THE GRAHAME'S VENGEANCE

By

Otto von Rosenberg

(JAMES TUCKER)

James Cook University, Townsville

FOUNDATION FOR AUSTRALIAN LITERARY STUDIES

THE GRAHAME'S VENGEANCE

or

The Fate of James the First

King of Scotland

By the same author:

(Edited by Colin Roderick)

NOVEL

Ralph Rashleigh, *or*
The Life of an Exile
First published in 1952
14th edition 1993

COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

Jemmy Green in Australia
First played in a radio version by the
Australian Broadcasting Commission on 8 December 1952
First published in a
limited edition in 1955

THE GRAHAME'S VENGEANCE

or

The Fate of James the First

King of Scotland

THIS historical drama by the convict James Tucker, author of the novel *Ralph Rashleigh,* has as subject the murder of James I of Scotland by Sir Robert Grahame in 1437. Like the accepted melodramas that went to make up the first half of an evening's dramatic entertainment in the first half of the nineteenth century, it is written in blank verse. James Tucker's blank verse shows an artistic use of enjambement and caesura and reveals him as a skilful manipulator of the language. In conformity with contemporary notions of unrelieved melodrama, it eschews all humour except the tragic grotesque. Although grim, it rises above the rhodomontade of much of the stilted tragedy of the period and at times displays a vein of poetry. It is the natural complement of Tucker's earthy comedy, *Jemmy Green in Australia,* published by Angus & Robertson of Sydney in a limited copyright edition of 1000 copies edited by Colin Roderick from his copy of the original manuscript. *The Grahame's Vengeance* reveals Tucker as a wide reader, acquainted with eighteenth-century literature and drama, very much under the influence of Sir Walter Scott, and keenly alive to the dramatic possibilities inherent in this barbaric mediaeval Scottish event.

The Grahames Vengeance

Or

The fate of James the First

KING of SCOTLAND

A Historical Drama in three Acts

By C.W. von ROSENBERG

THE GRAHAME'S VENGEANCE

or

The Fate of James The First King of Scotland

A HISTORICAL DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

BY

Otto von Rosenberg

(JAMES TUCKER)

Edited from the Original Manuscript by

COLIN RODERICK

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE

THE identity of the author of this melodrama and of the farce entitled *Jemmy Green in Australia* and the prose work, *Ralph Rashleigh, or The Life of an Exile,* had been lost when a Mr Robert Baxter of Sydney in 1920 proffered the original manuscripts for display in an exhibition organised by the Royal Australian Historical Society. Baxter represented them to be the property of his wife Margaret, who in due course turned out to be the daughter of a Scottish convict named Alexander Burnett, conditionally pardoned in the 1830s for services on journeys of exploration made by the Surveyor-General, Sir Thomas Mitchell. The manuscripts had been in Mrs Baxter's possession since her father's death in 1885 at the age of 78 or 79.

The Research Secretary of the Society, James Jervis, in the course of his researches into the history of the manuscripts, lit on a reference to them in the *Sydney Morning Herald* of 9 April 1892. In this a journalist calling himself "The Spectre" wrote that Mrs Baxter's father had been a clerk of works to Sir Thomas Mitchell and had become acquainted with "a most eccentric genius who had been transported for forgery". This forgotten man had been "an architect by profession and a learned man withal". His "dissipated habits had rendered his work somewhat intermittent", but he had been "employed upon many buildings in the city". His spare moments, Robert Baxter informed "The Spectre", "were occupied in literary work and thus it was that the present, as well as many other manuscripts, came to be written". When dying the author had bequeathed them to Burnett. Some of this information comprised half-truths, but the core of it proved to be close to the facts.

The farce, *Jemmy Green in Australia,* had the misadventures of a new chum in New South Wales in the early 1840s as subject. *Ralph Rashleigh* was not so easily placed. The historians of the 1920s believed it to be the memoirs of an Imperial convict. Many vain searches were made for a convict named Ralph Rashleigh, but so convinced were the searchers that the work was a personal

memoir that their conclusion was that the name was an alias. Nor could anyone named Giacomo di Rosenberg, the author of *Ralph Rashleigh,* or Otto von Rosenberg, author of *The Grahame's Vengeance,* be found in the records. Nor did anyone attach any significance to the obvious parallelism in the two foreign forms adopted by the author for the name James Rosenberg.

On the close of the Society's exhibition the historian Charles H. Bertie purchased the manuscripts. During a visit by the English publisher Jonathan Cape Bertie showed him the manuscript of *Ralph Rashleigh.* Being then on the lookout for manuscripts for a new series of unusual adventure stories from real life, Cape undertook to publish it. On perusing the manuscript Cape's reader recommended against publishing it in its original form and diction, which placed it in the class of the adventure story of the early nineteenth century. The text was accordingly rewritten to bring it into line with modern speech. In the process incidents were modified or falsified to fit the prejudice that the narrative was a memoir. Ignorance of the administrative detail of the convict system in New South Wales resulted in ludicrous error. Cape was a conscientious publisher and was careful not to give the ensuing publication the title of the manuscript. Instead he called it *The Adventures of Ralph Rashleigh.* It bore the same sort of relationship to the original as Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare* bears to the First Folio. The error persisted from 1929 until the appearance of the authentic text in 1952 as a standard picaresque novel of crime and punishment ascribed to the convict James Tucker, who at his trial at the Chelmsford Assizes in 1826 for writing a threatening letter gave his name as Rosenberg. Likewise, on his arrival at Port Jackson in the transport *Midas,* he had given his name as James Tucker or Rosenberg, spelt by the convict clerk Rosanburg.

The detailed story of the discovery of James Tucker's authorship of these manuscripts has been told with documentary detail and photographic proof in the limited Original editions of *Ralph Rashleigh* (Angus & Robertson, Sydney, 1952) and *Jemmy Green in Australia* (Angus & Robertson, Sydney, 1955). It is here abridged but with additional information relevant to the intellectual equipment that enabled Tucker to create a melodrama out of the assassination of James I, King of Scotland, in 1437.

In 1947, while preparing a volume of short fiction written in Australia since early colonial times, I considered including Chapter 14 of the Cape edition of *The Adventures of Ralph Rashleigh.* This chapter recounted an episode in the life of an actual theatrical troupe on the convict Agricultural Establishment of Emu Plains, near Penrith, about 1830. From the intended publisher, Walter George Cousins, chairman of Angus & Robertson, I learned that the original manuscript was still in possession of the firm, to which Bertie had sold it in 1930. It had been put up for sale in 1931 but no-one had shown any interest in it. On checking the text of Chapter 14 in the manuscript I was struck by its superiority to the 1929 rewritten version and included the original text under the title of "The Biter Bit" in the resultant anthology published in 1953 as *Australian Roundup.* By that time I had discovered the identity of the convict writer and investigation of his career had substantiated his claim.

Two clues were of paramount importance in discovering his identity. First, he had pasted together discarded pages from an old register of assignment of convicts to landholders in the Port Macquarie district in the 1830s and used them as a cover for a manuscript copy of *Jemmy Green in Australia.* Secondly, the foolscap paper on which he had written the manuscripts of the two plays and part of *Ralph Rashleigh* was Government issue watermarked 1840 accompanied by the Imperial insignia. These suggested a place and an approximate date of composition of the manuscripts. He had actually dated the manuscript of *Ralph Rashleigh* 1845. This was significant, for by that date the convict establishment at Port Macquarie had become a mere shadow of its former self and was hardly more than a hospital establishment inhabited by scores of relics of the system, most of them tertiary syphilitics. With them was a town gang of reasonably fit men capable of doing the necessary work about the town and performing the inferior administrative functions. In the following year steps were taken to close the establishment.

In 1949 Walter Cousins died suddenly and it fell to the new publisher, George Ferguson CBE, to make a decision on my suggestion that Angus & Robertson might publish this candid echo from the past in its pristine purity. He agreed on condition that I could prove my thesis that the work was a novel in the late

eighteenth-century tradition of crime and punishment, which meant that it became necessary not only to find the author but also to piece together enough of his experience as an Imperial convict to make his authorship feasible. A glance at the reproduction of the manuscript title page of *The Grahame's Vengeance* opposite the title page herein reveals that the author had developed a distinctive style of calligraphy for the lettering of his manuscript title pages. Analysis of his running hand and comparison of it with handwriting styles at the turn of the century revealed that it was the hand of one used to commercial work rather than of one accustomed to legal work or that of a professional scrivener. The discursive lettering used for the title pages suggested that although he was aware of embellishments of this kind done on architectural drawings he had not had a disciplined training in regular styles. But it was clear that what he had arrived at was original.

Pursuing my search for tell-tale documents in correspondence between the officials of Port Macquarie in the 1840s and their superiors in Sydney, I happened on the evening of July 27, 1951, to be investigating a complaint of the Commissariat Clerk at Port Macquarie to his superior at Sydney that the Port Macquarie Police Magistrate, William Nairn Gray, had corruptly used convict labour to enlarge and improve his private garden for gain. The Deputy Commissary General referred the complaint to the Colonial Secretary, who remitted it to Gray for comment. Gray refuted the complaint in detail and to illustrate his response enclosed two plans carefully drawn to scale. The plans were lettered in exactly the same style as the title pages of the manuscripts. On these plans the amateur architect had signed his name, James Tucker. The handwriting on pages of calculation attached to the plans was identical with that of the body of the *Ralph Rashleigh* manuscripts. But who was James Tucker, and had he, presumably a convict, led a life that would equip him to write these compositions?

Fortunately Gray had added a postscript for the further information of Governor FitzRoy. This stated that he was enclosing a nominal list of all the convicts at that date on the establishment. His idea was to show His Excellency what impressive work he had done with about a half-dozen men sound in wind and limb. The list was in the file, and there, among six so-called "specials", that is,

convicts performing special duties, was James Tucker per *Midas, Midas* being the ship by which as a convict he could be identified. His special work was illuminating: he was storekeeper to the Superintendent. Here was evidence of the source of the paper used for the actual writing of the manuscripts. It was official paper from the Government store, purloined by Tucker or used with the approval of the Superintendent. Tucker may have simply commandeered it. But what incentive was there for him to write at all?

Further evidence came to light in a second complaint against Gray in the shape of a petition to the Governor from one Thomas Brown on behalf of the tradesmen of the district who believed that convicts had been employed on private work that should have been done by free artisans. Accompanying Gray's refutation was another plan of the public works done, drawn and signed by James Tucker and with it a page in his cursive handwriting giving the detail of stores received and dispensed and of the work performed by the prisoners. Nominal details of the other specials on the establishment and subsequent tracing of their records accounted for some of the incidents worked into the narrative of *Ralph Rashleigh.*

But nothing any of them had experienced could explain how Tucker had acquired the qualifications that would enable him to create this dramatic representation of the murder of James I, first of the Stuart kings of Scotland. Before embarking on that inquiry George Ferguson and myself, with the approval of the Archives authority and the permission of Commissioner Norman Allen of the New South Wales Police Department, referred the documents involved to Detective Inspector Paul Clark, its handwriting expert. Without any knowledge of the circumstances of their discovery and in the presence of Mr Gordon Richardson, Principal Librarian of the Public Library of New South Wales, Mr Clark pronounced them all to have been written by the same hand at about the same time. Every test confirmed his conclusion. The way was now open for the pursuit of James Tucker per *Midas* from the date of his arrival in Sydney Cove back to his birth, education, career, trial and conviction and forward from his first assignment as an educated convict to the composition of these works and beyond that to a reasonable explanation of how they came into Alexander Burnett's possession.

When the *Midas* arrived at Sydney on 19 February 1827 his vital particulars were entered in the Indent Book as follows: James Tucker or Rosanburg; 19; reads and writes; Catholic; born at Bristol; clerk and shopman; offence, a threatening letter; tried 5 March 1826; life; no previous convictions; 5 feet 3 inches; complexion ruddy, freckled; hair brown; eyes hazel. Establishing the relevant facts of Tucker's experiences as an Imperial convict in New South Wales was straightforward. They are recorded in minute books, letter books, record-book butts, official correspondence and newspaper reports. Until later in the century, when many ex-convicts merged in the general population, the life of an Imperial convict was recorded with much the same scrupulous attention to detail as marked the careers of Royal Navy personnel, even to the number of lashes received. Here I may say that Tucker was never flogged. He was a highly intelligent man, likeable and adaptable. That he was constitutionally tough is clear enough from his record of treadmill punishment and losses of his ticket of leave for drunkenness. In short, his colonial record, as we shall see, provided convincing evidence of his capability as a creative author. But first we may take account of his life as boy and youth in England and of the incident that led to his transportation.

The most important extant record we have of him as a boy was his enrolment in 1814 as a student at Stonyhurst College, the leading Jesuit seminary in England that had officially reopened in 1795 in Lancashire with a staff drawn from its sister seminary in Belgium to which the original English seminary had moved on Henry VIII's Reformation of the Church. To the seminary was attached a school to which pupils were admitted, normally at the age of eleven. It was the considered opinion of churchmen at Bristol and Stonyhurst that it would be safer to consider 1803 as the date of Tucker's birth, rather than 1808, which would more likely have been the year of his baptism. This opinion was buttressed by the knowledge that his fees at Stonyhurst were paid by an agent in London and not by his father or mother, the latter of whom was a Hannah Tucker of Bristol. The vital particulars of his father are not yet known. That Tucker was by 1826 partly responsible for the support of his mother emerged from the proceedings of the court case that led to his transportation.

An important piece of evidence connecting him with Giacomo di Rosenberg and Otto von Rosenberg and the James Tucker or

Rosanburg of the muster aboard *Midas* is the fact that he was tried as James Rosenberg Tucker. Added to that was his use of Rosenberg as his name in the letter written to his cousin James Stanyford Tucker which led to his conviction on the charge of "writing a threatening letter". He had written to James Stanyford demanding that five pounds be sent to him as "Mr Rosenberg, the Bell, Exeter Street, Strand", failing which he would reveal to the world James Stanyford's having taken "indecent liberties" with his person. Time and chance may perhaps reveal that Rosenberg was his father's name. At any rate he must have had some reason for adopting it, and it certainly distinguished him from the other James Tuckers who had made the involuntary voyage to Botany Bay by 1828. Nevertheless it was as plain James Tucker that he enrolled at Stonyhurst. There he had the advantage of as liberal an education as could then be had in England. The emphasis was on the humanities. Possibly as a result of the school's centuries-long sojourn in Belgium, the language of the school in the second year was French and because of the demands of higher studies in the seminary proper after secondary school life, instruction thereafter was in Latin. This would certainly account for Tucker's Latinate style. But his knowledge of the great English classics suggests that the classical English authors were not neglected. Boys in the upper forms were encouraged to present standard plays during the Christmas festivities. This took the form of the normal programme of dramatic fare offered by professional theatrical companies, namely a melodrama in the first half, an interlude of piecemeal offerings and a comedy or farce in the second part.

It is clear from Tucker's reports of the theatrical troupe's performances on the convict training farm officially known as the Agricultural Establishment at Emu Plains that this kind of programme was familiar to the convict performers there. The Emu Plains convict theatre had existed since at least 1824, when the Sydney *Monitor* had reported a performance attended by the then Governor, Sir Thomas Brisbane, and the Chief Justice, Sir Francis Forbes. After a lapse in 1825–26 under the more rigid rule of Governor Darling, performances resumed soon after Tucker arrived in the Colony and was sent to Emu Plains "to learn field labour". In *Ralph Rashleigh* Tucker refers to a performance attended by the

Chief Justice and Sir John Jamison, a prominent landholder with an estate near Emu Plains. He names the melodrama and the farce on that occasion as *Raymond and Agnes* and *The Devil to Pay.* In 1830 a new Superintendent took charge at Emu Plains, and the convict theatre resumed performances. When Edward Smith Hall in Sydney heard of it he took the opportunity to attack Governor Darling in his usual way in the *Monitor* and contrasted the freedom of the convicts at Emu Plains to enjoy theatrical performances with the deprivation of the free citizens of Sydney, who were denied the privilege on the ground that the plays were irreligious and immoral. In its issue of 8 July 1830, the *Sydney Gazette,* a semi-government newspaper, printed an account of an Emu Plains convict performance, giving the melodrama as *Rob Roy* and the comedy as *John Bull.* Down came the heavy hand. The theatre was broken up and the actors were dispersed. Tucker is not named as one of the actors. Perhaps he was a mere stage hand. One cannot be sure that he was remitted to Sydney because of his activities on the fringes of the theatre company or whether his apprenticeship as a field labourer was deemed to be complete. At all events, we next hear of him on 8 July 1831 working as a quarryman in the Department of Public Works in Sydney. He also had the privilege of sleeping out of barracks. In the following year he came to the notice of the Colonial Architect, Ambrose Hallen, who appointed him a messenger in his Department, apparently at the lowest rank, his remuneration being rations, clothes and bed, but no additional pay. This was an important step in his career, for it marked the beginning of acquaintance with the work of a government department from the inside — in this case work that was to acquaint him with the skills of a draughtsman, which, applied ten years later at Port Macquarie, helped identify him as the writer of *The Grahame's Vengeance.*

When on 1 January 1835 Mortimer William Lewis, an officer on half pay of the Corps of Royal Military Surveyors and Draughtsmen, was promoted from Town Surveyor under Surveyor-General Sir Thomas Mitchell to Colonial Architect, Tucker's blameless service was brought to his notice. Lewis supported his application for a ticket of leave, in which Tucker nominated Windsor as the district of his choice for residence. This appears to have been Tucker's second application for a ticket of leave, for an

earlier one had been approved by the Sydney bench but had not been dealt with by the Principal Superintendent's office, possibly because of arrears of work. His new application was sent by Lewis direct to the Colonial Secretary. Meanwhile Lewis on 27 March 1835 promoted Tucker to the rank of Messenger Second Class with a gratuity of eightpence a day plus ninepence a day in lieu of rations. Tucker had still not received his ticket of leave, but in the *Government Gazette* of 18 June 1835 he read that he had been granted a ticket of leave for the District of Windsor. Tucker now had second thoughts and decided that he would be better off remaining in Sydney in the Colonial Architect's office. Lewis accordingly wrote to the Colonial Secretary to say that Tucker did not now wish to take up the ticket of leave so long as he would be allowed to stay in his present employment. Possibly Lewis's second promotion of him to Messenger First Class with the higher gratuity of a shilling a day had persuaded Tucker to remain in Sydney.

Lewis and Tucker appear to have believed that that ended the ticket of leave confusion. Tucker continued to work in the Colonial Architect's Department. By 25 April 1837 he must have acquired technical skill in the work, for on that day Lewis appointed him Overseer of the Gang making improvements in the Government Domain. A year later a new Principal Superintendent of Convicts suddenly became aware that one James Tucker per *Midas* holding a ticket of leave for the Windsor district was residing in Sydney without leave. Inquiry by Lewis disclosed that his letter of 7 July 1835 asking permission for Tucker to reside in Sydney in his employment in the Colonial Architect's Department had been mislaid. Lewis on 18 April 1838 submitted a duplicate of this letter and Governor Gipps three days later approved of Tucker's retaining the ticket granted him in 1835 subject to his remaining in employment under the Colonial Architect. One salient piece of evidence emerged from this mix-up, namely that Tucker had been "employed on the Emigrant Building etc." by the Government. Another was that Alexander Burnett was in Sydney in 1838, when he married Mary Veitch, and was on 12 January appointed Foreman of Works by Lewis and sent to supervise the construction of the new gaol wall at Maitland, where his daughter Margaret, later Mrs Robert Baxter, was born in 1839, Burnett being then 31. These

circumstances obviously connect Tucker with Burnett and another incident appears to strengthen the connection. On 16 September 1838 Tucker was convicted of drunkenness, lost his ticket of leave and spent 14 days in the House of Correction at Parramatta. After a week on the treadmill Tucker petitioned for a remission of sentence. Gipps ruled that he be placed in the Probationary Gang at Parramatta and that the ganger, Hugh McRoberts, report on his conduct after two months. On 1 December McRoberts reported favourably and His Excellency restored his ticket of leave a fortnight later. Sadly, Tucker had meanwhile lapsed again and on 3 December was punished with the suspension of his ticket and a sentence to work as a clerk in confinement in Hyde Park Barracks.

By an odd turn of the wheel this sentence worked in his favour. Three months later he redeemed himself when a fire broke out in the Royal Hotel. A Mr Graham of the Engineer Department headed by Lieut.-Colonel George Barney took charge of firefighting operations and called on Tucker to organise a gang of volunteer firemen from the prisoners in the Barracks. Tucker did well enough to earn a personal mention in the *Australian,* which praised the "exertions of a person named Tucker, a clerk in Hyde Park Barracks, who at the head of a body of prisoners, was unceasing in his endeavours". Colonel Barney recommended him for a ticket of leave. It could hardly have been mere coincidence that Tucker selected Maitland as his residential district. The fact that Burnett's daughter's husband finished up in custody of Tucker's manuscripts suggests that he chose Maitland as his district because Burnett was there.

Fortune had this time reversed the wheel. On arrival at Maitland Tucker found that Burnett had been transferred to Newcastle to supervise the building of a new courthouse. Nevertheless there are many incidents in *Ralph Rashleigh* drawn from events at Newcastle during the 1820s and 1830s that suggest that Tucker knew the topography of the port and had heard stories of those years from time-expirees and ticket-of-leave men left in the district. In addition life at Maitland was enlivened with the activities of the Maitland Amateur Theatrical Society under the patronage of the Warden of the district, Edward C. Close, for the benefit of the Benevolent Society. In August 1843, while Tucker was there, the Theatrical

Society obtained a licence from the Governor for several performances. The licence was granted to Benjamin Pitt Griffin, who was not a resident of Maitland but of Sydney. He was Senior Second Class Clerk in the Colonial Treasurer's office. It was convenient on all counts for him to take out the licence because he was the father-in-law of William Lipscomb, the leading bookseller of Maitland, and a man of considerable substance and public eminence. Griffin was in Maitland on 26 August 1843 when the Society staged its first performance, consisting of the melodrama *Bombastes Furioso* and the burlesque *Othello Travestie.* Particularly relevant to the pursuit of Tucker's dramatic skills was the inclusion of a parody of the popular music-hall ditty of "Billy Barlow" composed by Benjamin Pitt Griffin and entitled "Billy Barlow in Australia", retailing the misadventures of a new chum. Two years later, at Port Macquarie, Tucker was to use this parody as the germ of his comedy, *Jemmy Green in Australia.* Griffin's parody was all the rage: the *Maitland Mercury* printed it for sale at 3d. a copy and sold it while dramatic performances continued to entertain Maitland.

Tucker was unhappily not there to enjoy many of them. His sudden departure was the result of an irresponsible whim.

Early in October 1844 two of his fellow-exiles, a ticket-of-leave man named John Carpenter and a female ticket holder, Harriet Woodham, purported to have received letters from old friends in London to the effect that their spouses had died, leaving them free to marry. The minister whom they asked to perform the ceremony knew that permission for the marriage of convicts had to come from the Principal Superintendent and accordingly sent their applications and the letters proving their spouses' deaths to Sydney for the requisite permission. Naturally the resemblance of the handwriting in both letters aroused suspicion. The scribe turned out to be none other than James Tucker. On 2 November Carpenter and Tucker appeared before the Bench, Woodham being too ill to appear, and, says the record, "the similarity of the handwriting to Tucker's being proved, they were both sentenced to lose their tickets and to be worked twelve months in irons."

The prospect of work in any ironed gang must have daunted the 40-year-old Tucker, whose hardest labour, except for his first few years in the Colony, had been pushing a pen. As far as officialdom

was concerned, the problem in 1844 was to find a penal settlement in New South Wales where an ironed gang still clanked about. The answer was Port Macquarie, which to all intents and purposes was still a convict settlement. Although it had ceased assigning convicts to free settlers 14 years earlier, it still had what was called an ironed gang which performed public works, the irons being by 1844 in permanent custody in the blacksmith's shop. The real reason why Tucker was sent there was because the Police Magistrate, William Nairn Gray, had just applied for prisoners to work on a dam he wanted to build over Kooloonbung Creek. Tucker probably worried himself sick on the coaster carrying him to Port Macquarie. As it happened, he was a welcome arrival and was immediately classed as a "special" and assigned to clerical duties as storeman under the Superintendent of Convicts, Stephen Partridge. Even better news awaited him. Some four years earlier the well-educated Dr Fattorini, who it was rumoured had performed some mysterious espionage duties for the Crown, had settled at Port Macquarie, opened a private practice and instituted a Literary Society which welcomed bond and free. Its activities included amateur theatricals, the organisation of which was entrusted to Captain C.R. Hyndman, after whom a street in the town was named. Tucker threw himself into the Society's activities and the plays that he wrote became well known to local legend. It appears from local recollection of the themes and titles of others that the two now extant, namely *Jemmy Green in Australia* and *The Grahame's Vengeance,* were not his only dramatic compositions.

Enjoyment of this life did not last long. In 1846 it was decided to close the establishment, now recognised as being in effect a hospital establishment. It was closed in 1847 and for many years relics of the convict hospital could be found scattered about in the townspeople's homes and back yards. In 1846 Tucker petitioned for a ticket of leave, which he received on 1 January 1847 for the district of Port Macquarie, where he had work with a local merchant and was friendly with a pair of married convicts at whose home he used to sleep.

Two years later gold rush fever struck the town. Moved by rumour and calculating no doubt that the convict system was now a dead letter, Tucker left to try his luck on the goldfields of New South

Wales. At Goulburn he came under the notice of the police and on 19 May 1849 was sent to prison for absence from his district. It is not known when he handed his manuscripts over to Alexander Burnett for safe keeping. Very likely he did so as he passed through Sydney on his way to Goulburn, for a gold prospector would have no chance of preserving them in a digger's camp. My opinion is that he never saw them again, for at Goulburn he was imprisoned for only a few months, at the expiry of which he was again issued with a ticket of leave. This he lost two years later when charged with stealing a watch. At his trial it emerged that he had been charged under a misapprehension. On release he was again issued with a ticket of leave, this time for the district of Moreton Bay. The record of that indulgence is the last pertaining to him with certainty that has yet been found. The date of his death is elusive. Of the twelve James Tuckers who died in New South Wales and Queensland between 1849 and 1890 only one can be said with confidence to fit his history to 1849. After 1852 the vital particulars of the James Tuckers whose deaths are recorded are too sketchy to be reliable. The defunct system had shed its errant ward as a snake sheds an old skin, leaving only these three works to attest to the talent and the experiences of the unfortunate man whose life as far as we know it at present enabled him to write *Ralph Rashleigh, Jemmy Green in Australia* and the melodrama that follows.

COLIN RODERICK

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

RESEARCH since 1950 into dramatic activity among Imperial convicts during the early years of settlement in Australia continues to unearth evidence of sustained composition and performance. Just as soldiers in POW camps have staged theatrical performances to relieve the tedium of their existence, so the exiles formed their amateur theatrical troupes on remote settlements such as Norfolk Island and Emu Plains to maintain their humanity under trying circumstances. With *The Grahame's Vengeance* James Tucker, using the alias of Rosenberg recorded at his original trial, clinched his claim to be regarded as a noteworthy convict playwright. With the only other play by him that has survived, the farce, *Jemmy Green in Australia* (Angus & Robertson, 1955), this historical drama is fair evidence of the range of cultural experience of both author and audience. Together they are a reminder that a common practice of the time was to present a tragic piece in the first half of the performance and in the second half a comedy.

Tucker's farce, *Jemmy Green in Australia,* was built up from the comic song, "Billy Barlow in Australia", with which Tucker had become familiar in 1843 at Maitland. It mirrored the life he had got to know in New South Wales. *The Grahame's Vengeance,* on the other hand, is not so much the fruit of the life he lived in the world as of that he led out of it. A pure historical drama, it could have been written only because Tucker had known earlier plays on the subject or had read the books that recounted the story. There is so much historical detail in it that no other provenance was possible. At the same time, there is so much deviation from the sources open to him, so much accumulation of characters, localities and incidents from the most unhistorical and unexpected sources that he must have written the play from memory and without reference to source books. Nevertheless, neither its numerous historical inconsistencies nor its *Halidon Hill* diction and structure detract from its vigour. Every creative writer has taken liberties with history, and those indulged in by Tucker are unlikely to exasperate the reader,

especially so long after the event. His poetic diction, dated though it may be to us, would have been quite acceptable to audiences of his day. Through it we at times have glimpses of the vein of poetry in its author. At times his blank verse rises to a higher level than that reached by many poets who in his day enjoyed a reputation.

THE action of the play occurs in mediaeval Scotland during the reign of James I, 1424–37. To understand the motives of the characters, we go back in Scottish history to the fourteenth century and the two marriages of King Robert II, the first to Elizabeth Mure, the second to Euphemia Ross. This Robert was the son of the High Steward to David II, who had died without issue in 1370. Before his death Robert secured the succession to the progeny of his first wife and thus sowed the seeds of the dissension which was to embroil the son of his second wife in the barbarous cruelties of 1437. In 1390 Robert II's son John succeeded him as Robert III. Indolent and timid, Robert III could not control the turbulent Scottish nobles and left much of the government to his crafty brother Robert, Duke of Albany.

Terrified by Albany's ambition, Robert III in 1405 sent his 11-year-old son James to France to be educated until the time should come for him to assume the throne. Scotland was then at war with England, and on the way to France the Scottish vessel was taken by the English and the young prince imprisoned. During his 19 years' captivity he earned some fame as a poet and finally won the hand of Jane Beaufort, a kinswoman of Henry IV of England.

On the death of Robert III in 1406, the Scottish Parliament recognised the title of the captive prince to the crown and appointed Robert, Duke of Albany, sole regent. In 1419 Albany died after a regency of 13 years, during which he had by various pretexts prevented the ransom of James I. As a result Albany was irregularly succeeded as regent by his son Murdoch, a man "indolent and remiss even to weakness". During Murdoch's regency Scotland was given over to rapine and terror. The rule of law was disregarded throughout the kingdom. Every noble, indeed, every petty chieftain, plundered where he wished and exercised independent authority.

Murdoch, finally exasperated by the profligacy of his sons, effected the release of the captive James, who returned to Scotland in 1424 and was crowned at Scone.

The task of cleansing the Scottish stable was formidable. To establish the rule of law James had to break the power of the nobles. The axe fell first on the house of Albany. Murdoch, his son Alexander and his wife's aged father, the Earl of Lennox, were arrested, condemned and executed. Many of the nobles were imprisoned, among them McDonald of the Isles and his mother, and Sir Robert Grahame, uncle of Malise Grahame, Earl of Strathern. Grahame was released soon after. A year later — in 1427 — McDonald was released, his mother being retained as a hostage. Within two years the Lord of the Isles raised the standard of revolt and destroyed Inverness. James routed him at Lochaber and proclaimed him an outlaw. Finding himself bereft of friends, the McDonald went secretly to Edinburgh and threw himself on the King's mercy. Bare-legged and dressed only in his plaid in token of submission, he suddenly appeared before the King in church and craved his forgiveness. James imprisoned him in Tantallon Castle.

Meanwhile the debasement of the nobles went on. James required them to show the charters by which they held their estates, the object being to dispossess any whose charters were given after his father's death. He adopted every means in his power to enrich the crown with landed property.

The earldom of Strathern had come to Malise Grahame from his mother, daughter of Robert II's son David, and wife of Sir Patrick Grahame. Although transmission through the distaff side was legal in Scotland, James pretended that this particular fief was transmissible only to male heirs. Recompensing Malise Grahame with the minor earldom of Menteith, he assigned Strathern in 1429 to the aged Earl of Athol, Walter Stewart, son of Robert II and Euphemia Ross. As events proved, this veiled attempt to win over the house of Athol was vain, as were many other favours bestowed on the Earl of Athol and his grandson Robert Stewart. Furthermore, it excited the fears of many of the nobles that they, too, were marked down as victims of the royal policy. In the case of Sir Robert Grahame, a fierce unforgiving Scot, it added fuel to the fire that his humiliating imprisonment had kindled.

During the next five years the discontent of the nobles was aggravated by more confiscations, until in 1434, after the imprisonment of the Earl of March, it boiled over. At a private

meeting of the aggrieved nobles it was determined that Sir Robert Grahame should remonstrate with the King in the Parliament about to assemble at Edinburgh, all the others convenanting that they would stand by him. In the Parliament Sir Robert Grahame did more than remonstrate. Rising in his place, he strode to where the King sat crowned and sceptred, and cried: "I arrest you in the name of all the three estates of your realm here now assembled, for right as your liege people be bound and sworn to obey your Majesty noble royal, in the same wise be ye sworn and ensured to keep your people, to keep and govern your law, for that ye do them no wrong, but in all right maintain and defend them."

The nobles were aghast. To appeal to the King for better treatment was proper; to arrest him was unthinkable. When Grahame turned to the assembled lords, confidently calling, "Is it not thus as I say?" no-one answered.

The forsaken Grahame was arrested on the spot and lodged, as James thought, in a "sure and hard prison". But no prison could hold the Grahame. Escaping with the connivance of the disaffected nobles, he made his way "into the countries of the wild Scots". There news of his banishment and the destruction of his wife and family excited the bitterest hatred in him. He sent James a defiant message under seal in which he renounced his allegiance and swore to kill him with his own hand, come time and opportunity.

Two years later the opportunity came. Meanwhile the Earl of Athol opened secret communication with Grahame to gain the crown for himself and his son Robert, who stood high in James's favour and was constantly about his person. After the Parliamentary session of 1436, King James determined to hold a Christmas feast at Perth and accordingly made his way to the Blackfriars monastery there. As he was about to cross "the Scottish Sea", a Highland spaewife accosted him and cried, "My lord, an ye pass this water, ye shall never turn again alive."

Now James had shortly before read of a prophecy that in the self-same year the King of Scots would be slain, and he sent one of his knights to know the meaning of the spaewife's words. When this knight returned he said to the King, "She is nothing but a drunken fool and knows not what she says." Had the King suspected treachery, he might have attached significance to several other

unusual incidents that occurred during the weeks of his sojourn at the Blackfriars.

The fateful 20th February at length arrived. The King had spent the day at tennis. That night, while he was at chess with Sir Alexander Crawford, Grahame and several score Highlanders made their way under cover of the wintry blackness to the monastery. Athol saw to it that the gates were unsecured, the locks of the doors filled with lead, and the bars removed. Late in the evening the spaewife clamoured at the door to speak with the King. She was turned away.

It was now near midnight. The courtiers had all retired, and James was left with the Queen and several of her ladies-in-waiting, including Elizabeth Douglas. Suddenly the clash of swords and the tramp of men broke the stillness. Through James's mind flashed the thought, "Treachery". He remembered Sir Robert Grahame's threat. While he tried to force the window open, the Queen and the ladies rushed to bar the door. The bar was missing and the window was "strongly soldered in the stones with molten lead". Seizing a pair of tongs, the King tore up a floorboard and dropped into the privy beneath, intending to make his way out through a manhole to the courtyard. But he was trapped. A few days earlier his tennis balls had rolled through the hole and he had had it walled up.

Elizabeth Douglas stood with her gown covering the broken floorboard while — so Boece wrote — Katherine Douglas thrust her arm through the door staples to serve as a bar. This feeble obstacle was soon thrust aside, and the grim figures of Sir Robert and his son, Sir John Hall and his brother, with a handful of armed clansmen at their heels, filled the chamber. The King was missing. One of the murderers demanded of the Queen where he was, and receiving no answer, offered to kill her. But Grahame's son cried, "For shame! She is but a woman. Let us go and seek the King."

When they had gone out the ladies tried to draw the King up from the privy, but Elizabeth Douglas fell in. While the Queen was thus distracted the assassins returned with Christopher Chamber, a creature of the Earl of Athol, who was a squire to the King. Perceiving the damaged flooring, he took a torch, tore aside the plank, and saw the King and Elizabeth Douglas. Then he cried, "Sirs, the spouse is found wherefor we are come." Thereupon

Sir John Hall jumped down "with a great knife in his hand" and attacked the King. James threw his assailant down, whereupon Hall's brother and the Grahame went down also, to see the King with hands bleeding from his attempts to wrest Hall's knife from him. James threw down the second Hall and turned to face Grahame, who threatened him with a sword. Seeing this, the King cried for mercy. But Grahame replied, "Thou hadst never mercy on the lords born of thy blood, and therefore thou shalt have no mercy now."

Then said the King, "I beseech thee, for the salvation of my soul, let me have a confessor."

"Thou shalt have no confessor but this sword," said Grahame; and closing with the King, plunged the blade into his body. The two Halls had now recovered their feet and joined Grahame in stabbing James repeatedly, so that sixteen deadly wounds were afterwards found in him.

The subsequent capture of the conspirators and their hideous punishments lie outside the play. Suffice it to say that the most barbarous tortures were inflicted, not only on Grahame, but on the aged Earl of Athol, who, as he stood to gain the throne, was reckoned privy to the assassination.

Sources and Their Treatment

Such was the event that provided Tucker with the material for his melodrama. In outline it had been told before his time in several books, among them Pinkerton's *History of Scotland,* 1797; Tytler's *History of Scotland,* 1827; Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather,* 1827 and *History of Scotland,* 1830; John Galt's *The Spaewife,* 1823; and in the histories of Boece, Buchanan, Bower and Holinshed.

An alleged contemporary account of the murder of James I appears in only two of these — as an appendix. It first appeared in Pinkerton's *History* and was reprinted in Galt's novel. It appeared as well in Volume II of *Miscellanea Scotia,* 1818, and was reprinted by the Maitland Club in 1837.

No other source appears to have been available to Tucker for many of the detailed events incorporated in the play.

Of the three lastnamed books only one copy of the *Miscellanea Scotica* was to be found in Australia in 1952 — in the Melbourne Public Library. Since then the National Library has imported a Pinkerton and a *Miscellanea,* and a Galt came into my possession. It is doubtful that any copies of Pinkerton and the *Miscellanea* came to New South Wales between 1797 and 1845, the date of composition of the play. But there is reason to believe that *The Spaewife* circulated among readers in Sydney and Maitland during 1830–44. First edition copies of several of Galt's novels and miscellanies, stamped with the stamp of the Australian Subscription Library, are still accessible in the Public Library of New South Wales. At Maitland in 1842–43 the Mechanics' Institute had a library containing Scott's *Demonologie* and his *History of Scotland,* and in June 1844 the Maitland bookseller William Lipscomb ran a circulating library that included "the novels of Scott, Bulwer, Miss Austen, Marryatt and others" as well as many histories, among them Tytler's *History of Scotland.* A *Dictionary of Biography* was also in both the Sydney and the Maitland libraries and in it there would have been an entry for James I.

The only story of the conspiracy which depicts Grahame in a sympathetic light is John Shirley's "contemporary account", from which the assassination of James I and the events leading to it comprise the Appendix to this edition of the play. To Pinkerton, who took a disinterested view of James's policy, the Scottish nobles were not discontented without reason; but the murder was nevertheless "a horrid deed". Galt has no reservations: to him Sir Robert was "ruthless, bold, and bloody beyond all chieftains of his time — the thrall of an ungovernable revenge — a bold, bad man — treacherous and wary". But whereas Galt was patronised by the nobility, Tucker was the slave of authority. He had since early manhood spent his life in fear of convict officials who were the Jameses of his world. For him Sir Robert Grahame's rebellion against authority would have the air of a romantic appeal, and it is natural that he should transfer his own feelings to his hero, as creative writers usually do. In doing so, he reshaped the story to fit the unity of his play. It is unlikely that only one book provided Tucker with the characters of his play or the events in which they

take part. That he wrote the play from his recollections of the story is obvious. In so doing he was free to create characters unknown to history. Resemblances and parallels suggest that his recollection of Galt's *Spaewife* was strongest.

From Scott's *Lady of the Lake* he took the names of Malcolm Grahame and Ellen Douglas, and to the former of these he assigned a ghillie named Allan. The Earl of Errol does not enter any narrative of the assassination that was available to him; but Tucker obviously knew that the Hays were hereditary High Constables of Scotland, and that gave Errol a place in the story. The surname of the outlawed Malise McGregor comes from *Rob Roy.* The Christian name of Lady Sybilla Grahame was that of a sister of one of James IV's paramours and was also that of the daughter of the Lord of the Isles at the time.

Of the remaining characters Marion Carnegie, McLouis and Phadrig the outlaw appear to have been created by Tucker. Marion Carnegie fills the role of the historical spaewife.

From Smollett's pedestrian play, *The Regicide, or James I of Scotland* (1749), Tucker resurrected the love affair between Eleonora and Stuart. The third scene of Smollett's first Act served as the model for Act 2, Scene 5 of *The Grahame's Vengeance.* Smollett's Dunbar comes alive as Tucker's McLouis. A comparison of the two plays reveals Tucker's as vigorous and dramatic where Smollett's is wooden and rhetorical. Whereas Smollett's is unplayable, Tucker's has the merit of being stageworthy and well within eighteenth-century devices.

To give his play unity and to motivate his characters Tucker shifted the centre of attention from the Earl of Athol to the rebellious Grahame, who dominates the play from beginning to end. He becomes a cross between Macbeth and Macduff, a man with a mission — to avenge himself and his nephew and to rid his peers of a tyrant king. The author's sympathy being with Grahame, the play closes with his triumph and James's death.

In John Galt's play, *Athol, A Tragedy,* written in 1800 and published in 1834, the author is on the side of King James. Galt's tragedy begins with the accession of James I and ends with his death. Sir William Crichton and the King discourse on religious controversies of the time. The events are sketched more broadly.

Tucker's play covers a much shorter time-span, viz., that of the actual conspiracy against James in the last years of his reign. In *Athol* Grahame (the Sir Robert Grahame of Smollett and Tucker) and Stuart, son of Duke Murdoch, murder the King at his prayers. Athol is quickly unmasked as the arch-conspirator seeking the throne, with Grahame and Stuart his tools. All three are seized by Crichton and doomed to death. There is no character equivalent to Ellen Douglas, and Sir John Hall and the barons do not appear.

The *Catherine Douglas* of Sir Arthur Helps, 1843, a poor piece of work, was not known to Tucker and suffers in comparison with the convict's play. The substitution of a vault for the privy — an enclosed latrine — of history in which King James actually hid from his avengers is fair evidence of Tucker's appreciation of the constrictions of the stage. That it was actually a latrine into which the King descended is clear from John Shirley's contemporary account of the assassination in the Appendix to this original edition. Shirley refers to the privy as an "uncleyne place" reeking with "ordure".

The Story According to Tucker

Act I: Sir Robert Grahame, Earl of Montrose, in the midst of a lament on the woes of Scotland under the covetous King James I, is surprised by a courier from his nephew, Sir Malcolm Grahame of Ellandonan, who sends a message that the King has stripped him of his patrimony. The wrathful Grahame, recollecting the butchery of the late regent Murdoch and his sons, urges his nephew to defy the King. He will himself summon the discontented barons to Ellandonan to debate revolt.

The barons assemble: the Earls of Athole, McDuffith, Lennox, McDonald and McKenzie, Sir John Hall, and the two Grahames. Athole declares that James has by his barbarity and rapine forfeited their allegiance. Lennox thirsts to avenge his kinsman's death. McDonald, Lord of the Isles, burns to expunge the hateful memory of his submission to the King. McDuffith pours sarcasms on the Stuarts' menial descent. McKenzie urges immediate action. Sir John Hall alone counsels moderation. Sir Robert Grahame, learned in the law, agrees to denounce the tyrant in Parliament, even though the Highland chiefs refuse to attend.

The.Parliament assembles. King James, before proceeding to initiate certain laws, calls upon any malcontent to state his case. Sir Robert Grahame advances to the King and denounces him as the murderer of his kinsmen and the plunderer of their estates. There is dead silence in the assembly. Grahame is arrested and banished to the Highlands. His estate is given to the Earl of Errol. Errol immediately invests Montrose, seizes the castle, and expels Sir Robert's wife Sybilla and her children.

ACT II: In the Highlands Grahame finds asylum with the outlaw Malise McGregor, whose lair is in Glen Trosach. To Sir Robert comes James Innes, his steward, who tells his master of the murder of Lady Grahame and his two children. Moved to unrelenting wrath, Sir Robert sends a message of defiance to King James at Falkland Palace. In it he renounces his allegiance and declares his intention "to rid the realm of such a fell and bloody tyrant". Meanwhile Sir Malcolm Grahame haunts Falkland to speak with Lady Ellen Douglas, his betrothed, who now rejects him.

ACT III: Sir Malcolm is not alone in loving Ellen. His rival is the King's Chamberlain, McLouis of Bute, who seeks out Marion Carnegie, a spaewife, to know the outcome of his love. She tells him that he will be united with Ellen, but not through his powers of wooing. She bids him agree to whatever a stranger now approaching should ask of him and commands him to withdraw. The stranger is Malcolm Grahame, in whose family's service old Marion had been. Malcolm seeks her help to win the fair Ellen. Marion urges him to carry her off and counsels him to enlist the aid of McLouis.

Bearing in mind the spaewife's injunction, and being informed that the man before him is one Campbell of Loch Awe, who seeks to elope with Mabel Armstrong, one of the Queen's equipage, McLouis covenants to assist him. In so doing he unwittingly opens the door to Sir Robert Grahame's vengeance. The dispossessed and violated Grahame seizes the opportunity to take revenge and joins Malcolm in a double plot to carry off his nephew's bride and destroy the King. He summons Sir John Hall, who calls down fifty Highlanders for the night's assault.

Terrified by her premonitions of disaster to the King, old Marion seeks to warn him, but McLouis dismisses her as a drunken fool. That night, as James is about to retire, he hears a clashing of swords

and immediately suspects treason. The Queen and Ellen Douglas try to bar the door, but the bolts are missing. Ellen thrusts her arm through the staples while James tears up a plank from the floor and descends into the vault. Sir Malcolm Grahame thrusts at the door, forces it a little, then slashes with his sword and severs Ellen's arm. She dies as he, Sir Robert and Sir John Hall swoop on the Queen. McLouis enters. Turning, Malcolm sees the body of Ellen Douglas. McLouis and he come to blows and McLouis falls as by fate decreed.

For a moment the conspirators leave the room. The Queen lowers a rope. But Sir John Hall rushes in and discovers James in the vault. He and Sir Robert Grahame plunge down. The King has a dagger and stabs Hall to death. Malcolm leaps down. The King seizes a battle-axe and fells him. A second blow smashes the axe. Defenceless, the King faces the fury of Sir Robert Grahame, who, incited by Malise McGregor, denies him shrift. The two fall on the King, who dies crying, "Sweet Jesu, grant me pardon for my sins."

THE GRAHAME'S VENGEANCE

First publicly performed by Tropic Line Research Theatre at the Townsville Civic Theatre—on the occasion of the thirtieth anniversary of the establishment of the annual series of public lectures by the Foundation for Australian Literary Studies, James Cook University—in August 1996 with the following cast:

King James The First	CHRIS TOBIN
Sir Robert Grahame	PHIL LAMBERT
Sir Malcolm Grahame/James Innes	DAN CRESTANI
The Earl of Errol/Sir John Hall of Bogie	BEN BAKER
The Earl of Athole/Malise McGregor	DAVID JENKINS
The Earl of Lennox	JOHN GOODSON
McDonald of the Isles	JOHN DU FEU
McDuffith of Colonsay/Forester	JOHN WAKE
McKenzie of Kintail/McLouis of Bute	ROBERT STREET
Phadrig	WILL AUDLEY
Herald	KELLIE PORTA
Jane Plantagenet	REBECCA ROEBUCK
Lady Sybilla Grahame	REBECCA CARTA
Lady Ellen Douglas	ELENA PELLONE
Marion Carnegie (A weird woman)	TERRI BRABON
First child of Grahame	LUKE EDE
Second child of Grahame	FIONA TUNSTALL

DIRECTOR: JEAN-PIERRE VOOS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

JAMES THE FIRST, *King of Scotland*

SIR ROBERT GRAHAME, *Baron of Montrose*

SIR MALCOLM GRAHAME, *Lord of Ellandonan*

THE EARL OF ERROL, *High Constable of Scotland*

THE EARL OF ATHOLE, *Uncle to the King*

THE EARL OF LENNOX) *Conspirators*

MCDONALD OF THE ISLES)

MCDUFFITH OF COLONSAY)

MCKENZIE OF KINTAIL)

SIR JOHN HALL OF BOGIE)

MALISE MCGREGOR, *An outlawed chief*

MCLOUIS OF BUTE, *Chamberlain to King James*

PHADRIG, *An outlaw*

JAMES INNES, *Steward to Grahame*

Park rangers, Foresters, Soldiers, Herald, Outlaws and Attendants, Courtiers, Prelates, Barons and Burgesses in Parliament

JANE PLANTAGENET, *Queen of Scotland*

LADY SYBILLA GRAHAME *of Montrose*

LADY ELLEN DOUGLAS *of Forthorwald*

MARION CARNEGIE, *A weird woman*

Attendants on the Queen. Two children of Grahame

SCENE LAID IN VARIOUS PARTS OF SCOTLAND

Sir Robt — I say to thee oh King as it is writ of yore —
The holy Prophet Nathan said to David
In old Jerusalem — Thou art the man —
Thou art the fell destroyer of thy brother —
His children — friends fell victims to thy rage —
And for the rest — thy lust for gold — thy acts
Of wrong and deep injustice to the realm —
Let all this [illegible] noble presence witness for me
And as the Scottish people still are bound
To pay obedience to their sovereign's rule —
Are their Kings — by Scotia's ancient laws —
Bound to maintain that rule in equity —
And venerate the claims of truth and justice —
On which condition only can they reign —
But thou — 'tis plain by many lawless deeds —
Hast forfeited thy claim to Scotland's crown —
And in the name of these oppressed subjects —
I do pronounce thee traitor — And arrest thee —

Advancing to the King, but 2 Halberdiers — cross their partizans between Sir Robert — and King's hands —

Sir R. — Is it not so? Speak Countrymen for justice
(Confused murmurs — no one rises —)
— What! will ye speak no more — Alas I see —
He is unhappy who would serve his country

King — Audacious Traitor! Is it to me — thou darest —
Address thy false calumniating speech —
Know Kings are only bound account to render
To that dread Ruler — who can judge all hearts —
Bear witness for me Heaven — Duke Murdoch died —
Most justly doomed — for crimes both dark & dangerous
And well might I — in guerdon of thy treason —
Award to thee the dungeon, the rack and the block —
But I will prove thy calumnies are false —
And that James Stuart does not joy in blood-shed
Go then in safety — we pronounce thee banished

ACT I

SCENE THE FIRST —*An apartment in the castle of Montrose*

Enter Sir Robert Grahame[1]

SIR ROBERT: Oh Scotland! Scotland! Since that fatal day
Whereon to glut a tyrant's vengeful ire
The good Duke Murdoch and his offspring fell,[2]
What woes and sorrows have thy people known!
Thy King from exile ransomed, with thy gold,
Appears by every art his cunning knows
Bent to reduce thee to a wilderness
Peopled with brutes or brute-like men alone;
While every wrong tyrannic sovereigns can
With which a kingdom may be sore oppressed
By thee, poor country, has been long endured.
E'en I myself, to whom my length of service
Has much endeared the Stuarts' royal line —
Tho' erst to wrong a Grahame no one dared —
Now my deserts are tarnished by neglect:
Each day, each hour, on me some slight is put,
And Scotia's King, once gracious still and kind,
Now shuns to meet his ancient follower's gaze
As if the monarch deemed my loyal truth
To fallen Duke Murdoch a reproach to him.
Hark! Is not that the trampling sound of horse?

Looks out of a window

A lusty troop of men-at-arms approaches.
I marvel whence they come and what their tidings.

Enter an Attendant

ATTENDANT: My lord, a letter from Sir Malcolm Grahame.[3]

Hands letter and Exit

SIR ROBERT *[Reads]*: Ha, can it be possible King James has dared
In spite of truth, of justice and of law
To spoil a Grahame of his patrimony?

And that, too, on pretext so slight and flimsy
The vilest robber would disdain to use it.

Enter Lady Grahame

LADY GRAHAME: My love, what clouds thy brow? I fear me much
Some evil hap hath chanced thy gallant nephew,
For as I crossed the corridor I learned
That messengers from Ellandonan's Lord[4]
Have lately sought our castle of Montrose.

SIR ROBERT: Alas, Sybilla! Scotland's greedy King
Has seized on Ellandonan's fair domain[5]
And stripped my nephew of his patrimony
Under pretence his sire, my brother, knew
Of that dark murder done on Rothesaye's duke[6]
By James of Albany, King Robert's son.

LADY GRAHAME: I marvel greatly that the King, to whom
The Grahame's loyalty must be well known,
Has acted in so harsh a manner to your nephew
As beggar him upon a cause so groundless;
For if his *sire* were guilty, which is doubtful,
Why should Sir Malcolm suffer for the crime?

SIR ROBERT: Sybilla, 'tis his avarice alone, that meanest vice,
Mean e'en in subjects, but in kings most base,
That stirs James Stuart to these lawless acts.
But he may find perchance his lust of gold
At times can be defeated by the people.

LADY GRAHAME: What means my husband? Sure thou'dst not rebel
Against thy King, sprung from the royal line
Of Bruce, thy country's noble liberator.

SIR ROBERT: That King has proved *he* venerates but little
The race of Bruce or valiant Walter Stuart.
Did not Duke Murdoch and his children twain
Spring from the same right royal blood of Bruce?
And were they not all done to death by James
Upon the same pretext which now he uses
That Murdoch's sire was guilty of a murder?
Just Heaven, as if each babe unborn must answer
In every case the offences of its parents!

But Ellandonan's castle walls are strong,
His vassals loyal to their chieftain's right,
And the false King who seeks to spoil my nephew
Had better first secure his sceptre well;
For by my knighthood truth and word
I never more will sheath my sword
Till Scotland wide shall own a Gra'me
Can well defend his rightful claim.

Exeunt

SCENE THE SECOND — *Hall of Ellandonan castle*

Enter Sir Robert and Sir Malcolm Grahame severally

SIR MALCOLM: Thrice welcome, honored uncle, to my castle.
Mine, did I say? Alas, 'tis so no longer.

SIR ROBERT: Tut, foolish boy! Art thou not in possession?
And are thy castle walls not high and massy?
Then why submit to this tyrannic edict?
No. Rather summon round thee all thy friends,
Each discontented noble, too, in Scotland,
To aid thy rightful cause; and soon King James
Will find he has awaked a tempest wild
Which will not at his bidding calm subside
Until perchance it overwhelm his throne.

SIR MALCOLM: Is there no other course but sheer rebellion?
Bethink thee, Uncle, of the vile disgrace
That stains the name of rebels to their King.

SIR ROBERT: Aye, boy, I have bethought me well of that.
And tell me, did not English Edward style
Wallace, Bruce, Douglas too, vile traitors all?
Yet now their names are hallowed by their country.
Malcolm, 'tis ill success alone forms rebels;
For if rebellion or revolt be prosperous
Then are its leaders styled the first of patriots.

SIR MALCOLM: But, Uncle, Scotland's monarch still has proved
Victorious over all his foes in battle.
Remember how the brave McDonald fought
At fair Lochaber, and was vanquished there.

SIR ROBERT: True, Malcolm. But his plans were ill matured;
His forces, too, collected in such haste
As neither discipline nor arms afforded;
Nor was the time propitious then — as now.
The sovereign's rule was new and pleased the people,
Who had not then discovered his true temper.
The nobles also shunned to aid McDonald

Because they looked on him as on an alien
Who pent within his Lordship of the Isles
Had nought in common with the Scottish peers.
But now the people groan beneath the yoke
Of arbitrary edicts passed by James
To overturn their ancient manners quite
And substitute new customs brought from England;
While all the barons deem him a fell tyrant
Who fain would abrogate their feudal power
And strip them of the widely spreading lands
Won by their ancestors with their good swords.

SIR MALCOLM: Then be it as you list, and say what steps
Should first be taken in our enterprise.

SIR ROBERT: Let all your clansmen's arms be well prepared,
The castle battlements and gates examined,
Each needful reparation duly made.
Meanwhile despatch light couriers to thy friends
With letters I will write to call them hither.

SIR MALCOLM: All shall be done. We'll in and give directions.

Exeunt

SCENE THE THIRD — *Banqueting hall of Ellandonan castle*

The scene opens and discovers Sir Robert and Sir Malcolm Grahame, the Earls of Athole and Lennox, McDuffith, McDonald, McKenzie and Sir John Hall, all seated as after a banquet

SIR ROBERT: High chiefs and mighty lords of Scotia's realm!
The cause for which you have been summoned hither
Is known to each, and now we crave your counsel.
Speak, Athole, first. Your age claims precedence.

ATHOLE: My breast is torn by many adverse feelings,
Yet duty to my country calls upon me
To say that James, my nephew though he be,
Has forfeited all claim to our allegiance
By acts of fell barbarity and rapine.
Did he not first to glut his thirst for gold
Condemn my brother Murdoch to the block?
Nay, at one swoop lay desolate his house
By cutting off his sons and Lennox too,
Whose only crime was Albany's relationship?
Since then, what passing day has Scotland known,
Unstained by some vile scheme to fill his coffers,
Crowned by this act of his attempted seizure
Of Ellandonan, on pretext most flimsy?

LENNOX: Few words are mine to waste. My father's blood
Demands revenge. My unrelenting hate
Pursues the fell destroyer of my sire.

MCDONALD: My bosom burns to avenge th' indignity[7]
Of my compelled submission to the tyrant
What time after Lochaber's fatal rout, wherein
So many of my dearest kinsmen fell
And I ta'en captive, wounded nigh to death,
Was urged by timid churchmen to perform
That rite humiliating and detested
In ancient Holyrood, upon my knees
To supplicate for life at James's throne.

Oh, had I died ten thousand deaths ere thus
I soiled the name and lineage of McDonald.

McDuffith: *Who* is this monarch that would sway thus proudly[8]
O'er Scotland's King- and far-descended peers?
His grandfather, though valiant, wise and good,
Was but the Steward of the royal household.
And this same James, who lords it o'er us all
But for King David's want of progeny[9]
Had been no better than a menial too.
And shall it be, that we, whose ancestors
Battled in equal rank at Fergus' side[10]
What time from Erin's isle he first came o'er
To subjugate this wooded Caledonia —
Shall we, I say, now tamely crouch before
This proud descendant of FitzAlan's line?
No! Let us levy all our valiant vassals
And burst like torrents down upon the Lowlands,
Dethrone this tyrant and set up a King
Who'll rule more leniently the harassed realm.

McKenzie: To arms, I say. Why waste more time in words?
Let us essay the tyrant's boasted might.

Sir John:[11] Your pardon, noble chieftains! Ere our swords
Be justly drawn to vindicate our right
Methinks it would be well to try the temper
Of Scotland's leaders, now about to meet
In solemn Council at Dun Edin high.[12]
Let us attend, as well our station claims,
And in the presence of the assembled States
Declare King James unworthy Scotia's throne
And call upon the nobles to depose him.
Doubtless the voice of Justice will be heard,
And when th' august assembly calls to mind
The innumerable acts of fell barbarity
By which James Stuart has disgraced the crown,
They'll strip him of the royal robe he soils.

Athole: 'Tis well proposed. And should the tyrant find
More followers in the Scottish Parliament

Than those who fain would do their country justice,
'Twill then be time enough to fly to arms.

LENNOX: My blunt straightforward temper more inclines me
To abide at once the bold award of battle.
And pent within Dun Edin's lofty walls
Our valiant followers will have scant room
To cope with James's foreign mercenaries,
Who tamely will not see their King dethroned,
Because their pay comes only from his coffers.
Besides, their arrogance has earned the hatred
Of every man who boasts of Scottish blood —
And both these causes will combine to make
The roving bloodsuckers fight hard against us.

McDONALD: I ne'er again will visit Edinburgh,
The hated scene of my humiliation.

McDUFFITH: Nor shall it e'er be said McDuffith deigned
To own submission to King James's rule
By bowing like a slave before his throne.

McKENZIE: I ne'er will meet James Stuart save in battle.

SIR ROBERT: Yet does the counsel of the valiant knight
Appear to me most worthy our attention;
And tho' the noble chiefs of Highland race
May well decline attendance at this meeting,
Since they own homage to no earthly king,
Yet, strengthened by our Lowland friends' support
I will myself denounce the Scottish tyrant
And call upon the Parliament for justice.
Should they refuse it, then the God of Battles
Shall be appealed to in our rightful cause.
Meantime, thanks, noble friends and mighty chiefs.
When next we meet, the King will be deposed
Or we shall be prepared to meet his power
With sword and spear in the fair stricken field.

Exeunt

SCENE THE FOURTH — *Parliament House, Edinburgh*

Scene opens and discovers King in state, nobles, prelates and burgesses in their robes, a herald on the right and Sir Robert Grahame on the left in his robes as a baron

Flourish of trumpets

HERALD: Silence! Silence for the King of Scotland!

KING: High nobles, pious prelates, worthy commons,
Your King once more has summoned your attendance
That each in due degree may aid his Council
And lend assistance to support the realm
By framing such wise laws and ordinances
As Scotland's exigencies may require.
But first, as ancient Scottish custom craves,
If any here there be oppressed by wrong
Who seeks for justice from th' assembled States,
Let him stand forth and boldly tell his tale.

SIR ROBERT: That then will I. Oh, great assembly, hear!
A suppliant for justice comes the Grahame.
There is a mighty noble in this presence
Whom I accuse of crimes most foul and bloody,
First of his brother falsely done to death
With all his family, kith, kin and friends;
Next for the seizure of his victims' wealth
To swell the store of his ill-gotten treasures;
Lastly of foul oppression tow'rd his vassals,
Whose hard-won holdings he hath wrested from them
With lawless acts of fell misrule beside —

KING: What Scottish peer has dared to act thus basely?
Name him, bold Grahame. By my royal state,
If thou canst prove the tithe part of thy charge,
The lawless faytour's race is fully run.

Sir Robert Grahame advances close to King James

SIR ROBERT: I say to *thee,* oh King, as it is writ of yore[13]
The holy prophet Nathan said to David

In old Jerusalem, *Thou art the man!*
Thou art the fell destroyer of thy brother.
His children, friends fell victims to thy rage.
And for the rest — thy lust for gold, thy acts
Of wrong and deep injustice to the realm —
Let all this noble presence witness for me,
And as the Scottish people still are bound
To pay obedience to their sovereign's rule,
So are their kings, by Scotia's ancient law,
Bound to maintain that rule in equity
And venerate the claims of truth and justice,
On which condition *only* can they reign.
But *thou,* 'tis plain, by many lawless deeds,
Hast forfeited thy claim to Scotland's crown.
And in the name of thine oppressed subjects
I do pronounce thee traitor and arrest thee.

Advancing to the King, but two halberdiers cross their partizans between Sir Robert and King James

SIR ROBERT: Is it not so? Speak, countrymen, for justice!

Confused murmurs. No one rises

What, will ye speak no word? Alas, I see
He is unhappy who would serve his country.

KING: Audacious traitor! Is't to *me* thou darest
Address thy false calumniating speech?
Know kings are only bound account to render
To that dread Ruler who can judge all hearts.
Bear witness for me, Heaven, Duke Murdoch died
Most justly doomed for crimes both dark and dangerous;
And well might I in guerdon of thy treason
Award to *thee* the dungeon and the block.
But I will prove thy calumnies are false,
And that James Stuart does *not* joy in bloodshed.
Go then in safety. We pronounce thee banished.
But, to prevent disorders in the realm,
Which may arise if thou possess the means
To levy war within our kingdom's bound,
We further do decree thy lands and goods

A forfeit to the state for public uses;
And if in three days' space thou shalt be found
Within a hundred miles of Edinburgh,
Then, without mercy, shalt thou meet thy doom.
Go, get thee hence, as quickly as thou may'st.

Exit Grahame guarded

How now, fair lords? Has this o'erweening traitor
Confounded all of you? Ha, what says Errol?

ERROL: The amazing boldness of the misproud villain
Had well nigh ta'en away my power of speech.
But still enough remains to enable Errol
To say, "Long live the King and down with traitors!"

ALL: Long live our gracious monarch, Scotland's King!

KING: 'Tis well, brave De la Haye,[14] and now I think on't
I'll prove another falsehood in his charge.
He said that I was covetous of treasure.
To prove he lied, I grant to thee, Lord Errol,
And to thy heirs for ever all the lands,
Castles and goods that erst belonged to Grahame,
And I request you'll haste to take possession.

ERROL: Thanks, noble liege. The gift is worthy of you.
And if a Haye prove trait'rous to his King
May that King quickly leave *him* landless too.
Now, your good leave according, gracious Lord,
I'll haste to seize the castle of Montrose
Before false Grahame shall have time to bar me.

KING: Do so, fair cousin. Lords, I pray you all,
And you too, pious sirs, and you, good commons,
You will attend at our poor banquet hall
To take a slight refection with your King.
Herald! lead on, and follow, gentles all.

Exit King attended

SCENE THE FIFTH — *Before the castle of Montrose*

Enter Lord Errol with drums, trumpets, banners, troops and a royal herald

ERROL: Halt, friends. and you, good herald, summon
This castle of Montrose to quick surrender.
Or if I make assault, the rebel garrison
Shall dangle from the walls to feed the crows.

Herald sounds a parley. Enter on the walls Lady Grahame and armed followers

HERALD: Hear, seneschal and wardens of Montrose!
The high and mighty, noble and right royal
Dread King of Scotland, James, by Heaven's grace,
Does you and every one of you to wit
That for his treasons manifold and dire
Sir Robert Grahame erewhile of Montrose
Has forfeited his lands and livings all
And has been banished forth of Scotland's realm.
Wherefore 'tis his command you straightway shall
Fling wide your castle gates to admit the power
Of Patrick de la Haye, Lord Loncarty,
The thrice renowned and valiant Earl of Errol;
And should you contumaciously resist
The will by me set forth of Scotland's King,
Then straight I do pronounce you rebels vile
Unworthy quarter, and command attack
Upon those battlements you deem your safeguard,
Devoting all the inmates of Montrose
To slaughter, and their bodies to the gibbet.

LADY GRAHAME: 'Tis boldly said, Sir Herald. Bolder still
Is this attack of the right valiant Errol
Upon a hold, defended by a woman.
Methinks the Ghost of his great ancestor
That turned the fortune of Loncarty's fight[15]
Cannot but well approve his present service,

To try to wrest from womanhood and infancy
The lands that form their sole support and stay.
Enough of this! The castle of Montrose
Shall not be rendered up so easily.
Look to our ramparts; they're too high to climb.
Look to our moat; 'tis deep enough to drown.
Look to our followers; they are bold enough
To fight in Grahame's quarrel to the death.
Then sound your warison and win Montrose,
For 'tis a prize shall not be had for asking.

Flourish of trumpets from the castle walls. Shouts of "A Grahame! A Grahame! God for the gallant Grahame" &c

ERROL: Display my banner, let the falcon's gaze[16]
Confound these braggarts. Bring the battering ram.
Assault the postern. Crossbowmen, advance.
Let not one head appear above the walls.
Brave billmen, on with Errol to the fight.

Loud shouts

Errol to the rescue. A Haye, a Haye!

Discharge of arrows, &c. Postern gates fly open at the assault of the battering ram. Errol and troops rush into castle. Fighting on walls. Many of the Grahames leap off walls. Then enter Errol, Lady Grahame and two children

ERROL: Now, haughty dame, what sayest thou to Errol?
Methinks thy looks are not so bold or brave
As when thou hurl'd'st defiance on our heads
From yon proud battlements a short while since.

LADY GRAHAME: Peace, nor upbraid the vanquished with thy taunts,
Else shall I deem thee but a recreant Haye.

ERROL: Hence Madam, fly, and seek thy rebel husband.
Be thou the first to tell of Errol's triumph
And say the falcon soars above Montrose,
A bird that can defend its eyry well.

LADY GRAHAME: And wilt thou then thus savagely thrust out
My helpless innocents in depth of winter
To perish 'mid the snows of these wild moorlands?

ERROL: Look thou to that. No rebel brood shall nestle
Within the compass of the falcon's nest.

Exit to castle. Fall of snow

LADY GRAHAME: Remorseless man, may evil hap attend thee.
Where shall we seek a shelter from this storm?
Perchance the cottagers in Dochart's dell[17]
May prove more hospitable than the wealthy.
Yet how to find the way? The night comes on apace,
And in the forest paths 'tis now but twilight.
Yet Heaven will guard the young and innocent.
And 'tis in vain to linger. Come, my children.

Exit with children

ACT II

SCENE THE FIRST — *A part of Glen Trosach*[18]

Entrance to a cavern at the back. Loch Vennachar at a distance
A number of Highlanders discovered, lying and sitting

Enter Sir Robert Grahame and Malise McGregor[19]

MALISE: Enough, I seek not to spy out thy secret.
Thou say'st thou art a landless banished man;
So art thou welcome to the Trosach's glen.
Sit then and pledge me in a brimming quaigh.

Hands Sir Robert a drinking horn

SIR ROBERT: Thanks, friend. Yet am I ill at ease to join in mirth,
For I have journeyed far and fast to-day,
And I beseech thee, if my mood seem churlish
Impute it not to lack of gratitude.

MALISE: No more. Thou'rt welcome or to speak or not,
Just as thy mood impels thee. Comrades all,
This stranger is ahung'red and aweary.
He craves for food and shelter. Shall he have it?

PHADRIG: *Cead mille failteagh:* that's ten thousand welcomes.

SIR ROBERT: My thanks are yours. 'Tis all I've now to offer.

Enter an outlaw and James Innes[20]

OUTLAW: Captain, I met this stranger by the loch,
Who seeks in this good company the Grahame.

MALISE: What! Can it be thou art that hardy knight?
I knew it not, else wert thou doubly welcome.
But what strange cause has made thee turn an outlaw?

SIR ROBERT: Brave Gael, I will inform thee presently of all,
But first allow me privily to have
An audience with the stranger. 'Twas my steward
When I had house and castle, lands and lordships.
But now I've lost my broad inheritance.
I marvel what has brought him hitherward.

MALISE: Withdraw with him into our resting place.

Points to cavern

'Tis a rude audience chamber, but a safe one.

SIR ROBERT: Thanks. Innes, I would speak with you awhile.

Exeunt Innes and Grahame to cavern

MALISE: Come, comrades, let each hardy man repair
Unto his bothy or allotted guard.

Exeunt severally

SCENE THE SECOND — *Interior of outlaws' cavern*

Enter Sir Robert Grahame and Innes

INNES: My honored Master, is it *thus* we meet?

SIR ROBERT: Good Innes, do not waste time in grief,
But let me know what tidings from thy lady.

INNES: Alas the day, how shall I utter them?

SIR ROBERT: Dead, then. May Heaven spare me to avenge her.
But tell me how the hellish deed was done.

INNES: Scant two days since, your fortress of Montrose
Was summoned by a royal pursuivant,
Who then declared in terms your banishment,
And ordered that the castle should be rendered
Unto Lord Errol on the King's behalf.
But as your noble Lady scorned submission,
The followers of De la Haye rushed on
And by sheer strength beat down the postern gate.
The garrison, quite taken by surprise,
Amazed, too, at this fierce and fell attack,
Fought not with half their usual hardihood.
In brief, some fell, but far the greater number
Were foully butchered in cold blood by Errol.

SIR ROBERT: The hell-hound. Oh, that I had but been present.
And Errol slaughtered thus my wife and children?

INNES: Not so, my lord. But all resistance o'er,
Lord Errol led the Lady Grahame forth
Attended by her lovely girl and son,
And with most contumelious epithets
Bade them begone, nor harbor near Montrose:
Which was perforce obeyed, and yestermorn
As I had heard the castle's fall by chance,
I quitted my safe place of harborage
To seek my lady out and proffer service.
But tho' I quested diligently round
I could not ascertain their resting-place,

Until, chance led, I wandered near Glen Dochart.
There, sad to tell, I learned the hapless lady,
Wandering benighted in the pathless wood,
Had perished in the snows of that wild region.

SIR ROBERT: My children too? Oh Innes, tell me all![21]

INNES: Brave sir, be patient. Both the innocents
Died with their mother, sleeping as it seemed
Within her arms. A sweet and placid smile
Illumed the beauteous faces of the children,
And on your lady's brow calm resignation
Sate high enthroned as if her death were tranquil.

SIR ROBERT: Sweet Jesu rest their souls! Alas, Sybilla!
Was this the meed of thy most constant truth
To fallen Grahame? My poor children, too,
To perish miserably in the wild —
But vengeance, deadly vengeance shall be mine.
From henceforth I no other claim will own
Of friend or relative, but vengeance only.
I will exact such full, such dread atonement
As shall make Scotland to its center quake.

INNES: Loved sir, if Innes can accomplish aught
To sooth your anguish, your commands are sacred.

SIR ROBERT: Thanks for your loyalty. I judged no less,
But now I fain would spend an hour alone.

Scene closes

SCENE THE THIRD — *Falkland Palace*[22]

The King, nobles and chamberlain discovered at a banquet

Enter attendant

ATTENDANT: My liege, the warder at the western gate
Gave me this scroll and sought right earnestly
That I would lay it swith before Your Grace,
As he believes its import of high moment.

Hands letter and exit

KING: McLouis, see what is this mighty matter.

MCLOUIS *[Takes letter, reads]*: My lord,
This cartel comes from Grahame of Montrose —[23]

KING: Who *once was* of Montrose. What says the traitor?

MCLOUIS: His overweening boldness and presumption
Now bids a bold defiance to his Sovereign.

KING: Aye, this is goodly gear. By Bruce's soul —
But prithee, read the document at length.

MCLOUIS: Thus then, my liege, it runs — *[Reads:*
The Grahame sends defiance to James Stuart
And bids him know that since his ruthless doom
Hath made most desolate the Grahame's house
And overwhelmed him in destruction's gulph,
His wife and children having perished foully,
He therefore bids the misproud King beware,
For he renounces his allegiance due
To Scotland's throne, disgraced by such misrule,
And further, he will use his best endeavor
By day and night, in palace and on plain
To slay such miscreant King, and rid the realm
From sway of such a fell and bloody tyrant.
To this he doth devote his future life and calls
On God and every saint to witness for him
How painfully he'll seek his vowed revenge.
Signed, sealed and witnessed by the Grahame's hand.

KING: Now by my halidome, this passeth all
E'en in my wildest dreams I e'er imagined.
But let it be proclaimed thro' Scotland's realm
That whoso takes this bold and daring traitor,
Be he alive or dead, three thousand marks
Shall be his meed, beside his Sovereign's grace.
I doubt not some bold heart will quickly earn them
And set our minds at ease for this mad traitor.

Scene closes

SCENE THE FOURTH — *Falkland Park. Palace at distance*

Enter Sir Malcolm Grahame

SIR MALCOLM: I was informed the Lady Ellen Douglas
Oft walked among these pleasing solitudes.
How blest the chance if I could hap to see her,
For I can scarce believe her plighted troth
Which fondly once she freely gave her Malcolm
Has been forgotten thro' King James's edict.
But see, here comes a lusty forester.
Perchance he can afford intelligence.

Enter Forester

Good-morrow, friend, belong you to the Park?

FORESTER: In sooth do I. Good-den, fair sir, to you.

SIR MALCOLM: What news hast thou? Is there a hunt to-day?

FORESTER: Faith, as for news, the talk is all of Grahame
And his bold diffidation of the King.
But proclamation has been made in Falkland
That whoso brings him in alive or dead
Shall for his guerdon have three thousand marks.
And as I learned some of the royal guard
Have gone in various disguises forth
To seek the haunt of this most matchless traitor.
Heav'n speed them well. 'Twill be a merry day
When tidings of his capture reach old Falkland.
Meantime the Council do not hold it meet
The King should as is usual ride ahunting,
Since none can tell how near this Grahame lurks.
So our bold Sovereign, though but little wont
To fear for injury from mortal man,
Yet yielding to the Council's loving care,
Hath promised to seclude himself awhile.

SIR MALCOLM: Thanks, friend. Here's for thy pains. But canst thou tell
Whether the Lady Ellen Douglas still

Dwells in the Palace, as I've heard she was
Attendant on the Lady Jane of Scotland?

FORESTER: She dwells there still, Heaven bless her lovely face,
And often walks beneath these lofty trees.

SIR MALCOLM: 'Tis well. Think'st thou she will come forth to-day?

FORESTER: I know not. But before I sought the Park,
A group of lovely dames had left the Hall
To view the butts where merry archers sport.
Perchance the Lady Ellen is among them.

SIR MALCOLM: I'll even seek. I fain would speak with her.

Exeunt

SCENE THE FIFTH — *Another part of Falkland Park*

Archers and butts in distance

Enter Sir Malcolm Grahame and Lady Ellen Douglas severally, Sir Malcolm muffled in a plaid which conceals his face[24]

SIR MALCOLM: 'Tis she herself. Now, Cupid, speed my suit.
Hail to the Lady Ellen Douglas.

LADY ELLEN: What wouldst thou, sir? I prithee, let me pass.

SIR MALCOLM *[throws aside his plaid]*:
Can Ellen be thus cruel to her Malcolm?

LADY ELLEN: Alas, alas! Why hast thou ventured hither?
Know'st thou not that the royal guards surround
This fatal park, where if thou'rt ta'en thou diest?

SIR MALCOLM: Care not for that. Bereft of Ellen's love,
The world is but a hateful void to me,
And Death cannot approach his prey too soon.

LADY ELLEN: Rebellious youth, my love was yours alone
In all a maiden's truth and purity
Till your own act in levying trait'rous war
Against King James your sovereign chief and Lord
Spotted your faith and made it criminal
In any loyal Scottish maid to own
Affection for so desperate a traitor.

SIR MALCOLM: Must I then plead to Ellen my excuse
That the King's arbitrary act of wrong
In seeking to deprive me of my lands
Alone forced Malcolm into a rebellion?

LADY ELLEN: Had Malcolm thought aright, or prized his love
He would have rather lost both lands and livings
Than stained his honor with such vile reproach.
Rather would Ellen choose the poorest knight
Whose only fortune is his own good sword
Than wed a rebel, were he rich as Croesus.

SIR MALCOLM: Will you then falsify the glorious motto
Of your great ancestor, the good Sir James,
Whom Bruce declared was "tender aye and true".
By forfeiting your plighted troth to me?

LADY ELLEN: My troth I plighted to a man of honor
Who owned allegiance to the line of Bruce.
Were Malcolm still as loyal as of yore
He should not need to tax the Douglas' truth;
But when he buckled on a rebel's armour
He forfeited all claim to loyal love.
Fly to thy house, pull down thy hostile banner,
Render thyself unto King James's pleasure,
Then take up arms to speed the Holy Cross
For some brief season, and it yet may chance,
Thine honor cleared, Ellen once more may smile.

Exit

SIR MALCOLM: Is this then thy resolve? Alas the while
That I should live thus to be schooled by Ellen
Like some vile criminal before his judge.
But I've deserved it all. Yet still methinks
I fain would now find out that ancient dame,
The mother of my trusty follower Allan.
It may be that her mystic art can lend
Some philtre or to reillume the spark
Of faithful love in Ellen's wavering breast
Or haply that may quench my ardent flame.
In either case I shall once more be happy.
I'll question Allan whereabout she dwells.

Exit

ACT III

SCENE THE FIRST — *A ruined abbey, part of the building with a roof remaining. Some stuffed reptiles hanging in various parts of this. A sphere and a folio volume open placed upon a tomb. A skeleton erect and a cabbalistic arch formed on floor with human bones, skulls and emblems of fire, air, water and earth*

Enter the Weird Woman and McLouis disguised

WOMAN: This then is thy request: thou fain wouldst know
If e'er thy love will be returned by her
To whom the homage of thy soul is paid.

MCLOUIS: E'en so, and further. I would tax thy skill
To know if ever we shall be united.

WOMAN: Attend then. Step within this mystic circle,
Nor dare on peril of thy life to leave it.

She takes a small brazier into the circle, on which she burns incense, causing a dense smoke. Various misshapen spectres appear and a loud clap of thunder is heard

Dread forms of fire, of air and earth,
To whom our mystic spells give birth,
To you is given the power to know
Frail mortals' future, weal or woe —
And by the mighty prince of air
I call upon you to declare
On peril of more arduous task
True answers unto all I ask.

A slow, solemn symphony is played and a voice heard from above

VOICE: Speak, child of clay. What wouldst thou?

WOMAN: How will the suit of the appellant speed
With her he loves? Will they e'er be united?

VOICE: If the appellant acts with wisdom meet
He shall united be with Ellen Douglas,

But it will not be thro' his powers of wooing.
The footstep of a mortal now draws nigh
Who shall unite the appellant and his love.
Then let him cautious be, but chief beware
Of rude denial to the stranger's suit.

Thunder. Spectres all vanish

WOMAN: Thou hearest. Art thou satisfied?

MCLOUIS: I am. But who may this mysterious stranger be
On whom the welfare of my suit depends?

WOMAN: I know not more than thou. Believe it yet,
These apparitions still declare the truth.
But hark, I hear a rustling in the glade.
Conceal thyself. A stranger's step approaches.

Exit McLouis. Enter Sir Malcolm Grahame muffled in a plaid

Whom dost thou seek in this obscure retreat?

SIR MALCOLM: I seek thyself, if thou be'st Marion Carnegie.

WOMAN: Whence comest thou, and what thine errand here?

SIR MALCOLM: Know'st thou the family of Ellandonan?

WOMAN: Hush! Whisper nought about the Grahames here
Lest these old ruins should prolong the name
In treacherous echoes that may reach King James.
But speak thine errand, what would'st thou with me?

SIR MALCOLM: Nay, first say whether thou art fair disposed
To aid me in mine enterprise. If not,
I will depart and trouble thee no further.

WOMAN: If thou belongest to that ancient house,
Within whose walls I first beheld the light,
I will do all thy bidding to the utmost
Of my poor power. Therefore say, who art thou?

SIR MALCOLM *[Uncovers his face]*: Behold!

WOMAN: How! Can it be? Sure these old eyes deceive me!
Art thou indeed the chief of Ellandonan?

SIR MALCOLM: The same, good mother, and I seek thine aid
To further me in an affair of moment.
I long wooed a fair dame whose troth was plighted

To me, and we had long ere this been joined
In wedlock's holy bands but for the edict
Which Scotland's tyrant King thought fit to issue
To strip me of the lands of Ellandonan.
Urged by my uncle, I refused compliance,
And aided by my vassals kept possession.
Now does my love look cold on me for this
And vows she'll wed no rebel to her King.
Thus led by knowledge of thy mystic lore
I seek thine aid, and if thou canst assist me
Either to gain possession of this loved one
Or ease my throbbing heart and bid it beat
No more for one who seems to scorn my love,
Doubt not but I will guerdon thee most nobly.

WOMAN: 'Tis well. How call'st thou then this scornful fair?

SIR MALCOLM: I thought thine art might well inform thee that.

WOMAN: True. Sit then while I consult the fates.

She turns over a few leaves of the folio and arranges sphere

Ha! Saturn cusped within the trine of Venus!
Thou lov'st a lady of the Douglas blood,
Who is e'en now attendant on a Queen.

SIR MALCOLM: Thou'rt right, but canst thou tell me how to win her too?

WOMAN: Wait yet awhile. High daring deeds of arms
Are yet to do ere I can full resolve thee.
Thus much howe'er is plain. If thou survivest
But this moon out, thy star will be ascendant;
And further, if thou dost not harm the lady
In thine attempt, thou mayest bear her off.
'Tis also manifest that Scotland's King
Will fall a victim to a Grahame's vengeance. . . .
I can no more. The dark decrees of fate
Refuse me further knowledge. Howsoever,
No act of thine or mine can alter now
The course thou hast to run. Proceed and fear not.
Yet still remember: this short month elapsed,
Thy happy star is Lord of the ascendant.

SIR MALCOLM: What would'st thou have me do! Pray speak, good mother.

WOMAN: Seek out some favorable opportunity
To bear the Lady Ellen Douglas off.
Could'st thou succeed and reach thine hold in safety,
Thou might'st her chilled affections re-inflame.

SIR MALCOLM: But how may this be done? Alas, I know not.

WOMAN: Know, son, that fate hath hither guided one
Who I suspect is of the King's attendance
And — start not when I tell thee so — he is
Thy rival for the love of Ellen Douglas.
The mystical response to his enquiry
Bends him to seek assistance from thyself.
Now could'st thou train this man by art or guile
He may perchance assist in thine endeavor;
But be thou guarded that he knows thee not
As being of the Grahame's lineage,
Else would he sure betray thee to the King.

SIR MALCOLM: Doubt not my prudence. Where is this same gallant?

WOMAN: I'll seek him for thee. Fare thee well awhile.

Exit Woman

SIR MALCOLM: Strange and mysterious are the laws of fate
That prompt my seeking aidance from a rival.
Still, I risk nothing if I act with caution

Enter Chamberlain (McLouis)

Hail to thee, friend. Art thou of Falkland Town?

MCLOUIS: Fair sir, I am. May I enquire from whence
You came and what you seek with me?

SIR MALCOLM: Of Campbell's race am I, from far Loch Awe,
Where stands my father's tower. I hither came
To seek for aid in a love enterprise
From the old crone who harbors 'mid these ruins,
And in reply to my fair questioning
I was directed to seek aid from you.

MCLOUIS: Indeed. Who may your fair enslaver be?

SIR MALCOLM: Nay. Ere I place myself within thy danger
Thou first must promise, if thou wilt not aid
Mine enterprise, at least to keep my secret.

MCLOUIS: I like thy frankness well, and pledge myself
Either to aid thee or betray thee not.

SIR MALCOLM: Then list. I long have wooed a fickle dame
Whose name is Mabel Armstrong,[25] and she is
Attending Maid of Honor to the Queen.
She plays me fast and loose. At times she smiles,
Anon her coldness chills my very soul.
And I'm resolved, if haply I may speed,
To bear her far from all her court compeers.
Right sure am I she'd thank me for my pains
After we were in wedlock's bands conjoined
As we would quickly be. And I conjure thee
If thou canst aid me do not say me nay.

MCLOUIS: Thou meanest no dishonor to the maiden?

SIR MALCOLM: By Heaven, I do not. I would sooner die
Than scathe or insult should approach my El- Mabel.

MCLOUIS: This plighted sure, I think I could assist thee;
For, to return thy confidence in brief,
I am the Chamberlain of Falkland Palace,[26]
Nor doubt I but when thou hast all prepared
To find a ready way of access for thee
E'en to the presence chamber of the Queen,
If thou could'st by no other means succeed.

SIR MALCOLM: Ten thousand thanks! And for thy kind assistance,
When I am married to my changeful love
I'll send thee such a suit of gallant armour
As scarcely can be matched within the realm.

McLouis: Gramercy for thy goodness. Yet deem not
'Tis any thought of gain that prompts me on
To lend my aid in speeding you to bliss;
For I am somewhat bound thereto by fate,
And I, like you, sigh for a fickle fair one
Whom thou may'st aid perchance in winning for me.

Enough of this! Go, get attendants ready,
And when thou art prepared, inform me of it.

SIR MALCOLM: I fain must seek the Towers of Duchray first,
For there the trustiest of my following are.

MCLOUIS: Well, Heaven guide thee till we meet again.

Exeunt severally

SCENE THE SECOND — *Outlaws' cave in Glen Trosach*

Enter Sir Robert and Sir Malcolm Grahame severally

SIR MALCOLM: How fares my noble uncle?

SIR ROBERT: Why, well, as well as any outlaw can
Bereft of lands and livings, wife and children.

SIR MALCOLM: The dreadful fate of my poor aunt and cousins
Unmans me quite, but as for all the rest,
I deem it sure the time is nigh of reckoning
With proud James Stuart, and his minions too.

SIR ROBERT: Would I could think so! But our Highland friends
Appear to muster followers right slowly,
And months may yet elapse ere all's prepared.

SIR MALCOLM: Believe it not, good Uncle, fate decrees
Within a few days' space James Stuart falls
And that, too, by the weapon of a Grahame.

SIR ROBERT: Ha, sayest thou so? Whence had you this fair omen?

SIR MALCOLM: Enough, I know it sooth. From the same source
I learned brave tidings of my suit with Ellen.

SIR ROBERT: Tush, canst thou speak to me of woman's love,
Whose soul is wrapt in nought but hopes of vengeance.

SIR MALCOLM: Perchance my love and your revenge may both
Be aided by like means if all go well.

SIR ROBERT: How? Speak it plainly. I joy not in riddles.

SIR MALCOLM: Then listen, Uncle. I am promised fair,
And by the Chamberlain of Falkland Palace,
That he to back my suit with Mabel Armstrong
Will e'en obtain my entrance to the presence
By any stealthy means I may devise.

SIR ROBERT: Why, that indeed were hope. What wilt thou do?

SIR MALCOLM: I thought of hiring some of these bold outlaws
To back me and return to Falkland straight,

When I will try how far my friend is true,
And if we once gain entrance to the Palace —

SIR ROBERT: James Stuart dies — is it not that thou'dst say?

SIR MALCOLM: Aye, and I'd carry off fair Ellen too.
I'll ascertain how Malise likes my plot.

SIR ROBERT: Ply him with promised gold, he'll fail you not.
And, nephew, tell Sir John I'd speak with him.

Exit Sir Malcolm

Now, Vengeance, meetest draught for Gods or men,
Methinks thou art right dearly in my grasp.
And I will drain thee to the very dregs.
Shades of Sybilla and my hapless offspring!
Full soon a dreadful sacrifice shall be
Offered to expiate your wretched doom.

Enter Sir John Hall

Hail, thou true partner of my banishment.
Our vowed revenge will soon be well fulfilled.

SIR JOHN: What, are there tidings from our Highland friends?

SIR ROBERT: No, but a nearer method opens to us
To strike the Scottish Nero from his throne
And end his tyranny and life together.
List, Hall. My nephew Malcolm, as thou knowest,
Long loved and wooed the Lady Ellen Douglas
Whom he has now resolved to carry off,
And gained the aid of James's Chamberlain
To grant him entrance into Falkland Palace.
Malcolm, in fear lest James should change abode,
Sped hither to raise friends to help him on.
Now you and I, Sir John, Malcolm and Innes,
With half a hundred of these merry outlaws
Will be enough to speed our enterprise,
For we will start from hence in divers parties
Closely disguised and armed unto the teeth,
Making our rendezvous in Falkland Wood;
And when the Chamberlain admits Sir Malcolm
We will be close at hand. The guards are few.
Sudden and fierce as our attack will be,

There is no force in Falkland can withstand us.
For all will be o'erwhelmed with deep surprise
And nothing can prevent our penetrating
E'en to the chamber of the doomed James Stuart.
Then, had he thousand lives for every hair,
No force nor fraud nor artifice should save him.

SIR JOHN: Most excellent, by all our hopes of vengeance.
When shall we start? I am prepared this instant.

SIR ROBERT: Malcolm has gone to gain bold Malise over,
And we will follow to assist his reasons.

Exeunt

SCENE THE THIRD — *Exterior of Falkland Palace*

Enter Marion Carnegie

MARION: Where tarries now this fated senseless King?
Another sun will never dawn for him
Unless he heeds the warning I would give,
For since the day I cast the horoscope
Of Malcolm Grahame, when I urged him on
To carry off the Lady Ellen Douglas
Induced thereto by love for Ellandonan,
My mind has been oppressed by dire portents
Of blood and strife that may attend his scheme.
And lately, too, I've tried the augury
To ascertain the fate of royal James.
Too plain the answer, *His a bloody end.*
But whether 'tis to-night or some days hence
Is hidden deep in the mysterious volume
That mortals may not read; and yet I know
The Knight of Ercildoune, True Thomas hight,[27]
That truth-foreboding sage, has shadowed out
In the dark language of a bygone day
That ere this year be out a King of Scots
Shall die a bloody death by treason's glaive.
This is the latest day of all the year,
And ere I left the ruin in the wood
I saw some uncouth strangers lurking nigh.
One, I am certain, wore the Grahame's badge.
Perchance this is the allotted night on which
Bold Malcolm means to carry off the lady.
Which may result if he should gain admittance
Within these Palace walls, stung as he is
And goaded nigh to fury by the King?
His followers too, true Grahames every one,
Will think upon the capture of Montrose
And slaughter revel in the royal household.

Flourish without

Aye, now King James approaches with his train.

Enter King James, McLouis and attendants

Great King, I fain would warn you of a danger.
See that you have no traitors near your person
And look your Palace gates be well secured,
Or else perchance this night may be your last.

KING: How now, good woman, wherefore dost thou think so,
Or whence will spring the danger, canst thou tell?

MARION: That knowledge is denied me, yet the truly wise
Will ne'er scorn warnings, come they where they may.

MCLOUIS: Out, fool, thou'rt drunk or mad or both perchance.[28]
Hath not FitzOswyn and his trusty band
Scoured all the country far and near to Falkland,
And dost thou prate of danger to the King?

KING: Peace, Louis, nor upbraid the ancient dame,
Who may perchance mean well, tho' frosty age
And timorous superstition play her false.
Here, Mother, is a trifling guerdon for thee
To cheer thy need. As for James Stuart's fate,
It rests with Him, who rules all earthly kings,
And if it be His will this night's my last,
No human power can alter the decree.

Exeunt King and train

MARION: Then is it true, as ancient sages write,[29]
That he whom God is willing to destroy
He first deprives of sense? Alas the while,
Yet what have I to do with Kings or Queens?
I'll e'en away and leave him to his fate.

Exit

SCENE THE FOURTH[30] — *Antechamber in Falkland Palace*

Confused noise, outcries, and clashing of swords heard within

Enter King James partly undressed and a servant severally

KING: What means this uproar? Villain, canst not speak?

SERVANT: Fly, fly, my liege, a band of ruthless men
Have forced the Hall and slaughtered all the guard.

Exit

Enter the Queen and Lady Ellen Douglas. Alarms continued

QUEEN: What dreadful cries are these? Save me, my love.

KING: Oh Jane, there's bloody treason perpetrating.
That ancient sybil's warning was too true.
Perchance it is the vengeful Grahame raging
Among my guards. Alas, if so, we're lost.
Yet bar the outer door. Haste, Ellen, haste.

LADY ELLEN: Alas, my liege, the bolts are all withdrawn
And taken quite away. 'Tis treason's doing!

KING: Can you find nothing to secure the door
While I attempt to force these cursed stanchions?
Could we but ope the window we might gain
The Palace garden and conceal ourselves.

Trying to force bars of windows

LADY ELLEN *[Inserts her arm in the staples of door]*:
I have supplied the place of one at least
Of these lost bolts. But haste, I hear them coming.

KING: 'Tis vain. These massy bars are fixed too firmly.
Yet cheer thee, dearest Jane, there is a vault
Beneath this floor. Its entrance is built up.
Could we descend to it we might be safe.

QUEEN: Care not for me, but save thyself, my love.
The villains surely will not murder women.

Enter female attendant

KING: Haste, maiden, lend thine aid to raise this board

ATTENDANT: My liege, there is a loose one on this side.

KING: Is there? Remove it quick. Hold fast this cord.
Jane dearest, lend thine hand to lower me.

The Queen and her attendant hold the cord (a silken curtain rope). The King descends into the vault. The board is replaced and the Queen stands upon it. Voices are heard in great clamour, and clashing of swords outside the door, at which Ellen Douglas stands

SIR MALCOLM *[without]*: Open this door or we will quickly force it.

The attendant goes to assist Lady Ellen, but the door being partially opened, a sword is thrust through the opening which cuts off Lady Ellen's arm. The door is then forced, the lady falling behind it

LADY ELLEN: Thus should a Douglas die to save her King.

Dies

Enter Sir Malcolm Grahame

SIR MALCOLM: What hardy man was't interposed his arm
In place of bolts to keep us from our prey?

Enter Sir John Hall, Sir Robert Grahame, Malise McGregor and others with weapons drawn and bloody

SIR JOHN: Death to the tyrant. Whither has he fled?

SIR ROBERT *[To Queen, who wrings her hands but does not speak]*:
Speak, minion. Where is Scotland's tyrant now?

SIR JOHN *[Offers to strike the Queen]*:
Nay, if thou speak not I will brain thee, minion!

SIR ROBERT: Hold, Hall. We do not war with feeble women.
Surely James Stuart cannot have escaped.
Search every nook and cranny diligently.

Exeunt all but Sir Malcolm and attendant

Enter McLouis with drawn sword

MCLOUIS: Is this the way you guard your knightly word?
You said you sought for Mabel Armstrong only.
Lo where she stands. Why dost not bear her off?

SIR MALCOLM *[Turns to McLouis and sees the body of Lady Ellen]*:
Peace, fool. But who is this? Alas! My Ellen!

MCLOUIS: 'Tis — 'tis the Lady Ellen. Out, vile butcher.

SIR MALCOLM: Call'st thou me butcher, popinjay? Then die!

They fight. McLouis falls

MCLOUIS: 'Tis e'en as fate decreed. Thy hand unites
Me and my Ellen — but in bonds of death.

SIR MALCOLM: Alas, 'tis true. My blade hath slain them both,
For 'twas my Ellen's arm secured the door
Which I with frantic rage and brutal steel
Dissevered rudely when I forced it open.
'Twas a most damnable, remorseless deed;
But 'tis already more than half avenged,
For I care not how quickly I die also.

Re-enter Sir Robert Grahame, Sir John Hall, Malise and others

SIR ROBERT: How, nephew, what art sorrowing over there?
We cannot find the tyrant's lurking-place.
I need not warn thee what a dreadful fate
Awaits us all if he should scape with life.

SIR MALCOLM: On then, brave Uncle, let us seek him out.
Thy Malcolm fears no more, or death or wound.

Exeunt conspirators

QUEEN: Thank Heaven the blood-stained murderers are gone.
Thou may'st again ascend, my loving Lord.

The board being removed and the cord lowered down again, re-enter Sir John Hall

SIR JOHN: Ha, 'tis e'en as I thought. The tyrant skulks
In the low vaults beneath. Brave comrades, ha,
I've found the bride we've sought so long to-night.

QUEEN: Oh, spare my royal husband, Scotland's Lord.

Re-enter Sir Robert and Sir Malcolm Grahame

SIR ROBERT: Who calls? Ha, comrade, hast thou found the wretch?

SIR JOHN: I have. Now, Malcolm, let me down into the vault.

SIR ROBERT: Nay, Hall, me first. I claim it as my due.

SIR JOHN: Why, then, plague on't, we'll all descend together.

Scene closes

SCENE THE FIFTH — *Vault beneath the Palace*

King James and Sir John Hall struggling

KING: Ha, traitor, have I mastered thee? Take that!

Stabs Hall

At least James Stuart shall not die alone.

King repeats his blows until Hall dies. Then the King seizes his battle axe. Sir Malcolm appears above and leaps down

KING: Another! Then thou, too, art doomed to die.

Strikes Sir Malcolm down. At the same moment Sir Robert Grahame leaps into the vault. The King, not seeing him, repeats his blow at Sir Malcolm and the battle axe breaks

SIR ROBERT: Hold! Stay thy blood-stained hand and look on *me.*

KING: What, hast *thou* found me? Oh, mine enemy,
Thou surely wilt not slay a man unarmed.

SIR ROBERT: Thou fell destroyer of my kindred! See
The Grahame come to claim his vengeance due.

KING: Oh, mercy, mercy, mercy. Spare me, Grahame.
I'll give thee half my Kingdom for my life.

SIR ROBERT: What mercy hadst thou even upon thy kin?
What mercy didst thou shew to Grahame's wife?
What mercy didst thou grant his little ones?
Think on Duke Murdoch, Lennox, and the rest
That died to glut thy ravening thirst for gold.
Think on all this, then supplicate for mercy.
Such mercy as thou grantedst all thy life,
Shall now alone be thine. So, tyrant, die!

Stabs the King

KING: Let me at least for my soul's weal obtain
Assistance from some reverend clergyman
To aid my last devotions ere I die.
Kill not both soul and body, I conjure thee.

Malise McGregor leaps down

MALISE: What! Dost thou pause, Sir Robert Grahame, now?
Think of thy wife, thy children and thy wrongs.
Lo, here lies gallant Malcolm in his gore,
Whose wounds weep crimson at thine apathy.

SIR ROBERT: Thou'rt right. 'Twere criminal to spare the tyrant.

They both stab the King repeatedly

KING: Sweet Jesu, grant me pardon for my sins.

Dies

Finis

NOTES

1. I. 1: *Castle of Montrose . . . Enter Sir Robert Grahame.* The first of the Grahames to appear in records was William de Grahame, during the reign of David I in the twelfth century. The real founder of the house of Montrose was Sir David Grahame, who in 1325 received from Robert Bruce a charter for the lands of Old Montrose in Maryton parish, Forfarshire (not to be confused with the town of Montrose). He was the great-grandfather of Sir Robert Grahame, the hero of our play, who is properly designated "of Kinpunt". Tucker is in error in putting Sir Robert Grahame of Kinpunt in occupation of Old Montrose in 1427. Sir Robert's mother was his father Sir Patrick de Grahame's second wife. By his first wife, Matilda, Patrick had had Sir William Grahame, who is properly designated "of Montrose": his grandson was created Earl of Montrose in 1502. Sir Robert Grahame, slayer of James I, was in Paris in the 1390s with John Stuart, natural son of Robert II. Sir Robert was a well-educated man, acquainted with "lawe positive and canone and civile".

The female Christian name Sybilla was common in Scotland. John Galt, in *The Spaewife,* devotes much attention to the love of James Stuart for Sibilla Macdonald, daughter of the Lord of the Isles.

2. I. 1: *The good duke Murdoch and his offspring fell.* Tytler, P.F., *History of Scotland,* 1827, III. 2: "On the following day [25th May 1424], Duke Murdoch himself, with his second son Alexander, and his father-in-law the Earl of Lennox, were tried. . . . The usurpation of the government and the assumption of supreme authority during the captivity of the king constituted the principal charge. . . . Murdoch was found guilty. The same sentence was pronounced on his son, Alexander Stuart. The Earl of Lennox was next condemned; and these three noblemen were publicly executed on Heading Hill, before Stirling Castle.

3. I. 1: *A letter from Sir Malcolm Grahame.* Sir Robert's nephew's name was Malise Grahame, and at the time of the conspiracy Malise Grahame was in England. Tucker represents his Malcolm Grahame as a lover of Ellen Douglas, who appears in legend as Catherine Douglas, first mentioned as the "bar-lass" in Boece. Tucker, the romantic, also gives Malcolm Grahame a ghillie named Allan. These features suggest that he garnered the names for the three characters from *The Lady of the Lake.*

4. I. 1: *messengers from Ellandonan's Lord.* Ellandonan Castle stood on a rocky islet at the head of Loch Alsh, Kintail, county Ross, off the eastern end of Skye. During the time of our play it was a stronghold of the McKenzies of Kintail. Ellandonan had no connection with the Grahame family except in Tucker's play. Strathern, situated in Perthshire, on the Highland line, is 150 km from Ellandonan. Probably its poetic name commended itself to Tucker. Note that he brings the McKenzie of Kintail (the real lord of Ellandonan) into the play with a two-line speech (I, 3).

5. I, 1: *Has seized on Ellandonan's fair domain.* Bearing in mind that Strathern is the fief in question, we read in Tytler (III, 2): "Upon the return of the king from his detention in England, and at the time he inflicted his summary vengeance upon the house of Albany, he fixed his eyes upon this powerful earldom [of Strathern]. He contended that it was limited to male heirs; that upon the death of David, Earl of Strathern, it ought to have reverted to the crown; and that Albany the governor had no power to permit Patrick Grahame or his son [Malise Grahame] to assume so extensive a fief, which he resumed as his own."

"It is easy to see," continues Tytler, "that his [James I's] conduct must have appeared both selfish and tyrannical. . . . Malise Grahame was now a youth, and absent in England; but his uncle, Sir Robert Grahame, remonstrated, as the natural guardian of his rights; and finding it in vain to sue for redress, he determined upon revenge."

6. I, 1: *Under pretence . . . done on Rothesays's duke.* The traditional belief in Scotland — see Scott's *Fair Maid of Perth,* Chapter 32 — was that David, Duke of Rothesay, son of Robert III, was starved to death by Sir John Ramorny in Falkland Castle in 1402 at the instigation of Robert, Duke of Albany, brother to Robert III and the first regent after Robert III's death in 1404. Tucker's confusion of names indicates that he was writing from memory. Actually King Robert III had been baptised John, which name he abandoned because of the obloquy attaching to it among patriotic Scots. See Sir Walter Scott's final note in *The Fair Maid of Perth.*

7. I. 3: *the indignity of my compelled submission.* Alexander, chief of the clan Donald, Lord of the Isles, was one of forty Highland chieftains seized by James in 1427 in pursuance of his policy of breaking the feudal power of the Scottish nobles. Most of them James executed, but Alexander he spared and set at liberty. Once free, McDonald sent the fiery Cross through Ross and the Isles and at the head of 10,000 men laid waste the land, even the royal burgh of Inverness.

Then, in 1428, as Tytler writes (III, 2), "James flew, rather than marched, to the Highlands, where, in Lochaber, he came up with the fierce but confused and indisciplined army of the island chief. . . . The Lord of the Isles, with his chieftains and katherans, was completely routed. . . . Driven to despair, Alexander resolved at last to throw himself upon the royal mercy. Having privately travelled to Edinburgh, this proud chief, who had claimed an equality with kings, condescended to an unheard-of humiliation. Upon a solemn festival, when the monarch and his queen, attended by their suite, and surrounded by the nobles of the court, stood in front of the high altar in the church of Holyrood, a miserable-looking man, clothed only in his shirt and drawers, holding a naked sword in his hand, and with a countenance and manner in which grief and destitution were strongly exhibited, suddenly presented himself before them. It was the Lord of the Isles, who fell upon his knees, and delivering up his sword to the king, implored his clemency. James granted him his life, but instantly imprisoned him in Tantallon Castle."

Alexander was still a prisoner in Tantallon Castle when Grahame murdered James I in 1437.

8. I. 3: *McDuffith (of Colonsay).* Colonsay was the home of this clan. From the original Gaelic *MacDubbsithe* the name of the clan became MacDuffith, thence MacDuffie, and latterly Macfee or Macphie. They held the island until the middle of the seventeenth century. They were adherents of the ancient Clan Alpine, honoured in Scottish legend from its rise under Alpin, lineal descendent of Fergus the son of Erc. The antiquity of Clan Alpine is expressed in the Gaelic saying, *Cnuic is uillt is Ailpeinich* ("Mountains and streams and Clan Alpine"), implying the contemporaneous foundation of all three. The subjugation of the Picts under Kenneth MacAlpine resulted in the union of the two nations in about A D 834.

9. I. 3: *King David's want of progeny . . . descendant of FitzAlan's line.* Upon the death of Robert Bruce in 1329 his son David became king as David II, at the age of five.

In the twelfth century Walter FitzAlan, the younger son of a Breton immigrant to Norfolk, had migrated to Scotland, where he crowned a career of place-getting by receiving from David I the hereditary office of High Steward. In the reign of Malcolm IV (1153–65) Walter formally took the surname of Stuart. The sixth Stuart, Walter, distinguished himself in the battle of Bannockburn in 1314 and in 1315 married Robert Bruce's daughter, Marjory. It was through her that the crown came into the Stuart family in 1371 with their son, Robert II.

10. I. 3: *Fergus.* The original chronicler of this traditional story, not to be taken as authentic, was Fordun, who was followed with but slight deviations by Buchanan in his *Rerum Scoticarum Historia,* 1582. Fergus, the son of Ferchard (Buchanan), was one of the Scottish chieftains of Ireland and the Western Isles. He flourished about the middle of the fourth century B C. Whenever they were threatened by the Britons, the Picts and the Scots joined forces. After the defeat of Coilus, King of the Britons, at the place now called Coila, "Fergus returning home victorious, the Scots confirmed the kingdom to him and his posterity."

Fergus II was the son of Evenus (Erc). Buchanan placed the accession of Evenus to sovereignty of the Scots at A D 357. Before his time the Scots were driven out by the Picts in alliance with the Britons and with Roman auxiliaries, and scattered, chance-driven, throughout Wales, Ireland, the Western Isles and Scandinavia. In the succeeding half-century many raids were made by the Scots and their Irish auxiliaries upon Argyle, but it was not until about A D 410 that a permanent return to their ancient home was made. Profiting by the withdrawal of a great part of the Roman legions, Fergus landed in Ireland with a host of Scottish exiles and a Scandinavian force. Swelling his ranks with Scots living in Ireland and with Irish adherents, Fergus forced a landing in Argyle, but fell in battle against the Romans. Buchanan called him the second founder of the Scots.

11. I. 3: *Sir John Hall.* The first man to aim a blow at James I on the occasion of the murder. See *post* (III, 5). The account by John Shirley in *The Dethe of the Kynge of Scotis* (see Appendix) has been accepted by Scottish historians.

12. I. 3: *Dun Edin high.* Buchanan, tr. Aikman, *History of Scotland,* Book VI: "Edinburgh, a name in itself not very obscure, has been almost completely darkened." The derivation of the name is *Dun* (Gael.) fortress; *Edin* fr.

Edwin, king of Northumbria (616–33). The two names are identical in meaning: Edwin's fortress.

13. I. 4: *I say to thee, oh King . . .* Grahame's conduct in the Parliament is based on Shirley, repeated in Pinkerton, Tytler and Scott. This is one of the strongest scenes in the play. A comparison with Shirley's medieval account suggests that it captured Tucker's imagination and aroused his sense of drama.

14. I. 4: *Errol . . . brave De la Haye.* The family of Hay does not appear in authentic Scottish records until after 1160, when William de Haya was a witness to some of the later charters of Malcolm IV, being styled *pincerna* (cupbearer). He obtained the charter of the lands of Errol in Perthshire between 1178 and 1182. In 1306 Sir Gilbert de Haya joined with Robert Bruce against Edward I and as part reward for his services received in 1315 the hereditary office of Lord High Constable of Scotland.

The Earldom was not conferred on the family until 1452, during the reign of James II. The first Earl of Errol was William Hay, who died in 1462. The rank began on 17 March 1452 and has continued to the present day. The family was never known as *De la Haye,* except to such romantic writers as Barbour and Sir Walter Scott, the latter of whom writes of "the fiery De la Haye" in *The Lord of the Isles,* Canto II, 12. No Errol ever bore the Christian name of Patrick. Possibly Tucker borrowed this Christian name from Sir Patrick Grahame, brother of Sir Robert.

15. I. 5: *his great ancestor . . . Loncarty's fight.* The battle of Loncarty, or Luncarty, is traditionally supposed to have been fought against Viking invaders near Perth in 877 during the reign of Kenneth III, King of Scots. Hector Boece was the first to write of it nearly 700 years later (1527), and he was followed by Buchanan (1582), who gravely wrote (*History of Scotland,* Book VI): "While the battle raged with terrible slaughter, and victory yet being doubtful, the Danish leaders sent the watchword through their whole line, that no man must ever hope to return to the camp, unless victorious. This signal was received by the men with loud acclamations, who charged with such impetuosity, that both wings of the Scots army gave way, and betaking themselves to flight, were keenly pursued.

"This day must have closed dark and fatally upon the Scots, had it not been for the assistance rendered by one individual, sent as it were from heaven, in a moment of almost desperate peril — a countryman of the name of Hay, who by chance, with his two sons, was ploughing in a neighbouring field, over which a great number of the fugitives were running. Being men of daring minds, great strength of body, and inflamed with a strong love for their country, the father seized the yoke and the son whatever instruments came readiest, as arms; and taking their station in a narrow pass, through which the fugitives must proceed, endeavoured, first by reproaches, and then by threats, to check them; but when neither were of any avail, struck down those who were nearest, exclaiming, that Hay too would be Danes to the runaways. On this the more timid stopped, and the braver, who had been carried away, not so much by fear of the enemy, as by the disorderly crowd of their own people, joined with them, crying out that assistance was at hand. Thus the whole band turned upon the foe and forced the Danes back upon their friends in as precipitate and disorderly a flight as that from which they

themselves had just been rescued. At this trepidation of the Danes, the baggage servants and the unwarlike countrymen sent up a shout, as if they had been a new army approaching; which so animated the Scots, and terrified the enemy, that the one from a state of desperation rose to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and the other, instead of the hoped for victory, sustained a certain and terrible calamity. This is that victory which was obtained near the village of Luncarty, which was celebrated with the greatest rejoicings during many days, and the fame of which will extend to the latest posterity."

16. I. 5: *the falcon's gaze.* The traditional account is that Hay was granted as much land as a falcon might fly over without perching and that for a crest the family was assigned the falcon.

17. I. 5: *Dochart's dell.* Glen Dochart is some 60 km from Perth and double that distance from the site of Old Montrose. Dochart lies under the shadow of Ben More, in Perthshire. From the glen the Dochart emerges to flow 20 km to Loch Tay. It is the site of Bruce's contest with the Lord of Lorn, in *The Lord of the Isles,* Canto II, 12. In placing Glen Dochart within wandering distance of Old Montrose (II,1), Tucker disregards the facts of geography.

18. II. 1: *Glen Trosach.* Scott makes Glen Trosach, now the Trossachs, the lair of Roderick MacAlpine in *The Lady of the Lake.* The Gaelic *trosach* signifies rough ground.

19. II. 1: *Malise McGregor.* The appelation of McGregor for the outlaw comes from *Rob Roy.* Possibly Tucker names him Malise because he has already converted the historical Malise Grahame into Malcolm Grahame in order to preserve Scott's fiction of a pair of sweethearts called Malcolm Grahame and Ellen Douglas.

20. II. 1: *James Innes.* In Scott this was the name borne by the exiled James Douglas, later Earl of Morton, during the period of his sanctuary in the Highlands with the Macalpines. See *The Lady of the Lake*, II, 12. History says that he acted as a grieve or overseer to his host.

21. II, 2: *My children too?* Note the echoes of *Macbeth* in this scene, as well as in Act III, Scene 1.

22. II. 3: *Falkland Palace.* Falkland is about 50 km from Perth. There was no palace at Falkland in 1427, although David, Duke of Rothesay, died in 1402 at Falkland Castle, which was in the hands of the Duke of Albany, Robert III's brother. Falkland Palace was begun by James III or IV and completed by James V in 1537. It is now a ruin.

23. II. 3: *This cartel comes from Grahame.* Pinkerton, I, IV, p.135, follows Shirley: "The bold and gloomy exile retired into the furthest highlands, meditating revenge: and he had even the audacity formally to renounce his allegiance, and to send a defiance to the king in writing, asserting that James had ruined him, his wife and children and possessions by his cruel tyranny; and that he should kill his sovereign with his own hand if occasion offered."

24. II. 5: *Enter Sir Malcolm Grahame and Lady Ellen Douglas.* In this scene Tucker brings together for the first time the two principal characters of his under-plot, two characters not unconnected with the grim story of Sir Robert

Grahame's vengeance but at the same time sharing a love which while not at all happy provides a glimmer of light in the gloom of the play. The murder of James is the climax in a theme of hatred and revenge. It is not unexpected and causes no great grief to the reader. But the fate of Malcolm and Ellen Douglas, so much truer to life than that of their counterparts in *The Lady of the Lake,* suggests that this is the real tragedy. A love forbidden by honour (as is that of Smollett's Stuart for Eleonora) drives the lover to a desperate course which ends fatally.

History knows nothing of any Ellen Douglas as maid of honour to James I's queen, although there is an Elizabeth Douglas mentioned by Shirley in his *Dethe of the Kynge of Scotis,* 1440 (see Appendix). She was not the bar lass of legend but was represented as having fallen into the vault through the aperture made by James I, thus unwittingly betraying his hiding-place. Smollett, in *The Regicide,* 1749, represents her as Eleonora Douglas and makes her the bar-lass. Tucker may have been influenced by Smollett, although Smollett has Dunbar and Stuart as rivals for Eleonora's hand. The dialogue in this scene between Malcolm and Ellen is reminiscent of that between Stuart and Eleonora in *The Regicide,* I, VI, which may well have been in Tucker's mind as he wrote the scene.

25. III. 1: *Mabel Armstrong.* Another name derived from Scott.

26. III. 1: *Chamberlain of Falkland Palace.* Historically McLouis of Bute was not James I's Chamberlain. At this time (1436–37) the office was held by Sir Robert Stuart, grandson of Walter Stuart, Earl of Athole, himself a son of Robert II by Elizabeth Mure.

27. III. 3: *The Knight of Ercildoune.* Thomas of Ercildoune, called True Thomas ("True Thomas hight") by Boece and Fordun and celebrated as Thomas the Rhymer, lived in the second half of the thirteenth century. His liaison with the queen of fairies and his subsequent gift of prophecy are celebrated by Sir Walter Scott in "Thomas the Rhymer" in *Contributions to Ministrelsy of the Scottish Border,* which see for the fifteenth-century ballad celebrating Thomas's adventure in fairyland. He is said to have foretold the death of Alexander III, of which report Tucker here makes use. Thomas is referred to in Scott's novel, *Castle Dangerous.*

28. III. 3: *thou'rt drunk or mad.* This episode comes from Shirley, first published by Pinkerton in 1797 and accepted by Tytler (see Appendix for relevant extract).

29. III. 3: *As ancient sages write.* A striking repetition of the theme that animates Chapter XXII of Tucker's novel *Ralph Rashleigh,* in which he connects the sentiment with Scottish folklore.

30. III. 4: This scene follows Shirley. See *post,* Appendix.

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APPENDIX

The Dethe of the Kynge of Scotys

A Full Lamentable Cronycle of the Dethe and False Murdire of James Stewarde, Kyng of Scotys, Nought Long Agone Prisoner yn Englande, the Tymes of the Kyngs Henrye the Fifte and Henrye the Sixte

From a manuscript written about 1440 by . . . John Shirley, att the full noble, honorable, and renomed cité of London.

. . . The saide Kynge of Scottes [James Steward], noght stanchid of his unsacionable and gredi avarice, ordeynd that tallage, and other imposicions upon his people, gretter and more chargeant then ever were acustumyd afore that tyme. So that the comoners of his land secretly clepid hym nat rightwes, bot a tirannous prynce, what for the outrageus imposicions importables of use, on taxes and tallages, upon his poure subjectes and peple. But after the wisdome of some philosophers the comone langage of the peiple oft spekith without reason. Nevertheless many of the Lordes of that land, dredyng sore of the harme that myght betide, drowghe hem to counsell how thay myght withstand and resist the Kynges tyranye.

Withall the Kyng beyng present yn his said cownesell, rose up with a maneli swollon hart a knyght, clepid Sir Robert Grame, a grete gentilman and an Erles sune, a mane of grete wit and eloquence, wundir suttilye wittyd, and expert in the lawe: saying thes wordes opynly to the Lordes, "Sirs, yf ye woll firmely stand by that at I shall say to the Kyng, yn youre audience, I trust to God that we shall fynde a good remedye and helpe." To the which sayng the Lordes cosentid: and saide that they trustyng holly yn his prudent and discret manehode, wold conforme and consent, yn hie and low, to mayntene all that he wold tak on hand to say, for the general weele of hem, and of all that land, yn that mater by hym than mevid.

Upon this the Kyng lete to somond a parliament of the iii astatis of his rewme, where this same Sir Robert Grame, fully sette and asurid and purposid to performe that at he had behight and promysid unto the Lordes, as is afore rehersid. He rose upe with a grete corage, with a violent chere and countenance, sette handes upon the Kyng sayng thes wordes, "I arrest you yn the name of all the thre astates of your reume, here now assemblid yn this present parliament, for right as youre liege peple be bundun and sworne to obeye your Majeste noble riall, yn the same wise bene ye sworne and ensurid to kepe youre peple, to kepe and guverne youre lawe, so that ye do hem no wronge, bot yn all right mantene and defend hem." And there and then forthwith the said Sir Robert Grame, asuryng hym fully yn the promyse made

unto hym bi the said Lordes, said, "Is hit nat thus as I say?" Unto the which sayng none of all the astates afore rehersid wold, ne durst speke oone word, bot kapid silence. The Kyng therwith percevyng all this presumptuous rebellion, and wirchyng of the said Sir Robert Grame, gretly movyd and stirryd ayenst him, as that reason wold, lete do hym arrest, and commandid to put hym yn sure and hard prisone.

This Sir Robert Grame, seyng hymself thus desavyd there of the said Lordes, spake and said yn this wise, "He that serveth a comon mane, he serveth by short procese of tyme." After this the Kynge exiled this Sir Robert Grame; and all his haritages and goodes deemed as forfaturs to the Kyng.

Upon his exile this Sir Robert Grame toke his [way] ynto the cuntreis of the Wild Scottis, wherthat he conspired and ymagynd how that he myght destruye his Kyng. And furthwith he renounsed his legeance, and by wordes, and by writyng, he defied hem, seying that he had destruyd hym, his wif, and his childerne, his haritages, and all his other godes, by his cruell tyranny. Wherfor he said he wold slee hym [with] his owne handes as his mortall enmye, yf wer he myght se tyme, and fynd wais and meanes. Therto the Kyng, hugely vexid in his spretes with the traturous and malicious rebellion of the said Sir Robert Grame, did mak an opyn proclamacion by all the rewme of Scotteland that whoso myght slee or tak hyme, and bryng hym to the Kynges presence, shuld have iii thousand demyes of gold, every pece worth half an Englissh Noble.

Nocht long after this the Kyng lete so ordeyne his parliament yn due forme, at Edenbourghe, somunde yn the yere of oure lord A Thousand, Foure Hundreth, Six and Thirtye, yn the fest of All Hallowen. To the which parliament the said Sir Robert Grame stired a full cruell vengance ayene the Kyng, sent privie messages and letturs to certayne men and servantes of the Duke of Albayne, whome the Kyng a litill afore hade done rigorusly to deth, lich as hit is entitild here afore, opynly, that if thay consent and faver hym, he wold uttirly take upon hym for to slee the Kyng, lest thurgh his tirannye and covetise he wold destruy this reume of Scotteland.

After this the Kyng sodanly avisid made a solempne fest of the Cristynmes at Perth, which is clepid Sant Johns towne, which is from Edenbourgh on that other side of the Scottesh Sec, the which is vulgarly clepid the Water of Lethe. Yn the myddis of the way thare arose a woman of Yreland, that clepid herselfe as a suthsayer. The which anone as she saw the Kyng, she cried with lowde voise, sayng thus, "My Lord Kyng, and ye pase this water, ye shall never turne ayane on lyve." The Kyng heryng this was astonyed of her wordis; for bot a litill to fore he had red yn a prophesie, that yn the self same yere the Kyng of Scottes shuld be slayne. And therwithall the Kyng as he rode clepid to him oone of his knyghtis, and gave hym yn comaundment to torne ayene to speke with that woman, and ask of here what sheo wold, and what thyng sheo ment with her lowd crying? And sheo began, and told hym as ye hafe hard of the Kynge of Scottes, yf he passed that water. As now the Kynge askid her how sheo knew that? And sheo said that Huthart told her so. "Sire," quod ho, "men may calant y tak non hede of yond womans wordes, for sheo nys bot a drunkine fule, and wot not what sheo saith."

After this, cane fast apporoch the nyght, yn the which the said James Stward kyng of Scottes shuld falsely hym unwittyng, suffure his horribill deth by murdure; this which is pite that any gentill or gode man to thynk upon. So both afore soper, and long aftire ynto quarter of the nyght, in the which the Erle of Athetelles, and Robert Stward, were aboute the Kyng; where thay wer occupied att the playng of the chesse, att the tables, yn redyng of Romans, yn syngyng, and pypyng, yn harpyng; and in other honest solaces, of grete pleasance and disport.

Withyn an owre the Kyng askid the voidee, and drank, the travers yn the chambure edraw, and every man depairtid and went to rist. Then Robert Stward, that was right famylier with the Kyng, and had all his commandementes yn the chamber, was the last that departid; and he knewe well the false purveid treison, and was consentid therto, and therfore left the Kynges chamburs doore opyne; and had brussed and blundird the lokes of hem, yn such wise that no man myght shute hem. And abowt mydnyght he laid certayne plaunches, and hurdelles, over the diches of the diche that environd the gardyne of the chambure, upon which the said traitours entred. That is to say the forsaid Sir Robert Grame, with other of his covyne ynto the nowmbre of Thre Hundreth persons; the Kyng that same tyme ther stondyng in his nyght gowne, all unclothid save his shirt, his cape, his combe, his coverchif, his furrid pynsons upon the forme, and the foote sheet; so stondyng afor the chymney playng with the Qwene, and other ladis and gentilwomen with here; cast offe his nyght gowne, for to have gone to bedd.

But he harkynd, and hard grete noise without, and grete clateryng of harnych, and men armyd, with grete sight of torches. Than he remembred hym, and ymagynd anone that hit shuld be [the] false tratours knyght, his deedy enemy, Sir Robert Grame. And sodenly the Qwene, with all the other ladis and gentilwomen, rane to the chawmber dure, and fonde hit opyne; and thay wold have shitt hit, bot the lokes wer so blundrid, that thay nethir cowth ne myght shut hit. The Kyng prayd hem to kepe the same dore as wele as thay myght, and he wold do all his myght to kepe hym to withstond the false malice of his traitours and enmys; he suppoisyng to have brestyn the farrements of the chaumbur wyndos, bot thay wer so sqware, and strongli sowdid yn the stonys with moltyne lede, that thay myght not be brostyne for hym, withowtyn more and strenger helpe. For which cause he was ugly astonyd, and in hys mynd kouth thynk on none other socoure, bot start to the chymney, and toke the tonges of yren that men rightid the fire with, yn tyme of neede; and undir his fete he myghtily brest up a plaunch of the chambur flore, and therwithall cuverid hym ayane, and entred adowne lowe beneth amongis th' ordure of the privay, that was all of hard stone, and none wyndow ne isshue therupon, save a litill square hole, even at the side of the bothum of the pryvay, that at the makyng therof old tyme was levid opyne to clense and ferme the said privay. By the which the Kyng myght well escapid; bot he maid to let stop hit well iii dayes afore hard with stone, bicause that whane he playd there at the pawme, the ballis that he plaid withe oft ranne yn at that fowle hole, for ther was ordenyd withowt a faire playng place for the Kyng.

And so ther for the Kyng nether reschows, ne remedie, bot ther he must abide, ellas the while! The traitours withowt laid at the chaumbur dors, and at the privay dore also, with wawis, with levours, and with axes, that at the last thay brak up all, and entred, (bycause the durs were not fast shutte,) with swerdes, axis, glavis, billes, and other terribill and ferefull wepons. Amonges the grete prese of the which traitours, ther was a faire lady sore hurt yn the bak; and other gentilwemen hurt and sore wondid. With the which the ladis, and all the wemen, mayd a sorowfull skrye, and rane away for the hidos fere of tho boistous and merciles men of armes. The traitours furiously passed forth ynto the chaumbures, and founde the Qwene so dismaid and abassid of that horribill and ferfull guvernance, that she cowth nether speke, ne withdrawe here. And as sho stode ther so astonyd, as a cryature that had lost here kyndly reasone, oone of the traitours wowndid here full vilanysly, and wold have slayne here, ne had not bene oone of Sir Robert Grame's sones, that thus spek to hym and said, "What woll ye dow, for shame of youre selfe! to the Qwene? Sheo is bot a womane. Let us go and sech the Kyng." And then not wityng wele what sheo did, or shuld do, for that ferfull and terribill affray, fledd yn hir kirtill, her mantell hangyng aboute hir; the other ladyes yn a corner of the chaumbur, cryyng and wepyng, all destraite made a pitous and lamentable noyse with full hevy lokyng and chere.

And ther the traitours sought the Kyng yn all the chaumbur abowte, yn the withdrawyng chaumburs, yn the litters, undir the presses, the fourmes, the chares, and all other places, bot long they besily sought the Kyng. Bot they couth nat fynd hym, for they nether knew ne remembred the privay. The Kyng heryng of long tyme no noyse, ne stiryng of the traitours, wende and demyd that thay had all begone, cryed to the wemen that they shuld cume with shettes, and drawe hym up owt of that uncleyne place of the privay. The wemen at his callyng came fast to the pryvay dore, that was nat shutt, and so tha opynd hit with labure. And as they were abowteward to helpe upe the Kyng, oone of the ladis, clepid Elizabeth Douglas, fell ynto the pryvay to the Kyng. Therwith oone of the said traitours, called Robert Chaumbur, suppoisid varaly sith thay couth nat fynd, yn none of all the sayd chaumburs, the Kyng, that he of nessessite had hyd hym yn the pryvay.

And so he went forth streght to the same pryvay where the Kyng was, and persavyd wele an sawe how a plaunch of the flure was brokyn up, and lift hit up, and with a torch lokyd ynne, and saw the Kyng ther, and a woman with hyme. Sayng to his felows, "Sirs the spows is foundon, wherfore we bene cumne, and all this nyght haf carold here." Therwithall oone of the said tirantes and traitours, clepid Sir John Hall, descendid downe to the Kyng, with a grete knyf yn his hand; and the Kyng, dowtyng hym sore of his lif, kaught hym myghtily by the shuldurs, and with full grete violence cast hym under his fete. For the Kyng was, of his parsone and stature, a mane right manly strong. And seyyng another of that Hallis brethyrne that the Kyng had the betture of hym, went downe ynto the pryvay also, for to destroy the Kyng. And anone as he was ther descendid, the Kyng kaught hym manly by the nek, and cast hym above that other; and so he defowlid hem both undir hyme, that all a long moneth after men myght see how strongly the Kyng had holdyn hem by the throtes.

Therwithall that odyus and false traitour Sir Robert Grame, seyng the Kyng labord so sore with thoo two false traitours, which he had cast undir his fete, and that he wer faynt and wery, and that he was weponelese, the more pite was, descenden downe also ynto the pryvey to the Kyng, with an horribill and mortall wepone yn his hand. And then the Kyng cried hym mercy. "Thow cruell tirant," quod Grame to hym, "thou hadest nevyr mercy of lordes borne of thy blode, ne of non other gentilman, that came yn thy dawnger. Therfor no mercy shalt thow have here." Thane said the Kyng, "I besech the that, for the salvacion of my soule, ye woll let me have a confessore." Quod the said Grame, "Thow shalt never have other confessore bot this same swerd." And therwithall he smote hym thorogh the body, and therwithall the goode kyng fell downe, and lamentablé with a pitous voyce he cried him oft mercy, and behight to gyf hym half hys kyngdam, and much other good, to save his lif. And then the said Grame, seyng his Kyng and Soveran Lord ynfortuned with so much deseyse, angwesh, and sorowe, wold hafe so levyd, and done hym no more harme. The other traitors above, perceyvyng that, sayd onto the sayd Sir Robert, "We behote the faithfully, bot yf thow sle hym, or thow depart, thow shalt dye for hym on owre handys sone dowtlese." And then the said Sir Robert, with the other two that descendid first downe, fell upon that noble prynce, and yn full horribill and cruell wise they murdrid hym. . . .

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