





---

DRAMAS  
FROM THE  
NOVELS, TALES, &c.  
OF  
THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY."

---

No. V.  
FORTUNES OF NIGEL;  
OR,  
GEORGE HERIOT.

---

---

DRAMAS

AND

NOVELS, TALES, &c.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "WARRIERS."

---

No. 1.

PRINTED IN NIGEL

OR

GEORGE HERBERT.

---

DRAMAS

*from the*

NOVELS, TALES & ROMANCES

*of*

THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY

VOL. 1<sup>ST</sup>



EDINBURGH.

PUBLISHED BY JAMES L. HUIE.

14. Infirmary Street.

MDCCCXXIII.



---

---

DRAMAS

FROM THE

NOVELS, TALES, AND ROMANCES

OF THE

AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY."

---

---

VOL. I.

---

---

---

DRAMAS

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "HAVELLY"

OF THE

AUTHOR OF "HAVELLY"

---

VOL. I

---



# DRAMAS

FROM THE

NOVELS, TALES, AND ROMANCES

OF THE

AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY."



VOL. I.

SCOTLAND.—HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN.—KENILWORTH.—  
ANTIQUARY.—FORTUNES OF NIGEL.



EDINBURGH :  
PRINTED FOR JAMES L. HUIE,  
14 INFIRMARY STREET.  
1823.

THE YEAR

THE YEAR AND MONTH

1877

THE YEAR AND MONTH

**(ENTERED IN STATIONERS' HALL.)**

1877

THE YEAR AND MONTH  
1877

TO THE  
UNKNOWN, BUT IMMORTAL,  
AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY,  
THESE DRAMAS,  
FOUNDED ON HIS HIGHLY  
CELEBRATED PRODUCTIONS,  
ARE, WITH THE HIGHEST SENTIMENTS  
OF RESPECT AND ADMIRATION,  
DEDICATED BY HIS MOST OBEDIENT,  
AND VERY HUMBLE SERVANT,  
THE PUBLISHER.

1850

THE AUTHOR OF 'WAVELEY'

THESE DRAMAS

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR

AND

WITH A PREFACE BY THE AUTHOR

AND

A HISTORY OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE

BY

THE AUTHOR

AND

THE PUBLISHER.

## PREFACE.

---

IN the prosecution of any task, however difficult, that lies within the approachable bounds of human compass, the unshaken assiduity of perseverance will at last give the meditated completion. In publishing the Series of the National Dramas, we felt, at the commencement, a doubt of *our own* success,—not of *their reception*. And even although trifling, but easily conquered obstacles, were presented to us as insurmountable, we now experience a glow of satisfaction,—nay proneness to a triumphant feeling of pride,—in having accomplished so much as we have done, without leaving, we confidently hope, a murmur behind, or deserving the being seriously opposed by the threats of the illiberal, or the carpings of the jealous in the future. The sensation which the appearance of the *great sources* from whence these plays were derived, it remains with more eminent pens to illustrate. Since the days of unrivalled Shakespeare, the scholastic critics had never such a bold challenge made to their superior prowess, either in truly estimating the beauty, or in measuring the defects of the structure. The cloud that had settled on the vacant space, left by the departed genius of Shakespeare,—the spirit of gigantic originality that had fled the world to slumber in his tomb,—the Immortal Unknown, was destined the first to dispel, and the other inherit. He has been to us, as it were, a beauteous vi-

sion,—ravishing to view, crossing our path and stealing our admiration. His fame, as a Novelist, and a Historian, are universal, and cannot die! As a Dramatist, he has furnished the efficient means, without being the immediate cause, of adding unceasing attraction to the stage, and eliciting the peculiar talents of histrionic individuals, as well as of helping others to climb, in a degree, the steep of Parnassus, who, having no reality of mental claim,—no previous greatness of soul to entitle them to an upper seat among the Muses,—aspire thus to renown. Perhaps these modern *compilers* may imagine that they pay no small compliment to the Author of *Waverley*, and that he is no doubt proud of their presenting him to posterity in a Dramatic form. Merely literary machines, they may console themselves in the words of the poet:—

“ Nothing so soon the drooping spirits can raise,  
As praises from the man whom all men praise.”

—Nevertheless we conceive, that their part has been that of a laudable conception, from which much good has branched out, no small share of which has fallen to our own humble lot. We gratefully acknowledge the extent of the favour which the public have bestowed on our past endeavours,—and in the further advancement of our plan, we beg leave still to commend ourselves to that favour. None will deny that a correct and uniform collection of the *Dramatised Tales*, which we are here prefacing, was a proper and desired undertaking. Had it been neglected, it must have hereafter been a decided desideratum;—for as they have been represented at various Theatres, and in various shapes, and scattered unconnectedly and confusedly in various forms, we conceived it a matter of necessity, and a duty to the lov-

ers of the Drama, as well as to posterity, to publish them in their present arrangement, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, where they have all along been more regularly and more faithfully Dramatised, than in any other Metropolitan Theatre.

The success of these Plays has, in general, been beyond the common—and in certain cases, unprecedentedly so. The first adventurer in the track of compilation, was in the person of Mr Terry, recently a member of the Edinburgh Theatre. Guy Mannering was the subject of his choice, which he made operatic,—interlarded his own language,—perverted the position of the original characters,—and thus unblushingly and familiarly attempted to improve on our great Author. But for the music, Mr Terry's opera deservedly would have been consigned to such oblivion as it may one day meet with. As a proof that it *can* be superseded, the Witch of Derneleugh may here be adduced.

The appearance of Rob Roy, at the Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden, was hailed with enthusiasm by the Scottish part of the audience, and listened to with pleasure by the other. It gave to Macready an opportunity of stamping himself in his performance of the Outlaw, as an actor of ability, worthy of high favour. Its production in Scotland, in our improved and greatly altered form, had a new and singular effect. It roused the gossips of the day—spirited the lethargic absentees from theatrical pleasure—tempted “garrulous age” to hobble forth—became the theme of curiosity even to the prejudiced, who had never thought such curiosity lawful, to see what the interior of a theatre actually was;—in short, it brought the town in crowds, the learned and illiterate—the ancient and the young—and not

only filled, by its witching influence, the coffers of the Theatre, but served by its fascination to dispel unfavourable ideas, and create a taste for this species of amusement in thousands, who had either never known, or had altogether discontinued its pursuit. Mr Mackay is so much and generally celebrated in Bailie Nicol Jarvie, that we shall merely say, (for we also wish to record his merit), that he first performed his favourite character in the provincial Theatre of Perth, where, and in other provincial towns in the North, it was represented numberless nights. With the combined excellence of the peculiar acting of Mr Williams, the gentleman who supported him in Dougal, the impressions of its first production have not yet been erased. Mr Mackay's good fortune brought him to Edinburgh; where he at once established his reputation in the Bailie, and contributed wonderfully to the innate attraction of the Drama. The Edinburgh Dougal was merely fortunate in being the only person in the Theatre who could speak the language; for it was solely a borrowed effort of rivalry, without the spirit of originality, evinced by Mr Williams. The announcement of the Heart of Mid-Lothian was again the signal to raise the anxiety of the play-going community; and in Dumbiedikes, Mr Mackay was considered very good by the million. But we have heard eminent professional gentlemen say, that it is a performance, in certain points, void of character. The beauty of the scenery,—the local interests of the piece,—the lingering remembrances of the Porteous mob,—aided by most respectable acting throughout,—rendered it a most profitable theme for the Management. With the run of these celebrated pieces, Rob Roy and the Heart of Mid-Lothian, we may say the great attraction of the National Dramas ended. Still, however, the others, which form the subjects of this volume, were not devoid of



interest, and did not, comparatively, wholly fail. We must, nevertheless, except the Fortunes of Nigel, which nightly increases in favour, and has gained a name which must rank its success in a proud degree. The Antiquary was only remarkable for Mr Mackay's failure in Edie Ochiltree,—and the favourable opinion gained from the audience by Mr Denham, in the trifling character of Saunders Mucklebackit.

Kenilworth was presented to us for the purpose of bringing forward Mrs Bunn, late of Covent Garden Theatre, as the representative of Queen Elizabeth. The Drama, itself, but for her exquisite acting, would not have lingered beyond a night. It was her true, spirited, and original conception, and powerful execution of Elizabeth, which made the representation of Kenilworth at all interesting.

The Fortunes of Nigel, however, has now put a new face upon the matter. The King James of Mr Denham, is of the superior class of excellence.—He has succeeded in conceiving and embodying the part to admiration. The Bailie Nicol Jarvie of Mr Mackay,—the Queen Elizabeth of Mrs Bunn,—and the Royal James of Denham, must be ranked in the highest standard of good and natural acting; and while the fame of the *originals* exist, their memories cannot fade.

When we undertook the publication of these National Dramas, we, no doubt, expected some attempt at opposition;—these we have happily overcome. We have been strenuously advised not to add the Fortunes of Nigel to our list; but we felt no inclination to abandon our right to another, and have accordingly considered ourselves justified in so doing. Murmurs of opposi-

tion, also, in this case, have reached our ears,—but have failed in deterring us. The husbandman who keeps aloof from his ripened fields, in terror of the autumn storm, that may not burst, can reap no harvest. We, therefore, “defy augury;” and if unkindly forced to give way, we shall make a most Parthian-like retreat, “wounding while we fly;”—and shall again return to our post, with the spirit of the Press on one hand,—the frown of justice on the other,—and supported by the patrons of literature, who have hitherto befriended us—a generous Public.

THE  
FORTUNES OF NIGEL;

OR,  
GEORGE HERIOT.

A  
HISTORICAL DRAMA,  
FOUNDED ON THE  
CELEBRATED NOVEL OF THE FORMER TITLE,

BY THE  
AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY,"  
&c. &c.

PERFORMED  
At the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh.

---

*Knight-grinder.*—Story! Lord bless you! I have none to tell, Sir.  
*Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin.*


---

EMBELLISHED WITH AN  
ELEGANTLY ENGRAVED FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT  
OF  
MR MURRAY,  
AS  
GEORGE HERIOT.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

AS ORIGINALLY PERFORMED, 1823.



<i>James the First, King of England and Scotland</i>	Mr Denham.
<i>Villiers, Duke of Buckingham</i>	Mr Gordon.
<i>The Earl of Huntinglen</i>	Mr Faulkner.
<i>Nigel Olifaunt, Lord Glenvarloch</i>	Mr Pritchard.
<i>Lord Dalgarno</i>	Mr Calcraft.
<i>Master Maxwell, Deputy Chamberlain</i>	Mr Lee.
<i>Master George Heriot</i>	Mr Murray.
<i>Master David Ramsay, maker of watches, and horologist to his Majesty</i>	Mr Duff.
<i>Master Reginald Lowestoffe, a templar</i>	Mr Hillyard,
<i>Master Andrew Skirliewhitter</i>	Mr Boddie.
<i>Richard Moniplies</i>	Mr Mackay.
<i>Jenkin Vincent</i>	Mr Miller.
<i>Francis Tunstall</i>	Mr Power.
<i>Willie</i>	Miss Murray.
<i>Captains of the Guard</i>	Mr Aikin, and Mr Croly.

### ALSATIANS.

<i>Jacob Hildebrod, Duke of Alsatia</i>	Mr Weekes.
<i>Captain Colepepper</i>	Mr Bland.
<i>Trapbois, the miser</i>	Mr Mason.
<i>Hempseed</i>	Mr Ebsworth.
<i>The Drawer</i>	Mr Holmes.
<i>Quill</i>	Mr Rawlins.
<i>Buckle</i>	Mr Barnes.

<i>The Lady Hermione</i>	~~~~~	Mrs Eyre.
<i>Mistress Margaret Ramsay</i>	~~~~~	Mrs H. Siddons.
<i>Martha Trapbois</i>	~~~~~	Mrs Renaud.
<i>Mrs Suddlechop</i>	~~~~~	Mrs Nicol.
<i>Mrs Christie</i>	~~~~~	Miss Rae.
<i>Monna Paula, attendant upon Hermione,</i>		Mrs Mackay.

THE  
FORTUNES OF NIGEL.

---

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Interior of David Ramsay's Shop.*  
(*Shouts without.*)

*Enter Master DAVID RAMSAY.*

*David.* Here, Jenkin Vincent!—Francis Tunstall!—Vincent!—where the devil are you all?—Here's brave doings, when London 'prentices can take into their heads to give the slip at every cry.—(*Cries without, "Clubs! Clubs!"*)—Clubs! Clubs!—what have 'prentices to do with clubs?—to interrupt me just when I was on the point of finding out the perpetual motion?—I will switch them both when they come back—I will, by the bones of the immortal Napier!

*Enter Master GEORGE HERIOT.*

*Heriot.* Why, Davie, my old acquaintance, what ails you?

*David.* Why, what ails me, Mr George? why, every thing ails me.—My apprentices are turned into mere goblins,—they appear and disappear like spunkies, and have no more regularity in them than a watch without a scapement.—I might as well live in Fairy-land, as in Farringdon Without. If there's a ball to be toss'd up,

or a bullock to be driven mad, or a quean to be ducked for scolding, or a head to be broken, Jenkin is sure to be at the one end or the other of it, and then away skips Francis Tunstall for company.—Oh! Master George! they have just now interrupted me in the deepest calculation ever mortal man plunged into; and all on a cry of murder in the streets—nothing more.

*Heriot.* Well, then, you must take patience.

*David.* Patience!—

*Heriot.* Why, man, you deal in time, and can make it go fast and slow at pleasure, you can afford to lose a little now and then.—But here come your boys, and bringing in a slain man betwixt them, I think—here has been serious mischief, I am afraid.

(*Shouts.*)—*Enter* JENKIN VINCENT, and FRANCIS TUNSTALL, bearing RICHARD MONIPLIES.

*David.* The more mischief the better sport for these devils.—What are ye bringing a corpse here for, ye fause villains?

*Jenkin.* He's not dead yet, Sir.

*David.* No! carry him into the apothecary's then.—Why did you bring him here?—D'ye think I can set a man's life in motion again, as if he were a clock or a time piece?

*Heriot.* Nonsense;—let him stay where he is;—he seems only in a swoon.

*David.* Swoon!—and what business had he to swoon in the streets? Only, if it will oblige you, Master George, I would take in all the dead men in St Dunstan's parish.

*Jenkin.* (*Aside.*) And the living ones too, if you could, old Pendulum.

*David.* Why, what's that you're muttering, you rascal? Bring a chair.—(*Vincent and Tunstall place Richie on a chair.*)

*Heriot.* So; remove his cloak.

*Rich.* (*Recovering.*) What's your wull?

*David.* How are you, friend?

*Rich.* Haud a wee there, my man. What sort o' usage ca' ye this, gentlemen, to a stranger and a so-



journer in your town? Ye hae broken my head—ye hae riven my cloak.—and now ye are for restraining my personal liberty,—and now ye say, How's a' wi' ye freend? My certie, they were wiser than me, that counselled me to wear my warst claithing in the streets o' Lunnon; and if I could hae got ony things waur than these mean garments—

*Jenkin.* Which would have been difficult.

*Rich.* D'ye think sae?—Now I think they wad hae been e'en ower gude for the grips o' men sae little acquainted wi' the laws o' honest civility.

*Jenkin.* Truth to say, the good gentleman's clothes look as if they would not brook much handling.

*Heriot.* Silence, Sir;—the black ox has not trode on your foot yet.—You know not what lands you may travel in, or what clothes you may wear, before you die.—Never mock the stranger, or the poor.

*Rich.* I am a stranger, Sir, that's certain; but as for my being poor, I think I needna be charged wi' poverty, till I seek siller o' somebody.

*Heriot.* You see, David, a Scotchman never complains while he possesses—

*David.* (*Abstracted.*) Millions, and tens of millions—

*Heriot.* I fancy now, Jockey, if a stranger were to offer you a noble, you would chuck it back at his head.

*Rich.* I am nae mair Jockey, Sir, than you are John. My name, if ye maun ken it, is Richie Moniplies; and I come o' the auld and honourable house o' Castle Collop, weel kenn'd at the West Port o' Edinburgh.

*Heriot.* Indeed!—And pray, what is that you call the West Port?

*Rich.* The West Port, an' it like yer honour, is ane o' the gates o' our city,—as yonder arches at Whitehall form the entrance o' the king's palace here; only that the West Port isna built o' brick, being o' stonern wark, and mair decorated wi' architecture and the policy o' bigging.

*Heriot.* Well said, my friend; and I suppose you'll next tell me you have at Edinburgh as fine a navigable river as the Thames, with all its shipping,

*Rich.* The Thames!—Lord save your honour's judg-

ment. Man, if ye were only to see the Water o' Leith, and the Nor-loch—

*Heriot.* Or the Pow-burn, and the Quarry-holes, and the Guse-dub, fause loon!—It is such land-louppers as you, that, with your false and fair fashions, bring reproach on our whole country.

*Rich.* Gude forgie me, I took yer honour for an Englisher!—But I hope there was naething wrang in standin' up for ane's ain country's credit in a strange land, where a' men cry her down.

*Heriot.* Well, never look grave on it.—As you have found a countryman, so have you found a friend, if you deserve one,—and especially if you answer me truly.

*Rich.* I dinna see ony thing o' gude it wad do me to speak ought else but truth.

*Heriot.* By your face, you are a son of old Mungo Moniplies, the flesher, at the West Port.

*Rich.* Yer honour is a witch, I think.

*Heriot.* And how dared you, sirrah, to uphold him for a noble?

*Rich.* I dinna ken, Sir,—I hear muckle about an Earl o' Warwick, in these southern parts.—Guy—I think his name was; and he has great reputation here for slaying dun cows, and boars, and such like:—now I am sure my feyther has killed mair cows, and boars, not to speak o' bulls, calves, sheep, ewes, lambs, and pigs, than the hail baronage o' England.

*Heriot.* You are a shrewd fellow; but chain your tongue, and take care of saucy answers. Your father was an honest man, and the deacon of his craft.—I am sorry to see his son in so poor a coat.

*Rich.* Troth, so am I, Sir.—For sin' the king left us—honest man! Edinburgh has been as dull as ony thing. There's hay made at the Cross, and a dainty crap o' fuats in the Grassmarket;—there's as muckle grass grows where my feyther's stall stood, as might hae been a gude bite for the beasts he was used to kill.

*Heriot.* You seem well recovered now.—Can you walk?

*Rich.* Bravelly, Sir.

*Heriot.* Well, well; call at my house, as you will find

from the direction you will receive here ; and if I can serve you, I will.

*Rich.* I'll do that, Sir ;—that is, if my honourable maister will permit me.

*Heriot.* And what is your master's name ?—Nay, do not tell me, if it is a secret.

*Rich.* A secret that there is little use in keeping ;—only ye ken that our northern stomachs are owre proud to ca' in witnesses to our distress. No that my maister is in mair than present pinch, Sir, having a large sum in the royal treasury ;—that is, the king is awing him a lot o' siller,—but it's ill getting it frae the like o' him.—My maister is the young Lord Glenvarloch.

*Heriot.* Lord Glenvarloch !—You his follower, and in such a condition ! The good old house of Glenvarloch, that stood by king and country five hundred years !

*Rich.* Yer honour may say five thousand.

*Heriot.* I'll say what I know to be true, and not a word more.—Where does your master lodge ?

*Rich.* Weel, if it like yer honour, we put up in a sma' house, at the fit o' ane i' the wynds that gang down to the water side, wi' a decent man, John Christie, a ship-chandler, as they ca't. His feyther comes frae Dundee. I wotna the name o' the wynd, but it's right anent the muckle kirk yonder : and yer honour will mind, that we pass only by our family name, o' simple Mr Nigel Olifaunt, as keepin' oursels retir'd for the present, tho' in Scotland we be ca'd the Lord Nigel.

*Heriot.* Aye, aye, your master does wisely, sirrah.—I will find out your lodgings, tho' your direction be none of the clearest.—Here, take this—hasten home, and get into no more affrays.

*Rich.* Nae fear o' that now, Sir, ha'eing a charge about me.—Gude day to ye, my kind countryman. (*Goes up to David Ramsay, who is sitting busied in calculation.*) Good day, Sir.

*David.* Pshaw !

*Rich.* Pshaw ! That's an unco queer answer ! Good day,—good day. [*Exit.*]

*Heriot.* Good day.—There goes a lively picture of

Scotch pride and poverty.—But you mark me not, friend Davie!

*David.* Not directly;—for as the sun goeth round the dial in twenty-four hours, add for the moon, fifty minutes and a half.

*Heriot.* Ha, ha, ha! Fifty minutes!

*David.* I crave your forgiveness, Master George, and heartily wish you good even.

*Heriot.* Good even, man!—Why thou hast not yet bid me good day.—Come, old friend, lay bye these tablets, or you will crack the inner machinery of *your* skull, as our friend yonder has got the outer case of his damaged. Good even, quotha! I mean not to part with you so easily: I came to get my four hours nuncheon from you, man, besides a tune on the lute from my god-daughter, Mrs Marget, and then I'll away to my new acquaintance. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Nigel's Apartment at Mrs Christie's.*

NIGEL, and Mrs CHRISTIE, discovered.

*Mrs C.* Do, pray, cast care away, and mend your breakfast, Sir.

*Nigel.* At a word, my kind hostess, I cannot.—I am anxious about this knave of mine, who has been so long absent in this dangerous town of yours, as he had papers of importance with him. Pray fetch me my cloak and rapier, and ask thy husband to teach me the way to a magistrate, that proper search may be made.

*Mrs C.* A magistrate! Faith I'll shew you to one myself, and sooner than my husband, who, to say truth, is but a slow man in his motion.

*Rich.* (*Without.*) Weel, weel, I'll gang up the stairs.

*Miss C.* But here comes Richie himself. [*Exit, and*

*Enter* RICHIE MONIEPLIES.

*Nigel.* Now, in Heaven's name, tell me where you have been, and how came your clothes so torn? What

barns-breaking have you been at? You have been drunk, Richard, and fighting.

*Rich.* Weel, Sir, I've been fechtin' in a sma' way; but for being drunk, that's a job ill to manage in this town, without siller to come by liquor; and as for barns-breaking, the deil a thing's broken but my head. A wheen mislear'd rascals abused my country; but I think I clear'd the causey o' them. However, the hail hive was o'er mony for me at last, and I got this eclipse on the croun, and wi' your Lordship's leave—

*Nigel.* Obey my orders, Richie, and forget the Lordship for the present, and tell me the name of the friend who was to introduce you into the king's presence.—You were very mysterious on the subject.

*Rich.* Weel, Sir, I didna like to tell ye his name and quality at first, because I thought you would be affronted at the like o' him having to do in your Lordship's affairs. But mony a man climbs up in court by waur help. It was just Laurie Linklater, that was my feyther's apprentice lang syne, ane o' the—yeomen o' the kitchen.

*Nigel.* A yeoman of the kitchen!—A scullion!

*Rich.* Ah, but Sir, consider that a' your great friends hung back; your Lordship maun consider, that a scullion, if a yeoman of the king's maist royal kitchen may be ca'd scullion, may weel rank wi' a maister cook elsewhere, being that king's cauf is better than ither folks' corn, ye ken.

*Nigel.* Well, well, proceed;—you are right, and I was wrong.—I have no choice of means, so that they are honest.

*Rich.* Laurie is as honest a lad as ever lifted a ladle; no but what I dare to say, he can lick his fingers like ither fo'ks, and reason gude. But, in fine, for I see yer honour is waxing impatient, he brought me to the palace, where a' was asteer for the king going out to hunt a hawk on Blackheath, I think they ca'd it.—And there was a horse stood with all the quarries about it, a bonny grey as ever was foal'd; and the saddle and the stirrups, and the curb and bit a' burning gowd.

*Nigel.* Fool!

*Rich.* Weel, it may be that I'm wrang, but I'm sure that they were silver gilded at least.

*Nigel.* Torture !—Why trifle with my anxiety thus ?

*Rich.* Weel, weel, Sir, down cam the King wi' a' his nobles, dress'd out in his hunting suit o' green, doubly lac'd, and laid down wi' gowd.—I minded the very face o' him, though it was lang since I saw him in auld Reekie.

*Nigel.* To the point, Richie.—

*Rich.* By my certie, friend, thought I, times are changed since ye cam rinning down the back stairs o' Holyrood House, wi' your breeks in your hand, without time to put them on, and Frank Stuart, the wild Earl o' Bothwell, hard at your haunches ; and if the auld Lord Glenvarloch hadna cast his mantle about his arm, and taken bluidy wounds, mair than ane, in yer behalf, ye wadna hae craw'd sae crouse the day.

*Nigel.* My poor father !—he did, indeed, fight bravely for the King.

*Rich.* Aye, that he did, Sir ; and the very thought o' that, made me bang in amang the crowd o' Lords.—Laurie thought me mad, and held me by my cloak-lap, till the cloth rave in his hand ; and so I banged in right afore the King, just as he mounted, and cramm'd the sifflication intil his ain hand.

*Nigel.* He read it then ?

*Rich.* No ; that is, no exactly.—He opened it in amaze : and just as he saw the first line, I was minded to mak a reverence, and I had the ill luck to hit his jaud o' a beast on the nose wi' my hat, and scaur the creature, and she swarv'd aside ; and the King, that sits nae muckle better than a draff pock on the saddle, was like to coup right o'er upon—

*Nigel.* Confusion !

*Rich.* My certie, there was plenty o' that. He flung down the paper amang the beast's feet, and cried " awa' wi' the fause loon that brought it." " Treason," cried the Lords, and they grippit me.—They spak o' scourging me ; and I cried mercy as loud as I could ; and the King, when he had righted himsel on the saddle, and gathered his breath cried, " Do him nae harm, he's ane o' our

ain Norland stots, I ken by the rowt o' him.—Gie him a copy o' the proclamation, and let him gang hame to his ain country before waur come o't." And they a' laughed, and rowted loud enough.

*Nigel.* So end all my hopes.—You should have been more eautious.

*Rich.* Aye, sae Laurie told me after the job was dune.—He told me then, that I suld hae held up my hand to my brow, as if the grandeur o' the King, an' his horse-graith thegither, had casten the glaiks i' my een, and mair jack-an-ape tricks I suld hae played, instead o' offering the siffication, as if I had been bringing guts to a bear.—“Aweel, aweel, Laurie,” said I, “it may be as ye say; but since I am clear o' the tawse and the porter's lodge, sifficate wha like, diel hae Richie Moniplies, if he come sifficating here again.” And awa' I cam wi' the proclamation for my prize.

*Nigel.* (*Reads.*) What do I behold!—Hark ye, Richie,—in this paper the Lords of the Council set forth, “That in consequence of the resort of idle persons of low consideration, from his Majesty's kingdom of Scotland to the English court, thereby disgracing their country in the estimation of the English;—these are to prohibit the masters of vessels, and others in every part of Scotland, from bringing such miserable creatures up to court, under pain of fine and imprisonment.”—Oh, shame of an injured country!—testimony of an ungrateful prince!

*Rich.* It's a damn'd shame.

*Nigel.* Well, honest Richie, your attempt was kindly meant, though it has failed;—but go, take some refreshment, and we'll talk of the rest afterwards.

*Enter Mrs CHRISTIE.*

*Mrs C.* Here is an elderly gentleman, would speak with your honour.

*Nigel.* With me?—Who can it be?—Has the knave told my residence to any one?—Say, I will see him.

[*Exit Mrs Christie.*

*Sirrah,* you have told no one where I lived?

*Rich.* How could I tell him, when I didna ken the name o' the wynd mysel?

*Enter MRS CHRISTIE, shewing in GEORGE HERIOT.*

*Rich.* I declare, it's that decent man I saw the-now at that shop.—Here, help me awa' wi' the things.

[*Exit with Mrs C.*

*Nigel.* Leave us.—Sir, I have the honour—

*Heriot.* I hope your Lordship will excuse the rudeness—

*Nigel.* Sir, your business.

*Heriot.* I hope you will forgive me this rudeness, my Lord ; but I was endeavouring to trace in your youthful countenance, the features of my good old Lord—your excellent father.

*Nigel.* I have been reckoned like my father, and am happy to see any one that respects his memory ;—but the business which calls me to this city, is of a hasty, as well as of a private nature, and—

*Heriot.* I understand your hint, my Lord, and shall not be guilty of long detaining you.—My errand is almost done, when I have said that my name is George Heriot,—warmly befriended, and introduced into the employment of the royal family of Scotland, more than twenty years since, by your excellent father,—and that I am not ignorant of the mortgage over your estate which, if unredeemed by a certain day, will occasion its forfeiture for a sum not above a fourth of its value ; it is my duty—it is my pleasure—to wait on the son of my respected patron,—and as I am somewhat known both at the court and in the city, to offer him such aid in the furthering of his affairs, as my credit and experience may be able to afford.

*Nigel.* I have no doubt of either, Master Heriot ; and thank you heartily for the good-will with which you have placed them at a stranger's disposal ;—but my business with the court is ended.

*Heriot.* Indeed! so soon, my lord ! it is usually weeks, months, nay, years, ere the court and a suitor shake hands and part.

*Nigel.* My business, Sir, was summarily dispatched



—In answer to a respectful application for the re-payment of large loans, formerly advanced by my father for the service of the state, his Majesty sends me that proclamation, classing me with the paupers and mendicants from Scotland, who disgrace his court in the eyes of the proud English.—Had not my father stood by him, with heart and hand, as well as fortune, his Majesty might never have seen the Court of England himself.

*Heriot.* I beg your Lordship's pardon,—may I take the liberty to enquire, by whom was this supplication presented? for the distaste taken at the messenger will sometimes extend itself to the message.

*Nigel.* By my own servant.

*Heriot.* What! my friend of the ancient house of Castle Collops, West Port, Edinburgh.—He seems a shrewd fellow, and doubtless a faithful; but——will your lordship grant permission that I speak a few words to your domestic.

*Nigel.* I see little good it can do; but the interest you take in my misfortunes seems sincere, and therefore—*(Goes to the side and calls.)*—Moniplies!—

*Enter* RICHARD MONIPLIES.

*Heriot.* Allow me to ask a few questions of your Lordship's groom.

*Rich.* His Lordship's page, if you would speak according to the letter.

*Nigel.* Hold your saucy tongue, and reply distinctly to the questions you are to be asked, if you would not have it end in the whipping post.

*Rich.* That's e'en a bad resting place; so come awa' wi' your questions, Maister George.

*Heriot.* Well, Sir, I'm given to understand, that you, yesterday, presented to his Majesty's hand a supplication, or petition, from this honourable Lord, your Master?

*Rich.* Troth, there's nae gainsaying that, Sir; there were enow to see it besides me.

*Heriot.* And you pretend that his Majesty flung it from him with contempt.—Take heed, for you were

better up to the neck in your favourite Nor-loch, than tell a leasing where his Majesty's name is concerned.

*Rich.* There's nae occasion for telling a leasing about the matter. His Majesty e'en flung it frae him, as if it had dirtied his royal fingers.

*Nigel.* You hear him, Sir ?

*Heriot.* Hush !—Stay, fellow, and answer me this further question.

*Rich.* I maun gang and finish my breakfast.

*Heriot.* When you presented the petition, gave you nothing with it ?

*Rich.* Ou, what should I gie wi't, ye ken, Maister George ?

*Heriot.* That is what I desire, and insist to know.

*Rich.* Weel, then, I am no free to say, that maybe I might-na just slip into the King's hand, a wee bit siffication o' mine ain, alang wi' my Lord's—just to save his Majesty trouble,—and that he might kill twa birds wi' ae stane.

*Nigel.* A supplication of your own, you varlet !

*Rich.* Ou, dear aye, my Lord ;—we puir bodies hae our bits o' siffications as weel as our betters.

*Heriot.* And pray now, what might your worshipful petition import ?

*Rich.* It's a lang story to tell, Sir ; but the upshot is, it's a scrape o' an auld account due to my feyther's estate by her Majesty, the king's maist gracious mither, when she lived in the Castle ; and had sundry providings and furnishings forth o' our booth,—whilk nae doubt was an honour to my feyther to supply, and whilk, doubtless, it will be a credit to his Majesty to satisfy, as it will be great convenience to me to receive the same.

*Nigel.* Why, what is this ?

*Rich.* A' as fact as death.—Here's the double o' the siffication.

*Nigel.* Siffly devil !—Silence, knave !

*Heriot.* (*Reading.*) “ Humbly sheweth,—um—um,—his Majesty's maist gracious mither,—um—um—justly addebted and owing the sum of fifteen marks, the compt whereof followeth :—Twelve nowts' feet for jellies,—ane lamb, being Christmas,—ane roasted capin

in grease, for the privy chaumer, when my Lord of Bothwell suppit in private wi' her Grace."

*Nigel.* Ass! Dolt! Fool!—You have destroyed me.

*Heriot.* I think your Lordship can hardly marvel that his Majesty gave this petition a brisk reception; and I doubt not, most juvenile page, that you took care to present your own supplication first.

*Rich.* I'm no just free to say, but maybe wi' the dirdum and confusion, and the loupin' here and there o' the skeigh brute o' a horse, I believe I cramm'd them baith into his hand, cheek by jowl, and maybe my ain was uppermost;—and say there was aught wrang, I'm sure I had a' the fright, and a' the risk—

*Nigel.* And shall have all the beating, you rascally knave.

*Heriot.* Pray be calm.—Retire, sirrah, and I'll make your peace.

*Rich.* Na, na; if he likes to strike the lad that has followed him a' the way frae Scotland out o' pure love, for I think there has been little fee between us,—just let my lord be doing, and see the credit he will get by it;—and I wad rather, (mony thanks to you though Maister George,) stand by a lick o' his batton, than it suld e'er be said a stranger cam between me and the son o' his feyther. [Exit.

*Nigel.* There never was a man so plagued with a malapert knave. He is shrewd and faithful, and has given proofs of his affection for me; but so uplifted in his own conceit, that whatever blunder he commits, his self-love still lays the blame with me, and nowise with himself.

*Heriot.* Cherish him, my Lord, nevertheless; affection and fidelity are rarer qualities now, than when the world was younger. Yet trust him, my good Lord, with no commission above his birth or breeding; for you see yourself how it may chance to fall.

*Nigel.* You would say he was no fit messenger to a king's presence. Yet what could I do? I know not why I should be ashamed of speaking the truth—I had no dress suitable for appearing at Court.—I am determined to incur no expenses which I cannot discharge, and you, Sir, would not have advised the son of your

late friend to have stood at the palace door, begging for what, in right, was his.

*Heriot.* Oh, no, no, my Lord ; that were indeed unseemly. Yet give me your petition, and trust me that the king will take up this matter as you would have him ;—but should he fail to do so, even then I will not give up the good cause.

*Nigel.* How can I return your goodness ?

*Heriot.* By assisting me in return.

*Nigel.* Most willingly.

*Heriot.* Well, my Lord, I am a goldsmith, and live by lending money, as well as by selling plate.—Now, I am ambitious of putting an hundred pounds out at interest in your hands ; and for my guerdon, when my mediation proves successful, and your fortunes are re-established, you shall order your first cupboard of plate of George Heriot.

*Nigel.* You would have but a bad pay-master, Master Heriot.

*Heriot.* I am not at all afraid of that, my Lord ; and I am glad to see you smile again.—And it emboldens me to make a small request, that you will dine with me to-day, and see a few curiosities of mine.—My mule there, for I must Westward Hoe.—Put up your money, my Lord ;—it is not well to be seen with such chirping goldfinches in the lodgings of London ;—for the young men here quickly make an end of their father's fortunes.

*Nigel.* I hope your's will make a better termination.

*Heriot.* I hope it will, my Lord ; I hope it will. It has pleased Heaven to try me sorely with the loss of two fair children.—Alas ! and a-well-a-day !—Yet I am resigned ; and the wealth which Heaven has given me, shall never want inheritors, while there are orphan lads in Auld Reekie.

[*Exeunt, severally.*]

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in David Ramsay's House.*

*Enter MISTRESS MARGARET RAMSAY.*

*Marg.* The more I see of this young nobleman, the more his appearance increases the emotions his gallantry first inspired—Ah! Margaret! is it prudent to admit so idle a passion into your heart? But I am afraid it is too late to ask that question.

*Enter MRS SUDDLECHOPS.*

*Mrs S.* Good morrow, sweet flower of neighbours.—What ails thee, child?

*Marg.* Nothing, Dame.

*Mrs S.* Nothing, lady bird! and do you use to send for your friends after this fashion for nothing?

*Marg.* It was not I who sent for you; no, it was that old fool of a servant, Jenny; she has been stunning my ears these two hours about you, and mother Redcap.

*Mrs S.* Mother Redcap! me and mother Redcap?—an old fool, indeed—that couples such a respectable middle-aged comely woman as myself, with such a besom-ridden witch.—But, come, my pretty neighbour, tell me what you are weeping about, and then let Dame Ursula alone for a cure.

*Marg.* Nay, an ye be so wise, Dame Ursula, and can cast nativities as you profess, you'll not need me to tell what I ail!

*Mrs S.* Nay, then, give me thy pretty hand,—I see brave lines here;—pleasure and wealth, and such equipages as shall shake Whitehall.—Oh! have I touched you, and smile you now, my pretty one.—Aye, truly; why should he not be Lord Mayor?

*Marg.* Lord Mayor?—Pshaw!

*Mrs S.* And why pshaw at my Lord Mayor?—Marry-come-up, and away with us!

*Marg.* Come, come, Ursula, do not be angry, and I'll tell you the truth.—I've fixed my mind upon a nobleman—

*Mrs S.* A nobleman!—The maiden's crack'd!

*Marg.* Now hear me.—A few evenings since, as I was returning home, accompanied only by my maid, I was accosted rudely by some men in masks, who would have forced me away with them, had not my cries attracted a young and gallant stranger, in the Scottish garb, who came to my assistance, and freed me from the danger.

*Mrs S.* But how discovered you his name?

*Marg.* I saw him at the house of George Heriot, my god-father, and he's no other than the Lord Glenvarloch.

*Mrs S.* Marry, Heaven forefend! this is the very devil, and something worse!

*Marg.* How mean you?

*Mrs S.* Why, know ye not what enemies he has at Court? You had better make your bridal-bed under a falling house, than think of young Glenvarloch.

*Marg.* He is unfortunate—I knew it—I divined it—there was sorrow in his voice when he said even what was gay—there was a shade of sorrow even when he smiled—he had not thus clung to my thoughts had I seen him in all the mid-day glare of bright prosperity.

*Mrs S.* Romances have crack'd her brain!—She's utterly distraught—loves a Scotch lord, and loves him better for being unfortunate. Mistress, I am sorry, but this is a matter in which I cannot serve you.

*Marg.* How, Ursula! you dare not be so base as to desert me now you have drawn the secret from 'me. All I request of you is, to enquire what brings this young nobleman to Court.—But come, Ursula; here is a ring of value in pledge, that when my fortune is in my own hands, I will redeem the token with fifty broad pieces of gold.

*Mrs S.* Gad-a-mercy, you are a generous girl,—not but you are heartily welcome to my services without fee or reward.

*Marg.* Oh, yes; and now serve me, Ursula, and that is but an earnest of the future kindnesses that I

will do for you.—I have heard by accident, that he lodges in one—John Christie's,—a ship-chandler,—near Paul's Wharf.

*Mrs S.* Well, lady-bird, your accidental information seems pretty accurate.—A ship-chandler's near Paul's Wharf;—truly a proper lodging for a young baron.—But cheer up, Mrs Margaret, he'll mend his fortune, or he comes not northward.—Fare you well.—Ere four-and-twenty hours have passed, you shall have tidings of me.—Fare you well.

*Marg.* Farewell; and heaven assist you. [Exit.

*Mrs S.* So, so, my pretty maid,—sits the wind in that quarter?—Glenvarloch was it, that crossed our plan, and saved you from Dalgarno?—The devil speed him;—a beggarly supplicant;—this shall to my friend, Master Andrew Skirliewhitter.—No, no, I'll none of Glenvarloch.—Dalgarno pays like a prince; and if my wits fail not, his shall ye be fair Mistress Margaret.— [Exit.

SCENE II.—*The King's Private Apartment.*—KING JAMES discovered reading.

*Enter MAXWELL.*

*Max.* Master Heriot, so 'please your Majesty—(*advancing nearer.*)—Master Heriot, so please your Majesty—(*still advancing, and louder.*)—Master Heriot,—

*King.* Hoot, hoot, man; why need ye bawl sae loud?—Master Heriot? admit him *instantly*, Maxwell. Have ye harboured sae lang in the Court, and no learned that gold and silver are every where welcome.

[Exit Maxwell.

*Enter GEORGE HERIOT.*

*King.* Weel, Jinglyng Geordie, what new clattertraps hae ye brought us, to cheat your lawfu' prince out o' his siller?—Eh?

*Heriot.* Heaven forbid that I should come for such disloyal purpose.—I have brought a piece of antique plate for your Majesty's inspection.

*King.* Body o' me, man, let's see it;—let's see it, Heriot.

*Enter MAXWELL with a Piece of Plate.*

Ah! I see wisdom, virtue, valour, and learning upon it, vera appropriate to oursel,—vera adequate, and vera becomin.—And wha's handy-work may it be, Geordie?

*Heriot.* It was wrought, and please your Majesty, by a famous Florentine—Benvenuto Cellini; and the price one hundred and fifty pounds, if it please your Majesty to make present payment.

*King.* A hundred and fifty pounds, man! and as mony witches and warlocks to raise them.—My saul, Jingling Geordie, ye are minded that your purse shall jingle till a bonny tune.—How am I to tell you down one hundred and fifty pounds, when ye ken that my vera household servitors, and the officers of my mouth, are sax months in arrear?

*Heriot.* I shall be happy to wait your Majesty's convenience,—the money lying at the ordinary usage.

*King.* Spoken like an honest, and reasonable tradesman, Geordie. We maun get anither subsidy frae the Commons, and then make ae compting of it.—So awa' wi't, Maxwell,—awa' wi't.—(*Exit Maxwell with Plate.*) And now we are secret, my gude auld friend, Geordie, I do truly opine, that the hail wisdom o' Scotland left it, when we took our travels southland here.

*Heriot.* The wise, Sire, naturally follow the wisest.—But may I ask your Majesty, how our countrymen have incurred your Grace's censure?

*King.* They are a' gane daft, man,—frantic,—clean brain-craz'd. I canna keep them out o' the Court, by a' the proclamations that my heralds roar themsel's hoarse wi'. Yesterday, nae farther gane, just as we were mounted, and ready to ride forth, a real Edinburgh gutter-blood,—a ragged rascal, every dud upon wha's back was biddin' gude day to the ither, wi' a coat and a hat that wad serve for a pease bogle,—thrust into our hands some supplication about debt, owing by our gracious mither; whereat the horse spang on end, and but for our admirable sitting, Geordie, wherein we are



thought to excel maist princes in Europe, as well as subjects, I promise you, we had been laid end-lang along the causeway.

*Heriot.* Your Majesty is their common father, and therefore they are the more emboldened to press into your gracious presence.

*King.* I ken I'm *Pater Patriæ* weel enough; but that's nae reason they should squeeze my puddings out, and divide the inheritance. Od's death, Geordie, there is not a loon amang them a' can deliver a supplication as it suld be done, in the face of Majesty.

*Heriot.* I wish I knew the most beseeming method of doing so, that I might instruct my poor countrymen in better fashions.

*King.* By my halidome, ye are a ceevelized fallow, Geordie; a ceevelized fallow; and I carena if I fling awa' as muckle time as mayteach you. Bring me my chair. Gang farer that way, Geordie.—First, then, you shall approach the presence, shadowing your een wi' your hands thus.—Vera weel, Geordie, that's done in a comely manner.—Come nearer now, Geordie,—nearer now. Then, Sir, ye shall kneel, and mak as if you would kies the hem o' our garment, or our shoe-tie.—Very weel enacted, Geordie;—very weel indeed.—Whilk we, as willing to be debonair and pleasing towards our lieges, prevent thus, and motion you to rise.—(*Heriot attempts to rise, the King prevents him.*)—Dinna be in sic a hurry, Geordie; whilk haeing a boon to ask, as yet you obey not, but gliding your hand into your pouch, bring forth your supplication, and place it reverentially in our open palm.—(*Heriot places Nigel's petition there.—The King starts up.*)—What means this, ye fause loon?—Hae I been teaching you the manual exercise, that you suld present your piece at our ain royal body, and in our very cabinet.

*Heriot.* I hope your Majesty will pardon me acting the lesson you have condescended to give me, in behalf of a friend.

*King.* Get up, Geordie;—ye're a' gane daft!—Thou art a faithful servant, and were it for thy own behoof, man,—but for a friend;—Lord save us!—these friends come by hundreds, ilk ane after anither.

*Enter MAXWELL.*

*Max.* So please your Majesty—

*King.* Sir, it disna please me!—Gang into the anti-room wi' your lang lugs.—(*Exit Maxwell.*)—Cocks-nails!—Geordie, but we believe we lived happier in auld Holyrood than here. *Cantabit vacuus.* We had little to care for—nae petitions there; for, body o' me, I had naething to gie.

*Heriot.* Yet does your Majesty remember the awful work we had to collect silver vessails and gold work, to make some show before the Spanish ambassador?

*King.* Vera true,—vera true, Geordie;—and I mindna the name o' that Lord that lent us every unce he had in his house?

*Heriot.* I think if your Majesty would condescend to glance your eye over that paper, you will recollect the name.

*King.* Aye!—sae ye say, man.—Glenvarloch! Glenvarloch!—that was his name indeed;—I mind him weel.—*Justus et tenax propositi*, which you may render, Geordie, a just man, but as obstinate as the vera deevil.—Glenvarloch!—My Lord Huntinglen o' the Court here, and he were bitter foes; but I made them cross palms thegither on that memorable and blessed day, the nineteen o' September, when I feasted the feudal lords, and made them a' join hands in our presence.—It was nae sma' sport, Geordie, to see how the carles girmed as they clappit loofs thegither. By my saul, I thought some of them, mair especial the Hieland chiels, wud hae broken out in our ain presence. But we caused them to march hand in hand to the Cross o' Edinburgh, ourself leading the way, and there drink a blythe cup o' kindness wi' each ither, to the staunching o' feud, and the perpetuation o' amity.—Auld John Anderson was provost that year;—the carle grat for joy; and I declare, the very bailies and councillors danced bare-headed in our presence, like five-year-auld colts.—Glenvarloch!—aye! a braw fellow that,—he lent us siller.

*Heriot.* Of which, Sire, his son now begs payment.

*King.* Od's death, man! what need he dun us? I

mind the thing.—That's enough between prince and subject!—We're not in *meditatione fuga*, Geordie!

*Heriot.* But his extreme necessities compel him.—He is in danger of losing his estate for less than half it's value, in virtue of an unredeemed wadset.

*King.* Heaven's bread, man! that maunna be.—We maun suspend the diligence, by writ, or favour, or otherwise—

*Heriot.* An it please your Majesty—the Scottish lawyers say there is no remedy but paying the money.

*King.* Od's fish! that's what thae fellows always say.—Ye maun try the city, Geordie.

*Heriot.* I am afraid that the city's funds at present are but low.

*King.* And our Exchequer is as dry as Dean Giles' discourses.—*Ex nihilo nihil fit.*—Geordie, it's ill takin' the breeks aff a wild Hielandman. Them that come to me for siller, maun tell me how to come by it.—The city—the city—ye maun try the city, Geordie,—and dinna think that ye're to be ca'd Jingling Geordie for naething.—Dinna haggle about terms,—get me the loan, and *in verbo regis.*—I'll pay the lad;—and between you and me, Geordie, the brave auld estate o' Glenvarloch shall be redeemed.—But wherefore comes not the lad himself?—Is he comely?—Is he presentable in the presence?

*Heriot.* No one can be more so, Sire; but then—

*King.* I understand, Geordie!—*Res augusta domi,*—puir lad—puir lad.—His feyther had a right true leal Scotch heart.—Hark ye, Heriot, let the lad hae twa hundred pund's to set him out: and, here, tak this carcanet o' Balas rubies as the pledge,—ye've had them often enough before, ye auld Levite that ye are.—I'll gie the money the next subsidy.—Why do ye hesitate?—The deil's in your nicety, Geordie;—may not a king's word serve for twa hundred pund's?

*Heriot.* Yes, and please your Majesty, but not for detaining the crown jewels.

*King.* You are as preceese as a Puritan in form, but a mere Nullifidian in the marrow o' the matter.—But, come, follow me, and let the Glenvarlochides appear at court *instante*. Oh, Geordie, Geordie,—is it no hard, that nane o' ye ever come to me but *ex proposito*,—each

man to see how muckle he can mak out o' his loving sovereign?—Follow me, Geordie. [Exit.

—*Heriot*. Now, then, to conduct Nigel to the royal presence, while the King's in a humour to feel for his distress. [Exit.

### SCENE III.—*St James's Park.*

*Enter LORD DALGARNO, and ANDREW SKIRLIEWHITTER.*

*Dal.* Talk not to me, thou paltry knave ! In all thy tribe unmatched as rogue, as thief, and liar.—But take heed,—thou had'st better parley with the devil himself than with Dalgarno.—Did'st thou not swear to me, that Margaret Ramsay should be mine, and has she not escaped ? But I deserve no better ; as the man says in the play, “ What had I to do to trust such a dish of skim-milk with so honourable an action ? ”

*Andrew.* Nay, nay, my noble Lord, bethink yourself ; if a first attempt has failed, a second may succeed.

*Dal.* A second ? No, slave ! the falcon which I trust again must hold the partridge which he pounces on ;—but thou,—thou tallow visag'd, thick-pated rogue, must give the leading of the plot to that bully Colepepper, who fled at the first stroke from a city prentice—who signs himself—

*Andrew.* Nigel, Lord Glenvarloch.

*Dal.* What say'st thou !—Glenvarloch ?

*Andrew.* The same, my Lord ;—he was the gallant who rescued Margaret.

*Dal.* Wretch ! Glenvarloch here ! and I kept ignorant of his arrival ?—'Sdeath, villain, if thou play'st me false—

*Andrew.* Be patient, my good Lord ; I knew not of it till this morning, when my old patron, Master Heriot, gave me a paper to copy fairly, which I found was a petition to the king for payment of some monies due by his Majesty to the young Lord Nigel.

*Dal.* Death and distraction!—Nigel intend to force his way into the royal presence, to claim the money due on his estate.—If he succeeds, I'm lost;—if he redeem the mortgage which I gave to Buckingham, my hopes are crushed, and the once proud Dalgarno becomes the scorn of courtiers, and prey of debtors.

*Andrew.* Nay, nay; hear me, my lord.—Should the petition be presented, with your interest at the Court, you may well delay the time, till millions would be vain to wrest the lands from your possession.

*Dal.* Well bethought of;—on Buckingham I can depend.—Leave me, sirrah, leave me.—Stay,—secure those papers, and have them ready.—When I require them, I will send for them—*(Exit Andrew.)*—Now then, to the Court.

—O—  
*Enter MAXWELL.*

*Max.* My lord, your servant.—What news to-day?

*Dal.* Nothing extraordinary, I believe, Master Maxwell.

*Max.* Indeed! Then your Lordship has not been at the Court to-day.—Indeed, your honour'd father has been expressing an anxious wish to introduce you to an ancient friend.

*Dal.* A friend, Sir; of whom speak you?

*Max.* It was a pleasing sight to see your worthy and respectable father reconciling, and presenting with his own hand, Nigel, Lord Glenvarloch, to the King's own Majesty.

*Dal.* Did my father?—did the Earl of Huntinglen, do this?

*Max.* By my word did he; and his Majesty was pleased, most graciously, to grant some petition, as I think, of the Lord Nigel's, respecting some lands—a mortgage.

*Dal.* Confusion! By whom was Nigel conducted to the presence?

*Max.* By his true friend, Master Heriot; and who, as I learn, had in some measure forestalled his Lordship's suit.—But here they come.

*Enter* GEORGE HERIOT and NIGEL.

*Nigel.* To yourself, and the unexpected interposition of Lord Huntinglen, I owe entirely this sudden condescension of his Majesty. My petition has been granted, ere I dared anticipate its inspection.

*Dal.* Honoured and renowned Master Heriot, your very humble slave and servant.

*Heriot.* Too much courtesy, my Lord, is often the reverse of kindness.

*Dal.* I merely meant, Master Heriot, by my homage to entreat your protection. You are become, I understand, a solicitor of suits,—a promoter of pennyless men of quality.—Have the goodness to introduce me to the notice of the high born nobleman who is honoured and advantaged by your patronage.

*Nigel.* If you mean *me*, my Lord, I *am* honoured by the patronage of Master Heriot ; for he's a man deserving of the worthiest note. If you would insult me, do it through myself alone.

*Dal.* Hey-day, what passion is this? Why, this is King Cambyse's vein. I fear, young gentleman, you have frequented the theatres too much of late.—Nay, nay, good Master Heriot, flush not ; let your pupil go and feed upon soup and sallad, and drink succoury water, 'twill cool his blood, then go to bed at sunset, and defy the foul fiend.

*Nigel.* Insolent!—I wear a sword, shall vindicate my cause, and punish your presumption.

*Max.* My lords!—my lords!—let me remind you that the royal park is no place to quarrel in.

*Nigel.* I will make my quarrel good, wherever I meet my enemy.

*Dal.* Does the churl mean to frighten me with the torrent of loud words? You shall have quarrelling enough, my fiery spark ; but let us choose another time, and fitter place.

*Heriot.* Nay, nay, my lord, consider the danger ;—to draw in the royal park, is an insult offered to the king himself.—The punishment is dreadful.

*Nigel.* No form shall teach me to endure unmerited insult. Though a subject, I am not a slave ; and I

should but disgrace my king and country tamely to submit to such unmerited contempt. Draw, my lord, if you have the courage to defend yourself!—(*Draws.*)

*Dal.* If I have the courage!—Were not this place sacred—

*Nigel.* (*Strikes Dalgarno.*) Coward!

*Dal.* Your life, Sir, your life shall answer this.—(*Draws—they fight. Heriot and Maxwell interfere.—Guards, &c. rush in from all quarters.—LOWESTOFFEE enters, and forces off Nigel.*)

END OF ACT II.

---

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Tavern in Alsatia.*

DUKE HILDEBROD, CAPTAIN COLEPEPPER, TRAPBOIS, HEMPSEED, QUILL, BUCKLE, &c. discovered drinking.

*Cole.* Bravo! ha, ha, ha! bravo, most noble duke.

*Hild.* Thanks, thanks, my valiant lads of the dice, the sword, and the bottle!—My true Alsations, who can stride, swear, and swagger with any gentleman, let him come from what quarter of the compass he will.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Hild.* Gentlemen, both civil and military, for, thank Heaven, our society embraces gentlemen of all denominations; and has had its changes and revolutions, like greater kingdoms. Our traditions and records, speak of twenty revolutions within the last twelve years, in which the state has completely changed from absolute despotism to republicanism; not forgetting the intermediate stages of oligarchy, limited monarchy, and even gynocracy; for I myself, (shame to our manhoods be it spoken), remember Alsatia governed for nearly nine months by an old fish-wife.

*All.* Oh!

*Cole.* Ay, so please your most noble and magnificent Grace ;—after her deposition we came under the dominion of a broken attorney, who dissolved our courts of equity, and established the civil law.

*All.* Ha ! ha ! ha !

*Cole.* He was dethroned by a reformed captain, who, trying to establish a monopoly of ale and tobacco, was deposed, and succeeded by our present most noble, most magnificent, and unlimited monarch, Jacob Hildebrod, Duke of Alsatia.

*Hild.* (*Rising.*) Whom Heaven long preserve !

*All.* Ha ! ha ! ha !

*Hild.* Gentlemen, civil and military—Captain Colepepper has designated me your unlimited monarch ; but, no, I disclaim such tyranny—and I do hereby convene this present assembly into a permanent, and most honourable council of state, who shall regularly meet for their morning's draught at seven o'clock—convene a second time at eleven for their *ante-meridean*, or whet, and assemble in due conclave at the hour of two afternoon, and then sit with patriotic anxiety, consulting for the good of the public, and drinking at the public expense, for the better government of this mighty kingdom, till midnight.

*All.* Ha ! ha ! ha !

*Hild.* When all shall separate, and meet again in the morning, *in statu quo ante bellum*.

*All.* Bravo ! bravo !

*Hild.* But peace, my noble hearts, here comes Reginald Lowestoffe of the Temple, a freeman of this province,—and with him a stranger, I perceive.

*Enter REGINALD LOWESTOFFE and NIGEL.*

Easy chairs and large flaggons for the gentlemen.

*Lowes.* No, no ; ere we proceed to the more solemn ceremony of drinking, to aid which, I hereby in my friend's name, order a gallon of Rhenish—

*All.* Bravo !

*Lowes.* I have to request his admittance to the benefit of sanctuary, and other immunities of Alsatia, as a



grand compounder; here tendering his double fee of matriculation.

*Cole.* Upon what grounds claims he his freedom?

*Hild.* We are not entitled to demand the same, seeing he hath laid down his garnish, he is entitled to our protection.

*Cole.* (*Starting up.*) Word of denial—sovereign duke—word of denial—

*Hild.* On thy allegiance, stop thy clapper; it shall be so.—Freedom of speech you all shall have, but don't make too free.—(*Breaking his pipe over Colepepper's head.*) Fetch me the ducal register.

*Nigel.* Must I endure this mummary? Fortune! Fortune! whither wilt thou lead me?

*Hild.* What is his name?

*Loves.* Master Nigel Graham.

*Hild.* Master Niggle Grim.—Stand forward Master Niggle, and hear your register.—

“ Your suppliant, by name,  
The bold Niggle Grim,  
For fear of mishap,  
From a shoulder tap;  
And dreading a claw  
From the talons of law,  
That are sharper than briars:

His freedom to sue,  
And rescue by you—  
Through weapon and wit,  
From warrant and writ,  
From bailiff's hand,  
From tipstaff's wand,  
Is come hither to Whitefriars.

Fetch me pen and ink. (*Quill brings them.*) Now, some one write, Master Niggle Grim's name. (*Quill does so.*) Here, that's my signature. (*Makes a large cross with his pen on the paper.*)

*Loves.* I know it is the custom of this old and honourable republic—

*Hild.* What, republic?

*Loves.* Limited monarchy,—I crave your grace's pardon,—to consider all their proceedings over a proper allowance of liquor.

*Hild.* But it has not yet been settled, what are the limits.

*Lowes.* And as it is the same thing to this honourable conclave, whether they drink first and determine afterwards, or whether they determine first and drink afterwards, I propose, your grace, with the advice of your wise and potent senators, shall pass your edict, granting to mine honourable friend, the immunities of the place, and assigning him a lodging, whereupon I will presently order you a rundlet of rhenish, with a corresponding quantity of neats' tongues, and pickled herrings, to make you all as glorious as George-a-Green.

*All.* Hurra !

*Hild.* Bravely spoken, Master Lowestoffe.—Trapbois, to you I assign the entertainment of Master Niggle Grim.

*Trap.* Aye, aye, upon a just consideration.—

*Hild.* O, certainly, most cautious.—Now, then, to administer the oath, and then adjourn to the pickled herrings.

## SONG AND CHORUS.

By spiggot and barrel,  
 By bilbo and buff,  
 Thou art sworn to the quarrel  
 Of the blades of the huff ;  
 For Whitefriars and its claims,  
 To be champion or martyr,  
 And to fight for its dames,  
 Like a knight of the garter.

—(*The Alsatians all march off, following Duke Hildebrod. Nigel and Lowestoffe go off on the other side with Trapbois.*)

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Trapbois' House.*

*Enter TRAPBOIS, NIGEL, and MARTHA TRAPBOIS.*

*Trap.* Your honour's welcome to Alsatia ;—your honour shall want for nothing here, upon a due consider-

ation.—Martha, (*Beckons her aside.*) Martha, do you think that he looks like an honest man?—what think you?—Do not harbour him an he look not honest.

*Martha.* For shame, father; for shame.—Master Grahame, 'tis best to be plain with you at once;—my father is an old—a very old man, and his wits, somewhat weak. For myself, I am a lone woman, and care little to see or converse with any one.—If you can be satisfied with house-room, shelter, and safety, you shall have them, and that's a bold word in this unhappy quarter; but if you seek deferential observance and attendance, I tell you at once, you will not find them here.

*Nigel.* I am not wont to thrust myself upon acquaintance, madam, or give trouble; nevertheless, I shall need the assistance of a domestic, to assist me to dress; perhaps you can recommend me to such.

*Martha.* Yes, to twenty; who will pick your purse while they tie your points, and cut your throat while they smooth your pillow.

*Trap.* I will be his servant, for a due consideration.

*Martha.* By your leave, Sir, it cannot be agreeable to a daughter to hear a father speak thus.—If you are really a gentleman, let me shew you to your apartment.

*Nigel.* Can there be danger in the assistance of a serving-man?

*Martha.* Young gentleman, you must know little of Whitefriars, to ask such a question.—Look round you.—Can a castle be better guarded?—yet bolts, and all these defences, are too weak to protect our lives from the murderous blood-hounds, attracted by the unhappy report of my poor father's wealth.

*Trap.* Speak not of that, or I'll beat thee—beat thee with my staff.—I am but a poor man,—a very poor man, that am willing to do any honest turn upon earth for a modest consideration.

*Martha.* Therefore, be warned of the life you must lead.—The poor charewoman will assist you; but the wise man is his own best servant and assistant.

*Nigel.* It is a lesson that I thank you for, and will study.

*Martha.* You will do well; and as you seem thankful for advice, I, though I am no professed counsellor

of others, will give you more.—Lead the way, father, lead the way. (*Exit Trapbois.*) Make no intimacy with any one in Whitefriars ;—borrow no money, on any score, especially from my father ; for, dotard as he seems, he will make an ass of you.—Last, and best of all, stay here not an instant longer than you can help it.—

*Re-enter TRAPBOIS.*

*Trap.* What say you, Martha ?

*Martha.* Come, Sir, let me shew you to your chamber. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in Heriot's House.—The LADY HERMIONE discovered sitting at a Table.*

*Enter MONNA PAULA.*

*Monna.* Lady, Mistress Margaret Ramsay would speak with you.

*Hermione.* Conduct her to me. [*Exit Monna.*]

*Enter MARGARET RAMSAY and MONNA PAULA.*

Leave us, Monna Paula.—(*Exit Monna.*)—Come hither, Margaret, and sit beside me.

*Marg.* No ; I'll stand thus, under your favour, lady.—I had rather you heard me without seeing me.

*Hermione.* In Heaven's name, Margaret, what can you have to say, that may not be uttered face to face, to so true a friend as I am.

*Marg.* I've done very wrong, lady, and you'll be very angry with me, and so will my dear father ;—but I cannot help it,—he must be rescued.

*Hermione.* He ! maiden ;—that little word does in some shape explain your blushes. Who is it, Margaret, to whom you have thus rashly attached yourself ;—for rashly I fear it must be ?

*Marg.* It is the young Scottish Lord Glenvarloch, Madam.

*Hermione.* The young Lord Glenvarloch!—you are distracted.

*Marg.* I knew you would say so:—another person has told me so:—all the world will tell me so.—Indeed I've sometimes been inclined to tell myself so;—but it cannot be helped. Look at me, lady; for I will now come before you, and tell me if there is madness or distraction in my look and word, when I repeat—I have fixed my affections on this young nobleman.

*Hermione.* If you would avoid misery, Margaret, match with your equal.

*Marg.* Oh, you're quite right, Madam, but my love is unfortunate.—He has drawn upon a nobleman in the Royal Park, and I fear is now in——

*Hermione.* In prison?

*Marg.* Oh, no, no, Madam, worse,—in the sanctuary at Whitefriars—they speak of a warrant from the Lord Chief Justice.—This I know, and yet I cannot rescue him;—cannot rescue him, without your help, lady.

*Hermione.* My help, maiden?

*Marg.* Yes; a small sum will ensure his safety.—With two hundred pounds he could escape to his own country.

*Hermione.* And you would accompany him?

*Marg.* Now Heaven forgive you for the unjust suspicion, lady.—No, I shall never see him more; but I shall have saved him,—and that thought will be happiness for ever.

*Hermione.* Margaret, you are about to do a generous action; but, mark me, whatever may be the danger of the Lord Glenvarloch, you must not peril either fame or person in this rash attempt.—Young and artless like yourself, I became the wife of a villain, who deserted me in a strange country.—I have since been blessed with affluence.—Serve this young lord; but, oh, Margaret, look for no gratitude in return.

*Marg.* No, lady, I look for no recompense, but the rapture of having saved him.

*Hermione.* Come, Margaret, you shall have this money, but must act by agency,—nor deign to mingle in any enterprise unbecoming your sex or character.—Come, Margaret.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter GEORGE HERIOT, LORD DALGARN, and Officers*

*Heriot.* Nay, nay, my Lord, I pray you stand back.—This house is mine, my Lord ; and however humble its possessor, its rights shall not be invaded with impunity.

*Dal.* Master Heriot, the mistaken condescension of his Majesty, has made you of late strangely forget your station.

*Heriot.* My Lord, when men of power forget the respect which is due to the humble, they must not wonder that the humble sometimes forget to honour them according to their rank.

*Dal.* Base trafficker ! these sneers become you not. I am empowered to search the house.—Lord Nigel, as you well know, lies here ; if I condescend to back the investigation is my concern, I have the king's warrant for my conduct ;—therefore stand back.

*Heriot.* My Lord, this house is my castle ; and till I peruse the warrant, I will not stir a step.

*Dal.* Dare you dispute my word ?—Force open the door !

*Heriot.* My Lord !—my Lord !—stay, and not disgrace your rank by an act of such baseness. Lord Nigel is not here ; but if you dare to persist, the best of you shall have cause to repent his usage of George Heriot.

*Dal.* Another word, and with my own hand, I'll—*(Rushes up, and forces open the door, and discovers Hermione and Margaret.)*—Death and confusion, Amelia !

*Hermione.* Gracious Heaven ! my husband !

*Heriot.* Your husband, lady !

*Dal.* 'Tis false,—the ravings of a maniac. I know her not.

*Heriot.* Unhappy man ! like an ill blight you wither all around you ; but doubt not, you shall repair her wrongs.—Avoid disgrace by penitence.

*Dal.* Silence !—Dost thou make terms with me ;—to bend and cringe behind a vile impostor.—This is some cunning wile to stop my search after your favourite, Nigel. But tremble, Heriot ; dare not to protect that

woman, or advance her cause, nor tempt the vengeance Dalgarno will inflict. *[Exit, followed by Officers.]*

*Marg.* Look up, lady, he's gone. Look up, 'tis Margaret speaks.

*Hermione.* Oh! how have I deserved this usage?

*Heriot.* Come, lady, to your chamber.—Margaret, go with us; and doubt not but the king will right you.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in Dalgarno's House.*

*Enter LORD DALGARNO, and ANDREW SKIRLIEWHITTER.*

*Dal.* A thousand curses light upon you all.—Amelia is returned.—Didst thou not, villain, for whose assistance I have so dearly paid—didst thou not swear that in Genoa she breathed her last, and now she rises like a fiend, to blast my hopes for ever.

*Andrew.* Nay, patience, my noble master, and list. The marriage by which you gained possession of Amelia was a false one; therefore a little bravery clears you there.

*Dal.* Well, base hound; but Nigel has escaped my vengeance. The mortgage over his estate, which you obtained to gratify your hatred, will shortly be redeemed; upon the warrant granted by the king, Heriot will obtain the money;—and Nigel emerge from his concealment, and defy my power.

*Andrew.* Yet hear me. The hare is more within our toils than ever.

*Dal.* What mean you?—Speak.

*Andrew.* That bully, Colepepper, now harbours in Alsatia; and from him I learn one Grahame has taken refuge there.

*Dal.* Well, Sir, proceed; your eye speaks more than your tongue.—Be plain, Sir; I comprehend you not.

*Andrew.* Indeed!—What if Grahame should be an assumed name?

*Dal.* It is,—it is Glenvarloch. This instant I will denounce him to the king, and tear him from the covert he has chosen.

*Andrew.* Be patient yet, my Lord ;—rashness will lose what caution will secure. The warrant granted by the king, without the which, no money can be raised, or mortgage be redeemed within the time, must be with Nigel. Heriot has it not, I know ; and also know that he is ignorant where Nigel is concealed.

*Dal.* Trifle not, Sir,—trifle not with me. Say boldly at once what you do propose.

*Andrew.* To secure that warrant, and the land is yours. I know the house that Nigel stays in, and the old miser it belongs to.—The night is dark, and should the worst occur—should Nigel fall, 'tis but an Alsatian brawl.

*Dal.* Thou double villain ! Wouldst thou counsel me to murder ?

*Andrew.* Your Lordship strikes not the blow.—But if the blow be not struck, Heriot will find out Nigel,—redeem the land,—and make your Lordship's fortunes something worse than nothing.

*Dal.* Distraction ! fiends !—I know not how to act. I am within the toils, and cannot 'scape.—Haste ! haste ! secure those papers before Nigel leaves the sanctuary. My trusty Lutin, on whom I can depend, shall aid you. Haste, I say ; and at any price, save me from the snare which now surrounds me.

*Andrew.* Fear not, my Lord.

*Dal.* Begone, I say.—(*Exit Andrew.*) Fear not !—Oh it is the curse of guilt, to fear most, where most compelled to trust.—Besides, what surety have I for this caitiff's tale ? May he not prove as false to me, as for my gold he has done to others ? The warrant once in his possession, how are my fortunes bettered ?—the knave will make his bargain of it, and laugh at me with impunity. What can I do ?—But one course remains ; disguised as Lutin, I myself will follow, and, with my own hand—Oh, how am I debas'd—thus forc'd to league with wretches I despise ;—but when Dalgarno forgives an injury, or forgets revenge,—then let him be branded as a slave and coward. [*Exit.*



SCENE V.—*Nigel's Apartment in Trapbois' House.*

NIGEL *discovered, reading.*

*Nigel.* How disgraceful it is to be thus compelled to herd with bullies, and with outlaws; to share the abode of the veriest wretches in nature:—An abode, which, while it offers an asylum, gives my own assent to the blot cast upon my name and honour, by the mistaken notions of a strange country.—Lowestoffe, I see, has sent my trunk.—(*Opens it.*) Aye, here is the royal warrant; and, fortunately, my pistols.—(*COLEPEPPER enters behind, starts, and exit.*) What noise is that?—(*Rain heard.*) 'Tis but the storm without. Ah! my faithful Richie! were you but here, I should not want a friend.—(*Sits.*) Come, once more for reading. This desolate and gloomy chamber, but increases the bitter melancholy of my thoughts.

TRAPBOIS. (*Without.*) Murder! Murder!

*Nigel.* Gracious Heavens! what mean those cries.

*Enter TRAPBOIS in his sleep, in great agitation.*

*Trap.* Martha, there are thieves in the house, and they will not speak to me.

*Nigel.* Perhaps you are mistaken.—Thieves!—Do not alarm yourself. Where are they?

*Trap.* Now they drag them from me—my gold—my ingots.—Save them,—hold them fast.—Help! help!

*Enter MARTHA TRAPBOIS.*

*Nigel.* What means this apprehension?

*Martha.* My father walks in his sleep, and his fears of robbers are so great, that he frequently wanders about the house in this way. You must not be alarmed.—(*Goes up to her father, and endeavours to arouse him from his stupor.*) Father! father! father!

*Trap.* Martha! Martha! Is it you?—Ha! ha! ha!

—Hush ! I thought the kites were amongst us ;—but I have—I have nothing to lose. I am poor, miserably poor !—

*Martha.* Come, father, let's away.—We prevent the gentleman from retiring to rest, and it is very late.—Come,—come.—(*Trapbois retires up the Stage.*)

*Nigel.* Why not persuade your father to quit this place, since he is so apprehensive of his safety ?

*Martha.* There's no safety for him in a quarter where the law could have its free course ; and I would rather see him dead, than dishonoured.—(*Observes Trapbois examining Nigel's box.*)—For shame, father !—for shame !—Let's away.—(*Forcing him off.*)

*Trap.* E—Ere we go, Sir, you must know it is the usage of this sanctuary to pay the rent in advance.

*Nigel.* Oh, fear me not.—There—there are two pieces of gold.—Now leave me.—I wish to be alone.—(*Sits, and takes up the book.*)

*Martha.* Nay, one piece, father ; one piece in conscience is enough for the gentleman to advance. Take that back, Sir.—(*Throws one piece on the Table.*)

*Trap.* Daughter, are you mad !—are you mad !—the money's mine. He gave it me for a consideration.

*Nigel.* (*Hastily.*) Yes, yes.—I have paid the money, and want it not again.

*Martha.* Do with it what you please ; but if you are fool enough to pay more than is reasonable, my father, at least in my presence, shall not be knave enough to take it.—Come, father, away.

*Trap.* Not without my money ;—not without my money.—(*Martha forces him off.*)

*Nigel.* Miserable old man !—And yet 'tis from that very misery springs his sole happiness. This narrative, strange and shocking as it is, possesses interest. It teaches us how, lured by gold, revenge, irregular ambition, man, setting nature and humanity both at defiance, has broken into the very tabernacle of life. It tells how such deeds of blood have been discovered and revenged. The brutes of the field, the birds of the air have told the secret ; the elements have conspired to reveal the deed ;—and e'en the grave has yawned that the spirit of the murder'd man might call revenge.—

(TRAPBOIS, who has re-entered during this speech, now removes Nigel's pistols.—He starts up and draws his sword.)—Whence this intrusion? Old man, declare yourself.

*Enter MARTHA TRAPBOIS.*

*Martha.* For shame! your sword on a man of eighty years and more!—Is this the honour of a Scottish gentleman? Give it me to make a spindle of.

*Nigel.* Stand back—I mean your father no injury; but I will know what has caused him to prowl around my arms all night.

*Martha.* Your arms! Alas, young man, all the arms in the Tower of London cannot, by him, be compared to that piece of money which I threw on the table of a young spendthrift, too careless to put what belonged to him into his own purse.

*Trap.* It's mine,—it's mine.—I'll part with my life rather than with my property.—It's mine,—it's mine. He gave it me for a consideration.

*Nigel.* Let him have it, mistress, and leave me in quiet.

*Martha.* Well, well; I'll account with you for it—but be not so free with your money.—The view of it will bring the steel to your throat,—you understand me.—Once more, good night.

[*Exeunt Martha and Trapbois.*]

*Nigel.* She is right; and I will profit by her advice. A wise man is his own best servant and assistant.—Her looks are stern and forbidding, but a gnarled tree may bear good fruit, and a harsh nature may give good counsel.—(RICHARD MONIPLIES enters cautiously, muffled in a cloak, advances, and taps NIGEL on the shoulder,—he turns suddenly round.)—Again disturbed!—Who are you?

*Rich.* (Throwing off the cloak.) Richie Moniplies, at your service, o' Castle Collops, West Port, Embro'.

*Nigel.* Richie!—how, and whence came you?

*Rich.* Hush! that will be explanation hereafter,—but we havena a moment to lose.—Haste ye—I hae a

boat in readiness, and before morning you shall be safe.

*Nigel.* My faithful Moniplies.

*Rich.* There's mischief in the wind.—Hush! there are footsteps upon that stair!—What's to be done?

*Nigel.* There is another passage leads to the Court yard.—Aye—this.—

*Rich.* Then a's right as nine-pence.—Whisht! whisht!

[*Exeunt at a side door.*]

*Re-enter TRAPBOIS.*

*Trap.* He has retired to rest, and fool-like has left his casket,—let me see—(*opens it.*)—Ha! here it is—a warrant on the Scottish Exchequer, granted to Lord Glenvarloch for forty thousand marks.—Ha! ha! ha! this is a consideration.—Lord Glenvarloch will redeem it at a glorious price;—this is balm to me!—this is balm to me!—(*Sitting down to examine the casket.*)—Let me see!—let me see!

*Enter CAPTAIN COLEPEPPER and LORD DALGARNO disguised.—They advance towards Trapbois.—DALGARNO siezes the casket.*

Hold, thieves!—take my life rather, take my life!—(*DALGARNO stabs him—he falls.—NIGEL and RICHIE rush on.—Nigel engages Dalgarno, who rushes out at the door.*)

*Enter MARTHA TRAPBOIS.*

*Martha.* Oh, heaven! they have murdered him!—(*Bends over the body.*)

END OF ACT III.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Royal Park at Greenwich.—(Hunting Horns heard at a distance.)*

*Enter NIGEL and RICHARD MONIPLIES.*

*Nigel.* How was it that you discovered my retreat, and so providentially preserved me?

*Rich.* Atweel, my lord, I'm no just free to tell ye ;—but after yer clamjamfry in the Park, I wasna lang o' finding out yer retreat ; and by the aid o' a bonny lassie, wha gied me the siller, and a stout 'prentice lad to row the boat, here ye are ;—but ye maunna ask her name, for I've sworn upon the book, an' canna divulge.

*Nigel.* How shall I ever repay your generosity?

*Rich.* My generosity !—If I can trust the blink o' a bonny lass's e'e, she'll tak yer Lordship for a receipt in full. (*Horns.*)

*Nigel.* 'Tis the King.—He is come here to see them chase the hart.—Richie, leave me for a while, I must speak with his Majesty.

*Rich.* What the deevil,—speak till his Majesty ! why that will be rushing wilfully into danger :—scauding yersel, as Laurie Linklater wad say, wi' yer ain ladle.

*Nigel.* It signifies not talking of it, my good friend, I must take my risk ;—my honour peremptorily demands it.—They may maim me, or beggar me, but they shall never say I fled from my accusers.—(*Horns nearer.*)—The King approaches ;—pray leave me.

*Rich.* Then I maun gang, I suppose ;—ye ken the auld saw—a wilfu' man.—Fareweel.—(*aside*)—I'll awa to Mistress Martha Trapbois, and her crinkum crankums.—Fare-ye-weel, my lord ;—(*aside*)—but if I'm no mistaen, I'll see the King as weel's yer Lordship.

[*Exit.*

*Enter KING JAMES.*

*King.* Deil ane o' the lazy loons was in at the hart kill.

ing but mysel.—It was a bonny beast,—three inches o' white fat upon the brisket,—prime!—prime!—(*Nigel advances, and kneels to the King, who turns suddenly round, and appears somewhat alarmed.*)—And wha may ye be, freend?—ye're nane o' our train.—In the name o' goodness, wha the deevil are ye?

*Nigel.* An unfortunate man, sire.

*King.* I daur say that, or I wad hae seen naething o' ye. My lieges keep a' their happiness to themsels—let but the bowls row wrang wi' them, and I'm sure to hear o't.

*Nigel.* And to whom else can we carry our complaints, but to your Majesty, who is heaven's vicegerent over us.

*King.* Right, man, right;—vera weel spoken. But, od's death! ye suld leave thê vicegerent some quiet too.

*Nigel.* (*Throwing off his cloak.*) If your Majesty will deign to look on me, you will see one whom necessity makes bold to avail himself of an opportunity which may never again occur.

*King.* Glenvarlochides himsel! as sure as I am christened Jamie Stuart.—Here's a bonny spat o' wark, and me alane, and on foot too.

*Nigel.* (*Placing himself between the King and the entrance.*) Forgive me, that I detain your Majesty;—hear me but a moment.

*King.* I canna hear ye now, man.—I'll hear ye best on horseback.—I canna hear ony body on foot,—and it's no seemly to stand cheek for jowl, confronting us that way.—Bide out o' our gate, now, we charge ye, on yer allegiance.

*Nigel.* By that crown which you wear, and my ancestors so oft have defended—worthily fought for, I conjure you to be composed;—hear me but a moment.

*King.* Od's, life, we shall be assassinated by this desperate—avaunt, sirrah!—We are a free king, and will not be controull'd by a subject.—Hillo—ho—ho—

*Enter The DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, MAXWELL,  
Attendants, Huntsmen, &c.*

*Buck.* What is all this?

*King.* What is it? It is treason, for what I ken, or for a' you care, Steenie! I might hae been murdered!

*Buck.* Murdered! Secure the villain! By heaven, it is Olifaunt himself! (*Nigel is secured.*) Are you wounded, my liege,—are you wounded?

*King.* No that I ken o',—no that I ken o';—but search him—search him.—I'm sure I saw fire-arms under his cloak.—I'm clean sure o' that.

*Max.* (*After having searched Nigel, produces two pistols.*) Look here, my lord.

*Buck.* Away with him!

*King.* Aye, awa' wi' him;—I've had eneugh o' him. But do him nae bodily harm. [*Exit Nigel, guarded.*]

*Buck.* Let me see these pistols.—(*Endeavouring to ascertain if they are loaded.*)

*King.* Dinna meddle wi' thae snaphances, Steenie; they may gang aff o' their ain accord, whilk aften befalls;—and, for Heaven's sake, put up your dirks, swurds, and skeans. I'm reckoned as brave as maist folks; yet I profess to you, I could never look on a bare blade, without blinking and winking. There canna be a waur prospect for a lawfu' king, wha wishes to reign in love, and die in peace and honour, than to hae naked swurds flashing in his e'en.

*Buck.* I profess neither love nor favour to the young man; but I cannot but imagine that your Majesty was something hasty in apprehending personal danger from him.

*King.* By my saul, Steenie, ye are na blate to say sae. Do ye think I dinna ken the smell o' powther? Wha nosed out the gun-powther plot, think ye? I puzzled it out, when ye were a' at fault like mongrel tykes; and trow ye that I canna smell powther?

*Enter Officer and Guards, bringing in MARGARET RAMSAY, disguised in male attire, prisoner.*

What the deevil's in the wind now?—Mair treason!—My certie, a king's nae sinecure.

*Officer.* So please your Majesty, we found this youth behind a thicket. We questioned him, but could obtain no answer.

*King.* Whence, and what are ye, my mannie?

*Marg.* An unworthy creature kneels before your Majesty, and humbly hopes you will graciously condescend to peruse these papers.

*King.* Ud's death! Petitions spring up like mushrooms.—What's this? Supplication for the Lord Glenvarloch.

*Buck.* Search the boy,—he too may be armed.

*King.* Hout, tout, tout; stand back, stand back—*(To the guards.)*—Haud, haud, Steenie! ye're daft. Let him alane.—Come here, my—my mannie.—*(Looks into Margaret's face frequently during this speech, and always turns away smothering a laugh.)* The Glenvarlochides shall ha'e fair play;—and, indeed, now the hurry's ower, we dinna think he meant aught ill against our royal person; and touching his ither offences, we will look closely into the matter. But for yoursel, my mannie.—Come here, some o' ye, tak that laddie to my lady—*(Whispers Officer)*—and say, our royal self will be there *instanter*.—Gang awa', my mannie, gang awa'.

*Marg.* Heaven bless your Majesty! and may you never know the sorrow I have endured; and long may you be spared to reign in peace, and impart felicity. Heaven bless your Majesty!

*[Exit with Officer and Guards.]*

*King.* It's my maist royal opinion, that that laddie's a lassie. This Glenvarloch seems to haud a' our subjects in tow against us.—Petitions rise like mushrooms. Now for the ither paper.—What's this?—*(Reads.)*—“The Lord Dalgarno—villainy—Hermione.” 'Sdeath! Steenie,—this Dalgarno, though a friend o' yours, is, I fear, nae better than he should be. But justice shall be done.—Steenie, my man, here's matter for your heeding. Haste you wi' us.—Maxwell, send for the Earl o' Huntinglen;—say he maun speed. *(Exit Maxwell.)* This is a bonny spat o' wark indeed! The deevil's in thae English;—they heap a' upon my shoulders. In Scotland, Steenie, they settle a' these matters themsels;—a dirk and a claymore, and my Majesty may gang whistle.—But here, whate'er gangs wrang, the puir king maun pay the piper. *[Exeunt.]*



SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Dalgarno's House.*

*Enter* LORD DALGARNO, and ANDREW SKIRLIEWHITTER.

*Dal.* Nigel arrested,—accused of seeking the king's life,—imprisoned in the tower. Fortune! I thank thee,—my vengeance is complete.

*Andrew.* Not quite, my Lord. Heriot has found some easy friends, and has redeemed the mortgage.

*Dal.* Shallow-baited fool! This rash attempt dooms Nigel to the scaffold,—his lands reverting to the crown;—doubt not my interest will secure the property. Now mighty Master Heriot, how vain will be all your endeavours to wrest the lands from my possession.—(*A knock without.*) How now,—who's there?

*Andrew.* 'Tis Maxwell from the court. I live in fear.—

*Dal.* So will not I.—Retire, coward, and wait your orders. [*Exit Andrew.*]

*Enter* MAXWELL, with Papers.

Now, your errand, Master Maxwell?

*Maxwell.* This warrant from his Majesty demands your lordship's presence in the Chapel Royal, for the purpose of reuniting yourself, by a lawful marriage, to the Lady Hermione.

*Dal.* And am I—Dalgarno—to become the tool of a capricious—

*Maxwell.* Pray hold, my lord, I can go no further than my office; which obliges me to state, that unless you stand ready to obey the commands, not only of your sovereign, but also of your honoured father, my Lord of Huntinglen, you must consider yourself an exile from the presence, and this country too, for ever.—This paper, by his Majesty's command, I leave for your inspection; and further add, the king expects your lordship speedily. [*Exit.*]

*Dal.* And hangs on such a thread the favour of his Majesty?—Be compelled to marry her?—Never! ne-

ver !—How would the summer flies that buzz around the Court laugh to see the proud Dalgarno, who revelled in the fairest smiles of beauty, forced to a marriage which his heart abhors ; and all to indulge the caprices of a doting monarch. Let's see, what says the record ?—Aye, wealth indeed to gratify the veriest miser that e'er—what do I see ?—do not my eyes deceive me ?—It is here—Hermione is mine.—Yes, proud beauty, this record secures thee mine, though a thousand superior beauties lay prostrate at my feet. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Tower.*

*Enter GEORGE HERIOT and MARGARET RAMSAY.*

*Heriot.* Ay, ay, my lady ; come hither, and tell me how it was I found you in Lord Nigel's apartment ?

*Marg.* Alas, and well-a-day ! it was against my will, god-father.

*Heriot.* Will me no wills, lady.—What brought you to the Tower here ?

*Marg.* Alas ! and if I must speak the truth, I went to Greenwich this morning with Monna Paula, to present a petition to the king on the part of the Lady Hermione. Monna Paula was afraid to go alone, and so I assumed this dress to be her guard.

*Heriot.* Yes ; her guard !

*Marg.* And when we got there, there was a cry of murder and treason raised. Monna Paula ran one way, and I ran another.—The guards ran after us, and they caught me, and took me before the king, who sent me here, and here I am, god-father.

*Heriot.* And a pretty devil's dance you have made of it, god-daughter ; but tell me, maiden, did the Lady Hermione know of this fair work of yours ?

*Marg.* Oh, no ; not a word. She thought one of our apprentices went with Monna Paula.

*Heriot.* And why went he not, forsooth ?

*Marg.* (*Hesitating.*) He was otherwise engaged.

*Heriot.* And think ye the king knew what you were when he sent you here ?

—*Marg.* I dont know ; but he looked at me, and smiled at me, and winked at me, very oddly. I know not what to think.

*Heriot.* Gad's-life! had it been his grandfather, the Red Tod of Saint Andrews, as Davie Lindsay used to call him ; by my faith, I should have had my own thought of the matter ; but our royal master, Heaven bless him, is baith douce and temperate. Could not the Lady Hermione have waited my time?—Ah, woman! he needs a double stock of patience, who meddles in your affairs. But come away, my pretty Peg-a-Ramsay, and let me consign you to your father. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in St James's.*

*Enter GEORGE HERIOT and MAXWELL.*

*Heriot.* Through your good offices, Master Maxwell, I must see the king.

*Maxwell.* His Majesty is now in close conference with a strange man ; but having given orders for your admittance, I will inform him. [*Exit at door in centre.*]

*Heriot.* Thankye.—So Nigel, tells me, that in this Alsatian brawl, the royal warrant has been lost. If so, farewell then to the fair lands of Glenvarloch,—frith and forest,—lake and stream.

*Enter KING JAMES from centre door.*

*King.* Ah ! Jingling Geordie, ye ken a' the privy doings o' our court, and hae done sae these thirty years ; but, by my saul ! the warld grows waur an' waur every day.—This business o' the Lord Dalgarno, and your freend, the Lady Hermione, beats a'.

*Heriot.* Thinks your Majesty that his Lordship will do that lady justice ?

*King.* Troth, man, he was like to brazen us a' out ! Steenie, Baby-Charles, and our hail council, till I spak o' the tocher ; and when I shewed him the schedule o' her warldly substance, as ye ca'd,—by my kingly crown, he lap like a cock at a grosart ; and e'en now, my Lord Bishop o' Winchester, is making them ane, tho' Heaven

help the bride o' sic a harden'd villain as Dalgarno.—O! but, Maister Heriot, if we aright remember, we opigniorated to you certain jewels o' the crown, for a certain sum of money lent.—Did we, or did we not?

*Heriot.* Indisputably, your Majesty was pleased to do so.

*King.* Weel, Sir,—weel, Sir, I propose restoration o' the sum lent, and I demand to be reposses'd o' the jewels so opigniorated, or laid in wad.

*Heriot.* I call heaven to witness, that I am totally harmles in this matter, and that I would willingly lose the sum advanced, so that I could restore those jewels, you so justly prize.

*King.* 'Sdeath, man! are we to suffer the loss o' our precious *cimelia*?

*Heriot.* All strict search has been made, may it please your Majesty.—So please you, the person with whom they were pledged has been murdered,—his daughter has fled with all his wealth,—hue and cry has been sent out every where, and it has been found impossible to recover them.

*King.* Difficult you mean, Geordie,—difficult.

*Heriot.* Impossible, your Majesty.

*King.* Difficult, Sir; for look there, Jingling Geordie! —(*Shewing the jewels.*) Ha! ha! ha!—By my saul, the man looks as if he took his native prince for a warlock! we that are the very *malleus maleficarum*, the contunding and contriturating hammer o' a' witches, sorcerers, magicians, and the like.—I declare he thinks we are taking a touch o' the black art ousel.—(RICHIE MONIPLIES *laughs without.*) 'Tod Lowrie, come out o' yer den?

*Enter RICHIE MONIPLIES, Laughing immoderately.*

But whisht, man,—whisht!—Ye needna nigher that gait, like a courser at a cap o' corn.

*Rich.* Aye, just look at them, Maister George, they're a' right and tight, sound and round.

*Heriot.* So please your Majesty, this is Richie Moniplies.

*Rich.* O' Castle Collops, West Port, Embro'.

*Heriot.* A mere domestic.—This money can never be honestly at his disposal.

*Rich.* And what for no, Maister George Heriot? Do ye think naeboddy should spraickle up the brae but yoursel?

*King.* Weel said, Tod Lowrie!—Geordie, ye're sae damnably ready wi' ye're gold ends o' wisdom, and sae deevilish backward wi' ye're gold ends o' siller, that I was determined to hae a hair i' your neck.—Geordie, your ain cloak was thin eneugh when you cam here, my man; though you hae lined it gay and weel now.—Ha! ha! ha!

*Rich.* Ha! ha! ha!

*King.* (To *Richie.*) Whisht!—whisht! Sir. Speak out, my man, speak the truth, and shame the de'il.—Are ye possessed o' plenary powers to dispose of the redemption money, as to delay of payment, or the like?

*Rich.* Full power, an it like your Gracious Majesty; trusting that your Majesty's grace will be kind to me in ae sma' favour.

*King.* Ou aye, the auld terms;—plack for plack, eh? umph!

*Rich.* Ou aye, just giff-gaff,—niffer for niffer, yer grace.—The owner o' these monies places them at your Majesty's command, free o' a' pledge or usage, as lang as it is your royal pleasure, hoping your Majesty will condescend to show some favour to the noble Lord Glenvarloch.

*King.* How, sir! how, sir!—Sell our justice! sell our mercy! and we a crowned king, sworn to do equal justice to a' our subjects.—But, that ye're a puir ignorant body, I wad gar them rin a red-het airn through your tongue in *terrorem* o' ithers.—Awa' wi' him, Geordie;—pay him plack an' bawbee out o' our monies that ye hae in your hands, and let them care that come ahint.—(Retires up the Stage.)

*Heriot.* Master Moniplies, you improve in your sifflications.

*Rich.* Never fash your thumb about that, Maister George Heriot; but tell me when and where I am to sifflicate you for eight hundred pounds sterling, for which these jewels stand engaged?

of *Heriot*. When you bring me the right owner of the money, Sir; whom it is important that I should see, on more accounts than one.

*Enter MAXWELL.*

*Maxwell*. My Liege, his Grace of Buckingham has sent me to inform your Majesty, that the nuptial ceremony of the Lord Dalgarno, and the Lady Hermione, is concluded; and that they now attend your Highness' pleasure.

*King*. Bid them attend me here. Heriot, remain;—your presence may be wanted. For that fellow, Maxwell, awa' wi' him! awa' wi' him!

*Rich.* (To *Maxwell*.) I attend you. Weel, plague on ye, Maister Heriot, for a cunning auld skinflint. But de'il be in me, if I be nae even wi' ye yet.

[*Exit with Maxwell.*]

*Enter the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, the EARL OF HUNTINGLEN, LORD DALGARNO, and LADY HERMIONE.*

*Hermione*. Most gracious king! accept the tribute of an injured woman, whom your commands have saved from misery. Heaven bless your Majesty!

*King*. Ye are wedded then?

*Dal*. Aye, my liege; and still I could caper though in fetters. Well, I see all eyes look cold on me, and it is time I should withdraw. The sun shines elsewhere than in England. But first I must ask how this fair lady is to be bestowed? Perhaps within the palace of his grace of Buckingham.

*Buck*. My Lord Dalgarno—

*King*. Whisht! Steenie;—whisht!—We'll hae nae barn's breaking here.

*Dal*. Or, as before, this worthy citizen—

*Hunt*. Hold thy ribald tongue.—The Lady Dalgarno shall remain as a widow in my house:—A widow as much esteemed, as if the grave had closed over her unworthy husband.

*Dal*. If you, my Lord, can wish me dead, I cannot, though your heir, return the compliment. Few, per-

haps, can say as much. But I will convince you ere I go, that I am a true descendant of a house famed for its memory of injuries.

*Buck.* I marvel your Majesty will longer brook his insolence.

*King.* Whisht! Steenie;—whisht! Let's hear the frontless loon.

*Dal.* Only, Sir, that but for one single line in this schedule, all else that it contains could not have bribed me to take that woman's hand into mine.

*King.* That line maun hae been the *summa totalis* then.

*Dal.* Not so, Sire; though the sum total might have even moved your Majesty;—but it would have little charms for me, save that I see here an entry which gives me the power of vengeance over the family of Glenvarloch; and learn from it, that yonder pale bride, when she put the wedding-torch into my hand, gave me the power of burning her mother's house to ashes.

*King.* What's he making a' this din about, Jingling Geordie?

*Dal.* This friendly citizen here, hath expended a sum belonging to my lady, and now to me, in acquiring a certain mortgage, or wadset, over the estate of Glenvarloch; which, if it be not redeemed before to-morrow at noon, will put me in possession of the fair demesnes of those who once called themselves our house's rivals.

*King.* Is this a fact, Geordie?

*Heriot.* I fear, your Majesty it is too true.—The Lady Hermione having advanced the money for the original creditor, I was obliged, in honour and honesty, to take the rights to her; and doubtless, they pass to her husband.

*King.* But, odsflesh, man,—the warrant,—where's our royal warrant?

*Heriot.* It is lost, my liege!—it is not to be found.

*Dal.* You tell me news! but I will take no advantage.

*Hunt.* Do not be a bold villian, since thou must be one, and seek revenge with arms, and not with the usurper's weapons.

*Dal.* Pardon me, my Lord ;—pen and ink are now my surest means of vengeance.—But, as I said before, I will take no advantage.—I will await in town till noon to-morrow : if any one will pay the redemption money to my scrivener, with whom the deeds lie, the better for Lord Glenvarloch ; if not, I travel with all dispatch to the north, to take possession.

*Hunt.* Take a father's malison with you, unhappy wretch !

*King.* And a king's too, wha is *pater patriæ* !

*Dal.* I must submit to my fate, and shall bear both my burdens lightly. The sun shines elsewhere than in England, and exile though I may be, I shall still carry your Majesty's picture with me ; for, go where I will, I shall never again see such another king. [*Exit.*]

*Hunt.* Will your Majesty permit us to retire ? Come, my daughter, retire with me, and we will seek that peace above, which fate denies us here.—[*Exit with Lady Hermione.*]

*King.* (*Wiping his eyes.*) Puir thing !—Puir thing !—she's nigh demented, or she wad hae kenn'd that a man that cou'd wrang a bonnie lassie wadna stand upon trifles. But, Geordie,—ha ! ha !—when I heard Steenie there laying down the law about the sin o' dissimulation—(*The Duke hearing his name mentioned, advances towards the King, who lowers his voice,*)—and lecturing on the crime o' incontinence, de'il hae our royal saul, but I couldna help thinking on the auld Scotch proverb, "Satan reprov'in' sin." Whisht, Geordie, whisht !—(*Patting the Duke on his back.*)—Come awa', Steenie ;—come awa', my man.—Come awa'.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT IV.



## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Skirliewhitter's Office.*

ANDREW SKIRLIEWHITTER and WILLIE discovered at a table.—*Skirliewhitter looking over papers.*

*Andrew.* There is no outlet which law can suggest—no back door of evasion? None.—And if the lands of Glenvarloch are not redeemed before it ring noon, Lord Dalgarno has them a cheap pennyworth.—Willie, what's o'clock?

*Willie.* Half after eleven has chappit some time, sir.

*Andrew.* Go to your desk without.—(*Exit Willie.*)—The Whitefriars was a profitable business—Dalgarno paid richly;—but it has become unsafe since then.—That villain, Colepepper, too, I fear him.—Hark! what noise was that? When the death of that old villain, Trapbois, comes into my head, I can scarcely hold my pen.—Willie!

*Enter WILLIE.*

A cup of distilled water.

*Willie.* Ou ay, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

*Andrew.* If men should see me in this way?—

*Re-enter WILLIE with a glass, gives it to Andrew and exits.—Andrew Drinks.*

—So, now, I can face the devil.

*Enter RICHARD MONIEPLIES, LOWESTOFFE, a TEMP-LAR, and two porters, bearing bags of money, which they place upon the table, and exeunt.*

*Rich.* Can ye? If ye can face the deevil, Maister Skirliewhitter, ye'll be the less likely to turn your back on a sack or twa o' siller, whilk I hae ta'en the freedom to bring ye.—Sathanas and Mammon are near akin.

*Andrew.* I—I—I cannot guess what you mean, Sir.

*Rich.* Then I'll tell ye. I've just brought you the redemption money o' the Glenvarloch estates ; and here, in good time, comes Maister Reginald Lowestoffe, and anither honourable gentleman o' the Temple, to be witnesses to the transaction.

*Andrew.* I—I incline to think that the term is expired.

*Rich.* But I'm inclined to think, that ye're nae better than ye suld be.—It wants a quarter o' an hour by every clock in the city.

*Andrew.* I must have time to examine the money by tale and weight.

*Lowes.* Aye, do so at your leisure.—We have already seen the contents of each sack told and weighed, and we have put our seals on them. There they stand in a row, twenty in number, each containing three hundred yellow hammers.—We are witnesses to the lawful tender.

*Andrew.* Gentlemen, I pray you abate your haste.—Let me send for Lord Dalgarno—or rather, I will run for him myself.

*Rich.* (*Intercepting him.*) The de'il a fit ye's gang, my man. Maister Lowestoffe, keep the door fast.—In plain terms, Andrew, ye may send for the deevil if ye will, wha', I take it, is the mightiest lord o' your acquaintance, but from hence ye stir not till ye hae answered our propositions, by rejecting or accepting the redemption money lawfully tendered.—There it lies,—tak it, or leave it, as you like. I ken the law is mightier than ony lord in Britain, and see that ye dinna trifle wi' it, or it may shorten yer lang lugs for ye.

*Andrew.* Nay, gentlemen, if you threaten,—I cannot resist compulsion.

*Lowes.* No threat at all, a little friendly advice only ; you forget, honest Andrew, that I have seen you in Alsatia.

*Andrew.* Gentlemen, I will sign the receipt.—Remember, I take the money on your report.

*Rich.* Write, ye fause loon ! write.—(*Andrew writes.*)

*Andrew.* I have insisted neither upon tale nor weight —if I suffer loss—

—*Rich.* Sign, or I'll throttle you.

*Andrew.* Should there be deficiency—

*Rich.* Sign, you deevil's limb you, sign.—(*Andrew signs.—The clock strikes twelve.—He endeavours to regain the receipts, but Richie prevents him.*) Weel banged brave hammers!—Gude luck to the chiel that made you, and lang life to the Lord Glenvarloch!

—*Lowe.* Filip his nose with a gold piece, Richie.—Take up the papers, and now wend we merrily to dine thou wot'st where.—

*Rich.* Weel, Maister Lowestoffe, let's awa'.—(*As they are about to exeunt,*—

*Enter LORD DALGARNO.*

*Dal.* How, now, sirrah! whom do you follow at present?

*Rich.* Whomsoever goeth before, my Lord.

*Dal.* No sauciness, you knave;—I desire to know, if you still serve Nigel Olifaunt?

*Rich.* I am a freend to the noble Lord Glenvarloch, —and a gude freend, if ye kend a'.

*Dal.* Then tell him, sirrah, I travel northward tomorrow, by Enfield Chace; and shall linger a while by Camlet Moat.—He knows the place; and if he be aught but an Alsatian bully, will think it fitter for some purposes than the Park. He is, I understand, at liberty, or shortly to be so. If he fail me at the place nominated; he must seek me in Scotland, where he will find me possessed of his father's estate and lands.

*Rich.* Humph!—There are twa words to that bargain. I shall do yer errand, my Lord.—(*Aside.*) Whilk is to say, the deevil a word he shall hear o't frae me. Gude day, my Lord; and I wish ye lang life to enjoy the lands o' Glenvarloch.—[*Exeunt Richie, Lowestoffe, and Templar.*

*Dal.* (*Observing Andrew sitting at the table lost in fear.*) —“The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!” as the man says in the play; “where got'st thou that goose look?” What! hast thou not a word of oily compliment to me on my happy marriage?—not a word of most philosophical consolation on my disgrace at court?

*Andrew.* My lord, I am glad ;—that is, I am sorry—

*Dal.* Glad and sorry ! That is blowing hot and cold with a witness. Hark ye, you picture of petty larceny personified, I am to-morrow northward hoe ! At four, afternoon, I am to be at Camlet Moat, in the Enfield chace. To-night, most of my retinue set forward.—The papers !—the papers !—Come, dispatch.

*Andrew.* My lord, the—the papers of the Glenvarloch mortgage—I—I—I have them not.

*Dal.* Have them not ! Hast thou sent them to my lodging, thou varlet ? Did I not say I was coming hither ?—(*Andrew points to the bags.*)—What mean you by pointing to that money ? What villainy have you done for it ? It is too large to be honestly come by.

*Andrew.* Your lordship knows best ;—it is your own—it is—it is—

*Dal.* (*Seizing him.*) Not the redemption money of the Glenvarloch estate ! Dare not say it is, or I will, upon the spot, divorce your pettifogging soul from your carion carcase !

*Andrew.* My lord, my lord, for mercy's sake ! It was the law's act, not mine ; what could I do ?

*Dal.* Doest ask ? Why, thou snivelling dribblet of damnation, were all thy oaths, tricks, and lies spent ? Thou shouldst have lied, cozened, outsworn truth itself, rather than stood betwixt me and my revenge ! But mark me. I know more of thy pranks than would hang thee.

*Andrew.* (*Aside.*) And then how fares your lordship ? Come, my lord, storm not thus at your faithful servant. All that art and law can accomplish, I will try.

*Dal.* Well, well, take that money hence.—But, no ; I will not trust thee. Send me this gold home presently to my lodging. I will still forward to Scotland, and it shall go hard but that I hold out Glenvarloch castle against the owner, by means of his own ammunition.

*Andrew.* And would not your Lordship desire a fair partner on your journey ?

*Dal.* What mean you ?

*Andrew.* How, my Lord, is Margaret Ramsay quite banished from your thoughts ?

*Dal.* Margaret Ramsay!—what of her?

*Andrew.* Simply this, my Lord,—that aided by my trusty agent, Mrs Suddlechop, if you direct your course by Charing, you may chance to find the maiden in old Hempseed's cottage.

*Dal.* Can it be possible?—How hast thou effected this?

*Andrew.* Know, then, 'twas Margaret's agency that rescued Nigel from Alsatia;—'twas she presented the petition, which caused your hated marriage, and now deceived by honest Mrs Suddlechop, and your faithful Andrew—'tis Margaret hastens to old Hempseed's cottage, there to devise new schemes to aid Glenvarloch. Meantime, I have devised some papers from which it will appear Nigel contrived her flight.

*Dal.* 'Sdeath! My challenge to Nigel will interfere with this;—but no,—all else shall be sacrificed for revenge on this fair one.—Then remember, the hour was passed ere payment was tendered,—and see thou hast witnesses of trusty memory to prove that point.—Now, Northward Hoe, my horse there—knaves, my horse.

[*Exit.*

*Andrew.* How am I shackled!—How throw off this vindictive fiend, who knows my practices too well to spare me, should I dare refuse him.—How cursed is my lot, just when fortune smiled upon me, to have this spend-thrift lord, come like a storm, and blast my sunshine.

*Enter CAPTAIN COLEPEPPER,—he strikes Andrew on the shoulder, who starts up.*

Is it you?

*Cole.* Who else should it be?

“Thou son of parchment, got betwixt the ink-horn  
And the stuff'd process-bag,—that mayest call  
The pen thy father, and the ink thy mother,  
The wax thy brother, and the sand thy sister,  
And the good pillory thy cousin allied.—  
Rise, and do reverence unto me, thy better.”

*Andrew.* Not yet down in the country, after every warning!—Do not think your grazier's cloak will bear

you out, Captain,—no, nor your scraps of stage-plays.

*Cole.* Why, what would you have me to do? Would you have me starve?—If I am to fly, you must eke my wings with a few feathers.—You can spare them, I think. Besides, you were as deep in as I.

*Andrew.* Not so, by heaven! I only thought of easing Glenvarloch of some papers, and a trifle of his gold,—and you took the old man's life.

*Cole.* Who undid the private bolts of the window when you visited him in the morning? So satisfy yourself, that if I am taken, I will not swing alone.—Pity Jack Hemsfield is dead—it spoils the old catch—

“ And three merry men, and three merry men,  
And three merry men are we,  
As ever did sing three parts in a string,  
All under the triple tree.”

*Andrew.* For heaven's sake speak lower.—Is this a time or place to make your midnight catches?—How much will serve your turn?—I tell you I am but ill provided.

*Cole.* You lie.—One of those bags will do for the present.

*Andrew.* I swear to you, that these bags are not at my disposal.

*Cole.* Not honestly, perhaps; but that makes little difference betwixt us.

*Andrew.* I swear to you, I must pay them over to the Lord Dalgarno, and he is Northward Hoe within this hour.—But I meant nothing.

*Cole.* Thou liest.—I saw thee pause like a setting-dog.—Thou wilt say as little, and make as sure a sign, as a well-bred spaniel.

*Andrew.* All I meant to say, Captain, was, that his servants go by Barnet, and he himself talks of resting at the cottage of old Hempseed.

*Cole.* Aha! Comest thou to me there, my boy? Why, this is better than cock-fighting!

*Andrew.* I see not how it can advantage you, Captain; but, however, my lord cannot ride at a fast pace, his page rides the sumpter horse, which carries all that weight.—Dalgarno looks sharp to the world's gear.

*Cole.* And others look as sharp, Master Andrew.—  
Let me see ;—Black Feltham, and Dick Shakebag.—  
We shall want a fourth.—I love to make sure, and the  
booty will stand parting ; besides what I can bucket  
them out of.—Give ye god-den, ere to-morrow you may  
hear news. [*Exit.*

*Andrew.* More blood ! more blood !—I thought to  
have done with it.—But this time there was no fault  
with me—none ;—and then I shall have the advantage.  
If this ruffian falls, there is a truce with his tugs at my  
purse-strings.—If Dalgarno dies, as is most likely ; for  
though he is as much afraid of cold steel, as a debtor  
of a dun, this fellow is a deadly shot behind a bush.—  
Then am I in a thousand ways, safe—safe—safe.—

[*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—*A Street.*

*Enter* RICHARD MONIPLIES, LOWESTOFFE, and  
TEMPLAR.

*Loves.* Will you deliver this challenge of Dalgarno  
to the Lord Glenvarloch ?

*Rich.* Na, na, my man ; I received it wi' a mental  
reservation, that I wad in nae way peril my ain true lord  
wi' siccan a scrapegrace ; besides, he is na out o' the  
Tower yet. His Majesty has pardoned him for the  
assault upon his ain gracious person, but there is still  
muckle stir about that collishangy in the Park there.

*Enter* MAXWELL, and Officers.

*Maxwell.* Friends, can you direct me to one Master  
Andrew Skirliewhitter, a scrivener, hereabouts ?

*Rich.* Troth, can we, sir ; and a precious knave he  
is !

*Maxwell.* You may say that, friend. I have a war-  
rant against his person, and that of the proud Lord  
Dalgarno, for being accessaries to the murder of old  
Trapbois.

*Rich.* Say ye sae?—Then I'se alang wi' ye. I hae some interest in that same Trapbois, and will direct you to the scriviner.—Just stap out, and we'll follow.—*[Exeunt Maxwell and Officers.]*—Lowestoffe, will ye alang?

*Lowes.* Aye, to be sure; for a dinner, or a fray, a true templar is always ready.

*Rich.* And I was born and bred where cracked crouns are plentier than hail anes. By my certie! for a bicker, or a collishangy, there's nane can match the lads o' Auld Reekie. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—*Interior of Hempseed's Cottage.—A large window, through which the moon is seen.*

*Enter HEMPSEED.*

*Hemp.* What devil's deed has Dalgarno now in hand? But it's easy to guess—bright eyes, black locks, and a fair cheek;—and it's also easy to guess why the maid is sent here, where a shriek would no more be heard, than at the depth of five hundred fathoms beneath the ground. *(Opens a side door.)*

*Enter MARGARET RAMSAY.*

*Marg.* Tell me, tell me in 'mercy, what is to be the conclusion of the violence that has forced me here? Oh, take ransom, and have mercy! Gold will give thee pleasure, but to destroy me would only bring remorse. My father will satisfy your utmost wishes. Yet, ere it be too late, have pity, and do not wrong a helpless, a broken-hearted creature.

*Hemp.* You plead in vain, young woman. You have to deal with those who have neither scruples nor pity. Farewell.—*(Going.)*

*Marg.* Oh, stay, stay; Your age,—your presence may be some protection.

*Hemp.* The presence of an angel would be no protection against Dalgarno.

*Marg.* Dalgarno!



*Hemp.* Aye, Dalgarno ; even now is eye his upon you.—(*DALGARNO opens the door.*)—And even if I had the will, I possess not the power to save ye. His myrmidons are near ; and though your promises are great, and might tempt a man not so needy as myself,—yet promises are but words—words but breath—and the performance—

*Dal.* (*Advances, and throws down a Furse.*) Doubtful when delayed. There, take thy reward, and leave us.

*Marg.* No, no ; do not leave us. For Heaven's sake do not depart !

*Dal.* (*Presenting a pistol at Hempseed.*) Another instant, and it is thy last. Obey my orders quickly, or fear my vengeance.

*Hemp.* You may repent this, haughty lord, ere long.

[*Exit. Dalgarno bolts the door.*]

*Marg.* In mercy speak, what is to be my fate? (*kneels.*)

*Dal.* Kneel not to me, fair lady ; you are in the presence of your captive, and not your jailor. From those bright eyes Dalgarno must receive that doom, which you fear from him.

*Marg.* Oh, my Lord Dalgarno, what wouldst thou with me ? There can be nought in common betwixt us. You are a nobleman, howe'er unworthy of the rank, is the deed you have now committed. I, the daughter of a lowly, but an honest man. Thy wife thou can'st not make me ; and though thy insolence of pride and power may help to dazzle a weak woman's heart, never, so help me Heaven, shall the cheek of my parent be mantled with a blush !—Never shall the tear dim his eye, for the misdoings of his child !—Let me pass, my lord.

*Dal.* Well and bravely preached, fair lady.—Now hear me : I have hitherto spoken mildly. Provoke me, and my language shall be that of the conqueror. Weak as ye are, your cunning has dared to thwart my intentions ; and by plotting with Hermione, made me thy deadly foe.—Note the result. Foiled, vanquished, you are now my prisoner ; yet forbearing to exert my power, if, under shelter of the night, you fly to Scotland,—wealth and unbounded pleasure shall be yours ;—if you refuse, force shall obtain what you deny to my entreaties.

*Marg.* Stand back, my Lord,—stand back. My strength indeed you may subdue, for Heaven made woman weak, and trusted her defence to man;—but aloud I will proclaim thee to the world, and every noble shall hold thee in abhorrence, thou stain to knight-hood!

*Dal.* Keen-witted girl;—strange that a heart so cold to me, should beat so warmly for Glenvarloch. Start not:—another lover might feel jealousy while he touched that string; but my purpose is not to be crossed by a passion so puerile—so hopeless. He is in my power, and ere this time surrounded by my emissaries.

*Marg.* Save him! save him!—In mercy save him!

*Dal.* I can,—I will!—But your love alone can purchase his protection. I am not the romantic fool, to avert the fate of him who stood between me and my hopes. Again I utter, in my hands is his fate. Consent, and Nigel lives,—refuse, he dies, and you not nearer to your freedom.

*Marg.* No, no, you do not mean it;—your intentions cannot be so cruel.

*Dal.* Flatter yourself with that hope till you find it fail. I hate Glenvarloch;—revenge is a banquet for the gods. Still shall it be mine, and thus by force—

*Marg.* Hold! hold!—mercy! mercy!—Is there no help? my screams—

*Dal.* Your screams are vain. Nor Heaven, nor man, can save thee now.—(As he is rushing towards her, Colepepper fires.—He falls dead.)

*Marg.* Gracious Heaven! he is murdered!

*Enter* CAPTAIN COLEPEPPER, BLACK FELTHAM, and  
DICK SHAKEBAG.

*Cole.* Seize the girl, while I search for the money.—  
Feltham, fasten the door.

*Marg.* Merciful Heaven! for what am I reserved?  
In mercy let me depart.

*Cole.* No; be silent, and you are safe. But here

must you abide, till my good friends and I are Eastward Hoe!—(*Horn without.*) What's that? Look out, Feltham.

*Felth.* 'Tis Hémipseed's whistle. I hear the sound of many feet.

*Marg.* Ha! then succour's near.—Help! help!

*Cole.* Silence! or this shall—

*Max.* (*Without.*) This way! 'Tis down this path.

*Rich.* (*Without.*) Na, I'll gang down this gate.

*Felth.* There's no time to lose. Dead men tell no tales, nor women either.

*Cole.* I would not like to destroy the girl.

*Rich.* (*Without.*) I'm no right yet, I'm thinking.

*Cole.* They are at hand—it must be so. Let's strike ere she suspect us.—Do you the deed, Feltham. Since the last shot, my hand trembles—

*Felth.* And your heart too. No matter, I'll—(*As he is about to stab Margaret*—)

*Enter* RICHIE MONIPLIES.

*Rich.* Stand back! ye damn'd scoundrel!—The first man o' ye that offers to wrang the bonnie lassie in my presence, deil hae me, but I'll crack his crown.

*Cole.* He is but one,—upon him!—(*As they are rushing upon Richie, Maxwell, Lowestoffe, and Officers enter, who secure the robbers.—Richie knocks down Colepepper.*)

*Loves.* Bravo, Richie, man, there lies sin, felled like an ox.

*Rich.* It's no the first ox I've fell'd; but there's nae reason ye suld upbraid me wi' my up-bringing, Maister Lowestoffe.—But there's nae time to crack jests now.—Here's Lord Dalgarno, murdered, and bonnie Mistress Margaret, in a swoon,—haste wi' her to some safe place.—(*Maxwell bears her off.*)—My freend Collepepper's mair frighten'd than hurt, but wull ye use yer shanks, or wull we try to mak ye.—(*The Officers raise Colepepper, and bear him off.*)

*Loves.* What will we do with his gay Lordship here, —at last he is quiet?

*Rich.* Then, dinna ye disturb him wi' yer irreverend jests.—He was the last o' an auld and honourable house; and wi' a' his fauts, was as brave as the very

deevil.—Here, help me to carry him frae this den.—  
*(They attempt to raise Dalgarno's body.)*—Eh! he's a  
 heavy load o' iniquity; so we'll leave him and auld  
 cloutie to settle accounts wi' ane anither. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in the Tower.*

*Enter NIGEL, reading a paper.*

*Nigel.* Justly they exonerate me from a charge of  
 treason against his majesty, but still doom me to pun-  
 ishment for striking that villain Dalgarno, within the  
 precincts of the court.—Well, my fortitude shall not  
 desert me. *(Noise.)* What! new intrusion!

*Enter GEORGE HERIOT.*

—Ha! My good friend, Master Heriot!

*Heriot.* No courtesies to me, my Lord, I come not  
 for them.

*Nigel.* What new offence have I committed?

*Heriot.* Demand me nothing, my Lord, but tell me  
 at once, what is become of Margaret Ramsay? Where  
 is she carried?

*Nigel.* Gracious heaven! come you to ask a prisoner  
 of Margaret's safety?

*Heriot.* She's gone. One Mrs Suddlechop, who, it  
 appears, has been your go-between, has lured her from  
 the house of her father.—Affect surprise as you will,  
 my Lord, 'tis true; and were you at liberty, I would  
 allow you the odds of your youth, and make you deep-  
 ly repent having injured the honour of George Heriot.

*Enter KING JAMES, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, MAX-  
 WELL, MARGARET RAMSAY, and Attendants.*

*King.* Jingling Geordie, how daur ye presume to put  
 yoursel into siccan a damn'd passion! I'll allow naebody  
 to be in a passion here but mysel! But tak yer god-  
 daughter, safe and sound frae our hands, and then hear

yer ain true soveriegn's lawfu' decision. This maiden petitioned in an honest way, for the Glenvarlochides.—A thought occurred to us, that we wad shut them up in the same prison cage thegither, and listen wi' our ain royal lugs to their discourse, my Lord Nigel.—The puir lassie's breaking her heart for you, man; she has suffered much to save you,—mair, Jingling Geordie, than ye ken o' yet.—Nigel, we feel that you deserve our love; and so, instead o' taking yer right hand frae ye, we allow it to remain *in statu quo ante bellum*,—adding this bonnie lassie inti' the bargain.

*Nigel.* (*Kneeling with Margaret.*) My liege, never, but with life, shall the gratitude of Nigel cease.

*Rich.* (*Sings without.*)

“ Here's a health to the King,  
Wi' his malmsey nose !”

*King.* My malmsey nose !

*Rich.* “ Here's a health to the King,  
Wi' his malmsey nose,  
And his ale dripped hose—  
And sing hey ding-ading.”

*King.* What the deevil's a' that din for ?

*Enter* RICHIE MONIPLIES.

*Heriot.* Know ye the presence, sirrah ?

*King.* Whisht ! Geordie, whisht !—Why this is Moniplies !

*Rich.* O' Castle Collops, West Port, Embro'.—His Majesty kens me.

*King.* Troth do I freend, and reason hae I,—for ye saved my balas rubies.

*Heriot.* Which were pledged with the murdered usurer, Trapbois.

*King.* But tell me, honest man, how you cam by these rubies,—tell me that ?

*Rich.* Frae my ain true wife, wha now waits without to be presented to yer Majesty in her bridal gear.

*King.* Bring her before us.

*Rich.* What, ho ! Mistress Moniplies ! come into the sacred presence.

*Enter MARTHA, Dressed in Black Velvet, and LOWESTOFFE.*

May I sifflicate yer Majesty to be gracious unto her ?

*King.* Saul o' our body ! but she looks wondrous grim.—How the deevil did you come by her, man ?

*Rich.* In the auld Scottish fashion, my liege. She is the captive o' my bow and my spear. There was a convention that she should wed me when I avenged her feyther's death,—so I went forth,—slew,—and took possession.

*Martha.* Peace ! I prythee, peace ! Let us do that for which we came.—(*Producing parchments.*) I take this royal presence, and all here to witness, that I restore the ransomed lordship of Glenvarloch to the right owner, as free as ever it was held by any of his ancestors.

*Loves.* I, so please you, witnessed the redemption of the mortgage ; but I little dreamt by whom it had been redeemed.

*Rich.* Nae need ye should ; there wad hae been sma' wisdom in crying roast meat.

*Martha.* (*Giving a Paper to Nigel.*) This paper is also your property.

*King.* Body o' me ! Our sign manual for the money, which was sae lang out o' sight. I command ye tell me—

*Rich.* May it please yer Majesty, my deceased gude-feyther, though a gude carefu' man in the main, had a touch o' warldly wisdom about him, that at times marred the uprightness o' his walk. He liked to dabble amang his neebour's gear, and some o't wad at times stick to his fingers in the handling.

*Martha.* For shame ! For shame !—Since the infamy of the deed must be told, be it at least briefly.—(*To Nigel.*) Yes, my Lord ; the piece of gold was not the sole

bait which brought the miserable old man to your chamber that dreadful night.—His object, and he accomplished it, was to purloin this paper.—The wretched scrivener was with him that morning, and I doubt not, urged the doting old man to this villainy, to prevent the ransom of your estate. If there was a yet more powerful agent at the bottom of the conspiracy, God forgive it to him at this moment, for he is now where the crime must be answered!

*King.* Where is that scrivener?

*Max.* My liege, he is in custody.—He it was, in hopes to save himself, directed us where we might find the Lord Dalgarno, and rescue this fair lady.—He also confesses the truth of what the usurer's daughter has advanced.

*King.* Why, man, now ye hae married sic an eldorado, ye suld be ca'd Monypennies, and not Moniplies.

*Rich.* The Monypennies is a fine family, my liege; the only loss is, there are sae few o' the name.

*King.* Troth, Mistress Bride, for a fule,—for a fule, your gudeman has a ready wit,—a very ready wit.

*Martha.* There are fools who have no wit, and fools who have, and are great fools notwithstanding.—I was condemned to seek a protector, and I thank heaven that I have come by no worse.

*King.* Sensibly said, Mistress Martha,—sensibly said;—and by my saul I'll try if I canna mak him better.—Kneel down, Richie.—Steenie, lend me your rapier,—hout, tout, man, dinna flash it out that gate, man, as if ye were about to rin it through me!—(*Putting the sword on Richie's left shoulder.*)

*Buck.* The right, your Majesty,—the right.

*King.* Ou ay, the right.—(*Strikes Richie awkwardly.*)—Rise up, Sir Richard Moniplies, o' the honourable house o' —

*Heriot.* Castle Collops—

*King.* Ou ay,—Castle Collops.—Ha! ha! ha!

*Rich.* (*Strutting into a corner.*) West Port, Embro'.

*King.* And now, my lords and lieges, let's awa', and see what the cooks hae been doing for us; for I daur say, by this time, the cocky-leekie's cooling.—But stop, Geordie; stop, my man.—We're a' fallible creatures,

Kings as weel as ither folks.—(To the audience.)—I hope our kind friends here will not only forgie mine, but a' the ither misdoings o' the night; and I trust they will tak our royal self, and the lieges here, under their most especial protection, in memory o' that freend to the ORPHAN and the FATHERLESS,

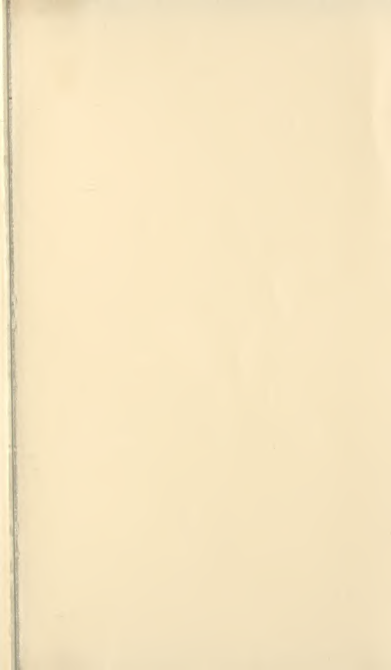
### HONEST GEORGE HERIOT.

FINIS.











x

