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My name is Norval : on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks !

DOUGLAS:

A

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BY THE REV. JOHN HOME.

WITH

DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE
WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS, AS PERFORMED AT
THE THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.



JOHN CAMERON,

WHOLESALE AND EXPORT MANUFACTURING
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47 YORK STREET GLASGOW.

The Lines distinguished by inverted commas, are omitted in
the Representation.



Stage Directions.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*, C. D. F. or M. D. *Centre Door in the Flat*; R. D. F. *Right Door in the Flat*; L. D. F. *Left Door in the Flat*, or the *Scene running across the back of the Stage*; R. S. E. *Right Second Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R. RC. C. LC. L.

The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage facing the Audience.

COSTUME

YOUNG NORVAL.—Flesh arms and legs—tartan sash—sandals, breast-plate—bonnet and feathers—sword, shield, kilt, &c.

LORD RANDOLPH.—Flesh arms and legs—sandals—kilt and sash—breast-plate—sword, bonnet, and feathers.

GLENALVON.—*Ibid.*

OLD NORVAL.—Light brown coat—peasant's bonnet—kilt—flowered waistcoat—shoes and buckles—Scotch stockings.

OFFICERS.—Flesh arms and legs—tin breast-plates—kilts—bonnets—swords and sashes.

PEASANTS.—Short brown jackets—kilts—sashes—bonnets—Scotch stockings—shoes.

LADY RANDOLPH.—Black velvet—black veil.

ANNA.—White muslin, trimmed with white satin.

DOUGLAS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Court of a Castle surrounded with Woods.*

Enter LADY RANDOLPH. L.

Lady. Ye woods and wilds, whose melancholy
gloom

Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth
The voice of sorrow from my bursting heart;
Farewell a while: I will not leave you long:
For in your shades I deem some spirit dwells,
Who from the chiding stream or groaning oak
Still hears and answers to Matilda's moan.

O Douglas! Douglas! if departed ghosts,
Are e'er permitted to review this world,
Within the circle of that wood thou art,
And, with the passion of immortals, hear'st
My lamentation; hear'st thy wretched wife
Weep for her husband slain, her infant lost.
My brother's timeless death I seem to mourn,
Who perish'd with thee on this fatal day:
'To thee I lift my voice: to thee address
'The 'plaint which mortal ear has never heard.'

Oh disregard me not: though I am call'd
Another's now, my heart is wholly thine.
Incapable of change, affection lies
Buried, my Douglas, in thy bloody grave.
But Randolph comes, whom fate has made my lord,
To chide my anguish, and defraud the dead.

Enter LORD RANDOLPH. R.

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

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

' This fatal day stirs my time-settled sorrow,
' Troubles afresh the fountain of my heart.'

Ran. ' When was it pure of sadness? These
black weeds

' Express the wonted colour of the mind,
' For ever dark and dismal. Seven long years
' Are pass'd since we were joined by sacred ties:
' Clouds all the while have hung upon thy brow,
' Nor broke nor parted by one gleam of joy.'
Time, that wears out the trace of deepest anguish,
' As the sea smooths the print made on the sand,'
Hath pass'd o'er thee in vain.

- ' *Lady.* If time to come
' Should prove as ineffectual, yet, my lord, [youth
' Thou canst not blame me. When our Scottish
' Vied with each other for my luckless love,
' Oft I besought them, I implor'd them all
' Not to assail me with my father's aid,
' Nor blend their better destiny with mine;
' For melancholy had congealed my blood,
' And froze affection in my chilly breast.
' At last, my sire, roused with the base attempt
' To force me from him, which thou render'dst
vain,
' To his own daughter bow'd his hoary head,
' Besought me to commiserate his age,
' And vow'd he should not, could not, die in peace,

' Unless he saw me wedded and secured
 ' From violence and outrage. Then, my lord,
 ' In my extreme distress, I call'd on thee;
 ' Thee I bespake; profess'd a strong desire
 ' To lead a single solitary life,
 ' And begg'd thy nobleness, not to demand
 ' Her for a wife whose heart was dead to love;—
 ' How thou persistedst after this thou know'st;
 ' And must confess that I am not unjust,
 ' No more to thee than to myself injurious.'

' *Ran.* That I confess; yet ever must regret
 ' The grief I cannot cure. Would ye were not
 ' Composed of grief and tenderness alone.
 ' But hadst a spark of other passions in thee,
 ' Pride, anger, vanity, the strong desire
 ' Of admiration, dear to womankind;
 ' These might contend with and allay thy grief,
 ' As meeting tides and currents smooth our frith.'

' *Lady.* To such a cause the human mind oft owes
 ' Its transient calm, a calm I envy not.' [colm:

' *Ran.* Sure thou art not the daughter of Sir Mal-
 ' Strong was his rage, eternal his resentment;
 ' For when thy brother fell, he smiled to hear
 ' That Douglas' son in the same field was slain.

' *Lady.* Oh! rake not up the ashes of my fathers:
 ' Implacable resentment was their crime,
 ' And grievous has the expiation been.

' Contending with the Douglas, gallant lives
 ' Of either house were lost; my ancestors
 ' Compell'd, at last, to leave their ancient seat
 ' On Tiviot's pleasant banks; and now of them
 ' No heir is left. Had they not been so stern,
 ' I had not been the last of all my race.'

' *Ran.* Thy grief wrests to its purposes my words,
 ' I never ask'd of thee that ardent love

Which in the breast of fancy's children burns;
 Decent affection and complacent kindness
 Were all I wish'd for; but I wish'd in vain.
 Hence with the less regret my eyes behold
 The storm of war that gathers o'er the land:
 If I should perish by the Danish sword,
 Matilda would not shed one tear the more.

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

Ran. Straight to the camp,
 Where every warrior on the tiptoe stands
 Of expectation, and impatient asks
 Each who arrives, if he is come to tell
 The Danes are landed.

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

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

Lady. ' War I detest but war with foreign foes,
 ' Whose manners, language, and whose looks are
 ' strange,
 ' Is not so horrid, nor to me so hateful
 ' As that which with our neighbours oft we wage.
 ' A river here there an ideal line
 ' By fancy drawn, divides the sister kingdoms.
 ' On each side dwells a people similar
 ' As twins are to each other valiant both,

'Both for their valour famous through the world:
 'Yet will they not unite their kindred arms.
 'And, if they must have war, wage distant war,
 'But with each other fight in cruel conflict.
 'Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,
 'The battle is their pastime. They go forth
 'Gay in the morning as to summer sport:
 'When evening comes, the glory of the morn,
 'The youthful warrior is a clod of clay.
 'Thus fall the prime of either hapless land;
 'And such the fruit of Scots and English wars.
 'Ran. I'll hear no more: this melody would make
 'A soldier drop his sword, and doff his arms,
 'Sit down and weep the conquest he has made:
 'Yea like a monk, sing rest and peace in heaven
 'To souls of warriors in his battles slain.'
 Lady, farewell; I leave thee not alone;
 Yonder comes one whose love makes duty light.

[Exit. R.]

Enter ANNA. L.

Ann. Forgive the rashness of your Anna's love;
 Urged by affection, I have thus presumed
 To interrupt your solitary thoughts:
 And warn you of the hours that you neglect,
 And lose in sadness.

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

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

Lady. Oh!

Ann. Have I distress'd you with officious love,

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

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

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

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

Ann. What means my noble mistress! [been

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

Ann. O! lady, most revered!
 The tale wrapt up in your amazing words
 Deign to unfold.

Lady. Alas! an ancient feud,
 Hereditary evil, was the source
 Of my misfortunes. Ruling fate decreed,
 That my brave brother should in battle save
 The life of Douglas' son, our house's foe:
 The youthful warriors vow'd eternal friendship.
 To see the vaunted sister of his friend,

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

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

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

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

Lady. In the first days
 Of my distracting grief, I found myself——
 As women wish to be who love their lords——

But who durst tell my father? The good priest
 Who join'd our hands, my brother's ancient tutor,
 With his loved Malcolm in the battle fell:
 They two alone were privy to the marriage.
 On silence and concealment I resolved,
 Till time should make my father's fortune mine,
 That very night on which my son was born,
 My nurse, the only confidant I had,
 Set out with him to reach her sister's house;
 But nurse nor infant have I ever seen,
 Or heard of, Anna, since that fatal hour.

My murder'd child! had thy fond mother fear'd
 ' The loss of thee, she had loud fame defied,
 ' Despised her father's rage, her father's grief,
 ' And wander'd with thee thro' the scorning world.

Ann. Not seen, or heard of! then perhaps he
 lives.

Lady. No. It was dark December; wind and rain
 Had beat all night. Across the Carron lay
 The destin'd road; and in its swelling flood
 My faithful servant perish'd with my child.
 ' Oh, hapless son! of a most hapless sire!
 ' But they are both at rest; and I alone
 ' Dwell in this world of woe, condemn'd to walk
 ' Like a guilt-troubled ghost, my painful rounds;
 ' Nor has despiteful fate permitted me
 ' The comfort of a solitary sorrow.
 ' Though dead to love, I was compell'd to wed
 ' Randolph, who snatch'd me from a villain's arms;
 ' And Randolph now possesses the domains,
 ' That by Sir Malcolm's death, on me devolved:
 ' Domains, that should to Douglas' son have given
 ' A baron's title, and a baron's power.
 ' Such were my soothing thoughts while I bewail'd
 ' The slaughter'd father of a son unborn;

' And when that son came, like a ray from heaven,
 ' Which shines and disappears; alas! my child,
 ' How long did thy fond mother grasp the hope
 ' Of having thee, she knew not how, restored!
 ' Year after year hath worn her hope away,
 ' But left still undiminish'd her desire.

' *Ann.* The hand that spins the uneven thread of
 life, [yours.

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

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

' Its various evils, and on whom they fall.

' Alas! how oft does goodness wound itself,

' And sweet affection prove the spring of woe?'

Oh! had I died when my loved husband fell!

Had some good angel op'd to me the book

Of Providence, and let me read my life,

My heart had broke, when I beheld the sum

Of ills, which, one by one, I have endured.

Ann. That power, whose ministers good angels
 Hath shut the book in mercy to mankind. [are,

But we must leave this theme: Glenalvon comes

I saw him bend on you his thoughtful eyes,

And hitherwards he slowly stalks his way.

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

Ann. Why speaks my lady thus of Randolph's
 heir?

Lady. Because he's not the heir of Randolph's
 Subtile and shrewd, he offers to mankind [virtues;
 An artificial image of himself:

And he with ease can vary, to the taste

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

' And master of his appetites, he seems:

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

' Watches to seize, unseen, the wished for prey.

'Never were vice and virtue poised so ill,
As in Glenalvon's unrelenting mind,'
Yet he is brave and politic in war,
And stands aloft in these unruly times.

Why I describe him thus, I'll tell hereafter:
Stay, and detain him till I reach the castle. (*Exit. L.*)

Ann. O happiness! where art thou to be found?
I see thou dwellest not with birth and beauty,
Tho' graced with grandeur, and in wealth array'd:
Nor dost thou, it would seem, with virtue dwell:
Else had this gentle lady miss'd thee not.

Enter GLENALVON. R.

Glen. What dost thou muse on, meditating maid,
Like some entranced and visionary seer,
On earth thou stand'st, thy thoughts ascend to
heaven. [*seer,*

Ann. Would that I were, e'en as thou say'st
To have my doubts by heavenly vision clear'd.

Glen. What dost thou doubt of? What hast
thou to do
With subjects intricate? Thy youth, thy beauty,
Cannot be question'd: Think of these good gifts;
And then thy contemplations will be pleasing.

Ann. Let women view yon monument of woe.
Then boast of beauty: who so fair as she?
But I must follow: this revolving day
Awakes the memory of her ancient woes. [*Exit. L.*

Glen. [*Solus.*] So! Lady Randolph shuns me: by
I'll woo her as the lion woos his bride. [*and by*
The deed's a-doing now, that makes me lord
Of these rich valleys, and a chief of power.
'The season is most apt; my sounding steps
Will not be heard amidst the din of arms.
Randolph has lived too long: his better fate
Had the ascendant once, and kept me down

When I had seized the dame, by chance he came,
Rescued and had the lady for his labour.

'scaped unknown! a slender consolation!
Heaven is my witness, that I do not love
To sow in peril, and let others reap
The jocund harvest. Yet I am not safe!
By love, or something like it, stung, inflamed,
Madly I blabb'd my passion to his wife,
And she has threatened to acquaint him of it.
The way of woman's will I do not know;
But well I know the baron's wrath is deadly.
I will not live in fear! the man I dread
Is as a Dane to me: ay, and the man
Who stands betwixt me and my chief desire.
No bar but he: she has no kinsman near
No brother in his sister's quarrel bold;
And for the righteous cause, a stranger's cause,
no chief that will defy Glenalvon. [*Exit. n.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Court, &c.*

*Enter SERVANTS and a STRANGER at one Door,
and LADY RANDOLPH and ANNA at another.*

Lady. What means this clamour? stranger,
speak secure;
Hast thou been wronged? have these rude men
presumed

To vex the weary traveller on his way?

1 Serv. By us no stranger ever suffer'd wrong.—
This man with outcry wild has call'd us forth;
So sore afraid he cannot speak his fears.

*Enter LORD RANDOLPH and NORVAL, with their
Swords drawn and bloody.*

Lady. Not vain the stranger's fears! how fares my lord?

Ran. That it fares well, thanks to this gallant youth

Whose valour saved me from a wretched death.
As down the winding dale I walked alone,
At the cross way four armed men attacked me;
Rovers I judge, from the licentious camp;
Who would have quickly laid Lord Randolph low,
Had not this brave and generous stranger come,
Like my good angel, in the hour of fate,
And, mocking danger, made my foes his own.
They turn'd upon him; but his active arm [more,
Struck to the ground, from whence they rose no
The fiercest two; the others fled amain,
And left him master of the bloody field.

Speak, Lady Randolph; upon beauty's tongue
Dwell accents pleasing to the brave and bold;
Speak, noble dame, and thank him for thy lord.

Lady. My lord, I cannot speak what now I feel,
My heart o'erflows with gratitude to heaven,
And to this noble youth, 'who all unknown
' To you, and yours, deliberated not,
' Nor paused at peril, but humanely brave,
' Fought on your side against such fearful odds.
Have you yet learn'd of him whom we should thank?
Whom call the saviour of Lord Randolph's life?

Ran. I ask'd that question and he answered not:
But I must know who my deliverer is. [*To Norval.*

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

Ran. Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is ennobled;
By the great King of kings! thou art ordained,
And stamp'd a here by the sovereign hand

Of nature! blush not, flower of modesty
As well as valour, to declare thy birth.

Norr. My name is Norval: on the Grampian
My father feeds his flocks: a frugal swain, [hills
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home:
For I had heard of battles, and I longed
To follow to the field some warlike lord;
And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.
This moon, which rose last night, round as my
shield,

Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took; then hastened to my friends,
Whom with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led.
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.

We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn
An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
The shepherd's slothful life; and, having heard
That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps;
Yon trembling coward who forsook his master.
Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these towers,
And, heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

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

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

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

Norr. I know not how to thank you. Rude I am
 In speech and manners: never till this hour,
 Stood I in such a presence; yet, my lord, [bold
 There's something in my breast which makes me
 To say, that Norval ne'er will shame this favour.

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

Ran. Well hast thou spoke. Let me forbid
reply; [To *Norval*

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

Norv. Let us be gone, my lord.

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

[*Exeunt Randolph and Norval. R.*

**Lady.* His parting words have struck a fatal
truth.

- * Oh, Douglas! Douglas! tender was the time
- * When we two parted, ne'er to meet again;
- * How many years of anguish and despair;
- * Has heaven annexed to those swift-passing hours
- * Of love and fondness! Then my bosom's flame
- * Oft as blown back by the rude breath of fear,

‘ Return’d, and with redoubled ardour blazed.

‘ *Ann.* May gracious Heaven pour the sweet
balm of peace

‘ Into the wounds that fester on your breast!

‘ For earthly consolation cannot cure them.

‘ *Lady.* Only one cure can heaven itself bestow;

‘ A grave—that bed in which the weary rest.’

Wretch that I am! alas! why am I so?

At every happy parent I repine!

How blest the mother of yon gallant Norval!

She for a living husband bore her pains,

And heard him bless her when a man was born:

She nursed her smiling infant on her breast;

Tended the child, and rear’d the pleasing boy;

She, with affection’s triumph, saw the youth

In grace and comeliness surpass his peers:

Whilst I to a dead husband bore a son,

And to the roaring waters gave my child!

Ann. Alas! alas! why will you thus resume

Your grief afresh? I thought that gallant youth

Would for a while have won you from your woe.

On him intent you gazed, with a look

Much more delighted, than your pensive eye

Has delgn’d on other subjects to bestow.

Lady. Delighted, say’st thou? Oh! even there
mine eye

Found fuel for my life-consuming sorrow.

I thought, that had the son of Douglas lived,

He might have been like this young gallant
stranger,

‘ And peer’d with him in features and in shape.

‘ In all endowments, as in years, I deem, [ber’d.’

My boy with blooming Norval might have num-

While thus I mused, a spark from fancy fell

On my sad breast, and kindled up a fondness

For this young stranger, wandering from his home,
And, like an orphan, cast upon my care.

I will protect thee (said I to myself)

With all my power, and grace with all my favour.

Ann. Sure Heaven will bless so generous a resolve.

You must, my noble dame, exert your power:

You must awake: devices will be framed,

And arrows pointed at the breast of Norval.

Lady. Glenalvon's false and crafty head will work

Against his rival in a kinsman's love,

If I deter him not, I only can.

Bold as he is, Glenalvon will beware

How he pulls down the fabric that I raise.

I'll be the artist of young Norval's fortune.

'Tis pleasing to admire: most apt was I

To this affection in my better days;

Though now I seem to you shrunk up, retired

Within the narrow compass of my woe.

Have you not sometimes seen an early flower

Open its bud, and spread its silken leaves,

To catch sweet airs, and odours to bestow:

Then by the keen blast nipt, pull in its leaves,

And, though still living, die to scent and beauty?

Emblem of me: affliction, like a storm,

Hath killed the forward blossom of my heart.'

Enter GLENALVON. L.

Glen. Where is my dearest kinsman, noble
Randolph? [base—

Lady. Have you not heard, Glenalvon, of the
Glen. I have; and that the villains may not
'scape

With a strong band I have begirt the wood.

If they lurk there, alive they shall be taken,

And torture force from them the important secret,
Whether some foe of Randolph hired their swords,
Or if——

Lady. That care becomes a kinsman's love—
I have a counsel for Glenalvon's ear (*Exit Anna.*)

Glen. To him your counsels always are commands.

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

Glen. Known!

Lady. And most certain is my cause of knowledge.

Glen. What do you know? By the most blessed
You much amaze me! No created being, [cross,
Yourself except, durst thus accost Glenalvon.

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

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

Lady. Reserve these accents for some other ear,
To love's apology I listen not.

Mark thou my words; for it is meet thou shouldst.

His brave deliverer Randolph here retains.
Perhaps his presence may not please thee well;
But, at thy peril, practise aught against him:
Let not thy jealousy attempt to shake
And loosen the good root he has in Randolph;
Whose favorites I know thou hast supplanted.
Thou look'st at me as if thou fain wouldst pry
Into my heart. 'Tis open as my speech:
I give this early caution, and put on
The curb, before thy temper breaks away.
The friendless stranger my protection claims;
His friend I am, and be not thou his foe. (*Exit.*
Glen. Child that I was to start at my own shadow,
And be the shallow fool of coward conscience!
I am not what I have been! what I should be.
The darts of destiny have almost pierced
My marble heart. Had I one grain of faith
In holy legends and religious tales,
I should conclude there was an arm above
That fought against me, and malignant turn'd,
To catch myself, the subtile snare I set.
Why, rape and murder are not simple means!
Th' imperfect rape to Randolph gave a spouse;
And the intended murder introduced
A favourite to hide the sun from me;
And, worst of all, a rival. Burning hell!
This were thy centre, if I thought she loved him!
'Tis certain she contemns me; nay commands me,
And waves the flag of her displeasure o'er me,
In his behalf. And shall I thus be braved?
Curb'd, as she calls it, by dame Chastity.
Infernal fiends, if any fiends there are
More fierce than love, ambition, and revenge.
Rise up, and fill my bosom with your fires,
'And policy remorseless! Chance may spoil

'A single aim ; but perseverance must
 'Prosper at last. For chance and fate are words ;
 'Persistive wisdom is the fate of man.'
 Darkly a project peers upon my mind,
 Like the red moon when rising in the east,
 Cross'd and divided by strange-colour'd clouds.
 I'll seek the slave who came with Norval hither
 And for his cowardice was spurn'd from him ;
 I've known a follower's rankled bosom breed
 Venom most fatal to his heedless lord. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A court, &c. as before.

Enter ANNA. L.

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

Enter SERVANT. R.

SERV. One of the vile assassins is secured.
 We found the villain lurking in the wood :
 With dreadful imprecations he denies
 All knowledge of the crime. But this is not

His first essay; these jewels were conceal'd
In the most secret places of his garment;
Belike the spoils of some one he has murder'd.

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

[*Exit. L.*

Enter SERVANTS with the PRISONER.

Pris. I know no more than does the child un-
Of what you charge me with. [born

1 Serv. You say so, sir!

But torture soon will make you speak the truth.
Behold the lady of Lord Randolph comes;
Prepare yourself to meet her just revenge.

Enter LADY RANDOLPH and ANNA.

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

Lady. Thou shalt behold me with a desperate
heart,

Hear how my infant perish'd. See he kneels.

[*The PRISONER kneels.*

Pris. Heaven bless that countenance, so sweet
and mild;

A judge like thee makes innocence more bold.
O save me, lady! from these cruel men,
Who have attack'd and seized me; who accuse
Me of intended murder. As I hope
For mercy at the judgment-seat of God,
The tender lamb that never nipt the grass,
Is not more innocent than I of murder.

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

1 Serv. We found him lurking in the hollow glen

When view'd and call'd upon amazed he fled ;
 We overtook him, and inquired from whence
 And what he was? He said he came from far,
 And was upon his journey to the camp.
 Not satisfied with this, we search'd his clothes,
 And found these jewels, whose rich value plead
 Most powerfully against him. Hard he seems,
 And old in villany. Permit us to try
 His stubbornness against the torture's force.

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

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

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

[ANNA removes the SERVANTS and returns.

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

Lady. O, Anna, hear! Once more I charge thee
 speak

The truth direct, for these to me foretell
 And certify a part of thy narration ;
 With which, if the remainder tallies not,
 An instant and a dreadful death awaits thee.

Pris. Then thus adjured I'll speak to thee as just
 As if you were the minister of heaven,
 Sent down to search the secret sins of men.—
 Some eighteen years ago, I rented land
 Of brave Sir Malcolm, then Balarmo's lord ;
 But falling to decay, his servants seized

All that I had, and then turn'd me and mine,
(Four helpless infants and their weeping mother)
Out to the mercy of the winter winds.

A little hovel by the river side
Received us: there hard labour, and my skill
In fishing, which was formerly my sport,
Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly lived,
One stormy night, as I remember well,
The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof;
Red came the river down, and loud and oft
The angry spirit of the water shriek'd;
At the dead hour of night was heard the cry
Of one in jeopardy. I rose and ran
To where the circling eddy of a pool,
Beneath the ford, used oft to bring within
My reach whatever floating thing the stream
Had caught. The voice was ceased; the person
But looking sad and earnest on the waters, [lost,
By the moon's light I saw, whirl'd round and
A basket; soon I drew it to the bank. [round,
And, nestled curious there an infant lay.

Lady. Was he alive?

Pria. He was.

Lady. Inhuman that thou art! [spared?
How couldst thou kill what waves and tempests

Pria. I was not so inhuman.

Lady. Didst thou not?

Ann. My noble mistress, you are moved too
much,

'This man has not the aspect of stern murder;

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

'Good tidings of your kinsman's long-lost child.'

Pria. The needy man, who has known better
One whom distress has spited at the world, [days,
Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon

To do such deeds, as make the prosperous men
Lift up their hands, and wonder who could do
And such a man was I; a man declined, [them.
Who saw no end of black adversity:

Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not
Have touch'd that infant with a hand of harm.

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

Pris. Not many days ago he was alive.

Lady. O God of heaven! did he then die so
lately?

Pris. I did not say he died; I hope he lives.

Not many days ago these eyes beheld
Him, flourishing in youth and health, and beauty.

Lady. Where is he now?

Pris. Alas! I know not where. [speak

Lady. O fate I fear thee still. Thou riddler
Direct and clear, else I will search thy soul.

'*Ann.* Permit me, ever honour'd! keen impa-
tience,

'Though hard to be restrain'd, defeats itself.—

'Pursue thy story with a faithful tongue,

'To the last hour that thou didst keep the child.'

Pris. Fear not my faith, though I must speak my
Within the cradle where the infant lay, [shame.

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

Tempted by which, we did resolve to hide

From all the world this wonderful event,

And like a peasant bred the noble child.

That none might mark the change of our estate,

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

Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought

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

Beheld our avarice, and smote us sore;

For one by one all our own children died,

And he, the stranger, sole remain'd the heir

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

Lady. Eternal Providence! what is thy name;

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

Lady. 'Tis he! 'tis he himself! it is my son!

O sovereign mercy! 'twas my child I saw!

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

'*Ann.* Just are your transports: ne'er was wo-
 man's heart

'Proved with such fierce extremes. High-fated

'But yet remember that you are beheld

'By servile eyes: your gestures may be seen [heard.

'Impassion'd strange; perhaps your words o'er-

'*Lady.* Well dost thou counsel, Anna: Heaven
 bestow

'On me that wisdom which my state requires.

'*Ann.* The moments of deliberation pass,

'And soon you must resolve. This useful man

'Must be dismiss'd in safety, ere my lord

'Shall with his brave deliverer return.'

Pris. If I, amidst astonishment and fear,
 Have of your words and gestures rightly judged,
 Thou art the daughter of my ancient master;

The child I rescued from the flood is thine.

Lady. With thee dissimulation now were vain,
I am indeed the daughter of Sir Malcom;
The child thou rescuedst from the flood is mine.

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

Lady. Thy words surprise me! sure thou dost
not feign!

The tear stands in thine eye! such love from thee
Sir Malcom's house deserved not, if aright
Thou told'st the story of thine own distress.

Pris. Sir Malcom of our barons was the flower;
The fastest friend, the best, the kindest master:
But, ah! he knew not of my sad estate.

After that battle, where his gallant son,
Your own brave brother fell, the good old lord
Grew desperate, and reckless of the world:

And never, as he erst was wont, went forth
To overlook the conduct of his servants.

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

Lady. His race shall yet reward thee. On thy
faith

Depends the fate of thy loved master's house.
Remember'st thou a little lonely hut,
That like a holy hermitage appears,
Among the cliffs of Carron?

Pris. I remember
The cottage of the cliffs.

Lady. 'Tis that I mean;
There dwells a man of venerable age,
Who in my father's service spent his youth:
Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain
Till I shall call upon thee to declare,

Before the king and nobles, what thou now
 To me hast told. No more but this, and thou
 Shalt live in honour all thy future days ;
 Thy son so long, shall call thee father still,
 And all the land shall bless the man who saved
 The son of Douglas, and Sir Malcolm's heir.
 Remember well my words ; If thou shouldst meet
 Him, whom thou call'st thy son, still call him so ;
 And mention nothing of his noble father.

Pris. Fear not that I shall mar so fair an
 harvest,

By putting in my sickle ere 'tis ripe.
 Why did I leave my home and ancient dame?
 To find the youth, to tell him all I knew,
 And make him wear these jewels on his arms,
 Which might, I thought, be challenged, and so
 bring
 To light the secret of his noble birth.

LADY RANDOLPH goes towards the SERVANTS
Lady. This man is not th' assassin you suspected,
 Though chance combined some likelihoods against
 him ;

He is the faithful bearer of the jewels
 To their right owner, whom in haste he seeks.
 'Tis meet that you should put him on his way,
 Since your mistaken zeal hath dragged him hither

Exeunt STRANGER and SERVANTS.

My faithful Anna! dost thou share my joy?
 Know thou dost. Unparallel'd event!
 Teaching from heaven to earth, Jehovah's arm
 snatch'd from the waves, and brings to me my son!
 Judge of the widow, and the orphan's father,
 except a widow's and a mother's thanks
 for such a gift! What does my Anna think
 of the young eaglet of valiant nest?

How soon he gazed on bright and burning arms,
Spurn'd the low dunghill where his fate had thrown
him,

And tower'd up to the region of his sire!

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

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

Ann. With wary caution you must bear your-
self

In public, lest your tenderness break forth,
And in observers stir conjectures strange.

For if a cherub, in the shape of woman,
Should walk this world, yet defamation would,
Like a vile cur, bark at the angel's train——
To-day the baron started at your tears.

Lady. He did so, Anna! well thy mistress
knows

If the least circumstance, mote of offence,
Should touch the baron's eye, his sight would be
With jealousy disorder'd. 'But the more
'It does behove me instant to declare
'The birth of Douglas, and assert his rights.
'This night I purpose with my son to meet,
'Reveal the secret, and consult with him:
'For wise is he, or my fond judgment errs.
'As he does now, so look'd his noble father,

' Array'd in nature's ease ; his mien, his speech,
 ' Were sweetly simple, and full oft deceived
 ' These trivial mortals who seem always wise.
 ' But, when the matter match'd his mighty mind
 ' Up rose the hero ; on his piercing eye
 ' Sat observation ; on each glance of thought
 ' Decision follow'd as the thunderbolt
 Pursues the flash.'

Ann. That demon haunts you still ;
 Behold Glenalvon.

Lady. Now I shun him not.
 This day I braved him in behalf of Norval :
 Perhaps too far : at least my nicer fears
 For Douglas thus interpret. *[Exit ANNA, L.*
Enter GLENALVON, R.

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

' *Lady.* But whence comes this intelligence,
 Glenalvon ?

' *Glen.* A nimble courier, sent from yonder
 camp,

' To hasten up the chieftains of the north,
 ' Inform'd me as he pass'd, that the fierce Dane
 ' Had on the eastern coast of Lothian landed,
 ' Near to the place where the sea-rock immense,
 ' Amazing Bass, looks o'er a fertile land.

' *Lady.* Then must this western army march to
 join

' The warlike troops that guard Edina's towers.

' *Glen.* Beyond all question. If impaired time
 ' Has not effaced the image of a place
 ' Once perfect in my breast, there is a wild

' Which lies to westward of that mighty rock,
 ' And seems by nature formed for the camp
 ' Of water-wafted armies, whose chief strength
 ' Lies in firm foot, unflank'd with warlike horse.
 ' If martial skill directs the Danish lords,
 ' There inaccessible their army lies
 ' To our swift scouring horse; the bloody field
 ' Must man to man and foot to foot be fought.'

Lady. How many mothers shall bewail their sons!

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

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

Lady. I scorn thee not, but when I ought to
 scorn,

Nor e'er reproach'd, but when insulted virtue
 Against audacious vice asserts herself.

I own thy worth, Glenalvon, none more apt
 Than I to praise thine eminence in arms,
 And be the echo of thy martial fame.

No longer vainly feed a guilty passion:

Go and pursue a lawful mistress, Glory.

Upon the Danish crests redeem thy fault,
 And let thy valour be the shield of Randolph.

Glen. One instant stay, and hear an alter'd man,
 When beauty pleads for virtue, vice, abashed,

Flies its own colours, and goes o'er to virtue.
 I am your convert: time will show how truly:
 Yet one immediate proof I mean to give.
 That youth, for whom your ardent zeal to-day,
 Somewhat too haughtily, defied your slave,
 Amidst the shock of armies I'll defend,
 And turn death from him with a guardian arm
 Sedate by use, my bosom maddens not
 ' At the tumultuous uproar of the field.

Lady. Act thus, Glenalvon, and I am thy friend;
 But that's thy least reward. Believe me, sir,
 The truly generous is the truly wise; [*Lady R., L.*
 And he who loves not others lives unblest. [*Exit*
Glen. [*Solus.*] Amen! and virtue is its own
 reward!

I think, that I have hit the very tone
 In which she loves to speak. Honey'd assent,
 How pleasing art thou to the taste of man,
 And woman also! Flattery direct
 Seldom disgusts. They little know mankind
 Who doubt its operation; 'tis my key,
 And opes the wicket of the human heart.
 How far I have succeeded now, I know not;
 Yet I incline to think her stormy virtue
 Is lull'd awhile; 'tis her alone I fear:
 Whilst she and Randolph live, and live in faith
 And amity, uncertain is my tenure.

Fate o'er my head suspends disgrace and death,
 By that weak hair, a peevish female's will.

I am not idle; but the ebbs and flows
 ' Of fortune's tide cannot be calculated.'
 That slave of Norval's I have found most apt:
 I show'd him gold, and he has pawn'd his soul
 To say and swear whatever I suggest.
 Norval, I'm told, has that alluring look,

'Twixt man and woman, which I have observed
 To charm the nicer and fantastic dames,
 Who are, like Lady Randolph, full of virtue.
 In raising Randolph's jealousy, I may
 But point him to the truth. He seldom errs
 Who thinks the worst he can of womankind.

[Exit

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Court. Flourish of Trumpets.

Enter LORD RANDOLPH, attended, L.

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

Enter LADY RANDOLPH.

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

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

Lady. Dreadful times!

Ran. The fenceless villages are all forsaken;
 The trembling mothers and their children lodged
 In wall-girt towers and castles; whilst the men
 Retire indignant. Yet, like broken waves,
 They but retire more awful to return.

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

Ran. Were it as numerous as loud fame reports,
 An army knit like ours would pierce it through.

Brothers, that shrink not from each other's side,
 And fond companions, fill our warlike files;
 For his dear offspring, and the wife he loves,
 The husband, and the fearless father arm:
 In vulgar breast heroic ardour burns,
 And the poor peasant mates his daring lord.

Lady. Men's minds are temper'd, like their
 swords, for war;
 'Lovers of dangers, on destruction's brink
 'They joy to rear erect their daring forms;
 Hence, early graves; hence the lone widow's life,
 And the sad mother's grief-embitter'd age.
 Where is our gallant guest?

Roa. Down in the vale
 I left him managing a fiery steed,
 Whose stubbornness had foil'd the strength and
 skill

Of every rider. But behold he comes,
 In earnest conversation with Glenalvon.

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

Norc. Small is the skill my lord delights to
 praise
 In him he favours. Hear from whence it came:
 Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote
 And inaccessible, by shepherds trod,
 In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
 A hermit lived; a melancholy man!

Who was the wonder of our wandering swains :
 Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
 Did they report him ; the cold earth his bed,
 Water his drink, his food the shepherd's alms.
 I went to see him, and my heart was touch'd
 With reverence and pity. Mild he spake.
 And, entering on discourse, such stories told,
 As made me oft revisit his sad cell :
 For he had been a soldier in his youth ;
 And fought in famous battles, when the peers
 Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,
 Against th' usurping Infidel display'd
 The blessed cross, and won the Holy Land :
 Pleased with my admiration, and the fire
 His speech struck from me, the old man would
 shake

His years away, and act his young encounters :
 Then, having show'd his wounds, he'd sit him
 down,

And all the live-long day discourse of war.
 To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
 He cut the figures of the marshall'd hosts ;
 Described the motions, and explain'd the use
 Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line,
 The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm :
 For all that Saracen or Christian knew
 Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

'*Ben.* Why did this soldier in a desert hide
 Those qualities that should have graced a camp ?

'*Norc.* That too at last I learned. Unhappy
 man !

'Returning homeward by Messina's port,
 Loaded with wealth and honours bravely won,
 A rude and boist'rous captain of the sea
 Pasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought ;

'The stranger fell, and, with his dying breath,
'Declared his name and lineage. Mighty God!
'The soldier cried, My brother! oh, my brother!

'*Lady.* His brother!

'*Narr.* Yes; of the same parents born;

'His only brother. They exchanged forgiveness;
'And happy in my mind was he that died;

'For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.

'In the wild desert on a rock he sits,

'Or on some nameless stream's untrodden banks,

'And ruminates all day his dreadful fate.

'At times, alas! not in his perfect mind,

'Holds dialogues with his loved brother's ghost;

'And oft each night forsakes his sullen couch,

'To make sad orisons for him he slew.

'*Lady.* To what mysterious woes are mortals
born!

'In this dire tragedy, were there no more

'Unhappy persons? Did the parents live?

'*Narr.* No! they were dead; kind Heaven had
closed their eyes,

'Before their son had shed his brother's blood.

'*Ran.* Hard is his fate; for he was not to blame!

'There is a destiny in this strange world,

'Which oft decrees an undeserved doom:

'Let schoolmen tell us why.'

[*Trumpets at a distance.*

From whence these sounds?

Enter an OFFICER, R.

Off. My lord, the trumpets of the troops of Lorn;
Their valiant leader hails the noble Randolph.

Ran. Mine ancient guest! does he the warriors
lead?

Has Denmark roused the brave old knight to arms?

Of. No; worn with warfare, he resigns the sword;

His eldest hope, the valiant John of Lorn,
Now leads his kindred bands.

Ran. Glenalvon, go.

With hospitality's most strong request

Entreat the chief. [Exit GLENALVON, R.

Of. My lord, requests are vain.

He urges on, impatient of delay,

Stung with the tidings of the foe's approach.

Ran. May victory sit upon the warrior's plume!

Bravest of men; his flocks and herds are safe;

Remote from war's alarms his pastures lie,

By mountains inaccessibly secured;

Yet foremost he into the plain descends,

Eager to bleed in battles not his own.

Such were the heroes of the ancient world;

Contemners they of indolence and gain;

But still for love of glory and of arms,

Prono to encounter peril, and to lift

Against each strong antagonist the spear.

I'll go and press the hero to my breast.

[Exit with OFFICERS.

Lady. The soldier's loftiness, the pride and
pomp

Investing awful war, Norval, I see,

Transport thy youthful mind.

Norc. Ah, should they not?

Blest be the hour I left my father's house;

I might have been a shepherd all my days,

And staid obscurely to a peasant's grave.

Now if I live, with mighty chiefs I stand;

And, if I fall, with noble dust I lie.

Lady. There is a generous spirit in thy breast:

That could have well sustain'd a vrouder fortune,

Since lucky chance has left us here alone,
Unseen, unheard, by human eye or ear,
I will amaze thee with a wondrous tale,

Norr. Let there be danger, lady, with the secret,

That I may hug it to my grateful heart,
And prove my faith. Command my sword, my life;

These are the sole possessions of poor Norval.

Lady. Know'st thou these gems?

Norr. Durst I believe mine eyes,

I'd say I knew them, and they were my father's.

Lady. Thy father's sayst thou? ah! they were thy father's!

Norr. I saw them once, and curiously inquired
Of both my parents, whence such splendour came.
But I was check'd, and more could never learn.

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

Norr. Not Norval's son!

Lady. Nor of a shepherd sprung.

Norr. Lady, who am I, then?

Lady. Noble thou art,

For noble was thy sire.

Norr. I will believe——

Oh tell me further! Say, who is my father?

Lady. Douglas!

Norr. Lord Douglas whom to-day I saw?

Lady. His younger brother.

Norr. And in yonder camp?

Lady. Alas!

Norr. You make me tremble,—Sighs and tears
Lives my brave father?

Lady. Ah, too brave indeed!

He fell in battle ere thyself was born.

Norr. Ah me, unhappy! ere I saw the light!
But does my mother live? I may conclude,
From my own fate, her portion has been sorrow.

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

Norr. You that are skill'd so well in the sad
story,

Of my unhappy parents, and with tears
Bewail their destiny, now have compassion
Upon the offspring of the friends you loved,
Oh! tell me who and where my mother is!
Oppress'd by a base world, perhaps she bends
Beneath the weight of other ills than grief;
And, desolate, implores of heav'n the aid
Her son should give. It is, it must be so—
Your countenance confesses that she's wretched.
Oh, tell me her condition! Can the sword——
Who shall resist me in a parent's cause?

Lady. Thy virtue ends her wo.—My son, my
son!

'*Norr.* Art thou my mother?'

Lady. I am thy mother, and the wife of Douglas.
[Falls upon his neck.

Norr. O heaven and earth, how wondrous is
my fate!

Ever let me kneel!

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

Norr. Respect and admiration still possess me,
Checking the love and fondness of a son:
Yet I was filial to my humble parents.
But did my sire surpass the rest of men,
As thou excellest all of womankind?

Lady. Arise, my son. In me thou dost behold

The poor remains of beauty once admired:
 The autumn of my days are come already:
 For sorrow made my summer haste away.
 Yet in my prime I equal'd not thy father:
 His eyes were like the eagle's, yet sometimes
 Likier the dove's; and, as he pleased, he won
 All hearts with softness, or with spirit awed.

Norr. How did he fall? sure 'twas a bloody field
 When Douglas died! Oh, I have much to ask!

Lady. Hereafter thou shalt hear the lengthen'd
 tale

Of all thy father's, and thy mother's woes.
 At present this: thou art the rightful heir
 Of yonder castle, and the wide domains,
 Which now Lord Randolph, as my husband, holds.
 But thou shalt not be wronged. I have the power
 To right thee still. Before the king I'll kneel,
 And call Lord Douglas to protect his blood.

Norr. The blood of Douglas will protect itself.

Lady. But we shall need both friends and favour,
 boy,

To wrest thy lands and lordship from the gripe
 Of Randolph and his'kinsman. Yet I think
 My tale will move each gentle heart to pity,
 My life incline the virtuous to believe.

Norr. To be the son of Douglas is to me
 inheritance enough. Declare my birth,
 And in the field I'll seek for fame and fortune.

Lady. Thou dost not know what perils and in-
 justice

Await the poor man's valour. Oh, my son!
 The noblest blood in all the land's abash'd,
 Having no lackey but pale poverty.
 Too long hast thou been thus attended, Douglas;
 Too long hast thou been deem'd a peasant's child.

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

Norv. I will remember. Where is Norval now,
 That good old man?

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

Norv. Has he indeed? Then let yon false Glen-
 alvon

Beware of me.

[*Exit, L.*]

Lady. There burst the smother'd flame.—
 O thou all-righteous and eternal king!
 Who father of the fatherless art called,
 Protect my son!—Thy inspiration, Lord!
 Hath fill'd his bosom with that sacred fire,
 Which in the breasts of his forefathers burn'd;
 Set him on high like them, that he may shine
 The star and glory of his native land!
 Then let the minister of death descend,
 And bear my willing spirit to its place.

Yonder they come. How do bad women find
 Unchanging aspects to conceal their guilt,
 When I, by reason and by justice urged,
 Full hardly can dissemble with these men
 In nature's pious cause?

Enter LORD RANDOLPH and GLENALVON, R.

Ran. You gallant chief,
 Of arms enamour'd, all repose disclaims.

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

Ran. 'Tis so by Heav'n! her mein, her voice,
 her eye,
 And her impatience to begone confirm it.

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

Ran. For sad sequester'd virtue she's renown'd.

Glen. Most true, my lord.

Ran. Yet this distinguish'd dame
 Invites a youth, th' acquaintance of a day,
 Alone to meet her at the midnight hour.
 This assignation—[*Shows a letter.*] the assassin
 freed—

Her manifest affection for the youth,
 Might breed suspicions in a husband's brain,
 Whose gentle consort all for love had wedded;
 Much more in mine. Matilda never lov'd me.
 Let no man after me a woman wed,
 Whose heart he knows he has not; though she
 brings

A mine of gold, a kingdom for her dowry.
 For, let her seem, like the night's shadowy queen,
 Cold and contemplative—he cannot trust her;
 She may, she will, bring shame and sorrow on him;

The worst of sorrow and the worst of shames.

Glen. Yield not, my lord, to such afflicting thoughts;

But let the spirit of a husband sleep,
Till your own senses make a sure conclusion.

This billet must to blooming Norval go:

At the next turn awaits my trusty spy;

I'll give it him refitted for his master.

In the close thicket take your secret stand;

The moon shines bright, and your own eyes may
judge

Of their behaviour.

Ran. Thou dost counsel well.

Glen. Permit me now to make one slight essay;

Of all the trophies which vain mortals boast,

By wit, by valour, or by wisdom won,

The first and fairest in a young man's eye,

Is woman's captive heart. Successful love

With glorious fumes intoxicates the mind!

And the proud conqueror in triumph moves,

Air-born, exalted above vulgar men.

Ran. And what avails this maxim?

Glen. Much, my lord!

Withdraw a little: I'll accost young Norval,

And with ironical derisive counsel

Explore his spirit. If he is no more

Than humble Norval, by thy favour raised,

Brave as he is, he'll shrink astonish'd from me;

But if he be the favourite of the fair,

Loved by the first of Caledonia's dames,

He'll turn upon me, as the lion turns

Upon the hunter's spear.

Ran. 'Tis shrewdly thought.

Glen. When we grow loud, draw near. But
let my lord

His rising wrath restrain. (*Exit* LORD RANDOLPH,
 'Tis strange, by heaven! [R.]

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

Enter NORVAL, L.

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

Norr. The setting sun,
 With yellow radiance lighten'd all the vale,
 And, as the warriors moved, each polish'd helm,
 Corslet, or spear, glanced back his gilded beams.
 The hill they climb'd, and, halting at its top,
 Of more than mortal size, tow'ring, they seem'd
 An host angelic, clad in burning arms.

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

Norr. If I shall e'er acquire a leader's name,
 My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
 Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration
 Vents itself freely; since no part is mine
 Of praise pertaining to the great in arms.

Glen. You wrong yourself, brave sir; your martial
 deeds

Have rank'd you with the great. But mark me,
 Norval;

Lord Randolph's favour now exalts your youth,
 Above his veterans of famous service

Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you.
 Give them all honour: seem not to command;

Else they will scarcely brook your late-sprung
power, -

Which nor alliance props, nor birth adorns.

Norr. Sir, I have been accustom'd all my days
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth;
And though I have been told, that there are men
Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their
scorn,

Yet in such language I am little skill'd:
Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,
Although it sounded harshly. Why remind
Me of my birth obscure? Why slur my power
With such contemptuous terms?

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

Norr. My pride!

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

Norr. A shepherd's scorn!

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

Norr. If this were told!—— [Aside.

Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self?

Glen. Ha! dost thou threaten me?

Norr. Didst thou not hear?

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

Norr. Whom dost thou think me?

Glen. Norval.

NORV. So I am——

And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes?

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

NORV. False as thou art, dost thou suspect my
truth?

GLEN. Thy truth! thou'rt all a lie; and false as
hell

Is the vain-glorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.

NORV. If I were chain'd, unarm'd, and bed-rid
old,

Perhaps I should revile; but as I am,
I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval
Is of a race who strive not but with deeds.

Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valour,
And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,
I'd tell thee—what thou art. I know thee well.

GLEN. Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born to
command

Ten thousand slaves like thee—

NORV. Villain, no more! [Draws.

Draw and defend thy life. I did design
To have defyed thee in another cause;
But Heaven accelerates its vengeance on thee.

Now for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs.

[Draws.

Enter LORD RANDOLPH, R.

RAN. Hold, I command you both. The man
that stirs

Makes me his foe.

NORV. Another voice than thine,
That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.

GLEN. Hear him, my lord; he's wondrous con-
descending!

Mark the humility of shepherd Norval!

Norr. Now you may scoff in safety.

[*Sheathes his sword.*]

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

Norr. Nay, my good lord, though I revere you
 much,

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

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

Ran. Thus far I'll mediate, with impartial voice;
 The ancient foe of Caledonia's land
 Now waves his banners o'er her frightened fields;
 Suspend your purpose till your country's arms
 Repel the bold invader: then decide
 The private quarrel.

Glen. I agree to this.

Norr. And I.

Enter SERVANT, L.

Serv. The banquet waits.

Ran. We come. [Exit with SERVANT, L.]

Glen. Norval,

Let not our variance mar the social hour,
 Nor wrong the hospitality of Randolph.
 Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkled hate,
 Shall stain my countenance.
 brow;

Nor let our strife disturb the gently dame.

Nora. Think not so lightly, sir, of my resentment ;

When we contend again, our strife is mortal

[*Exeunt, L*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Wood.*

Enter DOUGLAS.

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

Enter OLD NORVAL, R.

Old N. 'Tis he. But what if he should chide
me hence!

His just reproach I fear.

[*DOUGLAS turns aside and sees him.*

Forgive, forgive!

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

Doug. Welcome to me; thou art my father still.
Thy wish'd-for presence now completes my joy
Welcome to me; my fortunes thou shalt share,
And ever honour'd with thy Douglas live.

Old N. And dost thou call me father! Oh, my son!

I think that I could die to make amends
For the great wrong I did thee. 'Twas my crime,
Which in the wilderness so long conceal'd
The blossom of thy youth.

Doug. Not worse the fruit,
That in the wilderness the blossom blow'd.
Amongst the shepherds, in the humble cot,
I learn'd some lessons, which I'll not forget,
When I inhabit yonder lofty towers.

I, who was once a swain, will ever prove
The poor man's friend; and when my vassals bow,
Norval shall smooth the crested pride of Douglas.

Old N. Let me but live to see thine exaltation!
Yet grievous are my fears. O leave this place,
And those unfriendly towers!

Doug. Why should I leave them?

Old N. Lord Randolph and his kinsman seek
your life.

Doug. How know'st thou that?

Old N. I will inform you how.

When evening came, I left the secret place
Appointed for me by your mother's care,
And fondly tread in each accustom'd path
That to the castle leads. Whilst thus I ranged,
I was alarm'd with unexpected sounds
Of earnest voices. On the persons came:
Unseen I lurked, and overheard them name
Each other as they talked, Lord Randolph this,
And that Glensalvon; still of you they spoke,
And of the lady; threat'ning was their speech,
Though but imperfectly my ear could hear it.
'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discovery!
And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

Doug. Revenge! for what?

Old N. For being what you are,
Sir Malcolm's heir; how else have you offended;
When they were gone, I hid me to my cottage,
And there sat musing how I best might find
Means to inform you of their wicked purpose:
But I could think on none. At last, perplexed,
I issued forth, encompassing the tower
With many a weary step and wishful look.
Now Providence hath brought you to my sight,
Let not your too courageous spirit scorn
The caution which I gave.

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

Old N. I fear you will too far.

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

Old N. My blessing rest upon thee!
O may Heaven's hand, which saved thee from the
wave,

And from the swords of foes, be near thee still,
Turning mischance, if aught hangs o'er thy head,
All upon mine! [Exit, N.]

Doug. He loves me like a parent;
And must not, shall not, lose the son he loves,
Although his son has found a nobler father.
Eventful day! how hast thou changed my state!
Once on the cold and winter-shaded side

Of a bleak hill, mischance had rooted me,
 Never to thrive, child of another soil:
 Transplanted now to a gay sunny vale,
 Like the green thorn of May, my fortune flowers
 Ye glorious stars! high heaven's resplendent host!
 To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd.
 Hear and record my soul's unaltered wish—
 Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd!
 May heaven inspire some fierce gigantic Dane,
 To give a bold defiance to our host!
 Before he speaks it out, I will accept;
 Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die.

Enter LADY RANDOLPH, L.

Lady. My son! I heard a voice——

Doug. The voice was mine.

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

[Embraces him.]

Doug. No; on this happy day, this better birth-
 day,

My thoughts and words are all of hope and joy.

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

Doug. First, let me tell

What may the tenor of your counsel change.

Lady. My heart forebodes some evil!

Doug. 'Tis not good——

At eve, unseen by Randolph and Glenalvon,
 The good old Norval, in the grove o'erheard
 Their conversation: oft they mentioned me,
 With dreadful threat'nings, you they sometimes
 named;

'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discovery.

And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

Lady. Defend us, gracious heaven! wo are be tray'd:

They have found out the secret of thy birth.

It must be so! That is the great discovery.

Sir Malcolm's heir is come to claim his own:

And they will be revenged. Perhaps, e'en now,

Arm'd and prepar'd for murder, they but wait

A darker and more silent hour, to break

Into the chamber where they think thou sleep'st.

This moment, this, heaven hath ordain'd to save thee!

Fly to the camp, my son!

Doug. And leave you here?

No: to the castle let us go together:

Call up the ancient servants of your house,

Who in their youth did eat your father's bread

Then tell them loudly that I am your son.

If in the breasts of men one spark remains

Of sacred love, fidelity, or pity,

Some in your cause will arm. I ask but few

To drive these spoilers from my father's house.

Lady. O Nature, Nature! what can check thy force!

Thou genuine offspring of the daring Douglas!

But rush not on destruction: save thyself,

And I am safe. To me they mean no harm.

Thy stay but risks thy precious life in vain;

That winding path conducts thee to the river.

Cross where thou seest a broad and beaten way,

Which, running eastward, leads thee to the camp

Instant demand admittance to Lord Douglas:

Show him these jewels, which his brother wore.

Thy look, thy voice, will make him feel the truth,

Which I, by certain proof, will soon confirm.

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

Lady. If thou regard'st thy mother, or rever'st
Thy father's memory, think of this no more.
One thing I have to say before we part:
Long wert thou lost; and thou art found, my child,
In a most fearful season. War and battle
I have great cause to dread. Too well I see
Which way the current of thy temper sets.
To-day I've found thee. Oh! my long lost hope!
If thou to giddy valour giv'st the rein,
To-morrow I may lose my son for ever!
The love of thee, before thou saw'st the light,
Sustain'd my life when thy brave father fell.
If thou shalt fall, I have not love nor hope
In this waste world! My son, remember me!

Doug. What shall I say? how can I give you
comfort?

The god of battles of my life dispose
As may be best for you! for whose dear sake
I will not bear myself as I resolved,
But yet consider, as no vulgar name,
That which I boast, sounds among martial men,
How will inglorious caution suit my claim?
The post of fate unshrinking I'll maintain:
My country's foes must witness who I am.
On the invader's heads I'll prove my birth,
Till friends and foes confess the genuine strain.
If in this strife I fall, blame not your son,
Who, if he lives not honour'd, must not live.

Lady. I will not utter what my bosom feels,

Too well I love that valour which I warn.
Farewell, my son! my counsels are but vain.

And as high heav'n hath will'd it, all must be. [Embracing]
Gaze not on me, thou wilt mistake the path;
I'll point it out again. [Exit]

[Just as they are separating.]

*Enter, from the Wood, LORD RANDOLPH and
GLENALVON, R. U. E.*

Ran. Not in her presence.

Now——

Glen. I am prepared.

Ran. No: I command thee, stay:
I go alone: it never shall be said
That I took odds to combat mortal man.
The noblest vengeance is the most complete.

*[Exit—GLENALVON makes some steps to the same
side of the Stage, listens, and speaks.]*

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

Ran. *(Without.)* Draw, villain! draw!

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

Glen. Now is the time. [Runs out]

*Enter LADY RANDOLPH, L. U. E. faint and
breathless.*

Lady. Lord Randolph, hear me; all shall be
thine own:

But spare! oh, spare my son!

Enter DOUGLAS, R. with a sword in each hand

Doug. My mother's voice!

I can protect thee still.

Lady. He lives! he lives!

For this, for this to heav'n eternal praise!

But sure I saw thee fall.

Doug. It was Glenalvon.

Just as my arm had master'd Randolph's sword,
The villain came behind me; but I slew him.

Lady. Behind thee! Ah! thou'rt wounded! Oh!
my child!

How pale thou look'st! and shall I lose thee now?

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

Lady. There is no hope!

And we must part! The hand of death is on thee!
O my beloved child! O Douglas! Douglas!

[*DOUGLAS, growing more and more faint.*]

Doug. Too soon we part: I have not long been
Douglas;

O destiny! hardly thou deal'st with me;
Clouded and hid, a stranger to myself,
In low and poor obscurity I've lived.

Lady. Has heaven preserved thee for an end
like this?

Doug. O had I fallen as my brave fathers fell,
Like them I should have smiled and welcom'd
death:

Turning with fatal arm the tide of battle!
But thus to perish by a villain's hand!
Cut off from nature's and from glory's course,
Which never mortal was so fond to run!

Lady. Hear Justice, hear! are these the fruits
of virtue? [*DOUGLAS falls.*]

Doug. Unknown I die; no tongue shall speak of
me.

Some noble spirits, judging by themselves,
May yet conjecture what I might have proved,
And think life only wanting to my fame:
But who shall comfort thee?

Lady. Despair! despair!

Doug. Oh! had it pleased high heav'n to let me live

A little while——my eyes, that gaze on thee,
Grow dim apace!—My mother—Oh, my mother!

[*Dies.* LADY RANDOLPH faints on the body.

Enter LORD RANDOLPH and ANNA, L.

Ran. Thy words, thy words of truth have pierced my heart:

I am the stain of knighthood and of arms.

Oh! if my brave deliverer survives

The traitor's sword——

Ann. Alas! look there, my lord.

Ran. The mother and her son! how curst am I!

Was I the cause? No: I was not the cause.

Yon matchless villain did seduce my soul

To frantic jealousy.

Ann. My lady lives;

'The agony of grief hath but suppress'd

'Awhile her powers.'

Ran. But my deliverer's dead!

'The world did once esteem Lord Randolph well.

'Sincere of heart, for spotless honour famed;

'And, in my early days, glory I gain'd

'Beneath the holy banner of the cross.

'Now past the noon of life, shame comes upon me;

'Reproach, and infamy, and public hate,

'Are now at hand: for all mankind will think

'That Randolph basely stabb'd Sir Malcolm's heir.

Lady. (*Recovering.*) Where am I now? still in this wretched world!

Grief cannot break a heart so hard as mine.

'My youth was worn in anguish; but youth's strength,

'With hope's assistance, bore the brunt of sorrow,

‘ And train d me on to be the object now
 ‘ On which Omnipotence displays itself,
 ‘ Making a spectacle, a tale of me,
 ‘ To awe its vassals, man.’

Ran. Oh! misery!

Amidst thy raging grief I must proclaim
 My innocence!

Lady. Thy innocence!

Ran. My guilt

Is innocence compared with what thou think’st it.

Lady. Of thee I think not; what have I to do
 With thee, or any thing? My son! my son!
 My beautiful! my brave!—how proud was I
 Of thee and of thy valour!—my fond heart
 O’erflow’d this day with transport when I thought
 Of growing old amidst a race of thine,

‘ Who might make up to me their father’s child-
 hood,

‘ And bear my brother’s and my husband’s name.

‘ Now all my hopes are dead!’ A little while
 Was I a wife! a mother not so long!

What am I now?—I know.—But I shall be
 That only whilst I please; for such a son,
 And such a husband, make a woman bold.

[*Runs out.*

Ran. Follow her, Anna! I myself would follow;
 But in this rage she must abhor my presence.

[*Exit ANNA, L.*

‘ *Enter OLD NORVAL, R.*

‘ *Old N.* I heard a voice of wo! Heaven guard
 my child!

‘ *Ran.* Already is the idle gaping crowd,
 ‘ The spiteful vulgar, come to gaze on Randolph.
 ‘ Begone.

‘ *Old N.* I fear thee not. I will not go.

' Here I'll remain. I'm an accomplice, lord,
 ' With thee in murder. Yes, my sins did help
 ' To crush down to the ground this lovely plant
 ' O noblest youth that ever yet was born!
 ' Sweetest and best, gentlest and bravest spirit
 ' That ever blest the world! Wretch that I am,
 ' Who saw that noble spirit swell and rise
 ' Above the narrow limits that confined it,
 ' Yet never was by all thy virtues won
 ' To do thee justice, and reveal the secret,
 ' Which timely known, had raised thee far above
 ' The villain's snare. Oh, I am punish'd now!
 ' These are the hairs that should have strew'd the
 ground.
 ' And not the locks of Douglas.'

Tears his hair, and throws himself upon the body of
 DOUGLAS.

Ran. ' I know thee now; thy boldness I forgive:
 ' My crest is fallen. For thee I will appoint
 ' A place of rest, if grief will let thee rest;
 ' I will reward, although I cannot punish.'
 Cursed, cursed Glenalvon! he escaped too well,
 Though slain and baffled by the hand he hated.
 Foaming with rage and fury to the last,
 Cursing his conqueror, the felon died.

Enter ANNA, L.

Ann. My lord, my lord!

Ran. Speak; I can hear of horror.

Ann. Horror, indeed!

Ran. Matilda!—

Ann. Is no more!

She ran, she flew like lighting up the hill,
 Nor halted, till the precipice she gain'd,
 Beneath whose low'ring top the river falls
 Ingulf'd in rifted rocks; ' thither she came,

'As fearless as the eagle lights upon it,
'And headlong down——

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

Ann. Oh, had you seen her last despairing look
Upon the brink she stood, and cast her eyes
Down on the deep; then lifting up her head
And her white hands to heaven, seeming to say
Why am I forced to this? she plunged herself
Into the empty air.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

THE END.

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