

A CRITICAL EDITION OF HOME'S "DOUGLAS"

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## A CRITICAL EDITION OF HOME'S "DOUGLAS"

### INTRODUCTION

#### Life of Home

John Home was born at Leith, Scotland, September 22, 1722. He was the son of Alexander Home, town clerk of Leith, and Mrs. Christian Hay, Daughter of John Hay, an Edinburgh writer. He was educated at the Grammar school at Leith and the University of Edinburgh, and in both of these institutions he prosecuted his studies with remarkable diligence and success. While he attended the University, his talents, his progress in literature, and his agreeable manners, soon excited the attention both of the professors and of his fellow-students. He was educated for the ministry of the church of Scotland, and after passing through the necessary requirements, he was licenced to preach by the Presbytery of Edinburgh, April 4, 1745.

The progress of his professional studies was interrupted by the breaking out of the rebellion of 1745. This event furnished an occasion for him to exhibit that military ardor and chivalrous spirit which his natural temperament had produced and festered. He took the side of Whiggism, and became a volunteer in the Loyal Corps, which was formed at Edinburgh with the original purpose of defending that city from the attack of rebels. In this corps he served at the unfortunate battle of Falkirk, and after defeat, was taken prisoner along with some of his fellow-volunteers, and committed to the Castle of Coune. But the prisoners contrived to escape by cutting their bed clothes into strips and letting themselves down from the window of the room in which they were confined. Home eluded the vigilance of the Jacobite party, and took up his residence for a time with some of his relatives at Leith. He applied himself to that sort of study which his intended clerical profession required, but always mixed with that kind of reading to which his inclinations led - that of the historians and classics of Greek and Rome.

Home's classical reading had a strong influence upon his early literary endeavors. He

had written an essay on the character of Comelius and Sempronius Gracchus, of Cleomenes and Agis, and one on the republican form of government of which he was a great admirer. From the perusal of Plutarch, he had early conceived the idea of writing a tragedy on the subject of the death of Agis as related by that biographer, and he had completed the first copy of it soon after he had settled as minister of Athelstaneford. After revising the play several times, he considered that it was fit for the stage, and consequently went to London in 1749 and offered it to Garrick for presentation at Drury Lane. But Garrick did not think it adapted to the stage and declined to accept it, much to the mortification of its author.

After this unsuccessful expedition to London, he turned his mind to the composition of the tragedy of "Douglas" of which he had sketched the plan some time before. The plot of the play was suggested by the old popular ballad of "Gill Morrice". With the tragedy in his pocket, Home, in February 1755, set off for London on horseback with high hopes. Arriving at his destination, he presented his second tragedy to Garrick, but Garrick failed to see the merits which later rendered "Douglas" so popular, and returned it to the author with the

declaration that it was totally unfit for the stage. Home was not at all satisfied with this decision. Neither were his friends, and in consequence they had the play produced in December, 1756, at the Edinburgh Theatre then under the management of West Digges, an actor of great power and popularity in Scotland. In March, 1757, Home had the satisfaction of seeing his tragedy performed with great success at Covent Garden. A detailed account of the stage history of "Douglas" is given later in this introduction.

In the year 1760, Home published his two tragedies and a new one entitled "The Siege of Aquileia", in one volume. In 1769, his tragedy, "The Fatal Discovery", was produced at Drury Lane. The next year he was married to the daughter of his relative, another Home, the minister of Foggo. Notwithstanding her delicate constitution, she outlived her husband several years. In 1773, Home's tragedy, "Alonzo", was performed at Drury Lane. This play, with the exception of "Douglas", was Home's most popular tragedy, and had considerable stage success. His last dramatic work, "Alfred", performed at Drury Lane in 1778, was an absolute failure.

In 1778, Home had another opportunity of indulging his passion for the military life, and

accepted a commission in the regiment of the Midlothian Fencibles. He executed the duties of this corps with all the ardor of a young soldier until they were interrupted by an accident which had a material influence on his future life - a fall from his horse, which occasioned a loss of consciousness for several days. Though he recovered from the accident so far as physical health was concerned, his mind was never restored to its former vigor. The mishaps did not, however, abate his military ardor, and after a short stay at home he rejoined the regiment. But he found himself not strong enough to go through the duties of his station, and with much reluctance, he resigned his commission.

Home had very early projected a history of the rebellion of 1745. During his intervals of leisure after he had ceased writing for the stage, he resumed work on this history, and collected material for it by correspondence and communication with such persons as could furnish him information, and even by journeys to the Scottish Highlands. The work was published at London in 1802, and was dedicated to the king as a mark of gratitude for the gracious attention the monarch had formerly shown him.

In the year 1779, Home fixed his residence at

Edinburgh, where, with the exception of some visits to London, he resided until his death, September 5, 1808, in his eighty-sixth year. For some time before his death he was gradually sinking into a state of bodily and mental weakness. He was buried in the South Leith churchyard, and opposite his grave a plain stone tablet bearing the following inscription has been attached to the outer wall of the church:

In Memory

of

John Home

Author of the Tragedy of "Douglas",

Born on the 22d of September, 1722,

Died on the 8th of September, 1808.

#### A Glance at the Romantic Movement

As Home's importance is largely concerned in his connection with the Romantic Movement, perhaps a brief outline of this movement should be included here. The first step in the process of the Romantic Revival was a turning away from

civilization to nature. In the age of Pope men's minds had centered on the society of cities, and the beauty of the natural world was overlooked. But later in the Eighteenth Century came a revolution into which various elements entered. One of these elements was the poetry of external nature which began with Thomson and Ramsay, and which exerted a strong influence against classicism.

Ramsay managed to put some real life into the most artificial of all compositions - the pastoral. His "Gentle Shepherd", a pastoral drama, appeared in 1725. There is a remarkable degree of freshness about this piece, and many of the images drawn directly from external life show the author's power in dealing with natural subjects. But in spite of his naturalness, he was by no means free from the influence of Pope. After some of his most beautiful touches, he introduces didactic passages in the regular classical manner, and the freshness of "The Gentle Shepherd" is mingled with much artificiality. Veitch says: "Allan Ramsay is by far the most interesting and influential literary personage in Scotland in the first half of the Eighteenth Century".

There was also a change in the form of poetry brought about by the new movement. The

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 1. In "The Feeling for Nature in Scotch Poetry."  
 II:241.

supremacy of the heroic couplet was doomed by the revival of blank verse, and by experiments in other meters. Instead of rules, freedom in form became the order. Then came the Spenserian revival which helped to encourage the study of both Spenser and all Elizabethan poetry. Spenser was the poet of romanticism, just as Pope was of classicism. The former is all imagination, the poet of woods and streams, and of supernatural life; the latter is all intellect, didactic and satirical, and the poet of city life and society. The influence of Spenser thus played an important part in the new movement, and his stanza was imitated by scores of the romantic poets.

Although we do not think of Milton primarily as a romantic poet, still his influence upon romanticism was a powerful agency, giving to literature a "dreamy, melancholy cast that harmonized with the sentimentalism of the eighteenth Century."<sup>1</sup> His blank verse was steadily imitated, and did much to promote the breaking away from the classical couplet. But it was in thought, even more than in form, that Milton affected the Romantic Movement, especially in his minor poetry which showed that love of

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1. Phelps's "English Romantic Movement", p. 171.

meditation and melancholy which deeply penetrated the spirit of romanticism.

There also appeared a revival of medieval taste in the rage for Gothicism and chivalry, and the old ballad literature of the past. Horace Walpole's "Castle of Otranto" was the pioneer of a long succession of Gothic romances. Walpole did much to revolutionize the public literary taste, although he had not the slightest idea of doing so when he wrote "Otranto". In fact, he had misgivings about the wildness of the story, and its success surprised him more than anyone else.

Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry" (1765) is one of the most important influences in the history of English romanticism. Its effect upon the younger generation of readers of the time is hard to over-estimate, and men like Scott and Wordsworth always acknowledged their debt to it.

The final blow to classicism came with a substitution, as material for literature, of Teutonic and Celtic mythology and superstition for the mythology of Greece and Rome. The first important poem to represent this phase of romanticism was Collins's "Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland", Dedicated to John Home. The poem is distinctly

romantic in subject, treatment, and style, and it struck a new note in English verse. James Russell Lowell says: "The whole romantic school, in its germ, no doubt, but yet unmistakably foreshadowed, lies already in the "Ode on the Superstitions of the Highlands".

The first book in Europe that aroused any general interest in Northern mythology was Mallet's "Introduction to the History of Denmark" (1785) written in French. Gray was an enthusiastic reader of the book, and Percy did romanticism a great service by translating it. The field that was thus opened was startlingly new to the English mind, and all later Norse study may be traced back to Mallet. Along with this revival of ancient themes, appeared the "Poems of Ossian", by James Macpherson, claiming a remote antiquity, and unlike anything that had before been heard in England. These poems exercised a deep, if not formative influence. Both scholars and general readers studied them eagerly; and Gray was fascinated by them. Phelps says: Ossian points as distinctly to Byron as the chivalry and ballad revivals point to Scott.

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 1. "Literary Essays. IV:3.  
 2. "The Beginning of the English Romantic Movement,  
 p. 133.

These indicate the two great streams in the Romantic Movement. In Byron's poetry - sincere or feigned - we see constantly manifested the Ossian feeling."

Gray holds a remarkable place in the Romantic Movement. Beginning as a classicist, he ended in thorough-going romanticism. His early poems are anything but romantic. His "Elegy" has something of the romantic mood, but it shows many conventionalities. It stands as a transition between his earlier classicism and his later imaginative poetry. In his "Pindaric Odes", the romantic feeling strongly manifests itself; and Gray ends in enthusiastic handling of Norse and Celtic poetry and mythology. Gray was one of the first men in Europe to have a real appreciation for wild romantic scenery. From the first to the last, he was a lover of nature, and as this taste was unfashionable, we may be sure of its sincerity; and toward the end of his life this feeling became more and more noticeable.

The poetry of Burns was a further contribution to romanticism. Its strangeness and strength secured for it a welcome among readers. There were elements of novelty in Burns - unusual situations and surprises of character and sentiment. In the second place, Burns offered

his readers meters which were old to England, but new to the general public of the time, and besides, he established the credit of the Scottish dialect. What Scott did for northern character, Burns did for northern speech.

### English Romantic Tragedy of the Eighteenth Century

At this point it may be well to give some account of the condition of English tragedy in the eighteenth century. Before the beginning of the century, there had been an increasing interest in the plays of Shakespeare. Thorndike<sup>1</sup> says: "The Elizabethan tradition was directly represented by Elizabethan imitations and revivals, and by tragedies of Shakespeare". As the years went by, his plays were acted more and more to larger and larger audiences, and furnished an opportunity for many actors and actresses to make a name for themselves. Interest in Elizabethan dramatists was also revived in the plays of Beaumont, Fletcher, and Massinger. After 1780 there are signs of romanticism in almost every form of literature, but most of the tragedies

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1. "Tragedy", p. 292.

are representations of a conventionalized form.

Eighteenth Century tragedy presents certain features which are represented in most of the plays. The first requisite was a love story; the second a historic setting. The themes are the fatal lovers of high-born persons. The love story often has two rivals, a tyrant, an intriguing minister, and his colleagues to carry out the plot of ambition, jealousy, and villainy. Most of the exposition is by narrative; and the change of scene seldom takes place within an act. Thorndike says of Eighteenth Century tragedy that it "presents a deteriorated English tradition, modified and narrowed by pseudo-classic rules and theory", but yet it "corrected and modified English tradition where it needed corrections and modifications, without quite denationalizing it".

#### Home's Place in the Romantic Movement

Home occupies an important place among the dramatists of the time. The plays of the third part of the century show a gradual decay of

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1. "Tragedy", p. 309.

classical tendencies and an increase of the romantic ones. The fact that Johnson, in 1749, wrote a classical play, "Irene", which the public declined to accept, as other forms of drama were preferred, is one illustration of the change in tastes in literature.

Home's dramatic tradition was continued by Joanna Baillie (1762-1851) upon whom Scott pronounced a eulogy. According to Symons,<sup>1</sup> Home "shares with Joanna Baillie the doubtful honor of being compared with Shakespeare; she by Scott and he by Burns".

#### Home's Plays Excluding "Douglas"

Home's first play was "Agis", a tragedy based on the death of Agis as related in Plutarch's "Lives". This play after having been rejected by Garrick was subsequently produced at Drury Lane Theatre by that actor in 1758, after the great stage success of "Douglas". "Agis", it should be remembered, is the second of Home's plays in order of presentation, though the

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1. "The Romantic Movement in English Poetry",  
p. 23.

first in order of composition. Garrick himself played the part of Lysander, but in spite of good acting and skillful scenic effect, the play was not a success, and failed to run as many nights as the manager, Home himself, had confidently expected.

"Agis" deals with the history and fortunes of Sparta, and it was hard to interest an audience in the revolution of a country little known except by name. It is poor as a dramatic piece and Home made it worse by his management. Although founded on Plutarch's life of Agis, most of the incidents are fictitious. The story is badly calculated for the stage. The subject itself is the least dramatic kind - political and sentimental - but there are some effective scenes in the play. Garrick wrote in a letter to Home, November 5, 1757: "The more I read of "Agis", the more I like it", and he speaks of the pathos to which the play rises. However, some of the scenes are rather heavy, especially the scene between Agis and Lysander, and between Rhesus and Euanthe, in the second act. The first two acts lag and contain so much mere declamation that it would be difficult for any actor to keep up the attention of the audience during this pause in the main action. The verse, however, is in

general smooth and flowing, although the rhymed chorus is little better than doggerel. The sentiments of the play are well expressed, and there is much of the author's characteristic admiration for martial glory in evidence. By dint of good acting and powerful support, "Agis" was performed eleven times. However, the small success it attained was largely owing to the fact that Garrick and Mrs. Cibber played the leading parts. But even their talents could not give the tragedy much vitality, and it is now all but forgotten.

#### The Siege of Aquileia

In 1760, Home published three tragedies, "Douglas", "Agis", and "The Siege of Aquileia", in one volume, dedicated to the Prince of Wales, who in that year having succeeded to the crown, showed an immediate favor to Home by granting him a pension of three hundred pounds from his private purse. In the same year "The Siege of Aquileia" was performed at Drury Lane. Garrick expected the most unbounded success, and he himself played the principal character. It was upon the

suggestion of Garrick that this play came out under the title which it now bears. Home had originally written a tragedy founded on the cruel treatment which the two Setons, sons of the Governor of Berwick, had experienced from the English, and gave the name of "The Siege of Berwick" to the piece. But Garrick conceiving that the national allusions might tend to aggravate the jealousy which then existed between the Scotch and the English, persuaded him to alter the title, and, in consequence, the names of the characters, and several of the local references in the tragedy.

The plot of "The Siege of Aquileia" turns upon the choice which a father must make between national duty and filial love. The events are striking and the action is vigorous and lively. Interest and suspense are kept up until the last, and the noble passions are pictured with force and delicacy. So far as interest goes, this play shows a great advance over "Agis".

#### The Fatal Discovery

In 1769, the tragedy of "The Fatal Discovery", was produced at Drury Lane. Its original title was "Ravine", from the name of the heroine of the

story which was taken from one of the poems of Ossian. But Garrick, fearing the prejudices then prevalent in London against the Scotchmen and Scotch subjects, changed its name to "The Fatal Discovery". In order more effectively to disguise its origin, he procured a young Oxford student to pose as its author, but the success of the play caused Home to declare himself the real author. The result was that the succeeding representations were but indifferently attended, and the piece ran only a few nights longer, the total number of performances being only ten.

"The Fatal Discovery" is highly romantic in theme and setting. The scene is laid in northern Scotland, and the names of the persons in the original poem are retained in the play. In point of poetry and pathos, "The Fatal Discovery" is perhaps next to "Douglas". David Hume, in a letter of March 28, 1769, to Dr. Hugh Blair, the Scottish Presbyterian divine, says that the play has feeling, though it is not equal to "Douglas", and the versification is not sufficiently finished. Garrick says in a letter to Home, June 6, 1768, "I have read "Ravine" again and again and every time with greater pleasure . . . . It is a most interesting, original, noble performance; and when it is exhibited, will do the author great,

very great credit ... The construction of your fable is excellent. You leave the audience, at the end of every act with a certain glow, and in most eager expectation of knowing what is to follow."

### Alonzo

Home's fifty tragedy, "Alonzo", was also brought out by Garrick, in 1773. This play was almost a transcript of the situation, incidents, and plot of "Douglas", in an exaggerated form. Many passages in "Alonzo" closely resemble passages in "Douglas". Thus, the young Alberto, the unacknowledged son of Ormisinda, begins the story of his life:

"Alberto is my name; I drew my breath  
From Catalonia; in the mountains there  
My father dwells."

Compare this with Norval's speech in "Douglas", Act II, line 42, and the king's reply is almost the same as the words of Lord Randolph. Compare:

"Thou art a prodigy; and fillst my mind  
With thoughts profound and expectations high,"

with "Douglas", Act II, line 74 and following. In another place the king speaks in words similar to those of Lord Randolph ("Douglas", Act II, line 38):

"To me no thanks are due; a greater king,  
The King of Kings I deem, hath chosen thee  
To be the champion of His law divine."

"Alonzo", with the exception of "Douglas", was the most popular and met with great success in presentation. Mrs. Barry's "Ormisinda" was one of the parts in which that celebrated actress exerted her powers in displaying violence and energy of feeling with striking effect; and it was to her, no doubt, that a great part of the success of the play was due.

### Alfred

In 1778, Home's last dramatic attempt, "Alfred", was produced by Garrick. This play shows Home's sentimentality in its least respectable light. It is a very poor historical piece, dealing with Alfred the Great, in which the hero is represented as a weak, sentimental lover, who risks his kingdom and his life for his

passion. The drama is perhaps the weakest of all Home's productions. Its lack of plot interest and of poetry in the dialog are sufficient to account for its unfavorable reception. The characters are weak and lame and not sufficiently individualized to arouse any kind of feeling toward them. It is no wonder that the debasement of the great Alfred into a hero of a love plot failed to interest an English audience. The play was withdrawn from the stage after the third performance.

There is a similarity among all of Home's plays that no one can fail to perceive. They are all written in blank verse, from which there is no variation, except for the rhymed chorus in "Agis". A similarity between passages, scenes, and situations can be noted throughout all the plays. Sentimentality, in varying degrees, abounds in all of them, for Home is nothing if he cannot be sentimental. Besides some of the likenesses already mentioned, the following are some of the outstanding similarities between the various tragedies: In "Douglas" there is a conflict between husband and son; in "Alonzo" a combat of father and son; in "Agis" the villain, Amphares, disarms Lysander by threatening to stab his loved Euanthe if he continues to resist; and Home

repeats this incident with scarcely any variation in "The Fatal Discovery"; and Ormisinda in "Alonzo", Rivine in "The Fatal Discovery", and Lady Randolph in "Douglas", all end their lives by their own hands.

### Romantic Elements in "Douglas"

Home was one of the first English dramatists to show that romantic tendency which gradually increased in all forms of literature until it reached its height in the early Nineteenth Century. A study of "Douglas" has revealed the following romantic characteristics: (1) a northern setting with its touches of wild physical nature - woods, cliffs, torrents, and moonlight scenes; (2) an ancient ballad as the source of the plot; (3) medieval subjects, such as the crusades, Danish invasions, a castle, and a hermit; (4) melancholy and sorrowful brooding over secret experiences, as in Lady Randolph's grief for her son, and the hermit's remorse for slaying his brother; (5) figurative language drawn from nature.

## Source of the Plot

The old ballad of "Gil Morrice", or "Childe Maurice" supplied Home with the outline for the plot of simple yet general interest upon which the tragedy of "Douglas" was founded. Some of the likenesses of the tragedy to the ballad are: the love of a lady for another man before her present marriage; subsequent marriage with a man whom she does not love; and a passionate love for her son. In the ballad, the lady knows where her son lives and visits him; in the play, for eighteen years she thinks her son is dead. In the ballad the acknowledged son of Lady Barnard sends word by a page to his mother to meet him in the woods where he has been brought up by a peasant. Her husband, from jealousy, thinks the son, Maurice, is his wife's lover and kills him; nor does he learn of their true relationship until the mother acknowledges that the dead boy is her son. In the play the son does not know of his mother, or his rank by right of birth, but thinks that Old Norval, who has reared him, is his father. Lady Randolph mourns her son for eighteen years, believing him to be dead. When he is restored to her, her husband, still ignorant of the youth's relationship to her, is friendly to him, but when a letter, written by

Lady Randolph falls into her husband's hands, he becomes jealous and kills Douglas. In the ballad, the lady dies of grief when she hears of her son's death; in the play she commits suicide.

"Douglas" shows several traces of Shakespeare's influence. Some of the similarities between the play and "Romeo and Juliet" are the origin of the events of the play in a family feud; the introduction of the hero into the enemy's house; the love between the children of hostile families; the secret marriage by a priest who is friendly to the maiden's family; and the unhappiness of the married pair.

Some likenesses to "The Winter's Tale" are: the discovery of an infant by a peasant, who rears it as his own child; and the exhibition of nobility by the high-born children brought up amid rude surroundings.

### Story of "Douglas"

Lady Randolph had in her girlhood been secretly married to a younger son of Douglas, between whose house and her father's there was a hereditary feud. Soon after the marriage, her husband, her brother, and the officiating priest were killed in battle. She secretly gave birth

to a child. The nurse while on her way, with the child, to one of Lady Randolph's friends, was overtaken by a storm, and nothing had been heard of her or the child for eighteen years. Thus, all witnesses had disappeared. The lady afterwards, to please her father, married Lord Randolph, but she still mourned for her lost husband and son.

When the action of the play begins, the land is in the heat of excitement over a Spanish invasion. A young shepherd, Norval, hastening to the war, saves Lord Randolph from assassins, and is taken into the lord's favor. He is followed by old Norval, his supposed father, through whom it is discovered that Norval is Lady Randolph's son. The discovery is made in the absence of Randolph, and is concealed from him because the young Douglas is the real owner of the lands in Randolph's possession. Meanwhile Glenalvon, Randolph's heir, and the villain of the play, observing the meetings between Lady Randolph and her son, incites Lord Randolph to jealousy. The latter watches, and obtains what he thinks is proof of his suspicions, meets Douglas after he has left his mother's presence, fights him, and is on the point of being disarmed when Glenalvon treacherously

wounds Douglas. Douglas slays Glenarvon, but his own wound is fatal. Lady Randolph, in despair over the death of her son, flees from his dead body and kills herself by plunging headlong from a cliff. Lord Randolph signifies his intention of going to the impending war, from which he hopes he may never return.

#### Structure and Technique of the Plot of "Douglas"

There is nothing profound about the structure of "Douglas". A secret marriage, a woman's grief for a dead husband, the return of a lost son, and a husband's jealousy aroused through the instrument of an intriguing villain are all commonplace, and these are the principal situations upon which the plot turns. It is not difficult to detect flaws in the dramatic construction. There is something overstrained in the eighteen years spent by Lady Randolph in suppressed sorrow, nor is it natural that her regrets should center less on the husband of her youth than upon her child whom she had scarcely seen. The sudden confidence to Anna in Act I is somewhat awkward. If Anna had just returned after a long absence, we might naturally expect

a greater amount of confidence than under the actual circumstances, but after she had lived with Lady Randolph for eighteen years, and yet had been kept ignorant of her secret, there seems to be no special reason for informing her at this time. In fact, many of the incidents are the result of mere accident. Young Norval, passing by chance, saves Lord Randolph. Old Norval, passing the same way by chance, is arrested. However, the reader should make considerable allowances if he expects to receive pleasure from almost any drama, since he cannot reasonably hope that scenes of deep interest shall be placed before him without some violation of ordinary probability.

Still, with all its artificialities, Sir Walter Scott eulogizes the scene between Lady Randolph and old Norval in which the preservation of Douglas is discovered, as unequalled in modern and scarcely equalled in ancient drama. Perhaps this is too enthusiastic praise, but the interest at this point is of more than ordinary intensity. The excitement at this place may occasion some decrease in interest in the last two acts, yet this is scarcely so great as to injure the effect of the play, although the incidents and the dialog do go off somewhat coldly in these acts.

One exception, however, is the dialog between the mother and son in the fifth act, which has a considerable degree of tenderness.

The play owes no small part of its attraction to the interest of the plot, however probable it may be. The story is simple and of a kind which appeals to the heart of every one. The strength of maternal affection is a feeling which everyone has the advantage of experiencing and which moves the general mind more deeply than even the passion of love. Thus, we see that Home had a distinct advantage when he made use of a story which turns upon such a universal sentiment as motherly love.

A word concerning the technique of "Douglas" may not be amiss at this point. The general situation is revealed in the first act and is shown chiefly by exposition in the form of soliloquy and dialogue. The author shows a marked propensity for long declamatory speeches, which often have the result of retarding the action and main interest. The play abounds with episodes, some of which are of remarkable narrative power, and of interest for their own sake, even though they sometimes lead the reader from the central story. "The episode of the hermit is extremely beautiful and it may be .

considered natural in the place where it is introduced. It was one which had probably arisen to the poet's mind in his solitary walks on the shores of his parish.<sup>1</sup>

The points of main interest in the play are: (1) Lady Randolph's secret marriage, the birth of a son, and the enforced second marriage; (2) her attraction toward Norval; (3) Glenalvon's intrigue; (4) Lord Randolph's jealousy; and (5) Douglas's fatal fight.

Act I contains a great part of the exposition. It tells of Lady Randolph's early life, her two marriages, and the resulting complications; it gives, also, the general situation of affairs at the beginning of the play. The exciting moment comes with the words, "Then perhaps he lives," and our excitement is further aroused by Glenalvon's boast that he would win Lady Randolph. The rising action continues through the second and third acts. Lady Randolph takes an interest in Norval. Glenalvon determines upon revenge, and the examination of old Norval takes place. The climax comes at the point in Act III where Lady Randolph recognizes her son. Glenalvon threatens to arouse Lord Randolph's jealousy. The highest point of interest comes at the

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1. Mackenzie's "Life of Home", p. 98.

recognition between mother and son. Act IV shows a general falling off of the action, but still it contains a tragic moment - the decision upon a place of meeting between Lady Randolph and her son - which helps to keep our interest sustained. Act V contains the catastrophe, - the death of the hero, Douglas.

The author pays close attention to the classic unities. He adheres strictly to the unity of time in that he places the action within the space of one day, but he has not rigidly kept the unity of place, for the scene slightly changes - from the castle yard to the nearby woods. However, he observes the unity of action, as there is no sub-plot nor commingling of comedy with tragedy.

#### Verse and Diction

There is nothing distinguished about the blank verse of "Douglas"; indeed there are some bald and prosaic lines. But many passages are full of beauty; for example, the declamation in Act II, beginning, "My name is Norval. Much of the verse is marked by a peculiar flowing smoothness which gives the play one of its principal charms.

The diction, according to Mackenzie, in his "Life of Home", is of a superior kind, sufficiently beautiful without losing the proper dramatic simplicity, and in a high degree poetical without any of the obscurity which sometimes passes for poetry. The opening speeches are beautiful, while the descriptions of the old hermit who has slain his brother in a quarrel contain some touches of felicitous diction. The dialogue between the mother and son in the fifty act is touching and tender.

The verse contains considerable alliteration. This is not so excessive as to become monotonous, and for the most part, is reserved for the more poetical passages of the play. Perhaps the best example of alliteration, and one in which the alliteration seems well placed is found in Lady Randolph's speech, lines 302-306:

"How many mothers shall bewail their sons!  
 How many widows weep their husbands slain!  
 Ye dames of Denmark! even for you I feel,  
 Who sadly sitting on the sea-beal shore,  
 Long look for lords that never shall return,"

The author makes some use of balanced sentence structure and antithesis, although this is not an outstanding feature of the play. A

good example of both these qualities is in lines 133-134 of Act IV:

"Now, if I live, with mighty chief I stand,  
And, if I fall, with noble dust I lie."

The play is full of figurative language. A large number of the figures is drawn from external nature, and some of these are of rare beauty. The author has a tendency to repeat somewhat similar figures of speech in slightly varying form. He likes to compare the alleviation of sorrow to the smoothing effects the tide has on objects with which it comes into contact. In line 39, and following, of Act I, he has:

"Time that wears out the trace of deepest  
anguish,

As the sea smoothes the prints made in the  
sand,

Has passed o'er thee in vain."

And in lines 71-72 of the same act he has this

"These (pride, anger, and vanity) might  
contend with, and alloy thy grief,

As meeting tides and currents smooth our  
frith."

Home is fond of comparing love to fire. Examples of this are found in lines 169-171, Act II:

"Whilst thus I mused, a spark from fancy fell  
 On my sad heart, and kindled up a fondness  
 For this young stranger;"

and again in line 225, and following, of the same act:

"For mothers know that love is still their  
 lord,  
 And o'er their vain resolves advances still:  
 As fire when kindled by our shepherds move  
 Though the dry heath before the fanning wind."

Another of the author's favorite figures is the comparison of Douglas to a blooming flower on a growing plant. In lines 213-214, Act III, old Norval says in reference to Douglas:

"Fear not, I shall not reap so fair a harvest  
 By putting in my sickle 'ere tis ripe;"

and again in lines 23-25 of Act V, he says of the boy:

"'Twas my crime  
 Which in the wilderness so long concealed  
 The blossom of thy youth."

"Douglas" is a sentimental and melodramatic play, and contains an abundance of high-flown rhetoric and some bombast. But amid all this are many nature touches, and a few simple lines which moved the sympathy of the people of the

time who were ready to be so affected.

### Characters

#### DOUGLAS

Douglas, the hero of the play, is an enthusiastic, romantic youth, desirous of honor, and careless of life and every other advantage when glory is at stake. "Dead or alive", he says, "let me be renowned." His military ambition shows itself in his speech beginning:

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

and in the passage:

"To be the son of Douglas is to me inheritance enough,"

he shows that he is enthusiastically proud of his birth and rank. His filial affection for Old Norval is seen in such lines as:

"Kneel not to me; thou art my Father still."

Douglas is brave, high-minded, and chivalrous, but he is not sufficiently distinguished from other young men bearing the same qualities to

have much originality. His readiness in arms, supposed to be the result of inheritance, seems conventional and artificial. He loves peril, and disdains any undertaking that is not fraught with danger and adventure. Douglas's dying regret is that he has been fatally wounded by Glencalvon's treacherous hand instead of falling nobly in battle like his fore fathers. His last thought is of the welfare of his mother, and he dies with her name on his lips.

#### LADY RANDOLPH

Lady Randolph is a virtuous, suffering woman, surrounded by jealousy and villainy. Her principal characteristic is her grief for her lost infant and slain husband, which overshadows her whole life, and absorbs her entire care. There is something weak, however, in her sorrow. We are somewhat out of patience with her for giving up her life to a grief which cannot be relieved. The author, no doubt, expected us to have great sympathy for her, but her whining, complaining nature fails to arouse much admiration in us. With all possible enthusiasm for sincerity, as "the first of virtues", she still keeps on good terms with dissimulation. For eighteen years

she has kept the secret of her marriage from every human being, and pretends to mourn the death of her brother instead of her first husband and her lost child. She is especially adept at giving to her words an ambiguous meaning, thus causing her hearer to draw a wrong conclusion. When she says to Lord Randolph:

"Silent, alas! is he for whom I mourn,"

she refers, of course, to her first husband, although Lord Randolph innocently thinks she indicates her deceased brother. Again her dissimulation is shown when she is confiding her secret to Anna, and confesses to having sworn to her father an "oath equivocal" that she would never marry a Douglas, although she had already done so.

Lady Randolph is sympathetic and just to her enemies. She expresses her wish that adverse winds may drive the Danish invaders safely back to their homes. Her remark upon the misery that war brings to mothers and wives is compassionate.

"Ye dames of Denmark! even for you I feel,  
Who sadly sitting on the sea-beat shore,  
Long look for lords that never shall return."

Even to Glenalvon she gives his just dues.

Although he is her bitterest enemy, she gives him military abilities full recognition. Lady Randolph is always melancholy and engaged in mournful meditation upon the fate of her child. After her son is restored to her for a short time and shortly after slain by Glenalvon, she gives up to despair, and flings herself over a precipice to her death on the rocks below.

#### GLENALVON

Glenalvon, Lord Randolph's heir, is an ambitious villain who will resort to any crime in order to attain his ends - the possession of Lady Randolph's estate. Lady Randolph characterizes him as "subtle" and "shrewd", with a nature like that of a chained fox, watching unseen to seize his coveted prey. Glenalvon's treachery is shown from the fact that after promising Lady Randolph to defend Norval in battle, he immediately plans a double slaughter for husband and lover. He is absolutely abandoned, and devoid of all religious faith. He says:

".....Had I one grain of faith  
 In holy legends and religious tales,  
 I should conclude there was an arm above  
 That fought against me."

But this one grain is unfortunately lacking.

David Hume in a letter to Home in 1755 says of Glenalvon: "Such a man is scarce in nature; at least, it is artificial in a poet to suppose such a one, as if he could not conduct his fable by the ordinary passions, infirmities, and vices of human nature".

#### LORD RANDOLPH

Lord Randolph's character is so lacking in force that little can be made of it. His wife tells him that she loves his merit and esteems his virtues, but what his merits are is not easy to decide. He had married Lady Randolph knowing that her heart was dead to love, and then complains of her lack of a manifestation of affection toward him. His weakness of character is shown by the ease with which Glenalvon arouses his suspicions against Lady Randolph, and his jealousy against Douglas. Still we can hardly call Lord Randolph absolutely bad. He has a genuine love for his wife, even though she does not return the affection. He shows a high sense of honor by voicing his objection to taking odds in the fight with Douglas. The principal fault

to find with Lord Randolph is a lack of decision. He hovers between good and evil, which situation, though it is not unnatural, is not sufficiently dramatic or tragic.

#### ANNA

While Anna is only a minor character, she is perhaps the most life-like person in the play. She is devoted to Lady Randolph, and sympathetic with her in her sorrow. Her trustworthiness is shown from the fact that her mistress confides to her the secret which she had kept from the rest of humanity. She is possessed of more common sense than is Lady Randolph, and by her valuable counsel to the lady, she serves to hold in check her impulsive nature.

#### OLD NORVAL

Old Norval in his earlier life had selfishly kept from Douglas the secret of his noble rank, and had brought him up as his own son. But in the play we find him repentant for his former conduct toward the boy, and he is now eager to

right the wrongs he has unjustly inflicted upon him. However, with all his selfishness, he shows every indication of having been a loving father, and of having in return commanded the love and respect of his foster son.

#### Editions of "Douglas"

Records of the following editions of "Douglas" have been discovered by the writer:

1. Douglas: a tragedy, A Millar. London. 1757.
2. Another edition, Belfast. 1758.
3. Another edition. G. Faulkner. Dublin. 1761.
4. Another edition. A. Millar. London. 1764.
5. Another edition. New English Theatre. vol. 10. London. 1777.
6. Another edition. Bell's British Theatre. vol. 20. London. 1778.
7. Another edition. London. 1780.
8. Another edition. Edinburgh. 1783.
9. Another edition. J. Lowndes and Company. London. 1784.
10. Another edition. Bell's British Theatre. vol. 3. 1791.
11. Dramatic Works of John Home. vol. 1. 1798.
12. Douglas; a tragedy. London. 1800. (?)

13. Another edition. London. 1805.
14. Another edition. Mrs. Inchbald's British Theatre. vol. 16. London. 1808.
15. Another edition. R. Hutchison. Glasgow. 1809.
16. Another edition. Edinburgh. 1810.
17. Another edition. Modern British Drama. vol. 2. 1811.
18. Another edition. New York. 1811.
19. Another edition. Dibdin's London Theatre. vol. 3. 1814.
20. Another edition. Cooke's British Drama. London. 1817.
21. Another edition. Oxberry's New British Drama. vol. 12. 1821.
22. The Works of John Home. Henry Mackenzie. vol. 1. Edinburgh. 1822.
23. Douglas, tragedie en cinq actes (and in prose) translated by A. Pichot. 1822.
24. Douglas: a tragedy. British Drama. vol. 1. 1824.
25. Douglas, a tragedy. Reduced to Scottish rhyme chiefly in the broad Buchan dialect. G. Smith. Aberdeen. 1824.
26. Douglas: a tragedy. Dolby's British Theatre. London. 1825.
27. Another edition. Cumberland's British Theatre. vol. 1. 1829.
28. Another edition. Penny National Library. vol. 5. 1830. (?)
29. Another edition. The Acting Drama. 1834.
30. Another edition. Lacy's Acting Edition of Plays. vol. 31. 1857.
31. Another edition. The British Drama. vol. 1. 1864.

32. Another edition. J. Cameron. Glasgow. 1883.
33. Another edition. The London Stage. vol. 1. Sherwood, Jones and Company. London. (Undated.)

### Stage History of "Douglas"

"Douglas" has an interesting stage history. In spite of its primal rejection in London and of the storm of protest which it raised among the Scotch Presbyterian clergy, it made a spectacular sensation, and for a long time held its place as one of the most popular dramas of the British stage.

The author's friends assisted him in the composition of the play with suggestions and points of constructive criticism. When the work was finally completed, Home took it to London and offered it to Garrick, but the manager declined to bring the piece out, declaring it to be entirely unsuited to the stage. There might have been another reason for this rejection. Garrick was naturally partial to those pieces in which he could appear to advantage, and it has been hinted that the prominence of the feminine lead aroused jealousy in Garrick. It was so written that let Garrick

play what part he would, Mrs. Cibber would certainly have beaten him out of the field. Again, the fact that Garrick had nearly reached his fortieth year may have had some influence in dissuading him from attempting to play the part of the youthful Douglas. Furthermore, its presentation by an obscure Scotch minister was not a factor which would favorably influence a manager toward acceptance. But whatever the reason, the action was one of Garrick's few misjudgments, and one which he later came to repent.

Undaunted by Garrick's verdict, Home decided that though London rejected his play, he would try his success at Edinburgh. Consequently, he returned to the Scottish capital and in 1756 had the gratification of seeing his play performed at the Cannongate Theatre before a crowded audience. The play was brought out under the management of Digges, an actor of great power. He played the part of Douglas in the piece, Hayman the part of Old Norval, Love that of Glenalvon; and Mrs. Ward performed the role of Lady Randolph. All these were actors of considerable merit and afterward of established reputation on the London stage. According to Henry Mackenzie, the biographer of Home, the play excited a strong sensation among the inhabitants of Edinburgh. The men talked of

the rehearsals; the ladies repeated what their ears had heard of the story; and some had procured copies of the most striking passages, which they recited at the request of their friends. The applause at the first performance was enthusiastic, and the tears of the audience flowed unsparingly.

But the most remarkable circumstance attending its representation was the clerical contest which it excited, and the proceedings of the Church of Scotland with regard to it. The presbytery of Edinburgh was scandalized that a play should be written by a Church of Scotland minister, but matters were made worse by the fact that many of the author's fellow-clerics gave their sanction to actors by attendance at the performance. Those ministers who had witnessed the performance were violently attacked by the church. According to their characters, they defied the abuse or surrendered under the stress of it. Mr. White, minister of Liberton, was called before the presbytery on the charge of attending this "illegal and dangerous entertainment". He admitted his guilt, but affirmed that he had attended only once and had then taken the precaution to obscure himself in a corner to avoid giving scandal. His plea was accepted, and he escaped with suspension for six weeks.

Dr. Alexander Carlyle pursued a more honorable course. When he was brought before the presbytery, he would neither admit his fault nor submit to any punishment. A charge was brought against him for being in company with players; for rehearsing "Douglas", and for openly appearing in a box in the Cannon gate Theatre. The matter was discussed for months, but ended simply in a rebuke from the Synod of Lothian and Tweeddale. Curiously enough, Dr. Carlyle, at the end of his life, held one of the highest positions in the Scottish Church.

The Presbytery of Haddington tried the case of Home, the arch offender. At first he requested a delay for consideration, but in the end he resigned his position, abandoned his profession, and determined to devote his whole attention to authorship, encouraged by the success of his first dramatic endeavor.

The production of the play had its results. To the church it served as an awakening to the condition of the minds of the people, and the popularity of the play was considered as a menace to religion and morality. It is little wonder that the Church should discountenance the fact that one of its ministers should cooperate with a class of such disreputable men as actors

were considered by the church-men of the day. According to a pamphlet of the time, players were considered as the most profligate wretches and vilest vermin that hell ever vomited out; the filth and garbage of the earth; the scum and stain of human society; the debauchers of men's minds and morals; and the most horrid and abandoned villains that ever the sun shone on."

The most obvious result of the clerical opposition was to advertise the drama so widely that standing room was scarcely available in the theatre where the play was performed. The controversy became more and more acute, and tended to divide the clergy into two factions; the one which looked upon the action of the Church in unjustly condemning "Douglas" as a wholly unnecessary proceeding, and the other which considered the play as giving sanction to swearing and suicide, and as being absolutely indefensible on high Christian principles. However, thirty years later a great advance in clerical opinion was exhibited in the fact that on the nights when Mrs. Siddons performed the part of Lady Randolph in Edinburgh, it was difficult to secure a full attendance at the General Assembly of the Church.

Amid the censures of the Church, the play

had a great vogue among the public, and the houses were crowded every night of its performance. Its defenders were found among all ranks and professions. Adam Ferguson published a serious pamphlet in defense of the morality of dramatic compositions, deduced from the Scriptures; and Dr. Alexander Carlyle wrote an ironical pamphlet under the title "Reasons Why the Tragedy of Douglas Should Be burnt by the Hands of the Common Hangman". Later, he wrote "The History of the Bloody Tragedy of Douglas as it is now Performing at the Theatre in the Cannongate". This paper had the effect of adding two more nights to the already unprecedented run of the play.

The success of "Douglas" surpassed all expectation, and Edinburgh, for a time spoke of nothing else. Home received from his countrymen the most extravagant compliments. Hume, the philosopher, said that "Douglas" possessed "the true theatric genius of Shakespeare and Otway, refined from the unhappy barbarism of the one and the licentiousness of the other". On the first night of the performance of the play, a young Scotsman, according to the story, stood up and exclaimed: "Weel, lads, what think ye of Wully Shakespeare now?" From that day, and for many years, "Douglas" maintained its place as one of

the most popular plays of the period.

Home went to London in March, 1757, where he saw his tragedy produced with great success by Rich at Covent Garden, with Barry and Peg Woffington. Henceforth, the success of the play was assured.

D O U G L A S :

A

T R A G E D Y .

---

Non ego sum vates, sed priscae conscientiae.

---

P R O L O G U E <sup>1</sup>

SPOKEN AT LONDON

In ancient times, when Britain's trade was arms,  
And the loved music of her youth, alarms;  
A god-like race sustain'd fair England's fame;  
Who has not heard of gallant Percy's name?  
Ay, and of Douglas? Such illustrious foes  
In rival Rome and Carthage never rose!  
From age to age bright shone the British fire,  
And every hero was a hero's sire.  
When powerful fate decreed one warrior's doom,  
Up sprung the phoenix from his parent's tomb.  
But whilst these generous rivals fought and fell,  
These generous rivals loved each other well:  
Though many a bloody field was lost and won,  
Nothing in hate, in honour all was done.  
When Percy, wrong'd, defied his prince or peers,  
First came the Douglas with his Scottish spears;

.....  
1. Some editions omit one or both of the prologues.

And, when proud Douglas made his king his foe,  
For Douglas, Percy bent his English bow.  
Expell'd their native homes by adverse fate,  
They knock'd alternate at each other's gate:  
Then blazed the castle, at the midnight hour,  
For him whose arms had shook its firmest tower.  
This night a Douglas your protection claims;  
A wife! a mother! Pity's softest names:  
The story of her woes indulgent hear,  
And grant your suppliant all she begs, a tear.  
In confidence she begs; and hopes to find  
Each English breast, like noble Percy's, kind.

## PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT EDINBURGH

In days of classic fame, when Persia's Lord  
Opposed his millions to the Grecian sword,  
Flourish'd the state of Athens, small her store,  
Rugged her soil, and rocky was her shore,  
Like Caledonia's; yet she gain'd a name  
That stands unrival'd in the rolls of fame.

Such proud pre-eminence not valour gave,  
(For who than Sparta's dauntless sons more brave?)  
But learning, and the love of every art,  
That Virgin Pallas and the Muse impart.

Above the rest the Tragic Muse admired  
Each Attic breast with noblest passions fired.  
In peace their poets with their heroes shared  
Glory, the hero's and the bard's reward.  
The Tragic Muse each glorious record kept,

And, o'er the kings she conquer'd, Athens wept.

Here let me cease, impatient for the scene;  
 To you I need not praise the Tragic Queen:  
 Oft has this audience soft compassion shown  
 To woes of heroes, heroes not their own.

This night our scenes no common tear demand,  
 He comes, the hero of your native land!  
 Douglas, a name through all the world renown'd,  
 A name that rouses like the trumpet's sound!  
 Oft have your fathers, prodigal of life,  
 A Douglas follow'd through the bloody strife;  
 Hosts have been known at that dread time to yield  
 And, Douglas dead, his name hath won the field.  
 Listen attentive to the various tale,  
 Mark if the author's kindred feelings fail;  
 Sway'd by alternate hopes, alternate fears,  
 He waits the test of your congenial tears.  
 If they shall flow, back to the Muse he flies,  
 And bids your heroes in succession rise;  
 Collects the wand'ring warriors as they roam,  
 Douglas assures them of a welcome home.

.....  
 † See the Persai of Aeschylus. (Note in original text.)

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N A E

LORD RANDOLPH

CECIL VON

OLD MORVAL

DOUGLAS

LADY RANDOLPH

ANNA

SERVANTS, etc.

(a)  
D O U G L A S

---



---

Act I

SCENE, - The Court of a Castle surrounded with Woods.

.....  
(a) Variations from 1822 Edition

The 1822 edition of "Douglas" has been used as a basis for the present text. The chief variations from this edition are given in the footnotes.

The following is a list of the various editions of the play used in preparing the present edition. The undated editions used, are signified as "Und" (Undated) and "Cumb." (Cumberland). Bibliographical explanation of the editions used follows:

1757. "Douglas, A Tragedy, printed for A. Millar. London.

1764. "Douglas, A Tragedy", a new edition, printed for A. Millar. London.

1784. "Douglas, A Tragedy", published by T. Lowndes and Company. London.

1798. "Douglas, A Tragedy", in "The Dramatic Works of John Home" in two volumes. Volume I, printed by George Reid and Company. Edinburgh.

1808. "Douglas, A Tragedy", in Inchbold's British Theatre, volume XVI, printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme, London.

1817. "Tragedy of Douglas", printed for C. Cooke. London.

1822. "Douglas, A Tragedy", in "The Works of John Home, in three volumes. Volume I, printed for Archibald Constable and Company. Edinburgh.

1825. "Douglas, A Tragedy", printed and published by T. Dalby. London.

Undated. "Douglas, A Tragedy", in "The London Stage", volume I, published by Sherwood, Jones and Company. London.

Cumberland. "Douglas, A Tragedy", in the British Theatre, volume III, published by John Cumberland. London. (Undated.)

(a)  
Enter LADY RANDOLPH

LADY RAND. Ye woods and wilds, whose melancholy  
gloom 1

Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth  
The voice of sorrow from my bursting heart,

Farewell a while: I will not leave you long;

For in your shades I deem some spirit dwells,

Who from the chiding stream, or groaning oak,

Still hears and answers to Matilda's moan.

O, Douglas, Douglas! if departed ghosts

Are e'er permitted to review this world,

Within the circle of that wood thou art, 10

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.

O disregard me not; though I am call'd

Another's now, my heart is wholly thine.

Incapable of change, affection lies 20

Buried, my Douglas, in thy bloody grave. -

But Randolph comes, whom fate has made my lord,

To chide my anguish, and defraud the dead.

.....  
(a) "through the castle gates" added in Und.

Enter LORD RANDOLPH

LORD RAND. 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 RAND. Silent, alas! is he for whom I  
mourn:

Childless, without memorial of his name,  
He only now in my remembrance lives. 30

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

LORD RAND. 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, 40

Has pass'd o'er thee in vain.

.....  
31-38 omitted in 1757 and Cumb.

40 omitted in 1757.

41 (beginning "If time to come") to 66 (beginning  
"Would thou wert - ) omitted in 1757.

41 (beginning "If time to come") - 74 omitted in  
Cumb.

LADY RAND. If time to come  
 Should prove as ineffectual, yet, my lord,  
 Thou can'st 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, roused with the base attempt 50  
 To force me from him, which thou rend'redst  
 vain,

To his own daughter bow'd his hoary head,  
 Besought me to commiserate his age,  
 And vow'd he should not, could not, die in peace,  
 Unless he saw me wedded, and secured  
 From violence and outrage. Then, my lord!  
 In my extreme distress I call'd on thee,  
 Thee I bespake, profess'd my strong desire  
 To lead a single, solitary life,  
 And begg'd thy nobleness, not to demand 60  
 Her for a wife whose heart was dead to love.  
 How thou persisted'st after this, thou know'st,  
 And must confess that I am not unjust,  
 Nor more to thee than to myself injurious.

LORD RAND. That I confess; yet ever must  
 regret

The grief I cannot cure. Would thou wert not  
 Composed of grief and tenderness alone,  
 But hadst a spark of other passions in thee,  
 Pride, anger, vanity, the strong desire  
 Of admiration, dear to woman kind; 70  
 These might contend with, and allay thy grief,  
 As meeting tides and currents smooth our frith.

LADY RAND. To such a cause the human mind  
 oft owes  
 Its transient calm, a calm I envy not.

LORD RAND. Sure thou art not the daughter  
 of Sir Malcolm:  
 Strong was his rage, eternal his resentment:  
 For when thy brother fell, he smiled to hear  
 That Douglas' son in the same field was slain.

LADY RAND. Oh! rake not up the ashes of my  
 fathers;  
 Implacable resentment was their crime, 80  
 And grievous has the expiation been.  
 Contending with the Douglas, gallant lives  
 Of either house were lost; my ancestors  
 Compell'd, at last, to leave their ancient seat  
 On Tiviot's pleasant banks; and now, of them

.....  
 68-74 omitted in 1757.

81 "And grievous had my expectation been" in 1808.

82-87 omitted in 1825 and Cumb.

82 "had thou not been so stern" omitted in 1808.

No heir is left. Had they not been so stern,  
I had not been the last of all my race.

LORD RAND. Thy grief wrests to its  
purposes my words.

I never asked of thee that ardent love,  
Which in the breasts of fancy's children burns. 90  
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 RAND. Thou dost not think so; woeful  
as I am,

I love thy merit, and esteem thy virtues.  
But whither goest thou now?

LORD RAND. Straight to the camp,  
Where every warrior on the tip-toe stands 100  
Of expectation, and impatient asks  
Each who arrives, if he is come to tell  
The Danes are landed.

LADY RAND. O! 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 RAND. Thou speak'st a woman's, hear a  
warrior's wish:

Right from their native land, the stormy north,  
 May the wind blow, till every keel is fix'd  
 Immoveable in Calcedonia's strand! 110  
 Then shall our foes repent their bold  
     invasion,

And roving armies shun the fatal shore.

LADY RAND. 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.

Of each side dwells a people similar,

As twins are to each other; valiant both: 120

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.

.....  
 113-136 omitted in 1825 and Cumb.

Thus fall the prime of either hapless land; 130  
 And such the fruit of Scotch and English wars.

LORD RAND. 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:

Urged by affection, I have thus presumed  
 To interrupt your solitary thoughts; 140  
 And warn you of the hours that you neglect,  
 And lose in sadness.

LADY RAND. 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 RAND. Oh!

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

And ill-timed mention of your brother's fate?

Forgive me, lady: humble though I am, 150

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 RAND. What power directed thy  
unconscious tongue

To speak as thou hast done? to name -

ANNA. I know not:

But since my words have made my mistress  
tremble,

I will speak no more; but silent mix

My tears with her's.

LADY RAND. No, thou shalt not be silent.

I'll trust thy faithful love, and thou shalt be

Henceforth the instructed partner of my woes. 160

But what avails it? Can thy feeble pity

Roll back the flood of never-ebbing time?

Compel th<sup>e</sup> earth and ocean to give up

Their dead alive?

ANNA. What means my noble mistress?

LADY RAND. Didst thou not ask what had my  
sorrows been,

If I in early youth had lost a husband? -

In the cold bosom of the earth is lodged,  
Mangled with wounds, the husband of my youth;  
And in some cavern of the ocean lies  
My child and his!

ANNA. O! lady, most revered! 170  
The tale wrapt up in your amazing words  
Deign to unfold.

LADY RAND. Alas! an ancient feud,  
Hereditary evil, was the source  
Of my misfortunes. Fuling 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 Balarno came,  
Under a borrow'd name. - My heart he gain'd;  
Nor did I long refuse the hand he begg'd:  
My brother's presence authorized our marr' age.  
Three weeks, three little weeks, with wings  
of down,  
Had o'er us flown, when my loved lord was  
call'd  
To fight his father's battles; and with him,  
In spite of all my tears, did Malcolm go.  
Scarce were they gone, when my stern sire was told

\*\*\*\*\*  
178 Instead of "the vaunted" Cumu. has "thy  
haunted".

That the false stranger was Lord Douglas' son.  
 Frantic with rage, the baron drew his sword,  
 And question'd me. Alone, forsaken, faint, 190  
 Kneeling beneath his sword, fault'ring, I

took

An oath equivocal, that I ne'er would  
 Wed one of Douglas' name. - Sincerity,  
 Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave  
 Thy onward path! although the earth should  
 gape,

And from the gulph 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 RAND. The first truth  
 Is easiest to avow. This moral learn, 200  
 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

.....  
 204 Instead of "God", 1784, 1825, and Cumb. have  
 "Heaven".

204-205 omitted in Und.

I've listen'd to; but never did I hear  
A tale so sad as this.

LADY RAND. In the first days  
Of my distracting grief, I found myself -  
As women wish to be who love their lords. 210  
But who durst tell my father? The good  
priest

Who join'd our hands, my brother's ancient  
tutor,

With his loved Malcolm, in the battle fell:  
They two alone were prity to the marriage.  
On silence and concealment I resolved,  
Till time should make my father's fortune  
mine.

That very night on which my son was born,  
By nurse, the only confidante I had,  
Set out with him to reach her sister's house:  
But nurse, nor infant, have I ever seen, 220  
Or heard of, Anna, since that fatal hour.  
My murder'd child! - Had thy fond mother  
fear'd

The loss of thee, she had loud fame defied,

.....  
222-225 omitted in Cumb.

222-256 omitted in 1825.

Despised her father's rage, her father's  
grief,

And wander'd with thee through the scorning  
world.

ANNA. Not seen nor heard of: then perhaps  
he lives.

LADY RAND. No. It was dark December:  
wind and rain

Had beat all night. Across the Carron lay  
The destined road; and in its swelling flood  
My faithful servant perish'd with my child. 230

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 devolved; 240  
Domains, that should to Douglas' son have  
given

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

.....  
231-256 omitted in Cumb.

231-263 omitted in Und.

Such were my soothing thoughts, while I  
 bewail'd

The slaughter'd father of a son unborn,  
 And when that son came, like a ray from  
 heaven,

Which shines and disappears; alas! my child!  
 How long did thy fond mother grasp the hope  
 Of having thee, she knew not how, restored.  
 Year after year hath worn her hope away:  
 But left still undiminish'd her desire. 250

ANNA. The hand, that spins the uneven  
 thread of life  
 May smooth the length that's yet to come of  
 yours.

LADY RAND. 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!  
 O! had I died when my loved husband fell!  
 Had some good angel oped to me the book  
 Of Providence, and let me read my life,  
 My heart had broke, when I beheld the sun 260  
 Of ill's, which one by one I have endured.

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 hitherward he slowly stalks his way.

LADY RAND. 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 RAND. Because he's not the heir of  
 Randolph's virtues. 270

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 poised so all,  
 As in Glenalvon's unrelenting mind.

Yet is he brave and politic in war, 280  
 And stands aloft in these unruly times.

.....  
 264 Instead of the phrase, "Glenalvon comes",  
 the text reads "Ah! Lady, see Glenalvon  
 comes" in Und.

274 (Beginning "Self denial") - 279 omitted in  
 1825 and Gumb.

Why I describe him thus I'll tell hereafter:  
Stay and detain him till I reach the castle.

(Exit LADY RANDOLPH)

ANNA. Ohappiness! where art thou to be  
found?

I see thou dwellest not with birth and beauty,  
Though graced with grandeur, and in wealth  
array'd:

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

Else had this gentle lady miss'd thee not.

Enter GLENALVON.

GLEN. What dost thou muse on, meditating  
maid?

Like some entranced and visionary seer,           290  
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

.....  
271-281 omitted in 1808.

280-281 omitted in Und.

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 women view yon monument of woe,  
 Then boast of beauty: who so fair as she?  
 But I must follow: this revolving day           300  
 Awakes the memory of her ancient woes.

(Exit ANNA.)

GLEN. (Solus.) So! Lady Randolph shuns  
                   me: by and by  
 I'll woo her as the lion wooes his bride.  
 The deed's adorning now, that makes me lord  
 Of these rich vallies, and a chief of power.  
 The season is most apt: my sounding steps  
 Will not be heard amidst the din of arms.  
 Randolph has lived too long: his better fate  
 Had the ascendant once, and kept me down:  
 When I had seized the dame, by chance he came, 310  
 Rescued, and had the lady for his labour.  
 I 'scaped unknown: a slender consolation!  
 Heaven is my witness that I do not love  
 To sow in peril, and let others reap  
 The jocund harvest. Yet I am not safe:  
 By love, or something like it, stung, and  
                   inflamed,  
 Madly I blabb'd my passion to his wife,



A C T II. <sup>(a)</sup>

SCENE, - A Court, &c. as before.

Enter SERVANTS and a STRANGER at one door, and  
LADY RANDOLPH and ANNA at another. <sup>(b)</sup>

LADY RAND. What means this clamour? 1

Stranger, speak secure:

Hast thou been wrong'd? have these rude  
men presumed

.....  
(a) After "Act II" 1757 has Scene 1.

(b) Variations in the stage directions here are as follows:

Und. has "Enter Donald and a stranger, and Lady Randolph and Anna through the Castle gates".

Before the opening of Lady Randolph's speech 1757 has (Stranger within) and puts in the mouth of the stranger the words "O mercy! Mercy!"

At the same place Und. has the following:

Donald (without) "Bring him along."

Stranger (without) "Help! Help!"

Donald (entering) "Along, I say."

To vex the weary traveller on his way?

I SERV. By us no stranger ever suffer'd  
wrong:

This man with outcry wild has call'd us  
forth;

So sore afraid he cannot speak his fears.

Enter LORD RANDOLPH and a YOUNG MAN,  
with their swords drawn and bloody.

LADY RAND. Not vain the stranger's fears!-  
How fares my lord?

LORD RAND. That it fares well, thanks to  
this gallant youth,

Whose valour saved me from a wretched death!-  
As down the winding dale I walk'd alone,           10  
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 anger, in the hour of fate,  
And, mocking danger, made my foes his own.  
They turn'd upon him; but his active arm

.....  
6 After line 6 the stage directions in Und read:  
"Enter four attendants, Lord Randolph and Norval,  
etc.

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. 20

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 RAND. My lord, I cannot speak what  
now I feel.

My heart o'erflows with gratitude to heav'n;  
And to this noble youth, who, all unknown  
To you and yours, deliberated not,  
Nor paused at peril, but humanely brave  
Fought on your side, against such fearful  
odds.

Have you yet learn'd of him whom we should  
thank? 30

Whom call the saviour of Lord Randolph's  
life?

LORD RAND. I ask'd that question, and he  
answered not:

But I must know who my deliverer is.

.....  
21 (Beginning "Upon beauty's tongue") omitted in  
1808

26 (Beginning "who all unknown")-29 omitted in  
Cumb.

(To the Stranger.

STRANG. A low-born man, of parentage  
obscure,

Who nought can boast but his desire to be  
A soldier, and to gain a name in arms.

LORD RAND. Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit  
is ennobled

By the great King of kings! thou art ordain'd  
And stamp'd a hero by the sovereign hand  
Of Nature! blush not, flower of modesty, 40  
As well as valour, to declare thy birth.

STRANG. My name is Norval: on the  
Grampian hills

My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,  
Whose constant cares were to increase his  
store,

And keep his only son, myself, at home.  
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd  
To follow to the field some warlike lord:  
And heav'n soon granted what my sire deny'd.  
This moon which rose last night, round as my  
shield,

Had not yet fill'd her horns, when by her  
light, 50

A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,  
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,

Sweeping our flocks and herds. The  
     shepherds fled  
 For safety and for succour. I alone,  
 With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,  
 Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd  
 The road he took, then hasten'd 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.     60  
 We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword  
     was drawn,  
 An arrow from my bow had pierced their  
     chief,  
 Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.  
 Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd  
 The shepherd's slothful life; and having  
     heard  
 That our good king had summon'd his bold  
     peers  
 To lead their warriors to the Carron side,  
 I left my father's house, and took with me  
 A chosen servant to conduct my steps:--  
 You trembling coward, who forsook his master.     70  
 Journeying with this intent, I past these  
     towers,

\*\*\*\*\*  
 57 Instead of "hasten'd" 1808 has "hasted".

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

LORD RAND. He is as wise as brave. Was  
ever tale

With such a gallant modesty rehearsed?  
My brave deliverer! thou shalt enter now  
A nobler list, and in a monarch's sight  
Contend with princes for the prize of fame.  
I will present thee to our Scottish king,  
Whose valiant spirit ever valour loved. - 80  
Ha, my Matilda! wherefore starts that  
tear?

LADY RAND. I cannot say: for various  
affections,

And strangely mingled, in my bosom swell;  
Yet each of them may well command a tear.  
I joy that thou art safe; and I admire  
Him and his fortunes who hath wrought thy  
safety;

Yea, as my mind predicts, with thine his own.  
Obscure and friendless, he the army sought,  
Bent upon peril, in the range of death  
Resolved to hunt for fame, and with his sword 90  
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, graced 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 RAND. Pious and grateful ever are  
 thy thoughts! 100

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

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

FORV. 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 RAND. I will be sworn thou wilt not.

Thou shalt be

My knight; and ever, as thou didst to-day, 110

With happy valour guard the life of  
 Randolph.

.....  
 96 (Beginning "fame and great renown") -97  
 omitted in Cumb.

99 Instead of "Lord" Cumb. has "hand".

LORD RAND. Well hast thou spoke. Let me  
 forbid reply. (To NORVAL.

We are thy debtors still; thy high desert  
 O'ertops our gratitude. I must proceed,  
 As was at first intended, to the camp.  
 Some of my train, I see, are speeding hither,  
 Impatient, doubtless, of their lord's delay.  
 Go with me, NORVAL, and thine eyes shall see  
 The chosen warriors of thy native land,  
 Who languish for the fight, and beat the air 120  
 With brandish'd swords.

NORV. Let us begone, my lord.

LORD RAND. (To LADY RANDOLPH.) About the  
 time that the declining sun  
 Shall his broad orb o'er yonder 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 130  
 The human joy that never may return.

(Exeunt RANDOLPH and NORVAL.

.....  
 123 This line reads as follows: "Shall his  
 broad orb o'er yond hills suspend" in  
 1757, 1764, 1784, 1798, Und, and Cumb.

## LADY RANDOLPH and ANNA

LADY RAND. His parting words have struck  
a fatal truth.

O 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 besom's flame,  
Oft, as blown back by the rude breath of fear,  
Return'd, and with redoubled ardour blazed.

ANNA. May gracious heaven pour the sweet  
balm of peace

140

Into the wounds that fester in your breast!  
For earthly consolation cannot cure them.

LADY RAND. One only cure can heaven  
itself bestow;

A grave - that bed in which the weary rest.  
Wretch that I am! Alas! why am I so?  
At every happy parent I repine!  
How blest the mother of yon gallant Norval!  
She for a living husband bore her pains,

.....  
131 After line 131, 1764 has "exit" instead of  
"exeunt" in the stage direction.

After the stage direction, 1757 has "Scene II".

132-144 omitted in 1825, Und., and Cumb.

And heard him bless her when a man was born:  
 She nursed her smiling infant on her breast; 150  
 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 a while have won you from your woe.  
 On him intent you gazed, with a look  
 Much more delighted, than your pensive eye 160  
 Has deign'd on other objects to bestow.

LADY RAND. Delighted, say'st thou?

    Oh! even there mine eye  
 Found fuel for my life-consuming sorrow.  
 I thought, that had the son of Douglas  
     lived,

He might have been like this young gallant  
     stranger,

And 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 mused, a spark from fancy fell  
 On my sad heart, and kindled up a fondness 170  
 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 heaven will bless so generous  
 a resolve.

You must, my noble dame, exert your power:  
 You must awake; devices will be framed,  
 And arrows pointed at the breast of Norval.

LADY RAND. Glenalvon's false and crafty  
 head will work

Against a rival in his kinsman's love. 180

If I deter him not; I only can.

Bold as he is, Glenalvon will beware

How he pulls down the fabric that I raise.

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

'Tis pleasing to admire! most apt was I

To this affection in my better days;

Though now I seem to you shrunk up, retired

Within the narrow compass of my woe.

Have you not sometimes seen ~~an~~ an early

flower

Open its bud, and spread its silken leaves, 190

To catch sweet airs, and odours to bestow;

Then, by the keen blast nipt, pull in its

leaves,

And, though still living, die to scent and

beauty?

Emblem of me: affliction, like a storm,

Nath kill'd the forward blossoms of my heart.

Enter GLENALVON

GLEN. Where is my dearest kinsman, noble  
Randolph?

LADY RAND. Have you not heard<sup>d</sup>, 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, 200

And torture force from them, th' important

secret,

Whether some foe of Randolph hired their

swords,

Or if -

LADY RAND. That care becomes a kindman's  
love. -

I have a counsel for Glenalvon's ear.

Exit ANNA

GLEN. To him your counsels always are  
commands.

LADY RAND. I have not found so: thou art  
known to me.

GLEN. Known!

LADY RAND. 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. 210

LADY RAND. 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 divulged,  
Would make thee nothing; or, what's worse than  
that,

An outcast beggar, and unpitied too?

.....  
208 Instead of "most blessed cross", Cumb has  
"heaven".

210 Instead of "Glenalvon", 1825 has "me".

For mortals shudder at a crime like thine.

GLENN. 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,

220

If he is brought by love to misery,  
In fortune ruin'd, as in mind forlorn,  
Unpity'd cannot be. Pity's aims  
Which on such beggars freely is bestow'd:  
For mortals know that love is still their  
lord,

And o'er their vain resolves advances still:  
As fire, when kindled by our shepherds, moves  
Through the dry heath before the fanning wind.

LADY RAND. Reserve these accents for  
some other ear.

To love's apology I listen not.

230

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 would'st

pry

Into my heart: 'Tis open as my speech.

I give this early caution; and put on 240

The curb, before thy temper breaks away.

The friendless stranger my protection

claims:

His friend I am, and be not thou his foe.

(Exit.

Manet GLENALVON

GLEN. Child that I was, to start at

my own shadow,

And be the shallow fool of coward conscience!

I am not what I have been; what I should be.

The darts of destiny have almost pierced

My marble heart. Had I one grain of faith

In holy legends, and religious tales,

I should conclude there was an arm above 250

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 introduced

.....  
243 After this line 1757 has "Scene III".

"Manet Glenalvon" omitted in Und. and Cumb.

A favourite to hide the sun from me;  
And, worst of all, a rival. Burning hell!  
This were thy centre, if I thought she  
loved him!

'Tis certain she contemns me; nay, commands  
me,

And waves the flag of her displeasure o'er  
me,

250-260

In his behalf. And shall I thus be braved?  
Gurb'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 preservance must  
Prosper at last. For chance and fate are  
words:

Persistive wisdom is the fate of man.

Darkly a project peers upon my mind,

270

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 spurned from him.

I've known a follower's rank'd bottom breed  
Venom most fatal to his heedless lord.

(Exit.)

(a)  
A C T III

SCENE, - A Court, &c. as before.

(b)  
Enter ANNA

ANNA. Thy vassals, Grief! great nature's  
order break, 1

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

.....  
(a) After "Act III" 1757 has "Scene 1".

(b) Instead of "Enter Anna", Und. has "Enter  
Donald and Anna through the castle gates".

1-12 omitted in Und and Cumb.

3 Instead of "sleeps", 1825 has "rests".

5-12 omitted in 1825.

There from her fancy chase those dismal  
forms

That haunt her waking; her sad spirit charm      10  
With images celestial, such as please  
The bless'd above upon their golden beds.

Enter SERVANT

SERV. One of the vile assassins is  
secured.

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

ANNA. Let me look on them. Ha! here is  
a heart      20

The chosen crest of Douglas' valiant name!  
These are no vulgar jewels. - Guard the  
wretch.

(Exit ANNA.)

Enter SERVANTS with a PRISONER

.....  
13 After line 13, 1825, Und., and Cumb. add the  
following line: "That struck this morning  
at Lord Randolph's life".

PRIS. I know no more than does the child  
unborn

Of what you charge me with.

I SERV. You say so, sir!

But torture shall make you speak the truth.

Behold, the lady of Lord Randolph comes:

Prepare yourself to meet her' just revenge.

Enter LADY RANDOLPH and ANNA

ANNA. Summon your utmost fortitude, before  
You speak with him. Your dignity, your fame,  
Are now at stake. Think of the fatal secret, 30  
Which in a moment from your lips may fly.

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

(The PRISONER kneels.

PRIS. Heaven bless that countenance so  
sweet and mild!

.....  
27 After this line 1757 has "Scene II".

29-30 ("Your dignity your fame are now at stake")  
omitted in 1808.

31 Instead of "Fly", 1808 has "Fall".

33. After "See, he kneels", Und. has the stage  
direction, "Aside to Anna".

A judge like thee makes innocence more bold.  
 O save me, lady! from these cruel men,  
 Who have attack'd and seized me; who accuse  
 Me of intended murder. As I hope  
 For mercy at the judgment-seat of God,  
 The tender lamb, that never nipt the grass, 40  
 Is not more innocent than I of murder.

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

I SERV. We found him lurking in the  
 hollow glen.

When view'd and call'd upon, amazed he fled.  
 We overtook him, and inquired from whence  
 And what he was; he said he came from far,  
 And was upon his journey to the camp.  
 Not satisfied with this, we search'd his  
 clothes,  
 And found those jewels, whose rich value  
 plead

Most powerfully against him. Hard he seems, 50  
 And old in villainy. Permit me try  
 His stubbornness against the torture's force.

.....  
 35 After this line, Camb. has the stage direction,  
 "Rises".

39 Instead of "God", 1825 has "heaven".

43 Instead of "glen", 1785 has "Glynn".

PRIS. O, gentle lady! by your lord's  
 dear life,

Which these weak hands, I swear, did ne'er  
 assail;

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

LADY RAND. Account for these; thine own  
 they cannot be:

For these, I say: be steadfast to the truth; 60  
 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 RAND. O! Anna, hear! - Once more I  
 charge thee speak  
 The truth direct: for these to me foretell  
 And certify a part of thy narration;  
 With which, if the remainder tallies not,  
 An instant and a dreadful death abides thee. 70

PRIS. Then, thus adjured, I'll speak to  
 you as just

.....  
 61. After this line the stage direction in Und  
 reads "Anna signs to Donald and Attendants,  
 and they retire."

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 Malarmo's lord;  
But falling to decay, his servants seized  
All that I had, and then turn'd me and mine  
(Four helpless infants and their weeping  
mother,)

Out to the mercy of the winter winds.

A little hovel by the river's side 80  
Received us: there hard labour, and the  
skill

In fishing, which was formerly my sport,  
Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly  
lived,

One stormy night, as I remember well,

The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof:  
Red came the river down, and loud and oft  
The angry spirit of the water shriek'd.

At the dead hour of night was heard the cry  
Of one in jeopardy. I rose, and ran  
To where the circling eddy of a pool, 90

Beneath the ford, used oft to bring within  
My reach whatever floating thing the stream  
Had caught. The voice was ceased; the person  
lost:

But, looking sad and earnest on the waters,

By the moon's light I saw, whirl'd round  
and round,

A basket: soon I drew it to the bank,  
And nestled curious there an infant lay.

LADY RAND. Was he alive?

PRIS. He was.

LADY RAND. Inhuman that thou art!  
How could'st thou kill what waves and tempests  
spared?

PRIS. I was not so inhuman.

LADY RAND. Didst thou not?

100

ANNA. My noble mistress, you are  
moved too much:

This man has not the aspect of stern  
murder;

Let him go on, and you, I hope, will hear  
Good tidings of your kinsman's long lost child.

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 declined,

110

.....  
101-104 omitted in Cumb.

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 RAND. Ha! dost thou say so? Then  
 perhaps he lives!

PRIS. Not many days ago he was alive.

LADY RAND. O God of heaven! Did he then  
 die so lately?

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

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

LADY RAND. Where is he now?

PRIS. Alas! I know not where. 120

LADY RAND. Oh, fate! I fear thee still.

Thou riddler, speak

Direct and clear; else I will search thy  
 soul.

ANNA. Permit me, ever honour'd! Keep  
 impatience.

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

Pursue thy story with a faithful tongue,

.....  
 116 Instead of "O God of heaven", 1784 has "O  
 heavenly power!" and Cumb. has "OH! heavenly  
 powers!"

123-126 omitted in 1825, Und., and Cumb.

To the last hour that thou didst keep the  
child.

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

Within the cradle where the infant lay  
Was stow'd a mighty store of gold and jewels:  
Tempted by which, we did resolve to hide, 130  
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, 140  
Who with a father's fondness loved the boy,  
Have trusted him, now in the dawn of youth,  
With his own secret: but my anxious wife,  
Foreboding evil, never would consent.  
Meanwhile the stripling grew in years and  
beauty;

And, as we oft observed, he bore himself,

.....  
136 Instead of "God's", Cumb has "Heaven's".

Not as the offspring of our cottage blood;  
 For nature will break out: mild with mild,  
 But with the froward he was fierce as fire,  
 And night and day he talk'd of war and arms. 150  
 I set myself against his warlike bent;  
 But all in vain: for when a desperate band  
 Of robbers from the savage mountains came -

- LADY RAND. Eternal Providence! What is  
 thy name?

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

LADY RAND. 'Tis he; 'tis he himself!  
 It is my son!

O, sov<sup>e</sup>reign 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

Proved with such fierce extremes. High-fated 160  
 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 RAND. Well dost thou counsel, Anna:  
 Heaven 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, 170  
Have of your words and gestures rightly  
judged,

Thou art the daughter of my ancient master;  
The child I rescued from the flood is thine.

LADY RAND. With thee dissimulation now  
were vain.

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

PRIS. Bless'd be the hour that made me  
a poor man!

My poverty hath saved my master's house!

LADY RAND. Thy words surprise me: sure  
thou dost not feign!

The tear stands in thine eye: such love from  
thee

180

Sir Malcolm's house deserved not; if  
aright

.....  
177 After "Pris." Und. had the stage direction,  
"kneels".

179 After "Lady Rand", Und. has the stage  
direction, "Raising Old Norval".

Thou told'st the story of thy own distress.

PRIS. Sir Malcolm of our barons was the  
flower;

The fastest friend, the best, the kindest  
master:

But ah! he knew not of my sad estate.

After the battle, where his gallant son,  
Your own brave brother, fell, the good old  
lord

Grew desperate and reckless of the world;  
And never, as he erst was wont, went forth  
To overlook the conduct of his servants. 190  
By them I was thrust out, and them I blame:  
May heaven so judge me as I judged my master:  
And God so love me as I love his race!

LADY RAND. His race shall yet reward thee.

On thy faith

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

PRIS. I remember

The cottage of the cliffs.

LADY RAND. 'Tis that I mean:

There dwells a man of venerable age, 200  
Who in my father's service spent his youth:  
Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain,



Though chance combined some likelihoods  
 against him.

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

(Exeunt STRANGER and SERVANTS

LADY RANDOLPH and ANNA

LADY RAND. My faithful Anna! dost thou  
 share my joy?

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

Judge of the widow, and the orphan's father, 230  
 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 sire!

.....  
 225 After "Exeunt strangers and servants", 1757  
 has "Scene III".

ANNA. How fondly did your eyes devour  
the boy!

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

LADY RAND. The ready story of his birth  
believed

240

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

ANNA. With wary caution you must bear  
yourself

In public, lest your tenderness break forth, 250  
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 fears.

LADY RAND. He did so, Anna! Well ~~my~~  
mistress knows

If the least circumstance, note of offence,

.....  
252-254 omitted in 1825 and Cumb.

Should touch the baron's eye, his sight would  
 be

With jealousy disorder'd. But the more  
 It does behove me instant to declare 260  
 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 deceived  
 Those trivial mortals who seem always wise.  
 But, when the matter match'd his mighty mind,  
 Up rose the hero; on his piercing eye 270  
 Sat observation; on each glance of thought  
 Decision follow'd as the thunderbolt  
 Pursues the flash.

ANNA. That demon haunts you still:  
 Behold Glenalvon.

LADY RAND. Now I shun him not.  
 This day I braved him in behalf of Norval:  
 Perhaps too far: at least my nicer fears  
 For Douglas thus interpret.

Enter GLENALVON

.....  
 259 (Beginning "But the more") to 273 (beginning  
 "That demon" omitted in 1825 and Cumb.



Lies in firm foot, unflank'd with warlike  
horse:

If martial skill directs the Danish lords,  
There inaccessible their army lies  
To our swift-scow'ring horse: the bloody  
field

300

Must man to man, and foot to foot, be  
fought.

LADY RAND. How many mothers shall bewail  
Their sons!

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

GLEN. Oft has the unconquer'd  
Caledonian sword

Widow'd the north. The children of the slain  
Come, as I hope, to meet their fathers' fate.

The monster war, with her infernal brood, 310  
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 RAND. I scorn thee not, but when I  
ought to scorn;

Nor e'er reproach, but when insulted virtue  
Against audacious vice asserts <sup>her</sup> ~~his~~ self.

I own thy worth, Glenalvon; none more apt  
Than I to praise thine eminence in arms,  
And be the echo of thy martial fame. 320

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.

GLEEN. 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 330  
Somewhat too haughtily defied your slave,  
Amidst the snock 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 RAND. Ast 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 unloest.

(Exit LADY RANDOLPH)

GLEN. (Solus.) Amen! and virtue is  
its own reward! -

340

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 woman also! flattery direct  
Rarely disgusts. They little know mankind  
Who doubt its operation: 'tis my key,  
And opes the wicket of the human heart.  
How far I have succeeded now, I know not:  
Yet I incline to think her stormy virtue  
Is lull'd awhile. 'Tis her alone I fear:

350

Whilst she and Randolph live, and live  
in faith

And anity, 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 Mortal's I have found most apt:  
I shew'd him gold, and he has pawn'd his soul

.....  
346-355 omitted in 1825 and Cumb.

345 Instead of "rarely", 1825 has "seldom".

353-356 omitted in 1825 and Cumb.

To say and swear whatever I suggest.

Norval, I'm told, has that alluring look, 360

'Twixt man and woman, which I have observed

To charm the nicer and fantastic dames,

Who are, like Lady Randolph, full of virtue.

In raising Randolph's jealousy, I may

But point him to the truth. He seldom

errs,

Who thinks the worst he can of womankind.

(Exit.

(a)

.....  
 366 After this line, 1764 omits the stage  
 direction, "exit".

(a) End of Act II, 1757, 1764, 1798, and Cumb.

A C T I V

SCENE, - A Court, &c. as before. - Flourish  
(a)  
of Trumpets.

Enter LORD RANDOLPH, Attended (b)

LORD RAND. Summon a hundred horse, by  
break of day, 1  
To wait our pleasure at the castle-gate.

Enter LADY RANDOLPH

LADY RAND. Alas! my Lord! I've heard  
unwelcome news:  
The Danes are landed.

LORD RAND. Ay, no inroad this  
Of the Northumbrian, bent to take a spoil:  
No sportive war, no tournament essay

.....  
(a) In the setting, Und. omits "Flourish of Trumpets"; Cumb. omits "A Court &c. as before".

(b) After "Enter Lord Randolph attended", Und. adds "through the castle gates".

2 After this line, Und. has the stage direction, "Exeunt attendants".

Cumb. omits the stage direction, "Enter Lady Randolph".

Of some young knight resolved to break  
 a spear,  
 And stain with hostile blood his maiden arms.  
 The Danes are landed: we must beat them back,  
 Or live the slaves of Denmark.

LADY RAND. Dreadful times! 10

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

LADY RAND. Immense, as fame reports, the  
 Danish host!

LORD RAND. Were it as numcrous 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: 20  
 For his dear offspring, and the wife he loves,  
 The husband and the fearl<sup>e</sup>ss father arm.  
 In vulgar breasts heroic ardour burns,

And the poor peasant mates his daring lord.

LADY RAND. 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-embitter'd age.-

Where is our gallant guest?

LORD RAND. Down in the vale

30

I left him, managing a fiery steed,

Whose stubbornness had foil'd the strength  
and skill

Of every rider. But behold he comes,---

In earnest conversation with Glenalvon.-

Enter NORVAL and GLENALVON

Glenalvon! with the lark arise; go forth,

And lead my troops that lie in yonder vale:

Private I travel to the royal camp:

Norval, thou goest with me. But say, young man!

Where didst thou learn so fine discourse of war,

And in such terms, as I o'erheard to-day? 40

War is no village science, nor its phrase

A language taught amongst the shepherd swains.

NORV. Small is the skill my lord delights  
to praise

In him he favours. - Hear from whence it came:

Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote

And inaccessible by shepherds trod,

In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,

A hermit lived; a melancholy man,

Who was the wonder of our wandering swains:

Austere and lonely, cruel to himself, 50

Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,

Water his drink, his food the shepherd's alms.

I went to see him, and my heart was touch'd

With reverence and with pity. Mild he spake,

And, entering on discourse, such stories told

As made me oft revisit his sad cell:

For he had been a soldier in his youth,

And fought in famous battles, when the peers

Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,

Against the usurping infidel display'd 60

The blessed cross, and won the Holy Land.

Pleased with my admiration, and the fire

His speech struck from me, the old man would

shake

His years away, and act his young encounters:

Then, having shew'd his wounds, he'd sit him

down,

And all the live long day discourse of war.  
 To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf  
 He cut the figures of the marshall'd hosts;  
 Described the motion, and explain'd the use  
 Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line, 70  
 The square, the crescent, and the phalanx  
 firm.

For all the Saracen or Christian knew  
 Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

LORD RAND. Why did this soldier in a  
 desert hide

Those qualities that should have graced a  
 camp?

NORV. That too at last I learn'd.  
 Unhappy man!

Returning homeward by Messina's port,  
 Loaded with wealth and honours bravely won,  
 A rude and boist'rous captain of the sea  
 Fasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they  
 fought: 80

The stranger fell, and with his dying  
 breath

Declared his name and lineage. Mighty  
 power!

The soldier cried, my brother! Oh my brother!

.....  
 73 After this line, Und. has the stage direction,  
 "Trumpets sound".

74 (to "From whence" in 103) omitted in 1826 and  
 Und. and Cumb.

LADY RAND. His brother!

NORV. Yes; of the same parents born;  
 His only brother. They exchanged forgiveness:  
 And happy, in my mind, was he that died;  
 For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.  
 In the wild desert on a rock he sits,  
 Or on some nameless stream's untrodden banks,  
 And ruminates all day his dreadful fate. 90  
 At times, alas! not in his perfect mind,  
 Holds dialogues with his loved brother's  
 ghost:

And oft each night forsakes his sullen couch,  
 To make sad orisons for him he slew.

LADY RAND. To what mysterious woes are  
 mortals born!

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

NORV. No; they were dead: kind Heaven  
 had closed their eyes  
 Before their son had shed his brother's blood.

~~HE~~ LORD RAND. Hard is his fate; for he was  
 not to blame! 100

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:

The valiant leader hails the noble Randolph.

LORD RAND. Mine ancient guest? does he  
the warriors lead?

Has Denmark roused 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 RAND. Glenalvon, go,

110

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 RAND. 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 secured:

.....  
105 Instead of "the noble Randolph", Und. has  
"their noble Randolph".

Yet foremost he into the plain descends,  
 Eager to bleed in battles not his own. 120  
 Such were the heroes of the ancient world;  
 Contemners they of indolence and gain;  
 But still, for love of glory and of arms,  
 Prone to encounter peril, and to lift  
 Against each strong antagonist the spear.  
 I'll go and press the hero to my breast.

(Exit RANDOLPH

Manent LADY RANDOLPH and NORVAL

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

NORV. Ah! should they not?  
 Blest be the hour I left my father's house! 130  
 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 RAND. There is a gen'rous spirit in  
 thy breast,  
 That could have well sustain'd a prouder  
 fortune.

.....  
 126 After this line the stage direction in Cumb.  
 reads: "Exit with officer"; Und. reads: "Exit  
 Lord Randolph and Donald". "Manent Lady  
 Randolph and Norval" omitted in Und.

This way with me; under yon spreading beech,  
 Unseen, unheard, by human eye or ear,  
 I will amaze thee with a wondrous tale.

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

140

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 RAND. Know'st thou these gems?

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

LADY RAND. Thy father's, say'st thou?

Ah! they were thy father's!

NORV. I saw them once, and curiously  
 inquired

Of both my parents, whence such splendour  
 came:

But I was check'd, and more could never learn.

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

150

NORV. Not Norval's son!

LADY RAND. Nor of a shepherd sprung.

NORV. Lady, who am I then?

LADY RAND. Noble thou art;

For noble was thy sire!

NORV. I will believe -

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

LADY RAND. Douglas!

NORV. Lord Douglas, whom to-day I saw?

LADY RAND. His younger brother.

NORV. And in yonder camp -

LADY RAND. Alas!

NORV. You make me tremble - Sighs and  
tears!-

Lives my brave father?

LADY RAND. Ah! too brave indeed!

He fell in battle ere thyself was born.

NORV. Ah me, unhappy! ere I saw the light? 160  
But does my mother live? I may conclude,  
From my own fate, her portion has been sorrow.

LADY RAND. She lives; but wastes her life  
in constant woe,

Weeping her husband slain, her infant lost.

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

Of my unhappy parents, and with tears

Bewail their destiny, now have compassion

Upon the offspring of the friends you loved.

O! tell me who, and where my mother is?

Oppress'd by a base world, perhaps she bends 170

.....  
144 After Lady Randolph's question in this line,  
Und. has the stage direction "Shews the jewels?"



LADY RAND. Arise, my son! In me thou  
dost behold

The poor remains of beauty once admired;  
The autumn of my days is come already;           190  
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 pleased, he won  
All hearts with softness, or with spirit awed.

NORV. How did he fall? Sure 'twas a  
bloody field

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

LADY RAND. Hereafter thou shalt hear the  
lengthen'd tale

Of all thy father's and thy mother's woes.       200  
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.

NORV. The blood of Douglas will protect  
itself.

LADY RAND. But we shall need both friends  
 and favour, boy,  
 To wrest the lands and lordship from the gripe  
 Of Randolph and his kinsman. Yet I think 210  
 My tale will move each gentle heart to pity;  
 My life incline the virtuous to believe.

NORV. 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 RAND. Thou dost not know what perils  
 and injustice

Await the poor man's valour. O, my son!  
 The noblest blood of all the land's abash'd,  
 Having no lackey but pale poverty.

Too long hast thou been thus attended,

Douglas! 220

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 you chiefs return.

Retire, and from thy rustic follower's hand  
 Receive a billet, which thy mother's care, 230  
 Anxious to see thee, dictated before  
 This casual opportunity arose  
 Of private conference. Its purport mark;  
 For, as I there appoint, we meet again.  
 Leave me, my son! and frame thy manners  
 still

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

NORV. I will remember. Where is Norval  
 now,

That good old man?

LADY RAND. At hand conceal'd he lies,  
 An useful witness. But beware, my son,  
 Of yon Glenalvon; in his guilty breast 240  
 Resides a villain's shrewdness, ever prone  
 To false conjecture. He hath grieved my  
 heart.

NORV. Has he, indeed? - Then let you  
 false Glenalvon  
 Beware of me. (Exit DOUGLAS

Manet LADY RANDOLPH

LADY RAND. There burst the smother'd  
 flame!-  
 O! 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 250  
 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 RAND. You gallant chief,  
 Of arms enamour'd, all repose disclaim.

LADY RAND. Be not, my lord, by his  
 example sway'd; 260

Arrange the business of to-morrow now, AND  
 And, when you enter, speak of war no more.

(Exit LADY RANDOLPH)

Meet LORD RANDOLPH and GLENALVON

LORD RAND. 'Tis so, by heaven! her mien,  
 her voice, her eye,

.....  
 249 (Beginning "Thy inspiration") -253 omitted  
 in 1808.

262 The stage direction after this line reads  
 only "Exit" in Cumb.

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 RAND. For sad sequester'd virtue  
she's renown'd.-

GLEN. Most true, my lord.-

LORD RAND. Yet, this distinguish'd dame  
Invites a youth, the acquaintance of a day,  
Alone to meet her at the midnight hour. 270  
This assignation, (Shews 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 loved me.  
Let no man, after me, a woman wed,

Whose heart he knows he has not; though she  
brings

A mine of gold, a kingdom for her dowry.  
For let her seem, like the night's shadowy  
queen,

Cold and contemplative - he cannot trust her: 280  
She may, she will, bring shame and sorrow on  
him;

.....  
284 Instead of "a husband", Cumb. has "an husband".

The worst of sorrows, and the worst of shames!

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

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

2  
390

Of their behaviour.

LORD RAND. Thou dost counsel well.

GLENN. 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 intoxicated<sup>s</sup> the mind!

And the proud conqueror in triumph moves,  
Air-borne, exalted above vulgar men.

LORD RAND. And what avails this maxim?

GLENN. Much, my lord.

300

Withdraw a little: I'll accost young Norval,  
And with ironical derisive counsel



Enter NORVAL

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?

NORV. The settingsun 320  
With yellow radiance lighten'd all the  
vale;

And as the warriors moved, each polish'd  
helm,

Coralet or spear, glanced back his gilded  
beams.

The hill they climbed, and halting at its  
top,

Of more than mortal size, towering, they  
seem'd

A host angelic, clad in burning arms.

GLENN. Thou talk'st it well; no leader  
of our host

In sounds more lofty speaks of glorious war.

NORV. If I shall e'er acquire a leader's  
name,

My speech will be less ardent. Novelty 330

Now prompts my tongue, and youthful  
admiration

.....  
317 The stage direction after this line: "Norval  
appears" in 1757 and 1764.

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

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

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

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

Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you:  
Give them all honour; seem not to command;  
Else they will scarcely brook your late-  
sprung power,

340

Which nor alliance props, nor birth adorns.

NORV. 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

350

To gull your pride, which now I see is great.

NORV. 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 directions:  
If thus you swell, and frown at high-born men,  
Will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn?

NORV. 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?

NORV. If this were told!- (Aside  
Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous  
self?

GLEN. Ha! Dost thou threaten me?

NORV. Didst thou not hear?

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

NORV. Whom dost thou think me?

GLEN. Norval.

NORV. So I am-

And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes?

GLEN. A peasant's son, a wand'ring beggar-  
boy:

At best no more, even if he speaks the truty.

NORV. False as thou art, dost thou  
suspect my truth? 370

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

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

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

Perhaps I should revile: But as I am,  
I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval  
Is of a race who strive not but with deeds.  
Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valour,  
And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,  
I'd tell thee - what thou art. I know thee  
well.

GLEN. Dost thou know Glenalvon, born to  
command 380

Ten thousand slaves like thee!-

NORV. Villain, no more:  
Draw and defend thy life. I did design  
To have defy'd thee in another cause:  
But heaven accelerates its vengeance on thee.  
Now for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs.

Enter LORD RANDOLPH

LORD RAND. Hold, I command you both.  
The man that stirs

Makes me his foe.

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

GLEN. Hear him, my lord; he's wond'rous  
condescending!

Mark the humility of shepherd Norval! 390

NORV. Now you may scoff in safety.

(Sheaths his sword)

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

NORV. Nay, my good lord, though I revere  
you much,  
My cause I plead not, nor demand your  
judgment.

I blush to spee; I will not, cannot speak  
Th' opprobrious words that I from him have  
borne.

To the liege-lord of my dear native land  
I owe a subject's homage; but even him  
And his high arbitration I'd reject. 400

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 RAND. Thus far I'll mediate with  
impartial voice:

The ancient foe of Caledonia's land  
Now waves his banners o'er her frightened  
fields;

Suspend your purpose, till your country's  
arms

Repel the bold invader: then decide

410

The private quarrel.

GLEN. I agree to this.

NORV. ~~AND~~ And I.

Enter SERVANT

SERV. The banquet waits.

LORD RAND. We come. (Exit with SERVANT

GLEN. Norval,

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

Nor let our strife disturb the gentle dame.

NORV. Think not so lightly, sir, of my  
resentment.

.....  
412 After "we come" the stage direction in 1757  
and 1764 reads: "Exit Randolph".

Then we contend again, our strife is mortal.

(Exeunt

(a)

.....  
419 "Exeunt" after this line omitted in 1757,  
1764, and 1798.

(a) "End of Act IV" 1757, 1764, 1798, and Camb.

A C T V

(a)  
SCENE,- The Wood

Enter DOUGLAS

DOUG. This is the place, the centre  
of the grove; 1

Here stands the oak, the monarch of the  
wood.

How sweet and solemn is this mid-night  
scene!

The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way  
Through skies where I could count each  
little star.

The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the  
leaves;

The river rushing o'er it's pebbled bed,  
Imposes silence with a stilly sound.

In such a place as this, at such an hour,  
If ancestry can be in aught believed, 10  
Descending spirits have conversed with man,  
And told the secrets of the world unknown,

.....  
(a) The setting in Cumb. reads "a wood".

Enter OLD NORVAL

OLD NORV. '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 honor'd with thy Douglas live. 20

OLD NORV. And dost thou call me father?

O 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

.....  
17 Instead of "Kneel not to me", Cumb. reads:  
"Welcome to me".

When I inhabit yonder lofty towers.

I, who was once a swain, will ever prove 30

The poor man's friend; and, when my vassals

bow,

Norval shall smooth the crested pride of

Douglas.

OLD NORV. Let me but live to see thine

exaltation!

Yet grievous are my fears. O leave this place,

And those unfriendly towers.

DOUG. Why should I leave them?

OLD NORV. Lord Randolph and his kinsman

seek your life.

DOUG. How know'st thou that?

OLD NORV. 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 40

That to the castle leads. Whilst thus I

ranged,

I was alarm'd with unexpected sounds

Of earnest voices. On the persons came;

Unseen I 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; threat'ning was their speech,

Though but imperfectly my ear could hear it.

'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful  
discovery;

And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

50

DOUG. Revenge! for what?

OLD NORV. 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 issued forth, encompassing the tower  
With many a weary step and wishful look.  
Now Providence hath brought you to my sight,  
Let not your too courageous spirit scorn  
The caution which I give.

60

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 NORV. 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 cautions ever are a mother's counsels.  
 You must depart; your presence may prevent 70  
 Our interview.

OLD NORV. My blessing rest upon thee!  
 O may heaven's hand, which saved 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)

DOUGLAS. He loves me like a parent;  
 And must not, shall not, lose the son he  
     loves,

Although his son has found a nobler father.-  
 Eventful day! how hast thou changed my state!  
 Once on the cold and winter-shaded side  
 Of a bleak hill mischance had rooted me, 80  
 Never to thrive, child of another soil:  
 Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,  
 Like the green thorn of May my fortune  
     flowers.

Ye glorious stars! high heaven's resplendent  
     host!

To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,  
 Hear and record my soul's unalter'd wish!

.....  
 75 After "All upon mine!" the stage direction in  
 Cumb. reads only "Exit".

Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd:  
 May heaven inspire some fierce gigantic

Dane,

To give a bold defiance to our host!  
 Before he speaks it out I will accept;                   90  
 Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas  
 die

Enter LADY RANDOLPH

LADY RAND. My son! I heard a voice -

DOUG. The voice was mine.

LADY RAND. Didst thou complain aloud  
 to Nature's ear,

That thus in dusky shades, at midnight hours,  
 My stealth the mother and the son should meet?

(Embracing him

DOUG. No; on this happy day, this better  
 birthday,

My thoughts and words are all of hope and joy.

LADY RAND. 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   100

.....  
 95 The stage direction reads: "Embraces him" in  
 Cumb.

What may the tenor of your counsel change.

LADY RAND. My heart forbodes 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 named.

'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful  
discovery;

And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

LADY RAND. Defend us, gracious God!

we are betray'd:

They have found out the secret of thy  
birth;

110

It must be so. That is the great discovery.  
Sir Malcolm's heir is come to claim his own/  
And they will be revenged. Perhaps even now,  
Arm'd and prepared for murder, they but wait  
A darker and more silent hour, to break  
Into the chamber where they think thou  
sleep'st.

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

Fly to the camp, my son!

.....  
109 Instead of "God" 1825 has "heavin" and  
Cumb. has "Heavin".

DOUG. And leave you here?

No: to the castle let us go together,  
 Call up the ancient servants of your house, 120  
 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 RAND. O Nature, Nature! what can  
 check thy force?—

Thou genuine offspring of the daring Douglas!  
 But rush not on destruction: save thyself,  
 And I am safe. To me they mean no harm. 130  
 Thy stay but risks thy precious life in  
 vain.

That winding path conducts thee to the  
 river.

Cross where thou seest a broad and beaten  
 way,

Which running eastward leads thee to the  
 camp.

Instant demand admittance to Lord Douglas.  
 Shew him these jewels which his brother wore.  
 They look, thy voice, will make him feel the  
 truth,

Which I by certain proof will soon confirm.

DOUG. I yield me, and obey: but yet my  
heart

Elceeds at this parting. Something bids me  
stay,

140

And guard a mother's life. Oft have I read  
Of wond'rous deeds by one bold arm achieved.  
Our foes are two; no more: let me go forth,  
And see if any shield can guard Glendvon.

LADY RAND. If thou regard'st thy mother,  
or reverest

Thy father's mem'ry, 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

150

Which way the current of thy temper sets:  
Today I've found thee. Oh! my long-lost  
hope!

If thou to giddy valour givest 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 160

As may be best for you; for whose dear sake  
I will not bear myself as I resolved.

But yet consider, as no vulgar name  
That which I boast sounds 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, 170  
Who, if he lives not honour'd, must not live.

LADY RAND. 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;

(Embracing.)

And as high Heaven hath will'd it, all must be.

(They are about to separate.)

Gaze not on me, thou wilt mistake the path;

.....  
175 The stage direction after this line reads  
only "Separate" in 1764 and 1798.

I'll point it out again.

(Just as they are separating, enter from  
the Wood LORD RANDOLPH and GLENALVON.

LORD RAND. Not in her presence.

(Exeunt, at different sides, DOUGLAS  
and LADY RANDOLPH.

Now-

GLEN. I'm prepared.

LORD RAND. No; I command thee stay.

I go alone: it never shall be said

That I took odds to combat mortal man. 180

The noblest vengeance is the most complete.

(Exit LORD RANDOLPH.

(GLENALVON makes some steps to the  
same side of the stage, listens and  
speaks.

GLEN. Demons of death, come, settle on  
my sword,

And to a double slaughter guide it home!

.....  
177 After "I'll point it out again", Cumb. has  
the stage direction "Exeunt".

After "Not in her presence", Cumb. omits the  
whole stage direction, and 1798 omits "at  
different sides".

181 After this line Cumb. has only "Exit".

The lover and the husband both must die.

(LORD RANDOLPH behind the scenes.)

LORD RAND. Draw, villain! draw.

DOUG. Assail me not, Lord Randolph!  
Not, as thou lovest thyself.

(Clashing of swords.)

GLEN. Now is the time.

(Running out.)

Enter LADY RANDOLPH at the opposite  
side of the stage, faint and  
breathless.

LADY RAND. Lord Randolph, hear me;  
all shall be thine own?

But spare! Oh spare my son!

Enter DOUGLAS, with a sword in each hand.

DOUG. By mother's voice!  
I can protect thee still.

LADY RAND. He lives, he lives! 190

.....  
184 After this line the stage direction reads  
only: "Behind the scenes" in Cumb.

186 After "Now is the time"; the stage direction  
in Cumb. reads: "He runs out".

In the stage direction beginning: "Enter Lady  
Randolph", Cumb. omits "at the opposite side  
of the stage."

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 RAND. Behind thee! Ah, thou'rt  
wounded! O 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 RAND. There is no hope!

And we must part! the hand of death is on  
thee!

O my beloved child! O Douglas, Douglas! 200

(Douglas growing more and more  
faint.

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

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

.....  
197 After this line Cumb. has the stage  
direction, "Leaning on his sword".

LADY RAND. Has heaven preserved thee for  
an end like this?

DOUG. O had I fall'n as my brave fathers  
fell,

Turning with effort great the tide of battle!  
Like them I should have smiled and welcom'd  
death.

But thus to perish by a villain's hand!  
Cut off from nature's and from glory's 210  
course,

Which never mortal was so fond to run.

LADY RAND. Hear, justice, hear!  
stretch thine avenging 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 proved,  
And think life only wanting to my fame:  
But who shall comfort thee?

LADY RAND. Despair! despair!

.....  
207 Instead of "Turning with effort great", 1808  
has "Turning with fatal arm".

212 Instead of "stretch thine avenging arm",  
1764 and Cumb. have "are these the fruits of  
virtue?"

DOUG. O, had it pleased high Heaven to  
let me live

A little while! - My eyes that gaze on thee  
Grow dim apace! my mother! - O, my mother! 220

(Dies

Enter LORD RANDOLPH and ANNA

LORD RAND. Thy words, the words of truth,  
have pierced my heart.

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

ANNA. Alas! look there, my lord.

LORD RAND. The mother and her son! How  
curst I am!

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

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

LORD RAND. But my deliverer's dead! 230  
The world did once esteem Lord Randolph  
well;

.....  
220 "O, my mother" omitted in 1757, 1764, 1825,  
Und., and Cumb.

229-230 ("The agony of grief hath suppress a while  
her powers") omitted in 1825.

231-238 omitted in 1825 and Cumb.

Sincere of heart, for spotless honour famed:  
 And in my early days, glory I gain'd  
 Beneath the holy banner of the cross.

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

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

(LADY RANDOLPH recovering.)

LADY RAND. Where am I now? still in  
 this wretched world!

Grief cannot break a heart so hard as mine. 240

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 RAND. O misery!

Amidst thy raging grief I must proclaim

My innocence.

.....  
 241 (to -"O misery" in 246) omitted in 1625 and  
 Cumb.

LORD RAND. My guilt  
Is innocence, compared with what thou think'st  
it.

LADY RAND. Of thee I think not; what have  
I to do 250  
With thee, or any thing? My son! my son!  
My beautiful! my brave! how proud was I  
Of thee, and of thy valour! My fond heart  
O'erflow'd this day with transport, when I  
thought

Of growing old amidst a race of thine,  
Who might make up to me their father's  
childhood,

And bear my brother's and my husband's name:  
Now all my hopes are dead! A little while  
Was I a wife! a mother not so long!  
What am I now? - I know - but I shall be 260  
That only whilst I please; for such a son  
And such a husband drive me to my fate.

(Runs out.)

LORD RAND. Follow her, Anna; I myself  
would follow,

.....  
256 (to "A little while") in 258 omitted by 1825,  
Und., and Cumb.

262 Instead of "drive me to my fate", 1764, 1808,  
and Und., also Cumb. read: "make a woman bold".

But in this rage she must abhor my presence.

(Exit ANNA.)

Enter OLD NORVAL

OLD NORV. I hear the voice of woe; heaven  
guard my child!

LORD RAND. Already is the idle gaping  
crowd,

The spiteful vulgar, come to gaze on Randolph?  
Begone!

OLD NORV. 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 270  
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 bless'd the world! Wretch that  
I am,

Who saw that noble spirit swell and rise  
Above the narrow limits that confined it,  
Yet never was by all thy virtues won'to  
To do thee justice, and reveal the secret,  
Which, timely known, had raised thee far  
above

The villain's snare! Oh! I am punish'd now! 280  
 These are the hairs that should have strew'd  
 the ground,

And not the locks of Douglas.

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

LORD RAND. I know thee now: thy boldness  
 I forgive;

My crest is fall'n. For thee I will appoint  
 A place of rest, if grief will let thee rest.  
 I will reward, although I cannot punish.  
 Curst, curst Glenalvon, he escaped too well,  
 Though slain and baffled by the hand he hated.  
 Foaming with rage and fury to the last,  
 Cursing his conqueror the felon died. 290

Enter ANNA

ANNA. My lord! my lord!

LORD RAND. Speak: I can hear of horror.

ANNA. Horror indeed!

LORD RAND. Matilda?

ANNA. Is no more.

.....  
 282 The stage direction after this line reads:  
 "Tears his hair and throws himself upon the  
 ground" in 1757 and 1764.

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 RAND. 'Twas I! alas! 'twas I  
 That fill'd her breast with fury; drove her  
 down

The precipice of death! Wretch that I am! 300

ANNA. O had you seen her last despairing  
 look!

Upon the brink she stood, and cast her eyes  
 Down on the deep: then lifting up her head  
 And her white hands to heaven, seeming to  
 say,

Why am I forced to this? she plunged herself  
 Into the empty air.

LORD RAND. I will not vent,  
 In vain complaints, the passion of my soul.  
 Peace in this world I never can enjoy.

.....  
 295 (to "then lifting" in 303) omitted by Und.

296 (from "thither she came")-300 omitted in  
 1825 and Cumb.

308 (to "I'll go" in 311) omitted by 1825,  
 Cumb., and Und.

These wounds the gratitude of Randolph gave.  
 They speak aloud, and with the voice of fate 310  
 Denounce my doom. I am resolved. 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.)

(a)

.....  
 312 This line reads: "I'll to the battle where  
       the man that makes", in Cumb.

317 "Exeunt" after this line omitted in 1764.

(a) The end of the play is marked as follows:  
 In Cumb., "The End"; in 1757 and 1798  
       "End of Fifth Act"; and in 1764, "Finis".

EPILOGUE<sup>1</sup>

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

.....  
1 The Epilogue is omitted in some editions.

## EXPLANATORY NOTES ON DOUGLAS

### A C T I

(Arabic figures refer to lines of the text)

1 Melancholy gloom. Lady Randolph in this first line strikes the keynote to the whole play, which is pervaded with gloom throughout.

5 I deem some spirit dwells. This idea of a spirit's abiding in the forest is repeated in Act V, line 9, and following.

9 Review. To see again.

11 Passion of immortals. The passion of the gods was greater than that of mortals, as the gods excelled mortals in all ways. This passage may mean to express unending or unquenchable love, or it may simply refer to the passion of Douglas's spirit which is immortal.

13 Her husband slain, her infant lost. In this line and those following, Lady Randolph hints at incidents in her life which are unfolded

later in the play.

14 Timeless. Untimely, premature.

Cf. "This ground shall be their timeless sepulcher or mine." Marlowe's "Edward the Second", Act I, Scene 2.

23 Defraud the dead. Lady Randolph feels that all her love belongs to Douglas, and that any attention from Lord Randolph is a usurpation.

24 Weeds. Garments used especially to designate a widow's mourning costume, as in "widow's weeds".

27 Silent dead. Lord Randolph thinks his wife is lamenting her brother's death.

28 Silent alas! is he, etc. Lady Randolph is telling the literal truth, but in spirit she is prevaricating as she gives her husband a wrong impression.

29 Memorial of his name. Posterity to bear his name.

31 Fatal day. These words portend the tragedy that is to follow in the play.

46 My father's aid. My father's consent.

49 Froze. This form for the past participle was not uncommon in the eighteenth century. Cf. spoke, l. 110, Act II, and stole, l. 122, Act IV.

72 Our frith. Same as firth. The Frith of Forth.

75 Sure. An adjective used adverbially, as is a frequent usage throughout the play, and now in slangy or vulgar colloquism.

75 Thou art not the daughter of Sir Malcolm. Because Lady Randolph's disposition is so different from that of her father. Of course Lord Randolph does not mean his statement to be literal, but he implies that Lady Randolph is far from being a chip of the old block and is here slightly rebuking her for her want of courage and fortitude. Cf. "Though I am daughter to his blood, I am not to his manners". Merchant of Venice, Act III, Scene 3.

81 Grievous has the expiation been. Lady Randolph means that her father paid the penalty for his hatred toward his enemy, through the death of his own son.

85 Tiviot. A river in Scotland.

88 Thy grief wrests to its purposes my words. Lady Randolph garbles the meaning of the

very words of her husband in order to gain a point in favor of her argument.

90 Fancy's children. Persons of highly imaginative and emotional dispositions.

91 Decent. Ordinary, moderate but sufficient.

93 With less regret, etc. This is a strong passage. We cannot help feeling sympathy for Lord Randolph here. He realizes that his wife does not love him, and as her lack of affection for him leaves a great void in his life, he half-welcomes the impending war with its uncertain outcome.

98 I love thy merit, etc. These words do not flow spontaneously from Lady Randolph's heart. Here again, as in line 28, she shows a cunning nature. She does not explicitly say that she loves her husband, but she wants to give him the impression that she has more regard for him than she really has, by praising his good qualities, which, however, she does not specify.

99 But whether go'st thou? Lord Randolph is evidently impatient here, and probably he starts for the door when his wife begins to express her admiration for him, which he feels is

insincere. Lady Randolph is quick to make use of his movement as an excuse for changing the subject of conversation, as is exhibited by the sudden break in her sentence; and she shows that she is not inclined to indulge in a prolonged panegyric of her husband.

110 Caledonia. The ancient Latin name for Scotland, north of the Frith of Forth and Clyde, still used poetically. Cf. "Scotia" and "North Britain". See Burns' poem "Caledonia".

113-131 Lady Randolph seems somewhat unnatural here. In her great sorrow she would hardly be expected to be discussing peace plans between England and Scotland. It seems that Home here places his own ideas in the expression of Lady Randolph.

118 Sister kingdoms. England and Scotland.

129 Clod of clay. A corpse which will soon turn to clay.

142 So to lose my hours, etc. This is another instance where Lady Randolph "wrests to her purpose" the words of Anna.

144 Suits not with my state. Is not appropriate for my condition in life as a servant.

151 The mend I bear partakes not of my fortune. Anna means that she is generous minded although her fortune is small.

165 It is difficult to explain Lady Randolph's motive for becoming suddenly confidential with Anna at this point after she had kept her secret from her for eighteen years.

177 Youthful warriors. Douglas and Lady Randolph's brother, Malcolm.

178 Vaunted. Boasted.

171 Belarmo. The seat of Lady Randolph's father's household.

183 Three weeks with wings of down. The time was so pleasantly spent that it passed by unobserved as flying down.

186 Malcolm. Malcolm, the younger.

189 The baron. Malcolm, the elder.

192 An oath equivocal. One of double meaning. This is the third instance of Lady Randolph's ability to dissimulate.

193 Sincerity. Lady Randolph is now after eighteen years reprimanding herself for not having told the whole truth in the beginning.

195-197 Onward path and dissimulations winding way. The former, the straight and narrow path that leads to righteousness, the latter the deviating path to evil.

199 The first truth is easiest to avow. One falsehood leads to another, and the more lies one becomes guilty of, the harder it is to get back to the truth.

214 Privy. Admitted to a secret.

223 Loud fame. Public opinion.

228 Carron. A river of Scotland in County Stirling, flowing into the Firth of Forth.

260 The sum of ills, etc. This complaining spirit does not heighten our estimation of Lady Randolph.

266 Stalks his way. We received an unfavorable impression of Glenalvon from the very first words which Anna speaks concerning him, preliminary to his entrance upon the stage.

267 An ungracious person, etc. Glenalvon is doubly irksome to Lady Randolph because she sees in him, as the heir of Lord Randolph, the inheritor of the estate which she vainly longed

to see descend to her own lost son.

272 Artificial image. Pretense to what one is not, two-faced. Cf. "Ravage, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks with every gale and vary of their masters." King Lear, Act II, Scene 2.

280 Politic. Shrewd.

284 Oh, happiness, etc. This expresses the idea that happiness is not dependent upon external circumstances, one of the chief views of the Stoical philosophy.

285-286 Birth and beauty. Grace and grandeur. A good example of alliteration which is fairly abundant throughout the play. Cf.

"Who sadly sitting on the sea beat shore,  
Long look for lords that never shall return."

(Act III, lines 304-305.)

"And in the field I'll seek for fame and  
fortune." (Act IV, line 215.)

298 Monument of woe. Lady Randolph.

302 and following. Glenalvon's soliloquy gives a vivid impression of his despicable character.

304 The deed's a-doing now. The events are now in progress. Referring to the impending war.

306 Sounding steps. Glenalvon expects to take advantage of the upheaval of the country in order to gain his own selfish ends.

308 His better fate had the ascendant once. Glenalvon implies that he intends to avenge Lord Randolph.

320 Baron. Lord Randolph.

321 Dane. An enemy.

323 Chief desire. Glenalvon's passion for Lady Randolph.

324 No bar but he. The objective form, "him", more nearly complies with present usage, but grammarians differ on the point. Cf. Mrs. Hemans's "Casabianca", which has "When all but he had fled. See J. Leslie Hall's "English Usage", page 44.

324 She has no kinsmen near, etc. This passage shows Glenalvon's baseness in not hesitating to take advantage of a defenseless woman.

A C T I I

1 Secure. Free from fear, easy of mind.  
From Latin "securus", "se" (without) plus "cura"  
(care). This usage is now archaic or poetical,  
according to the "New English Dictionary".

15 Good angel. A guardian angel supposed  
to have the special care of a person. Cf.

"There is a good angel about him".

2 Henry IV, Act II, Scene 4.

19 Amain. With full force.

38 King of kings. Christ. Cf.

"Let him that is the supreme  
king of kings confound you."

Richard III, Act II, Scene 1.

"For he is Lord of lords and King  
of Kings."

Rev. XVII, 14.

"The King of kings and Lord of lords."

I Timothy, VI, 15.

King James Version.

42 Grampian hills. A mountainous chain of Scotland, separating the Highlands from the Lowlands.

50 Had not filled her horns. That is before the first quarter of the moon. Over a week had elapsed since the events related by Horval had occurred.

66 Peers. Nobles.

80 Valour. Object of "loved".

85<sup>o</sup> Joy.Rejoice. Cf.

"I will joy in the God of my salvation."

Hebrews III, 18.

(King James Version)

"Although I joy in thee."

Romeo and Juliet, Act II,

Scene 2.

104 Rude I am in speech. Cf.

"Rude am I in my speech."

Othello, Act I, Scene 3.

124. Suspend. End.

126 Prepare the feast, etc. Lord Randolph seems to be an advocate of the "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow you die", philosophy.

136 Swift passing hours. Cf. lines 183 and 184, Act I.

175 Sure. Used adverbally as elsewhere in the play. Cf. line 75, Act I.

183 Fabric. Structure, metaphorical for "plan".

184 Artist. Artisan. The use of the word in the sense of artisan is now obsolete. Lady Randolph uses the word to complete the metaphor in the preceding line.

201 Torture. Infliction of punishment for the purpose of eliciting evidence from an accused person. The prevailing view was that truth was best obtained by confession, and where confession was not voluntary, it must be extorted. Until a comparatively recent date it was an integral part of the law of most countries. Torture was long a recognized part of Scottish criminal procedure, and was not abolished until 1708.

202 Hired their swords. Employed them to use their swords.

205 To hear your counsels always are commands. Glenalvon means that anything Lady Randolph advises him to do, he will execute with

the same promptness as if she had given a command.  
Here we see an example of his demagogic nature.

206 Thou art known to me. Thy plans and intentions are known to me.

212 With a gentleness which duty blames.  
Lady Randolph means that she is restrained by her gentle nature from doing harsh things which duty demands.

219 Fond. Foolish. (Archaic.) Cf.

"You see how simple and how fond I am."

Midsummer Night's Dream, Act III, Sc. 2.

"Why do fond men expose themselves to battle."

Timon of Athens, Act V, Sc. 3.

"Old fond eyes."

King Lear, Act I, Sc. 4.

"All trivial fond records."

Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 5.

230 Apology. Defence, justification.

234 Practice. Plot. (The earliest recorded sense of the word.)

"The towne of Seynt Denys was gotten by practyce"

Fabyan's Chronical, 1494.

Cf. "My uncle practices more harm to me."

King John, Act IV, Scene 1.

236 Loosen the good root he has in Randolph.

Horval's favor in Lord Randolph's eyes is compared to a well rooted plant. The metaphor is continued in "supplanted", line 237.

245 Coward conscience. Cf.

"Conscience does make cowards of us all."

Hamlet, Act III, Scene 1.

"O, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me."

Richard III, Act I, Scene 3.

"Conscience is but a word that cowards us."

Richard III, Act V, Scene 3.

246 I am not what I have been. I am not I have appeared to be.

255 Intended murder. This is an important self exposition of Glenalvon's plans.

259 Contemns. Despises.

261 Braved. Defied, scorned.

275 Rankled. Corrupt, poisonous.

Cf. "When he bites, his venom tooth will rankle  
to the death."

Richard III, Act II, Scene 3.

376 Heedless. Unsuspecting.

A C T I I I

2 Change the noontide to the midnight hour.

Make sorrow out of joy.

15 Imprecations. Oaths.

38 Belike. Probably. (Archaic.)

21 Crest. A heraldic device supported upon a wreath or coronet, usually displayed above the shield, but sometimes separately on plate or livery, belonging originally to a warrior.

22 Vulgar. Common, ordinary.

25 Torture. See note, Act II, line 200.

51 Old. Grown old, experienced.

56 Iron. Machine of torture to force prisoners to confess their guilt.

70 Abides. Awaits.

86 Red came the river down. Red because of the amount of clay which it contained after the flood.

87 Spirit of the water. The idea of a spirit which presided over the water was common in Scottish superstition. Its shrieking portended the death of some one. It is sometimes known by the name of water wraith or kaelpie. Cf.

"By this the storm grew loud apace;

The water wraith was shrieking."

Campbell's "Lord Ullin's Daughter".

"While I lie weltring on the ozier'd shore  
Drowned by the kaelpie's wrath, nor e'er  
shall aid thee more."

Collins' "Ode to Popular Superstitions".

(Dedicated to the author of "Douglas".)

149 Froward. Perverse. (Archaic.)

153 Savage mountains. One of the ideas of the classic school was that mountains and all rough nature were rude and not worthy of poetical treatment. Addison, when traveling through Switzerland, drew the curtains of his carriage to avoid the sight of the "horrid" Alps.

249 and following. What Anna here warns against later happens in the play.

270 Demon. Gl'nal von.

283 Courier. Messenger.

286 Lothian. One of the dimensions of Scotland, subdivided into East Lothian, Midlothian, and West Lothian. Edinburgh County and Midlothian are identical.

288 Bass. A large rock at the mouth of the Firth of Forth.

290 Edina. Poetical name for Edinburgh.

307 caledonian. See note, line 110, Act I.

313 Scorn is more grievous, etc. Implying Lady Randolph's scornful and reproachful attitude toward Glensalvon.

320 Echo. Here one who repeats.

340 Virtue is its own reward. Cf. Dryden's "Tyrannic Love", Act III, Scene 1.

"Virtue is to herself the best reward."

Henry More's "Cupid's Conflict."

"Virtue is its own reward."

Prior's "Imitations of Horace", Book III.

353-354 Pate o'er my head suspends disgrace and death by that weak hair. This idea was probably suggested by the well known story of

Damocles and the sword. When Damocles spoke of the happiness of Dionysius, the latter is said to have invited him to a banquet, at which he found himself seated under a sword suspended by a single hair.

354 Female. This use of the word connotes a lack of respect in the days of Rome or even later. J. Lesslie Hall in his "English Usage", among the authors cites Fanny Burney, Jane Austen, and Mrs. Browning as using the word "female" as a synonym of woman. Fanny Burney uses it in reference to the royal princess, and Jane Austen in reference to herself.

365 He seldom errs who thinks, etc. A good example of Glenalvon's perverted mind.

A C T I V

5 Northumbrian. Northumbria was the northernmost kingdom established by the Anglo-Saxons in Britain. It extended from the Humber River to the Firth of Forth. During the first half of the seventh century, it was the most powerful state in England. Its kings gained repeated victories over the countries farther south as well as over what are now the Lowlands of Scotland. We have a survival of the name in the modern county of Northumberland.

8 Maiden Arms. Arms that have never been used in battle.

11 Fenceless. Defenceless.

16 Fame. Rumor.

24 Mates. Equals.

27 Joy. See note, line 85, Act II.

43 and following. Norval's story of the hermit is one of the best of the numerous narrative episodes of the play.

48 Hermit. A favorite romantic figure.

59 Godfredo. Godfrey of Bouillon (1160-1109) leader of the first crusade and the hero of Tasso's famous epic, "Jerusalem Delivered".

60 Infidel. Obsolete for Mohammedan.

61 Blessed cross. The Crusaders' standard.

70 Lengthened line. A formation in which the soldiers are drawn out in a long line.

71 The square. Soldiers formed in a four-side battle array.

71 The Crescent. A battle formation in the shape of a crescent.

71 The Phalanx. A body of soldiers arranged so as to be several ranks deep. The lances of each rank, except the first, projected over the shoulders of the men in front of it, and the shields could be locked together. The strength of this body consisted in its power of resistance and of onset. But it could not readily change front, defend itself from an attack on the flank, or reform if once broken.

72 Saracen. Mohammedan, especially one hostile to the Crusaders.

77 Messina. A city and seaport of Sicily

on the Strait of Messina, two hundred miles south of Naples.

80 Fastened. Thrust, imposed.

94 Orisons. Prayers, supplications.  
(Obsolete or Archaic.)

104 Lorn (or Lorne). Called from the name of his estate. Lorn is a mountainous district of Scotland, in County Argyll.

132 Stole. Use of past tense for past participle. Cf. "froze", line 49, Act I, and "spoke", line 110, Act II.

164 Weeping her husband slain, her infant lost. Almost an exact repetition of line 13, Act I.

263-264 These two lines show that Glenalvon has aroused Lord Randolph's suspicions against his wife.

270 Midnight hour. The midnight setting was a favorite one with the Romantic writers. The writings of Mrs. Radcliffe are full of midnight scenes. See line 3, Act 5.

279 Night's shadowy queen. Diana, the Roman Goddess of the Night.

290 The moon shines bright. Cf. "Merchant of Venice," Act V, Scene 1, at the beginning of the scene.

315 Even did I, etc. This hints at Glendalvon's own low opinion of his character.

318 Port. Bearing, carriage.

322 Helm. Helmet. (Archaic or poetical.)

323 Corslet. Body armor, especially the breastpiece and back piece taken together.

340 Brook. Bear.

399 Homage. Respect, reverence. In feudal law, homage consisted in a vassal's kneeling before his lord, and declaring that he became his man.

419 Our strife is mortal. This forecasts future tragedy.

A C T V

1-12 This soliloquy perhaps contains the finest nature descriptions in the play.

3 Midnight scene. See note, line 270, Act IV.

11 Descending spirits have conversed with man. The idea that spirits made their appearance in the forest was previously expressed by Lady Randolph, in line 8, Act I.

25 Blossom of youth. Douglas continues the metaphor in "fruit".

26 Blow'd. Bloomed. Cf.

"How ~~blows~~ the citron grove."

Milton's "Paradise Lost", Book V, line 22.

"When first the white-thorn blows".

Milton's "Lycidas", line 48.

"It was the time when lilies blow."

Tennyson's "Lady Clare", line 1.

"To me the meanest flower that blows can  
give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for  
tears."

Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations  
of Immortality.

66 I fear you will too far. Norval here  
forecasts the tragic events to follow. Cf. line  
102.

175 And as high Heaven hath will'd it, all  
must be. This line has a tinge of the  
predestination idea to which Home, as a Scotch  
Presbyterian, no doubt was an adherent. Cf. line  
101-102, Act IV and line 310, Act V.

183 Guide it home. With telling effect.

Cf. "With his prepared sword he charges home  
My unprepared body."

King Lear, Act II, Scene I.

260-263 These lines hint at Lady Randolph's  
suicide.

271 Lovely plant. Douglas is compared to a  
plant in line 25, Act V.

282 This is the only incomplete line of  
verse in the play.

310 Voice of fate. This phrase also  
savors of predestination. Cf. line 175, Act V.

A LIST OF CASTS

The following information concerning the various productions and actors of "Douglas" has been gleaned from Genest's and Adams' "Dictionary of the Drama".

Cannongate Theatre, Edinburgh, December 14,  
1756

Douglas.....Digges  
Old Norval.....Heyman  
Glenalvon.....Love  
Lord Randolph.....Younger  
Lady Randolph.....Mrs. Ward  
Anna.....Mrs. Hopkins

Covent Garden, London, March 14, 1757

Douglas.....Barry  
Old Norval.....Sparks  
Glenalvon.....Smith  
Lord Randolph.....Ridout  
Lady Randolph.....Peg Woffington  
Anna.....Mrs. Vincent

Covent Garden, London, November 23, 1759

Douglas.....Ross  
 Old Norval.....Sparks  
 Gl enal von.....Smith  
 Lady Randolph.....Mrs. Ward

Haymarket Theatre, London, June 2, 1780.

Douglas.....Bannister  
 Old Norval.....Digges  
 Gl enal von.....Bensley  
 Lord Randolph.....J. Aikin  
 Lady Randolph.....Mrs. Crawford

Drury Lane, London, December 4, 1780

Douglas.....Brereton  
 Old Norval.....Bensley  
 Gl enal von.....Palmer  
 Lord Randolph.....Aikin  
 Lady Randolph.....Mrs. Crawford

Covent Garden, London, November 13, 1783

Douglas.....Lewis  
 Old Norval.....Henderson  
 Gl enal von.....Aikin

Lord Randolph.....Wroughton  
 Lady Randolph.....Mrs. Crawford

Drury Lane, London, December 22, 1783

Douglas.....Brereton  
 Old Norval.....Bensley  
 Gl enal von.....Palmer  
 Lord Randolph.....Farren  
 Lady Randolph.....Mrs. Siddons

Covent Garden, London, December 28, 1787

Douglas.....Pope  
 Old Norval.....Aikin  
 Gl enal von.....Fearon  
 Lord Randolph.....Farren  
 Lady Randolph.....Mrs. Pope

Drury Lane, London, May 2, 1795

Douglas.....Mrs. Powell  
 Lady Randolph.....Mrs. Siddons

Covent Garden, October 26, 1796

Douglas.....Elliston  
 Old Norval.....Murray  
 Gl enal von.....Margrave

Lord Randolph.....Middleton  
 Lady Randolph.....Mrs. Pope

Drury Lane, London, November 2, 1796

Douglas.....Elliston  
 Old Norval.....Aikin  
 Gl enal von.....Palmer  
 Lady Randolph.....Mrs. Siddons

Covent Garden, London, October 23, 1797

Douglas.....H. Johnston  
 Old Norval.....Murray  
 Gl enal von.....Whitfield  
 Lord Randolph.....Clarke  
 Lady Randolph.....Mrs. Crawford

Covent Garden, London, October 6, 1803

Douglas.....Siddons  
 Old Norval.....Kemble  
 Gl enal von.....Cooke  
 Lord Randolph.....Murray  
 Lady Randolph.....Mrs. Siddons

Dublin, 1803

Douglas.....W. H. Betty

Glasgow, 1806

Douglas.....Mrs. Bartley

New York, 1807

Douglas.....J. Howard Payne

Covent Garden, London, June 2, 1818

Douglas.....Charles Kemble

Old Norval.....Young

Glenalvon.....Macready

Lord Randolph.....Egerton

Lady Randolph.....Miss O'Neill

Drury Lane, London, June 6, 1818

Douglas.....Edmond Kean

Old Norval.....Pope

Glenalvon.....Bengough

Lady Randolph.....Miss Macaulay

Covent Garden, London, June 9, 1819

Douglas.....Kemble

Old Norval.....Young

Glenalvon.....Macready

Lady Randolph.....Mrs. Siddons

Drury Lane, London, November 13, 1826

Douglas.....Wallack  
 Gl enal von.....Bennett  
 Old Norval.....Cooper  
 Lord Randolph.....Archer  
 Lady Randolph.....Mrs. W. West  
 Anna.....Mrs. Knight

Drury Lane, London, October 1, 1827

Douglas.....Charles Kean, Jr.  
 Gl enal von.....Wallack  
 Old Norval.....Cooper  
 Lord Randolph.....Mude  
 Lady Randolph.....Mrs. West  
 Anna.....Mrs. Knight

Surrey Theatre, London, November 1838

Sadler's Wells Theatre, London, November,  
 1845

Douglas.....Miss Cooper  
 Gl enal von.....Marston  
 Lady Randolph.....Mrs. Warner

In the English Provinces, 1851

Douglas.....H. Vezin

Albany, New York, June 1853

Douglas.....Maggie Mitchell

## COMMENTS ON THE PLAY

The following are some of the criticisms of "Douglas", chiefly by contemporaries of the author:

"I finished the review of John Home's works, which, after all, are poorer than I thought them. Good blank verse, and stately sentiment, but somewhat luke-warmish, excepting "Douglas", which is certainly a masterpiece. Even this does not stand the close test. Its merits are for the stage; and it certainly is one of the best acting plays going."

Sir Walter Scott, (Lockhart's "Life of Scott", Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh, 1862, vol. 9, page 100).

"I am persuaded that it (Douglas) will be esteemed the best, and by French critics the only tragedy in our language."

David Hume, (Burton's "Life and Correspondence of David Hume, W. Tait, Edinburgh, 1846, vol. 2, page 17).

"I am greatly struck with "Douglas"; the author seems to me to have retrieved the true language of the stage which has been lost for these hundred years; and there is one scene between Lady Randolph and the stranger so masterly, that it strikes me blind to all its defects."

Thomas Gray, "Letter to Horace Walpole", August, 1757.

"In my opinion, "Douglas" far exceeds Mr. Home's other plays. Mr. Home seems to have a beautiful talent for painting genuine nature in the manners of the country. There was so little nature in the manners of the Greeks and the Romans that I do not wonder at his success being less brilliant when he tried those subjects; and to say the truth one is weary of them."

Horace Walpole, "Letter to Sir David Dalrymple, April 4, 1760," Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1903, p. 369.

"The lack of moral, the unfolding of a material part of the plot in soliloquy; and the preposterous distresses of a married lady for a former husband, who had been dead near twenty years; - these are faults we could easily pardon, but poetic fire, elegance or the heightenings

of pathetic distress afford adequate compensation, but these are dealt to us with a sparing hand."

Oliver Goldsmith, "Monthly Review", May 1759.

"I own that I have the ambition to be the first who shall in public express his admiration of your noble tragedy of "Douglas", one of the most interesting and pathetic pieces that was ever exhibited in any theatre ... The unfeigned tears which flowed from every eye in numerous representations which have been made of it, the unparalleled command which you appeared to have over every affection of the human breast; these are incontestable proofs that you possess the true theatrical genius of Shakespere and Otway, refined from the unhappy barbarism of the one, and the licentiousness of the other."

David Hume, "Dedicatory epistle to his 'Four Dissertations to Mr. Home'".

This tragedy (Douglas) still maintains its ground, has been more frequently acted, and is more popular than any tragedy in the English language."

Alexander Carlyle in his "Autobiography", page 295.

"This play (Douglas) is unquestionably the production of a classical and elegant mind. It

has an ardour of pathos not unworthy of our most favorite writers, and though some of the scenes trifle too long with the feelings, are redundant in description, and the catastrophe sweeps off innocent and guilty alike, we consider the tragedy as a whole as the genuine offspring of a poetical fancy which may improve the head, and can never taint the heart.

"The Living Age".

"As we sat over our tea, Mr. Home's tragedy of "Douglas" was mentioned. I put Dr. Johnson in mind, that once, in a coffee house at Oxford, he called to old Mr. Sheridan,

"How came you, Sir, to give Home a gold medal for writing that foolish play?" and defied Mr. Sheridan to show ten good lines in it. He did not insist that they should be put together; but that there were not ten good lines in the whole play. He now persisted in this. I endeavored to defend that beautiful and pathetic tragedy, and repeated the following passage:

"Sincerity,

Thou first of virtues....." Act I, Scene I

Johnson. "That will do Sir. Nothing is good but what is consistent with truth or probability, which this is not. Juvenal, indeed gives a noble picture of inflexible virtue:-

(Then six lines from Juvenal are quoted.) He repeated the lines with great force and dignity; then added, "And, after this, comes Johnny Home, with his earth gaping, and his distraction crying:- Pooh!"

- James Boswell, "Life of Johnson", vol. 5, George Bell and Sons, London, 1876, p. 105.

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