

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Anonymous

Table of Contents

<u>Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel</u>	1
<u>Anonymous</u>	1
<u>ACT I.</u>	1
<u>SCENE I.</u>	1
<u>SCENE II.</u>	6
<u>SCENE III.</u>	9
<u>SCENE IV.</u>	16
<u>ACT II.</u>	21
<u>SCENE I.</u>	21
<u>SCENE II.</u>	25
<u>SCENE III.</u>	26
<u>SCENE IV.</u>	29
<u>SCENE V.</u>	39
<u>SCENE VI.</u>	43
<u>ACT III.</u>	47
<u>SCENE I.</u>	47
<u>SCENE II.</u>	51
<u>SCENE III.</u>	53
<u>SCENE IV.</u>	56
<u>SCENE V.</u>	58
<u>SCENE VI.</u>	60
<u>SCENE VII.</u>	62
<u>SCENE VIII.</u>	68
<u>SCENE IX.</u>	70
<u>SCENE X.</u>	72

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

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- [ACT I.](#)
 - [SCENE I.](#)
 - [SCENE II.](#)
 - [SCENE III.](#)
 - [SCENE IV.](#)
- [ACT II.](#)
 - [SCENE I.](#)
 - [SCENE II.](#)
 - [SCENE III.](#)
 - [SCENE IV.](#)
 - [SCENE V.](#)
 - [SCENE VI.](#)
- [ACT III.](#)
 - [SCENE I.](#)
 - [SCENE II.](#)
 - [SCENE III.](#)
 - [SCENE IV.](#)
 - [SCENE V.](#)
 - [SCENE VI.](#)
 - [SCENE VII.](#)
 - [SCENE VIII.](#)
 - [SCENE IX.](#)
 - [SCENE X.](#)

ACT. I.

SCENE I.

Steward's Room in Avenel Castle.

Wingate and Mrs. Liliast, sitting at a table with wine and sweetmeats. Adam Woodcock at a little distance, nursing his leg and singing.

Mrs. Liliast. [Mrs Liliast] (*sipping her wine.*)

Well, Master Wingate, thank heaven we have got rid of this Roland Græme at last! We may now take our drop of Canary in peace; so here's to his good journey!

Wingate. [Wingate]

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Amen! Yet I wish him no ill, not I.

Mrs. L. [Mrs Liliias]

He's gone like a wild duck as he came; no lowering of bridges, nor pacing of causeways for him.

Adam Woodcock [*Adam Woodcock*], *rocking in his chair and singing.*

"The Friars of Fail drank berry-brown ale,
The best that ere was tasted;
The Monks of Melrose made gude kale,
On Fridays when they fasted." *Mrs. L.* [Mrs Liliias]

Heyday, Adam, "what fashes you man?" Won't you take a glass, and drink a merry journey to the saucy loon who knocked [Page] you into the cistern for maintaining that the hawks' should feed on unwashed flesh?

Adam [*Adam Woodcock*], *singing.*

"Saint Morance sister,
The gray priest kist her
Fiend save the company!
Sing hey trix,
Trim go trix,
Under the greenwood tree." *Mrs. L.* [Mrs Liliias]

Heaven save us! Why the man's daft or deaf! Did I take the trouble to make all this mischief between my Lady and Roland, because of the blow he gave you, and now you refuse to show a little decent gratitude, by making marry with us at the churl's departure.

Adam [*Adam Woodcock*], *singing.*

"From haunted spring and grassy ring,
Troop, goblin, elf, and fairy"

I'll tell you what it is, Mrs. Liliias may be he did hit me a rough blow, and may be I would rather have taken it from him than a rough word from another, for he had a good notion of falconry, though he did stand up for washing the meat for the eyasses. Dang it, I'm a York-shireman, and have no memory for old sores! I see no great cause for merriment at his departure.

Win. [Wingate]

Thou art correctly sagacious, Adam, and sagaciously correct. Those who have lived as long in great families as I have, will be in no hurry to rejoice at any thing. And for Roland Græme, though he may be a good riddance, what says the Scotch proverb, Mrs Liliias "Seldom comes a better!"

Mrs. L. [Mrs Liliias]

"Seldom comes a better," indeed. I say, never can come one half so bad. He might have been the ruin of our

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

poor dear mistress, body and soul, (*puts a handkerchief to her eyes*) and estates too, for she spent more coin on his apparel, than on any four servants about her; and he had very nigh brought papistrie among us, for what should I see in his room but a string of gold beads! I promise you *aves* and *credos* both! I seized on them like a falcon, and here they are.

Adam [Adam Woodcock], sings.

"And the kelpie must flit from the black-bog pit,
And the brownie must not tarry."

"Right proper, popish beads they are," and such as I have seen with Father Ambrose, only these are more precious.

Win. [Wingate]

They may weigh four ounces of fine gold. I pray heaven there may not be the trouble about them that there was, in time of old, about the black volume with the clasps.

Mrs. L. [Mrs Lilius]

Eh, Master Wingate, what was that?

Win. [Wingate]

Why, have you never heard, Mrs. Lilius, of the old tradition in the family, of the White Lady of Avenel, and the mysterious book!

Adam. [Adam Woodcock] (aside)

Now the old steward's on his hobby, and the waiting-woman as eager for a tale, as an unhooded falcon for a flight.

Mrs. L. [Mrs Lochleven] (looking round her fearfully)

Never, Master Wingate.

Win. [Wingate]

It is believed that the right heir of this castle is alive, and until he gains his right, the spirit of the house of Avenel will not lie at rest. But you shall hear. When Sir Halbert was a boy, the White Lady appeared to him, as she had previously done to Philip the Sacristan, and Father Eustace, the sub-prior, afterwards Abbot of Kennaquhair, who both attempted to steal a book from our lady's mother, for the which the Sacristan got a sound ducking, and the sub-prior was knocked from his horse, and the book, in both cases, was returned.

Adam. [Adam]

I doubt me much whether she will take the same trouble to win back the gold beads; seeing that neither bead nor cowl could protect the two fathers from her vengeance.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Win. [Wingate]

I would have you to dispose of them straightway, Mrs. Liliias, to prevent accidents.

Mrs. L. [Mrs Liliias]

They shall misguide no more poor souls, for I'll have them melted into a pair of shoe-buckles. I would not wear the Pope's trinkets one inch above my in-step, were they diamonds instead of gold. I thought what would come of Father Ambrose sneaking about the castle every day.

Adam. [Adam]

Hush, Mrs. Liliias, Father Ambrose is our master's brother, and Sir Halbert loves him next to our mistress, although they disagree in religion.

Win. [Wingate]

And I verily believe there may be worse folks than Father Ambrose, though he is a

Mrs. L. [Mrs Liliias]

I wonder where you'll find them;
but I believe, Mr. Wingate, if one were to speak to you about the devil himself, you would say there were worse people than Satan.

Win. [Wingate]

Assuredly, I might say so, if I saw Satan at my elbow.

Mrs. L. [Mrs Lochleven] (starting and screaming)

Lord bless us! I wonder you can take pleasure in frightening one thus!

Adam [Adam Woodcock], sings.

"To Limbo Lake
Their way they take,
With scarce the pith to flee." *Win.* [Wingate]

I did not mean to frighten you, Mrs. Liliias; but listen, and you, Adam, come nearer. The Monk party are down for the *present*, but who knows how long that *present* will last? If Queen Mary should come in again, down goes the Earl of Murray, our master's patron, and down goes our master himself, and who so like to mount into his saddle as Father Ambrose. The Pope may release him from his vows, and we should then have Sir Edward the soldier, instead of Ambrose the priest. Now do you understand why I suffered the Monk to have frequent conferences with Roland Græme?

Adam [Adam Woodcock], sings.
"Sing hey go trix,
Trim go trix,
Under the greenwood tree." *Mrs. L.* [Mrs Liliias]

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

What, Master Wingate, have you eaten my mistress's bread, not to say my master's, who is himself base-born, and owes all to my lady, for so many years, that you could live to think of her being dispossessed of her own Castle of Avenel by a Monk, who is not a drop's blood to her, by way of relation. Though a woman, I would try if my rock or his cowl were better metal first.

Win. [Wingate]

Not so loud, Mrs. Lilies, not so loud. I only spoke of peradventures. But I have a choice bottle of Canary in my private closet, full sixteen years old, and if you will go and taste it, we will talk further of this matter, and drink to our Lady of Avenel.

Mrs. L. [Mrs Lilies]

That I will, Master Wingate, and may she never want a faithful major-domo like you, nor an affectionate waiting-woman

Win. [Wingate]

Like Mistress Lilies. Well imagined.

[*Exeunt Wingate and Mrs. Lilies.*]

Adam [Adam Woodcock], sings.

"To Limbo Lake
Their way they take"

To the devil with you both one for as arrant a mischief-maker as ever put pin in a lady's ruff, and the other for as time-serving a rascal as ever kept the key of a wine cellar. I'll take my falcon, and away after Mr. Roland; mayhap he may want a little money, and I've thirty good Harry groats in my pouch, which he shall share with me. To be sure he struck me, but I can't be like some of the Scots, who can be fair and false, and wait their time, and keep their mind, as they say, to themselves, and touch pot and flagon with you, and hunt and hawk with you, and after all, when time serves, pay off some old feud with the point of the dagger. I can't bear malice against him, for though nobody knows who begot him, and he has a spice of the devil in his disposition, he always had a kind heart, and a proud spirit far above his station.

[*Exit. singing.*]

"And rather would Allan in dungeon lie,
Than live at large where the falcon can't fly;
And Allan would rather be in Sexton's pound,
Than live where he follow'd not the merry hawk and hound."

SCENE II.

Interior of the Monastery of St. Mary's.

Distant voices chaunting a requiem. A knocking at the gate of the Monastery the chaunt ceases.

Enter Father Ambrose, followed by Veniam.

Father A. [Father Ambrose]

What hand profane disturbs the solemn mass,
And bids the requiem pause? Good Veniam, to the gate.

[*Exit Veniam.*]

A herald, perhaps; some greedy heretic
Charg'd with unhallowed power. Too well we know
Ambitious Morton's views the fiefs the rights

All temporalities of Kennaquhair,
To feed a brother's lust. Oh! sacred mother,
Avert the ruin from thy holy shrine.
"Let not the impious arm of secular pride
Lay waste thine altar, nor from drunken feasts
The red debasing draught defile the tombs,
And mingle with the reliques of thy children."

Enter Veniam.

Ven. [Veniam]

A wandering brother of our faith.

[*Exit Veniam.*]

Father A. [Father Ambrose]

Admit him.

A cell among the ruins, and a seat
To share the scanty board which crafty fraud,
And loftier violence have deign'd to leave us,
Are our's to proffer still.

Re-enter Veniam and Douglas disguised as a Monk. Exit Veniam.

Father A. [Father Ambrose]

Welcome, brother.

(*Douglas suddenly throws open his friar's habit, and discovers himself.*) Do my eyes deceive me?

Has aught befel the queen? Speak, gallant Douglas. *Doug.* [George Douglas]

Thank heaven! the sacrilegious hand of treason

Has not profaned as yet that sanctuary

"In which seraphic sweetness, dignity,

Grace, beauty, love, incomparable wit,

Associate with a mind of matchless worth,

Blend all their properties." *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]

Remains she still *Doug.* [George Douglas]

Lochleven's prisoner! Watch and ward kept round her,

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

"On the mann'd walls the mounted culverins,
And sordid spies, like base obnoxious reptiles,
Crawling about her steps." Oh! it galls me sore
To see a mother of the Douglas race
Playing the gaoler's part. *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
Lady Lochleven hates the queen. *Doug.* [George Douglas]
Too well I know't good Ambrose
Before Mar's daughter married with a Douglas
(Oh that this tongue should dwell upon her frailty!)
By the beguiling vows of perjur'd James
Won to his lewd desires why should I dwell
on it?
You know the Regent Murray was the fruit,
While Mary, springing from a lawful bed,
When James, forgetful of his former plight,
Took to his arms a Guise, not for herself,
But for her envied mother's better fortune
Is hated by the Douglas mother. *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
The queen's religion too! The Lady Douglas
Holds faith with those whose persecuting fury
Has made the Virgin's altars desolate,
O'erthrown our saints, our convent lands sequester'd *Doug.* [George Douglas]
Father, enough of this! The queen shall find
There is a Douglas yet in whose warm breast
Faith, loyalty and love for who can dwell
Within the vortex of those heavenly graces,
And still retain the mastery of his soul
Struggle for freer scope and enterprize
Equal to their devotion. Now to my business!

The plan of Mary's friends to break her thralldom
You know, good Ambrose. *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
I do, brave youth!
And every prayer the morn or vesper breeze
Bears from my lips, wafts to the Virgin's law
My soul's first earthly wish for its success *Doug.* [George Douglas]
Even now, I journey homeward from the south:
The Flemings, Hamiltons, Northumbria's Earl,
And all the well-affected of the borderers,
I have advis'd, that at the appointed cue
Their faith and courage may be tested. *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
What part devolves on me? *Doug.* [George Douglas]
You shall hear!
To shew myself in Edinburgh, now throng'd
Full to a surfeit with the base retainers
Of traitorous Murray; where, at every corner,
Some courtly knave might recognize a Douglas
Were to excite suspicion. Yet the queen
Has sturdy friends there, whose bright swords remain
Inactive but from lack of fit occasion

SCENE II.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Effectively to act! *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
The Seytons, Douglas? *Doug.* [George Douglas]
The very same. This packet which contains
The detail of our plan, the time, the manner,
And agents of its execution; and more,
The common signal for co-operation,
Must by some trusty herald be conveyed
To those whose legal courage, apt and eager,
But tarries for the word. *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
I have it, Douglas:
Not more remote from this our monastery

Than its own shadow in the sun, there dwells
A lonely sister; not the concentered vigour
Of stern devoted faith these ruined walls
Inclose within their limits, can compete
With her's alone. "Penance, and peril too
Which even the sturdiest brother of our order
Would scare from its encounter, as the firm oak
Receives the o'ercharg'd tempest's thundering tury,
Her spirit meets unshrinking." *Doug.* [George Douglas]
Whence comes she? *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
From the disputed land. Inquire no further.
Did not confession's seal close up my lips
I would say more. *Doug.* [George Douglas]
To doubt your tried discretion
Would be an ill requital of your love.
'Twere well, perchance, I knew her name,
But as you will, good father! *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
Magdalen Græme!
Her lofty port, her stern forbidding mien,
The wild and dauntless character of soul
Which flashes from her eye, and, above all,
Her calm contempt of bodily jeopardy,
Have gain'd her from the slanderous populace,
The reputation of witch. *Doug.* [George Douglas]
Enough!
To your disposal I entrust the packet.
"Time presses; and each moment unimprov'd,
Leaves a reproach behind." Yet ere we part,
A word or two upon another subject.
Eustace is dead! Even as I entered here,
The dying cadence of the solemn mass
Broke on my ear. What daring hand will seize

The browless mitre and the pastoral staff
Which Morton craves? *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
Already in a chapter of our order
Election has been made; and Kennaquhair
To night invests me with the sacred symbols. *Doug.* [George Douglas]
Be sure it be to night! To give you joy,

SCENE II.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Is but to greet the martyr to the stake;
The victim to the altar and the knife
Which drinks his blood. Delay it not an hour!
The installation o'er, your brother's influence
May work on Murray to confirm the act,
And Morton to concede his claim. *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
And should it not, the mother of the church
Shall give the glittering crown of martyrdom
To him who proves, by faith inflexible,
And scorn of corporal suffering, his just claim
To such eternal recompence. But come;
You need refreshment; and tho our refectory
Will poorly rival proud Lochleven's tables,
Our frugal fare is blessed. Come, my son. *Doug.* [George Douglas]
I follow you, my father.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The interior of Cuthbert's cell.

A broken image lying by its pedestal a fractured crucifix, and other fragments windows broken entrance behind through broken arches.

Enter Roland Græme [Roland Græme], dejected, his arms folded.

The deer reposes in his lair; the wolf
Through tangling forests finds his secret den;
Deep in the hollows of the rugged cliffs

The eagle has her nest; aye, even the viper
That sordid reptile in whose slimy coil
Venom engenders knows his resting place:
While I, like a sear'd leaf, in autumn storms,
Reft from what tree I know not, here and there,
By every breath am buffeted and driven.
"Yon saucy churl, who pass'd me by the way,
Must tauntingly demand whither I shap'd
My tardy steps? 'Perchance,' quoth he, 'our father
May find some new preferment.' It was well,
Well for the clown, perhaps for myself 'twas well,
I had not touch'd my dagger's hilt, when Woodcock,
Whose falcon thrice had brush'd my plume, appear'd,
And down the glen the villain slunk away."
All gracious Virgin! when these trembling lips
Breathe forth the sound of "father" is there none
In all this wide, and animated earth
Whose heart will give response? Base born I am not!
My swelling soul, these high aspiring thoughts
The index in my bosom whose bright finger

SCENE III.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Points to an indistinct but certain light
Gilding the horizon of my distant years
Repel the withering imputation! Yet
What I am I know not. "In my brain
A chaos wild of images and things
Perpetual confusion." (*looking round.*) Desolation!
Congenial ruin! Fit companionship!

Grant me a fleeting refuge! "What do I see?"

(*approaching the broken cross.*)

Holy Saint Cuthbert! what unhallowed hands
Have done this sacrilege? What impious fury
Outrag'd the sacred badge of our redemption?
Oh! that this arm could rear the broken cross!

(*He stoops and employs himself in replacing the crucifix in its socket.*)

Enter from an archway behind, Magdalen Græme, who stands for a few seconds, surveying the exertions of Roland.

Mag. [Magdalen Græme]
Well done, thou true and faithful! Thus, again;
Thus would I meet thee! "I have watch'd and wept,
And with long prayer and penance wrestled for thee,
From night till weary morn, while drifting snows
Wove round these limbs of mine, a midnight shroud;
And have I not prevail'd?" Tho' nurtur'd, school'd
Within the lazaret of heresy,
The leprous plague thou hast escap'd! *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
Mother! For all of parent, nurse or friend
These eyes have ever gaz'd on, or these lips
Saluted with these tenderest names, in thee
Are centered if I have stood unshaken,
And held my faith, to the good Father Ambrose
Thy thanks and mine are due. *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]
Mother of heaven!

Reward him for his zeal! In field and cell
Pulpit, or at the altar, be he bless'd!
He knew not of thy birth! *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
"How could he know it?"
My birth, alas! What do I know myself?
A faint remembrance glances o'er my brain
Of tales with which thou didst beguile my childhood
Something about a knight who fell in battle
A castle and inheritance which ought
To call me lord and this, alas! but feeds
A dream of wild conjectures. More than mother!

SCENE III.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Leave me in doubt no longer. *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]
Ask me not now!
It were imprudent! When the time is apt,
I shall be near thee! Plans of mighty import
Demand thine efforts. Hast thou left Avenel? *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
. Left! Mother! I have lived to be dismissed. *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]
So much the better. Keep thy vengeance festering
Within thy bosom! It will aid my scheme
And fit thee to perform what must be done. *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
"What must be done?" Let it be nothing then
Against the Lady Avenel! There was a menace
Thy words and look implied: but to her scathe
No aid expect from me! Have I not known
The joy of her caress: her smile, protection;
Sate at her board, partaken of her cup,
Eaten her bread? I will not injure her. *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]
Another mistress claims thee; and when heaven
Commissions thee to work its high designs,

And aim the arrow of its wrath, wilt thou
Reply with impious haste, here will I strike,
And here, forbear? "Bear witness, holy saint,
Before whose violated shrine we stand,
As for no private vengeance, nor the view
Of temporal honor, I pursue the foes
Of heaven and of my country, so no yearnings
Of this imperfect nature, shall betray me
To spare the guilty." *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
"What must I infer
From this mysterious language? Am I ever
To grope in darkness?" *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme] (*impatuously.*)
Ha! Dost thou dispute
my bidding, thoughtless boy?
Did I not swathe those limbs of mine, and teach
Thy tongue to extricate itself from silence;
And wilt thou turn rebellious, now I lack
The service of thy ripened faculties?" *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
Treat me no longer as a child! Unfold
The nature of your scheme, and doubt me not,
My arm, my dagger, and my heart's best blood
Your confidence shall justify: but never
Will I become a puppet a machine
A mere corporeal agent to be worked,
But never trusted! Well, well I'll do't! I'll do't!
That look of grief subdues me. *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]
'Tis heaven subdues thee. Thou art still my son!
Thy sovereign's, and thy country's sighs have risen
Above the songs of martyrs, and prevailed
But come, that youthful frame requires refreshment,

For we have other business yet! (*Takes provisions from her scrip, and lays them on a rough*

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

table.) *Rol.* [Roland Græme]

. What business? *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]

Ask not, but sit and eat. Husband thy strength

Nourish thy limbs for action these are times

When Scotland needs her children. (*Roland eats.*) *Rol.* [Roland Græme]

"Why stand aloof? Why not partake the food

"You have provided?" *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]

"Has this wasted body

Endur'd long abstinence, and penance voluntary

And countless vigils spent in prayer? And now

That I have work to do, shall food or rest

Seduce me from the task?" 'Tis near the time

They must be here! (*aside.*) I will retire, my son!

Within the chapel I must hold a conference.

Wait thou for my return. [*Exit under the archway Rol. [Roland Græme] (rising from the table.)*]

Mysterious woman!

"Round me each moment multiplies the coils

Already countless. In such a magic maze

Of inward doubt and dark perplexity,

Where can I turn?" Hold a conference said she?

With whom or what? "By all the Saints! She twines me

To every purpose of her soul, as easily

As if my heart and reason were concurrent

To work her pleasure. Left I hawk and hound

To be her pupil?" Like a hooded hawk

Shall I be carried on a woman's wrist,

And only shown the quarry at the instant

When I must make my flight. I'll know her object

Ere I go further. [*Enter from the Archiray, Magdalen Græme and Catharine Seyton, veiled: they remain under the arch. Mag. [Magdalen Græme]*]

You know your destination! The gloaming hour

Will soon give place to night! There stands the youth

Your fellow labourer in the important work.

Observe him well! Become acquainted with him!

But of your journey, or its course, or purpose,

Breathe not a whisper! I must to the chapel,

Where Sister Bridget waits me!

[*Exit Magdalen.*]

Cath. [Catharine Seyton] (advancing slowly to the front, removing her veil, and calmly surveying Roland, who is leaning against a broken pillar in sullen thoughtfulness. He moves; Catharine starts and shrieks.)

Cry you mercy!

I took you for a Saint, stepp'd from his niche

For change of attitude! Are you a man? *Rol. [Roland Græme] (bowing confusedly)*

I wear the form of one, fair gentlewoman!

And have his breath and motion but his mind,

Free agency, and proud determined will,

Heaven has omitted. *Cath. [Catharine Seyton] (laughing heartily)*

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

And what has chafed thee thus, thou empty case?

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Thou shell of something human? Or rather,
Tell me what comely outside work thou art,
With which Dame Bridget and Sister Magdalen
Would have me ratify a league of friendship? *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
. How! fair lady? *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]
How! fair gentleman?
Why, we are mated in some enterprize,
To be explained Anon; some minutes' space,
While the two matrons lay their heads together,
Are given us just to break the ice of form,
And ask each other questions. *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
Faith! They displayed
Some taste in the selection, when they sent
So fair a comrade. *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]
Come, that's passable!
But how shall we begin to make acquaintance? *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
Suppose we copy from the nursery tales,
And ask each other's names. *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]
Right well imagined!
Thou art a shrewd *outside!* Come, I will listen;
Your name, my new acquaintance! *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
Roland Græme!
And that tall woman is *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]
Your mother? *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
She bore me not, and yet she is my mother!
My only friend! the all of life I know! *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]
Who are your parents? *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
. They are dead, fair lady! *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]
Then who *were* they?
You *had* parents, I presume? *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
'Tis probable!
But the soft pressure of a mother's lips
Mine have not felt. I never knew the joy

A mother's smile imparts. Enough! enough!
I know but this, that they were nobly born,
And died with honour. Yet a helpless boy,
Snatched from the peril of a watery grave,
To Avenel Castle, some kind hand convey'd me,
Like a hurt wild duck, to the lady. There,
Till within these few hours, I have lived
The lady's page. *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]
And what accomplishments
Obtain'd you there? I dearly love to know
What, in the hour of need, my friends can do. *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
I can back horse, and hollow to a hound,
Wield lance and bow and brand, and fly a hawk! *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]
And thus you proved the qualities of page! *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
Some few exploits besides, fair gentlewoman!
I hunted cats, shot swans, frightened the maids,
Chas'd deer, and robb'd the orchard: and now and then,

SCENE III.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Like a good Catholic, plagued the castle chaplain. *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]
Why have you left such service? *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
Fair lady!
I could not brook the vulgar insolence
Of serving men and maids. They taunted me,
Called me a foundling child of charity
A water drake wrought up to fury,
This morn, I drew my dagger on a knave
Who call'd me churl-born: the brightness of the blade
Alarm'd the paltroon, and away he ran
With all the buttery minions at his heels

Strait to the lady's chamber: she was anger'd
I too proud to bend, and so we parted! *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]
Where met you Sister Magdalen? *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
In this cell,
Where accident had brought me. Now, fair maiden,
Your name and history? *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]
I am an orphan;
My name is Catharine Seyton; and my story
The counterpart of your's. Dame Bridget is *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
Your grandmother? *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]
Worse, ten times worse than that
My maiden aunt. I too was tried at service! *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
And speedily was turn'd adrift, I doubt not,
For pinching the duenna, or affronting
My lady's waiting woman! *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]
Nay, not so!
Our mistress had no more occasion for us:
She gave up housekeeping. Few ladies were there
Who had more gentlewomen under her;
Or kept a stricter discipline; long prayers,
Light food, and late and early labour *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
Out on the old pernicious beldame! *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]
For heaven's sake, hold your tongue! The holy Saints
Forgive me! Saint Catharine of Sienna
She was the dame I spoke of, and a convent
The mansion; it contained twelve nuns. *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
And you were one? Where are the rest? *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]
With the last winter's snow; the hurricane,
East, west, north, south, has scatter'd them abroad,

I know not whither! *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
Well, and this enterprise
Which claims your energies and mine. What is it? *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]
Alas! But here comes Magdalen.

Enter Magdalen Græme, hastily.

Mag. [Magdalen Græme] (*advancing between them*)
So! Have you well surveyed each other's features?

SCENE III.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Traced every line conversed with every tone
Become familiar with each other's step
And every motion of the eye and hand
Read and rehearsed so, in whate'er disguise
You may hereafter meet, your penetration
May not be baffled? Answer, Roland Græme!
Wilt thou this maiden recognise, wherever,
Or whensoever, thou shalt meet her? *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
Fear not! No time nor circumstance can wither
The freshness of her portrait in my heart. *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]
And thou, my daughter, wilt thou bear
in memory
The features of this youth? *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]
Truly, my mother,
I have not seen so many men of late,
That I should soon forget him; tho' I mark
Not much about him to deserve remembrance. *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]
Embrace and part then! Now, my daughter, hence!
All is prepared: this night, our pious sister
Departs with thee for Edinburgh. Away! [*Exit. Catharine, interchanging silent adieus with Roland.*]
Rol. [Roland Græme]
And whither do we go? *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]
To Kennaquhair?
A hundred steps will bring us to the Abbey. *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
And whither thence? *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]
Where heaven commands thy steps,
And I conduct thee! Owest thou me so little,
That thus with niggard and reluctant will,
Thou yieldest obedience? *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
I forget not, mother,
How much I owe thee; and the life thou nursed'st,
To thee most freely I devote! The world
Hath not a desart nor a danger in it
I would not brave to do thy pleasure. "But
Allow my reason some participation
In my obedience!" *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]
"Holy Saints and Angels!
Have I knelt by thy bed, and wearied heaven
With prayers for thee, and thou refuseth now
To do my bidding! Hear me, ungrateful boy!
Resist the lot which calls thee if thou wilt,
And go thy way leave me my hopes are withered!
Before yon ravaged altar I will kneel,
Till in its socket the spent lamp of life
Shall shroud its latest glimmer!" *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
"But, my mother,
I will not forsake you; by your side I'll stay;
My arm shall buckler you! I'll shed my blood
In your defence!" *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]
One word were worth all these!
Say I'll obey you! *Rol.* [Roland Græme]

SCENE III.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

With all my heart, I will;
Doubt not but yet *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]
Pause there and blessings on thee

That thou hast promised! The eyes of Angels Saints
Are on this barren, blighted land on *us*
On the frail woman and the giddy youth,
Who thus, amidst the ruins, not by time,
But impious fury made, devote their lives
To Heaven and Scotland's sovereign.

(She leads Roland to the Cross, and makes him

kneel with her.)

"Blessed host!
Martyrs and Saints, who listen to our vow,
Witness its execution! If we desert
The sacred cause, expunge our recreant names
From the bright record of the souls you love;
Make all our prayers unfruitful; scathe and scorn
Scatter in all our paths, and when the death-damp
Stands in big drops upon our dying foreheads,
Leave us to sink in merited despair!"

[They rise and come forward.]

Now then to Kennaquhair!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Interior of the Monastery of St. Mary's. The Hall lighted up; the Altar, and every preparation for the Installation. A pair of folding doors at the back of the scene.

Enter Father Ambrose.

Father A. [Father Ambrose]

"All things are ready for the installation!
And soon the mitre which Eustatius wore

Shall circle this less worthy forehead. Even now
The trembling brothers wait, with sinking hearts,
Their new elected Abbot! Not ambition
Sainted Eustatius! not ambition prompts me
To fill thy desolated seat! Alas!
No earthly wealth no temporal influence
Now dignifies the sacred office! No!
Nor humble vassals throng to offer tribute.
The power and splendor of the pastoral name
Have pass'd away, and left its poor possessors
A heritage of poverty and peril.
But I must on to the consistory.
I hear the echoes as the impatient brethren

SCENE IV.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Pace, too and fro, the cloister'd avenues." [*Exit Ambrose.*]

Enter Veniam, followed by Magdalen Græme and ROLAND.

Ven. [*Veniam*]

Intrate! Sister! Welcome too, my son!
In good time have you come the wicks are lighted
The altar cleansed the ruins swept aside
And from the chapter-house already moves
The short procession! No throwing wide the gates
To admit the humble laity no chime
Of merry bells *Mag.* [*Magdalen Græme*]
Regard not that, my brother!
In the first ages of our holy church
In tears in tempests were her abbots chosen:
Not in the Vatican, but the deep vaults

And subterraneous dungeons of the heathen;
Not greeted with the shouts of multitudes,
The roar of cannon, artificial fire,
But by the Lictors' and the Prætors' summons
Which call'd the fathers forth to martyrdom.
From such adversity she rose; and now
By such shall she be purified! *Ven.* [*Veniam*]
Come then!
I see the lights that move this way.

(Veniam opens the folding doors: the organ strikes up in solemn swell, accompanied by the voices of the monks in deep chorus.)

Enter Father Ambrose, and a train of monks, bearing torches, and chaunting the mass, as they arrange themselves on each side of the altar. As the chorus continues, noises are heard without; yells, and horns, and bells, becoming louder and louder. The monks cease their chaunt, and huddle round the Abbott, who motions them to be calm. Magdalen and Roland advance from the place where they had stood unseen. Magdalen approaches the altar, and appears about to speak. Roland looks towards the door, and half unsheathes his dagger.

Father A. [*Father Ambrose*]

Speak uot, my sister! and my son, forbear
To touch thy earthly weapon! "Saint Mary's head
Himself shall greet the clamorous train of vas-
sals,
Who come to celebrate his installation!"
If blood this dáy must desecrate our shrine,

Thou mayest not shed it. (*Loud knocking, and Father Ambrose advances towards the gate.*)
Whosoe'er you are,
Whose boisterous interruption breaks our worship,
Peace and reply whence came you? *Voice without.* [*Voice without*]
Open the doors!
Open, sir monk, or down they go! *Several voices.* [*Several voices*]
Hurrah!

SCENE IV.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Down with the doors! down with the lurdane monks! *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
By what authority demand you entrance? *Voice without.* [Voice without]
Our own, old piety! *Several voices.* [Several voices]
Aye, our own. *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
Begone, my erring children. I alone
In this house hold authority. *Voices without* [Voices without]
Hurrah!
Down with the doors!(*loud hammering at the doors.*) *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
Cease! cease, my children! (*motions to Veniam, who retires.*)
The porter shall unlock the doors! Meantime
Consider if your state of mind be fit
To cross the holy threshold. *Voice without.* [Voice without]

Peace with your papistry! We are in the mood of the monks when they are merriest, and that is when they sup
beef brewis for lanten–kail. Let your porter be speedy, or we will heave away.

Voices. [Voices]
Huzza! huzza!

*Re–enter Veniam, with the keys. Father Ambrose motions Roland and Magdalen to retire behind a pillar,
and Veniam to open the door. Father A. advances boldly to front the intruders. Veniam goes off, unlocks the
door, and hastily runs back behind Father Ambrose. After a brief pause, enter slowly a clown, followed by
several others.*

1st clown, [1st clown] (*turning to his companions.*)

Keep back, my comrades. Let me speak to the holy father.

Clowns. [Clowns]
Aye, aye, let him speak. *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
What is your pleasure? *1st clown.* [1st clown]

Beef, ale, and brandywine; or, if it like you better, venison and choicer liquor. Who's your refectioner?

Clowns. [Clowns]
Aye, where's the refectioner? *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
Alas! my children, we have little use
For serving men and caterers. Our refectory
Contains but pilgrim's fare! *Clowns.* [Clowns]
He lies! Down with him! *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme] (*rushing forward*)

Arouse thee, father, And with Saint Peter's goodly sword thou bearest, Strike, and avenge Saint Peter's
patrimony! "Bind them in chains, which, by the church imposed, Eternity shall rivet."

Father A. [Father Ambrose]
Peace, my sister! *Clowns.* [Clowns]
A witch! a witch! the ducking stool!
the mill–dam!

1st clown. [1st clown] (*advances to seize Magdalen, when Roland, rushing
forwards, seizes him by the throat, raises his dagger, and assume an attitude to strike.*

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Rol. [Roland Græme]

Breathe but another sound, and by this
weapon! (*shout*) *Father A.* [Father Ambrose] (*stepping between them*)
Rash youth, forbear! (*Roland loses his hold*)
Heaven is its own avenger! children! friends!
Under our predecessors you have lived;
The worldly goods you have by them were given,
And better gifts, the mercy of the church,
Fasting, and prayer, and vigil, were bestowed. (*the crowd give back with signs of shame*) *1st clown.* [1st clown]

So I have heard the old wives say. *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
And is it grateful, seemly, honest, friends,
To come with noisy violence and threats
Against a few old men, who fill the places
Once held by those who gave you all?
We only pray to live and die in peace. *1st clown.* [1st clown]

The queen's down, and Murray's up, and the order is to burn the monasteries, and root out the monks. So down with them, comrades.

Clowns. [Clowns]

Aye! aye! down with them! (*they advance*)

Enter suddenly Sir Halbert Glendinning, Adam Woodcock, and attendants armed. He interposes between the monks and the crowd; the latter fall back.

Sir Halb. [Sir Halbert Glendinning]

Out, base-born cowards! Are you christian men,
Subjects, and vassals, and presume you thus
To deal in outrage? *1st clown.* [1st clown]

We heard, Sir Halbert, from some of your train, that you had brought orders from court to put down the monastery.

Sir Halb. [Sir Halbert Glendinning]

Villain, and if I had! lacked I the power,
What you, the very scum of vassalage,
Usurp their execution? Get you home,
Or, by my trusty lance, to-morrow's dawn
Shall never beam on some of you. (*crowd sneak away.*
(*To Father Ambrose.*) Edward!

I joy that I have done you this slight service;
Scarce two hours since I came from Holyrood;
By accident, from one of these loud brawlers,
Woodcock picked up the news of their intent,
And gave me instant notice. (*sees Roland*) Roland Græme!
Met in good time! The tale of thy dismissal
Has reached my ear; my lady was too hasty,
Upon such slight offence, to banish thee:
But what has brought you hither? *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Brother, he came
With sister Magdalen, his sole relation. *Sir Halb.* [Sir Halbert Glendinning]
I have commission to sent to Holyrood,
For special purposes, a trusty page,
Thou, in thy exercises and thy breeding,
Hast shown the sparkles of a gentle spirit,
Therefore I will dispatch thee to the court.
What? Dost thou hesitate? *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
I feel, Sir Knight,
Such gratitude as well becomes me. But
My kind nurse, my only friend, my mother,
Who tended me in infant helplessness,
I may not leave her now; the frost of time
Hath chilled her veins, and bleached her aged head.

(turning to Magdalen)

The limbs and faculties thou taughtest their use,
Thou needest now to toil for thee! protect thee!
No no I will not leave thee! *Sir Halb.* [Sir Halbert Glendinning]
Who art thou? *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]
Who or what I am concerns thee little!
Roland accepts thy offer! Nay, my son,
Tho' old, these bones have marrow in them yet,
And heaven subdues with weakest instruments.
Farewell, Sir Knight, and peace be with you!

(retires with Roland.)

Sir Halb. [Sir Halbert Glendinning] *(beckoning his attendants to retire)*

Edward!

It grieves me much that I must hence with speed!
The promptest measures only can avert
The consequence of this day's rash procedure.
Roland must instantly to Edinburgh;
My trusty falconer shall attend him. *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
"Nay, but you'll eat with me: a pilgrim's meal
I'll set before you, and with cheeful heart
We'll share the scant provisions." *Sir Halb.* [Sir Halbert Glendinning]
"It may not be."

Even while I linger here, some slanderous tongue
May arraign, to Murray's ear, the daring man,
Who, the face of edicts, has presumed
To take the abbot's office. *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
Heed not that!

I would not to the church's enemy,
Even though my brother, owe my temporal safety.
But I would shed my heart's best blood to hear
The church had won thee to her fold.

Sir Hal. [Sir Halbert Glendinning]

Farewell!

Such vain discussion only wastes the time.

Follow me, Roland!

[Exeunt Sir Halbert, Father Ambrose, and Adam

Woodcock, and train. Sir Halbert winding his bugle as he makes his exit. Magdalen and Roland advance.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Mag. [Magdalen Græme]

Farewell, my son! Yet, ere we part, receive
This sacred packet. Keep it in thy bosom!
And when despair and darkness thicken round thee,
And all of hope and love thy soul hath cherish'd
Seem fleeting from thee, place it in her hand
Whom thou hast seen to-day. So now, farewell!
Be faithful, and the Saints protect thee! *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
My more than mother, may the blessed Virgin
Bless and defend thee! (*They embrace.*)
[*Exit. Roland.*]

Magdalen falls on her knees before the altar. The organ's swell is heard calling to Vespers. Re-enter Father Ambrose and Monks from all sides, who range round the altar, and fill the stage while the drop scene slowly falls.

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A public room in the hostelry of St. Michael's, Edinburgh several tables persons seated, smoaking, drinking. &c. At one table, considerably advanced before the rest, Roland and Adam Woodcock. Adam. [Adam]

Oh Heaven, have mercy upon us, and send us speedy departure from this Edinburgh! "We had not been half an hour within the gates, but you must unsheath bilbo, and take part in the first broil we saw." And what had you to do with the Seytons, or the Leslies, that you had never known the names of in your life before?

Rol. [Roland Græme]

I have my own reasons for taking part with the Seytons.

Adam. [Adam]

I'll wager a groat, Master Roland, that it is nothing but your unhallowed passion for that clashing of cold iron, which has as much charm for you as the clatter of a brass pan hath for a hive of bees. But if you are to draw sword with every man who draws sword

Rol. [Roland Græme]

Well, well, Adam, I'll promise you to be more wary.

Adam. [Adam]

And then you are peering under every woman's muffler and screen, as if you expected to find an old acquaintance.

ACT II.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Rol. [Roland Græme]

Tush, man, nonsense! I only wish to
see what eyes these gentle hawks have got under their hoods.

Enter Wing-the-Wind, (hastily.)

Win. [Wingate]

Well found, my old friend Adam. You must despatch your business quick; and, within this hour, to horse for Kennaquhair and Avenel. For you, good sir, the Regent shapes another course.

(to Rol.)

Adam. [Adam]

It will fash me sorely to part from Master Roland; and I fear he will scarcely be able to go through the world without my protecting prudence, to keep his tongue within bounds and his iron in the sheath.

Rol. [Roland Græme]

Alas! good Adam! If Sir Halbert told me right, I shall have little use for steel in my new character; and no occupation for my tongue, save to war with women's wit, or chant psalmody to frighten away the devil on winter nights.

Adam. [Adam]

So much the better, Master Roland. But come, my old boy, Michael, for "Auld Lang Syne," as you Scots say, let us have a pottle together.

Win. [Wingate]

Not now, Adam; I have other business; but Anon, come to the buttery, at Holyrood; and we'll empty a pitcher or two at parting.

(Exit.)

Adam. [Adam]

Tapster! tapster! Fetch a stoup of brandy-wine, knave! We will have a can together once more, Master Roland, and let care come to-morrow.

Voice, [Voice] (without.)

I seek a youth, with a sprig of holly in his cap, black hair and black eyes, green jacket, and the air of a coxcomb. I have sought him through every close and alley in the Canon gate, the fiend gore him!

Rol. [Roland Græme]*(starting, and rushing towards the door.)*

Catharine Seyton, as I live.

ACT II.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

(aside.)

Enter Catharine Seyton, disguised as a page.

Cath. [Catharine Seyton] *(advancing towards Roland, who slowly retreats.)*

You, Sir Holly Top, I would speak with you. *(Roland still retreats.)* Do they understand a Scotch tongue in your Country. I said I would speak with you.

Adam. [Adam] *(advancing between them.)*

What's your business with my comrade, my young chick of the game?

Cath. [Catharine Seyton]

Nothing to you, my old feeder of falcons for I guess by your bag and gauntlet, that you are squire of the body to a sort of kites. *(To Roland.)* Step this way, out of that old eaves-dropper's hearing.

Rol. [Roland Græme]

I think, we two are not wholly strangers to each other.

Cath. [Catharine Seyton]

We must have met in our dreams, then; and my days are too busy to remember what I think of at nights.

Rol. [Roland Græme]

Or, apparently, to remember the faces you have seen from one day to another.

Cath. [Catharine Seyton]

Prithee, good Holly Top, put those eyes of thine under good government, and unmuffle thine ears. Let me do mine errand, and be rid of you.

Rol. [Roland Græme]

About it speedily, then, my fair incog. for I see other eyes than mine are upon you.

Cath. [Catharine Seyton] *(taking a handsome sword from under her mantle.)*

This weapon I bring you from a friend. Pledge yourself, band and glove, not to unsheath it but at the command, and in the presence, of your rightful sovereign.

Rol. [Roland Græme]

By whom is it sent? Or when will the opportunity be given? Or how

Cath. [Catharine Seyton]

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Ask no question; my commission extends not to answering them.

Rol. [Roland Græme]

If I am offended, may I not draw in my own defence?

Cath. [Catharine Seyton]

Not this weapon! For what do you wear your own?

Adam. [Adam] (*who has approached gradually.*)

For no good; and that I can witness as well as any one.

Cath. [Catharine Seyton]

Stand back, fellow, that curious face of thine will gain thee a buffet some day.

Adam. [Adam]

A buffet, Master Malapert, best keep down fist; or buffet will beget buffet.

Rol. [Roland Græme]

Peace, Adam, go finish your brandy–wine. (*To Catharine.*) I accept of this weapon under the condition you impose; but if we are to work together in a mighty enterprize, some openness and confidence on your part will be necessary. You understand me! Remember Sister Magdalen and Dame Bridget!

Cath. [Catharine Seyton]

Bridget and Magdalen! Hark ye, Master Holly Top, your wits are gone on wool–gathering; comfort yourself with a caudle; thatch your brain–sick noddle with a woollen night–cap, and Heaven bless you Don't you see all eyes are upon us.

(*aside.*) *going.*

Adam. [Adam]

Will you drink a cup, young man, now you have done your errand, and listen to a good song?

(*sings.*)

"The Pope, that pagan, full of pride,"

Cath. [Catharine Seyton]

He who speaks irreverently of the Holy Father, in my hearing, is the cub of a heretic wolf, and I'll switch him as I would a cur!

(*The company rise, and take their hats,
whispering to each other, and go off, one by one, as if fearing a fray.*)

Adam. [Adam]

ACT II.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

I will break thy young pate, if thou darest to lift finger to me.

(sings.)

"The Pope, that pagan, full of pride,
Hath blinded" *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton] *(striking him across the eyes with her switch.)*

Out on thee, heretic!

(Adam starts up, rubbing his eyes, to grapple with Catharine.) Rol. [Roland Græme]*(stepping between.)*

To Catharine. Get you gone, "quickly, there are earnest reasons why you should."

Cath. [Catharine Seyton]

"There, at least, you are right so, farewell."

(Exit.

Rol. [Roland Græme]

Sit down, Adam, you know not with whom you deal. She shall not escape me thus. By all the saints, I'll follow her steps. *(aside.)* Sit down, good Adam, and renew your can.

*(Seats Adam, who continues to rub his eyes,
while Roland runs off.)
Adam.* [Adam]

By this light, which I cannot see, thou hast been a false friend to me, Master Roland; for thou would'st neither tweak the monkey's nose, nor let me do it myself. What sayest thou to that charge? What! not a word? "If you saw your father in a scrape, I'll warrant, you would laugh at him, instead of lending him a hand." *(Looking up.)* Why, he is gone! What incarnate devil has got hold of you now. Tapster, my hat where did he go? God—a-mercy, I'll be close at his heels.

(Exit, running.

SCENE II.

The Street.

Catharine Seyton, in her disguise, passes across the back of the stage. Just as she goes off enter Roland Græme, who makes a full stop, gazing after her.

Rol. [Roland Græme]
Her step her figure and that matchless grace!
There's nothing masculine in't Oh! 'tis herself!
My whispering heart is but a treacherous prompter
If it be otherwise! "Yet her eye shrunk not

SCENE II.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

From my inquiring glances nor her voice
Betrayed confusion nor on that velvet cheek,
Where never yet the down of manhood grew,
Faltered the vernal rose! Well well no matter!"
Ay, trip along, fair sylph! But, by the mass!
You'll show young Atalanta's nimble heels
An' I o'ertake you not.

(Exit.)

Enter Adam Woodcock, out of breath.

Adam. [Adam]

Saint Mary, Saint Magdalen, Saint Benedict, Saint Barnabas, Saint Satan, and Saint Belzebub! for this is enough to make one swear saint and devil. What can have come over the youth with a murrain! He will have his throat cut, as sure as I was born at the foot of Roseberry Topping! An' I could but see the top of a holly-sprig now, it were worth a gold tassel. Ah! who goes yonder? the purple page, as I'm a true falconer, and Master Roland after him! Why, he wont surely follow him into that great house! He does now, before I can get to the door, he will have got his stomach full of that cold iron he loves so dearly. I'll never leave him in jeopardy, however so here goes.

(Exit.)

SCENE III.

The interior of Lord SEYTON'S house.

Enter Catharine, hastily, throwing herself into a chair.

Cath. [Catharine Seyton]
What can I do? That inconsiderate youth!
I saw him close behind me as I entered.
He little reckes the dangers which beset
That holly sprig of his.

Enter Roland. [Roland Græme]

Fly for your life!
How could you enter here! where that vile leaf,
Which forms your top-knot, will make enemies
Of every one who sees you!*(noise without.)*

Get you gone!

A moment more *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
And but a single moment!
For what am I reserved? Resolve this doubt
With but a word, or, by my hopes!

Cath. [Catharine Seyton]
Fly, quickly!
Horses are now in waiting to escort me

SCENE III.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

To the Queen's prison at Lochleven! (*noise increases.*) Alas!
You have already staid too long. Farewell!
Ask for Lord Seyton! We shall meet again!

(*Exit.*)

(*Enter Servants with swords drawn.*)

1st Serv. [1st Servant]

A spy! a spy!

2d Serv. [2d Servant]

Look at the holly leaf. One of Avenel's retainers!

3d Serv. [3d Servant]

Down with him.

(*advancing.*) *Rol.* [Roland Græme]

Nay: I would speak with Lord Seyton!

1st. Serv. [1st Servant]

Secure the door!

(*They advance upon him.*)

(*Enter from behind Magdalen Græme, who suddenly interposes between them.*) *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]

Vassals! forbear! The wretch whose traitorous steel
Scars but the skin of that heaven-buckler'd
youth

Wither his arm, till from the sapless bone
The blasted flesh fall piecemeal!

(*Servants retire.*)

(*To Roland.*) Thou rash youth!
Whence this unlook'd-for meeting?

(*Enter Lord Seyton.*)

Lord Sey. [Lord Seyton]

What means this tumult? Sure my
roof's protection
Should be the stranger's surety friend or foe
For hospitable greeting, or fair contest!
Ha! do my eyes deceive me? The same youth
Who yesternight rush'd boldly to my side,

When my own knaves grew fearful, and beat back
The foe that pressed upon me. Give him welcome!
Your name, young man? *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
Roland Græme, so please you:

SCENE III.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

And in Lord Seyton's presence if I stand,
I joy to find your grace's hurt was trifling;
And so I take my leave. *Lord Sey.* [Lord Seyton](*to Magdalen.*)
Is this the youth
For whose good faith and active offices
Ambrose hath proffered doubtless guarantee?
And thou *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]
The hostage of this withered form;
On which frail surety hast thou not already
Committed to his care *Lord Sey.* [Lord Seyton]
Enough enough. (*taking a gold chain from his bonnet and putting it round Roland's neck.*)
Wear this, my trusty friend thy gallant bearing
Approves thee worthy of a Seyton's friendship. *Adam.* [Adam] (*without.*)

I saw him enter this house as I have skill in falconry, I did; and if he is not forthcoming, with his own head
on his shoulders, and without the scratch of a bilbo upon his skin, the Regent shall, for every hurt in his body,
flay a score of you.

Lord Sey. [Lord Seyton]

What noisy fellow have we here?

Rol. [Roland Græme]

My good lord! It is the trusty falconer of Glendinning, Who hath the charge of me to Edinburgh; I have but
left him while I made the inquiry Which brought me hither.

(*Enter Adam Woodcock.*)

Adam. [Adam]

That firebrand spirit of yours, Mister Roland, will surely be the death of both of us yet, before we separate.
Cry you mercy, lords and ladies. As I am a Christian! the old witch Madge from Avenel.

(*Aside.*)

Rol. [Roland Græme]

Silence, good Adam; get thee to the door,
And there await me. *Adam.* [Adam]

And will you come with your neck out of a halter? I don't see that switch—swinging, purple—cloaked knave
who made so free

Rol. [Roland Græme]

Peace, I say begone I'll follow instantly.
(*leads him off to the door.*)

And now, my lord, once more I take my leave
Links of more lasting power than these of gold *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]
Impetuous boy, no more! Start not, my lord!

SCENE III.

A young enthusiast in his sovereign's cause,
He lack'd no chain to bind him to her fortunes,
Save that which loyal love and true devotion
Hath woven round his heart! *Lord Sey.* [Lord Seyton]
Farewell success attend thee.

(Exit.)

Mag. [Magdalen Græme] *(in an undertone.)*
Another word,
And thou hadst blasted all my budding hopes!
Think not of love, nor soul-subduing pleasure,
While Scotland claims the vigour of thine arm,
And Scotland's Queen an undivided heart
Or basely perish in the sordid flame
Thy rebel passions have engendered. Farewell!
(Exeunt severally.)

SCENE IV.

A chamber. Queen Mary discovered reclining on a sofa. Lady Fleming seated at her feet; and Catharine Seyton [Catharine Seyton] advanced towards the front, and sitting at her harp.

SONG.

Tune "*Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doun.*"

1.

Ah! what is Summer's gaudy gear,
Or beamy morn, to captive e'e?
Or music to the prison'd ear?
Save that wild cadence Liberty!
The orient sun, with golden light,
May stud the palace of the free,
But noon-day gleams are dull as night
To her who weeps for liberty.

2.

Young Spring bath not a flower to charm,
Nor tint of grace, nor breath of glee,
Nor smile to cheer, nor ray to warm
The heart bereft of liberty.
For freedom is the sun the dew
Spring's life, and Summer's fragrant sigh;
We riot in its radiant hue,

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

And when its glory sets we die! *Mary*. [Queen Mary] (*advancing*.)
So from his wiry prison the poor bird
Warbles his lament to departed freedom!
And thou, my youthful maiden, little knowest
What 'tis to drag on life from day to day,
Breathing and taking back the breath of bondage!
To pine and wither 'midst unwholesome walls,
Shut out from all the gay and busy world,

And sight or sound of pleasure; "to receive,
'Stead of the greetings of unpurchased love,
Which call the affections forth, as summer suns
Extract rich beauties from the sordid earth,
A courtesy constrained and cold, that blights
The heart's young blossoms, and withlily touch
Congeals the fount of feeling!" *Cath*. [Catharine Seyton]
My gracious Queen! *Mary*. [Queen Mary]
I know what thou would'st say, my girl; there's love,
And truth, and fix'd devotion in thy look.
Thou deem'st the presence of thy Queen can make
A palace of a prison. But, alas!
When from the surface of that downy cheek
The bleaching hand of stern captivity
Shall pluck the rose and the sad, secret tears
Imparted to thy pillow, shall have worn
Deep furrows where the sickly lillies shed
A morbid paleness the pulses of that heart
Will beat to graver measure, and experience,
Outstripping sadly the fast foot of time,
Lead on such cares, as now thou reck'st not of. *Cath*. [Catharine Seyton]
And care, my royal mistress, shall be sweet
As ever joy has been, can I but turn
The enveaom'd arrows from my queen. *Mary*. [Queen Mary]
Good girl!
If, by the ebb of this ill-fortuned tide,
Which for the present whelms me, Scotland's queen
Should reassume her throne, thy ardent love
And services shall be remembered.

(*Bugle sounds*.) Ha!

What may this mean? (*a knock at the door*.) some unexpected evil!
Give entrance to it, Fleming!

Enter Douglas, with great dejection of look and manner.

Well, Douglas,
Those sorrowing looks of thine are gloomy heralds,
Whose silent eloquence outruns thy tongue!
What means that shrill alarm? *Doug*. [George Douglas]
So please your majesty commissioners

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

From Holyrood were presently expected,
And this loud summons tells us of their arrival. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
Commissioners! From Holyrood! George Douglas!
Whence comes it that the Queen was not informed
Her subjects sought her presence? *Doug.* [George Douglas]
Madam!
Scarce half an hour ago, the lady mother
Gave me such intimation, which the speed
Of their arrival hath overtaken me,
Even in the act of bearing to my Queen.
A page, just set ashore, attends without,
To do your royal pleasure. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
Admit him!
But see! our lady hostess, who well wots
How much we love her presence, hath outstripp'd
Our slow permission.
Enter Lady Lochleven, followed by Roland Græme.
We appreciate duly

The favor of this unrequested visit
This unannounc'd intrusion on the hour
We used to set apart for our devotion. *Lady L.* [Lady Lochleven]
I grieve my presence should offend your grace.
I bring this young addition to your train;
And tho' the day be early, yet I deem'd
The sight of such a spruce and smooth-faced minion
Might well extenuate my fault. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
Doubtless,
Mary of Scotland must admire the love
Which gives the daughter of so many kings,
Herself a Queen anointed, suite so numerous,
As these two waiting women and a page!
Add but an usher and two serving men,
And we shall have attendance which may rival
The train of any country dame in Fife:
The kindness of my nobles or my sovereigns
So I must call them bends me to the earth! *Lady L.* [Lady Lochleven]
Perhaps at some cost of policy, your grace,
This new indulgence has been granted you. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
Or rather, at some cost to our poor hostess.
My selfish rapture made me overlook
The trouble and the charges which will fall
On our good lady and her house, forsooth,
From this officious swelling of our train!
Clothe not that gentle brow with frowns, fair dame;
Pertaining to the crown are goodly manors,
From which your duteous son and my kind brother

Will give large bounty, e'er thro' lack of means
The term of Mary's visit to your castle
Should find an hour's subtraction. *Lady L.* [Lady Lochleven]

SCENE IV.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

The Douglasses

Have ever known their duties to the state,
Aye, and discharged them duly, even when danger
And irksomeness attended the performance,
Regardless of reward. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
Nay, dear Lochleven,
Be not too scrupulous: accept a manor!
What should support the sovereign and her court,
But her crown lands? and such a duteous son
As Murray's Earl, will not disgrace his mother
By insufficient bounty! But I trifle!
Leave us, good hostess: we require some moments
To fit us for this interview.

(*Exeunt* Lady Lochleven and Douglas.)

(*To Roland.*) Young man!

Thou, too, hast left some happy hearth, made cheerful
By kindling smiles, and looks that spoke content,
To share a prison's gloom, and waste thy youth
Where joy inhabits not. *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
So please your highness!
All I have known of pleasure, is the name.
My memory chronicles no hours of joy
On which to found regrets; and for the future,
If these weak sinews and this body's service
Can but acquit the love I owe my Queen,
This day begins my calendar of life.
Mary. [Queen Mary]
Well said, my page: I like the gentle spirit
That speaks throughout thy bearing and thy words.
Thou art my chamberlain my sole attendant:
Wilt thou obey my orders? *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
To death, my Queen! *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
Guard then our chamber door: some slight adjustment
Our dress requires: We would not rebel rudeness
Should prematurely break upon our presence. *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
Madam, no foot shall pass the threshold's limit,
Save o'er this body. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
Attend me, Fleming!
Catharine, bring thou thy harp: its soothing tones
May tranquillize my spirit.

(*Exunt* Mary and Fleming.)

Rol. [Roland Græme] (*As he carries the harp towards the chamber.*)

Well met, fair maid! Now, by my hope of bliss,
We have soon reached the height of our preferment,
And may coo amorous phrases at each other,
Like two caged turtle doves! *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]
Yes, worthy sir!
In separate cages, tho'. But prithee, speed!
Our royal mistress waits my coming. *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
Only a word or too! *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]

SCENE IV.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Another time!
We shall have space enough to use our tongues

Before we leave this place. Hark! Fleming calls!
Give me the harp.

(Exit Catharine.)

Rol. [Roland Græme]

My beauteous Queen and Mistress!

Already in this bosom, every spark
Of generous manhood kindles for thy service.
But hold awhile: this fiery zeal of mine
Ill suits the character of my commission.
To spy upon her actions note her words
And bid mine eyes make comment on her looks

And these with treacherous diligence report
To those who seek her life. Such is the service
Expected at my hands: to them or her

I must prove false: disloyal to my Queen;
Or to base traitors, traitor; Whate'er this blood.

Or wheresoever fountain'd, I'll not stain it
By meanly catering for the gorge of treason.

Treason! What is it! Is it treason to oppose
A sovereignty which rules by desolation?

Mary has powerful foes: whether her guilt,
Or her misfortunes have created them,

I may not judge; yet, ere I list myself (Catharine [Catharine Seyton] *heard without, singing, accompanied.* Roland *listens.*) "My maids come to my dressing bower,

And deck my nut-brown hair,
Where'er ye laid a plait before,

Look ye lay ten times mair." [Roland] [Roland Græme]

My charming mavis! thou art lost to me
If I forsake the Queen, and one sweet smile
One whisper of the heart from thee, repays
Ten thousand dangers. Enough, I am resolved!

(A loud knocking at the door.)

Lord Lind. [Lord Lindesay] *(without.)*

Undo the door within

Rol. [Roland Græme]

At whose command?

Who claims admittance to the Queen of Scotland? *Lord Lind.* [Lord Lindesay]

Fool! on your peril, open; or, by Heaven!

Lindesay will force admission. *Sir R. Mel.* [Sir Robert Melville] *(Without.)*

Nay, be patient!

Let the Queen know her faithful counsellor,

Sir Robert Melville, asks an interview. *Rol.* [Roland Græme]

Your Message shall be sped. (Roland *tops at the door of the Queen's apartment, speaks within, and returning, gives admission to the commissioners.*)

Enter Lord Lindesay, Sir Robert Melville, Lord Ruthven, and Douglas.

Rol. [Roland Græme] *(To Melville.)*

SCENE IV.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Witness Sir Robert Melville, had the Queen
Denied her acquiescence, not a man
Had entered here, save o'er my bleeding corse. *Lord Lind.* [Lord Lindesay]
Silence, loud boy! Where is your trifling mistress? *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
The Queen is here.

Enter Queen Mary, Lady Fleming, and Catharine Seyton.

Mary. [Queen Mary]
We fear we have detained you, noble sirs!
You wear a formidable sword, Lord Lindesay;
A strange court ornament! Feared you to meet
Some giant enemy within these walls? *Lord Lind.* [Lord Lindesay]
No Madam, no! But this good blade of mine
Hath courtier's privilege; for, before this day,
It hath disturbed the presence of a Stuart.
Mary. [Queen Mary]
How so, my lord? *Lord Lind.* [Lord Lindesay]
Your grace shall shortly hear.
Douglas, the Earl of Angus wore this sword,
When from your grandsire's presence, the third James,
He dragged that servile herd of sycophants,
Whose corsers afterwards, on Lawler Bridge,
From their tall gibbets pluck'd the carrion crows.
With this same weapon, near the brook of Fala,
He sheared the courtier's thigh, whose slanderous tongue
To James the fourth traduced him, lopping the limb,
As easily as the early half-grown twig
Is severed from the sappling! *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
'Tis a tale
Fit for a lady's ear! But pray go on.
How pass'd a blade of such illustrious daring
To Lindesay, from the House of Douglas? Methinks
They deem'd too lightly of it, to let pass
So choice a relic! *Sir R. Mel.* [Sir Robert Melville] (*hastily.*)
Nay, Madam, ask it not!
And you, my lord, for shame, reply not to it. *Lord Lind.* [Lord Lindesay]
'Tis time the truth should reach her. Know then, Madam,
When Bothwell's Earl, that foul and murderous traitor,
To personal combat challeng'd any noble
Who dared accuse him, gifted with this sword
By noble Morton, I defied the wretch,
And Heaven so help me, had he kept his word,
This trusty steel so well had carved his body,

That the carnivorous birds and hungry hounds
Had found the morsels suited to their throats. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
Had Mary Stuart worn her father's sword,
The boldest of the rebels on that day
Should not have lack'd foe. But come, my Fleming,
Unless Lord Lindesay find some weightier matter

SCENE IV.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

To treat us with, than these great feats of Bell—the—Cat,
And of the deeds himself proposed to do,
Had time and tide so will'd, we will retire,
And you shall read to me the doughty doings
Of some enchanted knight, at whose bright sword
Armies of monsters melted into air,
Or hardened into statues. *Lord Lind.* [Lord Lindesay]
Tarry, Madam!
I did not seek this interview to tempt
The sharpness of your wit. The secret council
Has charged us with a more important errand. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
Then with your favour, Lords, I'll sit! Proceed!
Sue you for pardon? Do you bring petition
That now I will resume my rightful throne,
And let the cherub mercy check the arm
Of threatening justice? *Lord Ruth.* [Lord Ruthven]
Madam, it pains me
To speak harsh truths: we come to offer pardon
Not implore it. Affix your signature
To these considered instruments, by which,

In favour of your son, you make demission
Of crown and government. Thus you will soothe
The troubled aspect of the times, and spare
Yourself the consequence of rash rejection. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
And is this *all* my loving subjects ask?
Are they content that I resign a crown,
By birthright mine, to an unconscious infant,
A twelvemonth's tenant of this constant world,
Fling down my sceptre, and take up a distaff?
No, this is far too little! Good, my lord!
What says the other scroll? *Lord Ruth.* [Lord Ruthven]
By this your grace
Appoints your trusty kinsman, first in blood,
And the most honoured and honourable
Of all your subjects, James the Earl of Murray,
The kingdom's regent, till the infant King
Arrive at age discreet. *Mary.* [Queen Mary] (*clapping her hands, and then hiding her face.*)
Alas! Alas!
Out of my brother's quiver comes the arrow
And from my brother's bow! Was it for this
I look'd for his return? *Lord Ruth.* [Lord Ruthven]
I pray your answer. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
Traitor. But for my mercy, thy base head
Had long since stood upon the City gates! *Lord Ruth.* [Lord Ruthven]
Let not my presence goad you to your ruin!
The death of Rizzio cost our house its head,
My father, worthier than a thousand slaves
Like that false minion, perished in his exile.
(*Mary weeps.*)
Sir R. Mel. [Sir Robert Melville]

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

This is too harsh, my lords!

Mary. [Queen Mary]

Silence, Sir Robert.

I grieve that traitors should behold me weep.

(wiping her eyes.)

But tell me, haughty Lords, what earthly warrant

Can pluck the crown from the anointed brow. *Lord Lind.* [Lord Lindesay]

Your own misgovernment hath made the land

A scene of bloody brawl and endless contest.

Brother by brother falls, and son by sire:

Rebellion, slaughter, exile and oppression,

Have marked your rule! Your abdication, madam,

Is now a debt you owe your suffering country. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]

Lindesay, you spake not with such scurril taunt

On yon fair summer eve, when at the butts,

In gay Saint Andrew's garden, we essayed

Our skill in archery together; then

Thou wert my friend, and vowedst to be my soldier. *Lord Lind.* [Lord Lindesay] *(affected.)*

Ay, then were all men pleased to play the fool,

So it might win your smile; but gayer men,

And better courtiers jostled me aside,

And made my awkwardness their ridicule. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]

I grieve, my lord, if by my gay demeanour

I gave offence; through idle gaiety

I never shall offend again. *Lord Ruth.* [Lord Ruthven]

Madam,

Our time is wasting. Pray you, make decision! *Mary.* [Queen Mary]

What, on the instant? Not a moment given

On such momentous issue to determine?

What do you offer in exchange for crown,

Wealth, subjects, state and power? *Lord Ruth.* [Lord Ruthven]

We give you pardon,

And time and means in holy solitude,

To make your peace with Heaven. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]

If I refuse *Lord Ruth.* [Lord Ruthven]

For murder and adultery *Sir R. Mel.* [Sir Robert Melville]

Forbear, my lord!

You, and my Lord of Lindesay, for some seconds,

Retire, while I with gentler language strive,

To win her grace's ear. *Lord Lind.* [Lord Lindesay]

So let it be;

For half an hour within the hall we'll wait.

(Exeunt Lindesay and Ruthven)

(Fleming, Catharine, and Sir Robert, kneel to Mary to sooth her.)

Mary. [Queen Mary]

Kneel not to me, Sir Robert! Mock me not

With vain, unmeaning homage! Why stay you here,

With the deposed condemned? *Sir R. Mel.* [Sir Robert Melville]

SCENE IV.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

So help me Heaven,
My heart is true as when your highness filled
The throne of Scotland. I am old, indeed,
And cannot, like the Seytons, wield a sword,
To do you service! *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
Oh! were a Seyton here,
Whose wisdom, truth, and valour, might assist me!
Were there but one, whose arm at Mary's call,
Would bare his trusty sword!
Rol. [Roland Græme]
Madam, there is!

(Drawing his sword, from which falls a scroll.)

Cath. [Catharine Seyton] *(picking up the scroll.)*
Even at your call, my liege, a Seyton's wisdom
Attends with proffered service. *Mary.* [Queen Mary] *(reads.)*
'Tis so, indeed!
This is Lord Seyton's writing, and he counsels
That I submit myself, and sign the deeds,
Which being thus by forceful means obtained,
Will lose their obligation, when affairs
May justify the exposition! My page,
How came you by this parchment? *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
So please your grace!
There's one beside you, who, methinks, could better
Expound the riddle to your highness. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
Catharine!
Knows't thou of this? *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]
Why some such sword as that,
An aged devotee, one Sister Magdalen,
Entrusted to my care, to give the youth,
Lest, being committed to inferior hands,
It might not reach its destiny. My liege,
Thus far I know, but of the writing nothing.
Save that it is my father's. *Sir R. Mel.* [Sir Robert Melville]
My dear mistress!
He has advised you well. Yield to the tide.
Such rapid strides has treason made already
We well may fear the worst. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
You terrify me
Surely no more assassinations! Oh no!
They would not dare *Sir R. Mel.* [Sir Robert Melville]
They talk of trial. Proofs.

And innocence itself, must sometimes stoop
To foul-tongued calumny. Oh be advised! *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
And, if it please my Queen, I will away,
And at the courts of England, France, and Spain,
With fearless tongue, assert the ruling motives
Which influenced your compliance; and should any.
With slanderous scepticism greet my errand.
This arm and this good sword shall write the lie,

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

In bleeding characters, on his foul corse. *Mary.* [Queen Mary] (*giving him her hand to kiss.*)
My page, I thank thee: but the rather now,
As I perforce must sign these instruments,
Serve me by witnessing that not from duty,
Nor of my own inclining, do I yield;
But from the fear of evils which may follow,
Should I refuse. Call in these Lords again!

(*Exit Roland.*)

Sir R. Mel. [Sir Robert Melville]
Your Grace acts wisely. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
That the event will prove.

Re-enter Roland, Lord Lindesay, and Lord Ruthven.

Lord Ruth. [Lord Ruthven]
Madam, we come for your reply. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
My Lords!
Were I on yonder shore, on a fleet jennet,
And ten true knights around me, this poor hand
Should sign my sentence of eternal ruin,
Rather than this concession; but a prisoner,
Circled with walls and waters, I must bend
Where opposition will avail me not.
But be it witnessed 'tis to force alone
I thus submit myself. *Lord Lind.* [Lord Lindesay] (*Roughly grasping Mary's arm.*)
Madam, beware!

Think e'er you strive in useless opposition
To us who are the stronger! *Lord Ruth.* [Lord Ruthven]
Shame, my lord! *Sir R. Mel.* [Sir Robert Melville]
This is too brutal! (*Lindesay looses his hold, and Mary bares her arm.*) *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
My lord, you might have spared this woman's arm
Proof so impressive of your mightier strength;
But well too well it indicates the terms
On which this business rests. Bear witness all,
That in obedience to the Lord of Lindesay,
Who hath imprinted his sign manual here,
I now subscribe these instruments.

(*She signs.*)

Lord Lind. [Lord Lindesay] (*in an undertone.*)
I meant no violence; but women's flesh
Is delicate as new fallen snow.

(*Mary rises, curtsies, and is about to withdraw.*

Lindesay suddenly advances, drops on his knee, kisses her hand and rises.)

Lady!

I kneel to Mary Stuart, that most noble
Of all Heaven's creatures; not to the Queen of Scotland! *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
The Queen and Mary Stuart, rebel Lord,
Both pity and forgive thee; leagued with traitors,
Thou art a good blade in a ruffian's hands:

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Farewell, thou smoother, deeper villain. Ruthven!

Melville, farewell! Mayn't thou find wealthier masters
To give thee richer bribe, than Mary Stuart!
Douglas, inform your grand dame, we desire
To spend the remnant of the day alone.
Roland, some packages which lie at Kinross
Demand your care. Douglas will tell you further!
Farewell to all! (*Exeunt Mary, Lady Fleming, and Catharine, at one door, and at the other, Ruthven, Lindsay, Melville, Douglas and Roland.*), and Roland.)

SCENE V.

A village revel the lake behind numbers of rustics passing to and fro Doctor Lukf Lundin acting as master of the ceremonies, and busying himself with his white wand. Lun. [Luke Lundin] (calling to him an emaciated rustic.)

How do you, honest friend? *Rus.* [Lord Ruthven]

Very weakly, sir, since I took the electuary; it neighboured ill with the two spoonfuls of pease porridge, and the kirn milk.

Lun. [Luke Lundin]

Pease porridge and kirn milk! Have you been under medicine these ten years, and keep your diet so ill? Next morning take the electuary by itself, and touch nothing for six hours.

Rus. [Lord Ruthven]

I will, sir.

(retires.)

Lun. [Luke Lundin] (*to a lame rustic.*)

So ho, there, Saunders Darlet, you have been ill, I hear.

Rus. [Lord Ruthven]

Just got the turn, as I was thinking to send to your honour, and I am brawly now again; it was nae great thing that ailed me.

Lun. [Luke Lundin]

Hark you, sirrah! Remember you owe the laird four stones of barley meal, and a bow of oats. Send no more such kain fowls as you sent last season. They looked as wretchedly as patients dismissed from a plague hospital. Let me see, there is some hard money owing besides.

Rus. [Lord Ruthven]

I was thinking, sir, my best way would be to come down to your honour, and take your advice yet, in case my disorder should return.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Lun. [Luke Lundin]

Do so, then, knave. (*rustic retires, and bout approaches the shore and lands Roland Græme. Lundin advances to receive him.*) The freshness of the morning upon you, fair sir! You are sent, I warrant, to see if we observe here the regimen which her good ladyship hath prescribed, for eschewing all superstitious ceremonies and idle abilities in our revels.

Rol. [Roland Græme]

I have no such charge, doctor.

Lun. [Luke Lundin]

Call me not doctor, since I have laid aside my furred gown and bonnet, and retired me into this temporality of chamberlain.

Rol. [Roland Græme]

Oh, Sir! the cowl makes not the monk, neither the cord the friar. We have all heard of the cures performed by doctor Lundin.

Lun. [Luke Lundin]

Toys, sir, trifles! Marry, heaven sent its blessing and this I must say, better fashioned medicines have brought fewer patients through. But will it please you enter my poor lodging, and take your morning's cup; for what saith the school of Salerno.

Poculum mane haustum

Restaurat naturam exhaustam. *Rol.* [Roland Græme]

Your learning is too profound for me, and so would your draught be likewise, I fear.

Lun. [Luke Lundin]

Not a whit, fair sir a cordial cup of sack, impregnated with wormwood is the best anti-pestilential draught; and, to speak the truth, the pestilential miasmata are now very rife in the atmosphere.

Rol. [Roland Græme]

I heed them not. After some packages, which should have arrived for the lady Mary, I have come to day.

Lun. [Luke Lundin]

Truly, fair sir, they should be here; but John Auchtermuchty, our common carrier, hath not yet arrived. They shall be sought for, and put into your boat. (*A tall old woman, in a high-crowned hat and muffler, passes by, and fixes her eyes on Roland for a moment.*) By the soul of Celsus, it is old mother Nicneven herself: she hath come to beard me within mine own bounds. (*she goes off.*) Fire and faggot shall one day be her welcome.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Rol. [Roland Græme]

In the name of Heaven, who is she?

Lun. [Luke Lundin]

Men call the old hag a prophetess "I do scarce believe she could foretel when a brood of chickens will chip the shell. Men say she reads the heavens my black bitch knows as much of them when she sits baying the moon. Men pretend the old wretch is a sorceress, a witch, and what not" *Inter nos*, I will not contradict a rumour which may bring her to the stake.

Rol. [Roland Græme]

Why would you harm her, if you believe her guiltless.

Lun. [Luke Lundin]

Because, fair sir, she hath a heavier guilt upon her; inasmuch as she haunts the chambers of the sick, giving them trash of herbs and drinks and cordials, thereby disturbing the regular progress of a learned and artificial cure, with her syrups and juleps, and my lady What-you-call-um's powder, and worthy dame Trashem's pill. But no more on't. Mother Nicneven and I shall meet one day, and she shall know there is danger in dealing with the doctor.

Rol. [Roland Græme]

It is a true word, and many have found it so.

Lun. [Luke Lundin]

Amuse yourself, fair sir, with looking on the sports. I must be showing myself abroad.

(Mixes with the throng. A damsel, closely muffled, approaches Roland, who looks at her earnestly. She beckons him, and he follows her. Rol. [Roland Græme]

What wouldst thou, my fair damsel? Whither dost thou lead me? I would I could see her form or face, *(aside.)*

Girl. [Girl]

Follow, and you shall learn.

Rol. [Roland Græme] *(aside)*

There was something in the tone of the voice like Catharine's, yet it cannot be. At all risks, I'll follow her. Tell me your name and lineage. May I not crave as much?

Girl. [Girl]

You may, but it is a question whether or no I shall answer you.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Rol. [Roland Græme]

Perhaps I know more of you than you think.

Girl. [Girl]

Prove it.

Rol. [Roland Græme]

The first letter of your name may be S. and the last N.

Girl. [Girl]

Admirably guessed go on!

Rol. [Roland Græme]

You can switch men's eyes out of their heads as well as hearts out of their bosoms. Remove your muffler.

Girl. [Girl]

I may not.

Rol. [Roland Græme]

Then let me follow you to some sequestered place.

Girl. [Girl]

You dare not.

Rol. [Roland Græme]

How? Dare not! *Girl.* [Girl]

No. I go to Mother Nicneven's; and she is witch enough to rein the horned devil, with a red silk thread for a bridle, and a rowantree switch for a whip.

Rol. [Roland Græme]

Go on ; I'll follow you!

Girl. [Girl]

Let it be at some distance, then!

(Exit.

Rol. [Roland Græme]

Am I always to be the dupe of mystery and witchcraft. At any risk, I'll sift this secret to the bottom.

(Exit.)

SCENE VI.

Interior of Mother Nicneven's cottage. Magdalen Græme, disguised as Mother Nicneven, seated on a stool, and watching a decaying fire. She clasps her hands, and bends, as in devotion. Mag. [Magdalen Græme]

"Droop and decay, thou subtile element;
New fuel will relight thy faded embers,
And reassure thy brightness: but what food,
What kindling touch, can reinspire, once quench'd,
The flame of life in this unconscious bosom.
We are but pilgrimers on Time's long waste,

And few, and scattered wide, the resting places,
Between the cradle and the tomb. Hard care,
Travel, and withering woes, and midnight vigils
Have sped me on my way. I see the goal,
And long to reach it! But," why comes he not!
Surely, the rustic girl I set to lure him
Hath not deceived me. No, I hear her step."

Enter from door behind, the girl.

Girl. [Girl]

He's close behind me. *Mag. [Magdalen Græme]*
Away, good wench, away. *(Exit girl.)*

Enter Roland Græme, hastily looking around him.

Rol. [Roland Græme]

She has out-witted me, by all my hopes. *Mag. [Magdalen Græme] (rising and advancing.)*
What seek'st thou here? *Rol. [Roland Græme] (looking earnestly at her, as she takes off the hat which hid her face.)*

I seek I seek angels and saints it is *Mag. [Magdalen Græme]*
Yes, Roland, the decayed devoted feeble,
But never-fainting! tho' with watching spent,
Still doom'd to watch and wander. Silly boy!
Let not thine eyes chase shadows; her thou seekest
Is but a rustic instrument instructed
To bring thee hither. *Rol. [Roland Græme]*
But, resolve me, mother;
How do I see you here? The dame Nicneven
And Magdalen *Mag. [Magdalen Græme]*
Are one! Since rebel power

Immur'd our Queen within yon dark gray walls,
Here I have fix'd my home. If I have toil'd
By day, by night, when the red sunbeam scorch'd,

Or midnight dews fell round; barefoot and lonely,
If I have struggled thro' the thorny glen,
Or crossed the tedious hills, which lie between
Kinross and Kennaquhair it was to serve
My earthly mistress. *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
"You bewilder me!
Could you have called up knights at every step,
Horsed and accoutred, lances in their hands,
And courage in their hearts, it might have served her.
If woman's breath could batter down these towers,
Break iron locks, bid massive gates unclose
And yield their prisoner; or, still harder task,
Melt the heart-hardness of Lochleven's mistress,
Then you might serve her!" *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]
"Those iron locks may break;
Those gates unclose; armed and accoutred knights
Rush to the service yet, while the foul traitors
Dream on in false security!" *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
What mean you? *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]
The hour is come, when I will speak no more

In lark and mystic phrase. Know then, my son,
The friends of Scotland's sovereign are in arms,
And now on thee, the orphan page, the eyes
Of marshal'd armies turn. *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
On me, my mother! *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]
Ay, on thee! for this, these shrivelled arms,
When, to the howling of the winter's wind,
The forests shook their desolated limbs,
Cradled and cherish'd thee! Child of my hope,
Now my reward is near. *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
You forget, my mother.
Bound, as I am, in duty and in love,
To do all lawful service you, my Queen,
Or Scotland's weal demands; I cannot dare not
Betray my trust. *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]
"Then see thy sovereign perish!
Nay, at the bidding of the heartless traitors,
With whom thou leaguest, present the poison'd chalice,
And be thyself her executioner. False boy!
So hast thou turned my hope to black despair,
My wine to gall, my bread of joy to wo,
As thou hast trampled on my heart's best wishes,
Tread my gray hairs beneath thy feet." *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
"By Heaven!
Sooner than scathe shall fall on her or thee,
This arm of mine shall prove I wear a sword
For other purpose than an empty show." *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]
As thou esteemest an honourable fame.

All good men's prayers, and the approving smile

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Of youthful beauty more than these, my son,
Would'st thou obtain the love of Catharine
Seyton *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
Catharine! Oh, no! Down, down, ambitious heart!
What deed can elevate a nameless man
A foundling child of charity to mate
With high-born maids? Would'st thou prevail, my mother,
Dispel the gloomy mystery of my birth,
And free me from the cold, inglorious load
Which weighs my struggling wishes to the earth. *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]
What said'st thou, stubborn boy? Would I prevail?
The sword thou wear'st will testify the vow
By which 'twas purchased. For thy birth, suffice it,
When the fit time arrives, thou may'st be found
Companion meet for Scotland's loftiest born!
But, who comes here!

Enter Father Ambrose, habited as a man-at-arms.

Father A. [Father Ambrose]
"Salve!" Save you, my sister! *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]
"Salvete!" *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
I sought you, sister Magdalen, and this youth!
(*To Roland.*) Dost thou not bear a packet from George Douglas? *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
I do; but may to none deliver it,
Without some token of his right to ask it.
Father A. [Father Ambrose]
'Tis well! The packet which I ask, my son,
Is the report from Douglas to his father.
Will that suffice? *Rol.* [Roland Græme] (*giving the packet.*)
It will:
(*Father A. breaks it open.*) What have I done!
Should I have erred in my commission. *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]
Peace!
Murmuring, suspecting, ever! *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
Heaven be praised!
All's well! The time holds for to-morrow night! *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
What time? what holds? have I been duped deceived? *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
You have my word and token! *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
A stranger's word
It may be, too, a surreptitious token!
It must have better surety, or, by Heaven *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]
Rash boy! here, by the love I bore thee once,
With my own hand I could destroy thee *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
Be patient, sister! Roland, look on me;
Are these the features of a perfect stranger?
Does this wan forehead, furrowed deep with care
This voice, whose wonted greeting or reproof
Cheer'd thy dull zeal, and check'd thy frequent errors
Does this changed, faded form, in its swift ruin,
Nor line, nor time retain, nor corporeal motion,

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

That wakes some sweet responsive chord of memory
Some indistinct relationship of heart
Rol. [Roland Græme]
I am bewildered! Your manner, voice and mien
Recall the image no no that cannot be
Plumed casque, and sword and buckler, wore nor wielded
That holy man, (*Father A. takes off his casque.*)
Martyrs and saints of Heaven!
(*Dropping on his knee.*) My spiritual father, bless oh bless your son! *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
Arise, my son! the Abbot of Saint Mary's,
When he resigned the mitre and the staff.
Gave back to Heaven the delegated powers
Those outward tokens symbol'd. Yet, my son,
The blessing of an exile fall upon thee. *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
Resolve me, father, whence this sudden change?
Already is the sheepfold violated,
The shepherd smitten, and his scanty flock
Driven forth and scattered? *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
List awhile, my son!
Scarce had our sister Magdalen and yourself
Left Kennaquhair, and scarce the hollow chime
Pealed thro' the shattered aisles the midnight hour,
When Morton's minions came. My brother's power,
Too weak to turn aside the desolation,
Opened a way for my escape; and now
The forest satyr and the owl inhabit
Saint Mary's sanctuary. *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]
Eternal vengeance
Wither the desolating fiends! *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
Monsters! (*a pause.*)

But, father, solve the mystery of the packet;
For whom was it designed? *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
For me, my son! (*Roland starts.*)
Is not my word sufficient surety now? *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
Then George of Douglas is *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
The Queen's true friend. *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
And to his father false! *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
To traitors false!
Foul-tongued, and fouler-hearted traitors! False
Where truth were treason! Roland by the faith
Which leads the erring spirit up to Heaven!
The orisons for thee these lips have uttered!
The memory of those moments oft and precious
When I have pour'd instruction in thine ear!
By the bright lingering spark which yet survives
Of friendship's sacred flame! At Mary's voice
At Scotland's cry unsheathe a willing sword,
And lend thy arm to cleave rebellion's crest. *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]
Listen to her, who, save a mother's throes,
For thee, hath all a mother's travail known.

SCENE VI.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

By all the love I bore thee, when fierce hate
Pursued thine infant life! "By the long wanderings
The drops of passion's agony the groans
The weary hour of wakefulness and pain
Thirst hunger faintnesses which thou
hast caused me!"
Stand for thy Queen! *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
Enough enough, my mother!
Enough, my father! Here, before high Heaven,

This arm of mine, and this my trusty sword,
I give to Mary's service! *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme] (*embracing him.*)
My darling son!
My pride! my glorious recompence! Away!
Waste not the precious hours of preparation!
Prayer, vigil, fasting, are assigned to me,
And I would to my task.

(*Exit.*)

Rol. [Roland Græme]
What task is mine? *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
Pursue her not, my son, but follow me.
I will unfold our plans as we proceed;
The day grows old apace, and your delay,
Too long protracted, will excite suspicion.
Come on, my son; our cause is just and holy;
To fall in't were a glorious martyrdom
While to succeed, reclaims our broken shrines,
Restores the throne its rightful occupant,
And gives to Scotland peace. *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
Come life come death!
My faith is pledged! Henceforth, the foes of Mary
Are Roland's enemies, and this his watch-word
A sovereign's freedom and a subject's love!

(*Exeunt Father Ambrose and Roland.*)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

An Anti-chamber in Lochleven Castle.

Roland Graeme and Catharine Seyton, meeting.

Cath. [Catharine Seyton]
Well met, my slippery page! methinks 'twere easier
To grip the subtle wind, than catch thine ear,
And hold it for a moment. *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
Your will, fair dame! *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]

ACT III.

I wish to ask of Kinross what's the news? *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
The sports went merrily the chamberlain
Strutted, chid roundly, spouted monstrous latin,
And surgery still more monstrous. *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]
Pahaw! what care!
How went the sports or how the chamberlain
Discharg'd his mimic office? Saw you none,
Or nothing of more intimate concernment? *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
By the mass, fair maid, I did: a juggler,
Who with his craft so gall'd the multitude
That the loons swore nay, lady, frown not thus,
Nor curl your lip with scorn I saw I saw
One whom they call'd a witch, and from her lips
I gained dark phrases and ambiguous hints. *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]
And she was speak, Roland, speak *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
Yes, lady fair,
She was a woman.
Cath. [Catharine Seyton]
Your wit is hasty, sir;
I grieve I lack the spirits to enjoy it. *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
Then, to be serious: confidence, fair Catharine,
Is to be won by confidence alone.
From all this morning's conferences and councils
I was excluded, as one on whom mistrust
Had laid its gloomy interdict. Not alone
The heart in which it dwells, suspicion blights,
But withers where it falls to foe turns friend,
Creating two-fold desolation. *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]
Roland!
If aught has been withheld *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
If *ought* withheld
Was *ought* communicated? By my sword!
My sword! Well thought of, lady; was it given
For service which becomes a manly arm,
Or to hang idly by my side, till rust
Should eat away its gilding? *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]
Hot-blooded youth!
What deeds of thine demand implicit trust?
And if one foolish person weakly thinks
Thy blood is pure thy faith thy honour true;
And on her proffered pledge, the Queen resolves
To try thy fealty it perchance were easier
To prove than justify the fact. *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
And this friend
This only one whose kind and generous heart
Did Roland justice tell me, dearest Catharine,
To whom I owe so large a debt? *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]
Nay, Roland,
If your own heart *Rol.* [*Roland Græme*] (*drooping on one knee, and seizing her hand,*)
Beloved, angelic sweetness!

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Cath [Catharine Seyton]

If your own heart discover not, I say

(*disengaging her hand.*)

'Tis most ungrateful, since the Lady Fleming *Rol.* [Roland Græme] (*starting on his feet*)

Fleming! ungenerous girl! why mock me thus?

"The maiden wrought in yonder figured tapestry

Would sooner quit those ancient walls, and plead,

Than would the Lady Fleming." Why damp my hopes?

Why dissipate the vision you created?

There is but one to whose high estimation

My heart aspires; and foiled in that ambition,

What are the Queen's or Scotland's feuds to me *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]

For shame for shame *Rol.* [Roland Græme]

Why check my ardour then?

Why, when the enchantment of a single word

Had won me to the fortunes of the Queen,

Destroy the dear delusion with a breath,

And set my love and loyalty adrift,

Both helm and anchor lost? *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]

I could not hear

The cause which kindles every Scottish heart

Named in conjunction with a selfish motive.

Who serves his God, his country, and his Queen,

Requires no advocate for woman's love.

She whom he singles out becomes his debtor,

And owes the recompense her life repays. *Rol.* [Roland Græme]

You hold a glorious prize be mine the venture!

Now by my hope of heaven and thee, sweet maid:

Henceforth, the quarrel of the Queen is mine,

And I'll embrace it to the death. *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]

Will you?(*taking his hand.*)

Will you, indeed? Oh he but firm in purpose,

As thou art prompt and bold, and after ages

Shall hail thee Scotland's saviour! But the

Queen!

Enter Queen Mary and Lady Fleming.

Mary. [Queen Mary] (*as she enters, much agitated,*)

Chafed! Grant me patience, heaven! Was't not enough

To rob me of my child? These are rare times,

When helpless infants are set up to thrust

Liege mothers from their thrones! *Flem.* [Lady Fleming]

Madam, be calm! *Mary.* [Queen Mary]

Talk not to me of calmnes! can the doe

See the fierce tiger fasten on her young,

And yet, with all her impotence, be still

While the red massacre goes on. *Flem.* [Lady Fleming]

My Queen! *Mary.* [Queen Mary]

ACT III.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Then I am still a Queen! so well, my Fleming!

[*During the latter part of this conversation, Catharine advances to the Queen, bends her knee, and gently taking her hand, kisses it. Roland places the chair and footstool, and steps back. Mary sees Catharine.*]

Ah! is it thou, *ma petite mignone*. *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]
Daughter of many kings, this youthful'squire,
Thro' me, makes tender of his hand and sword!
(*she beckons Roland, who advances.*)
Come, Roland, bend with me, before your Queen
And offer your devotion.

(*Roland kneels beside her.*)

Rol. [Roland Græme]
Gracious sovereign!

Unknown as yet in council or the field
I have no skill to boast, but heart and hand,
In faith and bold devotion unsurpassed! *Mary.* [Queen Mary] (*Giving one hand to Roland, and with the other arranging the locks on Catharine's forehead.*)
Alas! that you should mix your fates with mine!
And yet not so! thro' you, Heaven bids me hope.
Oh, faithful pair! should we resume our throne,
Shall we not have one day of blithesome bridal,
Of which nor bride nor groom must now be named?
But he Blairgourie's barony shall have,
And 'midst her locks shall twine the fairest pearls
Lochlomond's depths have ever yielded; and thou,
Yes thou, my Fleming, shalt, for my love, twine them! (*Roland and Catharine rise.*) *Flem.* [Lady Fleming]
Alas! my Queen, your thoughts stray far from hence! *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
They do; but is it well to call them back!
I will recal the vision: at that bridal,
Mary shall lead a measure. Tell me, Fleming,
For care hath marr'd my memory at whose wedding
We threaded last the merry *branle*? *Flem.* [Lady Fleming]
Alas! my queen! *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
What?
Not help me out? Thou art court-bred, my Fleming;
And best wilt understand another language
The Queen commands thee to remind her where
She mingled with the merry dancers last?
Flem. [Lady Fleming]
Gracious Queen! if I err not, at Holyrood
The marriage of Sebastian! *Mary.* [*Queen Mary*](*shrieks.*)
Traitor! Would'st slay thy sovereign?
Call my French guards!
A moi a moi mes Français! I am beset!
Oh! they have killed my husband! rescue! rescue!
For Scotland's Queen! We'll take the field ourself!
Warn Lothian Fife Saddle our Spanish barb;
And bid French Paris charge our petronel!
For better, as our grandsire fell at Flodden,

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

To perish in the field, than, like our father,
Die of a broken heart! *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]
Be patient, madam! (*To Lady Fleming.*)
How could you call to mind her husband? *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
Husband! what husband? not the heir of France!
He's ill at ease he cannot mount his horse!
Not him of Lennox! No, 'twas Orkney's Duke!
Bid him come hither, quick, and bring his lambs,
Bowton, Black Ormiston, and Hay, of Talla,
And Hob, his kinsman! Fie, how swart they are!
And how they smell of sulphur! *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
My gracious Queen! *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
What! closetted with Moreton! Nay, if't be so
If Douglass and the Hepburn hatch together.
When the bird breaks the shell, Scotland may tremble!
What says my Fleming? *Flem.* [Lady Fleming]
Wilder and wilder still?

'Twere better we support her to her chamber
These paroxysms are not of long duration. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
Ha! ha! ha! I said it would not fit;
That crown was made not for so small a head
Give him a diadem of oh! (*Overcome with fatigue, sinks into the arms of Roland, &c. who bear her off.*)

SCENE II.

A Chamber in the Castle.

Enter George Douglass, [George Douglas] as in deep thought.

How heavily move the hours which step between
The birth of hope and its maturity.
Minutes like months, and months like ages creep,
As if their wonted wings were featherless,
And time itself stood waiting for the issue.
Old Dryfesdale is sick should Ambrose come
He must hold watch; and that will aid us well
He has the pass-word and the Douglass token,
And cannot meet obstruction. Who come's here?

Enter Roland Græme. [Roland Græme]

Roland! welcome, my friend! For by such name
Upon the Abbot's faith I give you greeting. *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
The noblest of the house of Douglass honours
Whom thus he greets. How looks our enterprise? *Doug.* [George Douglas]
It wears a face of promise, if the father
Deceive us not. Yet still one obstacle
Remains to be o'ercome. *Rol.* [Roland Græme]

SCENE II.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Name it, Douglass. *Doug.* [George Douglas]
The castle keys! To night, our lady mother

Herself retains them: and without their help
Our schemes must prove abortive. *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
Methinks
A little skill I have in handicraft
Will serve us here. Oft at the armourer's forge.
In Avenel Castle, I amused my hours
In making iron toys. Some sundry keys
I have with my apparel, which, with skill
Combined, might pass unknown to sharper eyes
Than boasts Lochleven's lady. *Doug.* [George Douglas]
Most excellent!
Prepare them instantly: the night advances:
In half an hour the curfew will be rung:
And at the Douglass mother's evening visit,
The keys must be exchanged. *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
Be that my care.
This night shall bring my skill and sleight to proof.

(Exit Roland.)

Doug. [George Douglas]
The page has proved a notable ally.

Enter Lady Lochleven, followed by a servant.

Lady L. [*Lady Lochleven*] (*as she enters,*)
A man at arms! And from Sir William Douglas!
(*Seeing Douglas,*) Well found, my son!
(*to servant,*) Go, and conduct him hither.
A servant recommended by my son,
Demands admittance to our presence.

Re-enter servant, followed by Father Ambrose. [Father Ambrose] and exit servant.

Your name, good fellow? *Father A.* [Father Ambrose] (*bowing,*)
Edward Glendinning. *Lady L.* [Lady Lochleven]
Art of the Knight of Avenel's blood *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
Aye, madam.
Lady L. [Lady Lochleven]
'Tis well: by his own works and worth approved
From low condition he hath raised himself
To rank exalted. Welcome is his kinsman!
Doubtless, you follow the true faith? *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
Doubt it not. *Lady L.* [Lady Lochleven]
Hast thou no letter from my son? *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
None, Lady!
A private token, merely. *Lady L.* [Lady Lochleven]
I would hear it.
In what does it consist? *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]

SCENE II.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

An old bard's words

"O, Douglas, Douglas!

Tender and true." *Lady L.* [Lady Lochleven]

Aye, trusty Sir John Holland; kinder heart

Ne'er prompted minstrelsy: the Douglas honour

Was ever on his harp-string. Glendinning!

Fearest thou the night air? *Doug.* [George Douglas]

Not a jot. I'll warrant!

He comes in happy time, my lady mother,

To fill the vacant space of Dryfesdale. *Lady L.* [Lady Lochleven]

But trust him only with the outer ward,

Till from our son we gather more of him. *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]

Lady, fear not: I shall fulfil the trust

Your honoured son reposed in me. *Lady L.* [Lady Lochleven]

I doubt not.

My son, conduct him to the buttery;

Let much be made of him. (*curfew tolls.*) I must away;

The tolling of the curfew summons me

To do a hateful duty.

(Exeunt at separate doors.)

SCENE III.

The Queen's anti-chamber.

Enter Roland, with a bunch of keys.

Rol. [Roland Græme]

Kind saints are thinking of me, by the mass!

These are the Castle-keys' nice counterfeit;

As ponderous and as rusty too. Smile on,

Propitious fates; and, at the morning's dawn,

We'll trip it on the greensward merrily.

(Puts the keys in his pocket.)

Enter Catharine, from the inner chamber, with a lamp.

Cath. [Catharine Seyton]

Repose and silence have restored the Queen.

Roland, well met! Ascend that balcony,

And instant place this lamp within the window,

And tell what lights reply across the lake.

My bosom tells me we shall see two gleams.

(Roland takes the lamp and exit, then re-appears at the window with a light.)

Two lights are seen to glimmer on the distant margin of the lake.

Rol. [Roland Græme]

I see two lights; and if I rightly guess

SCENE III.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

They gleam from old Blinkhoolie's cottage windows. *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]
Right, Roland, and like saint Elmo's lights, in storms,
They kindle hope and consolation.

(One light is extinguished.)

Rol. [Roland Græme]

See,

One of the lights is out.

Cath. [Catharine Seyton]

Oh, say you so.

The hour of freedom is at hand come down.

(Roland descends and enters.)

The boat has left the shore. *Rol.* [Roland Græme]

Propitious saints!

Invest it with a sevenfold shield of night.

Enter Queen Mary and Lady Fleming.

Cath. [Catharine Seyton]

My gracious liege, heaven prospers our designs.

The signal of deliverance gleams. You light

Proclaims our friends already on the lake.

For God's sake, madam, droop not now! *Mary.* [Queen Mary]

Alas!

My mind misgives that I shall die in bondage.

How can we cheat or bribe the dragon who retains

The keys of this our prison? *Rol.* [Roland Græme]

Call up, my liege,

The hundred spirits of your kingly sires,

And bear yourself with fortitude. These keys,

If Catharine will beguile the lady's ear,

Shall be the substitutes of those she bears,

And then the door of liberty is open. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]

Oh, Roland Græme, how many have proved false!

Be true to me in this my hour of need.

A soothsayer in France foretold me once,

That I should die in prison. Heaven forefend

That his prognostic should be now fulfilled! *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]

Oh, are you not a queen? and wer't not better

To die in one bold struggle after freedom,

Than wither in the heat of poisonous drugs

By some base hands administered? *Mary.* [Queen Mary]

It were!

I will be firm, and bear me like myself.

This awful venture claims my utmost courage,

But I will be prepared. *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]

Timely resolved;

For see, my liege, here comes our lady hostess.

[Enter Lady Lochleven and servants, bearing dishes, who place them on the table and exeunt. Enter servant with a white wand, bearing the keys, which he lays on the table, bows and

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

exit. During the first part of the conversation which ensues, the lady is occupied in tasting the various dishes.]

Mary. [Queen Mary]

We may not mourn the smallness of our court
When in herself our hostess thus unites
The offices of Almoner and Steward,
With captain of our guard. *Lady L.* [Lady Lochleven]
Not inclination,
But prudence, let me say, necessity,
Hath deck'd me with this triple character.
Old Dryfesdale is bedrid. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
And George of Douglas *Lady L.* [Lady Lochleven]
Feels such repugnance to approach your grace.
(And much do I commend his wariness)
That for this evening I have given consent
He may excuse himself.

(She is about to take up the keys.)

Rol. [Roland Græme]

Holy martyrs!
What lights illumine the church-yard
Or do some fancied glimmerings cheat my sight?

(Lady Lochleven turns about, Roland quickly changes the keys with a slight

clash.)

Lady L. [Lady Lochleven] *(Turning hastily round)*

Who touched the keys? *Rol.* [Roland Græme]

Twas my coat sleeve, my Lady!

I pressed too rudely forward. *Lady L.* [Lady Lochleven] *(Taking up the keys and again looking from the window.)*

These gleams, methinks,
Come from Blinkhoolie's window, not the church-yard.

I wonder much what thrift the gardener drives,

That thus, of late, his house is lighted up

Beyond his usual hours! *Rol.* [Roland Græme]

Lady, perchance

He works his baskets! *Lady L.* [Lady Lochleven]

Or his nets what say you? *Rol.* [Roland Græme]

Aye, madam, like enough, for trout or salmon! *Lady L.* [Lady Lochleven]

Or fools and knaves! No no this must be looked to.

I thought him an industrious, peaceful man;

But if he harbours idle men night-walkers

We must be rid of him. Good night, your Grace!

To-morrow old Blinkhoolie shall attend us.

(Exit Lady Lochleven.)

Rol. [Roland Græme] *(After a brief pause.)*

To-morrow! Aye let idiots cry "to-morrow,"

While wise folk use to-night. My gracious liege

Now if our friends on shore are brave and faithful

All will go well: *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]

They are as true as steel:

SCENE III.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Fear not, so that our dear and royal mistress
Maintain her noble courage. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
Doubt not me:
The woman's weakness I have cast aside,
And roused the spirit of those sprightlier days
When, with my armed nobility encircled,
I longed to know the weight of sword and buckler. *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]
The lark lives not a gayer life, nor sings
A blither carol, than the merry soldier.
Your Grace, I trust, shall be among them soon;
And the Queen's presence, in the time of need,
Shall make their host and power of triple strength. *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
So please your Highness to retire a moment,
While I hold parley with the sentinel,
And see the boat in readiness Anon,
Expect me, and prepare to summon up
Your utmost courage for the final struggle. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
If thou deceive me, Roland! No no no!
Thou would'st not kill thy Queen! away, brave youth!
I will attend thy summons.

(Exeunt, Queen Mary, Catharine, and Lady

Fleming into the inner room, and Roland to the gates.)

SCENE IV.

Outside of the Castle Walls The Lake, and a boat, with rowers lying sheltered under one of the towers.

Father Ambrose, [Father Ambrose] as a Sentinel.

The moon has sunk beneath yon southern hills,
And all is hushed in silence. My throbbing heart
Lie still! Down, anxious thoughts, and hasty terrors!
An injured Queen is Heaven's peculiar charge,
And every fear is impious.

(Douglas advances from the boat.)

Doug. [George Douglas]
No tidings yet!
What if young Græme should fail to change the keys? *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
Oh, doubt him not! The hour is most propitious:
Would he were here! *Doug.* [George Douglas]
I do believe him true:
But we have left too much to chance, methinks.
He can but seize the occasion not create it. *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
Methought I heard the grating of the wards.

[Enter Roland cautiously opening the gate.]

Rol. [Roland Græme]
Hist, Father! hist! Are all things ready? *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
All
The boat, my son, lies close beneath the walls:

SCENE IV.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

The rowers rest upon their oars. Be speedy;
No time should now be lost. *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
Expect us promptly.

(Roland re-enters the gate.)

Doug. [George Douglas]
Another moment and the stake is won!
And Douglas for a hopeless passion yields

Fortune and friends, and fame. *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
Not so, young man!
Thy fortune shall be Mary's charge; the friends
Thy loyalty shall win thee, far outnumber
The tale of those thou lovest, and thy fame
Shall be the care of grateful ages! *Doug.* [George Douglas]
For good or ill, my lot is cast with Mary.

Re-enter Roland with Queen Mary, Catharine, and Lady Fleming.

Mary. [Queen Mary]
Support me, Roland, for my trembling limbs
Feel weak and weary. Where lies the boat? *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
Courage, my Queen! One effort more for freedom. *Doug.* [George Douglas]
Under the islet lies the boat? my liege,
Safe from the warder's ken. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
Heavens! a soldier!
Am I betrayed at last. *Ambrose.* [Father Ambrose] *(Kneels)*
My Queen, my mistress!
Your faithful Ambrose has exchanged the staff
And cowl and mitre, for the glittering steel
Alike your priest and soldier. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
My Father:
Your presence is the surety of success.
Your arm. My trusty squire, lead Catharine forward;
Douglas, let Fleming be your charge! *Ambrose.* [Father Ambrose] *(As they retire towards the boat.)*
My son,
Who holds the inner watch of night? *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
Hildeband:
A heavy headed knave, who drinks and sleeps

Too deep to let our converse interrupt him. *(They arrange themselves in the boat, but just as the rowers are about to push off Rol.* [Roland Græme] *(Leaping ashore)*
I have forgotten wait but half a minute.

(He runs to the gate, opens it, and disappears.)

Doug. [George Douglas]
What means the page? *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
Heavens! Is he false at last! *Catharine.* [Catharine Seyton]
No, true as Heaven itself, I will maintain. *(During the conversation, the boat is pushed off from the shore, before Roland returns; who re-entering locks the gate, and with a spring, reaches the boat.) Doug.* [George Douglas]
That dash will wake the centinel. Row, lads!
The castle boat will soon pursue us. *Rol.* [Roland Græme]

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Fear not!

When I ran back, I locked both gate and wicket;
If doors of oak and iron bolts can hold.

Nor man nor boat stirs thence to night. And now,
Good Kelpie, take possession of the keys

(He throws the keys into the lake.)

Father A. [Father Ambrose]

Bless thee, my son, thy prudence saves us all.

(A cry from the castle walls "a boat!" "a boat!"

"Treason!" "Treason!" The bell rings a shot or two is fired as the boat is lost sight of, shouts are heard, "they have escaped!" "they have escaped!")

SCENE V.

A Scottish encampment, night.

Adam Woodcock [Adam Woodcock] as a Sentinel.

Oh! that my mother's son should ever have left the peaceful practice of falconry, to handle a harquebuss! What a prostitution of talents! Any loon or idiot can shoulder a gun, but a knowledge of falconry is a vocation known to few. The night air is cold, and alas that I should say so! there is neither beef nor brandywine to fly to for succour against the damps of this devilish low land flat. "To my thinking, a soldier's is a miserable occupation: not to mention long marches, and wet and cold, and wet heather for a bed, and cold iron for a pillow, which are hardships enough in their way; he has to encounter those worst of all evils for a goodly constitution like mine, frequent abstinences from meat and drink and wholesome slumber." Who goes there? stand or I'll shoot you.

Enter Luke Lundin cautiously.

Lundin. [Luke Lundin]

Friend! Friend Sentinel!

Adam. [Adam]

Your business? Nay keep off the length of my harquebuss, unless you have any good cordial in that pouch of yours.

Lundin. [Luke Lundin]

Cordial, friend. Verily I have an elixir which operateth *tuto* , *cito* , *jocundo*!

Adam. [Adam]

I never heard of that liquor before: and lest it should be poison, my spy o' the camp, you shall even take the first pull at it yourself.

Lundin. [Luke Lundin]

That is an anomaly in our practice,

SCENE V.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

friend, nevertheless will I oblige thee. All maladies, from your *tussis* to your *pestis* walk abroad in the night air. Dost thou not know that I am a son of Hypocrates?

(*Drinks.*) *Adam.* [Adam]

Is he a pagan papist, or one of the reformed?

Lundin. [Luke Lundin] (*Taking the flask from his lips and handing it to Adam.*)

Reformed! What said you of reformed, my son of Mars? Ah, I see; thou hast discovered that I am a physician! Thou hast sagacity! True, we have much reformed the practice. Esculapus was a mere blunderer, and Galen an ignoramus compared with our modern school. What think you of my double-distilled *aqua mirabilis*? *probatum est!*

Adam. [Adam]

I like the liquor better than the name of it. And now, friend, pray inform me that is your business here. If you want patients, you'll find plenty; for this cold marshy land has given us all agues and asthmas.

Lundin. [Luke Lundin]

Agues and asthmas! excellent! I have a most perfect knowledge of diagnosis, since I see with half an eye what disease you are sick of; and as for remedies, I have them all at my fingers' ends. But *apropos*, friend, who commands here?

Adam. [Adam]

Lord Lindesay of the Byres; and with him Lord Ruthven and Sir Halbert Glendinning, knight of Avenel, and far renowned for his famous falconer. You will soon have an opportunity of seeing them, for I have orders to take every stranger before them. So if you would escape the hangman, get a good story ready.

Lun. [Luke Lundin]

Thou art a pestilent fellow, to talk to me of the hangman. My business is with thy masters. I have important matter on which to commune with them; and when thou shalt discover, saucy knave, in what estimation they will hold me, thou will be convinced, to thy cost, that the physician's quality may not be jested with.

Adam. [Adam]

Out of gratitude for thy cordial, I will not prick thee with my poniard, nor pinion thy hands, so thou observest a fit decorum, and keepest by my side.

Lun. [Luke Lundin]

Prick or pinion me at thy peril, thou inveterate swash-buckler. If my degree cannot protect me from the insolence of the illiterate vulgar, it may suffice to bring down punishment on those who undervalue it.

Pedestriety! *Adam.* [Adam]

I don't understand your trash of surgery-sounds.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Lun. [Luke Lundin]

Walk, sirrah! Or as the vocabulary of war hath it march!

Adam. [Adam]

Thou art a wag; and for thy waggery I could desire to crack pottle with thee hereafter; so the hempen collar crack not thy neck, in the mean time. Come along, thou cracker of jests, as well as constitutions.

Lun. [Luke Lundin]

If we should drink together, it must be cordials of mine own distillation; inasmuch as I am no friend to the fiery admixtures and potations which the tavern hosts drench their customers withal; and which are mischevius to bodily sanity.

Adam. [Adam]

Come along, my fine fellow, we'll not quarrel about the distiller, so we get the essence. March.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE VI.

Interiro of Lord Lindesay's tent.

Lord Lindesay, Lord Ruthven, and Sir Halbert Glendinning, at a table.

Lord L. [Lord Lindesay]

Be it so my friends: we break up with the dawn,
And pitch our tents still nearer to Lochleven.

The Regent's letters say the Hamiltons

And Seytons have been missed from Edinburgh. *Sir H.* [Sir Halbert Glendinning]

That looks suspicious. *Lord R.* [Lord Ruthven]

They are men who sleep not;

And when their clans are out, our swords, be sure,

Will not have time to rust.

Enter Adam Woodcock and Luke Lundin.

Lord L. [Lord Lindesay]

What have we here?

Adam. [Adam]

A wandering gentleman, my lord, whom I picked up while strolling about the edge of the camp. I thought him a spy, he denied it; and as he says he is a physician, and can cure asthmas and agues, I am bound to believe him.

Lord L. [Lord Lindesay]

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Who are you and what seek you here?

Lun. [Luke Lundin]

First, my lord, for such I take you to be from your own aspect, as well as the report of this *anguis in herba*, who lay in wait for me, my name is Luke Lundin, of Kinross, better known as Doctor Luke Lundin, until I laid aside my furred gown and bonnet, and retired me into the temporality of chamberlain, which I enjoy under the favor of the Lady of Lochleven.

Lord L. [Lord Lindesay]

Lochleven! Come you from that quarter?

Lun. [Luke Lundin]

Yes, my good lord, and being a good friend to church and state, as it is now established, I journeyed hitherward to your camp to commune with you, as to certain diagnostics of a suspicious nature, which I have lately noted.

Lord L. [Lord Lindesay]

Be brief, knave or chamberlain, or what thou art, and tell us what thou hast observed.

Lun. [Luke Lundin]

I have noted men in arms loitering about our town: more especially at a recent revel which was held, there, I did observe divers of this class mixing in our sports, and I do mistake me if I saw not, under a muffler, the countenance of a Seyton.

Lord L. [Lord Lindesay]

The game is sprung, my friends: the chase is up Good fellow, thou shalt have promotion.

Adam. [Adam] (*aside to Lundin,*)

Comrade, we will drink together Anon.

Lord L. [Lord Lindesay]

What more canst thou communicate.

Lun. [Luke Lundin]

But little more, my lord, save that there is a witch, who hath long loitered about the town to the prejudice of good morals and the disadvantage of my faculty, and her do I suspect of colleaguings with rebels, inasmuch as armed men have been watched to go in and out of her abode, and even now she is missing altogether.

Lord L. [Lord Lindesay]

She shall feel fire and faggot. Go thy way,
And get refreshment. Look to him, soldier:

SCENE VI.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Anon, we may converse again.

(Exeunt Adam and Lundin.)

Lord Ruthven

There's treason in our front. The page, Sir Halbert

That boy of thine, we hear, has been suspected.

Thy brother Edward too, the would-be-abbot,

Let them look to't! *Sir H.* [Sir Halbert Glendinning]

Why this to me, my lord?

My faith stands high my service unimpeached.

Their own heads answer for their truth or treason. *Lord R.* [Lord Ruthven]

Even so, Sir Knight, we know thy courage well.

Let it not chafe thee that Lord Lindesay's heat

Somewhat o'erstepped his courtesy. *Lord L.* [Lord Lindesay]

I meant not

To impute unworthiness to Avenel's knight.

My hand! And now to business: methinks, my friends,

Twere well to march at dawn. *Sir H.* [Sir Halbert Glendinning]

Why not before?

Our troops are fresh! *Lord R.* [Lord Ruthven]

Why not within this hour?

West Niddrie, where the Seytons have a castle,

Is scarce six leagues before us. Ere the dawn,

We may o'ercome three leagues! *Lord L.* [Lord Lindesay]

Agreed, my friends!

With all my heart agreed. This looks like vigour!

Now to your different posts, and thro' the camp

Let the shrill trumpet wake the drowsy bands;

Strike all the tents, and let our prompt array

Outstrip the lazy night.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE VII.

A room in Lord Seyton's castle. A row of arches behind: beyond which is seen an oratory; in one part of which Roland GrÆme is seen leaning against a pillar, in a moody posture. On the other side George Douglas is seen reclining in the recess of a window, his back against the wall, and his arms folded.

Father Ambrose, Lord Seyton, nobles and officers.

Lord S. [Lord Seyton]

Father, how fares the Queen? With the young day,

We must to horse again. *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]

She bears it well:

Hope buoys her spirits, and the air of freedom

Gives more than natural vigour to her frame.

But see, she comes!

Enter Queen Mary, Lady Fleming, and Catharine. The nobles bow.

SCENE VII.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Mary. [Queen Mary]

Thanks, noble, generous friends! The debt I owe you
Claims a more liberal recompense than words:
And, should I reach the top of Fortune's wheel,
I'll throw aside her bandage, and with gift
Large as a sovereign's power, reward your service.
Which way resolve your councils we should take? *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
So please your majesty, to Draphane Castle,
Thence to Dumbarton, and your royal person
Placed in security, it is proposed
To take the field. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
When do we journey, lords. *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
We purpose, should your Grace's strength permit,

To take horse presently. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]

Your will is mine:

We rule our journey by your wisdom now;
And hope, hereafter, to command its aid
To guide our kingdom's councils. Make all ready;
And I'll attend your summons. (*Exeunt Lord Seyton, nobles and officers.*)
(*To Catharine,*) Where's my page?
George Douglas too? What keeps them from our presence? *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]
They are in yonder oratory, madam,
In melancholy mood enough. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
Indeed!
This may not be. Go, call them hither, girl.

*[Catharine retires to the oratory, and returns
with Douglas and Roland, who advance on each side the Queen.]*

Say, Douglas, how is this? Why does the friend
Who first devised this happy scheme of freedom,
And aided to achieve it, strangely shun
His fellow nobles and indebted Queen? *Doug.* [George Douglas]
Madam, the nobles who surround you now,
Bring wealth and vassals to support your cause;
Castles of might, and splendid halls are theirs,
To make you welcome and secure but I
I am a houseless, solitary man,
Cursed, disinherited, disowned and poor,
My sword my life is all I bring! *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
Douglas!
Would you upbraid your Queen, by thus recounting
What, for her sake, you have surrendered? *Doug.* [George Douglas]
No, Heaven forbid! were it to do again

And I had rank, and wealth, and friends to lose,
Exceeding twenty fold what I have lost
All would I gladly give: but yet, my liege,
I am a Douglas; with the nobles round you,
In feud, my family have been for ages,
Coldness from them were insult, still more galling

SCENE VII.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Greetings of hollow kindness. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
Douglas, for shame,
Shake off unmanly gloom. In wealth and title
Mary can match thee with the proudest noble.
Go then amongst them, I command. *Doug.* [George Douglas]
My liege,
At that command I go. Yet not for wealth
Nor barren title have I ventured all:
Mary, alas! will not reward her victim,
And the Queen cannot!

[*Exit.*

Mary. [Queen Mary]
Our lady pity me.
No sooner are my prison sorrows ended,
Than all a woman's cares beset me. Alas!
Poor Douglas! (*sees Roland*) How now, Roland
Græme! This morning,
Why thus neglectful? Has your last night's ride
Prevented your attendance? *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
Madam, not so!
I have been checked, insulted, put aside;
Lochleven's page, it seems, at Niddrie Castle,
Is page no longer. Churl's blood may not sit
Where these proud Seytons breathe. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
Who waits there, ho?

[*Enter Servant.*

Send my Lord Seyton hither!

(*Exit Servant.*)

By my crown!

I'll have my page sit down with Scotland's noblest.

Enter Lord Seyton. [Lord Seyton]

My Lord! Look on this youth! Wer't not for him,
Spite of your goodly show of spears and lances,
Mary had still been 'prisoned in Lochleven.
Give him your hand! *Lord Sey.* [Lord Seyton]
With all my heart, my liege.
I owe him that good will for former service,
When in an evening brawl his trusty weapon
Redeemed me from a villain's stroke. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
How, then,
Is he repaid with slight and contumely? *Lord Sey.* [Lord Seyton]
He makes pretension to my daughter, madam.
I am the servant of your Grace's throne,
My goods, my castles, and my blood, are your's.
I must retain my honor's custody,

SCENE VII.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

And as its guardian, I pronounce a Seyton
Can be no more to him, than any churl
Who dares to ask her.

Enter (suddenly from behind the shrine) Magdalen GrÆme.

Mag. [Magdalen Græme]
Of what clay then art thou,
That the Græme's blood may not be blent with thine?
Know this, proud Lord, this youth owes his descent
To Malise with the bright brand, Earl of Strathern,

Boasts this hot blood of your's a higher source? *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
Kind Heaven, I thank thee! *Lord Sey.* [Lord Seyton]
But, my Sainted Mother!
His father's name *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]
Julian of Avenel, Lord!
Who fell in glorious fight against the Southron.
There is a wandering spirit of the air,
Whose evidence, at some befitting hour,
Shall second mine; and at her mystic coming
A cloud shall rise before Glendinning's sun,
And shroud its borrowed beams for ever. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
Did I not say, my page should sit with nobles?
And Catharine shall repay him for his fealty! *Lord Sey.* [Lord Seyton]
Pardon, my liege, if tale be rightly told,
This Julian was a perjured knight; and she
A frail and credulous maiden! *Rol.* [Roland Græme] (*grasping his sword*)
By heaven thou liest!
(relaxing his grasp)

No you are Catharine's father! *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme] (*to Roland*)
The packet, boy!
(Roland takes a packet from his bosom, which he gives to Magdalen.)
Thou hast preserved it well. See here, my queen,
The attestation of my daughter's marriage,
With him of Avenel, "by Sacristan Philip,
Lodged with the Abbot Boniface! *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
True, madam;
"Under confession's seal, the Sacristan
Placed this testificate in lawful hands.
The Abbot had obtained from Julian Avenel
A promise to proclaim his secret marriage,

And all the private causes which concurred
To its concealment, when the hand of death
Prevented its accomplishment." *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
Enough!
The tale of sorrow often have I heard.
And was it then thy hapless child, who followed
And died upon the body of her lord?
And art thou he, my son, that heir of sorrow,
Who, 'midst the dead and dying, first inhaled

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

The breath of life? Thou art the Seyton's equal!
And much good service thou hast done me. *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]
To that great work did I devote him. I,
Whose agency and counsel oft inspired
Your fainting servants. The last, lonely hope
Of a decaying house I kept not back.
What should be *my* reward, descend on *him*. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
"You will not leave us, mother! You, to whom
So much we owe! *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]
"My ministry is ended.
You are free: by gallant lords surrounded;
May they prove trusty as the faith of women! *Lord Sey.* [Lord Seyton]
"Go not, 'ere we have to know and thank you. *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]
"Her, who knows not herself, you cannot know.
Oh! times there are, when in this frame of mine
A Sampson's vigour reigns, and in this brain
Wisdom surpassing human; then again
The mist is on me, all my strength decays,
My wisdom sinks to folly Cardinals,
Princes aye Princes of Lorraine, have heard me,

And bowed before my words. But now, alas!
When most I need persuasion, words come not." *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
"Pause not for eloquence, but speak thy wish
And, at the naming only, see it granted." *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme] (*seizing Roland's hand, she leads him to to
the Queen, makes him kneel, and bending herself one knee.*)
Princess, look on this flower! A stranger plucked it
From the red field of slaughter. Long it was
Ere my arms pressed this relic of my daughter.
Yet, for the sake of our eternal faith, and your's,
I left him to the care of strangers enemies,
To whom his blood had been as choicest wine.
Scarce have these eyes beheld him, from that day,
Save in a few brief hours of doubt and dread.
And now I part with him again for ever! *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
We will not part! Your few remaining years
My filial love shall soothe. (*attempting to rise.*) *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]
Nay, rise not yet!
My son, these eyes shall rest on thee no more,
My travail is not yet accomplished! Queen!
For every weary step I made for you,
Protect this child, no longer mine! *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
I swear,
His happiness and fame shall be our charge! *Mag.* [Magdalen Græme]
Daughter of Kings! I thank you,
(*kissing the Queen's hand, and Roland's brow rising*)

I have done!

Earth, thou hast had thine own! And now, high Heaven
Demands the rest! Go, Scotland's Lioness!

SCENE VII.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Go forth and conquer! Many a distant shrine
These knees shall press for thee! From land to land
Temple to temple where my country's name
Has yet to be pronounced, this form shall glide
Like an untiring ghost, till the pale priests
Shall ask, in wonder, of that northern queen
For whom the aged pilgrim prayed? Farewel!
Honour, and earthly power, and peace be thine!
Let none pursue me my resolve is fixed
My vow cannot be broken!(*exit rapidly after a moment's glance at Roland.*) *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
My mother!
I cannot lose thee thus!(*he attempts to pursue, but is prevented by Lord Seyton and Father Ambrose.*) *Father*
A. [Father Ambrose]
Press her not now!
Or she is lost for ever! "Many a time
Have we beheld her at the needful moment.
But never will she pardon him who breaks,
Uncalled, upon her privacy. Unthwarted,
We may again behold her." *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
Now, my lord,
I trust that Mary may command your aid
To execute her last request. *Lord Sey.* [Lord Seyton]
What, madam,
In the protection of my gallant second?
My hand upon't! Since, in his youthful veins,
No churl's blood hath a place, when the time suits,
He shall not lack our friendship.
Mary. [Queen Mary]
Nor our smile!
No longer Græme, but Avenel be he called;
And if heaven prosper us, the barony
Shall quickly call him to lord. *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
And I will give it
To her who holds it now my kind pretectress!
For rather landless would I be for life,
Than rob my second mother of a rood. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
Thy mind is noble as thy birth! But now,
Another subject claims us. My Lord Seyton,
We wait your summons: yet my boding heart
Is sick with apprehension. *Lord Sey.* [Lord Seyton]
Courage, madam,
Behold your friends.

[The trumpet sounds, the scene draws, and discovers the troops all drawn up, with banners and music. Drums and trumpets play a flourish the banners are lowered and officers salute, and soldiers present arms. The queen curtsies. Exeunt, through the lines, queen and her ladies, Lord Seyton, Father Ambrose, and Roland; the ranks; closing after them, and marching off to the sound of music.]

SCENE VIII.

The Country.

Enter Lord Lindsay, and Lord Ruthven, meeting.

Lord Lind. [Lord Lindesay]

Your countenance speaks news, Lord Ruthven, *Lord Ruth.* [Lord Ruthven]
Then it speaks truth, my lord; our foragers,

Within this hour, fell in with a detachment
Led by young Seyton; after transient skirmish,
Our men retreated to report the news. *Lord Lind.* [Lord Lindesay]
Call in our outposts, and the extended wings
Promptly concentrate. Wary are our foes,
And would not, I bethink me, on weak grounds,
Venture thus far into the country.

Enter Sir Halbert Glendinning, hastily.

Sir Halb. [Sir Halbert Glendinning]

My lords, our vanguard, from you mountain top,
Have noted squadrons swarming o'er the vale,
Covering, like locusts, all the goodly lands. *Lord Lind.* [Lord Lindesay]
'Tis as I thought. Yet what may be their object?
In what direction move they? *Sir Halb.* [Sir Halbert Glendinning]
This way, my lord. *Lord Lind.* [Lord Lindesay]
Then, by our cause, there's something serious in't!
I trust the queen has not been freed! *Sir Halb.* [Sir Halbert Glendinning]
I fear it:
For there is rumour, though I failed to trace it
Up to its origin that in the centre
Of the strange legions which advance upon us,
Closely begirt by men of noble garb,
Some females ride. *Lord Lind.* [Lord Lindesay]
Is't so? Is't so indeed!
Then many a gallant form which drinks the morn,
And blithely vapours in the early sun,
Evening shall mantle on the blood-drenched earth,

A stiffened corse. On the lake's brink we'll wait them.

[*exeunt.*]

Enter Adam Woodcock, and Luke Lundin, armed.

Adam. [Adam]

Friend physician, if thou be'st no better handler of limb-logging instruments, and surgery knives, than thou art of gun and sword, thy seven years' apprenticeship to thy craft was time dead lost. Out upon thee, carry thy gun upright!

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Lundin. [Luke Lundin]

I wish I was back at Kinross, curing dyspepsies, and dropsies, and gout, and jaundice. What do I know of fighting, except warring against plague and pestilence.

Adam. [Adam]

I see thou knowest nothing of it, and my skill is ordered to illuminate thy ignorance. I heard but a minute ago a whisper about a battle before the day is over.

Lundin. [Luke Lundin]

Esculapius. Galen, Machaon, Hippocrates, Celsus, and all the learned tribe defend me from your battles. I had as soon submit to copious phlebotomy, and quarts of boiling water six times a day, as stand in the front of a loaded harquebus, even in the hands of a friend; but to come face to face with a bloody minded enemy it will be my death.

Adam. [Adam]

And the death of many a bolder fellow. "if I were disposed to complain, as thou dost, I might grumble at being compelled to exchange falconry for fighting, and killing feathered game for shooting and maiming my fellow creatures: but what would it avail me?"

Come along, knave doctor, or the rear-guard will pick us up.

Lundin. [Luke Lundin]

I little care who picks us up. "I have but little inclination to walking with this heavy appendage of steel or iron, or what metal it may be; and this monstrous broad sword clanking against the ground at every step I take." Oh! that I were in my own medicine chest.

Adam. [Adam]

I would rather be in a hot battle, much as I dislike the smell of gunpowder, and the sight of blood, than be stewed up amidst so vile a society of compounds and chemicals. If I escaped death by swallowing your poisons, the smell would surely end me.

Lundin. [Luke Lundin]

A pestilence light on thee, thou profane knave, for speaking lightly of our thrift.

Adam. [Adam]

And drugs and doses drench thee for as clumsy a loon at handling arms as ever was cast upon a field of battle. Come along, sirrah, carry your harquebuss upright.

Duet. Tune "Ha! ha! the wooing o't."

Adam. [Adam]

Hector long'd to meet the foe!

Step firm my doughty boy! *Luke.* [Luke Lundin]

Only one such fool, I know,

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

He liv'd and died at Troy. *Adam.* [Adam]
Hector was a Campbell free *Luke.* [Luke Lundin]
Stay stay thou ill read dunce,
Homer gives his pedigree,
Troy's prince and general once. *Adam.* [Adam]
How the de'il should Hector know!
I ken'd the scoundrel weel
Better Scotsman ne'er, I trow,
Pitch'd tent or handled steel.
Luke. [Luke Lundin]
Verbum sat; I see it now
Thou prov'st thyself an ass. *Adam.* [Adam]
Sirrah! *Luke.* [Luke Lundin]
Nay, nay, my friend, not so
Shake hands, and let it pass. *(taking out his*
cordial.)

Whether Trojan fool or Scot
Pledge deep *Adam.* [Adam]
With all my will,
Whether Homer lied or not
We'll drink together still. *Both.* [Both]
This is pleasant drink enough,
One draught makes sadness gay
One more there that's *quantum suff.*
Quick march! Away! away!
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IX.

Another view of the country.

Enter Queen Mary, Lady Fleming, Catharine, Roland, Father Ambrose, Douglas, Lord Seyton, Nobles, and Officers.

Mary. [Queen Mary]
What may these tidings mean? *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
My royal mistress!
Soon we shall be encountered. Even now
Our enemies intercept us. The line of hills
Along our front is occupied by troops. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
Is there no way to escape? *Douglas.* [George Douglas]
Escape, my liege!
Were the assembled rebels ten to one
We might give ground to falter now were treason!
What says Lord Seyton? *Lord Sey.* [Lord Seyton]
Battle! Battle! *Douglas.* [George Douglas]
What, Lords and gentlemen! *All.* [All]
Battle! Battle!
Douglas. [George Douglas]
We'll drive the rebels from their 'vantage ground,

SCENE IX.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

As the hound turns the hare. *Roland*. [Roland Græme]
From yon high summit
Our onset shall dislodge them. *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
Noble lords!
Better prevent their gaining that advantage
Our road lies through yon hamlet on the brow;
Who gains it first, wins an important post. *Mary*. [Queen Mary]
Well said, Lord Abbot; Douglas, hasten thither!
Swift as the wind our foes approach it. *Douglas*. [George Douglas]
My queen,
Thanks for the post of honour! Instantly
The pass shall be secured. I fly to seize it. *Lord S.* [Lord Seyton]
Not before me, young Douglas. Hold I not
Charge of the vanguard? *Doug*. [George Douglas]
Before you, my lord,
Or any man, follow me, gentlemen,
You, who by deeds of glorious enterprise,
Would show your loyalty! Draw your bright blades
For Scotland and the queen!

[Exit, followed by several nobles, &c.]

Lord S. [Lord Seyton]
And follow me,
My noble kinsmen and my faithful tenants,
They who first gain the post, shall win the glory!
God and the queen!

[Exit, followed by the rest of the nobles, &c.]

Father A. [Father Ambrose]
Oh! most unhappy strife!
Ill-omen'd haste! since from the Southern shires
I have returned, I find these heated lords,
Before so wise and thoughtful, rash, rebellious,

They will be met full soon. *Rol*. [Roland Græme]
So much the better:
My cradle was the gory field *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
Beware!
Beware thou make it not thy couch of death!
What yonder men are whom you now despise
This day may teach you to your cost! *Rol*. [Roland Græme]
What are they?
Is their flesh iron? Are their sinews wire?
Will not lead pierce, or sharp steel cut them down? *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
"Bad men they are; but war requires not saints!"
Lindsay or Ruthven's back who ever saw?
Kirkaldy is no craven; and my brother
Ill arm'd in such a cause) hath scanty rivals!
(*Firing heard.*)

Mary. [Queen Mary]
The battle rages! see the Seyton's banner! *Cath*. [Catharine Seyton]
Oh! father brother! Peril hems you round,
While I remain in safety! *Rol*. [Roland Græme]

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Would to heaven
This arm of mine was with them and my blood
Could ransom theirs! *Cath.* [Catharine Seyton]
Do I not not know thy wish?
Can woman say to man what I have said,
And yet suspect his soul of fear? *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
Roland!
Advance some paces to the topmost ridge
And say how goes the field!
[Exit Roland.]

With us, I trust!
Yet what but ills surround me! *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
Many a soul,

In these loud thunders wings its way to heaven,
Or bends it flight to hell! Join me in prayers
For triumph in this dreadful strife! *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
Not here!
Oh father! Pray not here, or pray in silence.
I cannot here compose my harrassed mind;
Or if you pray, be it for me!

Re-enter Roland.

Rol. [Roland Græme]
My queen,
This spot grows less secure. The fight comes nearer!
The Hamiltons are routed, and a squadron
Of horse ascend the hill. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
Where can I fly?
Conduct me as you please! My star is dim
My gay hopes vanish like a morning dream!
(Firing.)

Rol. [Roland Græme]
Haste, madsm! Let us lead you to your steeds!
The danger nears us. Yet, you are unseen,
And may escape 'till fate relents! *Father A.* [Father Ambrose]
Madam
Cheer up! Forget you are a woman now,
And be a queen! *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
I must forget much more:
Your arm, Lord Abbot, I submit to heaven.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE X.

The country. A lake with a bridge on it. In the foreground a holly bush. Firing heard.

Enter Luke Lundin, [Luke Lundin] with his sword drawn, in great terror.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

If there be any agents appointed to protect the faculty, let them cram me into a gally-pot, stop me in a phial, or do any thing they please with me, so they get me safe and sound out of this infernal field. Zounds, here is somebody coming.

(hides behind the bush.)

Enter Roland GrÆme [Roland Græme] with his sword drawn.

The day goes hard with us. Of our brave troops
A third already have been slain or taken.

Enter Lord Seyton, pursued by three soldiers.

Roland attacks one, kills him, and assails the second, who, with the other flies.

Lord Sey. [Lord Seyton]

A second time thy debtor, noble youth!
After the battle should we both survive,
I will repay thee amply. *Rol.* [Roland Græme]
I joy, my lord,
That this poor arm hath rescued you. But see
The fight demands our presence.

[Exit Lord Seyton.

As Roland runs off, enter Adam Woodcock, who attempts to stop him, but is instantly struck to the ground, and exit Roland.

Lund. [Luke Lundin] *(coming from the bush.)*

Zounds, what gunpowder fellow was that? and yet if my memory serves me, it was the page who tasted my cordials the other day at Kinross. *(sees Adam.)* Ah, here lies my pestilent tutor: before he attempted to teach me the use of arms, he should better have studied them himself. O ho, I may have a little of my *aqua mirabilis* left, I will administer to him.

(he pours some down Adam's throat.) Adam. [Adam]

I owe thee a good turn for this. I believe I am not wounded: this is not the first time I have felt your arm, Master Roland, though I little meant to meet you there. Help me off the field, friend, this is no tarrying place for cracked crowns.

Lund. [Luke Lundin]

Nor uncracked ones neither, if they have any brains in them.

[Exeunt.

Enter Sir Halbert Glendinning and George Douglas, meeting.

Sir Hal. [Sir Halbert Glendinning]

The Queen! Where is the Queen?

SCENE X.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

Doug. [George Douglas]

Here, by her champion!

Sir Hal. [Sir Halbert Glendinning]

Be valiant, then, or by my sword, thou diest!

Doug. [George Douglas]

Be that as heaven determines! For the Queen!

They fight Douglas is wounded and falls. Enter Roland, who assails Sir Halbert. Sir Halbert's foot slips, and he falls. Roland stands over him. The whole body of the two armies advance in opposite directions, charging furiously, the bridge is covered. At this instant a parley is sounded. The soldiers suddenly stop in the attitude of charging. On one side Queen Mary, Lady Fleming, Catharine, Father Ambrose, and Lord Seyton, enter hastily. On the other, Lord Lindsay and Lord Ruthven.

Mary. [Queen Mary]

The English warden, in his sovereign's name,
hath offered truce, safe conduct and a welcome,
if from this bootless conduct I retire,
And quit this troubled land. Now be it known,
And at the word, let all contention cease,
I grasp the offer. Let the warden's boat
Approach the shore.

(a boat approaches with a flag.)

Father A. [Father Ambrose]

Do you leave us, madam:

Then Scotland's sun is set. Unhappy Queen,
Blinded, deceived, betrayed! *Mary.* [Queen Mary]*(sees Douglas.)*
Whom have we here?

Alas! Look on that face look there, and tell me
Shall she who ruins all who love and serve her,
Make further struggles for a fleeting glory.
Thus has it been with every one who loved me
Francis and Chatelet, gay Gordon, Rizzio,
Darnley and Bothwell, and, the last of all,
Devoted Douglas! Importune me not
I will resist no longer. *Rol.* [Roland Græme]

Leave not your heritage, devoted Queen!
True men turn rebels to your will to save you.
Let us withstand by force. *Mary.* [Queen Mary]
Roland, 'tis now too late:
My page my knight, farewell. Catharine, come hither!

Seyton, your Queen's last act is this

(Joins Roland and Catharine Father,

Your blessing, and farewell. Thanks, thanks to all

SCENE X.

Mary Of Scotland, Or The Heir Of Avenel

One struggle more, and this sad scene is ended
Adieu, my native land!

The English wardens hand the Queen to the boat: and as she steps on board, the holly bush suddenly opens, and the White Lady of Avenel steps out of it. She advances a few paces, and addresses Sir Halbert Glendinning.

Knight, no more the holly wear,
Avenel claims its rightful heir. *To Rol.* [Roland Græme]
Manly page and youthful knight
Halbert's wrong is Roland's right.
From the holly, from the well,
Come I without sign or spell;
Now my wizard race is run
Now my wizard work is done

She re-enters the holly bush, which sinks through the stage, to slow music, and the curtain drops.