

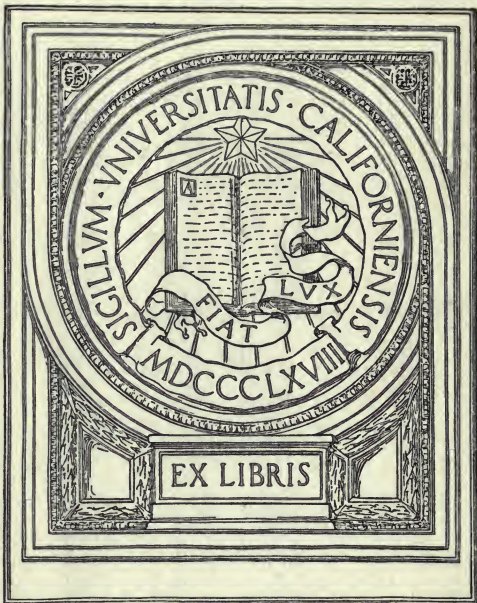
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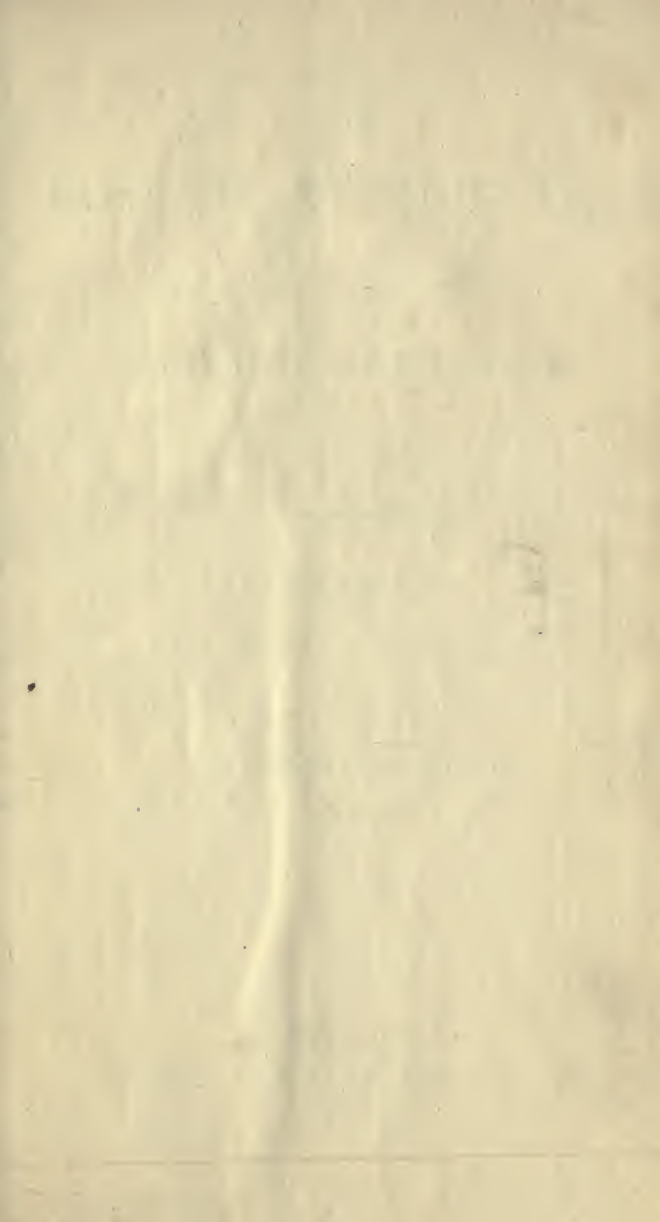
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The Rose of Ettrick Vale







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THE

ROSE OF ETTRICK VALE

OR, THE

BRIDAL OF THE BORDERS.

A DRAMA,

IN TWO ACTS.



BY THOMAS J. LYNCH,

Comedian.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,

LONDON.

*First Performed at the Queen Street Theatre,
Glasgow.*

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## CHARACTERS.

Cast at  
T. R. Edinburgh.

|                                                        |                            |               |
|--------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------|---------------|
| Red Ronald ( <i>The Riever, alias The Stranger</i> ) . |                            | Mr. PRITCHARD |
| Old Adam ( <i>of Teviot</i> ) . . . . .                |                            | Mr. MASON.    |
| Albert ( <i>his adopted Son</i> ) . . . . .            |                            | Mr. THORN.    |
| Glenbrae ( <i>a Hunter of the Highland Border</i> )    |                            | Mr. STANLEY.  |
| Guy o' the Gap . . . . .                               |                            | Mr. LYNCH.    |
| Wandering Steenie ( <i>a Mindless Rover</i> ) . . .    |                            | Mr. DENHAM.   |
| Brand o' the Brae } ( <i>Freebooters in the Pay</i> )  | } ( <i>of Red Ronald</i> ) | Mr. ANDERSON. |
| Black Wylie                                            |                            | Mr. POWER.    |
| Murdock                                                |                            | Mr. AITKEN.   |
| Fergus                                                 |                            | Mr. MILLER.   |
| Officer ( <i>of the Clan Glenbrae</i> )                |                            |               |

Laurette (*"The Rose of Ettrick Vale"*) . . . Miss MASON.  
 Jessie } (*Sisters—Bridesmaids of Laurette*) } Miss NOEL.  
 Amy } Miss MURRAY.

Moss Troopers, Soldiers, Peasants, &c. &c.

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SCENE—ETTRICK VALE AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

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*Time of Representation, One Hour and a Half.*

## COSTUMES.

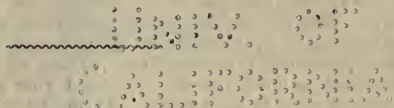
RONALD.—Red shirt, breastplate, close helmet, boots, &c.  
 BRAND O' THE BRAE and FREEBOOTERS.—Shirts of different colours, breastplates, boots, &c.  
 ALBERT and GLENBRAE.—Green hunting shirts, boots, &c.  
 OLD ADAM.—Grey plaid.  
 GUY.—Comic shape.  
 WANDERING STEENIE.—Tattered highland dress.  
 PEASANTS.—Plaids—scarves.  
 LAURETTE, JESSIE, and AMY.—White dresses and ribbons.



# THE ROSE OF ETTRICK VALE;

OR, THE

## BRIDAL OF THE BORDERS.



### ACT I.

**SCENE I.**—*Exterior of Ettrick Vale Farm House, L.H.—Cottage R.H.—Set Waters—Ground Pieces—Rustic Bridge from R. to L.—Distant View of Country—2 rustic chairs on Stage.*

**MUSIC**—**GLENBRAE** crosses Bridge from R. to L., then enters.

**GLEN.** All is still silent—she sleeps. The grey dawn is already in the valley, and the lads and lasses will soon be here. Hist, lassie, awake thee—shame on't, the sun is up; and on a day like this, thou should'st call him sluggard. Jessie, come, Glenbrae waits, and knows not joy but when thou art by.

*JESSIE and AMY enter from cottage, R.H.*

**JES.** Glenbrae!

**GLEN.** My dearest Jessie! Amy, too. (*crossing to her*) Look what a morn is here; the tempest which threatened during the night, has passed away, and a cloudless dawn succeeds—a dawn of joy to Ettrick Vale.

**JES.** True, Glenbrae, for it begins the day that will see united the good Albert with his beloved Laurette. It is now fifteen years since they came to our valley, and where now there is not a heart that does not love them. Have you seen Albert?

**GLEN.** No; he requested me to be early in attendance.—Hark! some one comes—the door opens.

**JES.** Then doubtless 'tis he, the best of men.

*GUY O' THE GAP appears at Farm door, L.H.*

**GUY.** Aye, that's me—I'm the best of men.

**AMY.** Pshaw! that fool Guy.

**GUY.** Fool? oh, my fat sides—there's a salutation for a man of genius!

**GLEN.** Pr'ythee, is Albert stirring?

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GUY. Aye, marry—his legs; he has been out this hour. I was up with the first cock myself; but even I was too late; for before I had popped into his room, he had popped out of it.

GLEN. Out so early? (*retires, and looks off* R.H.)

GUY. You would not have him a sluggard on his nuptial day, would you? Ah, Jessie and Amy, the bridesmaids! My fat sides! how spruce! I ain't amiss myself, am I? with my old hose and my nice new doublet. A good fit, ain't it? shows my shape; you will see few such men as I am!

JES.

and

AMY.

} We don't desire it.

GUY. Nay, now you are too partial; but 'tis right I should dress in this fashion; for look ye, my cousin, old Adam of Teviot has made me master of the ceremonies, major domo, and grand cock of the day. Everybody is to obey me. You may all have as much sport and confusion as ever you like, provided your confusion be conducted peaceably and in good order. Oh, my fat sides! what a deal I shall have to do!

AMY. Well, Guy, this marriage will go nigh to derange you.

GUY. Well, and if it should, I shall not be the first man marriage has deranged.

AMY. But this is not your own.

GUY. So much the more amiable in me to feel so much for another. My own? Ah! that depends upon Jessie!

JES. Upon me, blockhead?

GUY. Blockhead! Come, don't abuse me before marriage; we shall have plenty of time for that afterwards.

JES. We marry, indeed!

GUY. Aye, to be sure! Don't everybody know I court you? Ain't you over head and ears in love with me, only you don't own it? So when Albert and Laurette are married, "for better for worse" is the word. "Do you consent?" says the parson. "O yes," says Jessie. "Amen!" says the clerk; and, O my fat sides! the job is done.

JES. There is but one slight objection to this arrangement.

GUY. What is that?

JES. The intended bride will not consent.

GUY. What possible objection can you have?

AMY. Would you have her marry a magpie that chatters everlastingly?

GUY. Chatters? There's a name for eloquence!

AMY. Is talking nonsense by the hour, eloquence?

GUY. Undoubtedly, according to the established practice of most noble orators. Any more objections?

AMY. Plenty. You are a coward—you lack courage.

GUY. Then I have discretion—the superior virtue.

JES. Pshaw! you have no spirit.

GUY. No spirit? My fat sides! don't I offer to marry you? Anything more?

JES. Then you are so ugly.

GUY. That is a compliment to my understanding. They say your pretty fellows are ever ninnies.

AMY. But you are a scarecrow, and a fool into the bargain; in short, she don't like you.

JES. Aye, in short, I don't like you.

GUY. I thought you would end with a woman's reason. There is perhaps another who—eh?

JES. There is; for mark you, I am a lowland lass, and will never give my hand to any one who cannot claim a right to the dear tartan kilt and trews.

GUY. And I am from England; and, my fat sides! too old to go into petticoats again—so I suppose 'tis useless?

JES. Quite! you have lost your chance; no hope is left you.

GLEN. You can see, Guy, I am the happy man.

GUY. You? the Red Deer Hunter? prefer you to me? No taste, say I.

*Bugle R.H.*

GLEN. Hark! 'tis Albert's bugle.

JES. Some one approaches.

GUY. 'Tis he—'tis cousin Albert—joy, joy!

*ALBERT crosses Bridge from R. to L., then enters.*

GLEN. Albert—friend!

ALB. Thanks—a thousand thanks for this early attendance!

GLEN. Whither have you been so early?

ALB. The night has been boisterous and unruly—my sleep disturbed. Amid the howling of the blast, I thought I heard the cry of distress; I could not rest, so took my hunting spear and hastened to where the fallen pine tree forms the uncertain foot-bridge, across the torrent, lest some poor wanderer should have fallen into the stream beneath; but my fears were groundless.

GLEN. Excellent Albert! even on the approach of your own happiness, still mindful of the offices of humanity.

ALB. I should be unworthy of that happiness, did I neglect them. The purest joy that arises from prosperity is the opportunity it affords to administer to the afflicted. But where is my father? have you not seen him?

GUY. Oh yes, coz—I've seen him; I awoke him before daybreak, to ask him what time he'd like to be called: he gave me a curse, and told me to go to the devil—so I went to you, but you was out. Oh, my fat sides! look, if here don't come the rough and tough old Adam of Teviot, your papa and my cousin.

*Enter ADAM, from farm, L.H.*

ALB. My dear father!

ADAM. My loved Albert! Good day to all. My friends, to see you thus assembled, makes my old heart throb with pleasure. The tears of joy which bedew a soldier's cheek must thank you for your kindness.

GLEN. We ask no thanks. But where is Laurette? where is the bride?

ADAM. She waits your coming.

GUY. Does she? egad! then she sha'n't wait long.

GLEN. Come, Jessie, let us hasten.

GUY. Hold! under favour, first come first served; and if I don't have the first kiss of the bride, may I be—but I'll not swear, so come along.

*Exeunt all into farm but ADAM and ALBERT.*

ADAM. Albert?

ALB. My father.

ADAM. Give me your hand, boy.

ALB. My dear father, what is the matter? you tremble—tears are in your eyes; why are you thus agitated?

ADAM. I am sad at heart—but come, sit down. I have something to communicate. (*bring chairs forward and sit*) Albert, you are to become this day the husband of a poor orphan—of one who has no friend, no relative, on the earth's wide surface, save you and me. This is the most awful moment of your life; and this moment have I chosen to unfold a secret which has long been a burden to me.

ALB. A secret?

ADAM. Aye, a mystery which relates to you.

ALB. To me, father?

ADAM. That title belongs not to me—you are not my son.

ALB. Merciful heaven! who were my parents?

ADAM. Alas, I know not!

ALB. How came I under your protection?

ADAM. One dark and dreary night, some twenty years ago—my poor wife and child had been but newly in their graves—I was sitting in my cottage on my native mount of Teviot, when a stranger stopped at my door. He carried an infant concealed beneath his cloak—you were that infant—"You are poor," he said; "swear to rear this child as your own, and this rich purse shall be yours." I was then poor—miserably poor; which circumstance, joined to the interest I felt for you, induced me to accept his offer. Perhaps I acted wrongly; but want will often urge men to acts at which their hearts revolt.

ALB. No blame can rest on you. Sure 'tis hard for a poor man, struggling with want and penury, to resist temptation; but the guilt must ever rest upon the rich villain's head who could seduce poverty. Pray you, proceed.

ADAM. I took the demanded oath, and the stranger departed. From that moment I have never heard of him. The earth lay cold upon my wife and child, and my heart's affection, which lingered over their graves, fled to you. I loved you—I had sworn to rear you as my own—the world thought you my son,—it still thinks you such, for never to mortal did I unfold the secret: you alone, of all created beings, know it from my lips. (*they rise*)

ALB. But even the name of my parents—

ADAM. Is unknown to me. The stranger uttered no sounds save those which I have told. My hope, and only one, depends upon the poignard which you wear at your girdle, and of which I have frequently charged you to be careful—it dropped from the stranger's belt as he departed.



ALB. I will prize it as my life.

ADAM. The crest engraven upon the hilt is uncommon—'tis a rock rent by lightning. Often while you were yet a boy playing around my knees, have I pondered on your fate, strange and wayward; and from your then even superiority of demeanour, and that crest, I have been induced to believe you the offspring of some noble family, whom the ambition of some relation, had caused to be abandoned.

ALB. Oh! if you value my future happiness, do not induce me to entertain delusive hopes. With you and Laurette, in this remote spot, I have passed my days; content has smiled upon me, and more I seek not. Here, in the vale and your rude mountains, we are free from the restraints and customs which embitter the lives of the great,—here labour hardens my sinews, industry procures my meals, and the air of liberty blows fresh upon me,—here is centred all I love in life,—and here, with you and Laurette, will I die.

ADAM. And yet it was that hope of discovery that brought me to Scotland. The stranger's speech bore the accents of the north;—but vain has been my search,—through the high and lowlands the arms and crest are unknown.

ALB. No more, no more, my dear father.

ADAM. Well, be it so—but still be my son.

ALB. I am—I am!

GUY appears at Farm door.

GUY. She's coming—she's coming!

ADAM. My mind is now at ease, and I feel I shall look upon you with rapture as I join your hands at the altar.

GUY. She is here—"The Rose of Ettrick Vale!"

Lively MUSIC.—Enter LAURETTE, GLENBRAE, JESSY, and AMY, from Farm.

ALB. Laurette—dearest Laurette! (they embrace)

LAU. Albert—father!

ADAM. How fares my girl?

LAU. Oh, well—quite well. My friends oppress me with their attentions; yet they mean kindly, and I thank them.

ADAM. Pshaw! never heed them. The bridal day is free; mind not their jesting,—a chartered custom. But come; the lads and lasses of the vale will soon be here,—we shall to breakfast.

LAU. It waits; would you wish it in the house, or in the open air?

ADAM. Here, beneath this old tree's shade,—its branches shall be our rustic canopy, and health be wafted in the breeze.

LAU. Even as you wish.

JES. Be it our task to arrange it,—come away.

ADAM. Guy!

GUY. That's me.

ADAM. Assist Jessie and Amy.

GUY. To be sure I will! My fat sides! nothing would be right unless I had a hand in it.

MUSIC.—GUY, JESSIE, and AMY bring on table and chairs, and spread the table for breakfast—ADAM, GLENBRAE, and ALBERT converse during the above—When table is set, JESSIE speaks.

JES. All is prepared.

GUY. Aye, thanks to me! Now our friends may come as soon as they like.

LAU. Would they were here to share the joy of Laurette's bosom.

STEENIE is heard at a distance, playing "Wandering Willie."

ALL. Hark!

ALB. Hear you that distant strain of music, Laurette? how wild and solemn!

LAU. How melancholy, rather. Oh! why should such wailing sounds come hither at this season of joy? it has struck a chill through my heart. I cannot help the thought, but it rings in my ears like the death-wail of all I love.

ALB. Laurette!

ADAM. Cheer thee, girl; heed it not—'tis but some rustic playing some sad native air—no more.

LAU. No, no—'tis not that!

STEENIE heard nearer, playing "Auld Lang Syne."

LAU. Listen—there again!

GUY. Oh, I know it now—'tis poor Wandering Steenie—poor wise-acre, as I call him.

ADAM. The poor mindless rover—he has not been here this many a day.

LAU. And why comes he now?—and why choose that air?

ADAM. Shame on thee, girl, for those idle fancies! Ask you the reason for the acts of a poor sense-deprived man?

ALB. Not so, father—his reason is not wholly extinct; for at times I have observed the faint glimmerings of a mind amidst his wanderings, and he then invariably feels, and weeps for his own melancholy situation.

JES. It is said he was not always so; but that formerly, ere the noble house of the Leonards fell away, he resided up at the castle; and though sometimes light of brain, he was not then so mindless as he now is.

GLEN. Right, Jessie; and I have heard, that when the present possessor, Red Ronald, came, a total stranger to the Leonard's blood, Steenie was driven forth from his shelter, fell into his present melancholy state, and became what he now is—a houseless wanderer.

ALB. It is wonderful to observe how strongly the sense of gratitude to his former patrons lingers in his mind. In the midst of his wildest ravings, the name of the Leonards sounds like a spell, and stills him into tears.

ADAM. Nay, gratitude seems the poor man's strongest passion. Witness his wonderful affection for thee, Albert, for life preserved in the hour of peril. But it is too melancholy to contemplate a fellow-being, with a form so noble, wandering thus throughout the world.

ALB. It is indeed, father, especially, when we remember how mild and gentle is his disposition.



GLEN. And yet how brave and fearless!

ADAM. And then, his strength is almost superhuman.

GUY. Oh! he's deuced strong. I remember when I tumbled into the goose-pond, and stuck fast in the mud, Steenie laid hold of my poll, and had me on the bank in a jiffey. My fat sides! he made no more of me than if I was a tom-tit.

JES. Nor is it his strength alone which is thought superhuman; for notwithstanding his idle talk, all the good wives of the country aver that he has the power of second-sight.

GUY. And, ecod! I believe it too; for that day, when he drew me out of the pond, he said, fate never intended me to be drowned; and he was right—yes, yes—I shall die another way.

STEENIE *heard playing "Auld Lang Syne" still nearer.*

GUY. (C.) My fat sides! I hear him again. Oh! he is coming this way. Lord, what a pity he is not as sensible as I am! (*goes to L. corner*)

ADAM. (R.C.) Silence, fool! Mock not the wretched.

WANDERING STEENIE *crosses bridge from R. to L., playing on his pipe, and comes on stage.*

LAU. (L.) Poor Wandering Steenie!

ALB. (L.C.) Hush, dear girl—he is about to speak.

STE. (C.) Ye were a bonnie air when first I heard ye; but a' the tongues are huss'd in death wha sang ye then!—nae one left to wake the heart to the days o' Lang Syne!

ADAM. Say not so, Steenie,—all tongues here are willing to utter whatever will give you pleasure.

STE. Pleasure!—what gars ye speak o' pleasure, when a' within here be dead? An' wha are ye that speak oot? I dinna ken ye, for ye ha'e the speech o' the south upon your lips! I dinna mind—na, na, I dinna mind ye! Memory is awa' wi' a' the rest. Puir Steenie is a broken bough—sae let him wither!

ALB. Nay, droop not, Steenie; you are among friends—friends who would willingly restore the days of old to you, and your place among the Leonards.

STE. The Leonards! Wha's voice was that? an' why pronounce that which is na mair a name?—ance bright, but, like the simmer's lightnin', seen, an' lost for ay. That voice is sweet to Steenie's ears. Aye, man, I mind ye noo—I mind ye noo; ye saved this wretched life. It was an awfu' nicht! an' nae roof near, save ane, an' that barred against me. I mind—I mind! Tak' my thanks—it's a' puir Steenie has to gi'e ye. (*kneels, and presses ALBERT'S hand*)

ALB. Rise, Steenie, rise, and tell me what has brought you here so early, and where you have passed the night.

STE. I'll tell ye, man—'twas on the wild brae, and the heaven's wide lift was my covering; an' I drank dew oot o' the blue-bell cup, for I wasna alane—na, na! I had ane alang wi' me, that I kened lang syne; an' if ye dinna blab, I'll tell ye wha it was; but no loud, in case the Red ane should hear. Whist, whist!—near me, an' I'll tell. It was the brownie—the brownie! It's many a day sin' we met afore; an' they drove him oot o' the auld house, like puir Steenie; an' they gi'ed him a garment that he might gang there nae

mair; an' he took it, an' tauld them they'd never see the brownie again. But he will be i' the auld hearth, an' crouch i' the ingle nook, when the earth is cauld on them. He tauld me sae,—an' he said we should sit by the Greenshock ance mair. He tauld me sae,—an' maybe we may—an' maybe we may! (*crosses to R.C.*)

ALB. He wanders more than ever. See how vacant is that eye, which but a moment before beamed with hope.

GUY. Ecod! he has struck me all of a heap. I don't understand what he says. Who's Brownie?

AMY. Do you not know? 'tis a spirit or fairy, said to be attached to all the old families of the border.

GUY. My fat sides! spirit or fairy! Oh! if wiseacre keeps such company, I must cut his acquaintance.

ADAM. What, Amy, credulous? and do *you* believe in these stories, Jessie?

JES. We must believe in what everybody believes. There is not one in all the border, but what credits them—not of the brownie alone, but of the bogle, the kelpie, and the sheliecoat. Ask any one on the banks of the Ehtick, on the banks of the Hermitage, and they will say the same; nay, it is not very long since old Gounbruse of Liddesdale heard the sheliecoat, and all one livelong night it cried so mournfully from the waters, "Lost lost!"

ALB. Lost—lost?

STE. Lost—lost? aye, it shall be heard ere long on the hill and on the brae. "Lost—lost!" shall bring woe to the grey hairs and the brown locks; and the rose will droop, but 'twinna wither; and "Lost—lost!" shall be a death-wail to the bad heart, for the rock shall be rent, and the knife shall be owned, and "Lost—lost!" shall be the cry to scare the ausprey from the eagle's nest.

LAU. Ah me! my soul shrinks within me at his words.

ALB. Heed him not, dear girl, 'tis but his ravings.

ADAM. Poor fellow, he lacks repose, exposed all night to the damp air of the mountain. Take him in, Albert, and see if he will partake of refreshment.

STE. (*shudders*) Ah me! puir Steenie's cauld, cauld as the Red one's charity.

ALB. Come, good Steenie, you need refreshment; come with me into the cottage, and eat and drink of what you best may like.

STE. Nae, nae, I'll not eat o' yer bread, nor drink o' yer cup, but I'll lie down on yer bed, for I ha'ena closed my een for twa night and mair, and I've come many a weary mile to see ye; Steenie brings baith joy and woe where'er he gangs, but here the woe is first, the joy uncertain. Sleep—sleep—sleep—Aye, I mind ye noo, I mind ye noo!

MUSIC, L.—ALBERT *leads* STEENIE *to door of farm, where he turns, looks at* LAURETTE, *recognises* ALBERT, *throws himself on his neck, exclaiming the last few words* "I mind ye noo—I mind ye noo!" *and both exit into farm.*

ADAM. In tears, Laurette, cheer thee, girl; nor let the poor rover's words make such an impression.

LAU. I cannot help it, dear father; but indeed, they have made me very miserable.

GUY. And so they have made me, I am sure. My fat sides! I have not a word to say for myself, or anybody else. I felt the hair on my head stand an end when he was conjuring just now.

LAU. Lost! lost!

*Enter ALBERT from Farm.*

ALB. He will not partake of food, but has reclined upon my cousin's bed, and seems disposed to sleep.

GUY. On my bed? I wish he had taken some other lodging.

*BELLS heard in the distance.*

ALB. Cheer up, Laurette---list to that merry peal; let its sweet sound banish every care and sorrow from your bosom.

ADAM. Aye, zounds! away with gloom, this is pleasure's hour. Hark! our friends approach; haste, Guy, to meet them. At the approach of friends every face should wear a smile.

MUSIC.—*Male and Female VILLAGERS cross bridge from R. to L. and enter.*

ADAM. Welcome all: come, share our rustic repast. Seats here,---bustle, Guy. Hence with care---let nought be heard but joy and revelry.

*(Pistol fired without, R.H.)*

ADAM. The report of fire arms!

GLEN. What can it mean?

ALB. It is most strange!

GUY. And most alarming too---my fat sides!

*(Faint Halloo without. R.H.U.E.)*

GLEN. Hark, heard you not a faint halloo?

ALB. 'Tis the cry of distress!

ADAM. Perhaps the savage band of freebooters and moss-troopers who infest the mountains.

ALB. Aye, father, perpetrating more of their fearful deeds of murder on some poor travellers---(*pistol without R.H.*) hark again! let us hasten to the spot where we may render service, perhaps save the life of some unfortunate.

GUY. Yes, we will follow. (*aside*) I'll be shot if I go first!

LAU. Ah, Albert, do not leave me.

ALB. But for a few moments, Laurette; perhaps the existence of a fellow creature depends upon our speed. Farewell; be not alarmed, love, we shall return speedily. Come, friends, come.

MUSIC.—*All but ADAM and LAURETTE, cross over bridge from L. to R. and Exeunt. GUY returns hastily and stops on bridge.*

GUY. Ah, a thought strikes me! hang me if I don't set wisecre at them; he don't fear old scratch himself. Here, Steenie, Steenie!

*Exit over bridge, L.H., enter and exit into Farm, and re-enters with a sword in his hand and dragging on STEENIE.*

GUY. Come, Steenie, come.

STE. Wha ca's on Steenie? has the storm burst? for nane heed  
 puir Steenie when the sun is bright.

*Alarm without, R.H.U.E. STEENIE starts and listens.*

LAU. Lost—lost! oh heavens! lost—lost!

STE. Aye, I ken the cry noo. Did I not tell ye it should be heard  
 ere ye thought it? 'Tis but faint—ere now it will be louder, and still  
 louder—when the dewes come round, and the grey gloom spreads.

GUY. Come, man, come—never stand here; there are robbers  
 and ravishers. Come, here, take my broad sword, it will fit *your*  
 hand better than mine. Albert is gone.

STE. Albert?

GUY. Aye, Albert—fighting, for dear life, some robbers or other,  
 or with Red Ronald himself, for aught, I know—he of the Leonards.

STE. The Leonards? Bide awa'! bide awa'! Haud! haud!  
 Aye, the puir Rose—haud! haud!

MUSIC.—*Rushes off L., and appears on bridge—ADAM  
 supporting LAURETTE R.C., GUY L.*

### SCENE II.—*A Mountainous Pass.*

MUSIC *continued.*—*Pistol fired L.H.—BLACK WYLIE rushes  
 on in great alarm—Clash of swords and cries of "Follow—  
 Follow!"—he conceals himself R.H.—BRAND O' THE BRAE  
 is driven on from L.H. by STEENIE.—COMBAT—BRAND is  
 struck down, and about to be killed by STEENIE, when  
 WYLIE rushes from his concealment and attacks him—  
 BRAND rises and fires a pistol at STEENIE, who falls,  
 and the two ROBBERS make their escape R.H.—SLOW  
 MUSIC till STEENIE recovers and rises bleeding, when it  
 changes, and STEENIE rushes off R.H. after them—GUY  
 enters L.H. as if encouraging STEENIE, when a pistol fires  
 R.H. and he rushes off in great alarm L.*

### SCENE III.—*Same as Scene I.*

ADAM, LAURETTE, JESSIE, and AMY discovered.

ADAM. Look up, Laurette, hope the best.

GUY. (*without R.H.*) Oh dear! oh dear! (*crosses bridge from  
 R. to L. and comes on*) O Lord! O Lord! I'm a dead man!

ADAM. Speak! what is the matter?

GUY. Matter! Am I alive?

ADAM. Why man, what fear you?

GUY. I'm shot, I'm sure I am. I'm shot—I don't know where,  
 but they fired at me.

ADAM. What have you seen?

GUY. I don't know, my senses are gone, they went off with a shot.  
 I think I'm dead. Oh, my fat sides!

ADAM. What were their numbers?



GUY. I did not stay to count their numbers, I was too mindful of number one.

ADAM. Coward, I'll watch their course myself. (*goes off, and enters L.H. on bridge*)

GUY. Do! do! one course is enough for me, I have had a belly-full of it.

ADAM. I see them now, our friends are safe.

LAU. Thank heaven!

ADAM. They raise a stranger from the ground; he is rich in apparel, he appears wounded—they conduct him hither—they come.

SLOW MUSIC—ALBERT and GLENBRAE cross bridge from R. to L. conducting RED RONALD, followed by the VILLAGERS. *All come on.*

ALB. (R.C.) Stranger, you are safe.

RON. (C.) Thanks—a thousand thanks.

GLEN. (L.C.) You are wounded, Sir.

RON. Oh! 'tis nothing—a mere scratch. What could have been the object of the men by whom I was attacked?

ADAM. (R.) Doubtless plunder!

RON. Plunder say you?

ADAM. Aye, Sir, and perhaps worse. They were a band of lawless men, whose devastations are felt on both borders, from whom, Scot nor Saxon is free. Black mail is levied and raised alike on all, and woe to the traveller who offers them resistance.

RON. Yet they fled as you approached.

ALB. We were numerous, and the cruel are ever cowardly.

RON. But a short league from hence, amid the mountains, I observed, as I passed, a gloomy large castle, lodged in the bosom of an impervious wood. Why does not the owner of those turrets rid the Border of so great a pest as this lawless band?

ALB. He is himself the most depraved of mankind.

RON. Indeed!

ADAM. His name is Ronald, a stranger and alien to the blood of the noble Leonards, whose domains he now possesses. None know his origin, while many suspect that he is linked with this hellish band—the director of their actions—the sharer of their spoils.

RON. Have you ever seen this Ronald?

ADAM. Never; his prosence is shunned—his very name inspires fear. The clan of the Leonards, once the first of the Border, now droop and sigh for the days that are gone.

RON. How lowly human nature may be debased! However, you have saved my life; and though I cannot find words to express my gratitude, yet you may be assured I know the value of my obligations to you. I am a stranger in this part of the country, and was journeying towards the English Border when attacked by those ruffians. With your permission, I will here await the arrival of my servants, who like cowards fled at the commencement of the conflict. Have I your permission to remain?

ADAM. Most assuredly. You do us great honour. We are assembled on a merry occasion, Sir—the marriage of my children. If,

noble Sir, you can for once dispense with ceremony, look on simple nature, and join in rustic sport, you shall be most welcome.

RON. It is my very wish. In courts, where I have passed my days, nature has yielded to art; but here I shall look upon her in her simple dress of homespun honesty. Consider me as one of yourselves: let no restraint be on your actions, on your words: do freely what you please—speak freely what you think. Come, I will be as merry as the merriest;—sure, health and convivial harmony dwell here.

GUY. (L.) That's because we have neither doctors nor lawyers among us, Sir.

AMY. (*coming down on L. of GUY*) Silence, Guy—you will offend.

RON. By no means—I like his simple familiarity. Give me your hand, honest rustic. (*shakes hands with GUY, and retires with ADAM*)

GUY. Look ye there, now! My fat sides! if he hasn't shaken hands with me! St. Mark be praised! he is instantly taken up with me. What discernment!—saw my merit at first glance! Oh, I am in the high road to preferment! Who knows what may happen?—my fat sides! perhaps a place at court.

AMY. You at court, fool?

GUY. Well, belike I would not be the only fool there. Egad! I'll go and look after his horses and servants, and poor wiseacre too—what has become of him?

ALB. Go look after him, good cousin.

GUY. That I will;—the death of Steenie would be the death of me, and that would be a great national calamity. (*crosses over bridge from L. to R., and exit.—RED RONALD and ADAM advance.*)

RON. A nuptial celebration, say you? Where is the bridegroom?

ADAM. My son, my lord.

RON. My preserver!—and the bride?

ADAM. Laurette, my girl, advance. (*LAURETTE comes down*)

RON. A lovely and interesting girl—the modest wild rose that gives its perfume. The gale of morning is not more fragrant, is not more beautiful—fair creature, I wish you happy.

LAU. My lord, I humbly thank you.

RON. Where are your parents?

LAU. Alas! I never knew them. (*retires to ALBERT*)

ADAM. Her parents are no more, my lord. Her father fought and perished in his country's cause. In these arms, in the field of battle, he recommended his little girl to my protection, as he closed his eyes for ever.

RON. You have acted nobly by her.

ADAM. My lord, I have done my duty—but come, as the hour for church is not yet arrived, let us pass the intervening moments merrily. Will your lordship partake of some refreshment in our humble dwelling?

RON. Willingly; have with you.

ADAM. Come, my friends, let us greet our noble guest with a right hearty lowland welcome.

*The tables, &c. have been removed during the scene.—MUSIC—*



RURAL DANCE—*When finished all exit into Farm.*

GUY *crosses bridge from R. to L. and comes on.*

GUY. I have strained my eyes almost out of their sockets, and stretched my neck until it's almost as long as the ganders, looking for the strange lord's attendant's, but neither man nor horse can I see. My fat sides! I fancy the horses have played him a jade's trick, and his footmen have taken to their heels, and have run for it—and as for Steenie, I fear the moss-troopers have trooped off with him. (WHISTLE U.E.R.H.) Eh? what's that? a whistle! what can it mean? as I live, here comes the stranger gentleman, what can he want? I'll hide myself, and watch.

MUSIC.—GUY *conceals himself in cottage R.H.*—RED RONALD *enters from Farm, exa mines round, thinking himself unobserved, whistles, and then listens attentively.*—A reply is heard U.E.R.H.—A pause.—BRAND O' THE BRAE and BLACK WYLIE *cross over bridge cautiously from R. to L., and come down R. and L. of RED RONALD with the greatest caution.*

BRAND. We attend your call.

RON. Speak lower, we may be overheard.

WYL. Overheard! My pistols are loaded.

RON. Force would avail but little—the whole village is now assembled in the garden. How escaped you from the fury of that wandering fool by whom you were attacked?

BRAND. With danger and difficulty; his strength is almost superhuman—his speed incredible. Although wounded and bleeding, he chased us from craig to craig, fleet as a wild deer, until we had nearly reached the hut in the defile; there we saw him fall from a precipice's edge into the deep flood below, where he must have perished.

RON. No more of him, he is not worth further thought. So, to business. My plot has in part succeeded—they believe me to be a stranger travelling to the English borders; I pretend to await the arrival of my servants. Toward the close of the day, about the twilight hour, hover near the house, the peasants, ere then, will be returned to their several homes; when you hear my signal, advance to the garden gate, I shall be on the watch, open the doors to you—and success will be inevitable.

BRAND. The beauteous prize will then be in your power.

WYL. And the reward you promised—

RON. Shall be yours.

BRAND. But should Albert or the old man prove refractory?

WYL. Our daggers will soon silence them.

RON. Provide against the worst—come well armed.

WYL. Fear us not.

RON. Wylie, hasten to our cave, and desire Murdock and Ferguson to be on the watch, lest we should lack their aid.

WYL. I shall obey. Anything else?

RON. No, nothing more. Leave me now—remember—

BRAND. Twilight!

*At this moment, GUY has popped his head out of the cottage, to listen, stumbles, but hastily retires, closing the door—RONALD starts at the noise—BRAND and WYLIE conceal themselves.*

RON. Hush! (*listens*) No, all is still. (*they come forward*) Ha, some one approaches. Begone—away!

*BRAND and WYLIE cross bridge from L. to R. and exit.*

*RONALD remains in front, as if musing—LAURETTE comes from farm and invites him to enter—He bows, and prepares to follow—As LAURETTE turns, he expresses his love for her, but when she turns again his manner changes to respect and attention—They exit into farm—After a pause, GUY peeps on and advances with caution.*

GUY. Oh, my fat sides! here's a piece of business. Lud a mercy, what can it mean? the sight of these two ill-looking rascals has put me all in a pucker. What could the strange gentleman want with them? they spoke so low I could not hear a word; but I don't like it for all that, my mind misgives me. Hist, Albert, a word.

*ALBERT enters from farm.*

ALB. How, now, good Guy, what would your wisdom have with me?

GUY. (*whispering very mysteriously*) I have something to tell you, will make your hair stand on end.

ALB. Indeed! what is it?

GUY. My fat sides! step this way. Here has been the strange gentleman conversing with two such ill-looking fellows as I never saw before, nor desire to see again, and more like the moss-troopers! than—

ALB. The moss-troopers? Ha, ha, ha! As usual, coz Guy, the mountain and the mouse. They were his servants. Moss-troopers. Ha, ha, ha!

*Exit into farm.*

GUY. His servants, are they? if they be a sample of all the rest, he keeps the ugliest establishment in Europe; and as to livery, Lord help us! he has no more taste that way than a pig has for a clean shirt. 'Tis no use my speaking, nobody minds me, but I'll keep my eyes open for all that; for truly, I fear that travelling chap is little better than he should be.

*MUSIC-BELLS in the distance—ADAM, RONALD, ALBERT, LAURETTE, GLENBRAE, JESSIE, AMY, and all the VILLAGERS enter from farm.*

ADAM. Hark! the cheerful signal at length is heard; let us onward, and as we move along, awake the echos of the mountain with our strains of joy.

**MUSIC.—FINALE TO ACT THE FIRST.**

JES. Oh, haste now awa to the bridal!  
How few are the moments like this!

Nay, lasses, come, never stand idle,  
 For this is the season of bliss.  
 Mark the glance of delight that is glowing  
 From the bride, every maiden to see;  
 With the thought from her pure bosom glowing—  
 “ May you all be as happy as me !”

CHORUS—Then haste now awa to the bridal, &c.

GLEN. And hark to the merry bells ringing,  
 Which the breezes waft sweetly along,  
 Like the hope o'er the youthful heart springing,  
 To the sound of that merry ding dong.  
 Thus hope breathes its melody o'er us,  
 And bids us still onward to stray,  
 Still promising pleasure before us,  
 And in luring dies sweetly away.

CHORUS—Oh, haste, &c.

LAURETTE is placed in a rustic chair, ornamented with ribbons and wreath of flowers—The procession commences with the last chorus, and moves towards the mountains—The PEASANTS with wreaths and baskets of flowers—ADAM, RONALD, ALBERT, GLENBRAE, JESSIE, AMY, and GUY, surround the chair as they reach the bridge—The Curtain drops on picture as formed on bridge.

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Garden of the Farm.—Part of the House seen*  
 L.H.—*A door—Arbour* R.H.—*A rude paling at the back, across stage, with gateway—Mountains in the distance—Sunset—*  
 RED RONALD discovered.

RON. This suspense is not to be endured. The hum of merriment still vibrates through the farm. Should my project fail— But no, it shall not—the beauteous Lurette must be mine. Did I not fear to draw the eyes of the Court of Holyrood to my title to yonder castle and to deeds done in the Leonards, open force should— No, that were dangerous. Ha! she comes, followed by the old soldier. What want they here? I'll observe. (*retires into arbour*)

ADAM and LAURETTE enter from Farm, L.H.

ADAM. Lurette, my beloved girl, you have become, if possible, more dear to me than ever, since you are now my daughter, and have a claim to my affections.

LAU. Oh, Sir, what claim need I have, since without one you have ever been kind and indulgent? The orphan's tears are all she has to thank you with; but the orphan's prayer of gratitude shall be heard, and call down a blessing on your head.

ADAM. You are no longer an orphan—you have in me a father, in Albert a husband that will never cease to love you. Here, Laurette, wear this little present for my sake; and in far distant years, when I am mouldering in my grave, cast a look of kindness on it. Perhaps sometimes, as you view it, you will drop a tear to my memory, and, as you press it to your lips, will murmur with a sigh—"That was a gift of my father's friend." (*gives a small gold cross*)

LAU. Oh, Sir! though I shall never want a token to recall you to my memory, yet I shall prize this as dearly as my truth, and as long as life remains will I think of you with love and gratitude.

*Exeunt LAURETTE into Farm-house—ADAM L.H.*

RON. (*advancing*) Lucky opportunity! for time at length favours me. Laurette alone—the peasants removed to a distance,—the season is most fit. (*whistles*)

MUSIC.—BRAND and WYLIE enter through gateway—RONALD places BRAND to watch the house, and enters farm.

BRAND. Haste, comrade, scout abroad; should a footstep approach, give instant warning.

*Exit WYLIE through gate R.H.*

—I'll guard this entrance myself. Ha! does my ear deceive me? No, by heaven!—some one comes hither. My lord—my lord! Confusion! he is here, and all is lost!

MUSIC.—*He retires hastily into arbour; in his hurry, drops his cloak.*

*Enter GUY L.H. I E., tipsy and singing.*

GUY. Tol de lol! Oh, rare sport! Oh, Laurette, you little devil! where have you hid yourself? So—steady! Bless me! I'm a little damaged,—not quite in a state of sobriety: not that I'm drunk—my fat sides! no—for I promised to keep my eyes on that strange gentleman—and how can a man keep his eyes open when he's blind drunk? No, no—I, being a wise man, am only tipsy—and not only keep my eyes open, but improve their power, for truly I begin to see double. Eh? what's that?—a cloak! Now, I warrant me this belongs to some drunken knave, who perhaps has got into some hole or corner, and is not able to move out of it. Oh that men will make such beasts of themselves! (*puts on cloak.—During this scene the darkness has been increasing*)

WYLIE enters R.H., and stops at gate, looking back while he speaks in an under tone.

WYL. Hist, comrade, hist!

GUY. (*in same tone*) Eh! what's the matter?

WYL. Nothing, all is safe and silent. But I have forgotten the word.



GUY. Word!—what word?

WYL. The pass-word to be sure?

GUY. Why, fun and frolic, you thickhead.

WYL. Nay, no jesting, tell it me, least we should miss each other before we reach the defile in the mountain where the hut stands. Quick! oh, I remember now, 'tis "Stratagem." Hush! no noise.

*Exit R.H.*

BRAND. (*from harbour*) Confusion!

GUY. Eh! what are you talking about?—"Hut—defile—stratagem—Hush!—no noise—confusion!" I tell you what, you drunken fool, my fat sides! he's gone, he is at some fun that I know nothing about—"hush—no noise—confusion."

*Enter RED RONALD from Farm.*

RON. How now?

GUY. (*repeating the words he has heard*) "Hush!"

RON. Heard you a noise?

GUY. "No noise!"

RON. What then?

GUY. "Confusion!"

RON. What mean you?

GUY. (*recognising him*) Eh! mean?

RON. Did you call?

GUY. Call? no!

RON. It was my fears, hold my sword.

GUY. I will.

RON. The winds begin to rise—the night is dark—the lowering clouds threaten a storm. Well, let the tempest breathe forth its fury—'twill but assist my purposes—Laurette must be mine for ever.

*Exit into Farm.*

GUY. Oh lud! oh dear! he has frightened everything out of my head—quite sobered me, I declare; and all the ale and my trouble in drinking it have been thrown away. My fat sides! it was that travelling chap—and Mr. No noise was one of the ugly mugs I saw this morning. What is to be done? If I go hence, Laurette is lost—If I stay here, I am lost, for a sword to me is a useless commodity. Well, though I can't fight, I can run, and, thanks to good lungs, holloo lustily. Help—help—help!

*During this speech, BRAND has come from harbour, draws his pistol, and levels at GUY, but is restrained from the fear of the alarm the report might create—At length, draws sword, and rushes at GUY, who avoids the blow, and exits L.H. BRAND whistles, and WYLIE enters R.H., and comes through gate.*

WYL. What now, Brand?

BLAND. All is lost—we are discovered!

WYL. Discovered?

BRAND. Here has been a meddling fool, who, curse on my erring hand! escaped my blow. He knows our project, and has fled for help.

WYL. What's to be done?

BRAND. Instantly inform our master—flight alone can save us. Death and confusion! they are here.

BRAND and WYLIE retire hastily into arbour.

*Enter GUY L.H. in great alarm, followed by ADAM.*

GUY. Oh my fat sides!—this way!

ADAM. What mean you?—explain yourself!

GUY. I can't; my brains are shook—my senses gone,—only this—Laurette—the stranger—that sword! Robbers—ravishers—moss-troopers!—and—— (*turning round, secs BRAND and WYLIE*) Oh my fat sides!

*runs off* L.H. 1 E.

BRAND and WYLIE advance.

ADAM. Ha, ruffians!—the band of freebooters! The infamous design now flashes on me! Speak, men of blood—what seek ye?

BRAND. Whate'er our purpose, you shall not thwart us in it. You are our prisoner, so dare not to resist, if you hope for life.

*they seize him.*

ADAM. Wretches!—against injury and oppression I will resist while life remains! (*disengages himself*)

*Enter RED RONALD from farm.*

RON. What noise? Ha! discovered!

ADAM. Yes, villain—discovered! Is this the return for the kindness with which you were treated?—this the requital for our hospitality?

RON. Presumptuous slave! dare you arraign my conduct? Hear and tremble while you learn—I am Ronald of the Leonards!

ADAM. I hear, and yet I tremble not. Humble as I am, I boast a heart unknown to guilt—a hand unstained by crime. Man I never injure—man I fear not!

RON. Peace, doting babbler!—peace, coward!—hence, begone!

ADAM. Babbler I may be—coward I am not! Look on these war-worn features, and say where coward is written! Look on this scar-covered front, scarred in my country's service, and say where fear can find entrance! The being whom you would injure has a double claim to my protection, as a friendless orphan and a defenceless woman *takes up the sword* GUY *let fall*. Providence has placed a weapon in my hand, and as long as I can wield it I will fight in her defence.

RON. I'll hear no more. Wretched driveller, since you will force us into desperate acts, your blood be upon your own head! Spare him not, I command you,

*Exit into farm.*



BRAND and WYLIE rush on ADAM---*Double combat*---LAURETTE screams, and is dragged on from farm by RONALD, who carries her off through gateway, and exits---WYLIE'S sword is struck out of his hand; he draws pistol and fires at ADAM, who falls---ALBERT, GLENBRAE, GUY, JESSIE, AMY, and VILLAGERS rush on, as BRAND and WYLIE escape through gate.---PICTURE.

ALB. (C.) Merciful Heaven—my father!

GLEN. (R.) On the ground, and wounded.

GUY. (L.) Now, I hope I shall be believed another time; but where are the robbers? I'll go see. My fat sides! What a pity I cannot fight as well as run.

*Exit through gate.*

ALB. Look up, my dear father.

JES. (R corner.) Alas, I fear he is hurt to death.

ALB. No, no!—he recovers.

JES. How fare you now, good Adam?

ADAM (R.C.) Better, much better, my kind Jessie. The wound is but trifling; 'twas the blow which stunn'd me—heed me not; but—ah, Laurette!

ALB. Why are you so anxious for Laurette?

ADAM. She is lost! Albert, thy beloved bride is lost—is in the villain's power.

ALB. Villain!—what villain?

ADAM. That stranger—Red Ronald of the Leonards.

ALB. Merciful powers! but it may not be too late to save her. An instant pursuit, our friends will aid.

VILLAGERS. All, all!

ADAM. Then follow me.

JES. Alas, you forget you are wounded.

ADAM. Fear not for me, sweet girl, I am a withered tree, whose props once gone, I am not worth preserving. The life which Laurette has rendered dear, shall for her be risked. Speed to our liege Lord, the noble Dunbar, he will not see us wronged. Fire each beacon—raise the border slogan—send forth the gathering call, and be our word—"Laurette, the Rose of Ettrick Vale."

MUSIC—*All exeunt through gateway.*

GUY enters through gateway.

GUY. The thieves have taken the path towards the Glen, where the torrent falls—I traced them to the forest of firs; there I stopped. My discretion, which always leads me by the nose, cried "good Guy, no further." The hint was enough; it was so cursed dark, if I had my lantern, I think I should have ventured. Ecod! I have a great mind to get it now, and be after them—I might at least find out where they take her, and if I should, how envious they all would be, and how grateful Albert would be, and Jessie might relent, and have me. I'll think no more about it, but here goes.

MUSIC—GUY exits into farm.

STEENIE appears through gateway, pale and bleeding—he leans on paling---A faint “holloa,” is heard—he starts and listens.

STE. Hark! the chase is up, and the puir deer is in the blood-hounds' fangs. Aye, puir Steenie tauld a'--an' here is deserted, is desolate. Where are now the laugh, an' dance, an' sang? A' hush'd as the midnight grave! Yea, baith farm and byre are lonely, and the hearts that own them—sair—sair! What can Steenie do? The flow o' bluid and toil ha'e given mair o' sense than he had for years gane by; yet what can he do?---he is faint and weak, and can only sough and greet.

MUSIC—*Advances, and leans sorrowfully against a tree, R.H.*

GUY enters from farm, with lantern.

GUY. Here, I have got it, I am off, and good fortune bring me back again safely. Oh, my fat sides! if I had but poor wise-acre, poor Steenie, now, I should not be afraid of the very devil himself. Oh, who is that? Talk of the devil, and 'tis he. Oh, bless your wandering face! Eh? mercy on me, pale and bleeding---why, Steenie?

STE. Yes, Steenie's bluid is on the heather—on the foam of the whirling waters, from craig to craig down the precipice's edge, I fell, and in that roaring torrent that rolls beneath, I 'scapèd with life; but it has given me thought; where is he wha saved my life in days gane by? But why ask? I ken—I ken,—I heard it on the brae. “Lost—lost!” is now the cry-wail o' the Vale o' Etrick!

GUY. And a deuced cry it is—Laurette's gone!

STE. Did I nae say sae? Did I nae say the Rose wad droop? but it shall nae wither—winna wither; and wha's the hand that spread the mildew o'er her?

GUY. Who but that devil incarnate, Red Ronald of the Leonards!

STE. Oh, the fiend! I mind he sent puir Steenie forth frae the auld house; an' I ken mair, but I will na' blab it. Eh! give him but to me, an' wi' the broken brand I'll wake his memory to the time gane by; an' the bluid o' the auld laird shall rise agein' him—bluid for bluid! come, come—awa', awa'!

MUSIC---STEENIE rushes through gate, dragging GUY with him.

SCENE II.---A Defile amid the Mountains---The country wild and woody.---A low hut under a projecting rock.---Stage dark.

MURDOCK and FERGUS enter from hut. LUE.

MUR. Still our comrades return not. The night wears away. I fear me they have failed in their project.

FER. Not a sound is to be heard but the roaring of the distant torrent and the wailing gusts of wind whistling through the pine trees. 'Twill be a rough night.

MUR. Truly, I fear so, for the air feels damp and chill. Comend me to a snug fire and a full flagon, before petticoat hunting. I would not quit such, for e're a smooth-faced wench in Christendom. But Ronald loves the village poppet, and will reward us handsomely for our trouble in caging her; so e'en let him have his humour.

FER. With all my heart; but prithee, tell me, Murdock, as you promised, of the construction of the cave. I have been seven days amongst you, and yet I don't know how I enter or how I quit it clearly. I know 'tis by the hut, and that is all.

MUR. Nor would you know more in a twelvemonth, if you were not told it. It has defied all search for years. We hear the hounds of justice prowling over our heads, and laugh at their vain search the while. Mark you, there is a trap door in the flooring of this hut, known only to the veterans of the band, so shrewdly contrived, that it bids defiance to discovery. It opens to a flight of steps which wind down the mountain's side into our cave.

FER. Has it no other entrance?

MUR. Yes, by the subterraneous passage communicating with the castle—and sometimes when our mountain tempests rage, I dread least the rocks should give way and all be buried in the ruins. (*Whistle heard.*) Hark! our comrades' signal—they come.

RONALD, BRAND, and WYLIE enter, conducting LAURETTE blindfold. from R.

LAU. Inhuman monsters, whither do you lead me? let me return to that house, to those friends from whence and whom you have thus mercilessly torn me. Alas! I speak in vain—they are deaf to the voice of supplication---my exhausted spirits sink, and my wearied limbs refuse longer to bear their wretched burthen.

RON. Your struggles are in vain, cease then to repeat them; a few paces hence, and you shall have refreshment and repose. Brand, come hither. Conduct this lovely stranger as I directed. Wylie, go you before.

BRAND. This way, lady.

LAU. Merciful heavens! for what am I reserved?

MUSIC.—*Exeunt WYLIE and BRAND, conducting LAURETTE into hut.*

RON. Hark! our pursuers' cry is in the air. Murdock and Fergus, haste you among the mountains, and by cries, halloos, and whistles, attract their attention, and mislead the steps of those foolish peasants. When you have beguiled them far from hence, return to me by the secret pass, across the torrent. No words, away.

*Exeunt MURDOCK and FERGUS R.*

—Within the cave I can laugh at all their threats; vain will be their efforts to snatch my victim thence. No, Laurette, a peasant slave shall never inhale the fragrance of thy breath, nor taste the joys thy charms can yield, for thou art doomed to bless the hours of Red Ronald of the Leonards.

*Exit into hut.*

GUY appears from behind the craig. RUE.

GUY. I believe you lie; so here I am; thanks to poor Steenie, I have traced the villains to their haunt; but now that I am here, what am I to do?—Steenie has left me---he dragged me along with him over hill and brae, till just now. Suddenly hearing a cry among

the mountains, he let me go, and dashing through the torrent, was out of sight in a minute. I felt bold enough when he was with me, but now that I am alone, my fat sides! I begin to feel queer. Oh lord! what is that? Pooh! nothing but the wind. Oh dear! I tremble all over me, that is the misery of fine nerves. Eh! what is that? Oh! the devil, one of the cut-throats,---I'm dead and buried already! (*wraps cloak that he had picked up in 1st Scene of 2nd Act round him*)

*Enter* MURDOCK. R.

MUR. Hist! comrade, a word. Here is the key of the stone chest in our cave, the captain may want it; take it to him, I must away ---farewell, brother.

*Exit* R.H.

GUY. He is off. Brother? This is the first time I ever heard or knew I was related to the beelzebub family. My fat sides! he took me for one of the "stand!-and-knock-me-down" gentlemen. Oh, this cloak belongs to one of the gang. What's to be done? how shall I act? Laurette is down in the cave---no aid near. What if I venture in? I may be able to save her. Oh! I could cry at the very thought of it. But then, the danger to go into the bear's den, and the bear at home! Oh! my fat sides ache to think on't. But then, cousin Albert,---that name rouses me. I feel a courage stealing over me like---like---a misty fog shutting out all sight of danger. Rouse up, heart! My friend---my love---my honour---my fame ---Who is afraid? What a damned black-looking hole it is! But happen what will, in I go. Their key of the stores may be useful. Now for it. Oh, valour! if ever you intend to honour me with a visit, now is your only time. Hem---hem! (*knocks at hut door*)

VOICE. (*within*) Who's there?

GUY. It's---it's---I.

VOICE. Answer quickly---the word?

GUY. Word? Oh, lud, I remember---"Stratagem!"

VOICE. Enough, come in. (*chains heard, door opens*)

GUY. I am in for it now. Oh, my fat sides!

*Exit into hut.*

SCENE III.—*The interior of the cave—A rude and rocky staircase, R.H., is seen through an iron grating. An iron door, to subterraneous entrance, 2 E.L.H. A lamp suspended in centre. An iron chest with stores upon it. MUSIC—WYLIE is seen descending the staircase, he opens the iron grating, beckons BRAND, who descends the stairs, and enters through the grating with LAURETTE. When they are in the cave, WYLIE closes grating. BRAND leads LAURETTE to a seat, and takes off bandage from her eyes.*

LAU. Merciful powers! whither have you dragged me---what dreadful scene is this? My heart sickens, and hope dies within me, to look upon it. These fearful rocks and chains proclaim the use for which it is formed. Guilt and murder here find sanctuary; 'tis the abode of misery; and I, the child of sorrow, am its proper inmate.



I'll look no longer, my brain grows dizzy, and my full heart seems bursting. (*sinks exhausted*)

RONALD *descends staircase.*

RON. Thus far all is well; we have eluded their vigilance, though still they hover round us. Even now, I heard their halloos from the hut above. The report of the pistol, 'twas that first gave the alarm, who fired it?

BRAND. 'Twas I.

RON. Did I not command you to reserve your fire, hot-headed fool? your impetuosity may be the means of marring our projects. Wylie, begone! scout abroad; if danger should approach, bring me instant tidings.

WYLIE *ascends.*

*A clash of swords heard.*

LAU. Hark! merciful heaven, deeds of murder are even now perpetrating. Perhaps, even now, the swords of the robbers pierce the heart and drink the blood of Albert. Oh, let me fly to save him—let my bosom receive the blow aimed at the life of my husband. (BRAND *restrains LAURETTE*)

WYLIE *descends, with his sword bloody.*

RON. Close down the trap! Perfidious syren, you are the cause of this—behold the effects of your beauty!

LAU. Ah, the sword is stained with blood!

RON. Yes, with the blood of Albert.

LAU. Albert! (*shrieks and faints*)

RON. Convey her instantly to yon recess, then hasten to procure refreshment. Away!

BRAND *bears LAURETTE off, 2 E.R.H.—GUY descends and conceals himself.*

RON. Her gentle spirit, unused to the rough gall of sorrow, sinks like the lilly beneath the tempest. (BRAND *returns*) To your care, Brand, I commit her, and by your oath, uttered at a fearful time, and in a fearful place, I charge you to be faithful to me. Wine and refreshment. Away!

*Exit BRAND.*

—Hasten, Wylie, secure the trap and fasten the grating; bring me the keys. (WYLIE *ascends stairs*) Would that my band were come, I would relinquish all their foray to see them here; encircled by them, were my pursues as many and as furious as the swelling waves, unshaken I could meet their wrath.

WYLIE *descends, fastens grating, and gives keys to RONALD.*

RON. Oh, the keys! is all secure?

WYL. All.

RON. Then forward to the castle.

*Exit WYLIE through subterraneous passage.*

--Although the oath by which Brand is bound to me, assures me of

his fidelity, yet this cave have I doubly secured. These keys will I deposit in yonder chest, to which none but Murdock has access; and he being now away, they may lie there securely, the lock opens with a spring which not even Murdock knows of.

MUSIC—RONALD opens chest, puts in the keys, and exits after WYLIE. A pause—GUY peeps on.

GUY. All is silent, and I may venture forth, the black devils are all gone, and I am left alone with the blue ones. What a doleful place—my fat sides! it looks like a vault, I am the poor corpse, my courage the sexton, who having decently interred me, has gone about his business; but let me rouse, I have all their secrets, Laurette is in yonder cell, the keys in this chest, which this one will open. Now, if, before they return, I could unfasten the grating, and---Zounds, it is but trying. All is quiet, so now for the keys---here they are, sure enough, and now for it. (*takes out keys and opens grating*) So there is one open, and now for the other. Pray heaven I may be up to trap. (STEENIE heard playing "*Wandering Willie*" on pipe) What is that? my fat sides! if it is not poor wise-àcre. Oh, dear, if I could get him in---which is the key, and where the key hole? (*opens trap at top of staircase, and goes off, calling softly*) Steenie, Steenie, I say! (*he returns immediately with STEENIE*) Come down, come down! Lord, how the man stares---what is the matter?

STE. (*endeavouring to recollect the place*) Nae! nae! it will nae be, I canna mind; puir Steenie's mind be as the valley, when the eve mist be on it, dim and mair dim, dark, and mair dark. Oh! could I ca' the scenes of auld to mind; I ought, I ought, for 'twas an awfu' sight---yes, yes, I noo ken weel thae place o' bluid, 'twas here the grey hair wur steep'd in gore. I saw the knife, the bluidy knife; I saw the hand, the reeking hand; I heard the groan, the deadly groan o' him wha Steenie loved, and the red ane stood by an' laughed. Oh! 'twur that shook this puir brain. I feel it noo again---'tis dizzy, mad---hark! dinna ye hear the groan, the Leonards, ha! it's aboon us, and the Leonards banes are aneath us, his spirit is around us---I see, I see.

GUY. Mercy on us, he's mad!

STE. Whist, whist, they will hear ye noo, and gin they do your life wur little worth, for if they wad na spare the grey hairs they wadna' spare yours. It was here they dug his grave---here, here---they little thought that Steenie saw them; there's an eye aboon wha saw them too---there will be a witness---ha! I mind the shield o' the auld lairds---I hid it---I hid it---bide a wee, and I'll shew ye---I'll shew ye.

MUSIC---STEENIE wildly rushes off! E.R.H.

GUY. Why Steenie, Steenie man! Oh my fat sides! he has frightened my senses away---the man is mad. Steenie---no, not a sign of him, I must go on without him; first let me release and discover myself to Laurette. Oh, la---here they come. (MUSIC—*gets into box*)



BRAND enters, and puts down pistol on table (which is near the box), then goes off for a flask of wine and a goblet—GUY raises the lid and takes the pistol—BRAND re-enters, and fills a cup of wine; is about to drink, when he misses the pistol—places the flask and cup down, and rushes to the door of LAURETTE'S prison, but finds all secure—GUY again raises the lid, and takes the flask and cup—BRAND goes to table, is bewildered by the second loss, and after looking carefully round, goes off—Pause.—GUY raises the lid, and takes a long pull at the flask, then gets out and goes to prison grate.

GUY. Hist! Laurette---Laurette.

LAU. Who calls on the wretched Laurette?---'twas a voice familiar to my ear, it bore the sound of home, and was full of kindness.

GUY. Hist! don't you know me? I am Guy.

LAU. Guy! kind, good fellow, how my heart bounds to you. Have you ventured hither for my sake? Speak, oh speak! in the hour of peril, sweet, oh sweet is the voice of a friend!

GUY. (*unlocking the grate, she comes out*) Be composed, and let us try to get out of this infernal place as soon as we can. The trap door is open, so ascend the stairs, and be off as fast as your legs can carry you, and I'll follow you.

LAU. (*ascends staircase.*)

GUY. But stop, I must not go without poor Steenie. Steenie, why, Steenie!

MUSIC.---STEENIE rushes on with shield from I E.R.H.

STE. I come, I come. I ha't, I found it. Look! behold the shield o' the auld laird; the shield he won and wore. Ah! now the sight reca's the days gane by; the fearfu' hour he grasped it last—an' it fell frae his nerveless hand---stained, ay, stained as ye see---here are the gouts o' bluid, the life stream o' the kind heart o' my ain laird-maister. (*weeps*) See, puir Steenie's tears fa' and mingle wi' the bluidy drops, but canna wash them out; but a time will come, an' nae lang first, when the shade o' the Leonard shall see the mindless rover, through tears and bluid, revenge his wrongs, avenge his death an' murder. The crime-stained shield shall guard the drooping flowret that yet shall bloom in the Leonards' bower.

LAU. (*above*) Help, oh help!

MUR. (*above*) Die, wretched, intruding fool! (*PISTOL and SHRIEK*)

STE. Oh, that puir Rose! Haud off---haud off, I say!

MUSIC.---rushes wildly up staircase and exit.

GUY. Oh, my fat sides! they have murdered poor Laurette, and my turn is next, I suppose. They come---I am caught---discovered. What shall I do?---where hide?---I have it---lucky thought---the chest. (*holding up the pistol which he took*) Come you with me, though I cannot cut and slash with a sword, I think I can manage to pull a trigger. (*gets into chest*) And now, oh fortune, as you are said to favour fools, pray think of me. Poor Guy is in a quandary---pity him, and in consideration of his youth, beauty, and innocence, don't

desert poor Jack-in-the-box. My fat sides! here they are. Hush!  
(*closes the lid*)

MURDOCK *enters with pistol.*

MUR. Who could that have been?---some skulking spy.---I have spoilt her for informing---and whose was the form that rushed by me in the hut above? Ha! how is this? the trap door open---the grating not fast---no one on the watch! What can this mean? But I have no time for surprise---our prey may escape us. Now for the signal. (*sounds bugle*)

RONALD, BRAND, and WYLIE *rush on L.H.*

RON. How now, Murdock, the news?

MUR. We have lead the peasants across the mountains, and in returning, encountered two stragglers wandering from the hut. Lurking, concealed, we overheard their converse. Messengers have been dispatched for the officers of justice---the clan of Dunbar are expected ere the morning---they spoke of Laurette, and one called the other Albert.

RON. Ha! so near? could we but get the husband in our power---hasten, Murdock, place a light in the window of the hut above---leave open the trap---attract them in---then, close each barrier, and secure them---away!

MUR. Hark! they are in the hut already.

RON. They save us trouble---hush! be silent and conceal yourselves.

*Exeunt.*

ADAM and ALBERT *descend staircase.*

ALB. Come on, dear father!---it is their accursed den---all is silent, the place deserted. Laurette, dearest Laurette is confined within this dreary cavern. Speak, oh speak! reply to him who comes to save or perish with thee, Laurette! 'Tis in vain I call---echo alone mocks me in reply---let us search around.

RONALD and others *rush round and disarm them.*

RON. (C.)!---Guard the entrance and bind them to the rocks.

ADAM. (L.) Lost for ever!

ALB. (R.) Villains! cowards! (*they are chained to the Rocks R. & L.*)

RON. At length my wishes are attained---now is Laurette for ever mine! Welcome, Albert! welcome to thy eternal home. Hasten---prepare our fleetest steeds---danger surrounds us---we must on the instant set forward to meet our comrades---hasten! (*the trap and grating are made fast. MURDOCK and WYLIE exit.*) Brand, come hither,---to your care I commit this poignard---plucked but now from the bosom of yon peasant; take it---you know my purpose. On my return, let me see its blade dyed in their life's blood!

BRAND. Hold, Ronald, hold! involve not our souls deeper in perdition. Think of the consequence of these scenes of blood and horror---think of hereafter---think---

RON. Wretched villain! think of your oath, and tremble!

BRAND. Ah! that oath---that dreadful oath!

RON. By that oath I charge you to do my bidding---dare to disobey me, my direst vengeance shall pursue thee. and the lingering torments of the felon's death be thine---remember!

*Exit L.H.*

BRAND. His words congeal the blood that flows around my heart. I am plunged into guilt unparalleled, and hold life but at his pleasure. When is this polluted hand to be cleansed from gore? Victim succeeds victim; and still the tide of blood runs on. I have no hope. I dare not think of hereafter. Heaven can have no mercy for wretches such as I am, and when I die, fiends shall snatch my struggling soul. Then, since fate has marked me for a villain, and desperation fires my brain, thus in characters of blood I write my epitaph.

MUSIC---*Draws dagger, and is about to rush on ALBERT, when GUY lifts lid of chest, fires pistol, and closes lid.*---  
BRAND staggers and falls.

ALB. Wretched man!

BRAND. Heaven in mercy has closed my career of infamy, and saved me from another crime. I feel the chilly hand of death upon me, and as the hope of life recedes, the hope of mercy comes. Let the few moments of time that are left be given to virtue. Oh for a little strength to burst thy chains!

MUSIC---BRAND rises with difficulty and unlocks the chains of ALBERT, who disengages ADAM.

ALB. Unhappy man. Thanks, thanks!

BRAND. Hence, fly hence, speak not, but begone, let me die alone. Ronald will soon be here, with all his hellish band around him; but now he placed this dagger in my hand. Ha, merciful powers, what do I behold? The rock rent by lightning.

ALB. Oh, do you know ought concerning that poignard? Speak, I beseech!

BRAND. Too well I know it. It was the Lord of the Leonards.

ALB.

and } The Leonards!

ADAM.

BRAND. That and a shield won in a foreign land bear alone that fatal crest; but speak, where found you this dagger---how came it in your possession?

ADAM. It has been in his possession from infancy.

BRAND. From infancy! are you of England---know you the Cheviot Hills?

ADAM. They are my place of birth---'twas there these arms received a child.

BRAND. That child, that child! say, did it survive?

ADAM. Behold him!

BRAND. Ah, Albert! Open, earth, and hide me! (*falls*)

ALB. What does this mean? rise, wretched man, and explain.

BRAND. It is accomplished, and in the place of blood! Son of the Leonards, hear thy father's murderer, his spirit is around, and calls for vengeance; 'tis atoned. Blood for blood! The Leonards' bones lie beneath your feet, and this the hand that placed them there. 'Twas Red Ronald, the Græme, that urged me on, that he might lord it over thy towers. His the crime, mine the punishment. 'Twas here he saw his victim, weltering in his blood, and in that hour of horror, exacted an oath from me to do his bidding ever.

ALB. Accursed fiend!

BRAND. I saved thy life, I could not stain my hands in an infant's blood. Oh, then, shew mercy to the wretched penitent who kneels before you---the pangs of death are on him; but let the sight of hope fall on his last moments by pronouncing his pardon.

ALB. Heaven forgive thee, unhappy man, as I do!

BRAND. I die content---faint and fainter---lead me, I pray you, to yonder rocky recess, and let me die in peace. (THUNDER) Hark, the thunder! Oh, sound of fear to mind of guilt---peal on, thou art the only knell should toll when the villain dies. The darkness closes on my sight---cold---cold!

THUNDER---MUSIC---ALBERT bears him off, R.H

ADAM. Fearful the hour when the bad man dies!

*Re-enter* ALBERT.

ALB. 'Tis past, his last breath was spent in prayer.

ADAM. But how did he receive his death wound? I heard the report of a pistol, but saw no human being.

ALB. Nor I. Who could have been our preserver, our guardian angel?

GUY. (*opening chest*) 'Twas I, bless you---I am the guardian angel!

ALB. }  
and } Guy!

ADAM. }

GUY. Ay, to be sure, who but I?---I tickled his toby---so pray help me out, for I am half smothered, and if I remain much longer in this box, I shall die of a pain in the chest. (*they help him out*)

ALB. Good cousin, how came you in there?

GUY. I'll tell you when we have got out of this place!

ALB. But, Laurette?

GUY. She is not here, she is gone, so let us follow, and be off while we can.

*Thunder.*

ADAM. Hark! how fearfully the thunder rolls---it is an awful night.



ALB. And Laurette is exposed to all its dangers and terrors. (*Thunder*) The storm increases---the peals are longer, and more frequent. I tremble for her safety. She will sink beneath the fury of the blast. (*Loud Thun!er*) Merciful heavens! what a burst was there.

MUSIC.---*Thunderbolt---Crash---The rocks are rent asunder  
---The back of the cave falls to ruins, and presents a view of  
the mountain and torrent, over which is seen a rude bridge  
---RONALD is discovered on bridge with LAURETTE.*—  
PICTURE.

ADAM. Look! have mercy!---look---look.

ALB. Laurette! I alone will save her.

RON. This is my triumph! Presumptuous slave, where is now your hope? What ho! Brand--Wylie--Murdock--Fergus---cowards, villains, do you desert me in extremity? then there is but one course left me, and Ronald Graeme will to himself prove faithful.

ALB. Yield thy forfeit life, thou man of crimes.

RON. Never! although he stands alone like the abandoned one of heaven, deserted by all, never will Ronald yield up his life to withering tortures and the public gaze---no, the brave man's remedy is always within his grasp, the spirit of revenge still clings to me, this la t act of vengeance sweetens the dying moments of Red Ronald the the Bandit!

RONALD *is about to strike LAURETTE; who has fallen upon her knees, when STEENIE rushes on and receives the blow upon his shield.*

PICTURE.

STE. Haud---haud---there's bluid enough spilt by thee already.

RON. Wretched intruding idiot, hence!

STE. I haud the shield that the Leonards won,  
And tell thee thy course of guilt is run:  
This is the spot where the Leonard fell,  
And thine was the voice that spoke his knell;  
But yon brave youth is the Leonards heir,  
And this brand shall give thee to despair.

MUSIC.—*Short and rapid combat*—RONALD *is killed*—  
WYLLIE, MURDOCK, and FERGUS *are drawn on by* GLEN-  
BRAE, PEASANTRY and SOLDIERS—LAURETTE *runs to*  
ALBERT—JESSIE, AMY, and VILLAGERS *enter*---SOLDIERS  
*on bridge.*

STE. 'Tis done---'tis done! bluid for bluid! I tauld ye, an' I tauld ye true! The rock has been rent, and the knife has been owned, and the heir o' the Leonards shall dwell in the halls of his fathers! The mindless rover has na lived in vain. The rose has drooped, but



it has na withered; for look, and shout, ye men o' Ettrick, for the  
Heir o' the Leonards, an' "The Rose o' Ettrick Vale."

ALL. (*shout*)

SOLDIERS *on Bridge.*

VILLAGERS.

VILLAGERS.

SOLDIERS *on Staircase.*

STEENIE.

MURDOCK.

SOLDIERS.

ALBERT. LAURETTE.

SOLDIERS.

RONALD, *dead.*

ADAM.

JESSIE.

AMY.

GLENBRAE.

GUY.

WYLIE.

FERGUS.

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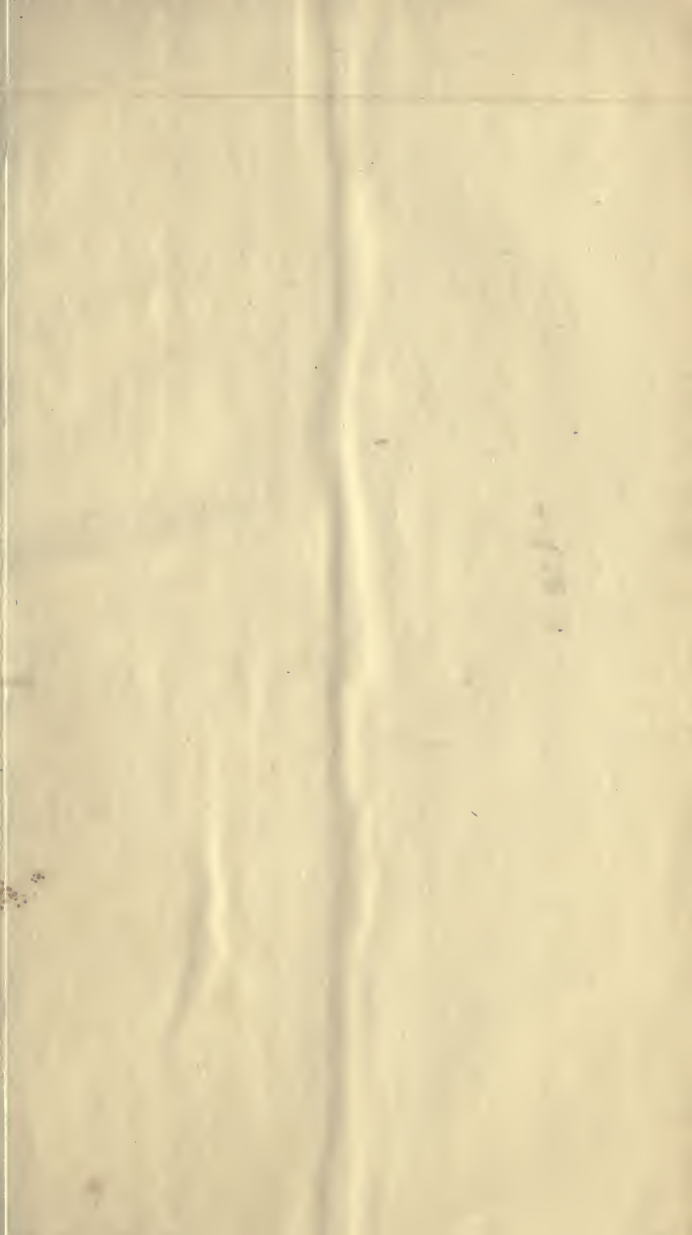
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