

**Lacy's Acting Edition.**

# THE WHISTLER.

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THE WHISTLER

OR,

THE FATE OF THE LILY OF ST. LEONARD'S!

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IN

Three Acts.

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*Author of The Last Man, The Prisoner of Rochelle, The Last Nail, The Lord Mayor's Fool, &c.*

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London Theatres.

THOMAS HAILES LACEY,

THEATRICAL PUBLISHER,

LONDON.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Sir George Staunton</i> .....	Mr. King
<i>Captain of Knockdunder</i> .....	Mr. E. Macarthy
<i>Reuben Butler, the Minister</i> .....	Mr. J. Webster
<i>Mr. Meiklehose</i> .....	Mr. Mortimer
<i>Donacha Dhu, a Cateran</i> .....	Mr. Green
<i>Sandy Sanderson, the Maniac</i> .....	Mr. Dibdin Pitt
<i>Dicky Dutton</i> .....	Mr. W. Smith
<i>David Butler, a Youth</i> .....	Mr. Lewis
<i>Andrew, a Fisherman</i> .....	Mr. George
<i>The Whistler, a Savage Youth</i> .....	Miss Macartny
<i>Lady Staunton, late Effie Deans</i> .....	Miss Watson
<i>Mrs. Butler, late Jeannie Deans</i> .....	Mrs. Hill
<i>Effie Butler</i> .....	Miss F. Cross
<i>Mrs. M'Corkindale</i> .....	Mrs. Weston
<i>May Hetley</i> .....	Miss Cross

Produced at the Victoria Theatre, January 18th, 1833.

Time in Representation, 1 hour 25 minutes.

### COSTUME.

*Sir George Staunton*—Dark gold-laced coat, white breeches, high black boots, sword and gauntlet.

*Captain*—Scarlet jacket, plaid kelt, fleshings, Scotch hose, shoes and breeches, gold laced three-cornered hat, black wig with long tail.

*Reuben Butler*—Old fashioned black suit, high boots, clerical hat.

*Meiklehose*—Brown suit, grey stockings, shoes, three-cornered hat.

*Donacha Dhu*—Fleshings, sandals, ragged green serge body without sleeves, kelt, highland cap with single feather, pouch, dirk, &c.

*Sandy Sanderson*—Tattered grey coat, waistcoat, and trunks, fleshings, tattered Scotch stockings, rused shoes, old black scarf, long white disbevelled hair, staff.

*Dicky Dutton*—Green short coat, red striped waistcoat, short nankeen trousers, shoes and stockings, little white hat.

*David Butler*—Plain grey suit, plaid scarf, Scotch hat.

*Andrew*—Fisherman's dress and boots.

*The Whistler*—Green ragged jacket and green plaid trousers, small scarf of the same, Scotch hose, shoes, long hair, collar open, face and hands coloured.

*Lady Staunton*—Elegant travelling dress. Second dress—White muslin.

*Mrs. Butler*—Neat grey gown, white cap and apron.

*Effie Butler*—Scotch body and scarf, white petticoat, ribbon in hair Scotch hose.

*Mrs. M'Corkindale*—Riding dress and hat.

*May Hetley*—Grey dress.



## THE WHISTLER

### ACT I.

#### SCENE I.—*The Exterior of the Manse House at Auchtermower.*

*Enter* MRS. McCORKINDALE and MR. MEIKLEHOSE, L. H.

*Mrs. M. (Knocks at Manse, R. H. U. E.—calling.)* What, nobody about yet at the manse? Why, Mrs. Butler! minister! Reuben! David!—why, I say, May Hetley—here's Scotch politeness for you! Well, I declare the only endurable place that ever I saw in Scotland is Edinburgh, and that's not fit for a decent body to live in.

*Meik.* Troth, Maistress McCorkindale, the hills o' Dumbartonshire are no the places tae find gude breeding and politeness in—but I maun beg leave tae differ with you about cannie Edinburgh.

*Mrs. M.* Don't tell me about your cannie Edinburgh—was you ever in London?

*Meik.* I never waur further south then Dumfries, Mrs. McCorkindale.

*Mrs. M.* I'm sure I wonder you don't freeze here, for such a cold comfortless place I never wish to see. O here comes Jeannie Butler.

*Enter* MRS. BUTLER *from House, she runs and shakes hands with Mrs. McCorkindale as an old friend.*

*Mrs. M.* Well, Mrs. Butler, how does the world use you—and how is the family? I dare say now that you have almost forgotten Dolly Dutton, that was your companion when you first entered the Gane Loch.

*Mrs. B.* Nae, nae, Mrs. McCorkindale, I've na forgot ye, nor ony of my gude friends. Ye are right welcome to Knocktarlitie—I heard frae Roseneath that ye had entered into the holy estate of matrimony.

*Mrs. M.* I don't know whether it's holy or not, but there is a great deal of plague with it—but my husband is a very queer

sort o' man, and when he is not, I make him so, for if he don't do every thing I bid him, I wring his ears, a hog—I do.

*Meik.* Now, in Dumbartonshire we ring the hog's noses, not their ears—but ye are deefereent in the south.

*Mrs. B.* But when you wedded your gudeman, you said you would love, honour, and obey him.

*Mrs. M.* Aye, but it's such a long time ago that I've forgotten it, and my memory is bad; but, bating that you look pure and well, you are as old fashioned, and as Scotchified as ever in your ideoas as when I lived at the Duke of Argyle's, and you come to London to get a pardon for your sister, Effie Deans, for killing her—

*Mrs. B.* (*Putting her finger to her lips.*) I thought you said your memory was bad. I wish the minister had been at Auchingower—but he's awa at Edinburgh, or he'd have been glad to see you or ony yeon that was a friend to puir Jeannie Deans at that sad time.

*Mrs. M.* (*Giving a letter.*) I had forgotten—here's a letter that come for you to Roseneath, where I have arrived on business for my poor man, who is laid up with the gout—you can read it while I give Mr. Meiklehose a message to take back, and I'll be with you in a minute.

*Mrs. B.* Many thanks, though I no ken the writing—but come ye in with al' haste, for ye maun be sair distressed with our rough roads. Here, David! May Hetley! [*Calling.*]

[*Exit into House, R. H.*]

*Mrs. M.* And now, Mr. Meiklehose, tell the boatmen—for I come in the captain's gig, as he calls it, a nasty dirty Scotch boat—that I shall want them to take me back this evening, to Roseneath, the duke's residence; for I cannot think of staying all night in this dog hole of an island, among a set of men that are obliged to wear their wives' plaid petticoats!

*Meik.* Mrs. McCorkindale wud ye insult our national dress—is it na a relic o' the Romans?

*Mrs. M.* Yes, it is a *relish* of the *rumans* indeed—but howsomever, I can talk to you, though you being a schoolmaster, do pay some regard to decency before ladies. I want to know if Jeannie Deans—that is Mrs. Butler, as May Hetley says—has ever heard of that sister of hers, Effie Deans, who after she was pardoned, ran away to foreign parts with George Robertson, the smuggler.

*Meik.* I do na think she has—indeed she never mentioned her name while old Davie Deans lived.

*Mrs. M.* I know that before she went away both her and

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him tried to find the child, for old Margery Murdockson confessed before Archdeacon Fleming that she had sold Effie's child to another of her Gypsey tribe, called Annaple Bailzou, but what had become of her they never could find, and yet Effie tried hard, and I'm sure I think she was a fool for her pains—it was but a base born, you know.

*Meik.* It was *hers*, Maistress McCorkindale, and its being a base born was no the puir infant's fault, but that o' its parents—and though 'tis said the sins o' the forbears shall be visited on the children, I wud say but little for those who could behave ill tull a puir bairn, for that his parents had made a mistake in the side o' the blanket.

*Mrs. M.* Oh well then, young women ought to cake care. When I was Miss Dolly Dutton, housemaid to the Duke of Argyle, and sent down by him as housekeeper to Roseneath, where I married Mr. McCorkindale, the traveller to Mr. Dalrymple, the great linendraper of Glasgow—I say when I was an innocent virgin, I was the very squintessence of virtue, and always looked at the men surreptitiously.

*Meik.* Suspiciously, you mean, Mrs. McCorkindale.

*Mrs. M.* Well, it's just the same thing, you know; but young women are too apt to lower their own indignity to men's undulation, as her grace the duchess used to say.

*Meik.* I beg your pardon, Mrs. McCorkindale, but I expect her grace said *adulation*.

*Mrs. M.* O, you be faddled—I know what I'm talking about, so don't let me hear any more of your outlandish lingo, you old Scotch collop! [*Flounces off in a rage to the Manse, R. H.*]

*Meik.* The gude wife's angry—I ken, when she was at Roseneath, lang syne, Duncan, the Captain o' Knockdunder and she were aye at coil—but she mauna tell me that her grace, the Duchess o' Argyle wud say undulation when she meant adulation, whilk is a substantive, meaning —

*Enter EFFIE BUTLER, L. H.*

*Eff.* (*Running to him.*) How dun ye do, Mr. Meiklehose?

*Meik.* Ha! Femie, my bonny bairn, how do ye the morn?—but ye maun gang in, for there's a visitor come to the manse, and I'm just thinking ye'll be wanting, Femie—but why, I'd ken, are ye called Femie, when your name being Euphemia is always abbreviated as Effie?

*Eff.* I'll tell you, Mr. Meiklehose—I was christened Euphemia after my aunt, Effie Deans, but my grandfather could never bear to hear the name, so always called me Femie. Yet

I'm sure he loved her, for the black kye that had been hers, he always foddered himself, and paid more attention to her than to all the others—and I've seen a tear start in his eye when she would be wild and kick down the pail—but she was always unco strange.

*Meik.* Like her to whom she belonged—but you are Effie Butler, not Effie Deans—and ye ha a cause to be shamed o your name, bairn, But where is your brother David?

*Eff.* He's gane to look after the cattle, and bring in the stragglers, for Black Donacha is on the loch.

*Meik.* Black Donacha Dhu on the loch! [*Crosses to L. H.*] my certes, if the Captain of Knockdunder fa's in wi' him, but his neck and a rope will be soon foregathered—but rin ye in, rin ye in—I must to the boat, for if Donacha Dhu's on the look out—why, I've left my new frieze clock there, and he's no particular what he makes free with.

[*Exit L. H.—Effie into House.*]

## SCENE II.—*Interior of the Manse.*

*Enter JEANNIE BUTLER, R. H. reading a Letter*

*Mrs. B.* Do my een deceive me?—ah, Effie, Effie! mony a heart ache ha ye given your ain Jeannie. [*Reads.*] “Dearest Jeannie,—You will be surprised to hear that she who was born to be a curse to her family, and the trouble of her sister’s heart, the late Effie Deans, is now no other than the wife o. Sir George Staunton, who having abjured the name of Robertson, and his wild and fearful ways, is now by his father’s death, rich and powerful. I know that my Jeannie is happy and contented—I know that by wealth I cannot add to her comfort, but by writing to say that I live—am happy, and well, I shall give a throb of joy to her excellent heart!—I can also be the means of assisting her children’s fortunes. Tell not your husband—let me hear from you—directed to Lady Staunton, Wallingham Manor. Thine ever—EFFIE.” Ah, my ain—my bonnie Effie! but the hand—the stile, its no like Effie’s used to be: sure ’tis some fairy fay—some faithful Brownie, that has sent this to comfort Jeannie’s heart in the absence of her Reuben.

*Enter MAY HETLEY, L. H.*

*May.* Ech, Maistress Jeannie, here’s braw company coming till e manse!—here’s the Captain of Knockdunder, and a pickle o’ Lowlanders—here’ll be rare fash I trow



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**Mrs. B.** Dinna ye say, that they are right welcome? Hev, what a bonny laddie. (*Exit May Hetly, L. H.*)

*Enter the CAPTAIN of KNOCKDUNDER, L. H.*

**Capt.** Ech, Maistress Butler! hoo's aw' at the manse? Had I had ken'd the minister had been ganging, I'd ha' been here: ye should na ha' been without a gude man—ha, ha, ha! I su: ha' been here as early as Maistress Mc. Corkindale, but my devils o' boatmen are as stupid as mules, and as lazy as be damned!

**Mrs. B.** I am sorry, Captain, the minister's na at the manse tul receive you with a better welcome.

**Capt.** My leddie, I ask ten thousand pardons! Mrs. Putler, this leddie is the Duke of Argyle's vary particular friend—come tul the Castle of Roseneath for her health, and in her condescensions and affability, she has come tul Knocktarlitee, tull see Auchingower—and ye maun do your best tull mak her comfortable: it's the leddie—(*Aside.*)—plague o' the low land names—had it been Mc. Gregor, Mc. Farlane, or Mc. Intosh, I'd na ha' forgotten it. It's leddie—(*Trying to remember the name.*) Bless my soul! of the auncient family of—O'd, damn it!—and she comes from—the devil! axing your ladyship's pardon. (*Bowing.*)

*Enter LADY STAUNTON, L. H.*

**Lady S.** (*Crosses to C.*) Dear Mrs. Butler! after the account the captain has given you of my title, family, and estate, I fear the quiet and respectable family at the manse in Auchingower will hesitate to receive to its friendly circle a nondescript being like I have been represented, but I can assure you, Mrs. Butler, that I am not so dangerous a guest as you may suppose—and shall feel obliged if you will allow me to remain at the manse for a day or two.

**Capt.** Allow ye? Dinna yer ladyship name sic a word—she must allow it—it's Mc. Cullum More's command—it's the Captain of Knockdunder's order, and it must and shall be so.

**Lady S.** I spoke to Mrs. Butler, sir!

**Mrs. B.** I welcome her ladyship to Auchingower most cheerfully and heartily, and only regret the absence of the meenister, wha could better entertain your ladyship.

**Capt.** Ye maun ken, Mrs. Putler, that the leddie ha' com'd down here for the fresh air, and the goats' milk, and the asses milk, to bring her about. If she would ha' taken my advice, she would ha' staid at Roseneath with my fameely—her ladyship wud ha' found plenty of asses there—and aw the goats o' our island ken their obligation tull the Duke o' Argyle

so well, that if I had but gat upo' a hillock, and cried "Mc. Callum more," there had a been the he-goats, and the she-goats, and aw—come swimming through the loch to be milked.

*Lady S.* Mrs. Butler, your kind welcome has given my heart the most pleasurable sensations; my trunks are I believe brought to the manse. If you will favour me with your arm, I will retire and arrange my dress.

*Capt.* And I'll take in the mean time, a survey of the parish of Knocktarltee—for it requires a mint o' leuking after ye ken—and then be back to dinner wi' ye my leddie.

*Lady S.* You will excuse me, Captain—I shall dine in my apartment.

*Capt.* Oh, certainly your ladyship; and as your ladyship pleases and disposes—but Maistress Putler—

*Lady S.* Wiil dine with me. *Takes Mrs. B's., hand, and they exit, R. H.]*

*Capt. (Astonished.)* Here an indignity! Duncan o' Rose-neath, the Captain of Knockdunder, and 79th. cousin tull the Duke o' Argyle—steward o' the castle, and governor of the Tower! to be told by a London fleebysky, and a parson's wife that he's to dine by himsel! Why, pigs and potatoes—bannocks and barleymeal! if I'd ha' kenned what a damned quaker's meeting it waur to have been, I'd ne'er ha' shook my shanks out o' room—but I'll gang tull May Hetley for a drop o' brandy, and a leg o' muir fowl, and then Gods warbit, but I'll tell them my mind.

*Enter MRS. MC. CORKINDALE, and DICKY DUTTON, L. H.*

*Mrs. M.* Well, Captain Knockunder—how do ye do by his time?

*Capt. (In a rage.)* Knockdunder! Duncan Campbell, never knocked under to any body, Mrs. Mc. Corkindale!

*Mrs. M.* Well, Dunder then! I wonder you could think of walking with her ladysbip with that filthy petticoat on.

*Capt.* Filthy! My petticoat as ye ca' it, madam, is na filthy! I suppose that waur the reason that the Sassanach ladyship wud na dine with me—but wha cares? I'll ne'er be a fule again. Just tull oblige her grace the Duchess o' Argyle when she was owre at Roseneath, I borrowed the minister's trows for twa days, and laid aside my kelt—but ne'er was I in sic a way—nor will I be so again for anybody; if I do, I'll be damned!

*Mrs. M.* For shame, Mr. Duncan; you forget you are in the presence of a lady! Allow me to introduce to your notice, Mr. Richard Dutton, my cousin from London; come to the highlands for he benefit of his health.

**Dicky.** Yes, sir—your servant. The doctor says that sich people shouldn't eat much—now this is a capital place, for there's not much to eat, and that stinks of garlic and snuff, enough to turn the stomach of a soap boiler's vat.

**Capt.** No, na kickshaws—but a good substantial table o' roast and boiled ! Tea, and hot barley bannocks—ham, and muir fowl—hot oatcake, and a flaggon o' the best ; there's a breakfast for ye ; but when I think o' this business o' the dinner, I'm in sic a rage. Puh ! I'm as hot as—

**Dicky.** I'm sure I shouldn't a thought so in that dress, sir.

**Capt.** Go to the devil ! Heaven forgi' for swearing sae ; I ought tull think o' my latter end. [Exit Captain, R. H.]

**Dicky.** You should indeed, this cold weather, sir ! O, cousin Corkindale, I shall be starv'd here among the Hottenpots.

**Mrs. M.** No, my dear Dicky—you shall dine with Mrs. Butler ; as for those savages, they've got the stomach of hogs.

**Dicky.** That they have, cousin Corkindale ; I shouldn't wonder but they'll have some fricaseed frogs, or a tom cat stewed in tobacco for dinner. [Exeunt, L. H.]

### SCENE III.—*Another Apartment in the Manse.*

*Enter* LADY STAUNTON, and MRS. BUTLER, R. H.

**Lady S.** (L. H.) I am sorry your wothy husband is not at Auchingower, that I might have had the pleasure of being introduced to him—but I hope that he will soon settle his business at Edinburgh, and return safe to a family circle that seem to live but for him.

**Mrs. B.** Your ladyship is owre kind, and pleased to compliment.

**Lady S.** What family have you, Mrs. Butler ?

**Mrs. B.** Three bairns, please your ladyship ; yean girl, and twa boys, [Effie sings *without*.]

Proud Malsey's in the wood,  
Walking sae early ;  
Sweet Robin sits on the bush  
Singing sae rarely.

*Enter* EFFIE, R. H.

**Mrs. B.** Eh, Femie ! I think you're no blate ; dinna ye see her ladyship ?

**Eff.** (Retiring.) I ask a thousand pardons o' the bonnie leddie

**Lady S.** Nay, come hither my sweet girl ; let me hear you sing again, for I somewhere remember both the air and words you will oblige me.

*Mrs. B.* I'm sure Femie will be proud. Sing bairns.  
*Eff.* (*Sings*)

Cauld is my bed, Lord Archibald  
 And sad my sleep of sorrow ;  
 But thou sal be as sad and cauld,  
 My fause true love, to-morrow  
 Who makes the bridal bed,  
 Birdie, say truly—  
 The grey-hair'd sexton,  
 That delves the grave duly.  
 The glow-worm o'er grave and stone  
 Shall light thee steady—  
 The owl from the steeple sing,  
 Welcome proud Laddie.

*Lady S.* Thanks! sweet girl! [*Aside.*] 'Twas poor Madge Wildfire's favourite song.

*Mrs. B.* Femie, gang call your brother David.

[*Exit Effie, R. H.*]

*Lady S.* That's a lovely girl, Mrs. Butler—what do you call her?

*Mrs. B.* Femie, please your ladyship! she was christened Euphemia.

*Lady S.* (*Looking archly at Mrs. B.,*) Indeed! I thought that Effie had been the usual Scotch contraction of that name—at least it was so when Jeannie Deans had a sister that loved so sadly, and so true.

*Mrs. B.* Eh? no—it canna be; and yet that voice—that look!—it is!

*Lady S.* Lady Staunton!—your own Effie! [*They embrace.*]

*Mrs. B.* Laddie Staunton! Ah, fule that I was na to recollect—but do I hand ye aince mair neist my heart. Ah, Effie, had but puir father lived—

*Lady S.* He would not have forgiven me—nor must you; think not that I hold myself yet worthy of a place in your heart, dear friend—your blameless life has been a scene of virtue, doing good to all around ye; mine has been a career of guilt and infamy!—and think not I come now with my cheat-the-gallows face, to call Jeannie Butler sister, and bring a blush upon the honest cheek of her faithful Reuben.

*Mrs. B.* Dear Effie, dinna ye talk so—ye are married now; Sir George has forgaun his wild courses—and it has been proved lang syne afore Archdeacon Fleming, that your child is living, though were gaun we wot not.

*Lady S.* Sir George is now making every enquiry, and will be here shortly. I fained to come here for my health, but in reality to once more embrace my dear Jeannie, and see what

I can do for her children—but you must promise to conceal our relationship from all, even the minister must not know it; for should it be known that Sir George Staunton, and Geordie Robertson were one and the same, we should again be compelled to leave our native land.

*Mrs. B.* I will oblige ye in aw' dear Effie—but ye might ha trusted the minister, for he is aye discreet; but the bairns, they maun hear us.

*Enter DAVID, and EFFIE BUTLER, R. H.*

*Mrs. B.* This is my son, David Butler. Make your respects to Laddie Staunton, David.

*David.* Yes, mither; her ladyship's right welcome to Auchingower.

*Lady S.* I thank ye, David!—how like your father, Jean—*[Apart—Mrs. B., holds up her finger.]* Mrs. Butler, I mean. I wish to luxuriate on this beautiful Highland scenery, and survey the rugged cataract; will you favour me, David, by becoming my guide.

*David.* Aye, that I will, please your ladyship, and preud o' the office—but if you please, I'll just doff my jacket, and put on my better claiaths.

*Lady S.* There is no occasion, David; in a couple of hours we shall return, and then have time to dress for diuner—Femie I must then have another song. For the present, my dear Mrs. Butler, adieu!

*Mrs. B.* Farewell, dear—dear Effie! *[Lady S., holds up her finger.]* I mean a bounie gude day to your ladyship!

*[Exit Lady Staunton, and David, L. H.]*

*Eff.* Dear mother—why, you said Effie.

*Mrs. B.* How could I be so daft. *[Aside.]* I were aye thinking o' ye my bairn, and that I wud like to see you a bonny leddie like that—but I must away to make preparations, and look after Mrs. Mc. Corkindale. I can hardly conceal my emotion from the dear child. *[Exit Mrs. Butler, R. H.]*

*Eff.* There's something about that sweet leddie makes me love her like my own mither—and for the first time in my life I felt envy. Yes, I envied David the pleasure of attending her on her walk—I would that she lived here for aye.

*Enter the CAPTAIN of KNOCKDUNDER, R. H.*

*Capt.* Aye, but I'll not live here another moment; nere's May-Hatlev has not got a leg o' muir fowl left in the kitchen; and thunder and kettle drums, she can no find the brandy bottle!—if she had na been the gillie o' the meenister, I'd ha' set her in the stocks for a lazy drone. She is na gude foroot, but tul sit in the chimney while the lum rocks.

*Eff.* Is there anything I can serve y e in, Captain Duncan I know where the brandy is.

*Capt.* Ha! Effie, my lassie! ye are a sensible bairn—I aw ways cau'd ye sae ye ken: and mony's the time I ha' been (put into a gude temper by ye, when I was all fire and guns wi' auld Davie Dean's cameronian nonsense.

*Eff.* Nay, Captain, ye munna say anything against my respected, and dear grandfather; he was a leetle kankert awhile—but he was aye gude to me, and I loo'd him dearly.

*Capt.* That's a good bairn—I dinna say oot against him; say that he was the best judge o' black cattle in Dumbartonshire; how fond he waur o' the meenister, your father.

*Eff.* Aye, that he was.

*Capt.* And aye talking o' his favourite cows. Your mither wur never out of his mouth, Femie.

*Eff.* No, that she wasn't, Captain.

*Capt.* And for his calves, he'd ha' given his sark tull you, and your brothers.

*Eff.* (*Wiping his eyes.*) Aye, that he would Captain.

*Capt.* Weel then, now Effie fetch the brandy bottle, for the drops ae squeezing out at my e'en—and I must take a drop inside to supply perspiration. [*Exit Effie, R. H.*] Puir bairn, she was the pride of poor Davy's heart, and I was wrong tull speak ill o' him in her presence! He wud na call her Effie, but she was the Effie of his heart, and made up he had used to say, for the evil one that had fled, in tears like the mountain mist.

*Enter EFFIE, R. H. with Brandy, which she fills for the Captain. He drinks.*

*Capt.* That's right, my bairn—this is the right Grey——

*Enter MRS. MC. CORKINDALE, R. H.*

*Mrs. M.* What, drinking brandy again, at this time in the morning! Fie, Mr. Knockunder.

*Capt.* Knockunder!—godswarbit, woman, ye're like the dog in the fable, ye'll neither drink the brandy yersel, nor let others drink it—tak a wee drappit, Femie,—'twill do ye gude, lassie.

*Effie.* My dear sir, I never drink brandy.

*Capt.* Weel then, bairn, I'll drink for you. [*Drinks*]

*Mrs. M.* Yos, or for anybody else, I believe. Brandy—brandy—by the time you go back to Roseneath, you'll be nothing but brandy!

*Capt.* Weel then, if the boat upset, and I fall into the loch, here'll be brandy and water.

*Enter DICKY DUTTON, L. H.*

**Dicky.** Miss Femie, your mother wants you—and you too, Mrs. Mc. Corkindale.

**Mrs. M.** Very well, Dicky. [*Apart to him.*] You must stick up to the minister's daughter, you know—have you ogled her?

**Dicky.** Yes, I look'd very languishing at her, and then I asked if she had seen my eyes, and she said yes; and then I asked her what she thought of them—and she said she thought I squinted!

**Mrs. M.** Never mind, Dicky, all in good time. Come, Effie love, we'll leave Mr. Richard to entertain the captain.

[*Exit Mrs. Mc. Corkindale, R. H.*

**Capt.** (*Getting intoxicated.*) You may leave the bottle, my dear—[*Takes it.*—*Exit Effie, R. H.*—]—then I can take care of myself. Now, Mr. Dicky Button.

**Dicky.** O la, Richard Dutton, if you please, sir.

**Capt.** Well then, Richard Glutton, can you drink brandy?

**Dicky.** O la, no, sir! I never drink anything stronger than weak shrub and water, or a little white wine whey, when I've got a cold.

**Capt.** (*Contemptuously.*) Ye're a sweet rip—had y'r mother mony o'ye?

**Dicky.** Only me, sir!

**Capt.** (*Affects to start.*) Only ye—and did ye come owre the loch in one boat?

**Dicky.** Yes, I did—was it dangerous?

**Capt.** Hoot awa mon—ye ought to ha come in twa boats! And sae yer mother had only ye?—ye ha heard o' the mountain in labour?

**Dicky.** No, but are there sich things?—but I suppose there is, for I saw one or two looking very big.

**Capt.** Why, ye're next to a natural!

**Dicky.** Are you one, sir?

**Capt.** (*Lays hold of him.*) Come along, you jinkumdeddie, do—I'll make you smoke a pipe, and drink the health of ~~Mc.~~ Cullum More and Knockdunder in twa glasses o' brandy, afore ye ha yer dinner—sae come along!

**Dicky.** O, the savage! But, Mr. Captain, I shall ~~do~~—it wi'll kill me!

**Capt.** Weel, then, ye'll be buried in no fear o' the body snatchers, for ye'll be a pure ugly corpse—ye'll be like a drown'd ferret in seapsuds—come along!

[*Drags Dicky off, L. H.*

**SCENE IV.**—*The Bed of the Cataract. High Cliffs all round—Rock pieces here and there—Waters in motion.*

**DONACHA DHU**, appears on a small rock, and whistles—a Highlander lifts up his head from one of the rocks and speaks.]

**I Gypsey.** Did you see the sassenach pass?

**Don.** What, the fair one of the south, and the parson's boy?

**I Gypsey.** Aye, mun—we wait but their return.

**Don.** Touch her not, if you value Black Donacha's good will. I know her—she is the wife of Geordie Robertson, and I have reasons why I would not harm her; and for the minister's family, I have already declared they must aye go free. I would not foray on his lands, unless I wished the displeasure of heaven to each man's oppression. For the captain of Knockdunder, as long as we supply him with smuggled brandy, he is our friend, unless the interest of Mc. Collum More is concerned, and then he will execute the will of the Duke of Argyle, with a fearful promptness.

**I Gypsey.** Truly, we lead a wretched life here, at the mercy of such a blockhead as Knockdunder.

**Don.** Murmur not; we are the legitimate children of freedom. If one spot suit not our purpose, we can leave it—we follow the sun as it sets—in vain they pursue us; the night closes in, and we are lost in the gloaming. Look round the world, what is it but a prison? all are either slaves to each other, or voluntary prisoners to their calling. The Gypsey alone, is free; as he presses the heather bell with his foot, he proudly feels that he is no man's debtor—no cares disturb his mossy pillow, and the vigils of vexation or debauchery are alike unknown to him.

**I Gypsey.** True, Donacha—but where is the Whistler?

**Don.** Oh, scaling some lofty rock to rob the eagle's nest, I suppose—or diving for stones in the cataract's bed—nothing comes amiss to him.

**I Gypsey.** Prythee, Donacha, where got ye that sparrowhawk—'tis an unlucky bird!

**Don.** I'll tell you. On my leaving the army, in which I had entered in early life, when another's villainy had poisoned all my hopes—I formed a plan of trading in human traffic and this boy was brought me by an old gypsey wife, to be shipped off for America. To me he took a wonderful liking—though savage and rude to others, like the spaniel, he would



bear my kick with howling patience, but would fly like a tiger at another, for the least threat. He had been taught to whistle snatches of Highland tunes by old Annaple Bailzou, that I bought him of, and from that was always called the Whistler—nor have I ever given him another name, nor will I part with him now. I love him for the devil that is in him, and for the revenge that through him I may one day have on the destroyer of my only hope. (*Thunder.*) But see, a storm is coming on. Gypsies, to your lair again.

## GYPSEY CHORUS.

Hark, the thunder rolls over head,  
And the cataract foams from the steep.  
Down its waters fall stormy and red,  
And the kelpie awakes from the deep.  
Come away—come away,  
Gipsy crew, come away!  
Hark! the spirit shrieks loud from the wave,  
And the tempest chimes in with the sound.  
Chilling fear sinks the heart of the brave,  
And dire horrors gather quick around.  
Come away, &c.

[*Exeunt to symphony at several entrances. The storm increases—stage darkens—thunder.*]

*Enter* LADY STAUNTON and DAVID, in alarm, L. H.

*Lady S.* David, we have left the tract—you see we now retrace our steps, which late we trod in wildered haste.

*Dav.* Ah, me, bonnie leddie, I have indeed lost my way—the roar of the waters frighten and confound me. Hollo—hollo! Yet do I repent me sair that I ca'd.

*Lady S.* Why so, David?

*Dav.* Black Donacha may be on the look out: and yet I think he would not harm ye, sweet leddie. Hark! [*A hollo is heard—the waters rise perceptibly, and the storm rages violently.*]

*Enter* SANDY SANDERSON, R. H.

*Sandy.* Rin, leddie, rin for the love o' gudeness! the waters aye are rising fast. Ah, bonnie leddie, woe is me to see ye in sic a place. [*David looks out R. H.*] 'Tis aw in vain, bairn—ye canna gang that way noo. The waters ha burst the brig, and ye canna pass!

*Lady S.* Power of mercy! What is to be done? Good friend, lead us from this place, and take this purse for your trouble. [*Offers it.*]

*Sandy.* [*Shaking his head.*] Ah, bonnie leddie, I'll na tak yer goud—gin I could save ye, I'd need na better reward.

Goud and siller I need none—I ha na wife, na bairn, na ane in the whole world that cares for Sandy Sanderson—and when the auld gaberlunzie dies, there's not a tear will be shed; nor a stone mark the desolate spot!—the vulture will prey on his entrails, and his bones whiten on the blighted muir, unknown and unburied! [*Crosses to L.H.*]

*Lady S.* Hapless being, alas, what misery has bowed the head!

*Sandy.* Misery! oh, bonnie leddie, ye speak in kindly phrase, and it's lang sin puir old feckless Sandy has been sae spoken. But tent ye, [*To David.*] tent ye, bairn—ye maun clim the rock, and then rin for dear life 'till ye come to the gypsy's tent—some o' them will come with ropes and poles, and save the bonnie leddie. [*David climbs up, assisted by Sandy's pole or crook.*] That's a bairn, I'll help ye then—take heed, take heed!—place your foot there—haud fast, now!—cannie lad, there's a bauld craigsman! Now, rest ye there—take the pole and fix it fast—that's braw, now pull yersel up! [*David reaches the top, and exits.*] There he gangs—now in ten minutes, leddie, all will be ready for ye—ye sal na perish here—ye look sae weel, sae kind, and sae like my Mattie!

*Lady S.* Your daughter?

*Sandy.* Aye, leddie, aye! I had since a cannie cot na far frae here—a wife that was but my other sel—a child sae bonnie and sae fair. She had gien, attended by my faithful dog, to tend her sheep upo' the brow—a storm came on—the snow fell fast and deep—I had been to the town, hard by, to purchase our household wants, and bought my little Mattie a silken snood to braid her bonny hair. 'Twas late in struggling with the storm, ere I reached hame. My wife sat listening 'mid the tempest's howl for some kenn'd step, but my Mattie had no come. I went forth again, and aw the night in breathless haste I floundered o'er the lea, and o'er the hill, calling on Mattie and my faithful Tray. Morning beamed at last, and in a rocky dell I found my Mattie, cauld and stiff!

*Lady S.* Alas!

*Sandy.* Poor Tray laid owre her, trying to warm her with his shaggy coat—she had fallen from the precipice above! My wife died wi grief—they seized my cottage, the ruthless laird; I coud na pay—they pu'd it down, stane from stane, and left na a vestige o' the place where I had been since sae happy.—Last two'mond puir Tray died—he had followed me in aw my wanderings, and my heart bled anew as I earthed him. Though he was but a beast, yet he was Sandy's only friend:

And he was Mattie's favorite. 'This auld frame has been sairly alt with by time and sorrow, but it's far ow're tough, and my heart will na break! No leddie, I canna die—I canna die *Despondingly.*]

*Lady S.* Poor old creature!—but I will yet alleviate your sorrows, and make ye once more happy.

*Sandy.* Happy! Leddie, ye are too good to mock a wretched old man's grey hairs! Can ye make my Janet live again—can ye recal my Mattie—or set poor Tray upon his legs? No, leddie, no—you canna, you canna!

*Lady S.* Alas, no! but I will build up your cottage, and I will watch you, and be as Mattie to you.

*Sandy.* Mattie! be like Mattie? My Mattie's eye was like the hawk's—her hair was bright, and far mair precious than goud—her skin sae white, her bonny mou sae red! Leddie, ye are good, too—ye are beautiful—ye are kind—but ye are na Mattie! Ye are the only one that for ten years ha said a kind word to Sandy—but ye are na Mattie! I ha been to deck her grave—some one had broke the osier that bound it. I wish that I had caught them! I lay on it, leddie, for hours—my Janet, too, lies there—I talk with them 'till I think they answer me, and then—oh, then I cease frae sorrow. But cruel people drive me away—they ea me mazed, daft, and feckless—I wish I was—I wish I was! [*Thunder.*]

*Lady S.* The torrent roars—I must perish here!

*Sandy.* I would the callant was returned. Ah, leddie! the waters rise!—we perish! [*Green fire lights all the Lake, and the waters seem to rise—wind and thunder. A loud whistle—the Whistler appears on a rock—descends rapidly by a rope—seizes Lady S. in his arms—she is fainting. David and Gypsies appear on the other rock, and throw a rope to Sandy. General Tableau.*]

#### END OF ACT I.

### ACT II

**SCENE I.**—*Donacha's Retreat among the Rocks, supposed to be only accessible by means of ropes and ladders—overhanging Rocks, and here and there straggling Bushes or Trees—Fire-arms piled around. A Gypsy Fire—a Ladder, 2 B. R. II.*

*LADY STAUNTON* discovered on a rude Seat, endeavouring to compose herself. *DONACHA DHU* stands with folded Arms, looking on her, and the *WHISTLER* is discovered on the

*Ground, resting on his Elbows, at a Fire, lighted L. H. 2 E. his attention divided between Donacha and Lady Staunton—at the end of Music—*

*Don.* Fear not, lady, you are safe—and from this place, by an easy ascent, you may reach a path that will conduct you to the manse.

*Lady S. (Coming forward.)* Thanks—a thousand thanks!—how can I best reward you?

*Don.* By forgetting us, lady.

*Lady S. (Offering purse.)* Will this suffice? If not, I'll double it—treble it.

*[The Whistler starts up, snatches the purse, looks with exultation at the gold, shows it to Donacha, who expresses displeasure—the Whistler, with a sullen look, returns it to Lady Staunton.]*

*Lady S.* Nay, my friend, if you will not accept of it, allow this young lad to——*[The Whistler, after attentively watching Donacha's eye, and who seemingly assents, runs to Lady S.]*

*Whis.* The siller, leddie—the white siller!

*Lady S.* Take it, my young preserver; and if you will come home with me I'll give you more. *[The Whistler, expresses extravagant joy, till observing the sternness of Donacha's eye, he suddenly pauses.]*

*Don.* How now, callant? Would you leave me for the Sasanach? *[The Whistler looks at Donacha, then at the Lady, and then at the money in his hand, dashes it down; and throws himself on his face at Donacha's feet.]*

*Lady S.* Poor youth! how faithful!

*Don.* 'Tis in wilds like these, lady, among savage beings like ourselves, that fidelity alone is found. But, rise—you may attend the lady on her way. *[Music. The Whistler rises and expresses gratification. Enter Gypsies and DAVID. Directly the Whistler sees him he seizes a large stick and flies at him to strike him—Lady S. rushes between him and David. Tableau.]*

*Whis. (Bitterly.)* I ken ye—ye are the black coat's son of Knocktarlitie. Gin ye come here again, I'll pitch ye down the ling like a football!

*Don.* And I ken ye—ye are the feckless gillie of Black Donacha. *[Lady S. motions silence.]*

*Whis.* Gang and tell the minister to count his cattle, and take good care o'himsel, or he'll ne'er see the simmer out.

*Don.* I hope he'll see mony summers yet, for aw ye or your black companions. *[Both the Youth's try to strike each other.]*

*Lady S.* David, I command ye to forbear.

**David.** Weel, leddie, if ye say sae, I must—but they shall no fright me. When ye hae to do with folke like them 'tis tyne heart, tyne aw. But, leddie, they shall nae harm you while David lives. [*He kisses her hand—the action is perceived by the Whistler, who dashes at him—Donacha seizes him and shakes him off, L. H.—he attempts to rush on again, and Donacha strikes him down. Music.*]

**Don.** Down, hell-hound! did I not say peace? Let the lad go hence in safety. He's a brave youth, and his father is kind to the wanderer, so molest him at your peril. If you must be active, get the ladder for the lady to ascend the scaur. [*The Whistler goes sullenly up the Stage to the ladder, looking back frequently in savage subdued rage at David.*]

**Lady S.** May heaven repay your goodness to me. But tell me David—the poor old man—is he safe?

**David.** I left him climbing up the rocks, but fear for your safety prevented me from watching his fate.

**Lady S.** Ah, me! [*Turns to the Gypsies.*] My friends, you have the forms and hearts of men. A poor old creature toils amid the rocks; if you will ensure his safety, and bring him to the Manse—[*They start and refuse.*—or at least save his life and send him thither—this be your reward. [*Throws purse to them. Music. They assent and exit R. H. The Whistler, who has been engaged in fixing the ladder against the rocks on the R. H. now comes to Lady Staunton, and motions that it is ready for her to ascend.*]

**Lady S.** 'Tis well—I come. [*To Donacha.*] Once more, my friend, let me ask the extent of my obligation.

**Don.** Say not to whom you owe the service. Say not that black Donacha is here, and lay your injunctions on the youth, your companion. The Whistler shall attend you within sight of the Manse. [*To him.*] See that you harm not the minister's son. Lady, farewell. The sons of the heather, the wild cairds of the glen are men that have human hearts, though like the beasts of prey they are proscribed. Like the earthworm they are trampled on—still, the child of misfortune, or the houseless wanderer ne'er presented himself at the gypsy's fire and was driven from the cheering blaze. [*Exit U. E. L. H. The Whistler holds the ladder, and Lady S. is encouraged to mount it—the Whistler preventing David from ascending before her, he holding the ladder till she is safe at the top—then David mounts, and when half way up the Whistler pulls him from it. Donacha rushes on between him and David—then menaces the Whistler, and points to him to ascend—the Whistler creeps*

crouching, and with great fear [of Donucha, and the moment he gets to the foot of the ladder, runs up like a monkey. The scene closes them in.]

## SCENE II.—Wild Highland View.

Enter CAPTAIN OF KNOCKDUNDER and Soldiers, R. H.—  
DICKY DUTTON, armed with a long Gun, follows expressing great alarm. Music.

Capt. Come on, ye loons, ye—come on. The Leddie Staunton is na come back, and 'tis feared that she ha lost hersel, or some unee accident has chanced. Search every nook and corner, and gin ye meet any o' the cairds, shoot them without mercy. My mind misgi'es me that she hae fa'en intil their damn'd clutches, so shoot every mither's son o'them. 'Tis Argyle's commands and Knockdunder's order.

Dicky. Well, if I wasn't vith you and them ere soldiers vith the bare legs and little petticoats, I'll be shot if I shouldn't feel afraid. This place is more lonesome than Bagnigge Wells Tea Gardens of a rainy night. Now, in the city you can take a delightful walk and not a bit o'danger. How often have I toddled of a hevening from the Poultry to Fetter Lane for the change of hair, and come back as sound as a roach. Pray, Mr. Captain Knockdunder, was you ever in Covent Garden Market of a Saturday mornin' of a Fifth of November?

Capt. Never, numscull!

Dicky. It's very well for you, then—and if you take my advice, don't you go—they'll smug you for a Guy.

Capt. For a fool's head!

Dicky. Well, I souldn't wonder at that neither; I think I see the little boys running after you now.

Capt. (*Struggling with passion.*) Do you so

Dicky. They shies mud, and rotten eggs—but arn't allowed to throw ne stones,

Capt. You damned imp of the devil!

Dicky. If you was to stand at the deor of a snuff shop, how you would draw them in.

Capt. Should I so?

Dicky. If you ever come to London, and set up in business you take that. [*Significantly to the Captain.*]

Capt. And now you are come to the Highlands for your health, you take that—[*Beats him off, R. H.*—Dicky's coming

"Murder!"] An infernal impudent son of a Sassanach—but on with you, and if Laddie Staunton is na found in twa hours, 'll hang ain half o' ye, and shoot t'other. [*Exeunt, 1 E. L. H. Music.* LADY STAUNTON, and DAVID, at 2 E. L. H. following the WHISTLER; who, having gained the front of Stage, poin. off, R. H.]

*Whis.* See yonder the Sassanach's dwelling, Laddie. Farewell! [*Crosses to L. H.*]

*Lady S.* Stay;—what are you called?

*Whis.* (C.) The Whistler!

*Lady S.* But what was you christened?

*Whis.* I never was christen'd, that I ken of.

*Lady S.* Who were your parents?

*Whis.* I dunna ken—nor care.

*Lady S.* Are you not that Highlander's son?

*Whis.* No, he bought me.

*Lady S.* Bought you—of whom?

*Whis.* Annaple Bailzon!

*Lady S.* Annaple Bailzon! the woman that Sir George mentions in his letter! Gracious Heaven! should it prove to be my own' child!—but let me contain myself. Have you no remembrance of whom Annaple Bailzon bought you of, or whether you were her child?

*Whis.* No!

*Lady S.* Come with us to the manse?

*Whis.* What for?—to be sneered at, or killed by the Sassanach? No! while there's a pit Greeshock burning yet upon the brae, 'twill warm me better than the fause Saxon's sea-coal fire.

*Lady S.* Will you not come with me? [*Offers her hand.*] come, and you shall have all that you can wish.

*Whis.* (*Takes her hand, and looks at her doubtingly.*) If I do, ye'll fasten me like a bird within a cage, and I shall no' ken sweet freedom mair—I shall na sleep upo' the bonnie heather—I shall na chase the red deer o'er the hill, nor climb the rock to bring the egas down;—what can ye gie me better than this?

*Lady S.* I will teach you to be good—to be honoured, and respected; will reclaim you from your wandering life, and make you my page.

*Whis.* What, will ye make a flunkie o' me? [*Drops her hand, and crosses his arms contemptuously.*] Black Donacha, called me his son! [*The Soldiers, and Captain, come on, L. H. David points to the Whistler, and they slowly advance to close him in, while the dialogue goes on.*]

*Lady S.* You shall be my son!

*Whis.* (*Looks at her, and shakes his head.*) Farewell, leddie! I am sair to leave you, but I must to Black Donacha, leddie; you're like the moonbeams on the loch, the kingcup amid the heather—or, the laverock song i' th' morn—but ye are a Sassanach, and smile but to betray! [*Goes up—sees Soldiers, and David's motion—flies at him, L. H.—Music.*]

*Capt.* (*Through the music.*) Shoot the caird! shoot the highland devil! [*The Whistler looses David, and flies at the Captain, then as if electrified by a sudden thought, quits the Captain, and runs to Lady Staunton—gets behind her, clasping her round the waist—puts his head under her arm—points, and laughs at the Captain—David stands L. H. of the Whistler—Tableau.*]

END OF ACT II.

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Manse, with a practicable Window.*

*Enter DICKY DUTTON, in haste, R. H.*

*Dicky.* Vell, if I was ever so sarved out in all my life.—That highland Scotchman with the little hat and big sword has nearly been the death of me. I wish I was at home in the Poultry again, for I am dealt most foully with here. This is a nice place—may be the Cheapside of the country, I dare say, but I'd rather be at Cheapside in London. I've nothing to amuse me here—I asked that old Scotchman if he'd got a fiddle, and he swears in the most horrid manner that the next time he catches me he'll scalp me, as they do in the *Hinges*—how dreadful I should look if I was scalped—besides what it would cost for a wig! [*Noise without.*] Oh lord! I hear them coming into the manse—there's that horrid captain roaring this away, like a lacerated lion—for fear the old cannibal catches me, I'll get in here. [*Hides himself in D. in F.*]

*Enter LADY STAUNTON and MRS. BUTLER, R. H. D.*

*Lady S.* Fear not, dear Jeannie, I am safe—they are bringing this wild youth to confine him in this room. Guess my horror, my surprise and yet my gratification, at discovering him to be my son!

*Mrs B.* Your son!—how ken ye that?—dear Effie, dinna be too hasty.



*Lady S.* I will not—he [shall be strictly guarded 'till Sir George arrives. But his being bought of Annaple Bailzou, the very woman to whom Margery Marduchson sold my child.

*Mrs. B.* And who has doubtless sold many pair bairns

*Lady S.* True, Jeannie, true!—but hope and fear alternately possess my heart. Would that his wildness could be tamed or that he might be brought to turn his thoughts to a more early period, some information might be gleaned. I would that your husband had been here—he could have assisted me. He would say——

*Capt. (Without.)* Damn the fellow! I'll ha nothing to do wi' him, and if it was na for the leddie's commands he should feel my claymore—bring him along. [*Enter CAPTAIN KNOCK, DUNDER and Soldiers, with the WHISTLER, bound, R. H. D.*] Here he is, my leddie. Ye man gang doon again. [*Soldiers Exit.*] But if your leddyship wud gi' me leave, the best thing that can be done for this son o' Satan is to hang him up with the bell rope o' the kirk.

*Lady S.* Not for worlds—kindness may reclaim him.

*Capt.* The devil may reclaim him, and the most proper person, too; for I believe o' my conscience that he is a relation of old Nick's.

*Mrs. B.* For gudeness sake, peace, captain! Do the cords hurt ye pair youth? [*Whistler looks at her disdainfully.*]

*Lady S. (Affectionately)* Shall I release you?

*Whis. (Disdainfully.)* Ye'll na expect me to say na. dan ye?

*Capt.* Did ye ever hear such infernal impudence in your lives?—her leddieship speaks tul him in her great condescension, and the beggar's callant answers her as if she was ane of his Gypsey gallows birds!

*Lady S.* Silence, good captain, I entreat. If I release you from your present bondage, may I depend upon your not offering to escape?

*Whis.* Did I ask you that question when I saw you sinking in the cataract? No, I waited not to offer—I plunged to your assistance—I saved your life—here is my reward! [*Holds up his hands bound.*] Black Donacha had used to warn me of the false sassanach. Why do you not tell that worricow there with the fule's cap [*Pointing to the Captain.*] to hang me at yeance?

*Capt.* My certes! pray ye my leddie, do but say the word, I'll worricow him—I'll gi' him a night cap for his fule's cap. If I had gat ye in my power ye cateran—[*Threatening.*]

*Whis.* And if I had ye in mine, I'd stake ye doon in the brae, and to punish ye for all the scaith ye ha brought upo' the puir skirling Gaeic bits o' bodies—ye should hae a mutchkin o' brandy put just within smell o' ye, and na be able to touch a drop.

*Capt.* Oh, the never-to-be-hanged-sufficiently infernal cateran! Do ye hear what damned tortures he would put me to? Say but the word, my leddie, and up he goes to the top of a forty foot gibbet.

*Lady S.* No, no—we have irritated him—let me release you!

*Whis.* (*Indignantly.*) No—you have deceived me once, and heartily do I despise you for it.

*Capt.* That's high treason—scandalum magnatum and petty larceny! I'll rin down and ca' the men.

*Mrs. B.* Hold—hold! I will not suffer him to be hurt in the manse, and in the minister's absence. [*To him.*] Let me release you?

*Whis.* You may—I hate ye all, but you, perhaps, less than any. For that puff belly, we'll tumble him down the cataract ere long. [*To Capt.*] For this yearling o' the black flock, [*To David.*] if e'er I meet him again on te brae, I'll ha his life—his life! [*Passionately.*]

*Mrs. B.* Oh, no, no—he is my bairn! Ye will na harm him?—say ye will na, and I will unbind ye!

*Whis.* (*Bitterly.*) I can say so, and afterwards break my word—the sassanachs do so, do they not?

*Mrs. B.* There. [*Unbinds him. He dashes the ropes from him—the Captain lays his hand upon his sword. The Whistler looks reproachfully at Lady Staunton, then at his wrists, which are marked with blood from his violent struggling.*]

*Lady S.* Good heavens, he bleeds! his hands are numbed with pain—let me clasp them. [*Going to him.*]

*Whis.* (*Recoils from her.*) No—begone! I can sooner forgie that bloated fule—that mean souled gillie—they have never spoke me fair—they have never smiled, promised, and then betrayed. I forgive them, but I hate—I hate ye!

*Lady S.* Ah me! what a fearful impression—but I was born to be hated by all.

*Mrs. B.* Captain, please to retire—your presence adds to his excitement; and David, let Effie bring some refreshment here.

*Capt.* Vary weel, Mrs. Butler, vary weel; but ye are wrong to be alone by yourselves wi' such a rip—but only ye ca' and

we'll stap his weasand in a moment And here I swear by the cross of St. Andrew—and I never swore by that mair than twice afore in my life—and yeance waur tull the Duke o' Argyle, and the oth'r waur to the gudewife—if I catch him doing harmtul any yeon, I'll shoot or hang him as sure as my name's Duncan! [*Exit R. H. D.—The Whistler has sat down at the table, resting on his elbow, and looking sullenly around him.*]

Mrs. B. (*To him.*) Do you remember your mother?—  
[*Whistler continues silent.*]

Lady S. Have you a red mark on your left shoulder

Whis. (*Contemptuously.*) I have op my hands, thanks to you—let me go! [*Goes to window—is forcing himself through it.*]

*Enter EFFIE.*

Lady S. Unfortunate boy! you must not attempt escape.—  
Ha! I have it—Effie, Effie, the song this morning—perhaps he may remember it. Sing, sing! [*As the Whistler is engaged tearing down the window frame—*]

Eff. (*Sings.*)

Could in my bed, Lord Archibald,  
And sad my dream of sorrow;  
But thou shall be as sad and cauld,  
My fause true love, to-morrow.

[*While she sings, the Whistler's attention is attracted—he gazes at her, then comes forward, puts his hand to his brain, and stands as one endeavouring to recollect a long by-gone event.*]

Lady S. (*Low to Effie.*) Sing on, dear Effie!

Eff. (*Sings.*)

Who makes the bridal bed.  
Birdie, say truly?  
The grey hair'd sexton,  
That delves the grave duly.

The glow-worm, o'er grave and stone  
Shall light thee steady—  
The owl from the steeple sing,  
Welcome proud lady.

[*The Whistler, towards the end, gives token that he remembers it somewhere—gazes on Effie with admiration, and at the end of the last stanza seems overpowered by his feelings, and falls at her feet. Lady Staunton now catches his arm, raises the tattered plaid on his shoulder, recognizes the mark—she exclaims "It is my son!"—and faints in the arms of Mrs. Butler and David. The Whistler starts up—is unable to comprehend the meaning of the confusion—Lady Staunton is borne off by*]

them. *As Effie is going, the Whistler goes timidly to her, and catching her hand, endeavours gently to detain her—she starts—he drops her hand, and seems fearful of having offended. Effie exits, D. R. H.]*

*Whis.* That Captain of Knockdunder, too—I'll tear him limbless!

*Dicky.* I'm all right—I'll venture to show myself.

*Whis.* Oh that I had the laverock's wing! Ha—the window! again I'll try. [*As he goes up, sees Dicky.*]

*Dicky.* (*In great terror.*) Don't you be frightened at me—I'm on your side—I hate that old copper-nosed captain!

*Whis.* Another sassanach!—die! [*Pursues Dicky into L. H. corner.*]

*Dicky.* Oh lord, oh lord! Now I beg of you—I say, are you fond of hardbake and gingerbread nuts? If ever you come to London, I'll give you such a tuck out, if you wou't hurt me.

*Whis.* Perish all thy faithless race! [*Rushes at him violently—Dicky screams "Murder!" Effie runs on and catches the Whistler's right hand. David interposes between Dicky and the Whistler, and form Tableau, at the end of which Effie sings, "Proud Maisie." &c. The Whistler utters a cry of disappointment, and flings himself on the chair—Dicky slowly opens the door where he has concealed himself.*]

*Dicky.* I wonder if they are all gone? Oh lord! there is that young savage—he'll do worse than sculp me, for he'll eat me afterwards. I feel myself chewed to death, already! [*The Whistler rises and examines the R. H. D.*]

*Whis.* If I could but get away.

*Dicky.* That's just what I say.

*Whis.* Yet that singing fay—that Saxon angel!

*Dicky.* I wonder if he means me, by a *flaxen* angel!

*Whis.* Da! Donacha!—where art thou, Donacha Dhu?—  
[*Walking about impatiently.*]

*Dicky.* Oh, he means me—I dare say Donacha Dhu is Scotch. Dicky Dutton! [*The Whistler traverses the chamber in great agitation.*]

*Effie sings.)*

Proud Maisie's in the wood,  
Walking sae early;  
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,  
Singing sae rarely.

[*The Whistler loses Dicky, and again stands in an attitude of abstraction.*]

*Dicky.* Where's my cousin?—I'm dying—I'm speechless

already! Lead me down stairs, I can't walk—I'm as weak as coffee grounds after six weeks' boiling, and feel all over like a crow in convulsions! [*Exit, led off by David, L. H.*]

*Whis* Sure I remember to have heard a melody like thine before—[*To Effie*.]—but it must have been there. [*Pointing to heaven*.] for I cannot—[*Bends his head downwards*.]—no, I cannot catch it! White spirit of Auchingower! why will ye dwell with the sassanach? Come to the bonnie brae and dell—come with me to the cataract, and still the stormy kelpie with your bonnie voice!

*Enter CAPTAIN KNOCKDUNDER, D. R. H.*

*Capt. Heah*, here's bonny news!—there's a flunkie arrived frae Roseneath wha tells that Sir George Staunton and Minister Butler are arrived at the loch, and will be at the manse in less than an hour—and directly they come they shall give order to hang that highland bogle.

*Whis*. Am ye sure of that? [*Kisses Effie's hand—darts by the Captain, seizes and carries off his sword, D. R. H.*]

*Capt.* Stop him!—shoot him!—double shoot him! [*Exit D. R. H.*]

*Eff, Marry*! Spare him—spare him!—Mercy! [*Escort, D. R. H.*]

**SCENE II.—The Caird's Cave.** *A rocky Cave, or arm of the Loch. Gloomy and sequestered, forming almost a cavern of Rocks and Trees.*

**BLACK DONACHA and Gypsies discovered,**

*Don.* 'Tis certain the boy's beguiled!—may the misty vapours of the loch strike its baneful influence on the limbs that did it—but it is done, and that bull dog Knockdunder, is on the look out! We must tarry but short in Knocktentatie—the morning's light must see us on the loch; but despair not minnies, we will return anon, and have a deep and dire revenge for this

[*Gypsy*.] We will; they sleep not in comfort on whom the gypsey breathes his curse!

*Don.* Hark! the dash of oars upon the loch!—even this way would they circumvent us! Step aside, and observe; and should they brave us to the death, you shall find Donacha Dhu will show you how to resist oppression to the last gasp.

[*Exit Donacha, and Gypsies, R. H.*]

*Enter* SIR GEORGE STAUNTON, attended by REUBEN BUTLER and ANDREW, L. H.,

*Staun.* The day has been indeed untoward! another storm is coming on—'tis well we put in here, in two minutes we should have been upon the Grindstone rock.

*And.* As many years as I have been on the Gare loch, never did I see any body steer better than your honour. You've had your nose on the Grindstone before now, I'm thinking.

*Staun. (Aside.)* Can he know me then? Tell your fellows—*[Sees Andrew's agitation.]* Why, what ails the man?

*And.* Yes, it surely is! Oh, for the love of gudeness, dinna ye stay here; this is the Caird's cave!

*Reu.* Well, my friend, what then?

*A d.* Why—why, I—I wish we were awa'!

*Staun.* No matter, we shall but stay here till the storm passes—leave us. *[Exit Andrew, L. H.]* Mr. Butler, our meeting at Edinbro' was indeed fortunate for me—your company has been invaluable.

*Reu.* Sir George Staunton, you honour me, and I trust that you will honour my humble residence at Auchingower for a few days.

*Staun.* It is by no means unlikely that I may avail myself not only of your kind offer, but of your assistance in endeavouring to regain my lost child, now I understand in the gypsy gang of Donacha Dhu—a kind of highland brigand, and wandering mendicant, who—

*Enter* DONACHA DHU, and Gypsies, U. E. R. H.

*Don. (G.)* Is now before you! *[Chord.]* Stir not for your life—you are in our power! Reuben Butler, fear not—we intend not harm to you or yours!

*Reu.* I hope not Donacha, nor should you cherish hostile feelings against Sir George Staunton.

*Don.* I repeat it, you are safe! Sir George Staunton, I know not—the account I have to settle is with Geordie Robertson, the smuggler! *[Staunton starts.]* Do you start, sir? do you know that fell destroyer?—that pale villain, whose base pride it was to twine himself around the female heart, then basely sting the bosom that believed him? Thus did he unblushingly proceed, adding hourly a withered leaf to his satyr crown—but one event was so begrimed with villainy, that conscience stricken, he made amends to her, to Effie Deans; but the deluded object of his first love, (or lust—for true love he never knew), this hapless being died in misery! but

THE WHISTLER.

for him she had been happy!—but for him had been the cherished wife of the now lost Donacha Dhu! The curse—the hot curse of a withered heart stick to thee, monster! and terribly avenge her fate!

*Reu.* Eternal powers!—this then is——

*Don.* Peace, Reuben Butler—peace! For years this bad man's child has been under my care—but I avenged not his father's crimes on him: I fostered him to prove a double thorn in my accursed rival's heart! but this morn they tore him from me, and even now before the hospitable manse of Auchingower, they hang the son of Geordie Robertson!

*Reu.* Fly! stop the execution! A hundred guineas for the swiftest post.

*Staun.* A hundred,—nay, a thousand! and free pardon for their misdeeds!

*Don.* (*Contemptuously.*) Pardon! who shall recieve pardon from him who lacks it from himself? not one shall move—even now the sentence is fulfilled; now let me gloat on your torments! I would have saved the boy, if in my power, yet this mercy did you not shew to me—you murdered my peace of mind for ever—tore asunder the heart's tenderest chords, then basely sacrificed the wretched victim of your too successful villainy! Prepare to atone, your life——

*Staun.* Or thine! [*A short combat—Reuben endeavours to part them, but is withheld by the band—Donacha is struck down by Staunton, who plunges his sword in his body—the Whistler rushes in 2 E. R. H. breathless—sees Donacha fall—utters a cry—seizes Donacha's sword, and plunges it instantly in Staunton's bosom—all is the work of a moment—Tableau.*]

SCENE III — *An Apartment in the Manse.*

*Enter MRS. BUTLER.*

*Mrs. B.* I would that some one would come and say aw's right! My heart sinks sae low, I fear the captain's temper—if he should shoot this unfortunate boy, it would be the death of Lady Staunton.

SONG. [*Introduced.*]

*Enter DAVID, and EFFIE BUTLER, in haste, L, H.*

*David.* Mither! mither! haste ye to Craigsture, there's been fearful work! My father has arrived, and Sir George Staunton has been killed by the Whistler!

*Mrs. B.* Gracious powers! by his own son!

THE WHISTLER.

*Dav.* 'Tis e'en so, Black Donacha, too is dead !—it happened at the Caird's cave ; they have brought the Whistler to the tower of Craigsture—Lady Staunton too is there—I need na say mair. Haste ye mither—haste !

*Mrs. B.* Beloved sister, I fly ! Oh, Effie, what must thy sufferings be ?

[*Exit Mrs. Butler, L. H.*]

*Eff.* Dear David—say, how happened this, and what can mither mean ?

*Dav.* I ken it aw : Lady Staunton is our aunt, Sir George too, was on his way hither—he met with my father at Edinbro', and introduced himself as coming to the highlands.

*Eff.* Good heavens !—has Sir George then expired ?

*Dav.* He lived but to be sensible of who his destroyer was—blessed him—forgave him, and expired. The captain has secured the wretched youth, and I fear that nothing can save him.

*Eff.* Alas ! and dear Lady Staunton—

*Dav.* It is impossible to describe her agony ; fit succeeded fit. In the confusion of the moment, the Whistler broke from his guards, they presented their pieces—he seized our little brother Reuben in his arms, and holding him up, defied the fire of the soldiers !

*Eff.* Good Heavens ! my dear, dear Reuben !

*Dav.* Fearful of hurting the child, the soldiers desisted, and the maniac-boy fled amid the rocks with the child in his arms ; he cannot escape, for the defile is fill'd with men—the soldiery are closing round him fast. Come Effie, let us hasten !

[*Exit David, and Effie, L. H.*]

**SCENE II.—Tower of Craigsture.** *An open part of the Loch In the back ground the Water's brought down as far as the front Rock piece on the R. H. In the fourth or fifth groves, a very high rock, which leans over the Water, occupying nearly half the width of the Stage, with a platform, which also communicates in sight of the audience, with the rock pieces of the third groves, which have also a platform communicating with the Stage—nearly central. The Tower, or Prison, with a practicable door, L. H.*

*Enter CAPTAIN, and REUBEN BUTLER, from Tower.*

*Reu.* Unhappy, Sir George ! the errors of thy former wild life have indeed called down a heavy vengeance !

*Cap.* O, my conscience, meenister Patler, ye are in the right ! 'tis been as ominous as Green to a Graham—but he -



ever, I ha' cut off Black Donacha's head, and I'll ha' it stuck up before the gude lady's window—'twill be some comfort tull her to think Sir George has been sae avenged!

*Reu.* Captain, I do request that you'll abandon the thought, and let us endeavour to compose the hapless lady—my heart bleeds for her.

*Capt.* True, true—but gang your ways meenister. I ha' it—tell her that in five minutes I'll strap up the lad.

*Reu.* What, her own son?

*Capt.* I don't believe a word on't; Black Donacha was sort of trafficker in human flesh—he bought mony puir bairns dootless, and there's nae proof he is her child, and tull the contrary, he's not like either of them—but however, if he is, he deserves to be hanged; and as I'm appointed t'ul see the law inforc'd in all criminal cases, die he shall!

*Reu.* I know the late unhappy divisions in the country, by compelling the government to enforce martial law in these islands, have vested you with a discretionary power of life and death—but mind, only a discretionary power; and I insist that the Duke of Argyle, is apprised of this disastrous affair!

*Capt.* Sae he shall, when the offender has suffered! I ha' said it—I ha' sworn it! for the next life he takes may be mine, or yours, or your bairns—the unsonsy devil!

*Reu.* Can I prevail with you—

*Capt.* Minister Putler, you canna!

*Enter MRS. BUTLER, R. H.*

*Mrs. B.* My Reuben—alas! to what a dreadful hour we meet my sister—my puir sister!

*Reu.* Your sister, Jeannie!—what mean you?

*Mrs. B.* 'Tis the unhappy Lady Staunton!—anon you shall know all; I would he had known all before, Take me to her

*[Exit Reuben, and Mrs. Butler, into the Tower]*

*Enter DAVID, EEFIE, and a Serjeant. R. H.*

*Serjeant.* Captain, the youth's ferocity and despair, exceeds all bounds—he has seized a lighted brand, and has set fire to yonder plantation; the thatch of the cottages have caught, and we are surrounded by flames, and he must perish—which, but for the infant, he had done ere now; we wait your final orders.

*Capt.* Spare him not! we shall aw be roasted alive—he has already slain his father; and alas! puir leddie, I may say he has destroyed his mither too. I charge ye not to fire to endanger the child; but let our best marksmen, (if at any time he drops the infant), use their best aim,

*[Exit Serjeant, R. H.]*

*Eff.* Dear Captain, let me entreat—*[Shouts without.]*

*Bar.* Hark ! (*The Whistler appears on the first platform of rocks nearest the Stage, apparently drenched in blood, and in the last stage of exhaustion—the Soldiers are pursuing him—he holds up the Child.*)

*Whis.* Ye murderous clan—ye ha' slain Black Donacha. Now—now behold my vengeance ! I'll tear this brattling limb from limb, and feed the vultures with the flesh of the Sassanach ! (*He rushes up to the second platform, and appears on the extremity of the cliff, apparently on the point of hurling the Child into the water. General consternation.*)

*Capt.* Fire—fire, for the love of goodness ! (*A loud shriek—Mrs. Butler rushes out, followed by Reuben Butler.*)

*Mrs. B.* No, no, my infant will be murdered ! For heaven's let me intreat him to save him.

*Reu.* Captain, you hear her ? You'll not be obstinate.

*Capt.* Minister Putler, ye shall prevail. Hide yourselves—(*To Serjeant.*)—remember what I told ye. (*All retire but Mrs. Butler and Effie. Music. Mrs. Butler in pantomime entreats for the life of her Child, and assures him they are gone—he hesitates, and at length descends to the middle of the Stage.*)

*Whis.* (*Pointing to Child.*) Attempt to harm me, and he dies. Black Donacha's blood is unrevenged.

*Reu.* Wretched youth, know you not that he whom you have killed—that Sir George Staunton was your father ?

*Whis.* (*Puts Child down, and placing his hand on its shoulder, prevents it from going.*) So they say, but he killed Donacha, who had been a father aye to me. I shared his all—in his wretchedness he dividcd his morsel with me. Now this Sassanach father never gave me bite or sup, and had I come to his door in want, would not have let me warm my perishing limbs even at his menial's fire ! say, then, whose claims are greatest—his, who rears and protects a hapless being, or his, who in a moment of riot, unwittingly becomes the author of its life ?

*Reu.* Young man, your father has been seeking you for years. You were torn from him when an infant, and he, at the time he met his fate, was on his way to raise you to happiness and honour.

*Whis.* (*Doubtfully.*) And he commenced by taking the life of him who had been the means of his child yet breathing ?

*Ren.* Again you misinterpret. The attack was commenced by Donacha. The lady you saw at the manse was your own mother—(*Whistler appears deeply interested.*)—whose life you've also destroyed, for should she be so unhappy as to survive, her wits are flown for ever !

*Mrs. B.* And you would now murder us by destroying our infant.

*Whis.* (*Raising his hand from the Child.*) No, no—I will not. Go, child: and may you be a blessing to your parents, as I have been a curse! (*As the Child runs to Mrs. Butler, she utters a frantic cry, and presses it to her bosom—the Whistler gazing with intense feeling.*)

*Whis.* I never knew what it was to be pressed to a mother's bosom: can you wonder, then, that I am not as you are? Like the tiger, I have been reared in blood!

*Reu.* You bleed now.

*Whis.* On my first escape, a ball from one of the soldiers struck my arm. This—(*Pointing to another place.*)—is Black Donacha's blood! and this is—(*Looks at it, and shudders.*) *Music.* Lady Staunton comes from the tower, apparently lost to all around—the moment the Whistler sees her, he starts, and stands petrified with his eyes fixed on her.)

*Lady S.* Come, come, Sir George—the carriage waits. The Lord High Steward will be vexed at our delay. Come, love, and in the festive ball we'll lose awhile all thoughts of our lost little one. Come, Sir George. What, not ready? Oh, sluggish fop, wilt never be attired? Ah! we'll to Auchingower, to Reuben, and to Jeannie—they are good, they will tell us of our boy. (*Turns, and sees the Whistler, utters a piercing cry—all rush on.*) He is there—red, red with his father's blood—his heart's blood! See, see where it has spurted on his pallid brow! (*Falls on the Stage—as they are coming near her, Whistler waves them off.*)

*Whis.* Hold off—hold off, one moment—one moment, I implore you! Ere I die, let me for the first and last time, press a mother to my heart! (*Raises her, embraces, and kisses her—overwhelmed by his feelings.*) Take her! Stay—once more. (*Kisses her.*) God bless thee, mother! the murderer shall mar thy peace no more. My father sleeps for ever, and Black Donacha stiffens on his gory bed. Hark! the kelpie screams, and I know the summons. Let me atone—'tis yet in my power to show you that will please ye all. Follow me, soldiers, while I point it out. (*Ascending the rock as he speaks.*) See—see how the flames gain upon us! Who caused the devastation? 'Twas I! Now behold the Whistler's death! (*By this time he has gained the summit of the cliff, and with the last words he draws a concealed pistol, shoots himself, and falls off the cliff into the water.*)

THE CURTAIN FALLS.





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*From "Saunders' News Letter," May 23rd, 1866.*

THIS is a most useful little work, which supplies most effectually a want long felt by those desirous of cultivating theatrical amusements and tastes, and of indulging in the harmless and not unimproving recreation caused by amateur theatricals. The book consists of three parts, by three different authors—all amateur actors, who give the benefit of their experience and advice in a rather lively style. The first is by Mr. J. W. MORRELL, and treats of the duties of the manager and company, and the cheapest and easiest mode of bringing out a piece successfully either in a drawing-room or private theatre. The author shews how matters which are most mysterious to the general public, and interpose almost insurmountable difficulties to their production by the uninitiated or private companies, may be overcome. Their nature is explained, and a plan—cheap, easy, and effective—is shown by which the most and the least pretentious amateur company may get up a creditable theatre and performance. Chapters are given on scenery and scene painting, stage illusions and effects, thunder and lightning, pieces suitable for private representation, advice on acting, dresses and properties, the duties of a prompter, and rehearsals, in all of which there is excellent advice and valuable information. "How to get up Theatricals in a Country House," by a gentleman who writes under the *nom de plume* of Captain SOCK BUSKIN, is the second part, and will be found an excellent appendix to the preceding part. It contains, besides, a long list of plays, with descriptions and directions, that will be found of great use to country amateurs. A supplement by the editor, THOMAS H. LACY, is the last part, and in it the deficiencies of the two preceding are supplied. The rules and laws for regulating amateur companies are here laid down, and further lists of plays are given. The book will be found of the greatest possible use to the amateur, supplying a want long felt, and rendering the production of a play upon an amateur stage a matter of ease, even to parties whose opportunities of witnessing theatrical performances have been few.



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- 37 Gertrud's Money Box
- 38 Faust, 1s.
- 39 Cup of Tea, A
- 40 Matteo Falcone
- 41 Day's Fishing, A
- 42 Blossom Churn'g Grn.

- 1243 Mariner's Compass
- 1244 Glitter
- 1245 Fettered

## VOLUME 84.

- 1246 Not Guilty
- 1247 Winning Hazard
- 1248 Lion at Bay
- 1249 Witch of Windermere
- 1250 Paris
- 1251 Fire Raiser
- 1252 Winning a Wife
- 1253 Lame Excuse
- 1254 Ladies of St. Cyr
- 1255 The Jew
- 1256 Fair Rosamond Bowr.
- 1257 Edendale
- 1258 Test of Truth
- 1259 Chops of the Channel
- 1260 Mrs. Smith

## VOLUME 85.

- 1261 Man of Two Lives, 1s.
- 1262 Pedrillo
- 1263 Old Score, An
- 1264 Milky White
- 1265 Checkmate
- 1266 Felon's Bond
- 1267 Broken Sword
- 1268 Hop-Pickers, &c.
- 1269 Loving Cup
- 1270 Home Wreck
- 1271 Spoiled Child
- 1272 Daddy Gray
- 1273 Serpent on Hearth
- 1274 Sea-Gulls
- 1275 Old Gooseberry

## VOLUME 86.

- 1276 Isoline of Bavaria
- 1277 Who's Who?
- 1278 Quaker
- 1279 Wait for an Answer
- 1280 Foscari
- 1281 Somnambulist
- 1282 First Floor
- 1283 Gnome King
- 1284 Joan of Arc, Burls.
- 1285 Ambrose Gwinnett
- 1286 John Overy
- 1287 Thro' Fire & Water
- 1288 Shadow of Crime
- 1289 Tomkins Troubador
- 1290 Life Chase

## VOLUME 87.

- 1291 The Princess
- 1292 Lucretia Borgia
- 1293 Blue Devils
- 1294 Beggar's Petition
- 1295 Lord Bateman
- 1296 Maid Magpie Drama.
- 1297 Robber of Rhine
- 1298 Won at Last
- 1299 Popping Question
- 1300 Lizzie Lyle
- 1301 Pedlar Boy
- 1302 Linda of Chamouni
- 1303 Pyke O'Callaghan
- 1304 Cloud and Sunshine
- 1305 Terrible Tinker

## VOLUME 88.

- 1306 Doge of Duralto
- 1307 Our Village
- 1308 I'm not myself at all
- 1309 Kensington Gardens
- 1310 Tom and Jerry
- 1311 Wild Oats
- 1312 Fatal Dowry
- 1313 Not so bad after All

- 1314 Black Domino
- 1315 Corsican Bothers
- 1316 Gertrude's Cherries
- 1317 Frou-Frou, 1s.
- 1318 Self Accusation
- 1319 Devil's Mount
- 1320 Gentleman in Black

## VOLUME 89.

- 1321 Cyril's Success, 1s.
- 1322 No Song No Supper
- 1323 Lost and Found, Opr.
- 1324 Night of Suspense
- 1325 Barber of Seville
- 1326 Death of Marlowe
- 1327 Personation
- 1328 Who's the Heir?
- 1329 Board & Residence
- 1330 Captain Smith [Vale
- 1331 Shepherd of Derwent
- 1332 Palace of Truth
- 1333 Whittington Junr. &c
- 1334 Hercules
- 1335 Robinson Crusoe

## VOLUME 90.

- 1336 New Men & Old Acres
- 1337 Rienzi [1s
- 1338 Innkeeper of Abbeville
- 1339 White Cat
- 1340 One O'Clock
- 1341 Christmas Eve in a Watch-house
- 1342 Romantic Attachment
- 1343 Behind the Curtain
- 1344 Lady & the Devil
- 1345 White Coekade
- 1346 Plot & Counterplot
- 1347 Dora's Device
- 1348 Perfect Love
- 1349 Worth a Struggle
- 1350 Miss Tibbit's back hair

## VOLUME 91.

- 1351 Acis & Galatea  
(A VERY new version of )
- 1352 Sergeant's Wedding
- 1353 Every man in his Humour
- 1354 Lady of Belle-Isle
- 1355 Randall's Thumb
- 1356 Hunter of the Alps
- 1357 Poor Soldier
- 1358 Not at all Jealous
- 1359 Cupboard Love
- 1360 In Three Volumes
- 1361 Rule Britannia
- 1362 Tower of Nesle
- 1363 Little Mother
- 1364 Creatures of Impulse
- 1365 Little Robin Hood

## VOLUME 92.

- 1366 Time works Wonders
- 1367 Eurydice [1s.
- 1368 Painter of Ghent
- 1369 Clandestine Marriage
- 1370 Lodgers & Dodgers
- 1371 Ivanhoe, Drama
- 1372 Dead Man's Point
- 1373 True as Steel
- 1374 Down in a Balloon
- 1375 Borrowed Plumes
- 1376 Everybody's Husband
- 1377 Zarah the Gipsy
- 1378 Four Cousins
- 1379 Woman in Red
- 1380 Watch-Dog of the Walsinghams

## VOLUME 93.

- 1382 Little Giselle
- 1383 Robert Macaire
- 1384 No. 6. Duke St
- 1385 Masaniello, Op
- 1386 Star of the Nor
- 1387 Orange Tree
- 1388 After the Party
- 1389 Shakespeare's
- 1390 Birds of Prey
- 1391 My Husband's
- 1392 Matchmaker
- 1393 Lizzie Leigh
- 1394 Bride of Ludga
- 1395 New Footman

## VOLUME 94

- 1396 Coals of Fire
- 1397 Cupid in Wait
- 1398 Agreeable Surp
- 1399 Manager in Dis
- 1400 Rival Pages
- 1401 Love Laughs at
- 1402 Separate Maint
- 1403 Lucky Stars
- 1404 Camaralzaman
- 1405 Aline
- 1406 Tower of Londo
- 1407 Master's Rival
- 1408 Isabella
- 1409 Paquita
- 1410 A Christmas Ca

## VOLUME 95.

- 1411 King Christmas
- 1412 Never reckon y
- 1413 Clari [Chick
- 1414 A Little Chang
- 1415 Dreadfully Ala
- 1416 In Possession
- 1417 Siege of Rochel
- 1418 Traitor's Gate
- 1419 Three Muskete
- 1420 Paddy Miles
- 1421 Christmas Pant
- 1422 Peace at any P
- 1423 Very Last Day
- 1424 Coriolanus [Po
- 1425 Inkle and Yarie

## VOLUME 96.

- 1426 Past and Present
- 1427 Browne the Ma
- 1428 My Wife—Wha
- 1429 Chapter of Acc
- 1430 Tourist Ticket
- 1431 Poetic Proposal
- 1432 Just Like Roge
- 1433 Leatherlungs
- 1434 Mazeppa
- 1435 Shepherd of

## Courno

- 1436 Out of the Fryin
- 1437 Leave it to me
- 1438 Bilious Attack
- 1439 Broken Ties
- 1440 Sympathy

## VOLUME 97.

- 1441 Half Caste