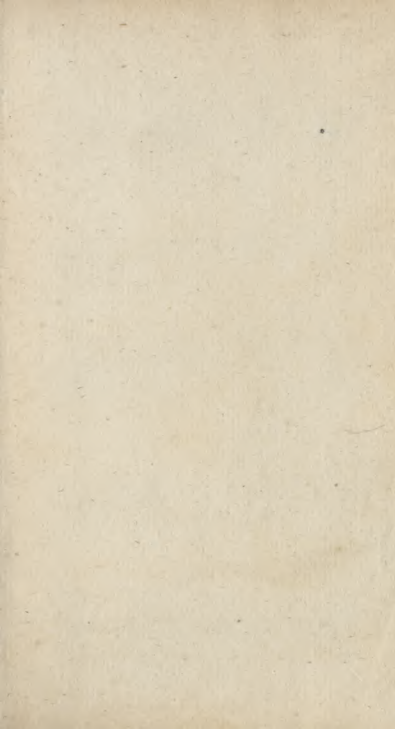


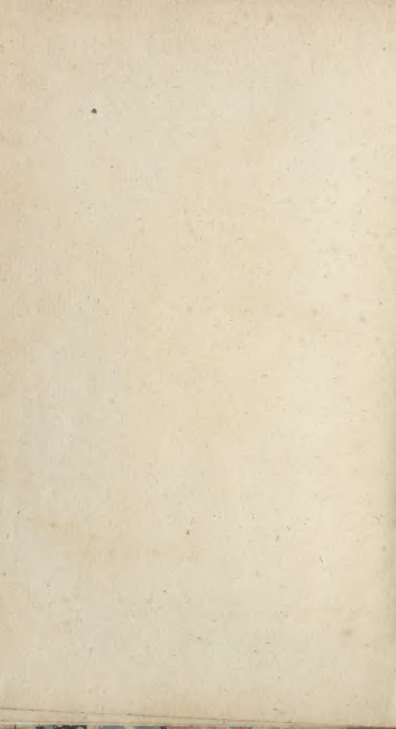


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At the end of the page, there is a line of text, likely a signature or a note, which is also very faint and difficult to read. It appears to be written in a cursive or handwritten style.



J. Roberts del. 1778.

Thornhill sculp.

MR. WEBSTER in the Character of DOUGLAS.
 Oh Heav'n & Earth, how wondrous is my Fate
 Art thou my Mother? —————

Chas. P. Lealie

BELL'S EDITION.



D O U G L A S:

A TRAGEDY.

As written by Mr. HUME.

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

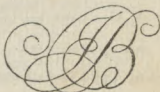
AS PERFORMED AT THE
Theatre-Royal in Dury-Lane.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,

By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.

Non ego sum vates, sed priscus conscius ævi.



L O N D O N

Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the Strand.

MDCCLXVIII.

NEEDS 18000

D O U G L A S

A T H O R

A W O R K

THE

VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE

AT THE

LIBRARY OF
SCOTLAND
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1975

THE

THE



LEWIS

THE

THE

P R O L O G U E.

IN antient times, when Britain's trade was arms,
 And the lov'd music of her youth, alarms,
 A god-like race sustain'd fair England's fame:
 Who has not heard of gallant Piercy's name?
 Ay, and of Douglas? Such illustrious foes
 In rival Rome and Carthage never rose!
 From age to age bright shone the British fire,
 And every hero was a hero's fire.
 When powerful Fate decreed one warrior's doom,
 Up sprung the Phoenix from his parent's tomb.
 But whilst these generous rivals fought and fell,
 These generous rivals lov'd each other well:
 Though many a bloody field was lost and won,
 Nothing in hate, in honour all was done.
 When Piercy wrong'd, defy'd his prince or peers,
 Fast came the Douglas, with his Scottish spears;
 And, when proud Douglas made his King his foe,
 For Douglas, Piercy bent his English bow.
 Expell'd their native homes by adverse fate,
 They knock'd alternate at each other's gate:
 Then blaz'd the castle, at the midnight hour,
 For him whose arms had shook its firmest tower.
 This night a Douglas your protection claims;
 A wife! a mother! pity's softest names:
 The story of her woes indulgent hear,
 And grant your suppliant all she begs, a tear.
 In confidence, she begs; and hopes to find
 Each English breast, like noble Piercy's, kind.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

M E N.

	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
<i>Lord Randolph,</i>	Mr. Jefferson.	Mr. Wroughton.
<i>Glenalvon, —</i>	Mr. Palmer.	Mr. Aickin.
<i>Norval, Douglas,</i>	Mr. Brereton.	Mr. Lewis.
<i>Stranger, —</i>	Mr. Packer.	Mr. Clarke.
<i>Servants, &c.</i>		

W O M E N.

<i>Matilda, Lady</i>		
<i>Randolph, —</i>	Mrs. Barry.	Mrs. Barry.
<i>Anna, —</i>	Mrs. Reddish.	Mrs. Moreton.

D O U G L A S.

* * The lines distinguished by inverted commas, 'thus,' are omitted in the representation.

SCENE, *the Court of a Castle, surrounded with Woods.*

Enter Lady RANDOLPH.

LADY RANDOLPH.

YE woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom
 Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth
 The voice of sorrow from my bursting heart,
 Farewel a while: I will not leave you long;
 For in your shades I deem some spirit dwells,
 Who from a chiding stream, or groaning oak,
 Still hears, and answers to Matilda's moan.
 Oh, Douglas! Douglas! if departed ghosts
 Are e'er permitted to review this world,
 Within the circle of that wood thou art,
 And with the passion of immortals hear'st
 My lamentation: hear'st thy wretched wife
 Weep for her husband slain, her infant lost.
 My brother's timeless death I seem to mourn;
 Who perisli'd with thee on this fatal day.
 To thee I lift my voice; to thee address
 The plaint which mortal ear has never heard.
 Oh, disregard me not; though I am call'd
 Another's now, my heart is wholly thine.
 Incapable of change, affection lies
 Buried, my Douglas, in thy bloody grave.

But Randolph comes, whom fate has made my Lord,
To chide my anguish, and defraud the dead.

Enter Lord Randolph.

Lord R. Again these weeds of woe! Say, dost thou
To feed a passion which consumes thy life? [well
The living claim some duty; vainly thou
Bestow'st thy cares upon the silent dead.

Lady R. Silent, alas! is he for whom I mourn:
Childless, without memorial of his name,
He only now in my remembrance lives. [guish,

Lord R. Time, that wears out the trace of deepest an-
Has past o'er thee in vain. 'Would thou wer't not
'Compos'd of grief and tenderness alone!'
Sure thou art not the daughter of Sir Malcolm:
Strong was his rage, eternal his resentment:
For when thy brother fell, he smil'd to hear
That Douglas' son in the same field was slain.

Lady R. Oh! rake not up the ashes of my fathers:
Implacable resentment was the crime,
And grievous has the expiation been.
Contending with the Douglas, gallant lives
Of either house were lost; my ancestors
Compell'd, at last, to leave their ancient seat
On Tiviot's pleasant banks; and now, of them
No heir is left. Had they not been so stern,
I had not been the last of all my race.

Lord R. Thy grief wrests to its purposes my words.
I never ask'd of thee that ardent love,
Which in the breasts of fancy's children burns.
Decent affection, and complacent kindness
Were all I wish'd for; but I wish'd in vain.
Hence with the less regret my eyes behold
The storm of war that gathers o'er this land:
If I should perish by the Danish sword,
Matilda would not shed one tear the more.

Lady R. Thou dost not think so: woeful as I am,
I love thy merit, and esteem thy virtues.
But whither go'st thou now?

Lord R. Straight to the camp,
Where every warrior on tip-toe stands
Of expectation, and impatient asks

Each

Each who arrives, if he is come to tell
The Danes are landed.

Lady R. Oh, may adverse winds,
Far from the coast of Scotland drive their fleet !
And every soldier of both hosts return
In peace and safety to his pleasant home !

Lord R. Thou speak'st a woman's, hear a warrior's wish :
Right from their native land, the stormy north,
May the wind blow, till every keel is fix'd
Immoveable in Caledonia's strand !
Then shall our foes repent their bold invasion,
And roving armies shun the fatal shore

' *Lady R.* War I detest : but war with foreign foes,
' Whose manners, language, and whose looks are strange,
' Is not so horrid, nor to me so hateful,
' As that which with our neighbours oft we wage.
' A river here, there an ideal line
' By fancy drawn, divides the sister kingdoms.
' On each side dwells a people similar,
' As twins are to each other, valiant both,
' Both for their valour famous through the world.
' Yet will they not unite their kindred arms,
' And, if they must have war, wage distant war,
' But with each other fight in cruel conflict.
' Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,
' The battle is their pastime. They go forth
' Gay in the morning, as to summer sport :
' When ev'ning comes, the glory of the morn,
' The youthful warrior, is a clod of clay.
' Thus fall the prime of either hapless land ;
' And such the fruit of Scotch and English wars.

' *Lord R.* I'll hear no more : this melody would make
' A soldier drop his sword, and doff his arms,
' Sit down and weep the conquests he has made ;
' Yea, like a monk, sing rest and peace in heav'n
' To souls of warriors in his battles slain.'

Lady, farewell : I leave thee not alone ;
Yonder comes one whose love makes duty light. [*Exit.*

Enter Anna.

Anna. Forgive the rashness of your Anna's love :
Urg'd by affection, I have thus presum'd
To interrupt your solitary thoughts ;

And

And warn you of the hours that you neglect,
And lose in sadness.

Lady R. So to lose my hours
Is all the use I wish to make of time.

Anna. To blame thee, lady, suits not with my state :
But sure I am, since death first prey'd on man,
Never did sister thus a brother mourn.
What had your sorrows been if you had lost,
In early youth, the husband of your heart ?

Lady R. Oh !

Anna. Have I distress'd you with officious love,
And ill-tim'd mention of your brother's fate ?
Forgive me, lady : humble though I am,
The mind I bear partakes not of my fortune :
So fervently I love you, that to dry
These piteous tears, I'd throw my life away.

Lady R. What power directed thy unconscious tongue
To speak as thou hast done ? to name——

Anna. I know not ;
But since my words have made my mistress tremble,
I will speak so no more ; but silent mix
My tears with hers.

Lady R. No, thou shalt not be silent.
I'll trust thy faithful love, and thou shalt be
Henceforth th' instructed partner of my woes.
But what avails it ? Can thy feeble pity
Roll back the flood of never-ebbing time ?
Compel the earth and ocean to give up
Their dead alive ?

Anna. What means my noble mistress ?

Lady R. Didst thou not ask what had my sorrows been,—
If I in early youth had lost a husband ?—
In the cold bosom of the earth is lodg'd,
Mangl'd with wounds, the husband of my youth ;
And in some cavern of the ocean lies
My child and his.——

Anna. Oh ! lady, most rever'd !
The tale wrapt up in your amazing words
Deign to unfold.

Lady R. Alas ! an ancient feud,
Hereditary evil, was the source
Of my misfortunes. Ruling fate decreed,
That my brave brother should in battle save

The life of Douglas' son, our house's foe :
 The youthful warriors vow'd eternal friendship.
 To see the vaunted sister of his friend,
 Impatient, Douglas to Balarino came,
 Under a borrow'd name.—My heart he gain'd;
 Nor did I long refuse the hand he begg'd :
 My brother's presence authoriz'd our marriage.
 Three weeks, three little weeks, with wings of down,
 Had o'er us flown, when my lov'd Lord was call'd
 To fight his father's battles ; and with him,
 In spite of all my tears, did Malcolm go.
 Scarce were they gone, when my stern fire was told
 That the false stranger was lord Douglas' son.
 Frantic with rage, the baron drew his sword
 And question'd me. Alone, forsaken, faint,
 Kneeling beneath his sword, fault'ring I took
 An oath equivocal, that I ne'er would
 Wed one of Douglas' name. Sincerity !
 Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave
 Thy onward path ! although the earth should gape,
 And from the gulf of hell destruction cry
 To take dissimulation's winding way.

Anna. Alas ! how few of woman's fearful kind
 Durst own a truth so hardy !

Lady R. The first truth
 Is easiest to avow. This moral learn,
 This precious moral, from my tragic tale.—
 In a few days the dreadful tidings came
 That Douglas and my brother both were slain.
 My lord ! my life ! my husband !—mighty Heaven !
 What had I done to merit such affliction ?

Anna. My dearest lady ! many a tale of tears
 I've listen'd to ; but never did I hear
 A tale so sad as this

Lady R. In the first days
 Of my distracting grief, I found myself—
 As women wish to be who love their lords.
 But who durst tell my father ? The good priest
 Who join'd our hands, my brother's antient tutor,
 With his lov'd Malcolm, in the battle fell :
 They two alone were privy to the marriage.
 On silence and concealment I resolv'd,

Till

Till time should make my father's fortune mine.

That very night on which my son was born,

My nurse, the only confidant I had,

Set out with me to reach her sister's house:

But nurse, nor infant, have I ever seen,

Or heard of, Anna, since that fatal hour.

' My murder'd child!—had thy fond mother fear'd

' The loss of thee, she had loud fame defy'd,

' Despis'd her father's rage, her father's grief,

' And wander'd with thee through the scorning world.'

Anna. Not seen, nor heard of! then perhaps he lives.

Lady R. No. It was dark December; wind and rain
Had beat all night. Across the Carron lay

The destin'd road; and in its swelling flood

My faithful servant perish'd with my child.

' Oh, hapless son! of a most hapless fire!—

' But they are both at rest; and I alone

' Dwell in this world of woe, condemn'd to walk,

' Like a guilt-troubled ghost, my painful rounds;

Nor has despiteful fate permitted me

The comfort of a solitary sorrow.

Though dead to love, I was compell'd to wed

Randolph, who snatch'd me from a villain's arms;

And Randolph now possesses the domains,

That by Sir Malcolm's death on me devolv'd;

Domains, that should to Douglas' son have giv'n

A baron's title, and a baron's power.

' Such were my soothing thoughts, while I bewail'd

' The slaughter'd father of a son unborn

' And when that son came, like a ray from heaven,

' Which shines and disappears; alas! my child!

' How long did thy fond mother grasp the hope

' Of having thee, she knew not how, restor'd.

' Year after year hath worn her hope away;

' But left still undiminish'd her desire.

' *Anna.* The hand, that spins th' uneven thread of life,

' May smooth the length that's yet to come of yours.

' *Lady R.* Not in this world: I have consider'd well

' Its various evils, and on whom they fall.

' Alas! how oft does goodness wound itself?

' And sweet affection prove the spring of woe.'

Oh! had I died when my lov'd husband fell!

Had

Had some good angel op'd to me the book
Of Providence, and let me read my life,
My heart had broke, when I beheld the sum
Of ills, which one by one I have endur'd.

Anna. That Power, whose ministers good angels are,
Hath shut the book, in mercy to mankind.

But we must leave this theme: Glenalvon comes:

I saw him bend on you his thoughtful eyes,
And hitherwards he slowly stalks his way.

Lady R. I will avoid him. An ungracious person
Is doubly irksome in an hour like this.

Anna. Why speaks my lady thus of Randolph's heir,

Lady R. Because he's not the heir of Randolph's vir-
Subtle and shrew'd, he offers to mankind [tues.

An artificial image of himself:

And he with ease can vary to the taste

Of different men, its features. ' Self-denied,

' And master of his appetites he seems :

' But his fierce nature, like a fox chain'd up,

' Watches to seize unseen the wish'd-for prey.

' Never were vice and virtue pois'd so ill,

' As in Glenalvon's unrelenting mind.'

Yet is he brave and politic in war,

And stands aloft in these unruly times.

Why I describe him thus I'll tell hereafter.

Stay, and detain him till I reach the castle.

[*Exit Lady Randolph.*

Anna. Oh, happiness ! where art thou to be found ?

I see thou dwellest not with birth and beauty,

Tho' grac'd with grandeur and in wealth array'd :

Nor dost thou, it would seem, with virtue dwell ;

Else had this gentle lady mis'd thee not.

Enter Glenalvon.

Glen. What dost thou muse on, meditating maid ?

Like some entranc'd and visionary seer,

On earth thou stand'st, thy thoughts ascend to heaven.

Anna. Would that I were, e'en as thou sayst, a seer,

To have my doubts by heavenly vision clear'd !

Glen. What dost thou doubt of ? What hast thou to do

With subjects intricate ? Thy youth, thy beauty,

Cannot be questioned: think of these good gifts ;

And then thy contemplations will be pleasing.

Anna. Let women view yon monument of woe,
 Then boast of beauty : who so fair as she ?
 But I must follow ; this revolving day
 Awakes the memory of her antient woes. [*Exit Anna.*
Glen. [*Solus.*] So !—Lady Randolph shuns me ; by and
 I'll woo her as the lion wooes his brides. [*by*
 The deed's a doing now, that makes me lord
 Of these rich valleys, and a chief of pow'r.
 The season is most apt ; my sounding steps
 Will not be heard amidst the din of arms.
 Randolph has liv'd too long : his better fate
 Had the ascendant once, and kept me down :
 When I had seiz'd the dame, by chance he came,
 Rescu'd, and had the lady for his labour ;
 I 'scap'd unknown ; a slender consolation !
 Heav'n is my witness that I do not love
 To sow in peril, and let others reap
 The jocund harvest : Yet I am not safe :
 By love or something like it, stung, inflam'd,
 Madly I blabb'd my passion to his wife,
 And she has threaten'd to acquaint him of it.
 The way of woman's will I do not know :
 But well I know the baron's wrath is deadly.
 I will not live in fear : the man I dread
 Is as a Dane to me : ay, and the man
 Who stands betwixt me and my chief desire.
 No bar but he ; she has no kinsman near ;
 No brother in his sister's quarrel bold ;
 And for the righteous cause, a stranger's cause,
 I know no chief that will defy Glenalvon. [*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE, a Court, &c.

Enter Servants and a Stranger at one door, and Lady Randolph and Anna at another.

LADY RANDOLPH.

WHAT means this clamour? Stranger, speak secure;
Hast thou been wrong'd? Have these rude men
To vex the weary traveller on his way? {presum'd
1st Servant. By us no stranger ever suffer'd wrong:
This man with outcry wild has call'd us forth;
So sore afraid he cannot speak his fears.

Enter Lord Randolph and a young man, with their swords drawn and bloody.

Lady R. Not vain the stranger's fears! How fares my Lord?

Lord R. That it fares well, thanks to this gallant youth,
Whose valour sav'd me from a wretched death!
As down the winding dale I walk'd alone,
At the cross way four armed men attack'd me:
Rovers, I judge, from the licentious camp,
Who would have quickly laid Lord Randolph low,
Had not this brave and generous stranger come,
Like my good angel, in the hour of fate,
And, mocking danger, made my foes his own.
They turn'd upon him; but his active arm
Struck to the ground, from whence they rose no more,
The fiercest two; the others fled amain,
And left him master of the bloody field.
Speak, Lady Randolph; upon beauty's tongue
Dwell accents pleasing to the brave and bold.
Speak, noble dame, and thank him for thy Lord.

Lady R. My Lord, I cannot speak what now I feel.
My heart o'erflows with gratitude to heav'n,
And to this noble youth, who all unknown
To you and yours, deliberated not,
Nor paus'd at peril, but humanely brave

B.

Fought

Fought on your side, against such fearful odds,
Have you not learn'd of him whom we should thank?
Whom call the saviour of Lord Randolph's life?

Lord R. I ask'd that question, and he answer'd not:
But I must know who my deliverer is. *[To the Stranger.]*

Strang. A low born man, of parentage obscure,
Who nought can boast but his desire to be
A soldier, and to gain a name in arms.

Lord R. Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is ennobled
By the great King of Kings! thou art ordain'd
And stamp'd a hero by the sovereign hand
Of nature! blush not, flower of modesty
As well as valour, to declare thy birth.

Strang. My name is Norval: on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain;
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord;
And heav'n soon granted what my fire deny'd.
This moon which rose last night, round as my shield,
Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians from the hills,
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety, and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took; then hasted to my friends,
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
'Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,
An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps:—
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.

Journeying with this intent, I past these towers,
And, heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

Lord R. He is as wise as brave. Was ever tale
With such a gallant modesty rehears'd?
My brave deliverer! thou shalt enter now
A nobler list, and in a monarch's fight
Contend with princes for the prize of fame.
I will present thee to our Scottish king,
Whose valiant spirit ever valour lov'd.
Ha! my Matilda! wherefore starts that tear?

Lady R. I cannot say: for various affections,
And strangely mingled, in my bosom swell;
Yet each of them may well command a tear.
I joy that thou art safe; and I admire
Him and his fortunes who hath wrought thy safety.
Obscure and friendless, he the army sought,
Bent upon peril, in the range of death
Resolv'd to hunt for fame, and with his sword
To gain distinction which his birth denied.
In this attempt unknown he might have perish'd,
And gain'd with all his valour, but oblivion.
Now grac'd by thee, his virtue serves no more
Beneath despair. The soldier now of hope
He stands conspicuous; fame and great renown
Are brought within the compass of his sword.
On this my mind reflected, whilst you spoke,
And bless'd the wonder-working hand of Heaven.

Lord R. Pious and grateful ever are thy thoughts!
My deeds shall follow where thou point'st the way.
Next to myself, and equal to Glenalvon,
In honour and command shall Norval be.

Nor. I know not how to thank you. Rude I am,
In speech and manners: never till this hour
Stood I in such a presence: yet, my Lord,
There's something in my breast, which makes me bold.
To say, that Norval ne'er will shame thy favour.

Lady R. I will be sworn thou wilt not. Thou shalt be
My knight; and ever, as thou dost to-day,
With happy valour guard the life of Randolph.

Lord R. Well hast thou spoke. Let me forbid reply.

[To Norval.

We are thy debtors still; thy high desert
 O'ertops our gratitude. I must proceed,
 As was at first intended, to the camp.
 Some of my train I see are speeding hither,
 Impatient, doubtless, of their Lord's delay.
 Go with me, Norval, and thine eyes shall see
 The chosen warriors of thy native land,
 Who languish for the fight, and beat the air,
 With brandish'd swords.

Nor. Let us be gone, my Lord.

Lord R. [To Lady Randolph.] About the time that
 the declining sun

Shall his broad orbit o'er yon hills suspend,
 Expect us to return. This night once more
 Within these walls I rest; my tent I pitch
 To-morrow in the field. Prepare the feast.
 Free is his heart who for his country fights;
 He in the eve of battle may resign
 Himself to social pleasure; sweetest then,
 When danger to a soldier's soul endears
 The human joy that never may return.

[*Exeunt Randolph and Norval.*]

Lady R. His parting words have struck a fatal truth.
 Oh, Douglas! Douglas! tender was the time
 When we two parted, ne'er to meet again!
 How many years of anguish and despair
 Has heaven annex'd to those swift passing hours
 Of love and fondness. 'Then my bosom's flame
 'Oft, as blown back by the rude breath of fear
 'Return'd, and with redoubled ardour blaz'd.'

Anna. May gracious Heav'n pour the sweet balm of
 Into the wounds that fester in your breast! [peace
 For earthly consolation cannot cure them.

Lady R. One only cure can Heav'n itself bestow;—
 A grave—that bed in which the weary rest.
 Wretch that I am! Alas! why am I so?
 At every happy parent I repine!
 How blest the mother of yon gallant Norval!
 She for a living husband bore her pains,
 And heard him bless her when a man was born:
 She nurs'd her smiling infant on her breast;
 Tended the child, and rear'd the pleasing boy:

She,

She, with affection's triumph, saw the youth
In grace and comeliness surpass his peers :
Whilst I to a dead husband bore a son,
And to the roaring waters gave my child.

Anna. Alas ! alas ! why will you thus resume
Your grief afresh ? I thought that gallant youth
Would for a while have won you from your woe.
On him intent you gazed, with a look
Much more delighted, than your pensive eye
Has deign'd on other objects to bestow.

Lady R. Delighted, say'st thou ? Oh ! even there mine
Found fuel for my life-consuming sorrow ; [eye
I thought, that had the son of Douglas liv'd,
He might have been like this young gallant stranger,
And pair'd with him in features and in shape.
In all endowments, as in years, I deem,
My boy with blooming Norval might have number'd.
Whilst thus I mus'd, a spark from fancy fell
On my sad heart, and kindled up a fondness
For this young stranger wand'ring from his home,
And like an orphan cast upon my care.
I will protect thee, said I to myself,
With all my power, and grace with all my favour.

Anna. Sure heav'n will bless so gen'rous a resolve.
You must, my noble dame, exert your power :
You must awake : devices will be fram'd,
And arrows pointed at the breast of Norval.

Lady R. Glenalvon's false and crafty head will work
Against a rival in his kinsman's love,
If I deter him not ; I only can.

Bold as he is, Glenalvon will beware
How he pulls down the fabric that I raise.
I'll be the artist of young Norval's fortune.

'Tis pleasing to admire ! most apt was I
' To this affection in my better days ;
' Though now I seem to you shrunk up, retir'd
' Within the narrow compass of my woe.
' Have you not sometimes seen an early flower
' Open its bud, and spread its silken leaves,
' To catch sweet airs, and odours to bestow ;
' Then, by the keen blast nipt, pull in its leaves,
' And, though still living, die to scent and beauty ?

‘ Emblem of me ; affliction, like a storm,
 ‘ Hath kill’d the forward blossom of my heart.’

Enter Glenalvon.

Glen. Where is my dearest kinsman, noble Randolph ?

Lady R. Have you not heard, Glenalvon, of the base—

Glen. I have ; and that the villains may not ‘scape,
 With a strong band I have begirt the wood.
 If they lurk there, alive they shall be taken,
 And torture force from them th’ important secret,
 Whether some foe of Randolph hir’d their swords,
 Or if—

Lady R. That care becomes a kinsman’s love.

I have a counsel for Glenalvon’s ear. [*Exit Anna.*]

Glen. To him your counsels always are commands.

Lady R. I have not found so ; thou art known to me.

Glen. Known !

Lady R. And most certain is my cause of knowledge.

Glen. What do you know ? By Heaven,
 You much amaze me. No created thing,
 Yourself except, durst thus accost me.

Lady R. Is guilt so bold ? and dost thou make a merit
 Of thy pretended meekness ? This to me,
 Who, with a gentleness which duty blames,
 Have hitherto conceal’d what, if divulg’d,
 Would make thee nothing ; or, what’s worse than that,
 An outcast beggar, and unpitied too :
 For mortals shudder at a crime like thine.

Glen. Thy virtue awes me. First of womankind !
 Permit me yet to say, that the fond man
 Whom love transports beyond strict virtue’s bounds,
 If he is brought by love to misery,
 In fortune ruin’d, as in mind forlorn,
 Unpitied cannot be. Pity’s the alms
 Which on such beggars freely is bestow’d :
 For mortals know that love is still their lord,
 And o’er their vain resolves advances still ;
 As fire, when kindled by our shepherds, moves
 Through the dry heath before the fanning wind.

Lady R. Reserve these accents for some other ear.
 To love’s apology I listen not.
 Mark thou my words ; for it is meet thou shouldst.
 His brave deliverer Randolph here retains.

Perhaps

Perhaps his presence may not please thee well :
 But, at thy peril, practise ought against him :
 Let not thy jealousy attempt to shake
 And loosen the good root he has in Randolph ;
 Whose favourites I know thou hast supplanted.
 Thou look'st at me, as if thou fain would'st pry
 Into my heart. 'Tis open as my speech.
 I give this early caution, and put on
 The curb, before thy temper breaks away.
 The friendless stranger my protection claims ;
 His friend I am, and be not thou his foe.

[Exit.

Glen. Child that I was, to start at my own shadow,
 And be the shallow fool of coward conscience !
 I am not what I have been ; what I should be.
 The darts of destiny have almost pierc'd
 My marble heart. Had I one grain of faith.
 In holy legends, and religious tales,
 I should conclude there was an arm above
 That fought against me, and malignant turn'd,
 To catch myself, the subtle snare I set.
 Why, rape and murder are not simple means !
 Th' imperfect rape to Randolph gave a spouse ;
 And the intended murder introduc'd
 A favourite to hide the sun from me ;
 And worst of all, a rival. Burning hell !
 This were thy center, if I thought she lov'd him ?
 'Tis certain she contemns me ; nay, commands me,
 And waves the flag of her displeasure o'er me,
 In his behalf. And shall I thus be brav'd ?
 Curb'd, as she calls it, by dame Chastity ?
 Infernal fiends, if any fiends there are
 More fierce than love, ambition, and revenge,
 Rise up, and fill my bosom with your fires
 ' And policy remorseless ! Chance may spoil
 ' A single aim ; but perseverance must
 ' Prosper at last. For chance and fate are words :
 ' Perseverance is the fate of man.'
 Darkly a project peers upon my mind,
 Like the red moon when rising in the east,
 Cross'd and divided by strange-colour'd clouds.
 I'll seek the slave who came with Norval hither,

And

And for his cowardice was spurned from him.
I've known such follower's rankled bosom breed
Venom most fatal to his heedless lord.

[*Exit.*

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE, *a Court, &c. as before.*

Enter Anna.

ANNA.

THY vassals, grief, great nature's order break,
And change the noon-tide to the midnight hour.
Whilst Lady Randolph sleeps, I will walk forth,
And taste the air that breathes on yonder bank.
Sweet may her slumbers be! Ye ministers
Of gracious heaven who love the human race,
Angels and seraphs who delight in goodness!
For sake your skies, and to her couch descend!
There from her fancy chase those dismal forms
That haunt her waking; her sad spirit charin
With images celestial, such as please
The blest above upon their golden beds.

Enter Servant.

Ser. One of the vile assassins is secur'd.
We found the villain lurking in the wood:
With dreadful imprecations he denies
All knowledge of the crime. But this is not
His first essay: these jewels were conceal'd
In the most secret places of his garment;
Belike the spoils of some that he has murder'd.

Anna. Let me look on them. Ha! here is a heart,
The chosen crest of Douglas' valiant name!
These are no vulgar jewels. Guard the wretch.

[*Exit Anna.*

Enter

Enter Servants with a Prisoner.

Pris. I know no more than does the child unborn
Of what you charge me with.

1st Ser. You say so, Sir!

But torture soon shall make you speak the truth.
Behold, the Lady of Lord Randolph comes :
Prepare yourself to meet her just revenge.

Enter Lady Randolph and Anna.

Anna. Summon your utmost fortitude, before
You speak with him. Your dignity, your fame,
Are now at stake. Think of the fatal secret,
Which in a moment from your lips may fly.

Lady Ran. Thou shalt behold me, with a desperate heart,
Hear how my infant perish'd. See, he kneels.

[The Prisoner kneels.]

Pris. Heav'n bless that countenance so sweet and mild !
A judge like thee makes innocence more bold.
Oh, save me, lady ! from these cruel men,
Who have attack'd and seiz'd me ; who accuse
Me of intended murder. As I hope
For mercy at the judgment-seat of heaven,
The tender lamb, that never nipt the grass,
Is not more innocent than I of murder.

Lady R. Of this man's guilt what proof can ye produce ?

1st Ser. We found him lurking in the hollow glynn.
When view'd and call'd upon, amaz'd he fled,
We overtook him, and enquir'd from whence
And what he was : he said he came from far,
And was upon his journey to the camp.
Not satisfied with this, we search'd his clothes,
And found these jewels ; whose rich value plead
Most powerfully against him. Hard he seems
And old in villainy. Permit us to try
His stubbornness against the torture's force.

Pris. Oh, gentle lady ! by your Lord's dear life ;
Which these weak hands, I swear, did ne'er assail ;
And by your children's welfare, spare my age !
Let not the iron tear my ancient joints,
And my grey hairs bring to the grave with pain.

Lady R. Account for these ; thine own they cannot be :

For



For these, I say : be steadfast to the truth ;
Detected falsehood is most certain death.

[Anna removes the servants and returns.]

Pris. Alas ! I'm sore beset ! let never man,
For sake of lucre, sin against his soul !
Eternal justice is in this most just !
I, guiltless now, must former guilt reveal.

Lady R. Oh ! Anna hear !—once more I charge thee.
The truth direct ; for these to me foretell {speak
And certify a part of thy narration ;
With which if the remainder tallies not,
An instant and a dreadful death abides thee.

Pris. Then, thus adjur'd, I'll speak to you as just
As if you were the minister of heaven,
Sent down to search the secret sins of men.
Some eighteen years ago, I rented land,
Of brave Sir Malcolm, then Balarmo's Lord ;
But falling to decay, his servants seiz'd
All that I had, and then turn'd me and mine,
(Four helpless infants and their weeping mother)
Out to the mercy of the winter winds.
A little hovel by the river's side
Received us : there hard labour, and the skill
In fishing, which was formerly my sport,
Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly liv'd,
One stormy night, as I remember well,
The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof :
Red came the river down, and loud and oft
The angry spirit of the water shriek'd.
At the dead hour of night was heard the cry
Of one in jeopardy. I rose, and ran
To where the circling eddy of a pool,
Beneath the ford, us'd oft to bring within
My reach whatever floating thing the stream
Had caught. The voice was ceas'd ; the person lost :
But looking sad and earnest on the waters,
By the moon's light I saw, whirl'd round and round,
A basket : soon I drew it to the bank,
And nestled curious there an infant lay.

Lady R. Was he alive ?

Pris. He was.

Lady

Lady R. Inhuman that thou art !

How couldst thou kill what waves and tempests spared ?

Prif. I am not so inhuman.

Lady R. Didst thou not ?

Anna. My noble mistress, you are mov'd too much :

This man has not the aspect of stern murder ;

Let him go on, and you, I hope, will hear

Good tidings of your kinsman's long lost child.

Prif. The needy man, who has known better days,

One whom distress has spited at the world,

Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon

To do such deeds as makes the prosperous men

Lift up their hands and wonder who could do them,

And such a man was I ; a man declin'd,

Who saw no end of black adversity :

Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not

Have touch'd that infant with a hand of harm.

Lady R. Ha ! dost thou say so ; then perhaps he lives !

Prif. Not many days ago he was alive.

Lady R. Oh ! heavenly powers ! Did he then die so

Prif. I did not say he died ; I hope he lives. [lately ?

Not many days ago these eyes beheld

Him, flourishing in youth, and health, and beauty.

Lady R. Where is he now ?

Prif. Alas ! I know not where.

Lady R. Oh, fate ! I fear thee still. Thou riddler,
Direct and clear ; else I will search thy soul. [speak

Anna. ' Permit me, ever honour'd ! Keen impatience,
' Though hard to be restrain'd, defeats itself.'—

Pursue thy story with a faithful tongue,

To the last hour that thou didst keep the child.

Prif. Fear not my faith, though I must speak my shame.

Within the cradle where the infant lay,

Was stow'd a mighty store of gold and jewels ;

Tempted by which, we did resolve to hide,

From all the world, this wonderful event,

And like a peasant breed the noble child.

That none might mark the change of our estate,

We left the country, travell'd to the north,

Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought forth

Our secret wealth. But God's all-seeing eye

Beheld our avarice, and smote us sore.

For one by one all our own children died,
 And he the stranger, sole remain'd the heir
 Of what indeed was his. Fain then would I,
 Who with a father's fondness lov'd the boy,
 Have trusted him, now in the dawn of youth,
 With his own secret: but my anxious wife,
 Forboding evil, never would consent.
 Mean while the stripling grew in years and beauty;
 And, as we oft observ'd, he bore himself,
 Not as the offspring of our cottage blood;
 For nature will break out: mild with the mild,
 But with the froward he was fierce as fire,
 And night and day he talk'd of war and arms.
 I set myself against his warlike bent;
 But all in vain; for when a desperate band
 Of robbers from the savage mountains came——

Lady R. Eternal Providence! What is thy name?

Pris. My name is Norval; and my name he bears.

Lady R. 'Tis he! 'tis he himself! It is my son!

Oh, sovereign mercy! 'Twas my child I saw!

No wonder, Anna, that my bosom burn'd.

Anna. Just are your transports: 'ne'er was woman's
 heart

' Prov'd with such fierce extremes. High fated dame!

But yet remember that you are beheld

By servile eyes; your gestures may be seen

Impassion'd, strange; perhaps your words o'erheard.

Lady R. Well dost thou counsel, Anna: Heav'n be-
 On me that wisdom which my state requires. [slow

' *Anna.* The moments of deliberation pass,

' And soon you must resolve. This useful man

' Must be dismissed with safety, ere my Lord

' Shall with his brave deliverer return.'

Pris. If I, amidst astonishment and fear,
 Have of your words and gestures rightly judg'd,
 Thou art the daughter of my ancient master;
 The child I rescu'dst from the flood is thine.

Lady R. With thee dissimulation now were vain.
 I am indeed the daughter of Sir Malcolm;
 The child thou rescu'dst from the flood is mine.

Pris. Blest be the hour that made me a poor man!
 My poverty hath sav'd my master's house!

Lady R. Thy words surprize me : sure thou dost not feign !

The tear stands in thine eye : such love from thee
Sir Malcolm's house deserv'd not ; if aright
Thou told'st the story of thy own distress.

Prif. Sir Malcolm of our barons was the flower ;
The fastest friend, the best and kindest master.

But, ah ! he knew not of my sad estate.
After the battle, where his gallant son,
Your own brave brother, fell, the good old lord
Grew desperate and reckless of the world ;
And never, as he erst was wont, went forth
To overlook the conduct of his servants.

By them I was thrust out, and them I blame :
May Heav'n so judge me as I judge my master !
And God so love me as I love his race !

Lady R. His race shall yet reward thee. On thy faith
Depends the fate of thy lov'd master's house.
Rememb'rest thou a little lonely hut,
That like a holy hermitage appears
Among the cliffs of Carron ?

Prif. I remember
The cottage of the cliffs.

Lady R. 'Tis that I mean :
There dwells a man of venerable age,
Who in my father's service spent his youth :
Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain,
'Till I shall call upon thee to declare,
Before the king and nobles, what thou now
To me hast told. No more but this, and thou
Shalt live in honour all thy future days ;
Thy son so long shall call thee father still,
And all the land shall bless the man who sav'd
The son of Douglas and Sir Malcolm's heir.
Remember well my words ; if thou shouldst meet
Him whom thou call'st thy son, still call him so ;
And mention nothing of his noble father.

Prif. Fear not that I shall mar so fair an harvest,
By putting in my sickle ere 'tis ripe.
Why did I leave my home and ancient dame ?
To find the youth, to tell him all I knew,
And make him wear these jewels in his arms,

Which might, I thought, be challeng'd, and so bring
To light the secret of his noble birth,

[*Lady Randolph goes towards the servants.*]

Lady R. This man is not th' assassin you suspected,
Though chance combin'd some likelihoods against him.
He is the faithful bearer of the jewels
To their right owner, whom in haste he seeks.
'Tis meet that you should put him on his way,
Since your mistaken zeal hath dragg'd him hither.

[*Exit Stranger and Servants.*]

My faithful Anna! dost thou share my joy?
I know thou dost. Unparallel'd event!
Reaching from heav'n to earth, Jehovah's arm
Snatch'd from the waves, and brings to me my son!
Judge of the widow, and the orphan's father,
Accept a widow's and a mother's thanks
For such a gift! What does my Anna think
Of the young eaglet of a valiant nest?
How soon he gaz'd on bright and burning arms,
Spurn'd the low dunghill where his fate had thrown him,
And tower'd up to the region of his fire!

Anna. How fondly did your eyes devour the boy!
Mysterious nature, with the unseen cord
Of powerful instinct, drew you to your own.

Lady R. The ready story of his birth believ'd
Suppress my fancy quite; nor did he owe
To any likeness my so sudden favour:
But now I long to see his face again,
Examine every feature, and find out
The lineaments of Douglas, or my own.
But most of all, I long to let him know
Who his true parents are, to clasp his neck,
And tell him all the story of his father.

Anna. With wary caution you must bear yourself
In public, lest your tenderness break forth,
And in observers stir conjectures strange.
• For, if a cherub in the shape of woman
• Should walk this world, yet defamation would,
• Like a vile cur, bark at the angel's train.—
To-day the baron started at your tears.

Lady R. He did so, Anna! well thy mistress knows,
if the least circumstance, mote of offence,

Should

Should touch the baron's eye, his sight would be
 With jealousy disorder'd. But the more
 It does behove me instant to declare
 The birth of Douglas, and assert his rights.
 This night I purpose with my son to meet,
 Reveal the secret and consult with him :
 For wise he is, or my fond judgment errs.
 As he does now, so look'd his noble father,
 Array'd in nature's ease : his mien, his speech,
 Were sweetly simple, and full oft deceiv'd
 Those trivial mortals who seem always wise.
 But, when the matter match'd his mighty mind,
 Up rose the hero ; on his piercing eye
 Sat Observation ; on each glance of thought
 Decision follow'd, as the thunder-bolt
 Pursues the flash.

Anna. That demon haunts you still :
 Behold Glenalvon.

Lady R. Now I shun him not.
 This day I brav'd him in behalf of Norval :
 Perhaps too far : at least my nicer fears
 For Douglas thus interpret.

Enter Glenalvon.

Glen. Noble dame !
 The hov'ring Dane at last his men hath landed :
 No band of pirates ; but a mighty host,
 That come to settle where their valour conquers :
 To win a country, or to lose themselves.

Lady R. But whence comes this intelligence, Glenal-

Glen. A nimble courier sent from yonder camp, [von ?
 To hasten up the chieftains of the north,
 Inform'd me, as he pass'd, that the fierce Dane
 Had on the eastern coast of Lothian landed,
 ' Near to that place where the sea-rock immense,
 ' Amazing bas, looks o'er a fertile land.

Lady R. Then must this western army march to join,
 ' The warlike troops that guard Edena's tow'rs.

Glen. Beyond all question. If impairing time
 ' Has not effac'd the image of a place,
 ' Once perfect in my breast, there is a wild
 ' Which lies to westward of that mighty rock,
 ' And seems by nature formed for the camp

' Of water-wafted armies, whose chief strength
 ' Lies in firm foot, unflank'd with warlike horse :
 ' If martial skill directs the Danish lords,
 ' There inaccessible their army lies
 ' To our swift-scow'ring horse, the bloody field
 ' Must man to man, and foot to foot, be fought.'

Lady R. How many mothers shall bewail their sons !
 How many widows weep their husband's slain !
 Ye dames of Denmark, ev'n for you I feel,
 Who, sadly sitting on the sea-beat shore,
 Long look for lords that never shall return.

Glen. Oft has th' unconquer'd Caledonian sword
 Widow'd the north. The children of the slain
 Come, as I hope, to meet their fathers' fate.
 The monster war, with her infernal brood,
 Loud yelling fury, and life-ending pain,
 Are objects suited to Glenalvon's soul.
 Scorn is more grievous than the pains of death ;
 Reproach, more piercing than the pointed sword.

Lady R. I scorn thee not, but when I ought to scorn ;
 Nor e'er reproach, but when insulted virtue
 Against audacious vice asserts herself.
 I own thy worth, Glenalvon ; none more apt
 Than I to praise thine eminence in arms,
 And be the echo of thy martial fame.
 No longer vainly feed a guilty passion :
 Go and pursue a lawful mistress, Glory.
 Upon the Danish crests redeem thy fault,
 And let thy valour be the shield of Randolph.

Glen. One instant stay, and hear an alter'd man.
 When beauty pleads for virtue, vice abash'd
 Flies its own colours, and goes o'er to virtue.
 I am your convert ; time will shew how truly :
 Yet one immediate proof I mean to give.
 That youth for whom your ardent zeal to-day,
 Somewhat too haughtily, defy'd your slave,
 Amidst the flock of armies I'll defend,
 And turn death from him, with a guardian arm.
 ' Sedate by use, my bosom maddens not
 ' At the tumultuous uproar of the field.'

Lady R. Act thus, Glenalvon, and I am thy friend :
 But that's thy least reward. Believe me, Sir,

The truly generous is the truly wise ;
And he who loves not others, lives unblest.

[*Exit Lady Randolph.*]

Glen. [*Solus.*] Amen ! and virtue is its own reward !—

I think that I have hit the very tone
In which she loves to speak. Honey'd assent,
How pleasing art thou to the taste of man,
And woman also ! flattery direct
Rarely disgusts. They little know mankind
Who doubt its operation : 'tis my key,
And opes the wicket of the human heart.
How far I have succeeded now, I know not.
Yet I incline to think her stormy virtue
Is lull'd awhile : 'tis her alone I fear :
Whilst she and Randolph live, and live in faith
And amity, uncertain is my tenure.
' Fate o'er my head suspends disgrace and death,
' By that weak air, a peevish female's will.
' I am not idle ; but the ebbs and flows
' Of fortune's tide cannot be calculated.'
That slave of Norval's I have found most apt :
I shew'd him gold, and he has pawn'd his soul
To say and swear whatever I suggest.
Norval, I'm told, has that alluring look,
'Twixt man and woman, which I have observ'd
To charm the nicer and fantastic dames,
Who are, like Lady Randolph, full of virtue.
In raising Randolph's jealousy I may
But point him to the truth. He seldom errs
Who thinks the worst he can of womankind.

END of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

*Flourish of Trumpets.**Enter Lord Randolph attended.*

LORD RANDOLPH.

Summon an hundred horse, by break of day,
To wait our pleasure at the castle gate.

Enter Lady Randolph.

Lady R. Alas, my Lord ! I've heard unwelcome news ;
The Danes are landed.

Lord R. Ay, no inroad this
Of the Northumbrian bent to take a spoil :
No sportive war, no tournament essay,
Of some young knight resolv'd to break a spear,
And stain with hostile blood his maiden arms.
The Danes are landed : we must beat them back,
Or live the slaves of Denmark.

Lady R. Dreadful times !

Lord R. The fenceless villages are all forsaken ;
The trembling mothers, and their children lodg'd
In well-girt towers and castles ; whilst the men
Retire indignant. Yet like broken waves,
They but retire more awful to return.

Lady R. Immense, as fame reports, the Danish host !

Lord R. Were it as numerous as loud fame reports,
An army knit like ours would pierce it through :
Brothers, that shrink not from each other's side,
And fond companions, fill our warlike files :
For his dear offspring, and the wife he loves,
The husband, and the fearless father arm.
In vulgar breasts heroic ardour burns,
And the poor peasant mates his daring lord.

Lady R. Men's minds are temper'd, like their swords,
for war ;

' Lovers of danger, on destruction's brink

' They joy to rear erect their daring forms.

' Hence, early graves ; hence the lone widow's life ;

' And

' And the sad mother's grief-embitter'd age.'
Where is our gallant guest?

Lord R. Down in the vale
I left him, managing a fiery steed,
Whose stubbornness had foil'd the strength and skill
Of every rider. But behold he comes,
In earnest conversation with Glenalvon.

Enter Norval and Glenalvon.

Glenalvon! with the lark arise; go forth,
And lead my troops that lie in yonder vale:
Private I travel to the royal camp:
Norval, thou goest with me. But say, young man!
Where didst thou learn so to discourse of war,
And in such terms, as I o'erheard to-day?
War is no village science, nor its phrase
A language taught among the shepherd swains.

Nor. Small is the skill my Lord delights to praise
In him he favours. Hear from whence it came.
Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote
And inaccessible by shepherds trod,
In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
A hermit liv'd; a melancholy man,
Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains,
Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,
Water his drink, his food the shepherds' alms.
I went to see him, and my heart was touch'd
With reverence and pity. Mild he spake,
And, entering on discourse, such stories told
As made me oft revisit his sad cell.
For he had been a soldier in his youth;
And fought in famous battles, when the peers
Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,
Against th' usurping infidel display'd
The blessed cross, and won the Holy Land.
Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire
His speech struck from me, the old man would shake
His years away, and act his young encounters:
Then, having shew'd his wounds, he'd sit him down,
And all the live-long day discourse of war.
To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
He cut the figures of the marshal'd hosts;

Describ'd

Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use
Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line,
The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm.
For all that Saracen or Christian knew
Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

Lord R. Why did this soldier in a desert hide
Those qualities, that should have grac'd a camp?

Nor. That too at last I learn'd. Unhappy man!
Returning homeward by Messina's port,
Loaded with wealth and honours bravely won,
A rude and boist'rous captain of the sea
Fasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought;
The stranger fell, and with his dying breath
Declar'd his name and lineage. Mighty pow'r!
The soldier cried, my brother! Oh, my brother!

Lady R. His brother!

Nor. Yes; of the same parents born;
His only brother. They exchang'd forgiveness:
And happy, in my mind, was he that died;
For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.
In the wild desert on a rock he sits,
Or on some nameless stream's untrodden banks,
And ruminates all day his dreadful fate.
At times, alas! not in his perfect mind,
Holds dialogues with his lov'd brother's ghost;
And oft each night forsakes his sullen couch,
To make sad orisons for him he slew.

Lady R. To what mysterious woes are mortals born!
In this dire tragedy were there no more
Unhappy persons? Did the parents live?

Nor. No, they were dead; kind Heaven clos'd their
Before their son had shed his brother's blood. [eyes,

Lord R. Hard is his fate; for he was not to blame!
There is a destiny in this strange world,
Which oft decrees an undeserved doom.
Let schoolmen tell us why—From whence these sounds?

[*Trumpets at a distance.*

Enter an Officer.

Of. My Lord, the trumpets of the troops of Lorn:
Their valiant leader hails the noble Randolph.

Lord R. Mine ancient guest! Does he the warriors
Has Denmark rous'd the brave old knight to arms? [lead?

Of.

Of. No ; worn with warfare, he resigns the sword.
His eldest hope, the valiant John of Lorn,
Now leads his kindred bands.

Lord R. Glenalvon, go.
With hospitality's most strong request
Entreat the chief. [*Exit Glenalvon.*]

Of. My Lord, requests are vain.
He urges on, impatient of delay,
Stung with the tidings of the foe's approach.

Lord R. May victory sit on the warrior's plume !
Bravest of men ! his flocks and herds are safe ;
Remote from war's alarms his pastures lie,
By mountains inaccessible secur'd :
Yet foremost he into the plain descends,
Eager to bleed in battles not his own.
Such were the heroes of the ancient world ;
Contemners they of indolence and gain ;
But still, for love of glory and of arms,
Prone to encounter peril, and to lift
Against each strong antagonist the spear.
I'll go and press the hero to my breast. [*Exit with the Of.*]

Lady R. The soldier's loftiness, the pride and pomp
Investing awful war, Norval, I see,
Transport thy youthful mind.

Nor. Ah ! should they not ?
Bless'd be the hour I left my father's house !
I might have been a shepherd all my days,
And stole obscurely to a peasant's grave.
Now, if I live, with mighty chiefs I stand ;
And, if I fall, with noble dust I lie.

Lady R. There is a generous spirit in thy breast,
That could have well sustain'd a prouder fortune.
Some lucky chance has left us here alone.
Unseen, unheard, by human eye or ear,
I will amaze thee with a wond'rous tale.

Nor. Let there be danger, Lady, with the secret,
That I may hug it to my grateful heart,
And prove my faith. Command my sword, my life :
These are the sole possessions of poor Norval.

Lady R. Know'st thou these gems ?

Nor. Durst I believe mine eyes,
I'd say I knew them, and they were my father's.

Lady R.

Lady R. Thy father's say'st thou? Ah, they were thy
Nor. I saw them once, and curiously enquir'd [father's!
 Of both my parents, whence such splendor came?
 But I was check'd, and more could never learn.

Lady R. Then learn of me, thou art not Norval's son.

Nor. Not Norval's son!

Lady R. Nor of a shepherd sprung.

Nor. Lady, who am I then?

Lady R. Noble thou art;

For noble was thy fire.

Nor. I will believe——

Oh, tell me farther! Say, who was my father?

Lady R. Douglas!

Nor. Lord Douglas, whom to-day I saw?

Lady R. His younger brother.

Nor. And in yonder camp?

Lady R. Alas!

Nor. You make me tremble—Sighs and tears!
 Lives my brave father?

Lady R. Ah, too brave indeed!

He fell in battle ere thyself was born.

Nor. Ah, me unhappy! Ere I saw the light!

But does my mother live? I may conclude,
 From my own fate, her portion has been sorrow.

Lady R. She lives; but wastes her life in constant woe,
 Weeping her husband slain, her infant lost.

Nor. You that are skill'd so well in the sad story
 Of my unhappy parents, and with tears

Bewail their destiny, now have compassion

Upon the offspring of the friends you lov'd.

Oh, tell me who and where my mother is!

Oppress'd by a base world, perhaps she bends

Beneath the weight of other ills than grief;

And, desolate, implores of Heaven the aid

Her son should give. It is, it must be so——

Your countenance confesses that she's wretched.

Oh, tell me her condition! Can the sword——

Who shall resist me in a parent's cause?

Lady R. Thy virtue ends her woe—My son! my son!

Nor. Art thou my mother?

Lady R. I am thy mother, and the wife of Douglas!

[Falls upon his neck.

Nor.

Nor. Oh, heav'n and earth ! how wond'rous is my fate !
Ever let me kneel !

Lady R. Image of Douglas ! fruit of fatal love !
All that I owe thy fire I pay to thee.

Nor. Respect and admiration still possess me,
Checking the love and fondness of a son :
Yet I was filial to my humble parents.
But did my fire surpass the rest of men,
As thou excellest all of womankind ?

Lady R. Arise, my son. In me thou dost behold
The poor remains of beauty once admir'd.
The autumn of my days is come already ;
For sorrow made my summer haste away.
Yet in my prime I equall'd not thy father :
His eyes were like the eagle's, yet sometimes
Liker the dove's ; and, as he pleas'd, he won
All hearts with softness, or with spirit aw'd.

Nor. How did he fall ? Sure 'twas a bloody field
When Douglas died. Oh, I have much to ask !

Lady R. Hereafter thou shalt hear the lengthen'd tale
Of all thy father's and thy mother's woes.
At present this—Thou art the rightful heir
Of yonder castle, and the wide domains
Which now Lord Randolph, as my husband, holds.
But thou shalt not be wrong'd ; I have the power
To right thee still. Before the King I'll kneel,
And call Lord Douglas to protect his blood.

Nor. The blood of Douglas will protect itself.

Lady R. But we shall need both friends and favour, boy,
To wrest thy lands and lordship from the gripe
Of Randolph and his kinsman. Yet I think
My tale will move each gentle heart to pity,
My life incline the virtuous to believe.

Nor. To be the son of Douglas is to me
Inheritance enough. Declare my birth,
And in the field I'll seek for fame and fortune.

Lady R. Thou dost not know what perils and injustice
Await the poor man's valour. Oh, my son !
The noblest blood in all the land's abash'd,
Having no lacquey but pale poverty.
Too long hast thou been thus attended, Douglas,
Too long hast thou been deem'd a peasant's child.

The

The wanton heir of some inglorious chief
 Perhaps has scorn'd thee in the youthful sports,
 Whilst thy indignant spirit swell'd in vain.
 Such contumely thou no more shalt bear :
 But how I purpose to redress thy wrongs
 Must be hereafter told. Prudence directs
 That we should part before yon chiefs return.
 Retire, and from thy rustic follower's hand
 Receive a billet, which thy mother's care,
 Anxious to see thee, dictated before
 This casual opportunity arose
 Of private conference. Its purport mark ;
 For as I there appoint we meet again.
 Leave me, my son ; and frame thy manners still
 To Norval's, not to noble Douglas' state.

Nor. I will remember. Where is Norval now ?
 That good old man.

Lady R. At hand conceal'd he lies,
 An useful witness. But beware, my son,
 Of yon Glenalvon ; in his guilty breast
 Resides a villain's shrewdness, ever prone
 To false conjecture. He hath griev'd my heart.

Nor. Has he indeed ? Then let yon false Glenalvon
 Beware of me.

[*Exit.*

Lady R. There burst the smother'd flame.
 Oh, thou all-righteous and eternal King !
 Who father of the fatherless art call'd,
 Protect my son ! Thy inspiration, Lord !
 Hath fill'd his bosom with that sacred fire,
 Which in the breasts of his forefathers burn'd ;
 Set him on high, like them, that he may shine
 The star and glory of his native land !
 Then let the minister of death descend,
 And bear my willing spirit to its place.
 Yonder they come. How do bad women find
 Unchanging aspects to conceal their guilt,
 When I, by reason and by justice urg'd,
 Full hardly can dissemble with these men
 In nature's pious cause ?

Enter Lord Randolph and Glenalvon.

Lord R. Yon gallant chief,
 Of arms enamour'd, all repose disclaims.

Lady R.

Lady R. Be not, my Lord, by his example sway'd.
 Arrange the business of to-morrow now,
 And when you enter speak of war no more. [Exit.

Lord R. 'Tis so, by heav'n ! her mien, her voice, her
 And her impatience to begone, confirm it. [eye,

Glen. He parted from her now. Behind the mount,
 Amongst the trees, I saw him glide along.

Lord R. For sad sequester'd virtue she's renown'd.

Glen. Most true, my Lord.

Lord R. Yet this distinguish'd dame
 Invites a youth, the acquaintance of a day,
 Alone to meet her at the midnight hour.
 This assignation, [*Shows a letter.*] the assassin freed,
 Her manifest affection for the youth,
 Might breed suspicion in a husband's brain,
 Whose gentle consort all for love had wedded :
 Much more in mine. Matilda never lov'd me.
 Let no man, after me, a woman wed
 Whose heart he knows he has not ; though she brings
 A mine of gold, a kingdom for her dowry.
 For let her seem, like the night's shadowy queen,
 Cold and contemplative—he cannot trust her ;
 She may, she will, bring shame and sorrow on him ;
 The worst of sorrow, and the worst of shames !

Glen. Yield not, my Lord, to such afflicting thoughts ;
 But let the spirit of an husband sleep,
 Till your own senses make a sure conclusion.
 This billet must to blooming Norval go ;
 At the next turn awaits my trusty spy ;
 I'll give it him refitted for his master.
 In the close thicket take your secret stand ;
 The moon shines bright, and your own eyes may judge
 Of their behaviour.

Lord R. Thou dost counsel well.

Glen. Permit me now to make one slight essay.
 Of all the trophies which vain mortals boast,
 By wit, by valour, or by wisdom won,
 The first and fairest in a young man's eye,
 Is woman's captive heart. Successful love
 With glorious fumes intoxicates the mind,
 And the proud conqueror in triumph moves,
 Air-born, exalted above vulgar men.

Lord R. And what avails this maxim?

Glen. Much, my Lord.

Withdraw a little: I'll accost young Norval,
And with ironical derisive counsel
Explore his spirit. If he is no more
Than humble Norval, by thy favour rais'd,
Brave as he is, he'll shrink astonish'd from me:
But if he be the favourite of the fair,
Lov'd by the first of Caledonia's dames,
He'll turn upon me, as the lion turns
Upon the hunter's spear.

Lord R. 'Tis shrewdly thought,

Glen. When we grow loud, draw near. But let my Lord
His rising wrath restrain. [Exit Randolph.

'Tis strange, by Heav'n!

That she should run full tilt her fond career
To one so little known. She too that seem'd
Pure as the winter stream, when ice imbofs'd
Whitens its course. Even I did think her chaste,
Whose charity exceeds not. Precious sex!
Whose deeds lascivious pass Glenalvon's thoughts?

Enter Norval.

His port I love; he's in a proper mood
To chide the thunder, if at him it roar'd.
Has Norval seen the troops?

[*Aside.*

Nor. The setting sun
With yellow radiance lighten'd all the vale;
And as the warriors mov'd, each polish'd helm,
Corset, or spear, glanc'd back his gilded beams.
The hill they climb'd, and halting at its top,
Of more than mortal size, tow'ring, they seem'd
An host angelic, clad in burning arms.

Glen. Thou talk'st it well; no leader of our host
In sounds more lofty speaks of glorious war.

Nor. If I shall e'er acquire a leader's name,
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration
Vents itself freely; since no part is mine
Of praise pertaining to the great in arms. [deeds

Glen. You wrong yourself, brave Sir; your martial
Have rank'd you with the great. But mark me, Norval;
Lord Randolph's favour now exalts your youth

Above

Above his veterans of famous service.
 Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you.
 Give them all honour : seem not to command ;
 Else they will scarcely brook your late sprung power,
 Which nor alliance props, nor birth adorns.

Nor. Sir, I have been accustom'd all my days
 To hear and speak the plain and simple truth :
 And tho' I have been told that there are men
 Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,
 Yet in such language I am little skill'd.
 Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,
 Although it sounded harshly. Why remind
 Me of my birth obscure ? Why slur my power
 With such contemptuous terms ?

Glen. I did not mean
 To gall your pride, which now I see is great.

Nor. My pride !

Glen. Suppress it, as you wish to prosper.
 Your pride's excessive. Yet, for Randolph's sake,
 I will not leave you to its rash direction.
 If thus you swell, and frown at high-born men,
 Think you, will they endure a shepherd's scorn ?

Nor. A shepherd's scorn !

Glen. Yes ; if you presume
 To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,
 As if you took the measure of their minds,
 And said in secret, you're no match for me,
 What will become of you ?

Nor. If this were told !——

[*Aside.*

Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self ?

Glen. Ha ! dost thou threaten me ?

Nor. Didst thou not hear ?

Glen. Unwillingly I did ; a nobler foe
 Had not been question'd thus. But such as thee——

Nor. Whom dost thou think me ?

Glen. Norval.

Nor. So I am——

And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes ?

Glen. A peasant's son, a wandering beggar-boy ;
 At best no more, even if he speaks the truth.

Nor. False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth ?

Glen. Thy truth ! thou'rt all a lie ; and false as hell
Is the vain-glorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.

Nor. If I were chain'd, unarm'd, and bed-rid old,
Perhaps I should revile ; but as I am,
I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval
Is of a race who strive not but with deeds.
Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valour,
And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,
I'd tell thee—what thou art. I know thee well.

Glen. Didst thou not know Glenalvon, born to command
Ten thousand slaves like thee——

Nor. Villain, no more !
Draw and defend thy life. I did design
'To have defy'd thee in another cause :
But Heav'n accelerates its vengeance on thee.
Now for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs.

Enter Lord Randolph.

Lord R. Hold, I command you both. The man that
Makes me his foe. [steps

Nor. Another voice than thine
That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.

Glen. Hear him, my Lord ; he's wond'rous conde-
Mark the humility of shepherd Norval ! [ascending !

Nor. Now you may scoff in safety. [Sheaths his sword.

Lord R. Speak not thus,
Taunting each other ; but unfold to me
The cause of quarrel, then I judge betwixt you.

Nor. Nay, my good Lord, tho' I revere you much,
My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment.
I blush to speak ; I will not, cannot speak
Th' opprobrious words that I from him have borne.
To the liege-lord of my dear native land
I owe a subject's homage : but ev'n him
And his high arbitration I'd reject.

Within my bosom reigns another lord ;
Honour, sole judge and umpire of itself.
If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph,
Revoke your favours, and let Norval go
Hence as he came, alone, but not dishonour'd.

Lord R. Thus far I'll mediate with impartial voice :
The ancient foe of Caledonia's land
Now waves his banners o'er her frightened fields.

Suspend

Suspend your purpose till your country's arms
 Repel the bold invader; then decide
 The private quarrel.

Glen. I agree to this.

Nor. And I.

Enter Servant.

Serv. The banquet waits.

Lord R. We come.

[Exit with Servant.]

Glen. Norval,

Let not our variance mar the social hour,
 Nor wrong the hospitality of Randolph.
 Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkled hate,
 Shall stain my countenance. Sooth thou thy brow;
 Nor let our strife disturb the gentle dame.

Nor. Think not so lightly, Sir, of my resentment.
 When we contend again, our strife is mortal.

[Exeunt.]

END of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE, *the Wood.*

Enter Douglas.

DOUGLAS.

THIS is the place, the centre of the grove;
 Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.
 How sweet and solemn is the midnight scene!
 The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way
 Thro' skies where I could count each little star.
 The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves;
 The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
 Imposes silence with a silly sound.
 In such a place as this, at such an hour,
 If ancestry can be in ought believed,
 Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
 And told the secrets of the world unknown.

Enter Old Norval.

Old Nor. 'Tis he. But what if he should chide me
His just reproach I fear. [hence?

[*Douglas turns aside and sees him.*

Forgive, forgive,
Canst thou forgive the man, the selfish man,
Who bred Sir Malcolm's heir a shepherd's son?

Doug. 'Kneel not to me;' thou art my father still:
Thy wish'd-for presence now compleats my joy.
Welcome to me; my fortunes thou shalt share,
And ever honour'd with thy Douglas live.

Old Nor. And dost thou call me father? Oh, my son!
I think that I could die, to make amends
For the great wrong I did thee. 'Twas my crime
Which in the wilderness so long conceal'd
The blossom of thy youth.

Doug. Not worie the fruit,
That in the wilderness the blossom blow'd.
Amongst the shepherds, in the humble cot,
I learn'd some lessons, which I'll not forget
When I inhabit yonder lofty towers.
I who was once a swain, will ever prove
The poor man's friend; and when my vassals bow,
Norval shall smoothe the crested pride of Douglas.

Nor. Let me but live to see thine exaltation!
Yet grievous are my fears. Oh, leave this place,
And those unfriendly towers!

Doug. Why should I leave them?

Old Nor. Lord Randolph and his kinsman seek your life.

Doug. How know'st thou that?

Old Nor. I will inform you how.

When evening came, I left the secret place
Appointed for me by your mother's care,
And fondly trod in each accustom'd path
That to the castle leads. Whilst thus I rang'd,
I was alarm'd with unexpected sounds
Of earnest voices. On the persons came.
Unseen I lurk'd, and heard them name
Each other as they talk'd, Lord Randolph this,
And that Glenalvon: Still of you they spoke,
And of the Lady: threat'ning was their speech,
'Tho' but imperfectly my ear could hear it.

'Twas

'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discov'ry ;
And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

Doug. Revenge ! for what ?

Old Nor. For being what you are,
Sir Malcolm's heir : how else have you offended ?
When they were gone, I hied me to my cottage,
And there sat musing how I best might find
Means to inform you of their wicked purpose,
But I could think of none. At last, perplex'd,
I issued forth, encompassing the tower
With many a weary step and wishful look.
Now Providence hath brought you to my sight,
Let not your too courageous spirit scorn
The caution which I give.

Doug. I scorn it not.

My mother warn'd me of Glenalvon's baseness ;
But I will not suspect the noble Randolph.
In our encounter with the vile assassins,
I mark'd his brave demeanour : him I'll trust.

Old Nor. I fear you will, too far.

Doug. Here in this place

I wait my mother's coming : she shall know
What thou hast told : her counsel I will follow.
And cautious ever are a mother's counsels.
You must depart : your presence may prevent
Our interview.

Old Nor. My blessing rest upon thee !

Oh, may Heav'n's hand, which sav'd thee from the wave,
And from the sword of foes, be near thee still ;
Turning mischance, if ought hangs o'er thy head,
All upon mine !

[*Exit.*

Doug. He loves me like a parent ;
And must not, shall not, lose the son he loves,
Altho' his son has found a nobler father.
Eventful day ! how hast thou chang'd my state !
Once on the cold, and winter-shaded side
Of a bleak hill mischance had rooted me,
Never to thrive, child of another soil ;
Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,
Like the green thorn of May my fortune flowers.
Ye glorious stars ! high heaven's resplendent host !
To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,

Hear and record my soul's unalter'd wish !
 Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd !
 May Heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic Dane,
 To give a bold defiance to our host !
 Before he speaks it out I will accept ;
 Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die :

Enter Lady Randolph.

Lady R. My son ! I heard a voice——

Doug. The voice was mine.

Lady R. Didst thou complain aloud to nature's ear,
 That thus in dusky shades, at midnight hours,
 By stealth the mother and the son should meet ?

(Embracing him.)

Doug. No ; on this happy day, this better birth-day,
 My thoughts and words are all of hope and joy.

Lady R. Sad fear and melancholy still divide
 The empire of my breast with hope and joy.
 Now hear what I advise——

Doug. First, let me tell
 What may the tenor of your counsel change.

Lady R. My heart forebodes some evil.

Doug. 'Tis not good——
 At eve, unseen by Randolph and Glenalvon,
 The good old Norval in the grove o'erheard
 Their conversation : oft they mention'd me
 With dreadful threat'nings ; you they sometimes nam'd.
 'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discov'ry ;
 And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

Lady R. Defend us, gracious God ! we are betray'd :
 They have found out the secret of thy birth :
 It must be so. That is the great discovery.
 Sir Malcolm's heir is come to claim his own,
 And they will be reveng'd. Perhaps even now,
 Arm'd and prepar'd for murder, they but wait
 A darker and more silent hour, to break
 Into the chamber where they think thou sleep'st.
 This moment, this, Heav'n hath ordain'd to save thee !
 Fly to the camp, my son !

Doug. And leave you here ?
 No : to the castle let us go together,
 Call up the antient servants of your house,
 Who in their youth did eat your father's bread.

Then

Then tell them loudly that I am your son.
 If in the breasts of men one spark remains
 Of sacred love, fidelity, or pity,
 Some in your cause will arm. I ask but few
 To drive those spoilers from my father's house.

Lady R. Oh, Nature, Nature! what can check thy
 Thou genuine offspring of the daring Douglas! [force?
 But rush not on destruction: save thyself,
 And I am safe. To me they mean no harm.
 Thy stay but risks thy precious life in vain.
 That winding path conducts thee to the river.
 Cross where thou seest a broad and beaten way,
 Which running eastward leads thee to the camp.
 Instant demand admittance to Lord Douglas;
 Shew him these jewels, which his brother wore.
 Thy look, thy voice, will make him feel the truth,
 Which I by certain proof will soon confirm.

Doug. I yield me, and obey: but yet my heart
 Bleeds at this parting. Something bids me stay
 And guard a mother's life. Oft have I read
 Of wondrous deeds by one bold arm achiev'd.
 Our foes are two; no more: let me go forth,
 And see if any shield can guard Glenalvon.

Lady R. If thou regard'st thy mother, or rever'st
 Thy father's memory, think of this no more.
 One thing I have to say before we part:
 Long wert thou lost; and thou art found, my child,
 In a most fearful season. War and battle
 I have great cause to dread. Too well I see
 Which way the current of thy temper sets:
 To-day I've found thee. Oh! my long lost hope!
 If thou to giddy valour giv'st the reign,
 To-morrow I may lose my son for ever.
 The love of thee before thou saw'st the light,
 Sustain'd my life when thy brave father fell.
 If thou shalt fall, I have nor love nor hope
 In this waste world! My son, remember me!

Doug. What shall I say? How can I give you comfort?
 The God of Battles of my life dispose
 As may be best for you! for whose dear sake
 I will not bear myself as I resolv'd.
 But yet consider, as no vulgar name

That

That which I boast sounds amongst martial men,
 How will inglorious caution suit my claim?
 The post of fate unshrinking I maintain.
 My country's toes must witness who I am.
 On the invader's heads I'll prove my birth,
 'Till friends and foes confess the genuine strain.
 If in this strife I fall, blame not your son,
 Who if he lives not honour'd, must not live.

Lady R. I will not utter what my bosom feels.
 Too well I love that valour which I warn.
 Farewel, my son! my counsels are but vain. [*Embracing.*
 And as high Heaven hath will'd it all must be. [*Separate.*
 Gaze not on me, thou wilt mistake the path;
 I'll point it out again. [*Just as they are separating*

Enter from the wood Lord Randolph and Glenalvon.

Lord R. Not in her presence.
 Now—

Glen. I'm prepar'd.

Lord R. No: I command thee slay.
 I go alone: it never shall be said
 That I took odds to combat mortal man.
 The noblest vengeance is the most compleat. [*Exit.*
 [*Glenalvon makes some steps to the same side of the*
stage, listens and speaks.

Glen. Demons of death, come settle on my sword,
 And to a double slaughter guide it home!
 The lover and the husband both must die.

Lord R. [*Behind the scenes.*] Draw, villain! draw!

Doug. [*Without.*] Assail me not, Lord Randolph;
 Not as thou lov'st thyself. [*Clashing of swords.*

Glen. [*Running out.*] Now is the time.

Enter Lady Randolph, at the opposite side of the stage,
faint and breathless.

Lady R. Lord Randolph, hear me; all shall be thine
 But spare! Oh, spare my son! [*Own—*

Enter Douglas, with a sword in each hand.

Doug. My mother's voice!
 I can protect thee still.

Lady R. He lives, he lives;

For this, for this to heaven eternal praise !
But sure I saw thee fall.

Doug. It was Glenalvon.

Just as my arm had master'd Randolph's sword,
The villain came behind me ; but I slew him. [child,
Lady R. Behind thee ! Ah ! thou'rt wounded ! Oh, my
How pale thou look'st ! And shall I lose thee now ?

Doug. Do not despair : I feel a little faintness ;
I hope it will not last. [*Leans upon his sword.*

Lady R. There is no hope !
And we must part ! The hand of death is on thee !
O my beloved child ! O Douglas, Douglas !

[*Douglas growing more and more faint.*

Doug. Too soon we part : I have not long been Dou-
O destiny ! hardly thou deal'st with me : [glas.
Clouded and hid, a stranger to myself,
In low and poor obscurity I've liv'd.

Lady R. Has Heav'n preserv'd thee for an end like this ?

Doug. Oh, had I fallen as my brave fathers fell,
Turning with fatal arm the tide of battle !
Like them I should have smil'd and welcom'd death.
But thus to perish by a villain's hand !
Cut off from nature's and from glory's course,
Which never mortal was so fond to run.

Lady R. Hear justice ; hear ! are these the fruits of
virtue ? [*Douglas falls.*

Doug. Unknown I die ; no tongue shall speak of me.—
Some noble spirits, judging by themselves
May yet conjecture what I might have prov'd,
And think life only wanting to my fame ;
But who shall comfort thee ?

Lady R. Despair, despair !

Doug. Oh, had it pleas'd high Heaven to let me live
A little while !—my eyes that gaze on thee
Grow dim apace ! my mother—

[*Dies.*

Enter Lord Randolph and Anna.

Lord R. Thy words, thy words of truth, have pierc'd
I am the stain of knighthood and of arms. [my heart ;
Oh ! if my brave deliverer survives
The traitor's sword—

Anna. Alas ! look there, my Lord.

Lord R. The mother and her son ! How curst I am !

Was

Was I the cause? No: I was not the cause.
Yon matchless villain did seduce my soul
To frantic jealousy.

Anna. My lady lives:
The agony of grief hath but suppress'd
A while her powers.

Lord R. But my deliverer's dead!
' The world did once esteem Lord Randolph well,
' Sincere of heart, for spotless honour fam'd:
' And, in my early days, glory I gain'd
' Beneath the holy banner of the cross.
' Now past the noon of life, shame comes upon me;
' Reproach, and infamy, and public hate,
' Are near at hand: for all mankind will think
' That Randolph basely stabb'd Sir Malcolm's heir.'

Lady R. [*Recovering.*] Where am I now? Still in
this wretched world!

Grief cannot break a heart so hard as mine.

' My youth was worn in anguish: but youth's strength,
' With hope's assistance, bore the brunt of sorrow;
' And train'd me on to be the object now,
' On which Omnipotence displays itself,
' Making a spectacle, a tale of me,
' To awe its vassal, man.'

Lord R. Oh, misery!
Amidst thy raging grief I must proclaim
My innocence.

Lady R. Thy innocence!

Lord R. My guilt
Is innocence, compar'd with what thou think'st it.

Lady R. Of thee I think not: what have I to do
With thee, or any thing? My son! my son!
My beautiful! my brave! how proud was I
Of thee, and of thy valour! my fond heart
O'erflow'd this day with transport, when I thought
Of growing old amidst a race of thine,
Who might make up to me their father's childhood,
And bear my brother's and my husband's name:
Now all my hopes are dead! A little while
Was I a wife! a mother not so long!
What am I now?—I know.—But I shall be

That

That only whilst I please ; for such a son
And such a husband drive me to my fate. [*Runs out.*

Lord R. Follow her, Anna : I myself would follow,
But in this rage she must abhor my presence.
[*Exit Anna.*

Enter Old Norval.

Old Nor. I heard the voice of woe : Heaven guard my

Lord R. Already is the idle gaping crowd, [child !
The spiteful vulgar, come to gaze on Randolph.
Begone.

Old Nor. I fear thee not. I will not go.
Here I'll remain. I'm an accomplice, Lord,
With thee in murder. Yes, my sins did help
To crush down to the ground this lovely plant.
Oh, noblest youth that ever yet was born !
Sweetest and best, gentlest and bravest spirit,
That ever blest'd the world ! Wretch that I am,
Who saw that noble spirit swell and rise
Above the narrow limits that confin'd it ?
Yet never was by all thy virtues won
To do thee justice, and reveal the secret,
Which timely known, had rais'd thee far above
The villain's snare. Oh ! I am punish'd now !
These are the hairs that should have strew'd the ground,
And not the locks of Douglas.

[*Tears his hair, and throws himself upon the ground.*

Lord R. I know thee now : ' thy boldness I forgive :
' My crest is fallen.' For thee I will appoint
A place of rest, if grief will let thee rest.
I will reward, altho' I cannot punish.
Curs'd, curs'd Glenalvon, he escap'd too well,
Tho' slain and baffled by the hand he hated.
Foaming with rage and fury to the last,
Curfing his conqueror, the felon died.

Enter Anna.

Anna. My Lord ! My Lord !

Lord R. Speak : I can hear of horror.

Anna. Horror, indeed !

Lord R. Matilda ?

Anna. Is no more :

She ran, she flew like light'ning up the hill,
Nor halted till the precipice she gain'd,

Beneath whose low'ring top the river falls
Ingulph'd in rifted rocks : thither she came,
As fearless as the eagle lights upon it,
And headlong down——

Lord R. 'Twas I, alas ! 'twas I
That fill'd her breast with fury ; drove her down
The precipice of death ! Wretch that I am !

Anna. Oh, had you seen her last despairing look !
Upon the brink she stood, and cast her eyes
Down in the deep : then lifting up her head
And her white hands to heaven, seeming to say,
Why am I forc'd to this ? she plung'd herself
Into the empty air.

Lord R. I will not vent,
In vain complaints, the passion of my soul.
Peace in this world I never can enjoy.
These wounds the gratitude of Randolph gave ;
They speak aloud, and with the voice of fate
Denounce my doom. I am resolv'd. I'll go
Straight to the battle, where the man that makes
Me turn aside must threaten worse than death.
Thou, faithful to thy mistress, take this ring,
Full warrant of my power. Let every rite
With cost and pomp upon their funerals wait :
For Randolph hopes he never shall return.

[*Exeunt.*

END of the FIFTH ACT.



E P I L O G U E.

AN epilogue I ask'd; but not one word
Our bard will write. He vows 'tis most absurd
With comic wit to contradict the strain
Of tragedy, and make your sorrows vain.
Sadly he says, that pity is the best,
And noblest passion of the human breast:
For when its sacred streams the heart o'er-flow,
In gushes pleasure with the tide of woe;
And when its waves retire, like those of Nile,
They leave behind him such a golden soil,
That there the virtues without culture grow,
There the sweet blossoms of affection blow.
These were his words; void of delusive art,
I felt them: for he spoke them from his heart.
Nor will I now attempt, with witty folly,
To chase away celestial melancholy.



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