

**LOVE AND JEALOUSY: AN
HISTORICAL DRAMA OF
THE DAYS OF THE STUART
INSURRECTION OF 1745**

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Love and Jealousy: An Historical Drama of the Days of the Stuart Insurrection of 1745 by
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AN

Historical Drama

OF THE DAYS OF

The Stuart Insurrection of 1745.

BY CHARLES M. CAUGHY,

OF BALTIMORE.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Hall of the Castle of Eleanore. Suits of ancestral armor hanging round the walls. On a pedestal at each side a complete suit of Knight's armor, with visor down, and a long spear grasped in the mailed hand. The windows are small. Door in C. F. practical. On the right is a large fire-place with fire. The room is richly furnished in more modern designs than the general surroundings. As the scene opens SIR MALCOLM OLIPHANT, DR. FAIRLIE, SERGEANT RYAN and NEIL JOHNSTONE, discovered. DR. FAIRLIE at window, R.*

Ryan. (*Delivering dispatches.*) From the Lord President, your Honor

Sir Mal. 'Tis well. (*Reading.*) Johnstone, have a horse saddled and see the messenger well bestowed.

(*Exeunt JOHNSTONE and RYAN, L. 1 E.*)

Dr. Fair. Well, what says our friend, President Forbes?

Sir Mal. (*Sighing.*) The dispatches are of the highest importance. The Chevalier's standard has been raised at Glenfinnan. The clans are flocking round it, and have already succeeded in capturing a detachment of the Inverness garrison. Gen. Cope marched northward a week ago; and I am directed to follow him with what men I can muster.

Dr. Fair. (*Tapping his snuff-box.*) That sounds serious.

Sir Mal. Fairlie, it sounds to me like the doom of my happiness.

Dr. Fair. Hoots! nonsense, man. Because you have to separate before your honey-moon has lost its glamour; so much the better for your notion of a honey-moon. But what then? You'll be home again, and enjoy a second one for the valiant service you have done your country, in driving these highland fanatics back to their mountains.

Sir Mal. You forget, Doctor, how awkwardly I am placed. The man who unfurled the Pretender's Standard, and who is loudest in proclaiming the Stuarts' right to the throne, is my wife's father—*Strathroy.*

Dr. Fair. The ould fire-eater! He was out in '15," and was luckier than some of his comrades in getting off with his head.

Sir Mal. His devotion to the cause of the Stuarts; his mad enthusiasm will only be satisfied in death.

Dr. Fair. Well, you can't help *that.*

Sir Mal. Nay, but I suffer for it all the same. You know how he scoffed me for my adhesion to the Government. You know with what vengeance he menaced Margaret, when he learned that her love for me had proven more potent than her fear of his commands, and that she had become my wife. But all that did not make her love him less; and the thought that his fanaticism caused her to disobey him pains her to the heart.

Dr. Fair. You prove yourself worthy of her, and she will have the less to regret. (*Using snuff.*)

Sir Mal. Ay, but now when she hears that the Chevalier's friends have risen; when she is told that her father stands, sword in hand, on one side, and her husband on the other—Oh! man, think what torture, what agony she will endure every moment this hideous strife continues. Oh! would to heaven there were any honest means by which I could shun this duty that is thrust upon me.

Dr. Fair. That's nae possible; and I would warn you to take heed how you speak of this business. Remember you are married to the daughter of Strathroy, the Jacobite, and your ancestors have belonged to the Jacobite side; these are reasons enough for suspecting you are tarred with the same stick. That is why Forbes has been in such haste to compromise you by engaging you at the outset in active service for the house of Hanover.

Sir Mal. And that is another reason for my desire to avoid the service. My father, and his fathers, since ever the Oliphants of Elvanlee have held a place in Scotland, have given their best blood for the Stuarts' cause. The past makes me seem in my own eyes—ay, in the eyes of others—a renegade. The past makes me think of Charles Edward with respect and affection, and even now, if I could save him one moment of the pain and disappointment to which I see him advancing, I would gladly give him my life and fortune.

Dr. Fair. This is treason!

Sir Mal. Peace, man, and hear me out. I would give all I possess to help the Chevalier, but the result of his invasion will be a reckless waste of human life, a reckless shower of misery upon our poor country, which must end in his degraded flight or wretched death. The sooner he is satisfied that this is the inevitable climax, the less harm he will do; for I believe him to be an honest gentleman, who would not ruthlessly sacrifice those who love him. Therefore, with a sad heart, I am for King George.

Dr. Fair. For heaven's sake, man, see that you never speak in this fashion again. I hope nobody else heard you enow. It would be enough to condemn you to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, not to speak of the confiscation of all your estates.

Sir Mal. Have no fear on that score. To you I can speak freely. To all others I am silent. But enough of that. I have a task for you. Margaret has not yet been told how I am placed, but it would be cruelty to conceal it from her—

Dr. Fair. Quite correct. You had better tell her immediately. (*Starts to go.*)

Sir Mal. Stop. I want you to help me, by breaking to her the news of our departure.

Dr. Fair. Me! I could nae do it.

Sir Mal. You must, Doctor. What I have to say, will disturb her less, when she has obtained some knowledge of my position from you. I charge you, on your friendship, aid me to make this blow fall as lightly upon her as may be.

Dr. Fair. Is there anything particularly soft about my head or body? because you seem to think I was made for no other purpose than to be a trumpeter of ill-news, and it's a nasty job.

Sir Mal. Nay, Fairlie, for my sake go and break the news to her while I bestow these papers in the Library.

(*Enters Library, c. f.*)

(*Enter VILLAGERS, and STRATHROY disguised, R. 1 E.*)

Mrs. McNeil. (To DR. FAIRLIE, who is about to go out.) Oh! Doctor my Geordie, my laddie has wandered among the wild brutes of horses tethered on the hillside. Will naeboddy save my bairn? (*MARGARET appears passing the window, leading the child by the hand, and enters the room, L. 2 E.*)

Mar. Yes; here he is safe and sound.

Mrs. McNeil. God be merciful to your Ladyship. Ye hae saved my bairn. (*Shouts from crowd.*)

Mar. There, there, friends; you are overloading me with gratitude. The child is unhurt, and so am I, and that is satisfaction enough for me. Go all of ye and drink the laddie's health; and you, Mistress McNeil, see that he never gets in such a scrape again.

Mrs. McNeil. I hope he'll never be in sic danger again, my Lady, unless it be to serve you, and may ye never be in need sic a service.

Mar. That is a sensible prayer, Mrs. McNeil. I hope it may be granted for your boy's sake as well as my own. (To DR. FAIRLIE, who has been examining the child.) Well, Doctor, is he hurt?

Dr. Fair. It's a miracle, but he has not been touched.

Mar. I thought so; for the poor horses, frightened as they were by the noise our friends were making, lifted every foot as daintily as they feared as much to hurt him, as we did that they would kill him. Come to me before you go home, and I will give you something to help Geordie remember this day.

Mrs. McNeil. Thanks, my Lady. Now, Geordie, haud your hands up, clasped that way, as when you say your prayers, and say wi a your heart: "Lord bless your Ladyship, and keep sorrow frae your door."

Geordie. (*All hands kneel reverently, with uncovered heads.*) "Lord bless your Ladyship, and keep sorrow frae your door."

Vill. Amen.

Mrs. McNeil. Now one more prayer, Geordie. "God bless King George." (*STRATHROY puts on his hat, stands covered and erect, while all the others kneel. "WILLIE-WANT-A-BIT" tears the hat from his head, which angers STRATHROY, but he recovers himself; gives him a shilling and takes his hat.*)

Geordie. "God bless King George."

Vill. Amen.

(*Exit VILLAGERS, R. 1 E.*)

Enter SIR MALCOLM from the Library, c. f., the door of which he fastens, but leaves the key in the lock. He carries his sword in his hand, but at the sight of MARGARET, he places it on the table, and advances to her.)

Sir Mal. What has been the stir in here? Ah, Madge, you have been in it.

Dr. Fair. Yes, and was likely to remain in it forever, at one time.

Sir Mal. What was it? You are both excited.

Mar. Oh! nothing, Malcolm.

Dr. Fair. Nothing? (*Using snuff-box.*) On my soul, Sir, it was a sight to make a cynic respect her Ladyship's sex. You shall have a true account of it frae me, Sir. Twenty furious horses—

Mar. (*Interrupting.*) Nay! flatterer, you shall not be permitted to make me blush for a single act of kindness. I'll tell Malcolm. Mrs. McNeil's boy wandered among the horses; I managed to drag him safely out of his predicament. That was all. There was no danger, at least I was not sensible of any; so there is no need to think of horrors that did not happen.

Sir Mal. It was rash in you, Madge. Rash as you always are where your heart tempts you to help or comfort another. Think, I might have lost you.

Mar. And that poor mother might have lost her bairn. My rashness is of small account balanced against her happiness. You, Doctor, would have done the same had you been there in time. Would you not?

Dr. Fair. (*Using snuff-box.*) Eh—well, maybe, maybe I might hae done it. There is no knowing what wonders a *man* might do. But I am quite sure I would not had I been a *woman*.

Mar. Fie, Doctor. You would think less of my act if you did not think so much of your own sex. You men are so selfish that you reserve all the grander virtues for yourselves. Courage, strength, endurance, fidelity even, you fancy reach their highest perfection in manhood; and we poor slaves, who are incapable of such noble impulses, must stand by, and raise our eyes in all humility to the great creatures whose nobility we must admire, but may not emulate.

Dr. Fair. I never said that.

Mar. Confess now, Doctor, and you too Malcolm, that you believe it is *only men* who can be heroic. But let me tell you, a faithful woman's life is in itself heroic. You keep to yourselves all opportunities, all the work in the doing of which heroes are made, and then you think us disqualified because we do not keep pace with you. Yet I would lay my life there are more men made heroes by a circumstance, than there are women who are not heroines, although they lack your opportunities. The one happens to get his light placed atop a powder barrel, and the powder does the rest; the other has her light hid from the world by the four walls of home.

Sir Mal. Doctor answer that. I wont try.

Dr. Fair. (*Offering snuff-box.*) Madame, I surrender my sword, and henceforth, on your authority, shall look upon every woman as a hero.

Mar. (*Laughingly.*) Beaten.

Dr. Fair. Crushed, and not able to wag a finger in my own defence.

Mar. Then, Sir, you shall be sentenced to marriage within a year.

Dr. Fair. (*Horridly.*) Mercy, no! Have some pity, or I shall die in the anticipation. At least wait till we get out of this cursed rebel—(*interrupted by a quick sign from SIR MALCOLM.*) But I must leave you. There is a patient below waiting me.

(*Exit DR. FAIRLIE, bowing, l. 2 B.*)

Sir Mal. (*Taking her hand.*) You should have been a man, Madge.

Mar. (*Sharply.*) I am content to be a woman, Malcolm, for your sake.

Sir Mal. Thank heaven you are so. Ah, wife, there are moments when the ardor of our wooing days, intensified by the knowledge that you are all my own now, makes me feel as if I could almost sacrifice honor for your sake.

Mar. What a droll notion! Sacrifice honor for my sake? Why then you would sacrifice me too; for I think, Malcolm, the husband's honor is the wife's safeguard.

Sir Mal. You are right, Madge, you are right.

Mar. You are in one of your melancholy humors to-day, which have been so frequent of late, that I have begun to fancy—(*pauses.*)

Sir Mal. Fancy what, Madge?

Mar. Shall I tell you? Well they have made me fancy that our honey-moon was drawing to a close, and that we were beginning to settle down into the sober common place of wedded life—when the wife becomes a sort of superior housekeeper, and her lord grows too busy with the grave details of his affairs to spend one-half hour in the interchange of the little nothings which make a lover's days so short and happy.

Sir Mal. (*Quickly.*) You are mistaken, Madge, our honey-moon shall never end.

Mar. (*Laughingly.*) There spoke the lover and not the staid-minded husband. But I'll punish you, Sir, by holding you to your word, (*placing a chair for him, and a stool for herself,*) and I'll at once assume the authority which a woman possesses before she has spoken the fatal "yes," with which she abdicates the throne of love, and becomes one of its humblest slaves. So sit you there (*he obeys*) and I'll sit here. That is right. Now I feel myself a person of some importance while I am looking in your face, and reading there—

Sir Mal. That I love you, Madge.

Mar. (*Kissing him.*) No Sir, but I read there that you know how much another person cares for you. Oh! Malcolm, tell me what is the meaning of the moody fits that so trouble you of late? What is the meaning of your repeated visits to Edinburgh; of the couriers constantly passing to and fro? And last of all, what is the meaning of the sudden gathering of the tenantry, and the turning out of all the old armor that has been rusting since the sad rising of "15?" (*Excitedly.*) Answer me, why is it, how is it and what is it?

Sir Mal. (*Aside.*) The crisis has come at last. I am going to startle you, Madge; I am going to leave you. (*Rises.*)

Mar. Leave me? (*Rising.*)

Sir Mal. Ay, but only for a little while, I trust. I have been like a coward trying to hide it from you, but you must learn it now.

Mar. Where are you going, and why may I not go with you?

Sir Mal. To war. The Chevalier has raised his standard in the North; he is supported by a few fanatical chiefs and their followers, and I am commanded to march, with what forces I can muster, to join Gen. Cope.

Mar. Ah! (*Abruptly.*) And you obey?

Sir Mal. I must. There is no alternative save obedience or dishonor. Do you blame me?

Mar. No; I dare not blame you; but, Oh! Malcolm, remember in what traditions I have been educated. The right of the Stuarts was the faith of my fathers—ay, of yours. The misfortunes of the Stuarts were theirs also. They followed the Stuarts for good or ill, with loyal and unflinching fidelity; they suffered with them, they died for them. Remember that, and you will not be angry with me, if for a moment my heart is oppressed with the thought that this strife is an unhallowed one.

Sir Mal. (*Sadly.*) My allegiance is pledged to the King. My honor is at stake, and even were it otherwise, I know this mad rising is only the last faint glimmer of a setting sun. When the darkness falls the too faithful adherents of the Stuarts' cause will be homeless exiles, or mangled corpses on a bloody field. Widowed mothers, and fatherless bairns will be crying piteously for the shelter and bread which has been cruelly torn from them in the vain effort to maintain a hopeless cause. Let us save as many of them as we can.

Mar. Forgive me, Malcolm, I did not mean to question the justice of your cause. I know it must be wise and just, since you have chosen it. But the danger—

Sir Mal. You must not think of it. You must forget every thing save to be happy.

Mar. I can forget every thing when you are near me. Forget even that you are the enemy of the cause for which my brother died, and to which my father has devoted his life and fortune. Serve what cause you will, I am your wife, Malcolm, and your faith shall be mine; your hopes, your aspirations, aye your crimes, I will share them all.

Sir Mal. You give me strength, wife, and courage. But there must be no more regrets, no more tears.

Mar. None; (*wiping her eyes*;) that is all over now. I am the soldier's wife, ready to look calmly in the face of death. You shall see how resolute I can be, for (*buckling his sword around him*) with my own hand will I buckle on your sword.

Sir Mal. That is bravely done, Margaret. You will think of me when I am away?

Mar. Ay, Malcolm, very often.

Sir Mal. Oh wife! wife! mine is a jealous love. You are so precious to me that I am like a miser; I fear to let others see my treasure lest they rob me of it. I am selfish too, and grudge every smile that is not given to me. While away from you, I shall envy the stars because they may look on you; I shall envy the sun, because his light shines on you. This is weak and I know it; but you are so dear to me I seem to have no strength that is not inspired by your presence. Within the last few days, somehow, my love has made a coward of me, and, like a child in the dark, the vague shadows of my own vague fears frighten me.

Mar. (*Kissing him.*) I like to hear you talk that way, Malcolm; but we have changed places within the last few minutes. It is you who are weak now, and I am strong.

Sir Mal. There is something else, Madge—