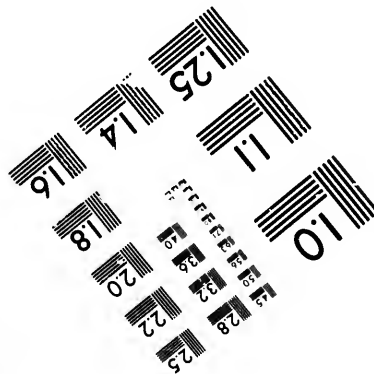
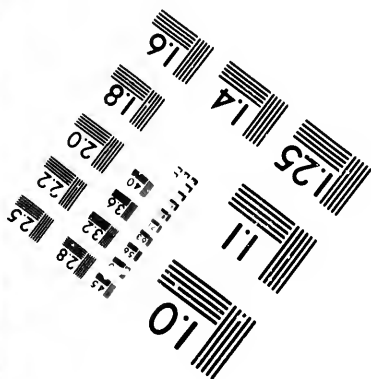
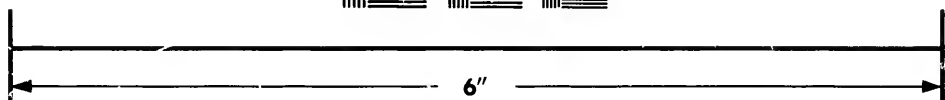
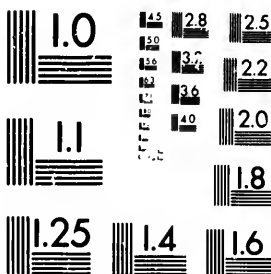


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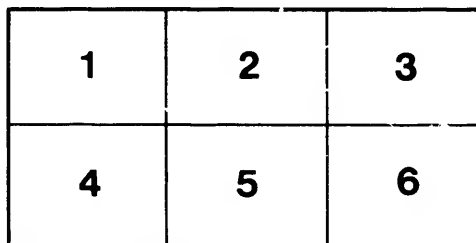
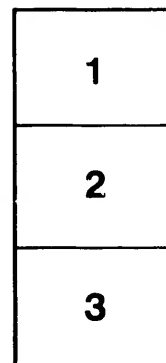
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Prince Charles Edward,

OR

THE REBELLION OF 1745-46,

BY

ALEXANDER MACKINNON.

“Behold I follow;
Is it an *ignis fatuus*,
Or thought, the dwelling of the mind.”

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

BREMNER BROTHERS, PRINTERS, QUEEN STREET.

1873.

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Dramatis Personæ.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.
LOCHIEL, *Chief of Cameron Clan.*
SHERIDEN, *an Irishman.*
CLANRANALD, *Chief.*
APPIN, "
KEPPOCK, "
GLENGARRY, "
GLENCOE, "
JOHNSTONE, "
ENEAS, } *Young Highlanders—friends.*
HECTOR, }
WILOCKS, *the Harper.*
JIMMIE, *the Pedler.*
COL. GARDINER.
DUKE *and Officers.*
FORBES, *Magistrates, Citizens, Soldiers, and*
 Highlanders.
MARY *in love with ENEAS.*
JENNIE.
LADIES.

171
PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD,
OR
THE REBELLION OF 1745—46.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Isle of Mull.—A Highland Cottage.—ENEAS sitting by the fire.

Eneas. A cloud upon my spirit hovers,
And its shadow, on the present pathway of my life,
Cling to the objects that I love the best ;
And all my endurance the necessity demands,
To reach the bright beyond.
O bright beyond ! so clothed with modesty,
That rather should precedence take :
And with one beam of thine own natural worth,
Drive all these gloomy scenes away,
That rudely thrust themselves before thy genial glow,
And make poor hope to die a thousand deaths ;
And faith to reach thee through such scenes of fear.

[*Door of cabin opens, no one enters, but the dog jumps up friendly, and is seemingly repulsed.*]

O unreal to half the windows of my soul !

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That with an attribute of substance ope's my door
 Touches the quick perceptions of my dog,
 Scorns his show of friendship ! terrifies him,
 Till his trembling carcase finds hope of safety
 'Neath my chair. What would you ? unseen, yet seen,
 Yet felt, and thy grating on my spirit's tenderest chords
 Calls up the strongest judgment of my mind
 For quick decision of what thou art ;
 And imagination like a pleased tormentor
 Fill up thy vacancy with spiritual reality ;
 To scare and perplex my soul :
 And memory like an orator holds forth, the tales,
 My fathers culled from out the tree of time
 Twined within their natures and around themselves ;
 Making them part of this my soul.
 O Soul ! why halting now in thy decision ?
 Is it thee that vibrates ! O why trembling casement !
 Doth my soul feel the approach of something like itself
 In the inner recesses of its mysterious dwelling place.

Enter Hector.

Hector. How wild the night !
 The wind whistles shrilly through the glen,
 And shakes itself upon the mountain top,
 Angrily lashing on its rude sides
 In envious spite at its stability.
 Then rushing for a more congenial foe
 Upon the bosom of the placid lake,
 Desports itself in tyrant glee ;
 Hugging the sounds its victim's lashing makes
 As though it felt the pleasure of success :
 Just now it met me as I turned the cliff

And hugged me with so fierce a rush
 As though I was his mortal foe, and feared that I'd escape ;
 So I did fear some spirit moved upon the blast,
 Quivering it with its vital throes ; the angry winds
 Tossing the clouds, disturbed the face of Heaven
 Mocking the efforts of the gentle light to give a single ray ;
 Giving darkness undisputed sway :
 And while the sounds these vexed disturbed elements,
 In angry glee gave forth ;
 Methought I saw a spirit
 And as the apparition alighted from the wind,
 Great Fingal's cave such echoes gave
 Unto the troubled night,
 As though within its pillared aisles
 The mighty chief ;
 Awakening from slumbering centuries,
 In anger smote his ancient wondrous shield.

Eneas. Imagination, thy imagination surpasses dreams.

Hector. Dreams, I'd rather be the simplest votary of a
 Than robe myself with hated unbelief ; [dream,
 For in the dim and misty ages of the long buried past ;
 Our fathers felt within the elemental strife,
 Their buried warriors in spiritual throes
 Unseen, with the unseen powers,
 Upheaved the mighty unseen elements ;
 Manifesting their new vitality, eternal as great nature
 And as great nature, in her greatest laws,
 Known only by effects.

Eneas. Stop, guide in knowledge, speculation end ;
 For faith steps lightly in the rear of knowledge,
 Or, knowledge is a faith illumined,

Stop, let me finish, to the natural elements
 I'd fain not give my soul, but to my God.
 Our fathers of a later day, their fathers' superstitions
 To the winds have hurled from whence they came.
 Yet gave no knowledge in return ;
 Have striped the rags from off our souls
 And left them bare :
 Bare as the philosophy they have called
 From out themselves and nothing.

Eneas. Nothing, what is something?

Hector. This great eternal consciousness of life.
 That manifests itself in every conceivable form :
 That contains everything and always must ;
 Therefore anything that ever was in it
 Must always be in it, it being a something
 Nowhere and nothing being comprehended in it,
 There being nothing outside its infinitude
 Therefore that which is something must always be in it :
 This great eternal thing around
 That in unchanging manly power is found :
 Which even seeming in death springs to new life :
 In its own nature in regenerative resuscitation rife
 That when this visible compound is gone,
 Another compounded of itself shall stand, the Son.
 It but the developement and division of the act
 The containing of a fact within a fact ;
 The original and intended spirit made universal
 By the Great Author's own powerful revisal.

Eneas. Take care you don't get nowhere :
 Reconcile, scolding leave for discontent.

Hector. Nowhere may be better than somewhere

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But a something must be somewhere,
 Yet 'tis they that should have reconciled,
 Their damned doubts and cursed unbelief,
 That like armed fiends, marshaled by their minds,
 Assailed, and almost slew

My young and untrained soul. [imparts.

Eneas. Hast conquered, then the combat strength

Hector. I had not conquered, I was slain,

For man can never conquer when such things assail ;
 One ray of truth amidst the darkness gleamed,
 And by that light, I saw the fiends that on me pressed :
 And that great truth was all my own misdeeds,
 That fathered all my evil thoughts ;
 Calling for company of the doubts and fears
 Sinful fallen man has marshaled for his friends ;
 I then did cry and, wretched as I was,
 I sought for hope unto that glorious Light,
 That wonderful celestial picture of everliving good :
 And his glorious beams have cured my soul
 Of a worse thing than death.

Eneas. Should be worse than death ;
 For death ever cometh as a friend. [too.

Hector. Yes, but you know we fear him and rightly
 He runs with other laws and only to good is friend.
 Is there that man, or hath he lived,
 Within the length and range of time,
 So vain, that in his vanity would oppose
 God's fiat, the universal law of death.
 I must away.

Eneas. The eye alone doth magnify,
 The object shares no change

And so the mind may change things as it will,
 Yet things remain the same ;
 So let thy words, and thoughts take form,
 That in their reality of deed they may be judged. [preach.

Hector. True, let every preacher live as he doth

Eneas. O world ! O world ! O world of care !

Of fear, of doubt, of hope, of thought ;

Of great things unexplained ;

O thou great life ! what art thou ?

What art thou ? but the great court of God.

Should we not trembling walk thy venerable halls

In fear of the Great Judge.

O mind of man thou crystal element

Through which my soul views all these things ;

Thou wonderful reflector given to my soul,

Disturbed by every ray that finds thy depths,

And thou thyself disturbing every ray

To give thyself less rest ;

And though thyself only in extinction having rest ;

O sleep ; what art thou ? but the mind's death.

O can mind of man have rest and still exist ;

To every doubt, to every fear, a remedy is given,

And for this lonely fear that spirits bring to mind,

My Mary's cot a remedy shall prove ;

For man with woman feels no fear,

And in a burial ground might woo ;

So remedies to my mind, faith for my soul. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Bay of Lochnanuah.—Prince landing with seven attendants.

Prince. O Liberty! is this thy home?
 Freedom! huggest thou these rugged rocks?
 Chivalry! leapest thou upon these mighty hills?
 Nobility! dwellest thou amidst those silent glens?
 All solemn clothed in solitude;
 Speak to my soul, teach me your sublimity,
 And make me worthy of my father's land.
 My father's land, my father's heritage,
 I plant my father's standard, my father's friends I claim
 To help me gain my right, this heritage.
 O scenes of grandeur! scenes of nature's might,
 Inspiring beauty, courage fills my heart,
 I feel the grandeur thy strength imparts!
 I feel the pleasure thy freedom gives!
 O! could I thee with thy children lead
 To every scene that leads me to a crown—
 To every struggle,—every battlefield, [land,
 Thou wouldst endear me with a dearer love than father-
 And when I'd view thee in thy home again,
 I'd doubly pray thy grandeur live eternal
 In the grandeur of thy silent triumph, O sublimity!

Enter LOCHIEL.

Lochiel. Welcome, welcome, Prince.
 Let me bid thee welcome.
 That rather would his voice were still,
 And all this land to bid thee welcome.

Prince. Thou needs not speak,
 Thy hand, thy hand, Lochiel,

Thy father's name and deeds doth speak
 For nobleness in thee,
 And in this, my life's great aim,
 Wherein, I am sure I'll live in its achievement,
 Or failing, find my life despairing blank :
 For should I pass the many perilous scenes,
 That strew the ground 'tween me and it,
 And miss my mark, being but the stirrer of the scenes.
 My life would end in blankness,
 Therefore my very soul doth wish
 Such men as thee were legion.

Lochiel. Could wishes bring brave troops of men
 Or gain a jeweled crown ;
 They'd sweep the beggars from our streets,
 And fill our world with kings.

Prince. Did every man, that walks our earth,
 Look on his life with open eyes ;
 With wisdom's judgment clear :
 And guide his wishes as his means,
 Then every wish—his mind would know,
 His means would give fulfillment.
 O ! could I bring again the thoughts of old,
 Or rouse the courage of my father's friends,
 To help in justice of my wishes and my claims ;
 To crush the sycophants that hold
 An unjust royalty in its rotten seat.
 Come rouse thee, rouse thee, brave Lochiel,
 And seize the daring venture,
 Scorn the usurper's stunted nod !
 Write thy deeds in bravery's name ;
 Grasp the stalk that bears the precious flower,

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And from the thorn with courage pluck
The smiling rose.

Lochiel. Mine and my clansmen's hearts are yours ;
Why should I sheath their swords.

Prince. Then let us find our other friends,
And pray their swords be ready.

SCENCE III.

Within Mary's Cottage. — Enter MARY and ENEAS.

Eneas. Sweet Mary, can'st thou see, how carelessly,
Upon thy person beauty sits.

Mary. And canst thou see how carelessly
Myself, my all, is cast to thee.

Eneas. And carelessly, I leave thyself and charms
with thee. [me,

Mary. Then carelessly, I'll take and keep them unto
Till thou shalt have more care to keep them unto thee ;
And then, O then, I'll find, sad thought,
That all my charms, are only charms, when sought ;
And when I look upon myself, thou banished,
I'll find my charms, each one have vanished :
My waving hair, that slipping, gracefully for rest ;
Find spacious footing on my heaving breast ;
My arms so rounded, full of strength and pride,
Shall droop in weary dullness at my side ;
My beaming eyes shall look on vacancy ;
My soft and glowing cheek fade constantly ;
My pouting lip, and silver tongue,
Complain unto my parts of wrong :
My tapering leg, and swelling thigh,
My supple waist, and heaving sigh ;

All for thee, thy use, thy heritage, thy joy,
And without thyself, perhaps alloy.

Eneas. Complaining mockery, I'll call thy words,
That exit make, through gates of pearl ;
Gentle sounds uplifting curving wings of scarlet beauty,
Disclosing the pearly pillars of thy mouth ;
O ! complain again, or close thy mouth for silence,
And let young Cupid take there ruby selves for bow,
And shoot his arrows from thine eyes.
Sweet silence, gentle woman's heavenly command ;
How, in the exception, kept by gentle she ;
Though every law kind heaven gives,
Wraps in itself its blessing and its cause ;
Like the full cloud, that hides the kingly sun, [plain.
Points to its law obeyed and pours its blessing on the
So woman, in silent modesty arrayed,
Seated in her beauty, speaks unconscious ; [ing.
While virtuous actions take a thousand tongues commend-
Whoever yet beheld bright beauty but he knew it !
And where is kind Nature lavished but in the female
What need of word to speak ? [form.
True virtue hath a tongue and so hath beauty.

Mary. Sit near to me, for I will wondering hear
My duty, and my parts, take form in words,
For all my soul doth look to thee for praise :
And I myself, shall love myself through thee,
But thou shalt love thy God, and he shall praise thee.

Eneas. Well, wisely said, the upper praise the lower ;
For not to woman's tongue the power is given,
To speak the praises of eternal man,
Though all her soul, and strength should love,

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In wondering awe, her great protector ;
 Yet to her the place is given,
 To lead us down to rest and heaven ;
 As heavenly Venus, with her beaming light,
 Leads down the heavenly host.
 But I must away.

Mary. Why now away, when thou dost love ;
 And I am all thy love.

Eneas. Were I so blind, in loving thee,
 To think that love, more than one element in me :
 I'd ope' my eyes to find the beauty, nothing more,
 Therefore, my duty to myself, and to my God ;
 Who having beauty, hath Almighty power,
 First claims my thought, that he may friend
 My soul that he hath given unto me ;
 To satisfy it in all its longings :
 That thou be not a toy broken rudely,
 Cast away in loathing, or held in sorrow,
 For thy presence breedeth passion in my breast,
 But in thy absence all is love.

Mary. Avoid the vast extreme my love,
 And come e're I have faded.

Eneas. Trust me when the storm is o'er,
 I leave to meet the evils that I see,
 Than stay and do the evils inactivity may breed.

Mary. What storm, I think I know ;
 Had I a thousand lovers they might go. [*Exit* ENEAS.
 Dear Eneas speaks from nature's laws ;
 So this to sweet mammas be plenty cause
 To keep their pretty daughters in their sight,
 Till the parson's fixed them for the night.

SCENE IV.

Mainland.

Enter PRINCE, SHERIDEN, LOCHIEL, CLANRANALD, AP-
PIN, KEPPOCK, GLENGARRY, GLENCOE.

Prince. Right happy, chiefs, to meet you all,
To grasp such hands, and see such faces, friends,
And only mourn, yet have some joy
That I so poor to be your debtor ;
And ye yourselves, to pay yourselves, as I do hope
That I may still your debtor be.

Glengarry. Your Royal presence is the debt we owe,
That cancels all thy debt to us,
And we shall still our fealty owe,
Which ever leaves us debtors still.

Clanranald. We long have mourned an absent King,
While rusting loyalty, in our abject state,
Hath grated harshly on our wounded pride ;
Kindling pent up fire in closed breasts,
Which now leap forth with tongues of wrath,
To kindle vengeance for insulters' heads.

Keppock. And vengeance first—bring vengeance last,
A happy omen to my Prince I bring ;
Dearly happy to a Highland throng,
That hits their superstition with a noble blow.
For he who'd lead a people or a man,
Must take advantage of the glaring points,
And bait his hook with corresponding hue ;
Two companies of the Royal Scots they bait to be :
Proofs of my energy, and earnest by the way ;
Hoping they a nucleus shall be,
To draw all Royal companies to thee.

Prince. Hostility commenced I fear ;
 True Highland blood, intense and hot,
 As it hath ever been, may force the shock
 Ere gathering friends, and succor promised ;
 May bear it on to victory. [born,

Lochiel. Fear not ! in Highland home, the native
 Scorns every thought of fear,
 For well doth know the highland soul,
 That conqueror's soul hath never lived
 Within his native glens.
 Did not within these hills repose,
 A native breed of warlike men ;
 How useless from fair France to come,
 To grasp the British crown :
 Then leave dull fear in luxury's halt to shiver ;
 Tardy succor for success to bring ;
 And meet and lead a marshal race :
 Inured by nature in her stubborn wiles,
 To fear no God but her.

Prince. God grant that I may lead with fear,
 And wisely grasp the glory of success.
 That you so bold to follow with your lives,
 May reap the pleasure of the golden joy,
 All, Amen !

Prince. Let us in haste, the Southern fields desery,
 Perth first must see our banners fly ;
 Lord George, of Murray, there we hope to meet,
 Whose following true, and council sweet,
 Shall sway our further marching on,
 To sorrow, or to honor's sun.

Lochiel.

Well said,
 Quick, let the blows of fate descend,
 And warmly stir both foe and friend ;
 Though fate, no man can know or make,
 He still can tread in honor's wake ;
 And strive, though in great sorrows path ;
 And leave his life in honor's swath.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

*Edinburgh, Town Council.**Enter* MAGISTRATES, FORBES.

1st *Mag.* You all know why hastily convened we meet to-day ; tidings from Campbell, of Lochnell, by a worthy messenger hath come, of the Pretenders landing in the North, I— even in my august person—feel a tremor of apprehension, lest we be all dead men ; and the precincts of my sacred office be attached to the peril of my precious life : I hope there is no spy here ; let all withdraw, save these we own our council ; and of the Pretender, we had better speak in courteous terms, canny for our own and city's sake.

2nd. *Mag.* Ay ! those Highland bodies know not
 The sacred person of a Magistrate
 From a common serf. [or and my office,

3rd. *Mag.* By God I feel like yielding both my hon-
 Ere they be rudely wrenched by under hands,
 For I cannot fight in this hour of my life.

4th. *Mag.* Why, man, we have not got to fight,

But gather the forces and direct. [not work ;
 3rd *Mag.* Who ever heard, of a director who could
 Of a leader who could not fight,
 And with our whiskey bodies ; bah ! on such fighters
Forbes. If peaceful ease and gentle nodding honor,
 Did hang about the office of a man,
 The man was lost, reaping no honor ;
 But in the hour of danger to his office and the state,
 The man doth grow for glorious deeds
 That he may bear the honor ;
 Then rouse ! let childish fear be cast away ;
 Meet proud rebellion with a prouder front,
 Call up the powers that under us are laid,
 And nip the revolution in its infant's head,
 Lest those under you, do think you favor them,
 And rush and join the standard of the rebel ;
 To gain the lion's share of reward,
 When your offices are portioned out to others.
 For knowing is the grasping heart of man, [own,
 And ever the prospects of our friend's, fairer than our
 And happy to our souls, the toppling of our friends ;
 That we may rush for plunder,
 Then rise and stand for law and order ; make the effort
 Ere the power so loosely held may slip the grasp,
 While you are the head and director,
 Ere you find yourselves the small minority—nothing,
 And your king come crush the rebellion :
 Charging you yourselves with treason.
 If we can do no more, let the castle be
 The reception of all warlike spirits,
 That the fiery souls that look for glory

May see a prospect on our side.

3rd *Mag.* Aye, devil to devil ;

Highlandman to Highlandman. [the court ?

1st *Mag.* Aye, and fall out with neither. What does
Should they not move and order the affray,
Since not against us but against themselves
This revolution 's aimed.

Forbes. They have ordered General Cope,
With all his forces here, to move against the rebel.

3rd *Mag.* Ha, ha, Johnny Cope,
Just as well call him Prince,
For its about success that rebel hangs.

1st *Mag.* Shortly may be called the Royal army,
Led by the gentle Royal Prince himself.

2nd *Mag.* But we'll be busy calling out the scullies
To run from Highlandmen when they see them.

Forbes. Well, well, let 's to it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Mull—ENEAS' Cottage.—Enter ENEAS.

Eneas. Man lives in the past, or ought to,
The present is a pleasing growing time,
Or should be ; though oftentimes rudely marred
By jarring discontent, and surly ignorance ;
But when the past moves o'er the present scene,
In all its perfect nauralness preserved,
Lead by the gentle hand, and native elegance of truth.
God brings before the growing mind of man,
Instructive warning in its pictured parts,
And, wisdom's venerable finger points
Ensamples of its words of light.
O the earnest present ! like a garden carelessly arranged,

Where plants of good and ill grow side by side ;
 Containing in themselves their several seeds,
 To blossom, bud, to flower, to die ;
 To grow again in future scenes of time :
 That still again the past may be repeated,
 And yet again, and yet again repeated ;
 Till the great Angel's trump shall sound,
 And angels reap the harvest of the world ;
 For Heavenly barns and Hell's unfathomed depths ;
 That like repeating like, be with its like arrayed.

Enter HECTOR.

Hector. Alas ! my country woe's the day !

Eneas. Cheer up man ;

'Tis the very witching hour of eve ;
 The gilded rays of the glorious sun,
 Look through the rifted cloud ;
 And the balmy air, conceited holds,
 Innumerable specks of gold.
 O ! for the spiritual light to see
 The thousand Suns that blazing shine,
 Within our Father's house ;
 And see the exalted Angels veil their faces,
 In their heavenly wings,
 Before the undescribable glory.

Hector. Sights you must be, ere you can see.

But look upon our little sphere at home,
 Where aged souls, in grief survey
 The portends of the coming time,
 While through the leafless branches of their souls,
 The sighing winds of time make doleful sounds ;
 Swaying the aged trunk to weird creaks,

Of ominous warning of some crash to come :
 While woman's gentle soul hath left the trust of man,
 And wildely stares for hope in independence.
 O ! these are woeful times, when woman's gentle soul
 Would seek as master of these things below ;
 Blindly blaming man for incomplete content.
 But greater still, the seasons seem awry,
 And heat, and cold, capriciously amuse themselves
 In oddity of time, while from the winds,
 Effects seem heard and seen, as though
 Great desolation was taking down the bars.
 Prince Charlie 's on the march.

Eneas. I knew it, and what of it?

Hector. It is the flower that springs from out the
 To be succeeded by the bitter fruit ; [cursed tree,
 That must be eaten in the present time.

Eneas. Pity the fruit must ever speak the tree
 That we must eat, ere we can see.

Hector. The gally time holds forth a wretched crop :
 A thousand seeds for life hath only died,
 For in their death hath only died
 The memory of their hideousness ;
 While in the greenness of their life once more,
 My country rushes, on the angry scenes,
 To harvest, rankling, rusting woes :
 O my God, who bringst the reapers to the field,
 Cut down the tree, as they do pluck the fruit,
 That in the future, rest may be to my country's soul

Eneas. Find the state, then the cure.
 Poor man ! that steps upon such weary scenes ;
 That bears within himself a growing crop :

That hath without, a growing and a matured crop
That will effect him in his every point :

Why, I have it.

Divide thyself from everything :

And even divide thyself, and love thyself,

And live thyself, within thyself, and everything,

A something else.

Hector. The deeds, the deeds, our father's deeds,
Like an encubus hang,

Or guide our souls in paths of ease.

Eneas. I know it, for I have perceived it,
That frail is the thought that dwells
In the soul of man ;

And the thoughts of the mighty are clothed with silence.

Hector. Better not to see the sightless orbs of the
Perhaps all there is we see, all is material ; [world ;
And we ourselves the coming together of forces :
Producing life.

Eneas. O forces ! what agony thou madest,
When thou didst hit this chance great life ;
Better is the material real,
Than the material that feels ;
Which contradicts itself, and cannot be,
For which is real ?

Hector. Mockery, mockery, all is mockery.

Eneas. And is this mockery, God ! it cannot be ;
If it were greatest it could not be mockery.
And it is only known to be mockery, and vanity,
When God's own light shines forth.
O Pride ! great man would even go to heaven,
As an obligation to God or to fellow man.

Hector. Simple words we cannot see ;
 Would God, would assert himself,
 Lest we believe too much.

Eneas. Vain man, knowest thou not man shall die :
 God ever lives. Thou shalt not tempt him.
 The death of a man is the assertion of God.

Hector. Natural is his death, even as his life.

Eneas. Natural the death of this noble mind,
 When the body speaks for every power it hath.
 It must manifest itself hereafter ;
 And it cannot, lest there be a God,
 Or it itself the head of God, then Eternal.
 There hath been a rebellion in God's kingdom,
 And God is slowly putting it down ;
 Perhaps only slowly to our mind,
 That he may preserve the breath he breathed.
 O leave ourselves, our little selves,
 And do not let us here imagine
 That little earth, and little man,
 Hath been the wonderous womb
 Of all the great creation :
 Earth to be the mother of great man—
 Great man the womb of thought ;
 And man's mind, Great God.
 No, let us rather see Eternal God
 Building the Heavens in his own good time,
 And as 'e built, establishing his laws.
 Himself all silent ; sublimity existant
 In his own Eternal attributes, seen only by himself,
 Creating stewards in his great house,
 Angels who behold his glory

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die :
 And spiritually beholding, dispute not his presence ;
 Lastly, creating man in his own Image,
 One of his stewards for his own glory,
 Shewing him in his purity, his invisible self ;
 Man's fall.

Hiding himself from man's fallen part,
 In his greatness and Almighty power
 Discovering the eternal facts of good and ill,
 First shewn in spirit, next in matter,
 And lastly to be seperated forever.
 Working out man's redemption
 In the explained problem of Christ Jesus,
 Who is over all God blessed for ever.

Hector. Let us speak of things we know—
 Things we're sure of.

Eneas. What are we sure of? all things, or nothing.
 Look upon the world at large,
 The universal soul of man—
 And ask if it does not require
 High aims, great levers to upheave :
 That it may not to degradation sink,
 And form a hell,—its own destroyer,
 As it hath ever been.
 And yet, and still, you do not like
 The loveliest words that I can find
 In all the voices of the world.
 Why then to man was given—
 A soul united to the power of heaven?
 But pure, and in his will, the energy should roll,
 Controlling all things in his mighty soul.
 I have found it—I have found the mighty secret.

Mind is soul, and soul is life,
 And mind is life eternal.
 Jesus, the embodiment of eternal mind,
 He is the Resurrection—he hath risen,
 And mind alone can only rise—here and hereafter.
 Let the same mind be in thee that dwelt,
 And dwells complete in him.
 This, the great hope the Christian knows,
 The wonderous part or name in him.
 Man's life shall take an impress of all things.
 All things known, and completed here below,
 That the world itself may judge the world,
 And at the Resurrection morn—
 All things shall stand preserved in man.
 And God himself alone shall dwell
 In glory inaccessible.
 And the saved soul of man completed and unveiled,
 Shall be a picture of its Father and its God ;
 Therefore doth God but moral truths display.

Hector. Clothest thou the utterable utterance,
 And appearance of nature,
 In words denoting their eternity of form,
 And unalterable destiny.

Eneas. Heavy are the thoughts that are feeling my
 Yet time rolls on, and God stamps his name [soul.
 On each generation of man.
 Hearing from Nature the voice of her speech,
 Clothing her speech with words that are true.

Enter WILLOCKS.

Willocks. Then rise Gael, then rise, the cause is your
 own,

And shake to its centre the damned Saxon
throne.

Eneas. Halt. Miserable fragment, and cease.

Wilocks. Say, begone, miserable fragment !
For if I be a fragment, how here, and cease :
And as thou banisheth me, banish the world,
For the world is fragments,
And every fragment is a world,
And I am as the world made me.

Eneas. Hadst thou no energy to fix thyself?
Couldst thou prove such condemnation?
Greater still the guilt the world doth owe.

Wilocks. They have seen me in my mightiest thought,
And in my weakest moment ;
And galled my soul, my quiet spirit,
That in the depths of my gentle bosom, reposed in peace.

Eneas. There is not a path of life but hath
Its beauty, hope, and sorrow.

Wilocks. So had mine,
And I've attained unto the sorrow—
The sorrow they have bred for me,
And all my pleadings have been heard in vain—
My rights discarded, my thoughts despised.
And then to cap it all, my noble reason—
The bless'd gift from heaven to man—
Called laughingly in question,
And hissed as madman ;
Thus time breeds sorrow daily for my soul,
Out from the seeds they've planted on my life,
Till, to the common herd, I've out-laid my soul—
Estranged my heart from all the joys of time,

Leaving me but a fragment of oppression
 For the common herd to gawk and laugh at ;
 That hear my wrongs gainst time and man,
 As misfortune babbled by a whore's tongue ;
 While a thousand terrors wink at me,
 And I am the butt for every fear,
 A poor waif clinging to the outer edge
 Of the great ocean of humanity.
 O, we are the miserable tyrants of a miserable life ;
 Yet still the children of a common parent ;
 O, their smallness baffles me. [ment.

Eneas. Then strive to be a whole, than but a frag-

Wilocks. They say that fortune's fickle ;
 She hath ever been the same to me,
 The same smiling, brazen face,
 She has ever shown to me ;
 No ray of sunshine, on my distempered life,
 Hath ever seen the chambers of my soul ;
 Tyranny, oppression, injustice and wrong,
 Hath galled my soul to madness ;
 I would curse, but I cannot curse,
 For I have hope in heaven.

Grief! O Grief! now have thy fill.

Hector. He's right, he hath wrongs,
 And he is what his wrongs hath made him,
 A wretched fragment of a wretched world.

Eneas. How easy is the soul vanquished,
 That hath slain itself.

Let us find where Prince Charlie is.

Wilocks. He's on his way for Perth,
 And may the Lord his sword

Vengeance make to smite my enemies.

Eneas. Then we are going. Have you a song?

Wilocks. I have,
 Though little hope of justice in me lives,
 Have a song, I see the present,
 And thus I am, and thus I see it—

To be a bard,
 Is small regard,
 Or tune the varied lyre.
 But sorrow deep,
 Hath made me weep,
 And filled my soul with fire.

The soul of the lost, and the sound of the past,
 Are moving once more, on the wings of the blast,
 And the soul of the Gael, on his hill and his strath,
 Is catching the murmuring spirit of wrath.

Dread vengeance is slinking from hall and from glen
 The soul of the lost for a girdle doth bind him,
 And the spirit of the aged is hearing the storm,
 Ere it wrap in its fury, the nobler form.

And the sound of the past, in its gloom and its pride,
 Is serging the Gael, in the strength of the tide;
 Like torrents wild rushing from mountains afar,
 To quench its bright spirit in tumult and war.

May the foremost bright billow that leaps from the serge,
 Break the rock that withstands, when it touches the verge;
 And the rush of the whole, in its fury and might,
 Shew the soul of the Gael, as a meteor of light.

Hector. Thy hand, and come with us,
And woe betide the guilty hand
That broke the holy casket of thy spirit,
And left thy life in fragments.

Encas. Now, now, let us see,
For the light of the storm gleams o'er the sea.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Edinburgh, a Street. — *Enter several* CITIZENS *and*
MAGISTRATES.

1st Cit. Heard you the news! the rebels enter on
the morrow.

2nd Cit. To the disgrace of this our government,
That leave such open door for rebels.

1st Cit. Government, a government but in name:
For what is a government? to take our tithes
And give us no protection in return:
But leave our homes, our properties
To the dictation—perhaps the spoil—
To the first pretender; backed by surly proud rebellion,
That the ever heaving waves of time
Throws to the surface.

3rd Cit. Hear, hear. We should not stand it.

1st Cit. But we must, for what are we?
When they who stand on the summit, our watch,
Have grown so weak about the knees,
And, shivering, bend from drivelling fear
Of every cause, that's wisely meant
To rouse their energy to cleanse the State.

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Mag. Hear me, good citizens, and wisely judge.
 The seeming inconsistency you see,
 Nor rashly blame the rulers of our town
 For lack of courage or unwise fear ;
 Yes, they did fear to leave your wealth
 At the rude sack of a naked rebel,
Exeunt. When they no power to cope with him commanded ;
 They rather choose to take his word of honor—
 Of quiet gentle resting in the town,
 Which his good stay at Perth did justify,
and Than rudely rouse his ire to force an entrance.

3rd Cit. And where is Johnny Cope? ha, ha.
 He went North, and the Prince came South.

1st Cit. We hear he'll hold a Royal levee,

Mag. Ay, and right royally they say he will proclaim
 His kingly sway ; calling the nobles of the land
 To meet him with their due allegiance,
 In the kingly hall of his ancestors.

2nd Cit. All very nice that all may sound,
 But faith it strikes me hard,
 That he who gives allegiance to a rebel
 Should draw his sword and strongly fight,
 Or he shall find unto his cost,
 He'll pay for his allegiance in another way. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Edinburgh, a room in Palace—Ladies, &c.

Enter PRINCE and suite.

1st Lady. O! who does he look like?

2nd Lady. O! isn't he a lovely Prince?

3rd Lady. O! the dear, dear Prince.

Prince taking the arm of Murray.

Prince. Dear Murray, though in pleasant scenes
Of careless gay reception, think not
I cannot appreciate your thoughtful cast ;
Noting well your stern and martial bearing :
Feel well disposed to cast my troublous care,
“ And in the thankfulness of such good fortune,
Feel very rejoiced, and enjoy myself—
Though all my trials are still to come ”—
In the possession of such an officer.

Murray. To all those friends you've gathered roun
A portion of your care must sure abide ;
But weak shall be the hearts of these your friends,
If you do leave the care for them to love,
While you the ambling carelessness do love ;
Therefore, to stern reality, awake ;
Leave these nodding bows and simpering loves
For the great repast of the labor's rest :
A double pleasure you will then enjoy ;
While now enjoyed, they sure may cast a spiteful shot
Should failure dark, grin on your coming time.

Prince. I have thought of that, and even now
I keenly feel the weight of all you say ;
But you may see I ever strive to win
Some other friend to add unto my friends ;
And much it grieves me now to see
My English friends so scarce.

Murray. To win an Englishman ! you must
Not seem to be won by woman :
For lightly in his eye a woman stands,
Like his fine horse, or wholesome cow,

To satisfy his use and want,
 And never to be used by them ;
 And well he holds such weakness in a man. [are

Prince. You are too hard. The daughters sometime
 A pleasant door for entrance to the father's heart.

Murray. A door with double springs, that shut you in

Prince. Well, well, think you the news of Cope, [or out.
 And our ability to cope with him be to the mark.

Murray. I wish poor Johnny Cope was all we had to
 But what we'll do, right quick we'll do, [fear ;

And as we win we'll gather friends ;
 Ay, gather as we go, lest standing here—

In honoring pleasure's smiling sun,—
 We melt like snow balls on the clay.

Prince. True, then let us make our leave,
 And on the morrow let us bring our plans :
 Then in vigour of their execution
 Hit hard our foe as he turns up.

SCENCE III.

*Edinburgh — a room — Enter PEDLER with pack, and
 WILLOCKS.*

Willocks. Excuse my rather inquisitive inclination,
 And please, good sir, explain your occupation,
 And what might be the gentle meaning
 Of this rather suspicious acquisition—
 This strange travelling companion—this box.

Jimmie. This box, dear sir, contains my occupation ;
 And to draw the inquisitive inclination
 Of your kind and valuable attention,
 I am willing to explore its contents. [exterior

Willocks. Then further admiration of its peculiar

Would be waste of time, when your great condescension
Speaks of exploration of its unseen mysteries.

Jimmie. Perfectly welcome, admire away.

Wilocks. Did I not hear you speak of its—

Enter several Highlanders.

1st *High.* Ay, Jimmie the Peddler, what now.

Jimme. Shake up your purses! What do you want?

1st *High.* What! mad Wilocks on the rounds too;
Gay times boys! ha, ha.

Wilocks. Wishing no intrusion in your presence,
I'll retire if requisite.

1st *High.* Not requisite. You want some tweed,
And Jimmie will supply you. [shanks;

2nd *High.* No, no. Pity to hide them splendid
Sell him a halter.

1st *High.* No, no. Give him a rake to kill an
And Jimme, no fighting yet. [Englisman;
So moneyed gentlemen among us are scarce;
So we are scarce of anything to buy.

Enter ENEAS.

Eneas. What now? What's all this about?
I hope you all do feel at home;
For faith I think 'twould suit you better
Than lumbering up my little room,
With lumbering packs like this. [Kicks the pack.]

Jimme. [Picks up pack, muttering,]
They'd steal, but I don't think they'd buy.

Eneas. Good evening, gentlemen: Thanks for visit,
And when I want you here again,
I'll send a special courier for you all;
For now that we are with the Royal Prince,

We shall do all things Royal. [well.

1st *High.* Less lip, I think, would serve you just as
[*Exit.*

Wilocks. Excuse my return—my intrusion,
And allow me to offer you a little cinnamon,
Which will highly improve the flavor of your drink :
In return, as a tribute to your great condescension,
To your very humble servant.

Eneas. Thank you, Mr. Wilocks, that will do.

Exit Wilocks.

Poor Wilocks ! His foolish kindness
Is taken with a smile, superior :
But the kindness of the good or wise :
With a grin or sneer of contempt,
So as that fellow said, " Less lip
Would serve us just as well."

When tender lover's gentle coying eyes,
Wrapt in the blindness of the joy they found ;
Shew to the world dear Cupid's fond surprise,
And we go whimpering, giggling, whispering round ;
I think " less lip would serve us just as well."

When brothers snap affection's tender chain,
And open wide each others' sacred wound ;
Dear loving care the bursting cause of twain ;
And we go whimpering, giggling, whispering round ;
I think " less lip would serve us just as well."

When weak misfortune wraps our fallen sister ;
Stabbed by the joy she thought she found ;
While to her heart lies close the loving blister ;

And we go whimpering, giggling, whispering round ;
I think " less lip would serve us just as well."

When light temptation draws the thirsty wretch
To saddening sorrow's staggering sound,
While on his soul, the whirling vice, intoxicating
violence thatch ;

And we go wimpering, prying, whispering, round,
I think " less lip would serve us just as well."

When fiery passion burns the guilty hand,
And sears the conscience in a bloody mound,
While dark despair drops in his heart like burning
sand ;

And we go whimpering, prying, whispering round,
I think " less lip would serve us just as well."

Enter HECTOR.

Hector. I have been talking to the Prince, his noble
And well I like the gentle lad ; [self,
He's noble, and his mein is graceful ;
Formed by nature in a happy time
To grace a noble line.

Eneas. So be it, yet I fear the line is all he'll grace.

Hector. That does not speak like you ;
I hope he'll wear a true contented crown,
And nobly grace a royal throne,
And there beget a happy race of kings,
To hold a gentle sway o'er happy friends.

Eneas. Friends, 'tis easy ruling friends,
But first cast out a mighty enemy ;
That's strongly proped by friends,

Ere you talk of crown or throne.

Hector. What brought you here? Did you not come
To help your Prince, and fight his foes?
Why linger here within thyself reposing,
And faulty find what you should help to right?
Away! it smells like fear, I like it not.

Eneas. Did I thy tender vanity possess
For great one's nods, I might like thee,
In busy nothing, think myself at work.

Hector. Out! What mean you? What are you?
That only bow unto your own device?
Yet, well I know, you like as well as me,
You like the notice of the good and great.

Eneas. Ay, so I do, yet for myself I do not;
I neither bow unto a man nor want
Great nobleman to bow to me;
Yet, when I see a man of noble parts:
His virtues I respect, and bow to them;
And when, upon the world, God wills a certain thing,
He brings a man that's fitted for the work:
Therefore, a man is earnest for the future,
And is Prince Charlie now the man.

Hector. I will not quarrel, though thy words
Stirred my temper, added to your closeness,
Angered me.

Eneas. You have but little to complain of words,
For seldom do I spare them,
And for my closeness, every man I take
Can choose his path through life,
Having but his God, and his own self
To answer for his deeds;

And as for quarrel, if thou dost quarrel,
I do not, and thou shalt go
Taking thy quarrel with thee.

Hector. I will not, for I like thee,
And thy judgment is ever just.

Eneas. Then tell me now what think you,
For I am much a hearer and a seer.

Hector. I hear we soon will march for fight,
For close the army's moving in our way ;
The Prince doth wisely feel to touch the war,
And beat the Government by bits.

Eneas. Then, here, I think we'll go and see,
Can we procure more modern arms
To meet the clash of southern steel ;
Since ambling smiles on ladies' jaws,
Are losing flavor for our Prince,
And stern realites upraise more stubborn thought.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*A field near Prestonpans. — Enter PRINCE, LOCHIEL,
MURRAY, and JOHNSTONE.*

Prince. What think you? Will we wait till morning
Light the treading of our way
Through yonder dangerous swamp
That skirt the camp of Cope ;
Or 'neath the darkness, now move on,
Or backward turn, attack some other way.

Lochiel. The light is dangerous for attack
The way he is secured ;
But through that marsh the night
Will hide a thousand dangers.

Murray. Could we secure a guide? Johnstone,
 What say you? You know around
 These whereabouts. Can you not find
 A guide to guide us through that marsh?
 And once upon the border of that solid laud
 We'll have an equal chance, and then,
 Why then, the fault shall be our own
 If we spoil not that camp
 Ere morning's sun shall see the whole of it.

Johnstone. A man that lives near by the marsh,
 A garden owns, who surely knows
 A pathway through that treacherous ground;
 But whether he should faithful prove,
 Is something else to know.

Prince. Why go and bring him; take
 Sufficient to compel him if he refuse,
 And we will teach him faith
 When we find out he's got the knowledge.

[*Exit* Johnstone.]

Lochiel. A chivalrous fellow, that Johnstone,
 And has the very soul of loyalty in him;
 I like him well. He'd break his neck
 To serve you or obey an order.

Prince. Yes, a true and faithful fellow.

Murray. Did every man that around us stand,
 Be free from selfishness as he,
 And true devotion carry in so right a way,
 We'd brightly win this troublous day.

Prince. I am sure when to the front of test,
 Each one shall rival other in their deeds;
 And none but shall their meed of praise deserve.

Excunt.

LOCHIEL,

morning

Murray. There's not a Highland sword that draws
Its shining keenness to the Southern eyes,
But there shall write its deed of fear ;
Yet stubborn sometimes for to draw.

Prince. Then let us go prepare our plans,
As ready for the guide to come ;
Leave word for Johnstone to my room to come,
That we may haste the coming fray. [Exit

Enter ENEAS.

Eneas. I think my spirit's like the gentle rivers
That dwell within my native land ;
That bear within themselves a thousand things of life,
And in whose beds fertility for me who wills to take
My native land, my darling lowland land ;
How my soul loves my native land :
Fresh from my father's hills and rocky cliffs,
It dwells serenely, peaceful here at rest,
Where the undulating plain display
The varied hue of every shade,
And the skies are bright with the blessed light ;
Where the fruitful fields, with their ever-green shade,
Invite my soul to its restful peace.
O ! how proud to call this blessed land my native land !
This lovely gem of all the Isles that ever saw the sun,
Where a hardy, trusty, honest race
Praise God and work his fields.
O ! how I like it, and the noble men
Who dwell, with eager pulse, developing its soul.
I love you, mighty man, yet covet not your might ;
I love ye wise, ye rich, ye gay,
Yet covet naught you call your own ;

draws
 I love ye daughters of my native land,
 Yet love desire you not.
 O could within your breasts but burn
 The love of God divine ;
 Around my country's noble shore,
 A noble breed of men would stand
 To watch and guard its life,
 [E. v.] As worthy as the glorious throng
 That sing around the throne.

ers
Enter HECTOR.

Hector. Here comes the Prince ! Back from the way.

f life,
 take
Eneas. I am out of the way as even to a Prince ;
 There's no obstruction in my way.

Enter PRINCE *with officers, &c.*

de,
 and !
 sun,
Prince. Every man unto his clan ;
 And as we have given orders,
 Let every thing in silence work itself.
 Follow your guide in single file,
 And on the solid ground form out the line,
 And let not man break silence as he moves ;
 We will be near. Keep close unto your fellows.
 (*Aside to Murray.*) Keep close eye upon your guide.
Murray. I will ; and woe to him if treachery lurks
 Within his bosom.

[*Highlanders file through the marsh, and form
 line in front of Government Camp*

Murray. 'Tis bravely done, kind fortune smiles.
 The morning grey begins to dawn.
 Give out the order for the charge. Charge !
 [*Cope's army uproar.*

The Highlanders are on us !

We are betrayed! We are butchered?
 There's naught for us but flight;
 They caught us napping, and their charge
 Is like the very tiger's spring.

Enter Col. Gardiner.

Gardiner. O for Prospero's wand to wave over the
 And rouse our sons from fear. [land!
 Their mother's fear that should have stayed with her
 Who first conceived, then bore in fear;
 O let them rouse themselves, and think
 Is it a manly thing to be
 The offspring of their mother's fear:
 Can they lose sight of this,
 Their fathers fathered them in boldness;
 And rather be the sons of their fathers courage
 Than tremble here at things of small account,
 Like their grandmother's death:
 Else has their ambition grown so small—
 Their heart so cramped,
 They'd rather be the heirs of motherly fear
 Than claim their fathers' heritage, courage. [*Exit.*

Enter Wilocks.

Wilocks. That has the ring of what I like it not,
 It's dangerous even to Highlanders,
 Though they call me mad, I like to kill that,
 And will cut short his life that bears it;
 For well I know, that same is too,
 Too much courage to escape with. [*Exit.*

[*Enter Gardiner with sword drawn.—Wilocks slinks
 and shoots him from behind.*

Wilocks. Ah! But that's pleasant, that crimson tide,

To see it flow so fresh ;
 I feel within its living shade—
 My soul eased part of wrong.

Enter Prince with officers, and victorious.

Prince. What have we here?

Lochiel. A noble man, and a Christian gentleman,
 As he is well reputed, the gallant Col. Gardiner.

Murray. A nobler end he did deserve.
 Than falling by his country's sword.

Wilocks. Do you lament him? faith did he live,
 He might make some of us lament.
 He led them furious armed dogs
 On wilder horses than the Sultan owns—
 And when I saw his furious frowning looks—
 Heard his words—saw his deeds,

I did nerve myself to end his days ; [*Prince.*
 And faith his death is worth something to you, good

Prince. I am happy in the owning of the same.

Wilocks. Let me but kiss your sacred hand and the
 debt is paid.

Prince. Dear Murray, give orders for the time,
 As wisely as I feel that you can do,
 As God was truly kind to me,
 When such a soldier joined my fortunes ;
 And as our work is but begun,
 We all must help our rising sun. [*Exeunt.*

Exit.
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[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A lane near the late battle.

Eneas. O! it's hard! O! it's hard!
 When a man has sounded the depths to live,
 The depths of this itching, flickering, pleasure
 That whisk in taunting flight,
 Ere we have slaked our rising thirst;
 Or the depths of all the wringing violence
 That's done neneath the sun.
 See love of money—awful root,
 The victim lash to delvings low,
 While poverty's great moaning crowd
 Search wildly round for bread;
 Bearing the great extreme to make him but extre,
 Till the great God command him to his bar,
 And give him all he earned, his own;
 Why, he's no more; 'tis all he was, 'tis all he is.
 See cunning, grasping, deep ambition
 Look through the lives of men, upon his aim,
 And calmly calculate destruction dire;
 The road to reach his goal.
 And see his blinded stubborn tread,
 Tramp o'er the cries of children, the shrieks of wives;
 While from his aim he calmly views,
 His desolated time, his desolated track,
 And blindly, grimly, smiles, nor thinks
 Till shivering at the portal of great death,
 That he's the desolated time he lived,
 The awful deeds he done the heritage of his soul;

Why, he's no more, that all he is, for that's all he was.
Look round again and calmly see
A great forgetful world
Divided in a thousand states,
And every state a world.
See the great state—the noble rich ;
See the great state—the noble poor ;
See the great state of wretched guilt ;
See the great state of weary sickness weak ;
See every state, and every state consider well,
And think that many a man, through all the states may go ;
And as the states forgetful are, of each and other,
Till dire misfortune, in one or other, upsets the whole.
See each man passing through the states
Forgetful of the one behind—forgetful of the one before ;
O ! think ! I think with all great reverence,
'Tis time this ponderous globe did stop or change
Its revolutions in this woe ;
For I did no violence, but violence to myself.
My wild spirit hath nearly broke my stubborn frame ;
And flesh nearly too much for flesh ;
For even thought hath got its womb of sorrow,
And will not come upon this footstool here
Without its share of pain.
Dear gentleman, seek not too much to know,—
Leave the great knowlege for the time to come ;
Sweet heavenly faith is all we want below,
And rest and live in peace :
For every question the mind of man shall ask,
The mind of man shall answer.

Enter Hector.

Hector. Why moping here in gloomy musings lone,
While victorious sound in every heart
Is filling up the joy. [ing of his way.

Eneas. Never a man hath heard my voice complain-
Then to myself the attribute I claim to guide my life,
For to myself, and to God, I have got to answer.

Hector. O could I stir you up to interfere !
To rush for victory and achieve success !
See you have lingered here quietly along,
While meaner men have gained renown ;
And even I myself, honor's pleasant wreath,
In kind promotion, and sweet words of praise.

Eneas. I wish you every joy they all may bring ;
But I did see so many eager for the fray,
That I did take it easy,
And found sufficient for my labor's strength
In cheering up the wounded, and preserving
The frightened prisoners from indignity. [up,

Hector. Come, I have something that will cheer you
For you have much of a gentle spirit
That looks too much within.

Eneas. My cheer is staple ; did you know it
You would with me rejoice. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Prince's quarters.—Enter PRINCE with CHIEFS and OFFICERS.

Prince. How bright the rising of our rising deeds.
The light upon you all in honor sits ;
And I am sure doth warm our hearts in grateful joy,
That victory great, so cheap is won ;

For I am so pleased, complete their rout hath been,
 That thus the terror of our arms to spread,
 Shall bring us many friends ;
 And these our English friends much cause to see
 Our hopes were well, and our faith was good,
 When we relied on Highland friends.
 So to us now good council give ;
 Shall we to England straightly go,
 Or linger till our forces grow ?

Lochiel. In lingering, perhaps our forces may
 Grow displeasing in the way they'd grow ;
 So if to England we design to go :
 Let us go while fresh—nor wait to rust.

Murray. I do not like the thought of English land,
 They will not welcome Highland hearts ;
 So can't we here spread wide thy ancient throne,
 And break the bond that lightly joins
 Our Scotland to that England there ;
 And then let England, if she dare,
 Attack you in your Scottish home ;
 United, Scotland never knew
 The fear of foreign foe. [hills again,

Macdonald. Too soon, I think, to see our Highland
 'Till we have seen the pleasant fields of England fine,
 And bowed our waving plumes in the noble halls
 Of the rich, the courteous, and the gay.

Prince. Well said, my lord, you speak like visiting.

Macdonald. And ain't we
 To leave a gentle hostage on their throne ?

Murray. Since war must last, where ere you stand,
 Until you stand secure,

I think advance is but the word we say
To keep our forces moving, and meet the war at once.

Prince. Just as you say. I am sure they'd just as
Give me the throne, as Scotland. [well

Lochiel. And we as soon have Scotland as the throne ;
But let us march and meet them,
And put them to their trumps at once,
And win or loose the stakes.

Prince. 'Tis well, I'd rather press to England now.

SCENE III.

England, near Manchester. — *Enter* ENEAS and HECTOR.

Hector. Just as I thought. These dull, phlegmatic,
Nice, soft and fatty Englishmen
Stare at us as though we were a show,
Got up expensively, expressly, and strangely.
For their study and gratification.
To-day I went through the town
Drumming and squalling up recruits ;
A lovely crowd assembled round,
Heard the music, asked for more,
But could not comprehend the object of my aim.
And some where curious enough to stick
Pins in my legs, to see if I were human ;
Then asked the pay the Prince would give.
I told them fortune was the pay he gave,
For loyalty was always well rewarded :
He said he did not know who loyalty could be,—
Thus, staring, still they slunk away.

Eneas. Have you heard? We are back for Scotland ;
The chiefs are vexed, the men dispirited ;

The Prince crest-fallen at his English friends—
So slow and scarce.

Hector. Friends! Friends! I am sick of them!
I'd rather fight my enemies than trust my friends.

Æneas. Well, well, keep quiet, no doubt you'll fight;
I'd rather neither trust or fight. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Scotland.—*Enter Duke of CUMBERLAND and OFFICERS.*

Duke. Rebellion! Rebellion! O! rebellion.
How suited to man's love of change;
Man's nature to disturb existing things,
Created in him by his every want.

1st Officer. I feel, now, this rebellion's near its end.
The men are wearied, and the chiefs are sore;
Prince Charlie was not formed the man
To lead the fiery Highland clans.

Duke. Why, he's no man, he's nothing;
But a something hard to describe.
With all the arts of friendship, he's no friend;
With all the arts of greatness, he's not great;
Why, he puts out anything—without its heart,
And there's his failure. Chagrin,
Vexed, that his arts gain not what his heart should.
See that the morning has all readiness complete—
Give particular orders on the charge,
Lest these great Highlanders again reap victory;
For though they are hungry, tired, they're sore,
And will, like tigers, make the charge.
Let them be beat on that, and, crushing hope,
We'll cast all mercy to the dogs.

1st Officer. Yet they are noble, extra gentle.

Note the history of their march!
How truly noble, grandly terrible,
In their civil strength.

Duke. Gentle, that's the terror—
Didst ever see might move else;
Beware the light and gentle tread,
That at the ear thou hearest it;
There's dignity, there's power, there's motive in it:
Had I such men,
There's not a throne in Europe,
So stable but I'd shake;
Therefore, on the morrow, let all caution
Prevent the least advantage to them. [reserve.

1st Officer. I hear Cromarty's coming with a large

Duke. He can't have time,
We'll strike ere he appear.
Good night, and still, again, let great care abound.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Culloden.—*Enter* PRINCE, CHIEFS, and OFFICERS.

Prince. Arrange among yourselves your actions.

Murray. We'd rather you yourself, good Prince,
Would swing more dexterous your own command,
And order us as you would have us do,
For sulkily doth fellow move for fellow.

Prince. O, I repose such confidence in you,
I'd rather bear a second place.

Lochiel. The morning light will soon begin to break,
And should we turn and make retreat,
We might not better suited be again.

Murray. Then let us order; I am tired marching,

And remarching, back and forth,
Although I wish Cromarty here. [honor,—

Macdonald. Then let the orders be according to our
Our ancient established privilege. [day.

Lochiel. Let our honor be the deeds we we'll do this
And not let folly mar our strength.

Macdonald. You'r rather hot, young man.

Prince. Let not good chiefs——

Enter SHERIDEN.

Sheriden. The enemy is all a stir!
Quick, let us prepare!

Prince. Now, then, brave chiefs, let all
Excel in bravery!
Boldness be your watchword now,
And cheaply shall the day be ours,
For Scotland, Scotland, thou didst only once
Obey thy mighty heart;
Then thou didst raise an awful dome of liberty
That cracked the tryant's soul for aye.

[*Alarms, &c.—Exit.*

Enter WILLOCKS.

Wilocks. I am bleeding at every point,
And fear I can go no further;
I am drunken with grief and struggle;
Alas, this world may well be called,
Sorrow's dewy vale,
And the dew is drawn from within.
I'll lie me here and rest;
Some will find me and bear me
To some place where trouble and sorrow

Shall not be to find me ;
 But where have I been that it hath not found me,
 The faith is beautiful—
 I had it not before—I shall be found ;
 And now, I know, I am coming unto rest.

[*Lies down for rest and dies.*]

Enter HECTOR and ENEAS running.

Hector. What ! poor Wilocks, I shall not leave him,
 I'll raise his quivering body high,
 And rob death of his prey. [made his mark.

Eneas. [*Looking.*] Vain words,—Great Death hath
 And to the conscientious soul,
 Great Death brings no discord,
 And Wilock's wild soul's at rest.

Hector. He lived, he suffered, and he died,
 'Tis all, 'tis all for him,
 Or all the mighty and the great,
 For epitaph may claim ;
 Though great their fame, as man can know,
 Or great their wrong, as darkest night enwrap.
 Wrongs, aye, wrongs, like Wilock's wrongs—
 Unheard, unseen, unspoken.

Eneas. We may not here have peace, but at death,
 Who shall dispute the wording of our epitaph,
 And the dry remains below the monument
 The cause why stands the monument ;
 The monument now greater than the cause.
 Should this not teach humility ?

Hector. We all know that.

Eneas. I know that ;
 So now I want you all to act it.

Hector. Why is not death explained. [*Exit* HECTOR.

Eneas. Life not known till felt—death the same.

What a wonderful thing must be the soul of man,
That hath such beautiful entrance to this world ;
Such wonderfully, inexplicable exit ;
The unseen, narrow, darkened, gloomy passage ;
The unexplained reality
That completes his time and sharply ends his lease.
How desirable to him a peaceful conscience,
When yielding to the weight of earth, he lies for rest
Near that great archway, that gloomy entrance ;
And feels a power, unexplainably great,
Glide him to his great completion ;
While the fluttering of that shadowy curtain
Pales the moisture in his stiffening cheek ;
And Death's rattle, laughing, in his throat,
He slinks within the scene.

Enter three SOLDIERS—make at ENEAS.

Eneas. Halt ! I am a man of peace.

Soldier. If a man of peace, what doing here,
And carrying that sword ?

Eneas. Did I obey this sword, it should drink
What it thirsts for—thy blood ;
For ere I enter that gloomy shadow, [*Pointing to* Willocks.
Some shall die !

[*Then suddenly springing to disarm them, exclaims.*
The Camerons bravely fought this day !
The proud Macdonalds lost the day !
Had they fought as they boldly stood,
Your Saxon blood was rusting, now,
Upon our angry steel !

Enter HECTOR.—*Is attacked by one of the* SOLDIERS.
They fight.—[*Exeunt* SOLDIERS.]—*Enter* PRINCE.

Hector. Come! Eneas, quick, save the Prince!
 Ah! Prince, had you kept up the fight,
 We might have gained, or nobly died,
 Than struggle now for life. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

A hut in the Highlands.—*Enter* HECTOR and ENEAS.

Hector. O, butchery! butchery! butchery!
 My country's bleeding in a butcher's tread!
 Her children choked in iron grips!
 Her wives defaced! O, harrowing deed!
 Her miserable poor hung like dogs!
 Their wretched hovels near.
 O, I am mad, with pain, with inward rage!
 Go 'way! leave me! no talk!
 When such damn'd deeds speak such hellish words,
 And half my country helping to destroy.
 O, God, deliver! Stop their cruel enmity!
 Shake heaven! let the thunderbolts descend!
 O, interfere in thundering greatness wild!
 The last day appear!

Eneas. Have done. God has interfered,
 And always does; but we, his means,
 Perceive not; think you he can only disturb
 The mighty elements of nature, and thunder down
 Destroying hail upon the wicked?
 He can do a greater thing than that;
 Can move and change the mind of man,
 Claimed free, and make it work his will;
 And he has done it. Great Macallum More,

Hath turned his Highland hand,
And Highland sword hath saved the highland land.

Hector. Name him not. Such traitors!

O, had Cromarty, that in Ruthven lay,
Been near upon Colloden's field:

Or had the Prince more dogged stood,—
Even to die.—We had no need of traitors:

Yet, it cheers me.

Eneas. I have lost my worship for the Prince,
Who saw so many noble die,
And had not courage in himself to die;
I would not want to live and fail in such a strife.

Hector. Say not that. He wanted for to die,
And needed force to leave the rotten field,
Where pride had slain his cause.

Eneas. Then cheer up, and let us cheer him up,
For all the nobles now are fled,
And he is left unto the poor,
So they must save him from the block;
And though I have grown ragged in this strife,
No money coined shall buy his life from me:
Though money's noble, gained in truth;
In treachery, it hath a double curse;
A curse itself; the bloody deed a curse;
And when we safely save him from the hounds,
The act shall end the tragedy.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

In a Highland glen.—JIMMIE the Peddler and JENNIE.

Jimmie. Once more, dear Jennie, thine arms of grace
Around my neck, once more entwine,
And kiss a dear fairwell.

Jennie. Again, dear Jimmie, and wish the kiss
Could turn it to the welcome.

Jimmie. The welcome! I must go to get the welcome.

Jennie. And come again, yet, I would rather
Sweet speed had hurried you along,
Than second thought had turned you back.

Jimmie. You were the second thought; but I'll
away, adieu!

[*Jennie stands in the door, Jimmie moves on and
looks back.*]

Jimmie. What! Jennie is an angel, her form is
And her silvery hand points to the heavens. [luminous,
The indissolvable space:
Is it the resurrection morn? and doth she wing
Her flight to join the Saints upon the air?
No, she's changed again, yet, Jennie is an angel,
And all *her* kind, till we or they have marred them;
Yet that vision's left me sentimental. [keep it:
Who knows futurity? No man! He hath not power to
He who knows it can keep it;
Yet when great things come on the earth—
Unusual changes, unusual sights—
What are they? Who can answer?
The deeds that follow! Then what are omens?
Since omens are not known till the deeds are seen;

Perhaps it is that revolutions grow like trees ;
 The root is in some passion in mankind,
 And grows its trunk within the general mass,
 And spreads its branches o'er the whole ;
 But when it moves to touch that sacred thing,
 The offspring of our God, called the soul ;
 The angry winds of Heaven upheaves the tree
 And crushes much humanity in its ruin ;
 And the soul, ere touched, shrieks from the touch,
 And gives these omens to humanity ;
 But this is never prophesy ;
 It's but the effect of something then at work.
 Prophecy is when the mighty God
 Draws near unto his sacred part, within a sacred man,
 And speaks unto the world what he shall do,
 In retribution of some evil done.
 If reparation and repentance is withheld ;
 Or, to assert himself, when blinded unbelief
 Invents new theories of its own :
 Or shew the faithful he doth love and bless,—
 Cause for faith and hope in his decrees of love ;
 Then since such glories are our God's delight,
 I'll trust in him though all die, I with the rest ;
 For what am I to his great designs.

SCENE II.

A hut in the Highlands.

PRINCE, ENEAS, and HECTOR, *lounging.*

Eneas. Time moves on with his iron tread,
 And scorns the smiles and frowns of man. [deliver us.

Prince. And from these perilous times, good Lord

Eneas. What is is, and what is to be, will be ;
 And bit by bit, God and nature gets through the world,
 And if a man come here before his time,
 May he not go before it? "both seemingly."
 Man is irresponsible for his real self ;
 His desires, his hopes, his faith, have pure success.
 His mind unlimited, all powerful in thought,
 And can have an unlimited all-powerful end ;
 And the strongest things on earth are the unseen feelings,
 And the things seen only reveal the things unseen ;
 And the things seen but teach to us unseen :
 Therefore, God, being unseen, is greatest.
 He delivers from within—trust him,—
 And makes all things without, work, and
 Carve out a glorious thing called character—
 To adorn thy soul when given unto Christ.
 Then be not afraid if thou art such—thou shalt be finished,
 Though Heaven should move the very elements to war.

Prince. That is well if one could know it, and obey it,
 But the knowledge must be great—heavenly, who has
 And some adornments will be very strange. [got it :

Eneas. We cannot judge without much light ;
 Study the great word of God !
 All character in him shall be perfection.

Hector. Why, who are you, that thus would make
 The world a school-master.

Eneas. It's not the master but the means.

Hector. Then, who are you?
 Are you the only man in all the land
 That 's slinking on to Heaven?

Eneas. I'd like to be the noble thing to follow,

He who lead the meek and lowly life on earth ; [hand ;
 But sits now on the great high throne on Power's right
 Trying to imitate his life on Earth. [dead.

I fear him, as he's now, the awful Judge of quick and
Prince. Stop, for grief hangs on my spirit
 Like something born of clay.

Eneas. And so it ever is.

And shall a man be said to live,
 That feels and looks upon these things,
 Or, shall a man be dead,
 That feeleth, seeth, not these things.

Prince. To follow you one must be dead.

Eneas. Looking at the world, yet dead,
 Cans't thou not see that all the world's ajar—
 All earthly fame is vanity—all earthly glory shame.

Prince. Why so it's proved to me—not the having
 but the missing. [string.

Hector. Have done ! You harp too much on one

Eneas. Can't you see ?

Why, then, I'll prove a contradiction true.

Hector. Well ! [wise.

Eneas. Most of men are fools, and most of men are

Hector. Then you are both, or one of the most.

Eneas. Yes, and each day I discover

A new folly in myself, and I do laugh,
 For it will sure to be a folly of mankind, [alike :
 For as I am a man, so are they all, and every man's
 Yet genius is sublime,

It springs upon the airy pinions of the mind,
 And boldly looks, and vaults, o'er depths unfathomable ;
 Leaps the free insurmountable heights,

And meekly, humbly, fearingly bows
Before the pearly gate of Heaven.

Hector. Teach us something of the present :
You are as badly fixed as us,—lead us out.

Eneas. What odds for me, what odds for me?
The Lord is triumphant, wonderfully,
On mountain and on sea.

Hector. I think you see rather far,
This present looks like another conqueror.

Eneas. What think you !
Creation is the offspring of God's mind,
Man is his mighty gleaner ;
All things are eternal ; glean carefully, glean well,
For the hour and the day shall be seen.
The perfect soul of man shall be seen
Impregnated and permeated by God's spirit,
That it shall have the attributes of God
So perfect, that the general good
Shall be so watched over by man himself,
That each atom in the general whole
Shall be a cause of jealousy for the whole to preserve.

Hector. Where, then, is Jesus ?

Eneas. Jesus is God's mind, Jesus Christ creator.

Prince. Go on.

Eneas. Who is then the wise ? look close :
Is it he who carefully lives ;
Scrimps his taste of all common joy ;
Add to his body no superfluous show :
Gathers and saves all things of wealth—
Adds to his horses, cultivates his fields,
Fills his shelves with costly things,

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Hector. Is that, that house not made with hands,
Eternally in the heavens, St. Paul.

Prince. Whist, who comes here?

Enter a HIGHLANDER.

High. Just now a peddler strange and calm,
Came moving through the glen ;
I warned him of the armed slaves
That hunting, watch around ;
He heard my warning, but obey
He thought it wisely to despise,
And so proceeded on his way.

Hector. Who was he? [Prince.

High. How should I know? He resembled much the

Enneas. Why let us go? You to your place, [to *High.*
And you good Prince hide carefully,
For though the future is a pleasant thing,
The present ever claims the wise regard of every man.
We'll bring you word how this may stir,
For much I think there's something in the wind,
And the gentle heaven, I think, is cracking
The dark and gloomy cloud,
And streaks of silver are edging unto us ;
For all great heaven has got to do,
Is to leave man to himself ;
When weeping angels, at the havoc,
Must draw the mercy and the help
From heaven again. [Exit.

Enter PEDDLER, weary.

Jimmie. I don't feel like going much further,
And my spirit's ominous ; but I am an honest man.

Enter SOLDIERS.

1st *Soldier*. Stop! or your dead.
Who are you? Where are you on for?

2nd *Sol*. I swear it is the rebel himself!
Speak? Who are you? Not a word.
Then £10,000 is in your yellow nut;
It's ours boys! I know him well!

1st *Sol*. He won't speak. [*They kill him.—Exeunt.*]

Enter PRINCE.

Prince. That Eneas' talk I can't remember,
Yet contradiction of it I would not venture;
But I am not what he arrays,
Yet he doth seem to be it,
And he is seemingly no more than me,
Yet any man might be what he doth say.
There's mighty room in it, and it is present,
And the present is what we like, look at, and struggle for;
And, O, it's hard, I have failed!
Years! years of struggle! years of hope!
To culminate in such dreadful scenes—
Such bloodshed, rapine—such distress—
And leave the poor performer so debased—
So hopelessly wrecked—so fallen.
O, ambition! in thy gilded arms thou foundest me
A cheery smiling lad—
Courtied me, pointing to a giddy height,
Dangling it through my youth to manhood's prime;
Then disappear and hurl my manhood
To childish weakness, without a hope to grow;
And all my years a weight on childish strength,
And the dreadful scenes a curse

Upon my soul for aye. I am lost ! lost !
 And with me lost so many brave devoted friends,
 More worthy of great hopes than me. Alas !
 I am in the time when to myself I am danger !
 Ah ! hope is strongest in the weakest ;
 O, gentle God ! O, gracious mighty Saviour !
 Have mercy on a poor part of thy great shadow !

Enter ENEAS and HECTOR.

Hector. Good news ! Quick, the way is clear !
 Here 's Flora, and your deliverance,
 In the person of her waiting maid.

Prince. Lead on, I have no fear without me ;
 I am grown such terror to myself,
 There is no fear that causes fear.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Mull.—Enter ENEAS.

Eneas. Home again, much as I started ;
 What Almighty power hath God,
 Knowing all things—having all things,
 And dwelling still in Joy.
 Who sees the just—who sees the wrong—
 Who sees the wicked work destruction—
 Who sees the good the right perform,
 Nor heeds to punish or to praise ;
 Who sees the strong oppress the weak ;
 And leaves him claim within his heart,
 The greatness of his might that none will claim,
 From out his power the restitution ;
 Who sees himself the greater sin,
 The owner of all things the tyrant claims,
 Hurl'd from his every thought,

And then attempt his great expulsion
 From his own imperial universe,
 Or change him into something else ;
 Alas ! my soul is frightened at the thought ;
 Great God ! have mercy ! spare us yet again,
 For in those things I think I see
 Thy ever great Almighty power ;
 That thou canst calmly view those things
 And leave them to themselves to kill ;
 And leave them to themselves to pay ;
 Surely thou hast arranged all things,
 From everlasting unto everlasting :
 And thou dost calmly view the working of thy laws,
 Binding the wicked and the good, in both a just reward,
 And still great freedom to the mind to choose its path,
 While thine own great will is thy council and law.
 O, my spirit's grieved !
 For unto all these things they have added still [name,
 Such great offences to his little ones who love his holy
 And live in Jesus' sacred self,
 As wishing them from here, the witnesses of God,
 That they might have the place unto themselves ;
 O ! I fear, for I see so much, 'tis now no virtue
 In me to fear, but a necessity.
 O, I would not be surprised
 Should some great woe appear
 To wrap our world in flame ;
 So I am trembling like a wretched waif,
 Because we can't repent, for we are blind,
 And I do fear, fear, fear.

Exeunt.

Enter HECTOR.

Hector. It's half past one.

Eneas. Yes. Why should I hurry for?
Yet again it will be half past one;
And when we're nestled in the quiet nook
Of that old burial ground,
It still will be again repeated, half past one.
And if we are not laid within that quiet nook,
But roughly handled in another way,
It still shall be the same.

Hector. Give way, we are but dust.
These things you touch on are not ours;
Perhaps we meddle where we should not;
But it's ours to end our griefs,
And blow these brains of sorrow on the air.

Eneas. If here begin the awful terror of our sin,
What shall be the end hereafter?
Do it not, for there is nothing that is not;
Yet man began with immortality and may end with it;
And still retains that immortality in the aggregate;
And when this aggregative immortality shall cease,
An individual immortality may begin,
For he who can end this aggregative immortality,
Can surely give an individual one.
And if immortality was once possessed,
It could not be immortality and destructible; [might be.
Yet the disgracing, then changing, of that immortality
Not fulfilling certain conditions, to keep a certain state;
And the redemption of that immortality
Must be the redemption of the form it had;
The being the same, the state but changed.

Then the necessity of evil or devil,
 To discover itself in a visible eternal hell.
 That that being in his blessed state,
 Forgetful as he was in the other state,
 May see the eternal punishment of the wicked,
 Lest he should doubt there ever was a wicked,
 And doubting, sin, and fall again ;
 For all things on earth do seem eternal ;
 Mixed, evil and good, and so must be ;
 For what age had them not.
 And if all things are not eternal,
 Change must be, which is nothing.

Hector. Stronger rubs may be upon the other side,
 And we may be but developing to something better,
 And forgetful.

Eneas. Yes, but here is a hard something :
 If the mysteries of the past are true,
 And the present bear their mighty fruit,
 They speak for any wonder the future may bring ;
 And he that said,
 Before Abraham was, I am.
 Must surely have preserved the past,
 Or how could he be in it ;

Then Abraham is what he was, and ever shall be,

Hector. Then if that be so, these scenes shall be
 Preserved in the actors minds, [eternal,
 But where are we now ?

Eneas. Perhaps within a mighty circle all complete ;
 Yet earth is but the only place we know,
 Where the sinner can a saint become.
 Have you ever thought that something very grim,

Lay hid within that instinct in mankind,
To preserve his dead and bury them in crowds,
And how nature followed out that instinct,
Heaping them in heaps upon the battle field,
As though nature even in death was social ;
Have you ever thought what silence might be.
Silence may be the greatest activity of mind,
And death the extreme of silence, ha !
None came from there ;
One came from God, the wonderful,
And he said he was there still.
Did ever see a thought but it came silent ;
See a man wrapt in thought, silence
His very tread, when thoughtful, light as air ;
Did ever see a dozen men in reading wrapt,
Silence reigning supreme, the mind enjoying, active,
The body carelessly disposed,—lost ;
Come now with me and reverently tread
Where dwell, in social crowd, the silent dead,
See all within their narrow cells
In awful silence wrapt ;
Was ever meditation so intense—thought so still,
Or abstraction so complete ;
Add to that grim, that wasting picture,
Thought, learning every note of life,
That it, when called on, may repeat. When
I am chilled I want not to be there ;
But doth not death come like an awful thought,
See it approach upon a man, if sudden,
How, with a sudden wrench, his thoughts in silence dwell,
If gradual, how approach the thoughts of all his life,

Till, silent, silenter he grows, and thinks,
 Until that thought becomes a silent thing,
 That feels not, hears not, sees not ;
 And his friends pick up what 's left of earth,
 Laying it in the company of the past ;
 While that thought thinks on, regardless of
 The change upon its earthly house.

Hector. Does that satisfy the present?
 Have you no voice of earthly joy?

Eneas. Honor the dead. The dead have all the past,
 The living nothing.

Yet there 's an unseen, unheard, unspoken,
 Opinion of every man.

Such things are not for selfishness
 For me alone to know ;

All churches are like little towns,
 Skirting the bank of time's great river,
 Where the eternal soul of man delights to stay

And wrap itself in holy garments
 For its great mid-night journey,
 And they, themselves, made subject to
 The uneven waves of rolling time,

'Till at its utmost limit stands

A holy city, like an eminence,

With glittering pearly gates,

And shining bright foundations,

Where the ever regenerating soul of man

May step within its silver ship,

For its unfathomable, unlimited exploration.

What need hath earthly joy of voice,

Or earthly woe either? can we not feel them?

You know the greatest,
 For lovely woman is a lovely thing—
 God's chosen gift to man—
 Clothed in the lovely drapery of modesty,
 That you may lift, and bathe in the lovely whirl within.

Hector. Bah ! modesty hath left the sex,
 And dwells sometimes with boys ;
 But few are the stars that live in thy path, O Moon !

Eneas. You are sullen and cannot
 Rise above the present woe. [share?

Hector. Have you no tears your country's woe to

Eneas. I look upon my country's woe
 In a different light to some
 Who think their own their country's woe.

You are grieved now at the loss
 Of the hopes, the joys, the honors, you had found.

Hector. Taunt me not, lest you should anger me.

Eneas. Should this raise your anger—let it stay with
 God treats a nation as he treats a man, [you.
 Corrects, punishes, and leads to right.

Hector. An angel came to me last night—
 I knew her well. My childhood's home—
 My boyhood's plays—my manhood's laboring field—
 Clad in beauty of her native youth ;
 My native land, my native place,
 My soul's delight, my imagination's theme,
 Rolled in the halo of a charming dream,
 Sweet—

Eneas. Dreams, dreams, 'tis all that's left of her.
 You'll have to leave—to other lands depart.

Hector. Beautiful beam of the morning,—

Celestial light of the evening sun :
 These streams, these lakes, these valleys,
 These bounding hills, that like the soul of man,
 Search creepingly the vault of heaven,
 And like the soul of man lose themselves in point :
 These with their natural wealths,
 Are all my fatherland, my soul's heritage.

Eneas. Yet thou must go from her, and take with you
 Truth, so mighty in itself, and grand,
 To live in the heart, and stimulate the hand.
 Here comes my lovely Mary.

Enter MARY.

How are you now my lovely girl?
 What think you now of Princes?
 Come near and lie upon my breast,
 And share its warmth in its trusting rest,
 While in your ear, with voices sweet,
 I'll pour the true, the loving wheat,
 And from your heart responses wild,
 Shall please a man—dear nature's child,
 And while I bear this earthly pride,
 You, too, shall follow at my side ;
 And while the heavenly grace is sent ;
 That moves my life till it is spent,
 I'll live an honest man.
 And the sun shall be my guide by day,
 And you shall be my star at night ;
 The tuning birds, the smiling flowers,
 Shall, also, speak of thee, when the pleasant hours,
 Shall bring the bowers, when I shall dwell with thee.

There 's plenty room in the field, boys,
 There 's plenty room in the field,
 And I never could see any reason
 For us to fall out with the yield.

There 's plenty room in the field, boys,
 And I ever did see him the scorner,
 Who looked at the place, and not at the work,
 Round the Centre, on the Square, or the Corner.

There 's plenty room in the field, boys,
 There 's plenty room in the field,
 And if our mind is not right with the giver,
 I am sure he will stint in the yield.

There 's plenty room in the field, boys,
 There 's room wherever I see ;
 And if there 's not room on the level,
 There 's room in the height or the depth to be.

There 's plenty room in the field, boys,
 And one thing I am certain,
 Whether we work or whether we play,
 We all will see ; let down the curtain.

[*Exeunt.*]

s,
corner.

DEDICATION.

I come not here to speak the words that other men did say,
I come to say the words, that speak the thoughts, that I
myself should say.

To the companions of my boyhood, if any remain ;

The instructors and defenders of my youth,

If they know who they are ;

To the friends and enemies of my manhood,

If such luxury be mine ;

To the land of my birth, of my hopes, of my fears,

If it will take the offering at my hand.

be.

By the

AUTHOR.

count.

