

Ye bachelors, warned by the shepherd's distress,  
 Be taught from your freedom to measure your  
 bliss,  
 Nor fall to the witchcraft of beauty a prey,  
 And blast all your joys on your wedding-day.  
 Horns are the gift of a wedding-day;  
 Want and a scold crown a wedding-day;  
 Happy and gallant who, wise when he may,  
 Prefers a stout rope to a wedding-day!

## A N N A.

Shepherds, I have lost my love.  
 Have you seen my Anna,  
 Pride of ev'ry shady grove  
 Upon the banks of Banna?  
 I for her my home forsook,  
 Near yon misty mountain;  
 Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,  
 Green-wood shade and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,  
 Until her returning;  
 All the joys of life are o'er,  
 From gladness changed to mourning.  
 Whither is my charmer flown,  
 Shepherds, tell me whither?  
 Ah, woe for me! perhaps she's gone,  
 For ever and for ever!

## IMPORTANCE OF EARLY PIETY.

In life's gay morn, when sprightly youth  
 With vital ardour glows,  
 And shines in all the fairest charms  
 Which beauty can disclose;  
 Deep on thy soul, before its pow'rs  
 Are yet by vice enslav'd,  
 Be thy Creator's glorious name  
 And character engrav'd.

For soon the shades of grief shall cloud  
 The sunshine of thy days;  
 And cares, and toils, in endless round  
 Encompass all thy ways.  
 Soon shall thy heart the woes of age  
 In mournful groans deplore,  
 And sadly muse on former joys,  
 That now return no more.

## TERRORS OF A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

Cursed with unnumbered groundless fears,  
 How pale yon shivering wretch appears!  
 For him the daylight shines in vain,  
 For him the fields no joys contain;  
 Nature's whole charms to him are lost,  
 No more the woods their music boast;  
 No more the meads their vernal bloom,  
 No more the gales their rich perfume:  
 Impending mists deform the sky,  
 And beauty withers in his eye.  
 In hopes his terrors to elude,  
 By day he mingles with the crowd,  
 Yet finds his soul to fears a prey,  
 In busy crowds and open day.  
 If night his lonely walks surprise,  
 What horrid visions round him rise!  
 The blasted oak which meets his way,  
 Shown by the meteor's sudden ray,  
 The midnight murderer's lone retreat,  
 Felt Heaven's avengful bolt of late;  
 The clashing chain, the groan profound,  
 Loud from yon ruined tower resound;  
 And now the spot he seems to tread  
 Where some self-slaughtered corse was laid;  
 He feels fixed earth beneath him bend,  
 Deep murmurs from her caves ascend;  
 Till all his soul, by fancy swayed,  
 Sees livid phantoms crowd the shade.

## TOBIAS G. SMOLLETT.

BORN 1721 — DIED 1771.

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT, an eminent his-  
 torian, novelist, and poet, was born in Dal-  
 quhurn House, near the village of Renton,  
 Dumbartonshire, in the year 1721. His father  
 dying while he was very young, his education

was undertaken by his grandfather Sir James  
 Smollett. After completing his rudimentary  
 studies at the neighbouring school of Dum-  
 barton, he was sent to the University of Glas-  
 gow, where he studied medicine. His wish

was to be a soldier, but he was opposed in this desire by his grandfather, who having already permitted his elder brother James to enter the army, thought he could better advance the interests of the younger in some other course of life. At the early age of eighteen Smollett's capabilities for poetry began to manifest themselves; and besides writing several keen and skilful satires, he composed "The Regicide," a tragedy founded on the assassination of King James I. In 1740 his grandfather died, without having made any provision for the mother of our author or her family; and thus thrown on his own resources, Smollett resolved to proceed to London and obtain a position in the army or navy. He succeeded in securing the appointment of surgeon's mate on board of a man-of-war, and sailed in the unfortunate expedition to Carthage. Disgusted with his situation he left the service while the ship was in the West Indies, and resided for some time in Jamaica, where he became attached to Miss Ann Lascelles, an accomplished lady, whom he afterwards married.

Returning to London in 1746, Smollett's feelings of patriotism led him to write the beautiful and spirited poem of "The Tears of Scotland," describing the barbarities committed in the Highlands by the English forces under the command of the "Butcher Cumberland" after the battle of Culloden. He originally finished the poem in six stanzas; when, some one representing that such a diatribe against the government might injure his prospects, he sat down and added the still more pointed invective of the seventh stanza:—

"While the warm blood bedews my veins,  
And unimpaired remembrance reigns,  
Resentment of my country's fate  
Within my filial breast shall beat;  
And, spite of her insulting foe,  
My sympathizing verse shall flow;  
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn  
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn."

The same year Smollett published "Advice," a satirical poem, in the manner of Juvenal; and about the same time composed the opera of "Alceste," which, in consequence of some ill-timed satires on Rich the manager, shared the same fate as his tragedy of "The Regicide." In 1748 appeared "The Adventures of Roderick Random," which soon be-

came the most popular novel of the age; and this was followed in 1751 by "The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle." This was also very successful, and was translated into French. Having obtained the degree of M.D. he settled at Bath, with the intention of practising medicine, but not meeting with success he returned to London, and assumed the character of a professional author, working for the booksellers in the various departments of compilations, translations, criticisms, and miscellaneous essays. In 1753 he published the "Adventures of Count Fathom," followed in 1755 by his translation of *Don Quixote*. The version of Motteux is now generally preferred to that of our author, though Smollett's is marked by his characteristic humour and versatility of talent.

This task finished, Smollett set out on a visit to his native land. His fame had preceded him, and his reception by the literary magnates of Scotland was cordial and flattering. He was also gratified by meeting his surviving parent on arriving at Scotston in Peeblesshire, where his mother resided with her daughter Mrs. Telfer. It was arranged that he should be introduced as a gentleman who was intimately acquainted with her son. The better to support his assumed character he endeavoured to preserve a very serious countenance, approaching to a frown; but while his mother's eyes were rivetted with the instinct of affection upon his countenance, he could not refrain from smiling; she immediately sprang from her chair, and throwing her arms around his neck, exclaimed, "Ah! my son, my son!" She afterwards told him that if he had kept his austere looks and continued to *gloom*, she might have been deceived; but "your old roguish smile," she added, "betrayed you at once."

On his return to London Smollett undertook the editorship of the *Critical Review*, and was soon afterwards convicted of a libel on Admiral Knowles, one of the commanders at Carthage; sentenced to pay a fine of £100, and to be confined in prison for three months. During his incarceration he composed the "Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves." His "History of England from the earliest times to the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle," in four quarto vols., was published in 1758, and is said to have been

written in fourteen months, a remarkable instance of literary industry. Its success induced him to write a continuation of it to 1754. He next visited the Continent to seek consolation in travel for the loss of his only daughter, and on his return he published his "Travels through France and Italy," a work which was severely criticized by Sterne in his *Sentimental Journey*. "Yet be it said," remarks Sir Walter Scott, "without offence to the memory of the witty and elegant Sterne, it is more easy to assume in composition an air of alternate gaiety and sensibility, than to practise the virtues of generosity and benevolence which Smollett exercised during his whole life, though often, like his own Matthew Bramble, under the disguise of peevishness and irritability. Sterne's writings show much flourish concerning virtues of which his life is understood to have produced little fruit; the temper of Smollett was

'Like a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly.'

Declining health induced Smollett to make a second visit to Scotland, and on his return he endeavoured to obtain from government an appointment as consul at some Mediterranean port. Failing in this he set out early in 1770 with Mrs. Smollett for the Continent, whence he never returned. During his sojourn near

Leghorn, in a cottage which his countryman Dr. Armstrong the poet had engaged for him, he wrote his "Expedition of Humphrey Clinker," the most rich, varied, and agreeable of all his novels, which had just been committed to the public when he expired, October 21, 1771, at Monte Nuovo, near Leghorn, leaving his widow, the Narcissa of "Roderick Random," nearly destitute, in a foreign land. A monument was raised over his grave at Leghorn by his faithful friend Dr. Armstrong; and in 1774 a Tuscan column was erected to his memory by his cousin, Smollett of Bonhill, on the banks of the Leven, near the house in which he was born. So long as his odes to "Leven Water" and to "Independence" exist Smollett can never fail to be admired as a poet, nor can a feeling of regret be avoided that he did not devote more of his genius to poetic compositions. We cannot take leave of this distinguished Scotchman—distinguished as a historian, as a novelist, and as the author of lines which possess the masculine strength of Dryden—without alluding to a passage in his novel of "Peregrine Pickle," that passage so inexpressibly touching where the Jacobite exiles stand every morning on the coast of France to contemplate the blue hills of their native land, to which they are never to return!

## THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn  
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn!  
Thy sons, for valour long renowned,  
Lie slaughtered on their native ground;  
Thy hospitable roofs no more  
Invite the stranger to the door;  
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,  
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar  
His all become the prey of war;  
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,  
Then smites his breast and curses life.  
Thy swains are famished on the rocks,  
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;  
Thy ravished virgins shriek in vain;  
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then in every clime,  
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,

Thy martial glory, crowned with praise,  
Still shines with undiminished blaze?  
Thy towering spirit now is broke,  
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.  
What foreign arms could never quell,  
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay  
No more shall cheer the happy day:  
No social scenes of gay delight  
Beguile the dreary winter night:  
No strains but those of sorrow flow,  
And nought is heard but sounds of woe,  
While the pale phantoms of the slain  
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh! baneful cause, oh! fatal morn,  
Accursed to ages yet unborn!  
The sons against their father stood,  
The parent shed his children's blood.

Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,  
The victor's soul was not appeased;  
The naked and forlorn must feel  
Devouring flames and murdering steel!

The pious mother, doomed to death,  
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath,  
The bleak wind whistles round her head,  
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;  
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,  
She views the shades of night descend:  
And stretched beneath the inclement skies,  
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,  
And unimpaired remembrance reigns,  
Resentment of my country's fate  
Within my filial breast shall beat;  
And, spite of her insulting foe,  
My sympathizing verse shall flow:  
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn  
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn!

### ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

#### STROPHE.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,  
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye;  
Thy steps I follow, with my bosom bare,  
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky  
Deep in the frozen regions of the North,  
A goddess violated brought thee forth,  
Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime  
Hath bleached the tyrant's cheek in every vary-  
ing clime.

What time the iron-hearted Gaul,  
With frantic superstition for his guide,  
Armed with the dagger and the pail,  
The sons of Woden to the field defied;  
The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,  
In Hea-en's name urged the infernal blow;  
And red the stream began to flow:  
The vanquished were baptized with blood!

#### ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled,  
From altars stained with human gore,  
And Liberty his routed legions led  
In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.  
There in a cave asleep she lay,  
Lulled by the hoarse-resounding main,  
When a bold savage passed that way,  
Impelled by destiny, his name Disdain.  
Of ample front the portly chief appeared:  
The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest;  
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard,  
And his broad shoulders braved the furious blast.

He stopt, he gazed, his bosom glowed,  
And deeply felt the impression of her charms;  
He seized the advantage fate allowed,  
And straight compressed her in his vigorous arms.

#### STROPHE.

The curlew screamed, the Tritons blew  
Their shells to celebrate the ravished rite;  
Old Time exulted as he flew;  
And Independence saw the light.  
The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,  
Where under cover of a flowering thorn,  
While Philomel renewed her warbled strains,  
The auspicious fruit of stolen embrace was born—  
The mountain Dryads seized with joy  
The smiling infant to their charge consigned;  
The Doric Muse caressed the favourite boy;  
The hermit Wisdom stored his opening mind.  
As rolling years matured his age,  
He flourished bold and sinewy as his sire;  
While the mild passions in his breast assuage  
The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

#### ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplished thus, he winged his way,  
And zealous roved from pole to pole,  
The rolls of right eternal to display,  
And warm with patriot thought the aspiring soul.  
On desert isles 'twas he that raised  
Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,  
Where Tyranny beheld amazed  
Fair Freedom's temple, where he marked her  
grave.

He steeled the blunt Batavian's arms  
To burst the Iberian's double chain;  
And cities reared, and planted farms,  
Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.  
He, with the generous rustics, sat  
On Uri's rocks in close divan;  
And winged that arrow sure as fate,  
Which ascertained the sacred rights of man.

#### STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he crossed,  
Where blasted Nature pants supine,  
Conductor of her tribes adust,  
To Freedom's adamant shrine;  
And many a Tartar horde forlorn, aghast!  
He snatched from under fell Oppression's wing,  
And taught amidst the dreary waste  
The all-cheering hymns of Liberty to sing.  
He virtue finds, like precious ore,  
Diffused through every baser mould;  
Even now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore,  
And turns the dross of Corsica to gold:  
He, guardian genius, taught my youth  
Pomp's tinsel livery to despise;  
My lips by him chastised to Truth,  
Ne'er paid that homage which my heart denies.

## ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptured halls my feet shall never tread,  
 Where varnished Vice and Vanity, combined  
 To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread,  
 And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind.  
 While Insolence his wrinkled front uprears,  
 And all the flowers of spurious Fancy blow;  
 And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,  
 Full often wreathed around the miscreant's brow:  
 Where ever-dimpling Falschood, pert and vain,  
 Presents her cup of stale profession's froth;  
 And pale Disease, with all his bloated train,  
 Torments the sons of gluttony and sloth.

## STROPHE.

In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,  
 With either India's glittering spoils oppressed;  
 So moves the sumpter-mule in harnessed pride,  
 That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.  
 For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,  
 And hiring minstrels wake the tinkling string;  
 Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay,  
 And jingling bells fantastic Folly ring:  
 Disquiet, Doubt, and Dread shall intervene;  
 And Nature, still to all her feelings just,  
 In vengeance hang a damp on every scene  
 Shook from the baleful pinions of Disgust.

## ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequestered haunts,  
 By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell;  
 Where the poised lark his evening ditty chants,  
 And Health and Peace and Contemplation dwell.  
 There, Study shall with Solitude recline,  
 And Friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains,  
 And Toil and Temperance sedately twine  
 The slender cord that fluttering life sustains:  
 And fearless Poverty shall guard the door,  
 And Taste unspoiled the frugal table spread,  
 And Industry supply the humble store,  
 And Sleep unbribed his dews refreshing shed;  
 White-mantled Innocence, ethereal sprite,  
 Shall chase far off the goblins of the night;  
 And Independence o'er the day preside,  
 Propitious power! my patron and my pride.

## THY FATAL SHAFTS.

Thy fatal shafts unerring move;  
 I bow before thine altar, Love!  
 I feel thy soft resistless flame  
 Glide swift through all my vital frame!

For while I gaze my bosom glows,  
 My blood in tides impetuous flows;  
 Hope, fear, and joy alternate roll,  
 And floods of transport 'whelm my soul.

My falt'ring tongue attempts in vain  
 In soothing murmurs to complain;  
 My tongue some secret magic ties,  
 My murmurs sink in broken sighs!

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,  
 And ever drop the silent tear,  
 Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,  
 Unfriended live, unpitied die!

## BLUE-EYED ANNE.

When the rough North forgets to howl,  
 And ocean's billows cease to roll;  
 When Lybian sands are bound in frost,  
 And cold to Nova Zembla's lost;  
 When heavenly bodies cease to move,—  
 My blue-eyed Anne I'll cease to love.

No more shall flowers the meads adorn,  
 Nor sweetness deck the rosy thorn,  
 Nor swelling buds proclaim the spring,  
 Nor parching heats the Dog-star bring,  
 Nor laughing lilies paint the grove,—  
 When blue-eyed Anne I'll cease to love.

No more shall joy in hope be found,  
 Nor pleasures dance their frolic round,  
 Nor love's light god inhabit earth,  
 Nor beauty give the passion birth,  
 Nor heat to summer-sunshine cleave,—  
 When blue-eyed Nanny I'll deceive.

When rolling seasons cease to change,  
 Inconstancy forgets to range;  
 When lavish May no more shall bloom,  
 Nor gardens yield a rich perfume;  
 When nature from her sphere shall start,—  
 I'll tear my Nanny from my heart.

WHEN SAPPHO TUN'D THE RAPTUR'D  
STRAIN.

When Sappho tun'd the raptur'd strain,  
 The list'ning wretch forgot his pain;  
 With art divine the lyre she strung,  
 Like thee she play'd, like thee she sung.

For while she struck the quivering wire,  
 The eager breast was all on fire;  
 And when she join'd the vocal lay,  
 The captive soul was charm'd away!

But had she added still to these,  
 Thy softer, chaster power to please,

Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,  
Thy native smiles of artless truth;

She ne'er had pined beneath disdain,  
She ne'er had play'd and sung in vain;  
Despair her soul had ne'er possess'd  
To dash on rocks the tender breast.

#### ODE TO LEVEN WATER.

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,  
And tune the rural pipe to love,  
I envied not the happiest swain  
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.

Pure stream, in whose transparent wave  
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;  
No torrents stain thy limpid source,  
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,

That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,  
With white, round, polished pebbles spread;  
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood  
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;  
The springing trout in speckled pride;  
The salmon, monarch of the tide;  
The ruthless pike, intent on war;  
The silver eel and mottled par.  
Devolving from thy parent lake  
A charming maze thy waters make,  
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,  
And edges flowered with eglantine.

Still on thy banks so gaily green,  
May numerous flocks and herds be seen;  
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,  
And shepherds piping in the dale;  
And ancient faith that knows no guile,  
And industry embrowned with toil;  
And hearts resolved, and hands prepared,  
The blessings they enjoy to guard!

## GILBERT ELLIOT.

BORN 1722—DIED 1777.

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT, third baronet of Minto, was born in Roxburghshire in the year 1722. He was the eldest son of the Sir Gilbert who, Lord Woodhouselee says, "was taught the German flute in France, and was the first to introduce that instrument into Scotland in 1725;" and grandson of the first baronet, a Lord of Session, known by the title of Lord Minto. Our poet was educated for the Scottish bar, and in 1763 was made treasurer of the navy. Three years afterwards he succeeded his father, the second baronet, in the title and estates, and subsequently obtained the reversion of the office of keeper of the signet in Scotland. He was a man of considerable political and literary ability, and was distinguished as a speaker in parliament, as well as highly accomplished and sagacious in parliamentary business. He died at Marseilles in 1777. Some lines which he wrote on the occasion of his father's death are curiously applicable to his own:—

"His mind refined and strong, no sense impaired,  
Nor feeling of humanity, nor taste  
Of social life; so e'en his latest hour  
In sweet domestic cheerfulness was passed;

Sublimely calm his ripened spirit fled,  
His family surrounding, and his friends;  
A wife and daughter closed his eyes: on them  
Was turned his latest gaze: and o'er his grave  
Their father's grave—his sons the green turf spread."

Sir Gilbert's eldest son, for some time Governor-general of India, was raised to the peerage by the title of the Earl of Minto; and his sister, Miss Jane Elliot, was the authoress of the old set of "The Flowers of the Forest." His philosophical correspondence with David Hume is quoted with commendation by Dugald Stewart in his *Philosophy of the Human Mind*, and in his "Dissertation" prefixed to the seventh edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. He was the author of the following lines on the death of Colonel James Gardiner, and of what Sir Walter Scott calls "the beautiful pastoral song" beginning—

"My sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep-hook."

"The song," says a critic, "which has given the name of Sir Gilbert Elliot a place among our lyric poets is one of great beauty; and the sheep-hook and the fresh garlands are forgotten

in the strain of natural sorrow produced by neglected moments and unrequited love. It is one of the last and the best efforts of the pastoral muse. I know not whether to account it good fortune or design which made the name of the heroine sound so like that of the family residence; but I am willing to believe in the prophetic strain which makes the cliffs echo, for many a later year, the song of 'My Sheep I neglected.'

'On Minto crags the moonbeams glint,  
Where Barnhill hew'd his bed of flint,  
Who flung his outlaw'd limbs to rest  
Where falcons hang their giddy nest,  
'Mid cliffs from whence his eagle eye  
For many a league his prey could spy;

Cliffs doubling on their echoes borne  
The terrors of the robber's horn,  
Cliffs which for many a later year  
The warbling Doric reed shall hear,  
When some sad swain shall teach the grove  
Ambition is no cure for love.'

As if it had not been enough for Sir Gilbert Elliot and his sister to write two of our favourite lyrics, and enjoy the credit of such compositions, by special grace and good fortune they have also each obtained a separate and lasting compliment in verse—the first in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' and the latter in 'Marion':

'One of those flowers whom plaintive lay  
In Scotland mourns as 'wede away.'

#### AMYNTA.<sup>1</sup>

My sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep-hook,  
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;  
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove;  
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.

Oh! what had my youth with ambition to do?  
Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?  
Oh! give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,  
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,  
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love!  
O fool! to imagine that aught could subdue  
A love so well-founded, a passion so true!

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine;  
Poor shepherd, Amynta can never be thine;  
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,  
The moments neglected return not again.

#### TWAS AT THE HOUR OF DARK MIDNIGHT.<sup>2</sup>

'Twas at the hour of dark midnight,  
Before the first cock's crowing,

When westland winds shook Stirling's tow'rs,  
With hollow murmurs blowing;  
When Fanny fair, all woe-begone,  
Sad on her bed was lying,  
And from the ruin'd tow'rs she heard  
The boding screech-owl crying.

"O dismal night!" she said, and wept,  
"O night presaging sorrow:  
O dismal night!" she said, and wept,  
"But more I dread to-morrow.  
For now the bloody hour draws nigh,  
Each host to Preston bending;  
At morn shall sons their fathers slay,  
With deadly hate contending.

"Even in the visions of the night  
I saw fell death wide sweeping;  
And all the matrons of the land  
And all the virgins weeping."  
And now she heard the massy gates  
Harsh on their hinges turning;  
And now through all the castle heard  
The woeful voice of mourning.

Aghast she started from her bed,  
The fatal tidings dreading;  
"O speak," she cried, "my father's slain!  
I see, I see him bleeding!"  
"A pale corpse on the sullen shore,  
At morn, fair maid, I left him;  
Even at the threshold of his gate  
The foe of life bereft him.

<sup>1</sup> First published in Yair's *Chavmer*, issued at Edinburgh in 1740; it afterwards appeared in Herd's and other collections, and is written to the tune of an old air called "My Apron Dearie," which is to be found in Johnson's *Museum* and Thomson's *Select Melodies*.—ED.

<sup>2</sup> Colonel Gardiner, the hero of this song, one of the very few which are extant not on the Stuart side, was killed at the battle of Prestonpans in 1745. He was cut down by a Highlander armed with a scythe-blade, after his soldiers had basely deserted him.—ED.

“Bold, in the battle’s front he fell,  
 With many a wound deformed:  
 A braver knight, nor better man,  
 This fair isle ne’er adorned.”  
 While thus he spake, the grief-struck maid  
 A deadly swoon invaded;  
 Lost was the lustre of her eyes,  
 And all her beauty faded.

Sad was the sight, and sad the news,  
 And sad was our complaining;  
 But oh! for thee, my native land,  
 What woes are still remaining!  
 But why complain? the hero’s soul  
 Is high in heaven shining:  
 May Providence defend our isle  
 From all our foes designing.

## JOHN HOME.

BORN 1722—DIED 1808.

JOHN HOME, an eminent dramatic poet, and a lineal descendant of Sir John Home of Cowdenknowes, was born at Leith, Sept. 22, 1722. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and in April, 1745, was licensed to preach in the Church of Scotland. During the same year he joined a volunteer company on the side of the government, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Falkirk, but succeeded with some others in making his escape from Doune Castle, where he was confined. The poet’s imprisonment, and that of his brother bards Buchanan, Skinner, and Smollett, must have escaped the memory of Professor Wilson when he wrote, “No Scottish poet was ever in a jail.” In 1746 Home was ordained minister of Athelstaneford, made vacant by the death of the author of “The Grave.” Having written the tragedy of “Agis,” he proceeded to London in 1749, and offered it to David Garrick, at that time manager of Drury Lane, who refused it. The disappointed author, with the feeling natural to such a situation, wrote the following lines on the tomb of Shakspeare in Westminster Abbey:—

“Image of Shakspeare! to this place I come,  
 To ease my bursting bosom at thy tomb;  
 For neither Greek nor Roman poet fired  
 My fancy first—thee chiefly I admired;  
 And, day and night revolving still thy page,  
 I hoped, like thee, to shake the British stage;  
 But cold neglect is now my only meed,  
 And heavy falls it on so proud a head.  
 If powers above now listen to my lyre,  
 Charm them to grant, indulgent, my desire;  
 Let petrification stop this falling tear,  
 And fix my form for ever marble here.”

Six years later, having written the tragedy of “Douglas,” founded upon the beautiful old ballad of “Gil Morris,” Home again visited London, and offered it to Garrick, who pronounced the play totally unfitted for the stage. It was, however, performed at the Edinburgh Canongate Theatre, December 14, 1756, with the most gratifying success, in the presence of a large audience, among whom were the delighted author and several other ministers. For this flagrant violation of clerical propriety Home’s friends were subjected to the censures of the church, which he himself only escaped by resigning his living. But the tragedy nevertheless became very popular with the general public, who continued and still continue to receive it with enthusiasm. It is related that during one of the early representations in Edinburgh, when the feelings of the audience burst forth as usual at the conclusion of Norval’s speech, a voice from the gallery shouted out the triumphant query, “Whaur’s yer Shakspeare noo?” In 1757 Home again visited London, and through the influence of the Earl of Bute had the satisfaction of seeing “Douglas” brought out by Garrick with distinguished success, followed soon after by “Agis,” with the great English tragedian and Mrs. Cibber playing the principal characters. His “Siege of Aquileia” was also represented on the London stage, but, owing to a lack of interest in the action, failed to win public favour. In 1760 Home printed his three tragedies in one volume, with a dedication to the Prince of Wales, whose society



he had enjoyed through the favour of Lord Bute, preceptor to the prince; and who, after his accession to the throne, granted him a pension of £300 a year, which, in addition to an equal sum from his sinecure office of conservator of Scots privileges at Campvere, in Zealand, likewise bestowed upon him, enabled the poet to repose with tranquillity upon his prospects of dramatic fame.

The following letter, which we are not aware has ever been in print, contains the original order for Home's pension, and is also interesting owing to its placing the writer's character in a most amiable and endearing light. It was addressed by George III. to the Earl of Bute:—

“My dearest Friend,—In looking over the list we made together, I feel myself still in debt particularly to poor Home: no office occurs to me that I think fit for him; I therefore desire you will give him £300 per annum out of my privy purse, which mode will be of more utility to him, as it will come free from the burden of taxes and infamous fees of office. I have a double satisfaction in giving Home this mark of my favour, as I know the execution of it will be as agreeable to my dearest friend as the directing it is to myself.” . . .

Home was the author of eight additional tragedies and comedies, composed during his residence in London, which terminated in 1779, when he went to reside in Edinburgh, and thenceforth lived in the enjoyment of the highest literary society of that city. Careless

of money, he delighted in entertaining large companies of friends, and often had more guests than his house could conveniently accommodate. His latest work was a “History of the Rebellion of 1745”—a transaction of which he was entitled to say *pars fui*. But the work disappointed public expectation, and was certainly not what was looked for from one who was not only an actor in the scene, but the author of a tragedy like “Douglas.” An explanation may perhaps be found in the fact that the author was a pensioner of George III., and that the MS. was submitted before publication for correction by the reigning family. Home died Sept. 5, 1803, aged nearly eighty-six years, and was buried in the churchyard of his native place, where also repose the remains of his friend James Sibbald, and that “inheritor of unfulfilled renown” Robert Nicoll. As a dramatic poet Home deserves the credit of having written with more fervid feeling, and less of stiffness and artificiality, than the other poets of his time; his genius in this respect approaching to that of his contemporary Collins. His *Dramatic Works* were published at Edinburgh in 1798, in two 12mo vols.; and in 1822 another edition appeared in the same city, entitled “The Works of John Home, Esq., now first collected, to which is prefixed an account of his Life and Writings by Henry Mackenzie,” in three 8vo vols. To this admirable work we refer the reader for further particulars connected with the literary labours of our author.

## DOUGLAS.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD RANDOLPH. GLENALVON. NORVAL (DOUGLAS). PRISONER. SERVANTS, &c.  
LADY RANDOLPH. ANNA.

## ACT I.

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

*Enter* LADY RANDOLPH.

*Lady R.* 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 awhile: 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.  
Oh! Douglas, Douglas! if departed ghosts  
Are e'er permitted to review this world,  
Within the circle of that wood thou art,  
And with the passion of immortals hear'st  
My lamentation: hear'st thy wretched wife  
Weep for her husband slain, her infant lost.  
My brother's timeless death I seem to mourn,  
Who 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.

*Lord R.* Again these weeds of woe! say, dost  
thou well

To feed a passion which consumes thy life?  
The living claim some duty; vainly thou  
Bestow'st thy cares upon the silent dead.

*Lady R.* Silent, alas! is he for whom I mourn:  
Childless, without memorial of his name,  
He only now in my remembrance lives.  
This fatal day stirs my time-settled sorrow,  
Troubles afresh the fountain of my heart.

*Lord R.* When was it pure of sadness? These  
black weeds

Express the wonted colour of thy mind,  
For ever dark and dismal. Seven long years  
Are pass'd, since we were join'd 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 prints made in the sand,  
Hath past o'er thee in vain.

*Lady R.* If time to come  
Should prove as ineffectual, yet, my lord,  
Thou canst not blame me. When our Scottish  
youth

Vied with each other for my luckless love,  
Oft I besought them, I implored them all  
Not to assail me with my father's aid,  
Nor blend their better destiny with mine:  
For melancholy had congeal'd my blood,  
And froze affection in my chilly breast.  
At last my sire, rous'd with the base attempt  
To force me from him, which thou rend'st 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 secur'd  
From violence and outrage. Then, my lord,  
In my extreme distress, I call'd on thee,  
Thee I bespake, profess'd my 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,  
Nor more to thee than to my myself injurious.

*Lord R.* That I confess; yet ever must regret  
The grief I cannot cure. Would thou wert not  
Compos'd 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 R.* To such a cause the human mind oft  
owes

Its transient calm, a calm I envy not.

*Lord R.* Sure, thou art not the daughter of Sir  
Malcolm:

Strong was his rage, eternal his resentment:  
For when thy brother fell, he smil'd to hear  
That Douglas' son in the same field was slain.

*Lady R.* Oh! rake not up the ashes of my  
fathers:

Implacable resentment was 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 Teviot's pleasant banks; and now of them  
No heir is left. Had they not been so stern,  
I had not been the last of all my race.

*Lord R.* Thy grief wrests to its purposes my  
words.

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

*Lady R.* Thou dost not think so: woful as I am,  
I love thy merit, and esteem thy virtues.  
But whither goest thou now?

*Lord R.* Straight to the camp,  
Where every warrior on the tip-toe stands  
Of expectation, and impatient asks  
Each who arrives, if he is come to tell  
The Danes are landed.

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

*Lord R.* Thou speak'st a woman's, hear a war-  
rior's wish:

Right from their native land, the stormy north,  
May the wind blow, till every keel be fix'd  
Immovable in Caledonia's strand!  
Then shall our foes repent their bold invasion,  
And roving armies shun the fatal shore.

*Lady R.* War I detest: but war with foreign  
foes,

Whose manners, language, and whose looks are  
strange,

Is not so horrid, nor to me so hateful,  
As that which with our neighbours oft we wage.  
A river here, there an ideal line,  
By fancy drawn, divides the sister kingdoms.  
On each side dwells a people similar,  
As twins are to each other, valiant both,  
Both for their valour famous through the world,  
Yet will they not unite their kindred arms,  
And, if they must have war, wage distant war,

But with each other fight in cruel conflict.  
Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,  
The battle is their pastime. They go forth  
Gay in the morning, as to summer sport;  
When ev'ning comes, the glory of the morn,  
The youthful warrior, is a clod of clay.  
Thus fall the prime of either hapless land;  
And such the fruit of Scotch and English wars.

*Lord R.* I'll hear no more: this melody would  
make

A soldier drop his sword, and doff his arms,  
Sit down and weep the conquests he has made:  
Yea, like a monk, sing rest and peace in 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.*]

*Enter ANNA.*

*Anna.* Forgive the rashness of your Anna's  
love:

Urg'd 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 R.* So to lose my hours  
Is all the use I wish to make of time.

*Anna.* To blame thee, lady, suits not with my  
state:

But sure I am, since death first prey'd on man,  
Never did sister thus a brother mourn.  
What had your sorrows been if you had lost,  
In early youth, the husband of your heart?

*Lady R.* Oh!

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

*Lady R.* What pow'r directed thy unconscious  
tongue

To speak as thou hast done? to name—

*Anna.* I know not:

But since my words have made my mistress  
tremble,

I will speak so no more; but silent mix  
My tears with hers.

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

*Anna.* What means my noble mistress?

*Lady R.* Didst thou not ask what had my sor-  
rows been,

If I in early youth had lost a husband?  
In the cold bosom of the earth is lodg'd,  
Mangled with wounds, the husband of my youth;

And in some cavern of the ocean lies  
My child and his.

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

*Lady R.* Alas! an ancient feud,  
Hereditary evil, was the source  
Of my misfortunes. Ruling fate decreed  
That my brave brother should in battle save  
The life of Douglas' son, our house's foe:  
The youthful warriors vow'd eternal friendship.  
To see the vaunted sister of his friend,  
Impatient Douglas to Balarmo came,  
Under a borrow'd name.—My heart he gain'd;  
Nor did I long refuse the hand he begg'd:  
My brother's presence authoriz'd our marriage.  
Three weeks, three little weeks, with wings of  
down,

Had o'er us flown, when my lov'd lord was call'd  
To fight his father's battles: and with him,  
In spite of all my tears, did Malcolm go.  
Scarce were they gone, when my stern 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!  
Tho' first of virtues, let no mortal leave  
Thy onward path! although the earth should  
gape,

And from the gulf of hell destruction cry,  
To take dissimulation's winding way.

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

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

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

*Lady R.* In the first days  
Of my distracting grief, I found myself  
As women wish to be who love their lords.  
But who durst tell my father? The good priest  
Who join'd our hands, my brother's ancient tutor,  
With his lov'd Malcolm, in the battle fell:  
They two alone were privy to the marriage.  
On silence and concealment I resolv'd,  
Till 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 defy'd,  
Despis'd her father's rage, her father's grief,  
And wander'd with thee thro' the scorning world.

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

*Lady R.* No. It was dark December: wind  
and rain

Had beat all night. Across the Carron lay  
The destin'd road; and in its swelling flood  
My faithful servant perish'd with my child.  
O 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 devolv'd;  
Domains, that should to Douglas' son have giv'n  
A baron's title and a baron's power.

Such were my soothing thoughts, while I bewail'd  
The slaughter'd father of a son unborn.  
And when that son came, like a ray from heav'n,  
Which shines and disappears; alas, my child!  
How long did thy fond mother grasp the hope  
Of having thee, she knew not how, restor'd!  
Year after year hath worn her hope away;  
But left still undiminish'd her desire.

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

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

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

Its various evils, and on whom they fall,  
Alas! how oft does goodness wound itself,  
And sweet affection prove the spring of woe?  
Oh! had I died when my lov'd husband fell!  
Had some good angel op'd to me the book  
Of Providence, and let me read my life,  
My heart had broke, when I beheld the sum  
Of ills, which, one by one, I have endur'd.

*Anna.* That God, whose ministers good angels  
are,

Hath shut the book in mercy to mankind.  
But we must leave this theme: Glenalvon comes;  
I saw him bend on you his thoughtful eyes,  
And hitherwards he slowly stalks his way.

*Lady R.* I will avoid him. An ungracious  
person

Is doubly irksome in an hour like this.

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

*Lady R.* Because he's not the heir of Ran-  
dolph's virtues.

Subtle and shrewd, he offers to mankind  
An artificial image of himself;  
And he with ease can vary to the taste  
Of different men its features. Self-denied,

And master of his appetites, he seems:  
But his fierce nature, like a fox chain'd up,  
Watches to seize, unseen, the wish'd-for prey:  
Never were vice and virtue pois'd so ill,  
As in Glenalvon's unrelenting mind.  
Yet 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* LADY RANDOLPH.]

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

I see thou dwellest not with birth and beauty,  
Tho' grac'd with grandeur, and in wealth arrayed:  
Nor dost thou, it would seem, with virtue dwell;  
Else had this gentle lady miss'd thee not.

*Enter* GLENALVON.

*Glen.* What dost thou muse on, meditating  
maid?

Like some entranc'd and visionary seer,  
On earth thou stand'st, thy thoughts ascend to  
heaven.

*Anna.* Would that I were e'en as thou say'st,  
a seer,

To have my doubts by heavenly vision clear'd!

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

With subjects intricate? Thy youth, thy beauty,  
Cannot be question'd: think of these good gifts,  
And then thy contemplations will be pleasing.

*Anna.* Let woman 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* ANNA.]

*Glen. (alone).* So!—Lady Randolph shuns me;  
by-and-by

I'll woo her as the lion woos his bride.

The deed's a doing now that makes me lord  
Of these rich valleys, and a chief of pow'r.  
The season is most apt; my sounding steps  
Will not be heard amidst the din of arms.  
Randolph has liv'd too long: his better fate  
Had the ascendant once, and kept me down:  
When I had seiz'd the dame, by chance he came,  
Rescu'd and had the lady for his labour:  
I 'scap'd unknown: a slender consolation!  
Heav'n is my witness that I do not love  
To sow in peril, and let others reap  
The jocund harvest. Yet, I am not safe;  
By love, or something like it, stung, inflam'd,  
Madly I blabb'd my passion to his wife,  
And she has threaten'd to acquaint him of it.  
The way of woman's will I do not know:  
But well I know the baron's wrath is deadly.  
I will not live in fear: the man I dread  
Is as the Dane to me; ay, and the man  
Who stands betwixt me and my chief desire.  
No bar but he: she has no kinsman near;  
No brother in his sister's quarrel bold:

And for the righteous cause, a stranger's cause,  
I know no chief that will defy Glenalvon. [*Exit.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Enter Servants and a Stranger at one door, and LADY RANDOLPH and ANNA at another.*

*Lady R.* What means this clamour? Stranger,  
speak secure;

Hast thou been wrong'd? Have these rude men  
presum'd

To vex the weary traveller on his way?

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

*Enter LORD RANDOLPH and a young Man, with their swords drawn and bloody.*

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

*Lord R.* That it fares well, thanks to this gal-  
lant youth,

Whose valour sav'd me from a wretched death!  
As down the winding dale I walk'd alone,  
At the cross way, four armed men attack'd me;  
Rovers, I judge, from the licentious camp,  
Who would have quickly laid Lord Randolph low,  
Had not this brave and generous stranger come,  
Like my good angel in the hour of fate,  
And, mocking danger, made my foes his own.  
They turn'd upon him: but his active arm  
Struck to the ground, from whence they rose no  
more,

The fiercest two; the others fled amain,  
And left him master of the bloody field.  
Speak, Lady Randolph, upon beauty's tongue  
Dwell accents pleasing to the brave and bold.  
Speak, noble dame, and thank him for thy lord.

*Lady R.* My lord, I cannot speak what now I  
feel.

My heart o'erflows with gratitude to Heaven,  
And to this noble youth, who all unknown  
To you and yours, deliberated not,  
Nor paus'd 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?

*Lord R.* I ask'd that question, and he answer'd  
not:

But I must know who my deliverer is.

(*To the Stranger.*)

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

*Lord R.* Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is en-  
nobled

By the great King of kings! thou art ordain'd  
And stamp'd a hero by the sovereign hand

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

*Stran.* My name is Norval: on the Grampian  
hills

My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,  
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,  
And keep his only son, myself, at home.  
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd  
To follow to the field some warlike lord:  
And Heav'n soon granted what my sire deny'd.  
This moon which rose last night, round as my  
shield,

Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,  
A band of fierce barbarians from the hills  
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,  
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds  
fled

For safety and for succour. I alone,  
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,  
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd  
The road they took, then hasted to my friends;  
Whom with a troop of fifty chosen men,  
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,  
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.  
We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was  
drawn,

An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,  
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.  
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd  
The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard  
That our good king had summon'd his bold peers  
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,  
I left my father's house, and took with me  
A chosen servant to conduct my steps:—  
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.  
Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these  
towers,

And, Heaven-directed, came this day to do  
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

*Lord R.* He is as wise as brave. Was ever tale  
With such a gallant modesty rebears'd?  
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 lov'd.  
Ha, my Matilda! wherefore starts that tear?

*Lady R.* I cannot say: for various affections,  
And strangely mingled, in my bosom swell;  
Yet each of them may well command a tear.  
I joy that thou art safe, and I admire  
Him and his fortunes who hath wrought thy  
safety;

Yea, as my mind predicts, with thine his own.  
Obscure and friendless, he the army sought,  
Bent upon peril, in the range of death;  
Resolv'd to hunt for fame, and with his sword  
To gain distinction which his birth deny'd.  
In this attempt, unknown he might have perish'd,  
And gain'd, with all his valour, but oblivion.  
Now grac'd by thee, his virtue serves no more

Beneath despair. The soldier now of hope,  
He stands conspicuous; fame and great renown  
Are brought within the compass of his sword.  
On this my mind reflected, whilst you spoke,  
And bless'd the wonder-working Lord of heaven.

*Lord R.* Pious and grateful ever are thy thoughts;

My deeds shall follow where thou point'st the way.

Next to myself, and equal to Glenalvon,  
In honour and command shall Norval be.

*Norv.* I know not how to thank you. Rude I am

In speech and manners; never till this hour  
Stood I in such a presence: yet, my lord,  
There's something in my breast which makes me bold

To say, that Norval ne'er will shame thy favour.

*Lady R. (to Norval).* I will be sworn thou wilt not. Thou shalt be

My knight; and ever, as thou didst to-day,  
With happy valour guard the life of Randolph.

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

(*To Norval.*)

We are thy debtors still; thy high desert  
O'ertops our gratitude. I must proceed,  
As was at first intended, to the camp.  
Some of my train I see are speeding thither,  
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 begone, my lord.

*Lord R. (to Lady R.)* About the time that the declining sun

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

[*Exeunt RANDOLPH and NORVAL.*]

SCENE II.—*LADY RANDOLPH and ANNA.*

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

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

*Anna.* May gracious Heav'n pour the sweet balm of peace

Into the wounds that fester in your breast!

For earthly consolation cannot cure them.

*Lady R.* One only cure can Heav'n itself bestow—

A grave: that bed in which the weary rest.  
Wretch that I am! Alas! why am I so?

At every happy parent I repine!

How bless'd the mother of yon gallant Norval!  
She for a living husband bore her pains,  
And heard him bless her when a man was born.  
She nurs'd her smiling infant on her breast;  
Tended the child, and rear'd the pleasing boy:  
She, with affection's triumph, saw the youth  
In grace and comeliness surpass his peers:  
Whilst I to a dead husband bore a son,  
And to the roaring waters gave my child.

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

*Lady R.* Delighted, say'st thou? Oh! even there mine eye

Found fuel for my life-consuming sorrow;  
I thought that had the son of Douglas liv'd,  
He might have been like this young gallant stranger,

And pair'd with him in features, and in shape,  
In all endowments, as in years, I deem,  
My boy with blooming Norval might have number'd.

Whilst thus I mus'd, a spark from fancy fell  
On my sad heart, and kindled up a fondness  
For this young stranger, wand'ring from his home,

And like an orphan cast upon my care.

I will protect thee (said I to myself)

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

*Anna.* Sure, Heav'n will bless so generous a resolve.

You must, my noble dame, exert your power:

You must awake: devices will be fram'd,

And arrows pointed at the breast of Norval.

*Lady R.* Glenalvon's false and crafty head will work

Against a rival in his kinsman's love,

If I deter him not: I only can.

Bold as he is, Glenalvon will beware

How he pulls down the fabric that I raise.

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

'Tis pleasing to admire: most apt was I

To this affection in my better days;

Though now I seem to you shrunk up, retir'd

Within the narrow compass of my woe.

Have you not sometimes seen an early flow'r

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 worm

Hath kill'd the forward blossom of my heart.

*Enter* GLENALVON.

*Glen.* Where is my dearest kinsman, noble Randolph?

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

*Glen.* I have: and that the villains may not scape,

With a strong band I have begirt the wood.  
If they lurk there, alive they shall be taken,  
And torture force from them th' important secret,

Whether some foe of Randolph hir'd their swords,

Or if—

*Lady R.* That care becomes a kinsman's love.  
I have a counsel for Glenalvon's ear.

[*Exit* ANNA.]

*Glen.* To him your counsels always are commands.

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

*Glen.* Known?

*Lady R.* Ay, known!

And most certain is my cause of knowledge.

*Glen.* What do you know? By the most blessed cross,

You much amaze me. No created being,  
Yourself except, durst thus accost Glenalvon.

*Lady R.* Is guilt so bold? and dost thou make a merit

Of thy pretended meekness? This to me,  
Who, with a gentleness which duty blames,  
Have hitherto conceal'd what, if divulg'd,  
Would make thee nothing; or, what's worse than that,

An outcast beggar, and unpitied too:  
For mortals shudder at a crime like thine.

*Glen.* Thy virtue awes me. First of woman-kind!

Permit me yet to say, that the fond man  
Whom love transports beyond strict virtue's bounds,

If he is brought by love to misery,  
In fortune ruin'd, as in mind forlorn,  
Unpitied cannot be. Pity's the alms  
Which on such beggars freely is bestow'd:  
For mortals know that love is still their lord,  
And o'er their vain resolves advances still:  
As fire, when kindled by our shepherds, moves  
Thro' the dry heath before the fanning wind.

*Lady R.* Reserve these accents for some other ear;

To love's apology I listen not.  
Mark thou my words: for it is meet thou should'st.  
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 favourites 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.*]

SCENE III.—GLENALVON *remains.*

*Glen.* Child that I was, to start at my own shadow,

And be the shallow fool of coward conscience!  
I am not what I have been; what I should be.  
The darts of destiny have almost pierc'd  
My marble heart. Had I one ground of faith  
In holy legends, and religious tales,  
I should conclude there was an arm above  
That fought against me, and malignant turn'd,  
To catch myself, the subtle snare I set.  
Why, rape and murder are not simple means!  
Th' imperfect rape to Randolph gave a spouse;  
And the intended murder introduc'd  
A favourite to hide the sun from me;  
And worst of all, a rival. Burning hell!  
This were thy centre, if I thought she lov'd him!  
'Tis certain she contemns me; nay, commands  
me,

And waves the flag of her displeasure o'er me,  
In his behalf. And shall I thus be brav'd?  
Curb'd, as she calls it, by dame Chastity?  
Infernal fiends, if any fiends there are,  
More fierce than hate, 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:  
Persistent 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.

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 Heav'n, 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.*

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

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

*Enter Servants with a Prisoner.*

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

*1st Serv.* You say so, sir!  
But torture soon shall make you speak the truth.  
Behold the lady of Lord Randolph comes:  
Prepare yourself to meet her just revenge.

SCENE II.—*Enter LADY RANDOLPH and ANNA.*

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

*Lady R.* Thou shalt behold me, with a des-  
perate heart,  
Hear how my infant perish'd. See, he kneels.

[*The Prisoner kneels.*]

*Pris.* Heav'n bless that countenance so sweet  
and mild!

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

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

*1st Serv.* We found him lurking in the hollow  
glen.

When view'd and call'd upon, amaz'd he fled.  
We overtook him, and inquir'd from whence,  
And what he was: he said he came from far,  
And was upon his journey to the camp.  
Not satisfy'd 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.* Oh, gentle lady, by your lord's dear life,  
Which these weak hands, I swear, did ne'er  
assail;

And by your children's welfare, spare my age!  
Let not the iron tear my ancient joints,  
And my gray hairs bring to the grave with pain.

*Lady R.* 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 R.* Oh, 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 abides thee.

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

A little hovel by the river's side  
Received us: there hard labour, and the skill  
In fishing, which was formerly my sport,  
Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly liv'd,  
One stormy night, as I remember well,  
The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof:  
Red came the river down, and loud and oft  
The angry spirit of the water shriek'd.  
At the dead hour of night was heard the cry  
Of one in jeopardy. I rose, and ran  
To where the circling eddy of a pool,  
Beneath the ford, us'd oft to bring within  
My reach whatever floating thing the stream  
Had caught. The voice was ceas'd; the person  
lost:

But looking sad and earnest on the waters,  
By the moon's light I saw, whirl'd round and  
round,

A basket; soon I drew it to the bank,  
And nest'd curious there an infant lay.

*Lady R.* Was he alive?

*Pris.* He was.

*Lady R.* Inhuman that thou art!  
How couldst thou kill what waves and tempests  
spar'd?

*Pris.* I was not so inhuman.

*Lady R.* Didst thou not?

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

This man has not the aspect of stern murder:  
Let him go on, and you, I hope, will hear  
Good tidings—of your kinsman's long-lost child.

*Pris.* The needy man who has known better  
days,

One whom distress has spited at the world,  
Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon



To do such deeds as make the prosperous men  
Lift up their hands and wonder who could do  
them.

And such a man was I; a man declin'd,  
Who saw no end of black adversity:

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

*Lady R.* Ha! dost thou say so? Then perhaps  
he lives!

*Pris.* Not many days ago he was alive.

*Lady R.* Oh! God of heav'n! 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 R.* Where is he now?

*Pris.* Alas! I know not where.

*Lady R.* Oh, fate! I fear thee still. Thou  
riddler, speak

Direct and clear; else I will search thy soul.

*Anna.* 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, tho' I must speak my  
shame;

Within the cradle where the infant lay,  
Was stow'd a mighty store of gold and jewels;  
Tempted by which we did resolve to hide,  
From all the world, this wonderful event,  
And like a peasant breed the noble child.  
That none might mark the change of our estate,  
We left the country, travell'd to the north!  
Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought  
forth

Our secret wealth. But God's all-seeing eye  
Beheld our avarice, and smote us sore.

For one by one all our own children died,  
And he, the stranger, sole remain'd the heir

Of what indeed was his. Fain, then, would I,  
Who with a father's fondness lov'd the boy,

Have trusted him, now in the dawn of youth,  
With his own secret; but my anxious wife,

Foreboding evil, never would consent.

Meanwhile, the stripling grew in years and beauty;  
And, as we oft observ'd, he bore himself,

Not as the offspring of our cottage blood;

For nature will break out; mild with the mild,  
But with the froward he was fierce as fire,

And night and day he talk'd of war and arms.  
I set myself against his warlike bent;

But all in vain: for when a desperate band  
Of robbers from the rugged mountains came—

*Lady R.* Eternal Providence! What is thy  
name?

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

*Lady R.* 'Tis he! 'tis he himself! It is my son!  
Oh! sovereign mercy! 'twas my child I saw.  
No wonder, Anna, that my bosom burn'd.

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

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

But yet remember that you are beheld  
By servile eyes: your gestures may be seen  
Impassion'd, strange; perhaps your words o'er-  
heard.

*Lady R.* Well dost thou counsel, Anna: Heav'n  
bestow

On me that wisdom which my state requires.

*Anna.* 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 judg'd,  
Thou art the daughter of my ancient master:  
The child I rescued from the flood is thine.

*Lady R.* With thee dissimulation now were  
vain.

I am, indeed, the daughter of Sir Malcolm;  
The child thou rescued from the flood is mine.

*Pris.* Bless'd be the hour that made me a poor  
man;

My poverty has sav'd my master's house!

*Lady R.* Thy words surprise me: sure thou  
dost not feign:

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

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

After 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 Heav'n so judge me as I judg'd my master!  
And God so love me as I love his race!

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

Depends the fate of thy lov'd master's house.

Rememb'rest thou a little lonely hut,

That like a holy hermitage appears

Among the cliffs of Carron?

*Pris.* I remember

The cottage of the cliffs.

*Lady R.* 'Tis that I mean:

There dwells a man of venerable age,  
Who in my father's service spent his youth:

Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain,

Till I shall call upon thee to declare

Before the king and nobles what thou now

To me hast told. No more but this, and thou

Shalt live in honour all thy future days;

Thy son so long shall call thee father still,

And all the land shall bless the man who sav'd

The son of Douglas, and Sir Malcolm's heir.

Remember well my words: if thou should'st meet  
Him whom thou call'st thy son, still call him so;  
And mention nothing of his nobler 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 challeng'd, and so  
bring

To light the secret of his noble birth.

(*LADY RANDOLPH goes towards the Servants.*)

*Lady R.* This man is not the assassin you sus-  
pected,

Tho' chance combin'd some likelihoods against  
him.

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

[*Exeunt Stranger and Servants.*]

SCENE III.—*LADY RANDOLPH and ANNA.*

*Lady R.* My faithful Anna, dost thou share  
my joy?

I know thou dost. Unparallel'd event!  
Reaching from heav'n to earth, Jehovah's arm  
Snatch'd from the waves, and brings to me my  
son!

Judge of the widow, and the orphan's Father!  
Accept a widow's and a mother's thanks  
For such a gift! What does my Anna think  
Of the young eaglet of a valiant nest?  
How soon he 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 sires?

*Anna.* How fondly did your eyes devour the  
boy!

Mysterious nature, with the unseen cord  
Of powerful instinct, drew you to your own.

*Lady R.* The ready story of his birth believ'd,  
Suppress'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.

*Anna.* 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 R.* 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 he is, or my fond judgment errs.  
As he does now, so look'd his noble father;  
Array'd in nature's ease; his mien, his speech,  
Were sweetly simple, and full oft deceiv'd  
Those trivial mortals who seem always wise.  
But when the matter match'd his mighty mind,  
Up rose the hero: on his piercing eye  
Sat observation; on each glance of thought  
Decision follow'd, as the thunder-bolt  
Pursues the flash.

*Anna.* That demon haunts you still:—  
Behold Glenalvon.

*Lady R.* Now I shun him not.

This day I brav'd him in behalf of Norval:  
Perhaps too far: at least my nicer fears  
For Douglas thus interpret. [*Exit ANNA.*]

*Enter GLENALVON.*

*Glen.* Noble dame!

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

*Lady R.* But whence comes this intelligence,  
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 that place where the sea rock immense,  
Amazing Bass, looks o'er a fertile land.

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

The warlike troops that guard Edina's towers?

*Glen.* Beyond all question. If impairing time  
Has not effac'd the image of a place,  
Once perfect in my breast, there is a wild  
Which lies to westward of that mighty rock,  
And seems by nature formed for the camp  
Of water-wafted armies, whose chief strength  
Lies in firm foot, unflank'd with warlike horse:  
If martial skill directs the Danish lords,  
There inaccessible their army lies  
To our swift scouring horse; the bloody field  
Must man to man and foot to foot be fought.

*Lady R.* How many mothers shall bewail their  
sons!

How many widows weep their 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 th' unconquer'd Caledonian sword  
Widow'd the north. The children of the slain  
Come, as I hope, to meet their fathers' fate.

The monster war, with her infernal brood,  
Loud-yelling fury, and life-ending pain,  
Are objects suited to Glenalvon's soul.  
Scorn is more grievous than the pains of death:  
Reproach, more piercing than the pointed sword.

*Lady R.* I scorn thee not, but when I ought  
to scorn:

Nor e'er reproach, but when insulted virtue  
Against audacious vice asserts herself.  
I own thy worth, Glenalvon; none more apt  
Than I to praise thy eminence in arms,  
And be the echo of thy martial fame.  
No longer vainly feed a guilty passion:  
Go and pursue a lawful mistress, Glory.  
Upon the Danish crests redeem thy fault,  
And let thy valour be the shield of Randolph.

*Glen.* One instant stay, and hear an alter'd  
man.

When beauty pleads for virtue, vice, abash'd,  
Flies its own colours, and goes o'er to virtue.  
I am your convert; time will show how truly:  
Yet one immediate proof I mean to give.  
That youth for whom your ardent zeal to-day,  
Somewhat too haughtily, defy'd your slave,  
Amidst the 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 R.* Act thus, Glenalvon, and I am thy  
friend:

But that's thy least reward. Believe me, sir,  
The truly generous is the truly wise;  
And he who loves not others, lives unblest'd.

[*Exit* LADY RANDOLPH.]

*Glen.* (*alone.*) Amen! and virtue is its own re-  
ward!—

I think that I have hit the very tone  
In which she loves to speak. Honey'd assent,  
How pleasant art thou to the taste of man,  
And women also; flattery direct  
Rarely disgusts. They little know mankind  
Who doubt its operation; 'tis my key,  
And opens 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 observ'd  
To charm the nicer and fantastic dames,  
Who are, like Lady Randolph, full of virtue.  
In raising Randolph's jealousy I may

But point him to the truth. He seldom errs  
Who thinks the worst he can of womankind.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Flourish of Trumpets.*

*Enter* LORD RANDOLPH *attended.*

*Lord R.* Summon a hundred horse, by break of  
day,  
To wait our pleasure at the castle gate.

*Enter* LADY RANDOLPH.

*Lady R.* Alas! my lord, I've heard unwelcome  
news:

The Danes are landed.

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

*Lady R.* Dreadful times!

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

*Lady R.* Immense, as fame reports, the Dan-  
ish host.

*Lord R.* Were it as numerous as loud fame  
reports,

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

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

Lovers of danger, on destruction's brink  
They joy to rear erect their daring forms:  
Hence early graves; hence the lone widow's life,  
And the sad mother's grief-embittered age.  
Where is our gallant guest?

*Lord R.* Down in the vale

I left him, managing a fiery steed,  
Whose stubbornness had foil'd the strength and  
skill

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

*Enter* GLENALVON *and* NORVAL.

Glenalvon! with the lark arise; go forth,  
And lead my troops that lie in yonder vale:  
Private I travel to the royal camp:  
Norval, thou goest with me. But say, young man,

Where didst thou learn so to discourse of war,  
And in such terms as I o'erheard to-day?  
War is no village science, nor its praise  
A language taught among the shepherd swains.

*Norr.* 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, form'd by no mortal hand,  
A hermit liv'd, a melancholy man,  
Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains.  
Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,  
Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,  
Water his drink, his food the shepherds' alms.  
I went to see him, and my heart was touch'd  
With reverence and pity. Mild he spake,  
And, ent'ring 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 the usurping Infidel display'd  
The blessed cross, and won the Holy Land.  
Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire  
His speech struck from me, the old man would  
shake

His years away, and act his young encounters:  
Then, having shown 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;  
Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use  
Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line,  
The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm.  
For all that Saracen or Christian knew  
Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

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

*Norr.* That too, at last, I learn'd. Unhappy  
man!

Returning homewards, by Messina's port,  
Loaded with wealth and honours bravely won,  
A rude and boist'rous captain of the sea  
Fasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought:  
The stranger fell, and with his dying breath  
Declar'd his name and lineage. Mighty God!  
The soldier cried, My brother! Oh! my brother!

*Lady R.* His brother!

*Norr.* Yes: of the same parents born;  
His only brother. They exchang'd forgiveness;  
And happy in my mind was he that dy'd:  
For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.  
In the wild desert, on a rock he sits,  
Or on some nameless stream's untrodden banks,  
And ruminates all day his dreadful fate,  
At times, alas! not in his perfect mind!  
Holds dialogues with his lov'd brother's ghost:  
And oft each night forsakes his sullen couch,  
To make sad orisons for him he slew.

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

In this dire tragedy were there no more  
Unhappy persons? did the parents live?

*Norr.* No; they were dead: kind Heav'n had  
clos'd their eyes

Before their son had shed his brother's blood.

*Lord R.* Hard is his fate; for he was not to  
blame:

There is a destiny in this strange world,  
Which oft decrees an undeserved doom:

Let schoolmen tell us why.—From whence these  
sounds? [*Trumpets at a distance.*]

*Enter an OFFICER.*

*Off.* My lord, the trumpets of the troops of  
Lorn;

Their valiant leader hails the noble Randolph.

*Lord R.* Mine ancient guest, does he the war-  
riors lead?

Has Denmark rous'd the brave old knight to arms?  
*Off.* No; worn with warfare, he resigns the  
sword.

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

*Lord R.* Glenalvon, go,

With hospitality's most strong request

Entreat the chief. [*Exit GLENALVON.*]

*Off.* My lord, requests are vain.

He urges on, impatient of delay,  
Stung with the tidings of the foe's approach.

*Lord R.* May victory sit on the warrior's plume.

Bravest of men! his flocks and herds are safe;

Remote from war's alarms his pastures lie,

By mountains inaccessible secur'd:

Yet foremost he into the plain descends,

Eager to bleed in battles not his own.

Such were the heroes of the ancient world:

Contemners they of indolence and gain:

But still for love of glory and of arms

Prono to encounter peril, and to lift

Against each strong antagonist the spear.

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

[*Exit RANDOLPH.*]

(*LADY RANDOLPH and NORVAL remain.*)

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

Investing awful war, Norval, I see,  
Transport thy youthful mind.

*Norr.* Ah! should they not?

Bless'd be the hour I left my father's house!

I might have been a shepherd all my days,

And stole obscurely to a peasant's grave.

Now, if I live, with mighty chiefs I stand;

And if I fall, with noble dust I lie.

*Lady R.* There is a gen'rous spirit in thy breast,  
That could have well sustain'd a prouder fortune.

This way with me; under yon spreading beech,

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 R.* Know'st thou these gems?

(Shows the jewels.)

*Norr.* Durst I believe mine eyes,  
I'd say I knew them, and they were my father's.

*Lady R.* Thy father's, say'st thou? Ah! they  
were thy father's!

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

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

*Norr.* Not Norval's son!

*Lady R.* Nor of a shepherd sprung.

*Norr.* Lady, who am I, then?

*Lady R.* Noble thou art;

For noble was thy sire!

*Norr.* I will believe—

Oh! tell me further. Say, who was my father?

*Lady R.* Douglas!

*Norr.* Lord Douglas, whom to-day I saw?

*Lady R.* His younger brother.

*Norr.* And in yonder camp?

*Lady R.* Alas!

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

*Lady R.* Ah! too brave indeed!

He fell in battle ere thyself was born.

*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 R.* She lives; but wastes her life in constant woe,

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 friend 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 Heaven the aid

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

Your countenance confesses that she's wretched.

Oh, tell me her condition! Can the sword—

Who shall resist me in a parent's cause?

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

I am thy mother, and the wife of Douglas.

(Falls upon his neck.)

*Norr.* O heav'n and earth, how wondrous is  
my fate!

Art thou my mother! Ever let me kneel!

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

The poor remains of beauty once admir'd:

The autumn of my days is come already;

For sorrow made my summer haste away.

Yet in my prime I equal'd not thy father:

His eyes were like the eagle's, yet, sometimes,

Liker the dove's: and, as he pleas'd, he won

All hearts with softness, or with spirit aw'd.

*Norr.* How did he fall? Sure, 'twas a bloody  
field

When Douglas died. Oh! I have much to ask.

*Lady R.* Hereafter thou shalt hear the length-  
en'd tale

Of all thy father's and thy mother's woes:

At present this—thou art the rightful heir

Of yonder castle, and the wide domains

Which now Lord Randolph as my husband holds.

But thou shalt not be wrong'd; I have the power

To right thee still: before the king I'll kneel,

And call Lord Douglas to protect his blood.

*Norr.* The blood of Douglas will protect itself.

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

To wrest thy lands and lordship from the gripe

Of Randolph and his kinsman. Yet I think

My tale will move each gentle heart to pity,

My life incline the virtuous to believe.

*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 R.* Thou dost not know what perils and  
injustice

Await the poor man's valour. Oh, my son,

The noblest blood in all the land's abash'd,

Having no lacquey but pale poverty.

Too long hast thou been thus attended, Douglas.

Too long hast thou been deem'd a peasant's child.

The wanton heir of some inglorious chief

Perhaps has scorn'd thee, in the youthful sports,

Whilst thy indignant spirit swell'd in vain!

Such contumely thou no more shalt bear:

But how I purpose to redress thy wrongs

Must be hereafter told. Prudence directs

That we should part before yon chiefs return.

Retire, and from thy rustic follower's hand

Receive a billet, which thy mother's care,

Anxious to see thee, dictated before

This casual opportunity arose

Of private conference. Its purport mark:

For as I there appoint, we meet again.

Leave me, my son, and frame thy manners still

To Norval's, not to noble Douglas' state.

*Norr.* I will remember. Where is Norval now?

That good old man.

*Lady R.* At hand concealed 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 you false  
 Glenalvon beware of me. [*Exit DOUGLAS.*]

(*LADY RANDOLPH remains.*)

*Lady R.* There burst the smother'd flame.  
 Oh! thou all-righteous and eternal King!  
 Who Father of the fatherless art call'd,  
 Protect my son!—Thy inspiration, Lord,  
 Hath fill'd his bosom with that sacred fire,  
 Which in the breast 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.*

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

*Lady R.* Be not, my lord, by his example sway'd:  
 Arrange the business of to-morrow now,  
 And, when you enter, speak of war no more. [*Exit.*]  
 (*LORD RANDOLPH and GLENALVON remain.*)

*Lord R.* 'Tis so, by Heav'n! her mien, her  
 voice, her eye,  
 And her impatience to be gone, confirm it.

*Glen.* He parted from her now: behind the  
 mount,

Amongst the trees, I saw him glide along.

*Lord R.* For sad sequester'd virtue she's re-  
 nown'd!

*Glen.* Most true, my lord.

*Lord R.* 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 suspicion in a husband's brain,  
 Whose gentle consort all for love had wedded;  
 Much more in mine. Matilda never lov'd me.  
 Let no man, after me, a woman wed,  
 Whose heart he knows he has not: tho' 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 sorrows, and the worst of shames!

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

But let the spirit of an husband sleep,  
 Till your own senses make a sure conclusion.  
 This billet must to blooming *Norval* go:  
 At the next turn awaits my trusty spy;  
 I'll give it him refitted for his master.  
 In the close thicket take your secret stand;

The moon shines bright, and your own eyes may  
 judge

Of their behaviour.

*Lord R.* Thou dost counsel well.

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

*Lord R.* And what avails this maxim?

*Glen.* Much, my lord!

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

*Lord R.* 'Tis shrewdly thought.

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

His rising wrath restrain. [*Exit RANDOLPH.*]

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

(*DOUGLAS appears.*)

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?

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

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

*Doug.* If I shall e'er acquire a leader's name,  
 My speech will be less ardent. Novelty  
 Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admira-  
 tion

Vents itself freely; since no part is mine  
 Of praise, pertaining to the great in arms.

*Glen.* You wrong yourself, brave sir; your mar-  
 tial deeds

Have rank'd you with the great: but mark me,  
*Norval*;

*Lord Randolph's* favour now exalts your youth  
 Above his vet'rans of former 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.

*Doug.* 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.

*Doug.* 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, Will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn?

*Doug.* 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?

*Doug.* If this were told!— (*Aside.*)

Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self?

*Glen.* Ha! dost thou threaten me?

*Doug.* Didst thou not hear?

*Glen.* Unwillingly, I did; a nobler foe

Had not been question'd thus. But, such as thee—

*Doug.* Whom dost thou think me?

*Glen.* Norval.

*Doug.* 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.

*Doug.* 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.

*Doug.* 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?

*Doug.* Villain, no more!

Draw, and defend thy life. I did design To have defied thee in another cause; But Heav'n accelerates its vengeance on thee. Now, for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs.

*Enter LORD RANDOLPH.*

*Lord R.* Hold! I command you both. The man that stirs Makes me his foe.

*Doug.* 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!

*Doug.* Now you may scoff in safety.

(*Sheathes his sword.*)

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

*Doug.* 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, ev'n him, And his high arbitration, I'd reject.

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

*Lord R.* Thus far I'll meditate with impartial voice:

The ancient foe of Caledonia's land Now waves his banners o'er her frighted fields. Suspend your purpose, till your country's arms Repel the bold invader; then decide The private quarrel.

*Glen.* I agree to this.

*Doug.* And I.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* The banquet waits.

*Lord R.* We come. [*Exit RANDOLPH.*]

*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. Smooth thou thy brow;

Nor let our strife disturb the gentle dame.

*Doug.* Think not so lightly, sir, of my resentment;

When we contend again, our strife is mortal.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The 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 this midnight scene!

The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way  
Thro' skies, where I could count each little star.  
The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves;  
The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,  
Imposes silence with a stilly sound.  
In such a place as this, at such an hour,  
If ancestry can be in aught believ'd,  
Descending spirits have convers'd with man,  
And told the secrets of the world unknown.

*Enter OLD NORVAL.*

*Old N.* 'Tis he; but what if he should chide me  
hence?  
His just reproach I fear.

(DOUGLAS turns and sees him.)

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

*Doug.* Kneel not to me; thou art my father still:  
Thy wish'd-for presence now 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. Oh! 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 trod in each accustom'd path  
That to the castle leads. Whilst thus I rang'd,  
I was alarm'd with unexpected sounds  
Of earnest voices. On the persons came:  
Unseen I lurk'd, and overheard them name  
Each other as they talk'd; Lord Randolph this,  
And that Glenalvon: still of you they spoke,  
And of the lady: threatening was their speech,  
Tho' 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 of none; at last, perplex'd,  
I issu'd forth, encompassing the tower  
With many a wary step and wishful look.  
Now Providence hath brought you to my sight,  
Let not your too courageous spirit scorn  
The caution which I give.

*Doug.* I scorn it not.

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

*Old 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!  
Oh! may Heav'n's hand, which sav'd thee from  
the wave,

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

*Doug.* He loves me like a parent;  
And must not, shall not, lose the son he loves;  
Altho' his son has found a nobler father.  
Eventful day! how hast thou chang'd my state!  
Once on the cold and winter-shaded side  
Of a bleak hill, mischance had rooted me,  
Never to thrive, child of another soil;  
Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,  
Like the green thorn of May my fortune flow'rs.  
Ye glorious stars! high heav'n's resplendent host;  
To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,  
Hear and record my soul's unalter'd wish;  
Living or dead, let me but be renew'd!  
May Heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic Dane  
To give a bold defiance to our host!  
Before he speaks it out, I will accept;  
Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die.

*Enter LADY RANDOLPH.*

*Lady R.* My son! I heard a voice—

*Doug.* The voice was mine.

*Lady R.* Didst thou complain aloud to nature's  
ear,

That thus in dusky shades, at midnight hours,  
By stealth, the mother and the son should meet?  
(*Embracing him.*)

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

My thoughts and words are all of hope and joy.

*Lady R.* Sad fear and melancholy still divide  
The empire of my breast with hope and joy.

Now hear what I advise.

*Doug.* First, let me tell

What may the tenor of your counsel change.



*Lady R.* My heart forebodes some evil!

*Doug.* 'Tis not good.—

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

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

*Lady R.* Defend us, gracious God! we are 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 reveng'd. 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, Heav'n hath ordain'd to save  
thee!

Fly to the camp, my son!

*Doug.* And leave you here?

No; to the castle let us go together,  
Call up the 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 those spoilers from my father's house.

*Lady R.* Oh! 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 proofs, will soon confirm.

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

*Lady R.* If thou regard'st thy mother, or  
rever'st

Thy father's memory, think of this no more.  
One thing I have to say before we part;  
Long wert thou lost; and thou art found, my  
child,

In a most fearful season. War and battle  
I have great cause to dread. Too well I see  
Which way the current of thy temper sets;  
To-day I've found thee. Oh, my long lost hope!  
If thou to giddy valour giv'st the 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 nor love nor hope  
In this waste world! My son, remember me!

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

The God of battles of my life dispose,  
As may be best for you! for whose dear sake  
I will not bear myself as I resolv'd.  
But yet consider, as no vulgar name,  
That which I boast sounds amongst martial men.  
How will inglorious caution suit my claim?  
The post of fate, unshrinking, I maintain.  
My country's foes must witness who I am.  
On the invaders' 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 live not honour'd, must not live.

*Lady R.* I will not utter what my bosom feels:  
Too well I love that valour which I warn.  
Farewell, my son! my counsels are but vain:  
And, as high Heav'n hath will'd it, all must be.  
Gaze not on me; thou wilt mistake the path;  
I'll point it out again. [Exit with DOUGLAS.]

Enter LORD RANDOLPH and GLENALVON.

*Lord R.* Not in her presence.  
Now—

*Glen.* I'm prepar'd.

*Lord R.* 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.]

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

*Lord R. (behind).* Draw, villain! draw.

*Doug. (behind).* Assail me not, Lord Randolph;  
Not as thou lov'st thyself. (Clashing of swords.)

*Glen.* Now is the time. [Exit.]

Enter LADY RANDOLPH.

*Lady R.* Lord Randolph, hear me; all shall be  
thine own:  
But spare,—oh! spare my son!

Enter DOUGLAS, with a sword in each hand

*Doug.* My mother's voice!

I can protect thee still.

*Lady R.* He lives, he lives!

For this, for this, to Heaven eternal praise!

But sure, I saw thee fall.

*Doug.* It was Glenalvon.

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

*Lady R.* 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 upon his sword.)

*Lady R.* There is no hope!  
And we must part; the hand of death is on thee.  
Oh, my beloved child! Oh, Douglas, Douglas!  
(*DOUGLAS growing more and more faint.*)

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

Oh, destiny, hardly thou deal'st with me;  
Clouded and hid, a stranger to myself,  
In low and poor obscurity I liv'd.

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

*Doug.* Oh! had I fall'n as my brave fathers fell;  
Turning, with fatal arm, the tide of battle!  
Like them, I should have smil'd and welcom'd  
death;

But thus to perish by a villain's hand,  
Cut out from nature's and from glory's course,  
Which never mortal was so fond to run,

*Lady R.* Hear, Justice, hear! stretch thy aveng-  
ing arm. (*DOUGLAS falls.*)

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

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

*Lady R.* Despair, despair!

*Doug.* Oh, had it pleas'd high Heaven to let  
me live

A little while!—My eyes, that gaze on thee,  
Grow dim apace. My mother!—O my mother!  
(*Dies.*)

*Enter LORD RANDOLPH and ANNA.*

*Lord R.* Thy words, thy words of truth, have  
pierc'd my heart.

I am the stain of knighthood and of arms.  
Oh! if my brave deliverer survive  
The traitor's sword—

*Anna.* Alas! look there, my lord.

*Lord R.* The mother and her son. How curs'd  
am I!

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

*Anna.* My lady lives.

The agony of grief hath but suppress'd  
A while her powers.

*Lord R.* But my deliverer's dead!

The world did once esteem Lord Randolph well,  
Sincere of heart, for spotless honour fam'd;  
And, in my early days, I glory gain'd  
Beneath the holy banner of the cross.  
Now pass'd the noon of life, shame comes upon  
me!

Reproach, and infamy, and public hate  
Are near at hand: for all mankind will think  
That Randolph basely stabb'd Sir Malcolm's heir.

*Lady R. (recovering).* Where am I now? Still  
in this wretched world!

Grief cannot break a heart so hard as mine.

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

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

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

*Lady R.* Thy innocence!

*Lord R.* My guilt

Is innocence, compar'd with what thou think'st it.

*Lady R.* Of thee I think not: what have I to do  
With thee, or anything? 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 drive me to my fate.

(*Runs out.*)

*Lord R.* Follow her, Anna: I myself would  
follow,

But in this rage she must abhor my presence.  
(*Exit ANNA.*)

*Enter OLD NORVAL.*

*Old N.* I heard the voice of woe! Heav'n guard  
my child!

*Lord R.* 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 confin'd it!  
Yet never was by all thy virtues won  
To do thee justice, and reveal the secret,  
Which, timely known, had rais'd thee far above  
The villain's snare. Oh, I am punish'd now!  
These are the hairs that should have strew'd the  
ground,

And not the locks of Douglas.

*Lord R.* I know thee now: thy boldness I for-  
give:

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.  
Curs'd, curs'd Glenalvon, he escap'd too well,

Tho' slain and baffled by the hand he hated,  
Foaming with rage and fury to the last,  
Cursing his conqueror, the felon died.

*Re-enter ANNA.*

*Anna.* My lord! my lord!

*Lord R.* Speak! I can hear of horror.

*Anna.* Horror, indeed!

*Lord R.* Matilda—

*Anna.* Is no more:

She ran, she flew like lightning 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—

*Lord R.* 'Twas I, alas! 'twas I

That fill'd her breast with fury; drove her down  
The precipice of death! Wretch that I am!

*Anna.* Oh, had you seen her last despairing  
look.

Upon the brink she stood, and cast her eyes  
Down on the deep: then lifting up her head  
And her white hands to heaven, seeming to say—  
Why am I fore'd to this? She plung'd herself  
Into the empty air.

*Lord R.* I will not vent,

In vain complaints, the passion of my soul.  
Peace in this world I never can enjoy.  
These wounds the gratitude of Randolph gave:  
They speak aloud, and with the voice of fate  
Denounce my doom. I am resolv'd. I'll go  
Straight to the battle, where the man that makes  
Me turn aside must threaten worse than death.  
Thou, faithful to thy mistress, take this ring,  
Full warrant of my power. Let every rite  
With cost and pomp upon their funerals wait;  
For Randolph hopes he never shall return.

[*Exeunt.*]

## DUNCAN MACINTYRE.

BORN 1724—DIED 1812.

DONACHA BAN, or Fair-haired Duncan—a name given to him in his youth, when he was noted for his personal beauty—was born in Druimliaghart (Glenorehy), Argyleshire, March 20, 1724. He was employed in early life as a forester by the Earl of Breadalbane, and upon the breaking out of the rebellion in 1745 went to the field as one of his followers, joining the Breadalbane regiment of fencibles, which led him to take part, much against his will (for he was a stout adherent of the Stuarts), in the battle of Falkirk. In the retreat he had the misfortune to lose his sword. Of that battle the Gaelic bard has given a minute description in an admirable song, which forms the first in his collection of poems, first published at Edinburgh in 1768. For above one-half of his long and eventful career he dwelt among his native hills, haunting "Coire Cheathaich" at all hours, and composing his mountain music, and sometimes travelling about the country collecting subscriptions to his poems. During these Highland expeditions he was always dressed in the Highland garb. His poems were republished in 1790; and a third edition, with some additional

pieces, appeared in 1804. For six years he was sergeant in the Breadalbane Fencibles, and when that regiment was disbanded in 1799 he procured, through the influence of the Earl of Breadalbane, his constant friend through life, a place in the City Guard of Edinburgh, those poor old veterans so savagely described by Fergusson in "Leith Races":—

"Their stumps, erst used to philabegs,  
Are dight in spatterdashies,  
Whase barkent hides scarce fend their legs  
Fra weot and weary splashes  
O dirt that day!"

He was then seventy-five years of age. About this time he composed a quaint long rhyme in praise of Dunedin or Edinburgh, in which he described the Castle, Holyrood Abbey, &c., his sharp hunter's eye taking in everything as he wandered through the streets of the city. In 1802 Duncan visited his home in the Highlands, and there composed, in his seventy-eighth year, the most beautiful of all his poems, "The Last Farewell to the Hills." Another of his compositions, pronounced by Robert Buchanan, who translated it, his master-piece, is a description of the great corri at

Glenorchy, where the poet in early life loved to roam. The venerable Highlander died in Edinburgh, May, 1812, and was buried in the Grayfriars' churchyard. A noble monument has been erected to his memory in Glenorchy.

Macintyre's biographer, in Reid's *Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica*, says: "All good judges of Celtic poetry agree that nothing like the purity of his Gaelic and the style of his poetry has appeared in the Highlands since the days of Ossian." Another full and sympathetic account of the gifted Duncan may be found in *The Land of Lorne*, by Buchanan, who writes: "What Burns is to the Lowlands of Scotland, Duncan Ban is to the Highlands, and more; for Duncan never made a poem, long or short, which was not set to a tune, and he first sang them himself as he wandered like a venerable bard of old. . . . His fame endures wherever the Gaelic language is spoken, and his songs are sung all over the civilized world. Without the bitterness and intellectual power of Burns, he possessed much of his tenderness; and as a literary prodigy, who could not even write, he is still more remarkable

than Burns. Moreover, the old simple-hearted forester, with his fresh love of nature, his shrewd insight, and his impassioned speech, seems a far completer figure than the Ayrshire ploughman, who was doubtless a glorious creature, but most obtrusive in his independence. Poor old Duncan was never bitter. The world was wonderful, and he was content to fill a humble place in it. He had 'an independent mind,' but was quite friendly to rank and power wherever he saw them; for, after all, what were they to Coire Cheathaich, with its natural splendours? What was the finest robe in Dunedin to the gay clothing on the side of Ben Dorain? . . . In the life of Burns we see the light striking through the storm-cloud, lurid, terrific, yet always light from heaven. In the life of Duncan Ban there is nothing but a gray light of peace and purity, such as broods over the mountains when the winds are laid. Burns was the mightier poet, the grander human soul; but many who love him best, and cherish his memory most tenderly, can find a place in their hearts for Duncan Ban as well."

### THE BARD TO HIS MUSKET.

Oh! mony a turn of woe and weal  
 May happen to a Highlan' man:  
 Though he fall in love he soon may feel  
 He cannot get the fancied one.  
 The first I loved in time that's past  
 I courted twenty years, ochone!  
 But she forsook me at the last,  
 And Duncan then was left alone.

To Edinbro' I forthwith hied,  
 To seek a sweetheart to my mind,  
 An' if I could, to find a bride  
 For the fause love I left behind;  
 Said Captain Campbell of the Guard,  
 "I ken a widow secretly,  
 An' I'll try, as she's no that ill faur'd,  
 To put her, Duncan, in your way."

As was his wont, I trow, did he  
 Fulfil his welcome promise true,  
 He gave the widow unto me,  
 And all her portion with her too;  
 And whosoe'er may ask her name,  
 And her surname also may desire,

They call her Janet—great her fame—  
 An' 'twas George who was her grandsire.

She's quiet, an' affable, an' free,  
 No vexing gloom or look at hand,  
 As high in rank and in degree  
 As any lady in the land;  
 She's my support and my relief,  
 Since e'er she join'd me, anyhow;  
 Great is the cureless cause of grief  
 To him who has not got her now!

Nic-Coisem<sup>1</sup> I forsaken quite,  
 Although she liveth still at ease—  
 An' allow the crested stags to fight  
 And wander wheresoe'er they please;  
 A young wife I have chosen now,  
 Which I repent not anywhere,  
 I am not wanting wealth, I trow,  
 Since ever I espoused the fair.

I pass my word of honour bright—  
 Most excellent I do her call;

<sup>1</sup> A favourite fowling-piece to which he composed another song.—Ed.

In her I ne'er, in any light,  
 Discover'd any fault at all.  
 She is stately, fine, an' straight, an' sound,  
 Without a hidden fault, my friend;  
 In her defect I never found,  
 Nor yet a blemish, twist, or bend.

When needy folk are pinch'd, alas!  
 For money in a great degree;  
 Ah! George's daughter—generous lass—  
 Ne'er lets my pockets empty be;  
 She keepeth me in drink, and stays  
 By me in ale-houses and all,  
 An' at once, without a word, she pays  
 For every stoup I choose to call!

An' every turn I bid her do  
 She does it with a willing grace;  
 She never tells me aught untrue,  
 Nor story false, with lying face;  
 She keeps my rising family  
 As well as I could e'er desire,  
 Although no labour I do try,  
 Nor dirty work for love or hire.

I labour'd once laboriously,  
 Although no riches I amass'd;  
 A menial I disdain'd to be,  
 An' keep my vow unto the last;  
 I have ceased to labour in the lan',  
 Since e'er I noticed to my wife,  
 That the idle and contented man  
 Endureth to the longest life.

'Tis my musket—loving wife, indeed—  
 In whom I faithfully believe,  
 She's able still to earn my bread,  
 An' Duncan she will ne'er deceive;  
 I'll have no lack of linens fair,  
 An' plenty clothes to serve my turn,  
 An' trust me that all worldly care  
 Now gives me not the least concern.

#### MARY, THE YOUNG, THE FAIR-HAIR'D.

My young, my fair, my fair-hair'd Mary,  
 My life-time love, my own!  
 The vows I heard, when my kindest dearie  
 Was bound to me alone,  
 By covenant true, and ritual holy,  
 Gave happiness all but divine;  
 Nor needed there more to transport me wholly,  
 Than the friends that hail'd thee mine.

'Twas a Monday morn', and the way that parted  
 Was far, but I rivall'd the wind,

The troth to plight with a maiden true-  
 hearted,  
 That force can never unbind.  
 I led her apart, and the hour that we reckon'd  
 While I gain'd a love and a bride,  
 I heard my heart, and could tell each second,  
 As its pulses struck on my side.

I told my ail to the foe that pain'd me,  
 And said that no salve could save;  
 She heard the tale, and her leech-craft it  
 sain'd me,  
 For herself to my breast she gave.

For ever, my dear, I'll dearly adore thee  
 For chasing away, away,  
 My fancy's delusion, new loves ever choosing,  
 And teaching no more to stray.

I roam'd in the wood, many a tendril survey-  
 ing,  
 All shapely from branch to stem,  
 My eye, as it look'd, its ambition betraying  
 To cull the fairest from them;  
 One branch of perfume, in blossom all over,  
 Bent lowly down to my hand,  
 And yielded its bloom, that hung high from  
 each lover,  
 To me, the least of the band.

I went to the river, one net cast I threw in,  
 Where the stream's transparence ran,  
 Forget shall I never, how the beauty I drew in,  
 Shone bright as the gloss' of the swan.  
 Oh, happy the day that crown'd my affection  
 With such a prize to my share!  
 My love is a ray, a morning reflection,  
 Beside me she sleeps, a star.

#### COIRE CHEATHAICH ;

##### OR, THE GLEN OF THE MIST.

My beauteous corri! where cattle wander—  
 My misty corri! my darling dell!  
 Mighty, verdant, and covered over  
 With wild flowers tender of the sweetest smell;  
 Dark is the green of thy grassy clothing,  
 Soft swell thy hillocks most green and deep,  
 The cannach blowing, the darnel growing,  
 While the deer troop past to the misty steep.

Fine for wear is thy beauteous mantle,  
 Strongly-woven and ever new,  
 With rough grass o'er it, and, brightly gleaming,  
 The grass all spangled with diamond dew;

It's round my corri, my lovely corri,  
Where rushes thicken and long reeds blow;  
Fine were the harvest to any reaper  
Who through the marsh and the bog could go.

Ah, that's fine clothing!—a great robe stretching,  
A grassy carpet most smooth and green,  
Painted and fed by the rain from heaven  
In hues the bravest that man has seen—  
'Twi't here and Paris, I do not fancy  
A finer raiment can ever be—  
May it grow for ever!—and, late and early,  
May I be here on the knolls to see!

Around Ruadh-Arisidh what ringlets cluster!  
Fair, long, and crested, and closely twined,  
This way and that they are lightly waving  
At every breath of the mountain wind.  
The twisted hemlock, the slanted rye-grass,  
The juicy moor-grass, can all be found;  
And the close-set groundsel is greenly growing  
By the wood where heroes are sleeping sound.

In yonder ruin once dwelt MacBhaidi,  
'Tis now a desert where winds are shrill;  
Yet the well-shaped brown ox is feeding by it,  
Among the stones that bestrew the hill.  
How fine to see, both in light and gloaming,  
The smooth Clach-Fionn, so still and deep,  
And the houseless cattle and calves most peaceful,  
Grouped on the brow of the lonely steep.

In every nook of the mountain pathway  
The garlic-flower may be thickly found—  
And out on the sunny slopes around it  
Hang berries juicy, and red, and round—  
The penny-royal and dandelion,  
The downy cannach, together lie—  
Thickly they grow from the base of the mountain  
To the topmost crag of his crest so high.

And not a crag but is clad most richly,  
For rich and silvern the soft moss clings;  
Fine is the moss, most clean and stainless,  
Hiding the look of unlovely things;  
Down in the hollows beneath the summit,  
Where the verdure is growing most rich and  
deep,  
The little daisies are looking upward,  
And the yellow primroses often peep.

Round every well and every fountain  
An eyebrow dark of the cress doth cling;  
And the sorrel sour gathers in clusters  
Around the stones whence the waters spring;  
With a splash, and a plunge, and a mountain  
murmur  
The gurgling waters from earth up leap,  
And pause, and hasten, and whirl in circles,  
And rush, and loiter, and whirl, and creep!

Out on the ocean comes the salmon,  
Steering with crooked nose he hies,

Hither he darts where the waves are boiling—  
Out he springs at the glistening flies!  
How he leaps in the whirling eddies!  
With back blue-black, and fins that shine,  
Spangled with silver, and speckled over,  
With white tail tipping his frame so fine!

Gladsome and grand is the misty corri,  
And there the hunter hath noble cheer;  
The powder blazes, the black lead rattles  
Into the heart of the dun-brown deer;  
And there the hunter's hound so bloody  
Around the hunter doth leap and play,  
And madly rushing, most fierce and fearless,  
Springs at the throat of the stricken prey.

Oh, 'twas gladsome to go a-hunting,  
Out in the dew of the sunny morn!  
For the great red stag was never wanting,  
Nor the fawn, nor the doe with never a horn.  
And when rain fell, and the night was coming,  
From the open heath we could swiftly fly,  
And, finding the shelter of some deep grotto,  
Couch at ease till the night went by.

And sweet it was, when the white sun glimmered,  
Listening under the crag to stand—  
And hear the moor-hen so hoarsely croaking,  
And the red-cock murmuring close at hand:  
While the little wren blew his tiny trumpet,  
And threw his steam off blythe and strong,  
While the speckled thrush and the redbreast gaily  
Lilted together a pleasant song!

Not a singer but joined the chorus,  
Not a bird in the leaves was still.  
First the laverock, that famous singer,  
Led the music with throat so shrill;  
From tall tree branches the blackbird whistled,  
And the gray-bird joined with his sweet "coo-  
coo;"  
Everywhere was the blythsome chorus,  
Till the glen was murmuring through and  
through.

Then out of the shelter of every corri  
Came forth the creature whose home is there;  
First, proudly stepping, with branching antlers,  
The snorting red-deer forsook his lair;  
Through the sparkling fen he rushed rejoicing,  
Or gently played by his heart's delight—  
The hind of the mountain, the sweet brown  
princess,  
So fine, so dainty, so staid, so slight!

Under the light green branches creeping  
The brown doe cropt the leaves unseen,  
While the proud buck gravely stared around him,  
And stamped his feet on his couch of green;  
Smooth and speckled, with soft pink nostrils,  
With beauteous head, lay the tiny kid;

All apart in the dewy rushes,  
Sleeping unseen in its nest, 'twas hid.

My beauteous corri! my misty corri!  
What light feet trod thee in joy and pride.  
What strong hands gathered thy precious treasures,  
What great hearts leaped on thy craggy side!  
Soft and round was the nest they plundered,  
Where the brindled bee his honey hath—  
The speckled bee that flies, softly humming,  
From flower to flower of the lonely strath.

There thin-skinned, smooth, in clustering bunches,  
With sweetest kernels as white as cream,  
From branches green the sweet juice drawing,  
The nuts were growing beside the stream—  
And the stream went dancing merrily onward,  
And the ripe, red rowan was on its brim,  
And gently there, in the wind of morning,  
The new-leaved sapling waved soft and slim.

And all around the lovely corri  
The wild birds sat on their nests so neat,  
In deep, warm nooks and tufts of heather,  
Sheltered by knolls from the wind and sleet;  
And there from their beds, in the dew of the morning,  
Uprose the doe and the stag of ten,  
And the tall cliffs gleamed, and the morning reddened,  
The Coire Cheathaich—the Misty Glen!

#### THE LAST ADIEU TO THE HILLS.

Yestreen I stood on Ben Dorain, and paced its dark-gray path;  
Was there a hill I did not know—a glen or grassy strath?  
Oh! gladly in the times of old I trod that glorious ground,  
And the white dawn melted in the sun, and the red-deer cried around.

How finely swept the noble deer across the morning hill,  
While fearless played the fawn and doe beside the running rill;  
I heard the black and red cock crow, and the bellowing of the deer—  
I think those are the sweetest sounds that man at dawn may hear.

Oh! wildly, as the bright day gleamed, I climbed the mountain's breast,  
And when I to my home returned, the sun was in the west;

'Twas health and strength, 'twas life and joy, to wander freely there,  
To drink at the fresh mountain stream, to breathe the mountain air.

And oft I'd shelter for a time within some shieling low,  
And gladly sport in woman's smile, and woman's kindness know.  
Ah! 'twas not likely one could feel for long a joy so gay!  
The hour of parting came full soon—I sighed, and went away.

And now the cankered withering wind has struck my limbs at last;  
My teeth are rotten and decayed, my sight is failing fast;  
If hither now the chase should come, 'tis little I could do;  
Though I were hungering for food, I could not now pursue.

But though my locks are hoar and thin, my beard and whiskers white,  
How often have I chased the stag with dogs full swift of flight!  
And yet, although I could not join the chase if here it came,  
The thought of it is charming still and sets my heart on flame.

Ah! much as I have done of old, how ill could I wend now,  
By glen, and strath, and rocky path, up to the mountain's brow!  
How ill could I the merry cup quaff deep in social cheer!  
How ill could I sing a song in the gloaming of the year!

Those were the merry days of spring, the thoughtless times of youth;  
'Tis fortune watches over us, and helps our need, forsooth;  
Believing that, though poor enough, contentedly I live,  
For George's daughter, every day, my meat and drink doth give.<sup>1</sup>

Yestreen I wandered in the glen; what thoughts were in my head!  
There had I walked with friends of yore—where are those dear ones fled?  
I looked and looked; where'er I looked was naught but sheep! sheep! sheep!  
A woeful chango was in the hill! World, thy deceit was deep!

<sup>1</sup> "George's daughter" was the musket carried by him as a member of the city-guard and servant of King George. The value of his "meat and drink" was fivepence or sixpence a day.—Ed.

<p>From side to side I turned mine eyes—Alas! my soul was sore— The mountain bloom, the forest's pride, the old men were no more. Nay, not one antlered stag was there, nor doe so light, No bird to fill the hunter's bag—all, all were fled from sight!</p>	<p>Farewell, ye forests of the heath! hills where the bright day gleams! Farewell, ye grassy dells! farewell, ye springs and leaping streams! Farewell, ye mighty solitudes, where once I loved to dwell— Scenes of my spring-time and its joys—for ever fare you well!</p>
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## JOHN LAPRAIK.

BORN 1727 — DIED 1807.

JOHN LAPRAIK, author of the song "When I upon thy bosom lean," was born in the year 1727, and died at Muirkirk, where he latterly kept the village post-office, in 1807. In 1788 he published at Kilmarnock a volume of poems, but none of them equalled the one mentioned above. "This song," says Burns, "was the work of a facetious old fellow, John Lapraik, late of Dalfram, near Muirkirk; which little property he was obliged to sell in consequence of some connection as security for some persons concerned in that villainous bubble the Ayr Bank. He has often told me that he composed this song one day when his wife had been fretting o'er their misfortunes." It will be recollected that Burns, hearing these beautiful lines sung at a "country rocking," was so much taken with them that he addressed a poetical epistle to Lapraik, which opened up

a correspondence between them. The poet says with exquisite delicacy—

"There was ae sang among the rest,  
Aboon them a' it pleased me best,  
That some kind husband had addrest  
To some sweet wife:  
It thrill'd the heart-strings through the breast,  
A' to the life.

I've scarce heard aught describe sae weel  
What generous manly bosoms feel;  
Thought I, Can this be Pope or Steele,  
Or Beattie's wark?  
They tauld me 'twas an odd kind chiel  
About Muirkirk."

Though getting the credit of this song he seems to have stolen all the ideas and most of the diction from a poem in Ruddiman's *Weekly Magazine*, Oct. 1773. Lapraik's other productions prove that he had little claims to the title of poet.

## MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

When I upon thy bosom lean,  
And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,  
I glory in the sacred ties  
That made us aye, wia ance were twain.  
A mutual flame inspires us baith,  
The tender look, the meltin' kiss:  
Even years shall ne'er destroy our love,  
But only gi'e us change o' bliss.

Ha'e I a wish? it's a' for thee!  
I ken thy wish is me to please.  
Our moments pass sae smooth away,  
That numbers on us look and gaze;

Weel pleased they see our happy days,  
Nor envy's sel' finds aught to blame;  
And aye, when weary cares arise,  
Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there and tak' my rest:  
And if that aught disturb my dear,  
I'll bid her laugh her cares away,  
And beg her not to drop a tear.  
Ha'e I a joy? it's a' her ain!  
United still her heart and mine;  
They're like the woodbine round the tree,  
That's twined till death shall them disjoin.