingenuously, then to give him the boots or the torture. . . . The knowledge I have of the state here . . . makes me bold to deliver my opinion in this sort."

Whilst awaiting the answer to this missive, the Archbishop gave orders that the priest should be kept a close captive. "Here," says Father Ogilvie in his narrative, "I am fastened with two rings to a lump of iron of about two hundred pounds weight, shaped like a pole, so that I can only sit up or lie on my back, but can do nothing else save stand up for a short space."

"There was nothing lacking in his prison that was requisite for one of his quality," says Spottiswoode. The winter of 1614–1615 is described in contemporary records as having been the coldest within the memory of man. All communications between the different parts of the country were cut off by continual snowstorms, while many travellers and quantities of cattle died of exposure. What Father Ogilvie must have suffered, chained to one spot in his unwarmed stone cell in the Archbishop's prison, can be better imagined than described.

The answer to Spottiswoode's letter was not long in coming. The King ordered that the priest be closely examined and the other prisoners brought to trial.

The trial took place in Glasgow on the 7th of December, and the Catholics, who were found guilty of having heard Mass and entertained Father Ogilvie, were condemned. On the following day word was brought that the priest was to be removed to Edinburgh, there to undergo a fresh examination before a committee of the Privy Council. A great crowd had gathered outside the prison, among them being the wives and children of the condemned Catholics, who had been told that, in order to save himself, the priest had given the names of all those who had visited him during his stay in the city. Father Ogilvie's appearance was the signal for an outburst of cursing and vituperation; stones, snow, and dirt were caught up from the roadside and hurled at him by the furious townspeople, who believed that he had betrayed his friends to save his own skin. The servants of the Archbishop made some endeavours to restrain the violence of the mob, but the ministers, notes Father Ogilvie, looked on in silence without attempting to help them.

"I rode on quite gaily," he says, "as if I cared naught for it, and the people were surprised at my coolness." He had a merry word even for those who pelted him with snow and dirt. "A curse upon your ugly face," screamed a woman in the crowd. "The blessing of Christ on your bonny one," was the cheery reply. The woman's tone suddenly changed, and in a few moments she was as loud in her championship

of the priest as she had been in her denunciations. Before long the whole company, won over by his serene good-humour, was laughing heartily at his merry jests.

At Edinburgh another crowd was waiting to receive him, and although, desiring to avoid a repetition of the scene in Glasgow, he had wrapped himself in a heavy riding-cloak, he was recognized almost at once.

It seemed at first as though he were to be treated with unwonted leniency. He was taken to the town house of the Archbishop—the old pre-Reformation residence of the Archbishops of Glasgow, situated at the south-east corner of Blackfriars Wynd or Street, and used by the prelates when Parliament was in session. He was comfortably lodged, and all who desired to speak with him were admitted to his room. Before leaving the house they were closely questioned as to how they had come to know him, and where, when, and with whom they had seen him. By this device Spottiswoode was able to discover the names of many Catholics who had lodged or in any way helped Father Ogilvie, and then proceeded, as he had done before in Glasgow, to circulate deliberately the report that the priest had betrayed his friends. Sundry of the Privy Councillors came also to visit the prisoner, and spent themselves in vain efforts to make him disclose some facts which might be used against him or his fellow-Catholics. Angry at last at the failure of their endeavours, they threateningly showed him the boots, or "bootikins," horrible instruments of torture which were clamped round the legs and tightened until the bones were broken

and crushed. Finding that this made little impression on the priest, they changed their tone and promised him wealth, a grand marriage, and the Provostship of Moffat, if only he would give up his religion.

"I replied that they ought to offer that to Father Moffat (who had also been arrested), as the names fitted in so well," writes Father Ogilvie. "They replied that he was too silly."

"Oh, he is much sharper than I am, and if he does not suit you I shall never do."

On the 12th of December the prisoner appeared for the first time before the Privy Council. Certain of his papers, notably those drawn up by Father Anderson and Father Murdoch, were produced, and acknowledged by Father Ogilvie as his property.

"Who gave you hospitality when first you came to this city?" was the opening inquiry.

"I am not bound to tell you, and so I shall not do so."

"The King has a right to know in what houses you have been as a guest, so that he may know whether you and others have been plotting against his State."

"If I answered that question the King would use the information for a religious end—namely, the persecution of the Catholics. I shall not answer."

As they still persisted, Father Ogilvie explained his position at some length.

"The King," he said, "asks that question because he wishes to discover and punish more Catholics, as he treated the Glasgow prisoners and the other Catholic gentlemen whom you have since arrested.

Now, if I say where I have been received as a guest, you would force my hosts to tell the names of all those who visited me, so should I be a cause of evil to them, for they in their turn would either be imprisoned or deny their faith. I shall not give you the information you desire, because by so doing I should risk the loss of my own soul, offend God, and ruin my neighbour."

"You refuse, then, to obey the King?"

"I shall render to His Majesty all things due to him."

"The King forbids Masses, and yet you say them."

"Whether Christ or the King is to be obeyed, judge ye. The King forbids it, but Christ in Luke xxii. has ordained it and commanded Masses to be said as I shall prove to you if you like. Now if the King condemns what Christ commands, what is he but a persecutor?"

"Yet the King of France expels Protestants and the King of Spain burns them."

"They act, then, not against religion, but against heresy, and heresy is not religion, but rebellion."

The subject was changed.

"You have no right to be in this country against the King's will."

"I am just as much a Scotsman as is the King himself, and he cannot forbid me my country without legitimate cause."

"He has very good cause. He fears for himself and his State, because of the plotting of you Jesuits."

"Let him act as did his mother and all the Sovereigns of Scotland before him, and he shall have no more reason to fear the Jesuits than the

King of Spain has. Do we owe him any more than our ancestors owed to his? If he has his right to reign from his ancestors, why does he lay claim to greater powers than they bequeathed to him? They neither had nor claimed any spiritual jurisdiction; they held no faith but that of the holy Roman Catholic Church."

This very practical reply aroused the anger of the Councillors. One of them exclaimed wrathfully that they were not there for the purpose of holding a disputation.

"And I do not dispute," replied Father Ogilvie; "I am only trying to prove to you that I cannot lawfully be denied the right to live in my native country, for to refuse to acknowledge this new claim of the King's to spiritual authority is no crime. If you can prove that I have ever broken the laws of the country, bring forward your witnesses and show your proofs."

It occurred to one of the Council that by a more conciliatory manner they might be more likely to gain their ends. "Will you not tell us frankly," he agreeably suggested, "all you have done in Scotland and with whom you have had intercourse? . . . Truly it is only your refusal to give us any information that makes us suspect that you fear to name others, lest they should betray you."

"I thank you, sir," was the answer; "your advice I shall accept when it seems good to me. At present it is not to my liking, for either through fear of you or through hope of reward, some might be found to feign knowledge of a conspiracy, and so you would obtain what I know you are seeking, a plausible excuse for taking away my life."

"The King takes no man's life on account of religion."

"Why, then, were the Glasgow prisoners condemned to death for hearing Mass? No other crime was ever laid to their charge."

"You will have us to put you to the torture."

"I will tell you nothing more."

The subject was changed once again. "Do you defend the doctrines of Suarez?" they asked him.

"I have not read Suarez' book; if he has therein anything that is not of Faith, let him who teaches it defend it. I am no satellite of Suarez, and if you yourselves want to refute it—well, write a better book on the same subject."

The examination was hurriedly concluded, the priest being dismissed with an order to consider whether he would obey the King or "endure the worst."

"My mind is already made up on that subject," was the quiet answer; "you have already heard my decision."

Father Ogilvie was led away, this time apparently to a dungeon in the castle, and the Council deliberated. They were determined to use every possible means to extract the information they wanted, and to this end decided to use the torture known as the deprivation of sleep.

From the evening of the 12th of October to the morning of the 21st—eight days and nine nights—Father Ogilvie was surrounded by men whose sole business was to see that he did not get one moment's rest. They began by keeping him constantly in motion, but he was soon so overpowered with weari-

ness that they were obliged to have recourse to stylets, pins, and other instruments, with which they stabbed unceasingly the most sensitive parts of his body, driving needles in under his nails. During all this time the questions continued almost without respite, the Privy Councillors succeeding each other with persistent demands as to where he had stayed, to whom he had administered the Sacraments, and where he had said Mass. But not even this inhuman torture, calculated to drive any man mad, could induce him to reveal one word of what they sought to discover. Steadfast strength of will, sustained by prayer, prevailed over bodily weakness, and not one of those to whom he had ministered had reason to regret that they had helped him in time of need or received at his hands the consolations of religion.

Spottiswoode, more and more desperate as the days went on and the tortured priest remained silent, declared at last openly that he was sorry that he had ever had anything to do with the matter.

One of the Council, furious at the failure of his attempts to make the prisoner give the desired information, told him that the torture would continue until he spoke or died. This roused Father Ogilvie's indignation.

"You are a pack of bloodthirsty monsters!" he cried. "I can and will cheerfully suffer more in this cause than you and all your friends can inflict. Such things do not frighten me. I laugh at your threats as I would at the cackling of so many geese."

Another, perhaps moved by a sudden impulse of pity, asked the tortured man whether he needed anything.

"Nothing," was the reply, "save that which you will not allow me—sleep."

During the night of the 20th of December he became so weak that they sent for a doctor, who declared that he had but an hour or two to live. Unwilling to have him die on their hands, they allowed him to sleep for a few hours. On the morning of the 21st they roused him and led him before the Council.

"I was so weak and feeble," he writes, "that I scarce knew what I did or where I was. I did not even know in what city I was."

Surely in this condition, thought his enemies, they would have him at their mercy. They began by praising their own kindness in having inflicted on him the torture of sleeplessness instead of that of the boots.

"If you had examined me with the boots," replied Father Ogilvie, "I might still have been able to earn my bread, for I could have been carried to the schools or the Confessional. But you have injured my brain by these watchings; it is my brain that you have tortured, and by nothing could you have harmed me more, for my vocation is to serve Christ our Lord by my brain and not by my shins. . . . You have tried to make an idiot out of a sane man, and a fool out of a Jesuit. Good-bye to the preferments which you offer if they are to be gained by that kind of a conversion."

"There are even worse things to come," they threatened, "if you do not satisfy the King."

"Even if I had ever intended giving you the information you seek," was the answer, "I should not do so now, lest you should imagine that I gave

it through fear, like a beast moved and led by its senses, and not by reason like a man. Try your boots, and with God's help I will show you that in this cause I care no more for my legs than you do for your leggings. . . . I consider myself born for greater things than to be overcome by sense. . . . I trust not in myself, but in the grace of God. . . . I sue to you for nothing. One thing only I ask: Whatever you are going to do, do quickly."

"You speak from passion," said Spottiswoode, "for no sane man wishes to die if he can save his life, as you can do if you will satisfy the King."

"I am not speaking from passion, but deliberately and with reason. I will preserve my life provided I am not compelled to lose my God in saving it. But since I cannot do both—serve God and keep my life—I do willingly give up that which is of the lesser value for that which is of greater."

And so the examination came to a close. Father Ogilvie was taken back to his prison, and allowed to sleep in peace.

"The report of my watchings," says the narrative, "had spread throughout Scotland." So had the report of his constancy. Calderwood pretends that during those awful days and nights "secretes were drewene out of him," but Spottiswoode, much as he desired to get the information that would lead to the capture of the Catholics to whom the priest had ministered, while declaring that "the Commissioners, offended at his obstinacy, and meaning to extort a confession from him, advised to keep him some nights from sleep; and this indeed wrought somewhat with him, so as he begun to discover certain parti-

culars," was obliged to admit that "how soon he was permitted to take any rest, he denied all, and was as obstinate in denying as at first."

On the following day more visitors came to the prison. Some, perhaps out of sympathy, urged him to satisfy the King. A "certain gentleman," who had presided over the proceedings which prevented him from sleeping, informed him that his head would decorate one of the spikes of the city gates. One of the Glasgow sheriffs wound up a tirade of abuse by declaring: "If *I* were the King I should boil you in wax!"

"If God had intended you for King," promptly replied the prisoner, "he would have made you a wiser man."

"The Sheriff was anything but appeased by this sally," remarks Father Ogilvie, "and by the laughter that greeted it. I wanted to drink his health across the table, but he would not accept my challenge, so I took him off in jest to get him out of his bad temper and make the others laugh. The Archbishop and the others thoroughly enjoyed it, saying that I imitated him as well as if I had known him all my life." At last the Sheriff himself could not help joining in the general merriment at his own expense, and on the following day, when the prisoner was on his way back to Glasgow, gave him a genial invitation to visit his gardens and house, and treated him with marked kindness while there.

CHAPTER VI: *The Return to Glasgow*

ONE of the first acts of the Scottish Reformers had been to forbid the celebration of all feasts of the Church; any attempt to keep Easter, Christmas, or any other of the great Christian festivals, being visited with the severest punishments. Although this spirit was still rife among the Presbyterians, the Bishops, who for the moment had the upper hand, were trying their utmost to reintroduce the celebration of the greater feasts (stigmatized by themselves a short time before as idolatry), and to force the unwilling ministers to follow their lead in the matter.

The Christmas of 1614 was close at hand, and Spottiswoode, determined to be present in Glasgow to see that the services of Christmas Day were carried out in the cathedral according to his own views, and equally determined not to let the charge of Father Ogilvie pass out of his hands, decided to take him with him. The Privy Council did not see the matter in quite the same light, and it was only after a good deal of wrangling that the Archbishop got his way. On the 24th of December, the anniversary of Father Ogilvie's reception into the Society of Jesus fifteen years before, they set out on the return journey. Once more the priest found himself in his old cell in the Archbishop's prison, and it was there that he spent the feast of Christmas, destined to be his last on earth.

While the Scottish Reformers were congratulating

themselves on having abolished such "superstitious practices" as the celebration of Masses, the sign of the cross, kneeling at prayer, and veneration of the Saints, the dark belief in witchcraft and sorcery was becoming daily more widespread. Even the King, who had himself written a book on demonology, in which he set forth the most gross and absurd superstitions as indubitable facts, was not averse to a bout of witch-hunting as an agreeable and diverting pastime. A woman called Annes Simpson and a certain Dr. Fian, accused of having, by means of sorcery, raised a storm against His Majesty of Scotland when on his way home from Denmark, were horribly tortured in his presence, Fian's nails being torn from his fingers, his finger-bones splintered in the thumbscrews, and his legs crushed to pieces in the boots. Both declared under the torture that they had been present at a witch meeting, and the woman described one of the diabolical orgies she had attended in the church of Berwick, where the Devil, clad in a black gown and with a black hat on his head, preached from the pulpit to a number of witches! She was condemned, together with Fian and thirty others, whom they certified to have been also present, and they were all burned alive on the same day. To bring an accusation of witchcraft against an enemy was well known to be one of the easiest ways of getting rid of him; the most idle tales were eagerly listened to, and many innocent people, who under the agony of the torture would have admitted anything that was suggested to them, were executed. The greater part of the winter of 1625, says Spottiswoode, was spent in the hearing of these cases.

Under these circumstances it is hardly surprising to find that during the first weeks of the New Year an individual was found ready to swear that he had seen Father Ogilvie whispering during the night over a great black book by the dim light of a single candle. As every priest is required to say the Divine Office daily, and as breviaries are usually black and were in those days not infrequently large, there was nothing very damning about this statement. But the imagination of the informer was able to supply more sinister details. A company of little black demons, he declared, were gambolling round the priest, evidently called up from the nether regions by his muttered incantations. They had brought with them, very obligingly, some choice refreshments, of which they and the Jesuit partook in company. This accusation, however, was too insufficiently supported to be taken seriously, even in the seventeenth century, and, anxious as the Archbishop was to find some incriminating evidence against his prisoner, it was allowed to drop. "I burst out laughing," says Father Ogilvie, "when the ministers related these things to me, and used no other argument to refute the calumny than by admitting that I used my breviary. Before an Assembly the preachers said that they did not even yet know what I might be; and the Archbishop remarked that if they had not found my letters and bundle he could not have discovered anything about me. 'Is not this an intolerable thing,' he complained, 'that you will let out nothing, when so many people are tiring themselves out without getting a step forward in the matter?'"

There is something incredibly naïve about the

complaint that the priest will not give evidence against himself or his friends and so provide an excuse for his and their condemnation. It is, moreover, of great value, for it effectually disproves a subsequent statement of Spottiswoode's that under the torture Father Ogilvie had revealed the names of all the Catholics who had given him hospitality.

Andrew Knox, Bishop of the Isles, believing that he might succeed where so many others had failed, then undertook to examine the prisoner. He had been one of those ministers who had so bitterly opposed the re-establishment of the Bishops by James, and had preached a most violent sermon against the King for this most "ungodly act." Scarcely a week had elapsed since this outburst of zeal, when he accepted with alacrity one of the new sees offered to him by the canny monarch, who presumably knew his man. The story was well known in Scotland, and did not add greatly to the credit of the new prelate, who consoled himself by accepting a second see, that of Raphoe in Ireland, where he went about trying and condemning to death all the Irish Catholics on whom he could lay hands. He had just returned from this pastoral visitation when he came to visit Father Ogilvie in his prison at Glasgow.

"I can say Mass as well as you," was his opening salutation.

"You are a priest, then ?" asked Father Ogilvie.

"No."

"Then you can neither say Mass, nor are you a Bishop."

This retort Knox chose to ignore, for he had a suggestion to make.

"Come, now," he urged, "be sensible. If you will forsake these human inventions and follow the religion preached and professed by the Apostles, you will be well provided for, for you are a high-spirited fellow and very wide awake."

"Your religion that of the Apostles!" said Father Ogilvie. "Why, your religion is not yet ten years old. When I was a boy you held as an article of faith that there was not any head of the Church, and that no one ought to be called so but Christ, and now you swear that the King is the head of the Church in his own dominions. You taught one thing then, and now the exact opposite. This is not apostolic doctrine, for St. Paul says: 'If I should destroy again the things which I have built up, I make myself a prevaricator.' Now you preached at Paisley against the re-establishment of the Episcopate, and said in your sermon that you would openly declare to be a devil any man who accepted a bishopric. You even said that such a person would deserve that the people should spit in his face. And within a fortnight you yourself became a Bishop. Moreover, not contented with the episcopate of the Isles, you took another fatter one in Ireland. Look at Cooper, too, who wrote a book denouncing the Bishops, and is now Bishop of Galloway. All of you preachers, in the General Assembly only a few years ago, swore and subscribed your declaration that the name and office of a Bishop is to be abominated, and not permissible in the Church, and now you teach the contrary."

"Not at all," replied the Bishop; "truth makes itself known. We see more clearly than formerly."

"Quite so," was the reply. "You see thousands in the revenues of a Bishop, while as preachers you scarcely knew where to find a hundred. But tell me this: If the Articles denouncing Bishops were God's truth sixteen years ago, how does it happen that they are now false? What are these doctrines of yours, building up and destroying the same thing? You said then that they were the Word of God, and now you say that what you at present hold is the Word of God. What lying Word is this, and who is this changeable God whose Word you preach? If we were bound to believe you then, how can we be bound to believe your contrary doctrines now? For then as now you brought forward Holy Scripture to prove your words. Unless I am greatly mistaken, your doctrine is 'wickedness lying to itself.'"

"Mr. Ogilvie," replied His Lordship, in nowise disconcerted by this plain speaking, "you are a right spirited fellow! I only wish I had a few of your sort to follow me. I would make good use of them."

"I would sooner follow the hangman to the gallows," was the reply, "for you are going straight to the Devil."

"Is that the way you speak to me?" demanded the prelate.

"You must excuse me, my Lord," said Father Ogilvie; "I have not learnt court phraseology, and we Jesuits speak as we think. I may not flatter you. I honour you for your civil dignity and respect your grey hairs, but your religion and Episcopate I count as nothing. You are a layman, nothing more, and have no more spiritual authority than your walking-stick. If you do not wish me to say what I think

about these things you had better bid me hold my peace, and I will be silent. But if you wish me to speak, I shall say what I think, and not what pleases you."

"It is a great pity," said the Bishop, with an air of compassion, "that poverty should have made you a Papist."

"You measure me by your own standard, my Lord, who abjured ten Articles of faith for two bishopries," was the well-deserved retort. "I was in no poverty. As my father's eldest son, I could have enjoyed the position and the patrimony of a gentleman, even if I had not been educated. And if I chose now, like you, to change my religion, I could have a good income, together with the favour of the King."

Foiled at every point and smarting under the home truths so incisively presented, the Bishop took himself off "in a great rage," and troubled the priest no more.

Early in January the Archbishop received a royal mandate, ordering that Father Ogilvie should be examined by a Commission consisting of Spottiswoode himself, the Bishop of Argyll, Lord Fleming, Sir George Elphinstone, and James Hamilton, Provost of the city, and that certain questions should be put to him.

On the 18th of January the prisoner was brought before the Commissioners, and the following questions propounded:

"Whether the Pope is judge and has power *in spiritualibus* over His Majesty; and whether that power be held also *in temporalibus*, if it be *in ordine ad spiritualia*, as Bellarmine holds."

To this question Father Ogilvie replied that he thought that the Pope *was* judge of His Majesty and had power over him *in spiritualibus*, if the King were a Christian.

"And do you hold that the power extends to matters *in temporalibus* if it be *in ordine ad spiritualia?*"

This Father Ogilvie refused to answer, on the grounds that no decision had been given by the Church.

"Can the Pope depose an heretical King?" was the next question.

"That he can do so is the opinion of many theologians," was the reply. "When it shall be defined as an article of faith I shall lay down my life for it. Under present circumstances I am not bound to say what I myself think, save to the Pope or his lawfully appointed delegate."

"May a King who has been excommunicated by the Pope be lawfully killed?"

"That question I refuse to answer, on the sole grounds that, were I to do so, I should be admitting your claim to a spiritual jurisdiction which you do not possess. If you consulted me for the sake of instruction I would tell you, but since you interrogate me in your official capacity as judges, I cannot with a safe conscience answer you. I have condemned both the oaths submitted to the Catholics of England —those of Supremacy and Allegiance."

"Has the Pope jurisdiction over the King?"

"He has, if the King be a baptized Christian."

"Can the Pope excommunicate the King?"

"He can."

"How can he excommunicate a man who does not belong to his Church?"

Considering the fact that the Kirk had been engaged during the last fifty years in excommunicating everyone who professed the Catholic religion, this question seems a little strange. Father Ogilvie explained to his judges that the Pope, as Head of the Church, acquired power over every man at baptism, for the reason that, when baptized, he enters the Church, and becomes a member of Christ's Mystical Body and a sheep of Christ's flock, of which the Pope is the Shepherd.

The questions and the answers given by the priest, together with a statement of his refusal to give an answer on certain other points, were then drawn up and signed. Father Ogilvie was dismissed to his prison, and the document sent off post haste to London. As the answer could not be expected for some little time to come, Spottiswoode seized the opportunity to pay a visit to the capital. Determined, however, that his prisoner should be well guarded during his absence, he removed the gaoler of the prison, replacing him by his own steward, a rough and hard man, who treated Father Ogilvie very ill. Not trusting to the bolts with which the heavy feet-chains were fastened together, this man caused pieces of iron, like wedges turned back on either side, to be inserted in the joinings of the rings, lest the prisoner should escape. Extra men, chosen from among the townsmen of Glasgow, were put on to watch him during the night, although Father Ogilvie laughed at all their precautions, telling them that he would not break his chains were they of wax, nor go out of the dungeon if all the doors were left open.

It was during this time that the Archbishop's wife,

who seems to have had a kinder heart than her husband, although the priest's fellow-prisoners have asserted that her amiability was most noticeable when she was in the cheery dispositions induced by what is known in the vernacular as a "dram," allowed him the use of pens and paper. It was in this way that Father Ogilvie, during the early days of February, was able to draw up the narrative of his arrest and imprisonment. But sharp eyes were watching, and word was sent to Spottiswoode that certain privileges were being allowed to the prisoner which he himself would be the last to sanction. The lady was ordered to let the priest alone, and to show him no more pity. Hearing this, Father Ogilvie left the narrative unfinished and hastened to write two letters, one to the General of the Society, and the other to Father Ferdinand Alberi, who had received him into its ranks.

The former, addressed to Father Acquaviva—for Father Ogilvie was ignorant of the fact that he had died a few months before—was an appeal for prayers to strengthen him during the ordeal which lay before him.

"VERY REVEREND FATHER IN CHRIST" (he wrote), "Pax Christi.

"Most beloved Father . . . my punishments are terrible and my tortures have been sharp; your paternal charity will make you pray for me that I may endure all with generous courage for Jesus, Who triumphed over all things for us. And may He long preserve you as the leader of His soldiers and a bulwark of Holy Church.

"To your very Reverend Paternity from your little servant in Christ and most unworthy son,

"JOHN OGILVIE."

Before the letter had reached Rome, Father Ogilvie had gone to join his chief in Heaven.

The second letter to Father Alberi runs as follows:

"REVEREND FATHER IN CHRIST,—Pax Christi.

"In what state I am your Reverence will easily learn from the bearer of this letter, Mr. John Mayne. It is a capital offence to be caught writing, so I must hurry before my gaoler returns. Your Reverence, as Provincial of Austria, first received me into the Society, and on that account I confidently recommend my spiritual children to you. Should, therefore, Mr. John Mayne require your assistance, I beg that he may find in my dear Father Ferdinand some share of the kindness with which he treated me. . . . I have written some account of what I have suffered, and have given it to the bearer of this letter. . . . I earnestly recommend myself to your charitable prayers. I write from the prison of Glasgow, where I lie bound with two hundred pounds weight of iron, awaiting death as my fate, unless I accept the King's offer of a rich benefice and another faith. Once I was tortured by being kept without sleep for eight days and nine nights. Now I expect the other forms of torture and then death. The guard will be coming.

"Your Reverence's servant in Christ,

"JOHN OGILVIE, S.J."

These two letters, together with the narrative, Father Ogilvie managed to convey to John Mayne, who carried them with him when he went abroad, and delivered them into the hands of the General of the Society. An eye-witness, in all probability Mayne himself, completed the unfinished story by an account of the events that took place between the 22nd and 28th of February, including a full report of the trial and death of the martyr.

It has been asserted by several of Father Ogilvie's biographers that one of the "other forms of torture" of which he speaks, that of the redoubtable boots, was inflicted on him after the letter to Father Alberi was written. As the effect of the boots was to crush the muscles, and sometimes the bones of the legs, and the martyr's execution took place within six days from the writing of the letter, this seems, on the face of it, impossible. For we know from the contemporary records that Father Ogilvie *walked* to the place where the scaffold had been erected, and climbed the ladder to the gallows, a thing he could not have done had he suffered this particular form of torture within the week. It is quite possible, however, that the boots were used on an earlier occasion. We know that Father Ogilvie was continually threatened with them while in prison.

On the 24th of February came the announcement that the trial was to be on the following Tuesday, the 28th. The orders of the King were to the effect that the prisoner was to be judged solely on the answers that he had either given or refused to give to the five questions put to him a month before.

During the few days that remained Spottiswoode

and his wife left him no peace, visiting him constantly, with promises of honours and riches if he would only do what was necessary to please the King; while Father Ogilvie, although he thanked them courteously for their goodwill in the matter, refused steadily to withdraw a word of what he had said.

Nor were there wanting other visitors, amongst them the Earl of Lothian, who did their utmost, though with no better success, to persuade him to renounce his Faith. The ministers of Glasgow came in a body to give him what they described as "counsel and comfort," but Father Ogilvie replied to them that he had no need of counsel, since he had resolved what he would do, and that when he stood in need of comfort he would let them know it.

On the eve of the trial some Catholic friends contrived to gain admittance to his cell. Father Ogilvie washed their feet, and spoke happily to them of his approaching "nuptials." One of these gentlemen, a Mr. Browne, had come to tell the priest of a means of escape which he and some other friends had succeeded in devising. "The Father," he wrote, "smiled affectionately, and, embracing me, expressed his great gratitude for our kindness, but answered me that death for so glorious a cause was more acceptable to him than life. He looked forward to that death, he said, with so fervent a desire that he feared nothing so much as that, by some accident, it might be snatched from him."

It is asserted that, although persisting in his refusal to accept the opportunity for escape, Father Ogilvie availed himself of it in so far as to slip out

of his prison and make his way to the gallows, already erected in preparation for his execution on the morrow. There he remained for a few moments in prayer, a woman of the town, not herself a Catholic, giving testimony and certifying on oath that she had seen him kneeling there at dead of night, and had heard him repeat the words:

> "Maria, Mater Gratiæ,
> Mater misericordiæ,
> Tu nos ab hoste protege,
> Et hora mortis suscipe."

We know that these very words were on his lips when he stood next day on the scaffold, and the possibility of his having been able to evade the vigilance of his gaolers would be explained by the fact that they spent this last night of the martyr's life on earth in drinking and merrymaking with their boon companions. The incessant noise wearied the priest, who was seeking help from God for the ordeal that lay before him on the morrow. Towards the small hours of the morning there was quiet, and Father Ogilvie spent the last hours of his captivity in uninterrupted prayer.

CHAPTER VII: *The Trial*

SHORTLY before eleven o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the 28th of February, a magistrate in command of an armed force arrived at the prison, and inquired of Father Ogilvie whether he were ready to proceed to his trial. The priest replied that he had long been ready and had eagerly awaited that day. His cloak had disappeared, the gaoler having already seized on it as his perquisite, but a ragged old garment was found, wrapped in which Father Ogilvie walked from his prison to the Town House, where his judges were awaiting him. The news of the trial had got abroad, and the streets were packed with people. A very different spirit prevailed among them from that of three months before. Then they had hooted at him and abused him as a betrayer of his friends; now they knew the truth, and how that, after days and nights of cruel torture, sharp questioning, and enticing offers of freedom and wealth, no word concerning those who had helped him in his ministry or had shown him hospitality had crossed his lips. There were many Catholics in the crowd who openly invoked blessings on his head, while the others cried, "God speed you!" or looked on in silent sympathy.

Arrived at the Town House, Father Ogilvie was placed in the dock and confronted by his judges, consisting of the Provost and three magistrates of the city, "assisted by the honourable lords the Archbishop of Glasgow, the Marquis of Hamilton, the Earl

of Lothian, Lord Sanquhar, Lord Fleming, Lord Boyd, and Sir William Stewart." It was a strange kind of trial, for the prisoner was already condemned and the scaffold erected for his execution—a trial which all knew could have but one ending.

As soon as all were assembled, Mr. Hay, the deputy of the Attorney-General, arose to read the indictment. This document, crowded with lengthy legal terms and ambiguous statements, charged the prisoner with "having repaired to this country, and by your conferences, intisements, auricular confessions, Masse sayings, and other crafty means, indevoured yourself not only to corrupt many of His Majesty's leiges in religion, but also to pervert them from their ductifull obedience to His Majesty. . . . And especially you being demanded to answer some particular interrogatories, you answered treasonably that you would not declare your mind except to him that is judge in the controversies of religion, whom you declared to be the Pope or one having authority of him. . . . You declined treasonably His Highness' jurisdiction and authority royal in refusing to answer . . . and you freely and unrequiredly did adde to your forsade answers the damnable conclusion that you condemned the oath of supremacie and allegiance given to His Majesty by his subjects in these dominions."

The reading of the indictment ended, one of the judges observed to the prisoner that he was not accused of saying Mass nor of seducing His Majesty's subjects to a contrary religion, but of declining His Majesty's authority.

"So said Mr. Hay," replied the priest, "yet he has himself just read the indictment in which

the charge was distinctly put as 'Masse saying, etc.'"

"The statutes mentioned in the indictment," interrupted Mr. Hay, "make it treason not to answer the King's Majesty in any matter which shall be demanded."

Yet the case against the prisoner, as set forth in the indictment, was that he had said Mass, administered the Sacraments, and refused to answer certain questions. Arnott, the Protestant lawyer, who cannot be suspected of any bias in the priest's favour, in his notes on the trial puts the matter as follows:

"He, Father Ogilvie, was indicted on three statutes. . . . The first of these was declamatory, not penal; neither could have served to condemn the prisoner. The third statute, broad as it was, could not have affected the prisoner's life had not a false construction been put upon it. . . . If the Act does bear the construction put upon it, then to oblige a person to answer, under pain of death, an interrogatory which may affect his life, is perhaps the greatest pitch of tyranny and iniquity that any legislative body ever attained."

The three Acts of Parliament on which the indictment was based were then read in Court, as well as the paper signed by Father Ogilvie a few weeks before. He was asked if he could urge any reason why the trial should not proceed, and according to Spottiswoode's account answered as follows:

"First, under protestation that I in no way receive you as my judges or acknowledge your judgment, I deny any point led against me to be treason. . . .

As for your Acts of Parliament, they were made by a number of partial men, the best in the land not agreeing with them. . . . You think me an enemy of the King's authority. I know no other authority of his save that which he received from his predecessors, who acknowledged the Pope of Rome his jurisdiction. If the King will be to me as his ancestors were to mine, I will obey and acknowledge him for my King; but if he play the renegade from God, as he and you all do, I will not acknowledge him any more than this old hat."

It is open to question if the priest really did reply as Spottiswoode asserts him to have done. In the Archbishop's "True Relation" there are several statements which are indubitably false, and much that is true is deliberately distorted and misrepresented.

The jury were then chosen, Father Ogilvie being told that he was free to challenge any of the jurors. He had one exception to them all, he replied: they were either enemies to his cause or friends. If enemies, they could not be admitted to try him; and if friends, they should be standing with him, prisoners at the bar.

"Your judges, then, should come from Rome," was the sarcastic comment; "or we had better choose from amongst those who used to attend your Masses."

"Those poor people," replied the prisoner, "know better how to take care of themselves and their families than to judge in such cases."

"Poor people indeed!" sneered Spottiswoode. "You made them poor."

The Archbishop seems, for the moment, to have

forgotten the ready wit that had so often beaten him in controversy, or he would not have laid himself open to the obvious retort that it was he himself who had impoverished the Catholics by the heavy fines he had forced them to pay.

"That is a lie!" he angrily declared.

"Give your definition of a lie," was the quiet answer. "I say what I think, and what I know to be true."

Father Ogilvie now objected to one of the men chosen as juror, knowing him to be a Catholic, and fearing that he might incur some danger. The jurors being then sworn in, he addressed them in a few solemn words.

"I wish these gentlemen," he said, "to consider well what they do. I cannot be judged or tried by them, and whatsoever I suffer here is by way of injury and not of judgment. . . . I am accused, yet have done no offence, neither will I beg for mercy."

"That is strange," remarked Spottiswoode. "You say you have done no offence, and yet you have come to this kingdom and have laboured to pervert His Highness's subjects. Both of these are against the law. In this have you done no offence?"

"No," replied the prisoner; "I came under obedience, and even if I were now let out of the kingdom I should return. Neither do I repent anything but that I have not been so busy as I should in that which you call perverting. If all the hairs on my head were priests, they should all come into the kingdom."

"And do you not," argued the Archbishop, "esteem it a fault to go against the King's commands, especially

in this point of his forbidding you the kingdom? Surely, if a King have any power at all, it seems he may rid himself and his country of those with whom he is offended, and it savours of great rebellion to say otherwise."

"I am as free a subject," replied Father Ogilvie, "as he is a King; he cannot discharge (me from the country) if I be not an offender, and that I am not."

These interruptions ended, the Court harked back once more to the priest's refusal to answer the King's questions.

"I decline the King's authority in all matters of religion," answered the prisoner, "for with such things he has nothing to do. Neither have I done anything save what the ministers did at Dundee. They refused to acknowledge His Majesty's supremacy in spiritual matters; the best ministers of the land are still of that mind, and if they be wise will continue so."

It was not calculated to appease the Archbishop's anger that the priest should approve the standpoint of the ministers, opponents as they were of the Episcopacy of which Spottiswoode himself was the head, and it must have considerably astonished the ministers present to hear a Jesuit speaking up for their policy.

The subject of the Papal supremacy was then broached. At first Father Ogilvie flatly refused to discuss the matter, but, wearied out at last by their persistent demands, he made a lengthy and detailed statement.

"It is a question amongst the Doctors of the

Church," he said, " and many hold not improbably the affirmative, that a Pope can depose an heretical King. A Council hath not yet determined the point. If it shall be concluded by the Church that the Pope hath such power, I will give my life in defence of it, and had I a thousand lives they should all go the same way. If the King offended against the Catholic Church [be it remembered that James VI., the King in question, was born of Catholic parents and baptized a Catholic], then the Pope might punish him, just as he would punish a shepherd or the poorest fellow in the country. In abrogating the Pope's authority, the estate of Parliament went beyond their limit; the King, in usurping the Pope's power, lost his own. In all things in which I ought to obey the King I will show myself most observant; if anyone should invade his temporal estates I would spend the last drop of my blood in fighting for him; but in those things which the King has usurped to himself—that is to say, in the matter of spiritual jurisdiction—I neither may nor can render him obedience."

Here again he insisted that he spoke thus only because he was commanded to give an answer, but that his judges had no right to demand to know his thoughts on spiritual matters. Were his opinion asked, he said, by anyone who needed his advice, he would unhesitatingly give it.

" I consult you, then, about these difficulties," glibly put in one of the jurors, who no doubt thought himself a very clever fellow; " what do you advise me to think ?"

" It is rather ridiculous," replied the priest, " that you who are to be my judge should ask counsel of me,

the prisoner. . . . You are all trying to entrap me in my words, and to discover a pretext which will satisfy your cruel desire to put me to death. You are like a swarm of flies crowding round a juicy dish, or fishermen circling round a pond to catch one poor little fish."

"The method of procedure was the same that is so frequently condemned by Protestants in the Holy Court of the Inquisition," says Hill Burton. "It dealt not merely with the sayings and actions that had been proved against the man, but endeavoured with subtle and cruel labour to extract the secrets of his heart."

The judges, determined to convict him of treason, continued to put the same old questions set by the King in every conceivable form and manner, until Father Ogilvie declined to speak at all on the subject. He was then told that his silence would be taken as an admission of guilt.

"You may judge," he replied, "of my words and deeds. As for my thoughts, leave those to God, Who alone can see and judge them."

At one period of the trial—the different accounts are rather confused, and it is difficult to discover the sequence of the various points touched upon—he was questioned on the subject of regicide. Spottiswoode, in his "True Relation," gives a very different account of the priest's answer from the Catholic narrative. From the former we are led to believe that Father Ogilvie expressed his approval of regicides, while his companion who wrote the Catholic narrative asserts that he expressed his detestation of them and called them murderers. As Father

Ogilvie was a theological student in Austria when the General of the Jesuits, Father Acquaviva, denounced de Mariana's notorious book "De Rege et Regis Institutione," which deals with this very subject, forbidding any member of the Society to hold or teach the theories therein contained, it would seem that here again Spottiswoode was deliberately giving a false impression. Other words, moreover, of the martyr's which are recorded by the Archbishop himself, maintaining that he would gladly die for the King were his temporal estates in danger, are directly in contradiction to such a statement. But the aim of Spottiswoode was, first, to justify his own action in putting the Jesuit to death, and secondly to prove that "*there is no means left to bee a Catholic and the King's loyall subject.*"[1] The trial and the heroic death of the martyr had wrought a very favourable effect on the people, and it was in order to do away with this that the "True Relation" was written. Whenever the words of the priest would not fit in with this design, Spottiswoode deliberately altered them. The events recorded in the Catholic narrative are attested by the oaths of eye-witnesses, but of this document the Archbishop knew nothing.

Before the jury retired to consider their verdict, Father Ogilvie addressed them in a few solemn words, bidding them consider well what they were about to do, and to remember the great and final judgment

[1] The whole proceedings connected with the trial were disgraceful to all concerned, especially to Archbishop Spottiswoode, who took so active a part in them (Grub, "Ecclesiastical History of Scotland," ii. 302).

when they themselves would stand at the tribunal of God.

Mr. Hay, the Advocate, then demanded an assize of wilful error, should the jury acquit the prisoner of any point in the indictment. This meant nothing more nor less than that the jury would themselves be punished if they failed to pronounce him guilty. With this double warning ringing in their ears, the jurors withdrew. It was a question whether the fear of God or the fear of man would prevail.

Whilst awaiting their return, the Archbishop, approaching Father Ogilvie, asked him whether, if his life were spared, he would remain out of the country.

"If," was the intrepid answer, "I were exiled for any crime, I should indeed not return; but if I were banished for the good cause I should not fail to come back. I would that each hair of my head were a priest, to convert thousands to the true Faith, and you, my Lord Archbishop, first of all."

The jury had been absent but a few minutes when they returned. They were unanimous in their verdict, and found the prisoner guilty.

The judgment was then pronounced: "That the said John Ogilvie, for the treasons by him committed, should be hanged and quartered."

"Have you anything else to say?" asked the Archbishop.

"No, my Lord," answered Father Ogilvie; "but I give your lordship thanks for your kindness, and will desire your hand."

"If you shall acknowledge your fault done to His Majesty," replied Spottiswoode, "and crave

God's and His Highness's pardon, I will give you both hand and heart, for I wish you to die a good Christian."

Father Ogilvie then asked whether he would be permitted to speak to the people.

"If you will declare openly that you suffer according to the law, justly for your offence, and ask His Majesty's pardon for all your treasonable speeches, you shall be licensed to say what you please; otherwise not," was the reply.

Father Ogilvie's only answer to this was that he forgave them all from his heart, as he desired that God would forgive him his own sins. He then asked for the prayers of any Catholics who were present in the crowded Court-house.

The Court was then cleared, for the trial, a mere mockery of justice, was over. Forbes, the Protestant Bishop of Brechin, described it later as a judicial murder, and deeply deplored the fact that the Archbishop had been mixed up in it. What Arnott, the Protestant lawyer, thought of it we have already seen.

It was a matter of expediency that Father Ogilvie should be put to death. The long-drawn-out struggle between the Bishops and the Kirk was in an acute stage, and one of the chief accusations brought against the Episcopal party by their enemies was a leaning towards Popery. Pitcairn allows that the Bishops felt the necessity for some great coup, in order that the Presbyterians might be assured that they had no sympathy with Papists. Father Ogilvie was but a pawn in the game; his life was nothing to the Bishops, while his death might give them a

temporary advantage in the struggle for supremacy. Some semblance of a trial was necessary, and that trial had been held. The scaffold, already erected in the town before the sentence was passed, bore silent witness to the fact that the sentence was a foregone conclusion.

CHAPTER VIII: *The Last Scene*

AT about one o'clock, the trial being now over, the judges and various officials, having informed the prisoner that he had "leisure given him of the space of some three hours to prepare himself for death," left the Court. Those three hours Father Ogilvie spent in the Court-room, kneeling with his face to the wall.

Shortly before four o'clock the Sheriff came to fetch him, accompanied by the executioner. Father Ogilvie greeted them calmly, and having thanked the latter for the office he was about to perform, embraced him and assured him of his forgiveness. The priest's hands were then tightly bound behind him, and he was led forth to the place of execution. He had neither eaten nor drunk since the day before.

A great throng of people, amongst whom were many strangers, were gathered round the scaffold. The story of those terrible eight days and nine nights of torture had got abroad, as well as that of the priest's unflinching endurance. They watched him in a tense silence as he drew near to the gallows, kissed it, and knelt down at the foot of the ladder. Two ministers came forward, and, according to Spottiswoode's account, very "gravely and Christianly exhorted him," but he prayed on, unheedful of the interruption. Piqued, perhaps, by this lack of response to their overtures, one of the ministers,

turning to the crowd, assured all present that the prisoner was being punished for treason alone, and in no wise for his religion. At this Father Ogilvie shook his head. "He does me wrong," he said.

A friend of his, one John Abercrombie, in all probability a Catholic priest, had managed to keep close to the martyr, and stood beside him on the scaffold. "No matter, John," he said, "the more wrongs the better." The saying has passed into a proverb in Scotland: "The mair wrangs ye dree, the better ye be, as Abercrombie tauld the priest."

Shortly afterwards Abercrombie was overheard asking Father Ogilvie to make him some sign just before he died, probably with the intention of giving him a last Absolution. "For this and other business he had with the priest," says Spottiswoode, "he was put off the scaffold." The Archbishop does not mention, as does the writer of the Catholic narrative, that he was thrown off head-first with such violence that, had he not fallen on the heads of the closely packed crowd, he would have been like to break his neck. "Why should one traitor patronize another?" cried the Archbishop's servants, as they hurled him down.

"I am astonished at your methods," said Father Ogilvie to his enemies. "You forbid me to speak on my own behalf, and meanwhile you misrepresent me to the people. You act unjustly when you say I have said or done anything to the King's prejudice. You have written falsely about me to His Majesty. I and another Scotsman, Father Crichton, have done more amongst foreign nations in the service of the

King than all the ministers in Scotland could do, and for him I am prepared to peril my life."

Standing near him was Mr. Browne, the Catholic friend who had devised the means of escape of which the priest had refused to avail himself.

He heard distinctly, and testified later on oath, that the following conversation took place between the condemned man and one of the ministers who had accompanied him to the scaffold:

"What a grievous thing it is, my dear Ogilvie," said the minister, "that you wilfully and knowingly throw away your life."

"Wilfully!" was the reply. "You speak as if my life hung on my own free-will. Was I not convicted of treason, and for that condemned to death?"

"Have done with that!" continued the minister. "Give up the Pope and Popery, and all will be forgiven."

"You mock me," said the prisoner.

"Not at all," replied the minister; "I speak in all seriousness and with good authority. The Archbishop commissioned me to offer you his daughter in marriage and the richest prebend in the diocese if you will change from your religion to ours."

Father Ogilvie saw his chance and took it.

"I would willingly live, if I could do so with honour," he said.

"I have already told you," answered the minister, "that you will be loaded with honours."

"Will you say that so that all the people can hear?" asked the priest.

"By all means," was the reply.

"Listen!" cried Father Ogilvie to the bystanders; "the minister has something to say."

Delighted with the result of his intervention, the minister turned to the people. "I promise Mr. Ogilvie," he announced, "life, the Archbishop's daughter, and a rich prebend, if he comes over to our side."

"Do you hear?" asked the priest. "Will you bear witness to the promise?"

"We hear!" cried the sympathetic crowd. "Come down, Mr. Ogilvie, come down!"

The Catholics who were watching held their breath. Was he going to apostatize at the last moment, with the martyr's palm almost within his grasp—after so long and weary a battle, so bravely fought for Christ?

"Will there be no danger?" asked Father Ogilvie, "that I shall be punished for treason afterwards?"

"No, no!" shouted the crowd.

"Well, then," he insisted, "I stand here on account of my religion alone?"

"Of that alone."

"Then," cried Father Ogilvie, "that is enough. On the ground of my religion alone I am condemned, and for that I would joyfully give a hundred lives if I had them. Take away from me quickly the one I have; my religion you shall never take away."

"Are you not afraid of death?" asked another of the ministers. The first one had probably retired in discomfiture.

"No more in so good a cause," said the priest, "than you fear the dishes when you go to take your supper."

The executioner approached him to bind his hands, which had evidently been untied on his arrival at the scaffold, or perhaps at the minister's promise of freedom. In one of them was his rosary, which he had been holding all the time. As the hangman approached him with the rope, Father Ogilvie raised that hand and flung the beads with all his strength straight out into the crowd below. A young Hungarian of noble birth, Baron Johann von Eckersdorff, who had reason to remember the scene, gives the following account of this incident and its sequel:

"I was travelling through England and Scotland, being at the time a youth and not of the Faith. I happened to be in Glasgow on the day that Father Ogilvie was led to the scaffold, and I cannot fitly describe his noble bearing as he went to meet his death. Just before he ascended the gallows he bade farewell to the Catholics present by throwing his rosary into their midst. That rosary, thrown haphazard, struck me on the breast, and I could easily have caught it in my hands, but there was such a rush of all the Catholics to obtain possession of it that I had to cast it from me for fear of being crushed to death. Religion was the last thing I concerned myself about at the time; I never thought of it at all; yet from that moment it never ceased to trouble me. That rosary left a wound in my soul; no matter where I went, I had no peace of mind. At last conscience triumphed, and I became a Catholic."

Father Ogilvie's hands having been tied behind him, and so tightly that his fingers were seen to tremble and quiver with pain, he was told to go up

the ladder. Spottiswoode asserts that he stumbled as he did so, and cried out that he would fall. The Archbishop insinuates that this was caused by the fear of death—a strange accusation to bring against one who had just refused the offer of life. Spottiswoode's aim, of course, was to prove to the people who had not been present that the martyr's death had not been so heroic as rumour had reported. It was after four o'clock in the afternoon, and, as we have said, Father Ogilvie had been given no food since the day before. It is not surprising that, having to climb a steep ladder with both hands tied tightly behind him, he should have faltered as he did so.

The noose was already round the martyr's neck. He reached the top of the ladder and stood for a moment praying aloud. "Maria, Mater Gratiæ," he said, with other prayers, and invocations from the Litany of the Saints. Then, in a voice that all could hear, he declared that he founded his hope of Heaven in the mercy of God and the merits of the Precious Blood of Christ.

There was a moment's silence, the ladder was withdrawn, and the long and weary battle was at an end.

Scarcely was the deed accomplished, when a wild tumult broke out below in the crowd. Men and women alike cried out for vengeance on those who were responsible for the shedding of innocent blood, and prayed aloud that it might fall on the guilty alone and not upon those who abhorred and detested the crime that had been committed. The sympathy was evidently widespread and outspoken, for we

know that for several weeks afterwards the ministers bitterly upbraided the people in their sermons for the compassion shown to a criminal and a Papist. It was probably due to the threatening temper of the crowd that the remainder of the sentence. the quartering, was not carried out. The body of the martyr was hastily cut down and buried, " in a place outside the city destined for the interment of criminals."

The exact site of this place is doubtful. Some think that it is part of the graveyard which surrounds the cathedral, a spot to the right on the north side of the building being pointed out as the old-time burial-ground of malefactors. But even if this were the place of burial, it is exceedingly doubtful if the body of the martyr remained there. The Catholic narrative asserts that during the following night, which was a wild one, about forty horsemen were seen gathered about the grave. Without doubt they were Catholics, and it is quite possible that they may have been there for the purpose of removing the body. The fact of their presence in the graveyard was reported to the magistrates, who came next morning " with a great company to that place." The ground had evidently been disturbed, and the magistrates ordered that search was to be made if the body were still there by prodding the ground with iron rods. On meeting with some resistance, the men concluded that the coffin had not been disturbed, and were forbidden to search further.

It would seem that James had certain qualms of conscience with regard to his share in Father Ogilvie's execution.

"How did they take the death of the Jesuit?" he asked of Huntly later.

"It made a very unfavourable impression," was the reply.

"It was not my fault," declared the King; "Spottiswoode was in such a hurry. I did not desire it. I do not want to see bloody heads round my death-bed. Have you not heard how Elizabeth died?" he added, as Huntly did not seem to understand the allusion.

If the enemies of the Catholic Church had entertained a hope that the missionary priests would be discouraged by the execution of Father Ogilvie, and give up the hazardous enterprise of bringing the consolations of religion to their fellow-Catholics, the result must have been a disappointment. "Scotland was never so infested by prowling Jesuits and traffickers as now," we read in the correspondence of the years that follow immediately on that event. "There were in the old Church," says a Protestant historian,[1] "many ardent spirits seeking martyrdom; and the rumour had gone forth that Scotland was a country in which that could be found."

Then, as now, "it was the Mass that mattered"—the Mass that John Knox and his followers had stigmatized as "detestable superstition" and "abominable idolatry." Three hundred years have gone by since Father Ogilvie shed his blood in defence of the Mass, and times have changed in their passing. "Nobody nowadays," says a Protestant writer of our own days, "save a handful of vulgar fanatics, speaks irreverently of the Mass. If the Incarnation be

[1] Andrew Lang.

indeed the one Divine event to which the whole creation moves, the miracle of the Altar may well seem to cast its restful shadow over a dry and thirsty land for the help of man, who is apt to be discouraged if perpetually told that everything really important and interesting happened once for all long ago, in a chill historic past."[1]

[1] Augustine Birrell.

Printed in England