

GILDEROY.

A DRAMA,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY

W. H. MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF

"*Mary Queen of Scots*," "*Cramond Brig*,"
"*No*," "*Diamond cut Diamond*,"
&c. &c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,
LONDON.

AB 9410
First Performed at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.

CHARACTERS.

March, 1851.

GENERAL BAILIE	Mr. CHANNING.
CAPTAIN MONCKTON	Mr. LYONS.
WALTER LOGAN (<i>a Farmer</i>)	Mr. W. COOPER.
GILDEROY	Mr. POWRIE.
ALLAN OF DUNCARTY	Mr. VIZEN.
DUNCAN M'TAVISH (<i>of the Holme Head</i>)	Mr. H. WEBB.
JOCK MUIR (<i>a Herd</i>)	Mr. G. WEBSTER.
SERJEANT MUSQUETOON	Mr. JOSEPHS.
CORPORAL	
HAVOC	Mr. HALFORD.
CARBINE	Mr. SAKER.
SENTINEL	Mr. LACY.

Soldiers, Highlanders, &c.

LILIAS LOGAN	Miss T. BASSANO.
MRS. M'TAVISH	Mrs. H. WEBB.
JANET	Mrs. JOSEPHS.

Time in Performance, One Hour and a Half.

COSTUMES.

SOLDIERS—Doublets, trunks, breastplates, morions, boots.

GILDEROY, ALLAN, and HIGHLANDERS—Highland dresses.

LOGAN, M'TAVISH, and JOCK—Grey frocks, breeches, stockings, and caps, and plaids.

LILIAS—A neat stuff dress.

MRS. M'TAVISH and JANET—Stuff dresses and plaids.

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PROGRAMME
OF
THE PRINCIPAL SCENES AND INCIDENTS
OF
THE MELO-DRAMA,

Which is founded upon a Tradition, that, during the occupation of Scotland by the Parliamentary Forces, Gilderoy intercepted despatches of the greatest importance to Cromwell, and thereby saved the life of one of the Scottish Loyalists.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Village Ale-house near the
Parliamentary Camp,

With the preparations of General Bailie for the Capture of Gilderoy.

SCENE II.

The Interior of the Cottage of Walter Logan,
the Highland Farmer,

AND

ESCAPE OF GILDEROY FROM THE TROOPERS !!

Through the Courage of Logan, and Ingenuity
of Joch Muir, his Herd.

ACT. II.

SCENE I.

A VIEW OF DUNCAN M'TAVISH'S COTTAGE.

SCENE II.

A PARLIAMENTARY OUTPOST,
which commands the entrance to a Highland Pass.

The Preparations for the EXECUTION OF WALTER LOGAN,
WITH HIS RESCUE, and

The Defeat of the Roundhead Forces by
Gilderoy and the Highlanders !

GILDEROY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Scottish Village occupied by the Parliamentary Troops—an Ale-house L.H. 1 E.—Table, chairs, &c.

MUSQUETOON, CARBINE, MATCHLOCK, and a party of TROOPERS discovered drinking—Loud shouts as the Curtain rises.

MATCH. Ha, ha, ha! So Gilderoy slipped through your fingers, after all?

MUS. He did; but let me catch a tip of his tartan a second time, I'll prove that Musquatoon has learned to hold fast. The thoughts of the £500: will clap lime to my fingers, and then, instant justice for him—gallows first, and trial afterwards.

OMNES. Bravo! bravo! Ha, ha, ha!

CAR. Hush, lads! here comes the General.

MUSIC.—SOLDIERS rise and take their arms—Enter GENERAL BAILIE and CAPTAIN MONCKTON, L.H.

BAIL. Gentlemen, to your posts; to-day for work; to-morrow for mirth, when I trust you will have some cause for merriment.

Exit SOLDIERS, L.H.

—This night, Monckton, will, I trust, crown the cause of the Commonwealth in Scotland, and place that arch-loyalist, Montrose, within my power. Be vigilant, and he cannot escape us.

MON. This night, General?

BAIL. This night—for the purpose of secretly holding converse with some chiefs who have not yet declared themselves, and whose aid he wishes to secure for King Charles's cause—this night, he sleeps at the farm of Allan of Duncarty.

MON. Allan of Duncarty? Is he not supposed to be favourable to the Royalists?

BAIL. Most fortunately; for through him I have gained notice of all their plots. The rascal would sell his soul for gold. I have drugged him plentifully. Black George, my servant, is now at the farm disguised as one of Allan's herds, and I impatiently wait his arrival with directions for our march: therefore, prepare your men, but move not till nightfall—that Highland devil is abroad, and an inch of red cloth cannot move without his knowledge.

Enter SERJEANT MUSQUETOON, hastily, L.

—Now, Serjeant, your looks have business in them.

MUS. And bad business, too. —Please, your honour, one of our foraging parties has found the body of Black George at the bottom of Belthorpe Glen.

BAIL. Death and confusion! did they search him?

MUS. Yes, your honour.

BAIL. Found they no papers?

MUS. None, but the cover of a letter which lay beside him.

BAIL. Quick! give it me. (*reads*) “For General Bailey.” ‘Tis Allan’s hand. It is plain the despatches have been intercepted. Haste! sound to horse—search the country round! You, Monckton, hasten to Dunearty—it may not yet be too late—and, as you pass, leave piquets at the different villages. You, Serjeant, away to the cottage of one Walter Logan—his daughter is said to be attached to this Gilderoy—search well for him—for, on my life, ‘tis he who has done this deed—be vigilant, and I’ll double the reward for his apprehension: lose not a moment, but to horse, and away!

TRUMPET SOUNDS—the SOLDIERS hurriedly cross the Stage, and exeunt R.

SCENE II.—*Interior of WALTER LOGAN’S Cottage—an open loft at back, R.C., retched from the stage by a ladder—Door, L.U.E.*

Enter LILLIAS, followed by JOCK MUIR, L.H. 1 E.

LIL. Nay, Jock, I wish you would trouble yourself more with your own concerns, and less with mine. I know not by what right you track my footsteps thus.

JOCK. Right, indeed; am I no your father, Walter Logan’s herd and, isn’t it no the business o’ the herd to look after the kye.

LIL. Well, then, look after the kye, and leave me to follow my own bent.

JOCK. Bent, indeed;—faith, you’ve taken the bent with a vengeance—straying about at sic an hour, and sic times, wi’ Bailie’s dragoons on one side of ye, and Montrose and his wild Highlanders on the ither.

LIL. Say not a word against Montrose—is he not in arms for the independence of our country?

JOCK. Fine words they, but you’ll no deceive me, Mistress Lillias; for I ken, while you’re speaking o’ Montrose you’re thinking o’ that deevil’s birkie, Gilderoy.

LIL. What mean you—Gilderoy—what mean you?

JOCK. Eh! I ken fine what I mean, and what I say too. Mind ye, o’ Monday last? Eh!—my certies, bonny work I saw going on then.

LIL. Well, fool, what did you see?

JOCK. You’re asking, are you, when I was out by there, sitting on the Dry Stone Dyke, keeping the kye’s from neighbour M’Clarty’s muckle slush brae; the wind had laid a wee bit after midnight—the moon was just ganging doon.

LIL. I do not understand you.

JOCK. Aye!—but I understand it, and that's enough for me. There was I sitting on the scrag, or bit cleugh brae, when, all of a sudden, my bonnie wee grippie fell a girnin; and a girnin as though she had seen a brownie or sic like. I just took her neith my pladdie, thinking there was sheep-stealing work to do; but, on a sudden, I saw a black thing and a white thing coming up the Holme together, and the black thing gripped the white one roond the waist.

LIL. Poor Jock, what will become of you—you've seen an apparition.

JOCK. Oh!—Aye!—a fearsome one at least. I thought so mysel, and my sinews gruid like Sockrant, and a kind of glamour came over my een; but presently the setting moon shone intil their faces; and, wad you believe it, I then saw that the apparition was a double one.

LIL. A double one.

JOCK. Just sae—a lad and a lass togither.

LIL. And the lassie was.

JOCK. Muckle like yoursel, my woman.

LIL. Me, indeed—how could you see at such a time of night, and at such a distance?

JOCK. Oh!—they were ne'er far awa';—just within three cattoups o' me.

LIL. Indeed, Master Muir, if you spread out such tales of me, I shall inform my father of you.

JOCK. You not need fash yoursel, its the very thing I was ganging to do mysel; and I'm jalousing auld Walter Logan will no just approve of sic wild doings.

WALTER LOGAN without, L.H. 2 E.

LOG. Janet, Janet!—I say!—

Enter JANET, R.H.—places chairs, tables, stools, and goes off L.

JOCK. And he comes in the very nick of time.

LIL. It's he, indeed;—Jock, you will no tell my father 'till I have spoken further with you on the business; not that I fear his kenning about me just at present.

JOCK. Aye, Aye!—I understand—you need na be afraid.

LIL. A thousand thanks, my kind good fellow; and see here—

JOCK. Nae, nae—nae bribery;—put up your siller, there's na telling what may turn up noo-a-days, and should my master's dochter come to ouy mischance, Jock Muir would rather gi' a' he had in the world to save her from want than take a bodle from her.

LIL. Kind-hearted fellow!

LOG. (*without*) Janet, follow me.

JOCK. No thanks, here comes your feyther—whisk awa.

Exit LILLIAS, R.H.

Enter WALTER LOGAN at back, L.H.—JANET following.

LOG. (*sitting c.*) There will be wild work in the glen this night, I reckon, and the green heath will be red e're the morning.

JANET. (*to Jock.*) What's he talking about?

JOCK. (*to Janet*) Something about ganging to bed in the morning.

LOG. Don't stand there glowering like a pair of bended wild cats; gang away, and get me something to eat. I am like to fa in two with sheer hunger;—haste ye!

JANET. I'll not be long.

Exit Janet, R.H. I E., Jock is following.

LOG. Jock, where are ye ganging sae fast? Come back, I want to speak to you.

JOCK. Weel, Sir, what's your wull?

LOG. What are you frightened about? Come here and sit down,—sit yoursel down, man. We must have a crack together.

Enter Janet with two bowls of porridge, which she places on table.

LOG. Janet, where's my daughter?

JANET. In the house;—where else should she be?

LOG. She has been where she should not have been, I fear. Tell her that I would speak to her by-and-bye.

JANET. (*aside*) What's in the wind noo, I wonder.

Exit R.H.

LOG. (*alternately eating and speaking*) Jock, you're a guid lad.

JOCK. Aye, am I?

LOG. These are strange times, Jock.

JOCK. Aye, Sir?

LOG. And folks say strange things.

JOCK. Maist wonderful!

LOG. They do say that—but tell me, and truly, mind you, has my daughter Liliias been wandering upon the hills after nightfa' lately?

JOCK. What a question to speer at me! What can hae put sic a notion in your head as that?

LOG. That's no answering my question, but speering anither instead. I asked you gin Liliias had na been out of her bed late for some nights by-gane?

JOCK. Hoo should I ken anything aboot that? You may speer at hersell—but wha' puts it intil your head that your dauchter strays out in the night time?

LOG. Oh, Jock, Jock! There's nae mortal soul will ever gar you answer to the point!

JOCK. Lord save us! wha ever heard tell of a mortal soul? The soul's no mortal at a'. Didna ye hear the worthy Mr. Proudtext say at the kirk last Sunday—

LOG. Answer my question, aye or no—

JOCK. Why, the worthy Mr. Proudtext said the soul was no mortal, but immortal;—so ye ken you're wrang.

LOG. 'Sdeath! Canna ye answer my question as far as ye ken? 'Tis said abroad that my daughter has been seen upon the hills after nightfa'.

JOCK. That's a queer question to speer at me.

LOG. That you yourself ha'e seen her there. Is this a fact or no?

JOCK. I could na just say, because, if she has been out of her bed, many an honest man's bairn has been out of their beds afore her.

LOG. Will you answer me?

JOCK. The thing's as common as the seven stars.

LOG. Yes or no.

JOCK. I'm jalouring you courted my Mistress in the night, yourself.

LOG. Haud your nonsense, fool! (*throws a spoonful of the porridge in Jock's face, which the latter scrapes down with spoon into his bowl.*)

JOCK. Eh! Master, I'm ashamed of you to waste sic good porridge in sic a way.

LOG. Silence, fool! Here comes my daughter; she will speak more plainly.

Enter LILLIAS, R.H.

JOCK. (*aside to LILLIAS*) Dinna be afraid, lassie, I hav'na said a word.

LOG. What say ye, Jock?

JOCK. I'm no saying onything. I always do as David M'Kippuck's cow did—think mair than I say.

LOGAN (*to JOCK*) Haste ye to the hill, and see after the auld nowt, and bide wi them till they be down, gin that it should be twa o'clock at night. Gang awa, when I bid you. What are you murmering at?

JOCK. I ain't finished my porridge.

LOG. Gang awa' without it then.

JOCK goes off, but as LOGAN turns round, he re-enters, goes to table, empties LOGAN's porridge into his own bowl, exclaiming the while, " By my certies, but I'll na'er gang awa' without my porridge!" — Exit JOCK L.D.U.E.

LOG. Lilius, things ha' come to my hearing, which make me anxious about you, and desirous that you should decide upon the offer of Allan of Duncarty. Thanks be to Providence, I am still hale and hearty, but these are wild times—Cromwell rules with an iron hand in England, and would bring Scotland under the harrow, gin he could.

LIL. Montrose will never live to see that day.

LOG. No, nor will auld Walter Logan. Cromwell's soldiers came amang us as friends, but now, aided by some who should have stood firm for Scotland's rights, they lord it over us as masters. Montrose is beaten, and wanders, no one knows whither; fear and trembling are upon the mountains and the glen;—fire consumes the cottage;—the strong hand tears the flock from the shepherd: a word to protest, a gesture to defend, and the patriot lies bleeding on his native heather—but the hour is come when baith young and auld must strike strongly for the freedom of our native land.

LIL. Father, dear father, you will not leave me!

LOG. Lilius, since the death of thy beloved mother, thou of a' my family art the last blossom that remains on the stricken tree, and e're

this head is laid in the mould, I would fain see thee sheltered where my young bird could faul'd her wings in safety from the storm.

LIL. It breaks my heart to hear you talk thus—

LOG. Lilias, hear me; ere this arm is cold and powerless, I would fain see thee happy—see thee, the happy wife of some honourable man. I care not for his rank and years, if his character be irreproachable,—gin he be my ain servant, if he be honest. One man alone, can never wed the daughter of Walter Logan.

LIL. And his name is—

GILDEROY enters at D.L.U.E., before this, and advances L.H.

GIL. Gilderoy!

LOG. You've said it,—you can never be the husband of Lilias Logan.

GIL. And why not, good Walter? The time was when you thought not so hardly of me. Time was when Lilias and the now-despised Gilderoy could wander for hours among the heather, and Walter Logan never complained.

LOG. Time was when Gilderoy supported himself by honest industry;—that time is past; and I again say, my daughter canna be a reiver's bride. (*crosses to R.H.*)

GIL. 'Tis false!

LIL. Gilderoy, remember, 'tis my father.

GIL. I say again, 'tis false. I am no robber. But well I know who has poisoned your ears; 'tis Allan of Duncarty, who gained the wealth; he proffers for your daughter's hand by fraud and treachery.

LOG. Treachery?

GIL. The basest. (*crosses to c*) He first denounced me to the Government as one disaffected to their rule—'twas false! I then thought but of Lilias, and blush to say I cared not, though the Red-Cross flag did wave triumphant over our green hills, but my innocence availed not. At night the southern troopers came with brand and spear. Never shall I forget that hour of fierce despair when, by the burning embers of my cottage, they tore an aged mother from my arms and dragged me to a prison. I burst their bonds, but found my mother dead: and on the instant I joined those brave spirits who, with Montrose, struggled for their country's liberty. (*crosses to L.H.*)

LOG. Young man, I would fain believe you; but the charge you make on Allan of Duncarty goes against my knowledge; though not openly declared, he is a firm friend of Scotland, and even now Montrose harbours in his cottage.

GIL. I know he does, and some five hours since, a trooper left that cottage, well disguised, charged to deliver this packet to the English General. Read, you know the hand.

LOG. I do, 'tis Allan's.

GIL. Read.

LOG. (*reads*) "Our plans have succeeded. Montrose, trusting to me, has now taken shelter in my hut. At nightfall I shall expect you

and the promised reward of my fidelity." The damned scoundrel ! How came this in your possession ?

GIL. By the right of conquest. I met the trooper, and the claymore proved too strong for the sabre. Montrose is now in safety : and now I come to ask you what you think of your intended son-in-law.

LOG. My son-in-law ? I'll see him—

LIL. Feyther, dinna swear.

LOG. Weel, I ken, woman. Gilderoy, your hand,—you have been wronged, but I'll do you right. When all is quiet upon the Hills and in the Glen, you'll leave your wild ways, and then— (*he passes LILLIAS over to GILDEROY*)

LIL. Dearest father !

GIL. 'Tis all I ask. Let but my native thistle wave freely in the mountain's breeze, I'll turn my broadsword into a reaping-hook, and there will be no steadier a couple in the village than Gilderoy and Liliias Logan !

Distant alarm, accompanied by DRUMS, L.H.—Distant March in Orchestra.

LIL. Hark ! What means those sounds ?

LOG. I ken it fine—it's a drum.

GIL. So, so ! The hounds are in full cry already, and the deer not in cover. I must to the Hills !

LIL. Will you be safer there ?

GIL. What ! Place your father's life in danger ? No, no, lassie ; besides, a glen is more commodious and roomy than a house, and it is safer for a Highlander to hear the lark chirp than the mouse creep. Farewell !

A loud KNOCK heard at the door L.H. 2 E.

MUSQUETOON. (*without*) Open—open, I say, in the name of the Commonwealth !

LIL. Alas ! they are here already.

LOG. Whist, lassie, whist ! What's to be done ? They'll no leave a place unsearched.

MUS. (*without*) Open, I say, or we will force an entrance !

LOG. (*aside*) The devil doubt ye ! (*aloud*) I'm coming !

LIL. (*to GILDEROY*) Here, put on this coat. Quick, quick, or we are lost !

GIL. (*puts on coat, &c., which JOCK had left on chair*)

MUS. (*without*) Jack, break open the door.

LOG. Oh, dinna fash yourselves ! Liliias, open the door.

LIL. (*opens door*)

Enter MUSQUETOON and SOLDIERS D.L.U.E.

MUS. What the devil made you so long in opening the door ?

LOG. What the devil made you so late knocking at it ? Honest men are seldom out on the muir at this hour.

MUS. No matter. Is that young woman your daughter ?

LOG. I've no reason to doubt it.

MUS. This paper says you have another inmate, John Muir, your herd.

LOG. Stand forward, Jock. Dinna stand shilly-shallying there, you blethering calf!

GIL. (*advances and bows awkwardly*)

MUS. Now learn the reason of my search. A party of our dragoons have been attacked by some Highlanders, upon the hills near your farm. Two of them have been killed, and despatches of the greatest importance, with which they were charged, seized. The robbers were headed by that villain Gilderoy.

GIL. Villain?

LOG. Silence, Jock! Weel, Sir, and do you think Gilderoy has taken shelter here?

MUS. If our information be correct, it is not unlikely that the Highlander would earth here. Say, do you know him?

LOG. I have seen him.

MUS. Is this description of him correct? (*gives paper*)

LOG. It's na much like. What think you, Jock?

GIL. It's the mon himsel'.

MUS. You, my pretty lass, need no description of his person. A moonlight walk on the heather, impresses a young man's features on a maiden's heart too strongly to forget.

SOLDIERS *laugh*—GILDEROY *advances impatiently, but is checked by LOGAN*.

LOG. (*to MUSQUETOON*) Hark ye, my lad, what may your name be?

MUS. Sergeant Musquatoon,—and what then?

LOG. Why, then, Sergeant Musquatoon and what then. You are but an unmannerly whelp! Nay, never look gast,—one rude word more to the lassie, and I'll knock your bones together!

JOCK. (*without*) It's past twa o'clock, and a' the kyes fast asleep, wi' their feet in ane anither's mouths.

MUS. Who's that?

LIL. (*aside*) He's lost!

MUS. Who's that, I say? I thought you said your family were all within.

LOG. Weel, and so they are. It's some stranger wanting a night's lodgin, or a friend come for a crack.

MUS. I thought that honest men were seldom out on the moor at this time of night?

LOG. I thought so, till I saw you; but you see I am wrong.

SOLDIERS. (*open the door*)

Enter Jock—he is about to speak, when he is interrupted by LOGAN.

LOG. Ah, my dear friend! how is a' wi' you?

LIL. (*to Jock*) I'm glad to see you.

GIL. (*to Jock*) Your hand!

LOG. Ah ! this is kind of you. You've been long in coming to see us.

GIL. You'll take something ?

JOCK. (to GILDEROY) Yes, I'll trouble you for that coat.

LOG. Ah ! but that's capital, eh, neighbour ? You're fu' o' your daffin, to be sure—anxious about poor Jock Muir's coat !

JOCK. My certies ! I think I have cause to be anxious about Jock Muir's coat.

LOG. You'll take a dram ?

JOCK. I'm no objecting.

LOG. Jock Muir !

JOCK. (rising) Weel ?

LOG. Sit down—sit ye down. Jock Muir, the herd, there, will bring it ye. (to GILDEROY) A dram there, Jock !

GIL. (seems puzzled to find the cupboard)

JOCK. (to GILDEROY) A dram there, Jock ! (pointing out the cupboard)

LOG. (to JOCK) Ye ken where the whiskey is, neighbour.

JOCK. Fine. I'm thinking, Jock, you've been na lang in your new place. (sees GILDEROY'S face—aside to him) Lord save us ! Is it you ?

LOG. (interrupting him) How's the wife ?

JOCK. Muckle aboot it.

GIL. And the bairns ?

JOCK. Finely.

GIL. (giving stoup of whiskey to JOCK, half unsheathing his dirk) A hint—

JOCK. I'll take it. (drinks)

MUS. I don't care if I join you. Here's to you, Mr. What's-your-name.

JOCK. You're right—that's it.

MUS. What's your name ?

JOCK. Just so,—my name is my name.

MUS. Here's your health, Mr. What's-your-name.

JOCK. I'm no free to condescend to gi'e my name to a perfect stranger.

MUS. How say you ?

LOG. Nay, there's no occasion for my neighbour to conceal his name. Duncan M'Tavish, of the Holme Head, need never blush for his name.

JOCK. Oh no !

LOG. Well-to-do in the world—a thriving man.

JOCK. Oh, vera thriving ! It's just extraordinary how I've got on in the world of late. Wife, bairns, and laird o' the Holme Head,—and in a jiffey, as a body may say.

LOG. But come, friends; it wears late, and they that have to rise wi' the sun should set in wi' him. (to GILDEROY) Jock !

JOCK. Weel ?

LIL. (hastily) Another glass, Mr. M'Tavish.

JOCK. Oh, aye !—Mr. M'Tavish—oh, aye !

LOG. Jock, I say, haste to the hill-side,—see the cattle safe, and then to bed. Gentlemen, good night !

MUS. Your pardon, farmer;—we cannot part thus quickly. My orders are to keep possession of this cottage, nor suffer a soul to leave it till morning.

LOG. Keep possession of my cottage? Is this the gait an honest man's to be guided in a free country? This house is my castle, and I'll not see my rights trampled upon while I've strength to raise an arm.

GIL. And soul of my body, here's anither, that never laid idle while a blue bonnet cried "Forward."

JOCK. Spoken like yourself, Jock Muir, and here's Mr. Duncan M'Tavish, of the Holme Head, with wife, bairns, and all, as a third man.

PICTURE formed, SOLDIERS present c.

MUS. You see resistance is in vain—my orders are peremptory, and till morning no one can leave this house;—even Mrs. M'Tavish must consent to lose her good man for once.

JOCK. Oh! Mrs. M'Tavish will no be expecting me to night, I'm thinking.

MUSQUETOON retires up with JOCK and LILIAS.

GIL. What's to be done. Montrose waits for me at the ruins of the Abbey, to guide him through the passes;—should they keep me here he will be lost.

LOG. Fear not. Be on the watch. I will devise some means for your escape.

GIL. Hush—we are observed.

MUS. Corporal, place your sentinels around the cottage. Keep good watch; and, should you see the beacon blaze upon the Head, give me instant notice.

COR. Fear not, sergeant.

Exit with THREE SOLDIERS. L.D.U.B.

MUS. (*places SENTINEL at door*)

LOG. Lilias, to your room.

LIL. Dearest father, preserve my Gilderoy, and depend upon my obedience.

GIL. Farewell, Lilias, and forget not.

Exit LILIAS R.H.

MUS. Yon fair lassie seems to take a great interest in Master Jock Muir.

JOCK. And what for no? Jock's a brave lad if you kent him as weel as mysel'.

LOG. Jock, to your bed—you'll ha'e need of rest. Should I want you, I'll cry on you.

GIL. Good night to you Mr. M'Tavish.

Exit GILDEROY, R.H. 2 E.

JOCK. Good night to you, Mr. Jock. Take care, the ladders are no canny things for Highlanders.

MUS. (*aside*) I know not why, but I am strangely suspicious of Master Jock as they call him.

LOG. (*aside*) Jock!

JOCK. (*aside to him*) Mr. M'Tavish, if you please.

LOG. No joking, life is at stake—my word is pledged to yon wild Highlander callant, and he must be saved. Think you that you could make these Englishers free?

JOCK. Oh, aye! and mysel' on occasion of importance. (*they draw round the table, JOCK, R.H.C., LOGAN, L.H.C.—One SOLDIER sleeps on ladder, CARBINE paces about back of stage*) Weel, Sir, na ceremony, it's a fashious thing, that. Weel, this is mair comfortable than herd-ing the kye by the—

LOG. Mr. M'Tavish!

MUS. (*seated at back of table*) Came you by the glen, this afternoon?

JOCK. Aye, did I.

MUS. And saw you the bodies of our troopers there?

JOCK. Aye, did I. I never got sic a confounded gliff since I was born of my mither!

MUS. How did it appear that they had been slain? Were they cut with—

JOCK. I canna just say, but they were sair hasted.

MUS. What mean you by sair hasted?

JOCK. Champit like, and broozed.

MUS. Broozed?

LOG. He means—

JOCK. Exactly, exactly. They ha'e gotten some sair doofs—they were terribly poiked and slashed wi' something.

MUS. I do not, in the least, understand what you mean.

JOCK. That's maist extraordinary, man! Canna you understand folks' mither tongue?

LOG. I'll make it plain to you. You see when a thing comes upon you in that gait, that's a dad. (*strikes him*) Dinna disturb yoursel'—there's a poik,—that's a smaf, or a skelp like—that's a poik, now.

JOCK. But a dumfoozler, that's it. (*strikes MUSQUETOON*) It comes like—

MUS. Pr'ythee hold, I now understand ye perfectly: but as we seem determined to make a night of it, cannot you give us a song, Mr. M'Tavish?

JOCK. Oh, aye, with all my heart.

MUS. A song makes an evening pass away pleasantly.

JOCK. (*aside*) And I'll see if I cannot make something else pass away, presently.

MUS. Carbine, to your duty—relieve the sentinel at the door—get ready.

CAR. It isn't time yet, Master Serjeant, but fear me not when the hour arrives. (*sits at table*)

LOG. Now, Mr. M'Tavish, your song.

JOCK. (*sings*)

(*1st verse*) "A Highland wight on a summer's night,

Came riden', riden' o'er the lea;

And there he saw a bonny bird,

A singing high upon a tree.

CHORUS.—Oh! dinna stay,
But haste away."

The last two lines repeated in chorus—During this verse, GILDEROY shews himself in loft R.C.; they make signs to him at the end of it—He is about to descend, when the SOLDIER slips off ladder—CHORD.

JOCK. Yon chield seems to be muckle light in the head. (*sings*)

“The flitting night calls up the day,
Your foemen lurk all by the brae;
My faith ! you ha' nae lang to stay.”

CHORUS.—Oh! dinna stay,
But haste away.”

SOLDIER. (*moves*)

MUS. Eh ? What's that ?

JOCK. Oh ! it's only yon chap walking in his sleep. (*sings*)
(2nd verse) “When the cat's asleep the mouses creep,

Then tarry, tarry not so late ;
Ken ye the game that's played at hame,
My certes ! you'd look unco blate.

CHORUS.—Then dinna stay,
But haste away.

This morning's sun will light your way,
Your foemen lurk all by the brae ;
My faith ! ye ha' nae lang to stay.”

CHORUS repeated as before—*The SOLDIERS sleep—CARBINE falls under table.*

JOCK. I'm thinking that chield's guan to stay, at any rate.

GILDEROY descends, shakes hands with LOGAN, and is going out, suddenly starts back.

GIL. Sentinels surround the house. Ah ! there is but one—

LOG. What is to be done ? The night passes quickly, and every moment is precious. Jock, cannot you devise some means of escape ?

JOCK. Nay, I have done my duty, I'm sure. Look there, they are all as fast as pipers—that's the extent of my commission.

Three taps are heard at the door—They all start.

LOG. (*crossing towards the chair from which CARBINE has dropped*) What noise is that ?

The knocks are repeated louder.

SENTINEL. (*without*) Serjeant ! Serjeant !

MUSQUETOON starts up, and, at the moment, JOCK thrusts GILDEROY into the empty chair, wraps CARBINE'S cloak around him, and puts the helmet on his head.

MUS. (*overpowered with liquor*) Who calls me ?

SENTINEL appears at door.

SEN. Why, Master Serjeant, in your mirth and jollity you seem to have forgot those outside the house. Is there to be no relief, to-night ?

MUS. To be sure there is, Sirrah ! Back to your posts, and trust to my vigilance and discipline.

SENTINEL retires.

—Carbine, stand up, you drunken, sleepy dog!—(GILDEROY rises)—follow me—march!

Exeunt GILDEROY and MUSQUETOON, L.D.U.E.

JOCK. By my certes ! but yon Serjeant is relieving mair folk than he kens about, the now.

LOG. Peace, Jock, he returns.

Re-enter MUSQUETOON with SENTINEL.

SEN. Faith, Serjeant, 'twas a hard stand to buffet a keen north-easter, while you were at your cups and your songs.

MUS. Aye, and an excellent song it was, Mr. M'Tavish. Pray what became of the said Highland gentlemen you were singing about, did he get away ?

JOCK. Oh, aye, clean away ! Would you like to hear the end of it ?

OMNES. Oh, aye ! By all means—by all means.

JOCK. (*sings*)

(3rd verse) The laddie and the birdie flew,

The live-long summer's night ;

Until before his ain ha' door,

He safely, safely, did alight.

He dinna stay

For break of day,

But boldly pushed his gallant grey.

His foemen still they keep the brae,

And he's over the hills and far away.

CHORUS repeated at the conclusion—*They all applaud, in which CARBINE, who is under the table, joins.*

CAR. By my faith ! you ha' no long to stay.

MUS. What the devil is that ?

JOCK. That's the chorus.

LOG. Confound the third verse !—'twill ruin us.

SHOTS heard without—Enter MATCHLOCK and SOLDIERS, D.L.U.E.

MATCH. Carbine has deserted his post ; see, here is his cloak and helmet, which, as we challenged him, he threw down and fled.

SOLDIER. He will not run far, I think ;—my last shot was through his head, for a hundred.

CAR. (*under table*) Done, done.

JOCK. That's a' safe, as yet.

MUS. (*discovering CARBINE*) Carbine ! Hollo ! Treachery ! Villany ! Seize those traitors !

Enter LILLIAS, R.

JOCK. Aye, seize that traitor. Mr. Logan, I blush for ye !

LOG. Blush for me, rascal ?

JOCK. Come, come, na big words—I suspected ye frae the first—

you've been making me and these worthy gentlemen, agents for your wicked purposes.

LIL. Would you betray my father?

LOG. Speak, knave! what mean you?

JOCK. Oh, aye! Knaves, to be sure; but who's the greatest knave? Mr. Serjeant, it's my opinion that you have been deceived. Yon man, up by yonder, is nae mair like Jock Muir than he's like me.

MUS. How say you?

LOG. Lilias, let me come at the rascal—

JOCK. Search the house, Mr. Serjeant: I'll shew you all the butts and bens, I ha' long been acquainted wi' this house and ken a' the gaits. You gang this way, and you that.

JOCK hurries one party off, L.H.D., another into R.H.D. 3 E., then directs the SERJEANT and party up the ladder into the loft—The moment the last SOLDIER has ascended, he throws down the ladder; fastens the other doors, R. and L., with the wooden bars; hurries out LOGAN and LILIAS; runs off, R.H. 1 E., and brings out JANET, half asleep, in her night-dress—As they cross the Stage, the SOLDIERS are heard rattling at the doors, and calling out to be released—The SERJEANT and CARBINE appear at the opening of the loft, with drawn swords, threatening JOCK—He laughs at them, and when the confusion is at its height, the drop falls.

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

ACT. II.

SCENE I.—*A Romantic View in the Highlands—M'TAVISH's Cottage, with practicable door and window, R.H. 1 E.—Table and stools outside, R.H.*

Enter MRS. M'TAVISH from Cottage.

MRS. M. Past eleven, and M'Tavish no returned. A drunken brute!—he's unworthy sic a wife as I am. Oh that I could make myself a widow—I would do so with pleasure! A sot!—to neglect his domestic duties, and leave a woman of my appearance here alone, and in sic troublesome times as these!

Enter JOCK, bearing LILIAS, R.H.

—Who's there?

JOCK. Your auld friend, Jock Muir, and wi' him a puir lassie wha stands mickle in need o' your assistance.

MRS. M. (*recognizing LILLIAS*) Heaven help us! Why, it's Lilias Logan! A wanderer, and at sic an hour o' the night! (*brings chair, in which LILLIAS sits*)

JOCK. Aye—Goodness be aboot us, for there ha'e been awfu' changes at the farm sin' I saw ye. The maister is in the hands o' the Englishers, for aiding the escape o' that wild deevil Gilderoy; and unless we hit upon some plan o' releasing him, the soldiers will put an end to his troubles before the morning.

MRS. M. What! shoot puir auld Walter?

JOCK. Whist! whist, my woman! The puir lassie kens na how soon she may be fatherless. Just as we were quitting, that chiel Monckton cam' up, released a party o' deevils that I had comfortably provided for, and marched puir Walter Logan awa'. I laid the whole blame upon Logan, ye ken, and still pretended to be a friend o' the red coats. I was charged by the Captain—wha's a gude fellow when all's said and done—to see this puir lassie in some place o' safety.—How are ye now, Lilias?

LIL. Better—much better. Oh! waste not a thought on me;—haste to Gilderoy—tell him the fate that awaits my poor father, and say that the life of Lilias hangs upon the safety of her only parent.

JOCK. I wull—I wull; but where to find that wild chiel I dinna ken; it's all tracking a wild-goose chase;—but I'll do my best. Cheerly—cheerly! Awa' into the cottage,—Mrs. M'Tavish will gi'e ye something to comfort ye.

MRS. M. Troth will I! I'll gi'e ye a drap o' the best whiskey in the parish. It will soon bring her about,—it never fails wi' me, and I try it mysel' gain and often.

JOCK. Aye, it's a fine medicine, that whiskey! In winter, a few draps ta'en in a fine unadulterated state, warms you; and in summer, a glass mixed wi' five or six draps o' pure spring water, is a fine cooling mixture; indeed, it's a draught never out o' season, and ane a patient never tires of.

Enter HAVOCK R.H.

HAV. A cottage, and (*looking at LILLIAS*) a pretty lass—this will do. How now, Scot?

JOCR. How now, Southern, your business?

HAV. I mean to be your guest, to-night.

MRS. M. You might stay till you are asked.

HAV. Asked! We soldiers don't stand upon any ceremony.

JOCK. The devil doubt you.

HAV. So, to the point. Some more of my company are on the road—I've been sent forward to look for quarters, and here I fix; and, by way of rent, I'll give this pretty lass a kiss.

HAVOCK turns JOCK to the other side, so as to place himself next to LILLIAS; but MRS. M'TAVISH comes between them.

MRS. M. Come, come, Mr. Sodger, fair's fair, you are for paying the rent, you maun ken that I'm the landlady.

HAV. (*to LILLIAS*) No matter; come, my pretty lass, shew me the way in. (*trying to take hold of her*)

Jock. Stand back, I'll no see the lassie abused.

Hav. Out of the way, you rascally Scot, or I'll cut you into a thousand pieces.

Jock. My certies ! you'll find me the toughest dish of minced collops you ever tried your hand at.

Havock takes off his helmet and throws it on Stage close to wing, L.H. 2 E., draws his sword, and rushes upon **Jock**, who catches his arm—They struggle, **Jock** is overpowered and thrown down—As **Havock** rushes upon him from C., **Gilderoy** rushes on, from R.H.U.E., and prevents the blow, throwing **Havock** off to R.—**Lilias** screams, and rushes into **Gilderoy's** arms.

Lil. Gilderoy ! Then we are safe !

Hav. Gilderoy ! Ho, ho ! Now for the reward—one thousand pounds ! (*he endeavours to sound his horn, but is prevented by Gilderoy ; who, after a terrific combat, kills him*)

Jock. Ho, ho, my man ! you were anxious for quarters, were you ?—and now you have got them. But come wi' me my man ; (*lifting up the body of Havock*) they say dead men tell no tales, but I'm thinking gin any o' your company find you here, you'll tell no a pleasant one for us. So come along to the river, my laddie, and tell the fishes all about it—I'll gie you to the salmon ; and, as you came hunting for your dinner, ye maun gang and fish for your supper.

Exit with the body of Havock.

Lil. Beloved Gilderoy, what blessed chance brought you to my rescue ?

Gil. The moment I left your house, I hastened to Montrose, and guided him safely through the passes. I then returned to the farm, but found it deserted, and chance alone has led my footsteps hither ;—but say, where is Logan ?

Lil. Alas ! He is in the power of the English, and if not preserved by you, the morning's dawn may see him perish !

Gil. So soon ? Yet fear not, Lilias, he shall not suffer, even though my life should be the ransom. No words, dear love, for every moment is an age ;—Montrose, I know, designs to surprise the English camp, and, as yon moon declines, begins his march. Could I apprise him of your father's danger, he might direct a party to—

VOICES without R.H.—“ This way—this way !”

Enter Jock, L.H.

Jock. 'Tis some English soldiers.

Gil. And by the path which I must take ; there may be more advancing.

Jock. Whist, whist ! Its the serjeant who was at the farm last night.

Lil. Then all is lost !

Jock. By no means ; he only kens me as Mr. M'Tavish, and if

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the guid wife will no object to my assuming that character for an hour or twa ?

MRS. M. By no means, only be discreet, Jock.

JOCK. Nae fears. (*aside*) There's nae muckle temptation to be otherwise. (*aloud*) Retire within the cottage; I'll soon win out of the chaps if any mair are following the same gait, and, if not, we will soon devise some means of setting you free. In—in—they are here !

GILDEROY and LILIAS *exeunt into Cottage.*

Enter SERJEANT MUSQUETOON, CARBINE and SOLDIERS, R.H.

JOCK. Ay, Serjeant, how's a' wi' ye? You've no been lang in coming after me.

MUS. Have you seen an English soldier pass this way?

JOCK. Oh! Aye. There was ane here just now; he said he was in quest of quarters, so, I directed him to the next village, where he will meet with every accommodation.

MUS. Indeed! Then we must follow him,—I warrant he has put himself into some snug place or the other.

JOCK. Oh! Very snug.

CAR. Leave Havock alone for that; he knows where to dive for quiet quarters.

JOCK. They're perfectly quiet.

MUS. I wish we were with him with all my heart!

JOCK. (*aside*) And sae do I, wi a' my soul!

MUS. Which-way did he take?

JOCK. He went wi' the stream;—you, Sir, follow its course, and you'll likely overtake him.

MUS. Thanks, Mr. M'Tavish—one cup, and we will follow our comrades.

JOCK. Aye, aye—one cup, for I want to ask you a question respecting your troops. Bring the whiskey bottle, good wife, (*GILDEROY appears at window*), for I've observed some suspicious fellows lurking about my house, and I'm nae wishing to share my friend Logan's fate. I should like you to give notice to your nearest detachment, if I kend where your men were placed.

MRS. M'TAVISH *brings bottle and glass—Enter M'TAVISH, R.H.*

M'TAV. (*aside*) Soldiers! What the devil do they make my house into a barrack.

MRS. M. (*to MUSQUETOON*) There—you don't often drink such liquor as that, I can tell you.

M'TAV. (*aside*) Nor I neither, in the same place, I can tell you.

MUS. (*to JOCK*) Well, Mr. M'Tavish, here's your good health.

M'TAV. Thank ye.

ALL start—MRS. M'TAVISH *screams.*

MRS. M. M'Tavish!

M'TAV. Yes, you hypocritical jade—the much injured M'Tavish!

JOCK. (*aside to MRS. M'TAVISH*) Leave all to me, and don't contradict a word I say. (*to M'TAVISH*) Why, brother, 'tis an age since I saw you.

M'TAV. Yes, brother, and I trust it will be an age before I see you again. Here's a relation sprung up in a minute.

MRS. M. Be quiet.

M'TAV. Nonsense, you're no brother of mine, your name is—

MUS. Comrades, stand to your arms, here's some mystery here.

MRS. M. Oh, gentlemen, you mustn't mind what he says—he's in his auld way—

M'TAV. Auld way? Fire and furies! I haven't had a drop this half-hour!

JOCK. Drink and disappointment have demented him,—my wife kens that—don't you, my love?

M'TAV. His wife! Well, if he will leave the rest of the property to me, he's welcome to the live stock. And pray how the devil did you come to be my brother?

MRS. M. Poor fellow! his fit is coming on again—he remembers nothing!

M'TAV. Not remember? Why, you abandoned old wretch! Do you think that I shall ever forget my misfortune in marrying you?

JOCK. He never touches upon that subject but he's off directly! I'll tell you how it was. We courted this angel together—she preferred me—

M'TAV. I wish she had.

JOCK. This drove him to liquor, and now he's— You understand. From that moment he not only denies that I am his brother, but actually insists on her being his wife.

M'TAV. It's a lie! it's a lie! Oh! you abominable—

MUS. There, now he contradicts himself!

M'TAV. My family is so completely altered since I was at home, that may whiskey be my poison, if I should not be surprised to find myself father of a dozen little ones.

MUS. Aye, aye, we see how it is—take the poor devil into your house.

M'TAV. It's my house—my wife! Oh lord! my poor brain is on fire!

JOCK. There, his poor brain is on fire—I told ye sae—in wi' him.

MUS. Aye, aye—in with him.

MRS. M. Once in, I keep him fast, I warrant.

M'TAV. Villainy! Treachery! Villainy! I shall go mad.

The SOLDIERS force him in.

JOCK. I thank you, friends.

MUS. I thank you for your refreshment. Now lads, let's on. (stumbles against HAVOCK's helmet) What's that?

CAR. 'Tis Havock's helmet.

MUS. And see, the ground is stained with blood.

JOCK. Here's a pretty business!

MUS. Peasant, what means this?—and if, as you say, you are the owner of this house—

M'TAV. (at window) It's a lie! He's an impostor—he has taken possession of my house; and here's a wild Highlander in the plot, and my wife is commander-in-chief.

MUS. A Highlander, say you? Should it be him we seek—
Open the door, friend, and we will make your fortune.

M'TAV. I can't: my wife has locked the key, and put the door in her pocket!

MUS. Now, boys, for the reward. Let no one pass this way, and I'll keep a good look-out at the back of the house. You, (to SOLDIER) hasten to Captain Monckton, and give the alarm.

Exeunt MUSQUETOON and SOLDIERS behind the house R.—CARBINE and one SOLDIER remaining.

JOCK. Beset in front and rear? Then he must be taken.

CAR. Say you so? Make your words good, and share the reward.

JOCK. Indeed! Then, my certies, but we will have him. You stick close to that door, while I keep watch at the window—give me your musket—quick! (*snatches one*) Is it loaded?

CAR. With a brace of bullets.

JOCK. (aside) Just one a piece for you. (*aloud*) But what's the name of the chiel we are to take?

CAR. Gilderoy, to be sure.

JOCK. Oh, aye! Gilderoy, by my certies! Gilderoy! (*calling loudly*—GILDEROY appears at the window)

CAR. Why do you bawl so?

JOCK. Why, to let him know that he cannot escape, to be sure—that the house is surrounded—the doors guarded by brave English soldiers—and the window blockaded by me.

MRS. M. (*within*) Unlock the door at your peril!

CAR. What's that?

JOCK. (*placing stool on table*) My wife and my drunken brother quarrelling about who shall unlock the door. Put your ears to the door and keep close.

They listen at door—GILDEROY descends from window, and escapes—SOLDIERS about to follow, when JOCK intercepts them with musket.

CAR. See, he escapes—follow.

JOCK. No, you don't—take care—first come, first served—so take your choice.

Exit JOCK, L.H. 2 E.

Enter ALLAN of DUNCARTY, R.H.

ALLAN. What means this fresh alarm.

CAR. That, knave, M'Tavish, has again deceived us and aided the escape of Gilderoy.

ALLAN. Quick—fire the cottage; the flames will raise the country round.

Enters Cottage, and drags forth LILLIAS.

LIL. Allan of Duncarty, then I am lost.

ALLAN. Lillias, then the triumph is mine—no words. Your fate is in my hands; on to the camp, where, on you, your father's life depends.

ALLAN drags her off, r.h.—*Cottage in flames—SOLDIERS enter Cottage, and drag forth MR. and MRS. M'TAVISH, who fall upon their knees, R.H.C.*

MRS. M. }
and } Mercy! Mercy!
M'TAV. } *Comic business, and Scene closes.*

SCENE II.—*Romantic Pass in the Mountains.*

Enter CAPTAIN MONCKTON and SOLDIERS, l., conducting **LOGAN** to execution.

MON. Legan, this is the furthest limit of my march. My duty is a painful one; but you know your doom, and must prepare to meet it.

LOG. It is for my country, and I am prepared: for had my life been spared,—had it been stretched to the utmost bounds of frail mortality,—I never had found the hour of death so full of honour as the present. One thing alone weighs heavily upon my mind. I have a daughter—who, in me, loses the only protector Heaven has left her in this world of sorrows—I could have wished to have seen her once again before I die, to have given to her my last dying blessing, and have asked her to have seen my poor remains laid beside those of her dear departed mother. But Heaven's will be done! I am prepared, and never feared to look upon death; and, in this cause, will meet it boldly!

SCENE III.—*Rocky Pass in the Highlands—Mountains at back.*

MONCKTON, LOGAN, and SOLDIERS discovered—MUFFLED DRUMS.

LOG. (kneels r.) Soldiers, I am ready!

MONCKTON l.c. gives the words “make ready,” “present”—
At this instant LILLIAS screams without, L.H.U.E., and rushes down, followed by ALLAN OF DUNCARTY—MONCKTON orders SOLDIERS to recover.

LOG. My child! my child!

LIL. Father! dear father! again I clasp you to my heart and will never part from you. I bring you liberty.

LOG. Liberty?

LIL. Speak, Allen, I cannot.

LOG. From that false traitor?

ALLAN. Whatever my conduct may have been to others, I merit not reproof from you. To me you owe this meeting, and though your words of late have claimed but little favour at my hands, yet, in memory of the past, I come to prove my friendship, and once more place life and liberty within your grasp.

LIL. Oh! bless you, bless you, for those words!

LOG. A moment's patience, daughter. (to ALLAN) Upon what terms make you this offer?

ALLAN. The fulfilment of your promise—that I should wed your daughter—and you, swearing allegiance to the Lord Protector.

LOG. Allan of Duncarty, look upon me—nay man, look. Why cast your eyes upon the ground—what fear you? You have dared to be a traitor—you have dared to look upon the ruin of your country—and sure you need not fear to look upon the glance of a puir old

feckless body like myself ; still bent upon the earth ? Has one glance of honest indignation power to unnerve you ? Well, I'm glad to see it, for your dead father's sake. I am glad to see that you are not the hardened man I took ye for : and hark ye, they shall tear these aged limbs piecemeal frae this auld body, ere I see my daughter wedded to a traitor, or swear allegiance to a foreign tyrant !

ALLAN. Then meet the fate you court so earnestly.

ALLAN tears **LILIAS** from **LOGAN**'s arms—**MUFFLED DRUMS.**

LOG. And hark—

LIL. Oh ! mercy ! mercy !

LOG. Here, minion of the tyrant, behold this aged breast—here execute your vengeance ; but tell your proud Protector, Cromwell, that though Walter Logan's blood, and that of thousands, may bedew the scaffold, his hopes are vain. Scotland may be the friend of England, but never will be her slave !

ALLAN. (*enraged*) Soldiers, fire !

JOCK. (*appears on a rock at back.*) Have a care lads, dinna fire.

ALLAN. What crazy fool is that ?

JOCK. I'm na a fool, I'm Mr. M'Tavish.

ALLAN. Away, fool, or your life—

JOCK. Dinna be so glib with people's lives. Mr. Allen ; your ain is nae sae sure, my man. Harkye, Mr. Englisher, spare this auld man's life, gi'e me the reward, and Gilderoy is yer ain.

LOG. Jock, I command you, betray not the poor boy's life for filthy lucre.

MON. Instantly lead me to the hold of the bold robber, and the money—

JOCK. Gi'e me the money down, I'll nae budge a step without the siller.

MON. I give you my honour—

JOCK. I maun ha'e the siller, ye ken ; I canna put your honour in my pouch.

ALLAN. (*to MONCKTON*) The knave but trifles with us. (*to JOCK*) Produce Gilderoy, or your life shall pay the forfeit.

JOCK. Nae then, if you are so deevilish anxious to see Gilderoy, behold him !

GILDEROY and a party of **HIGHLANDERS** appear—they rush down the rocks, he attacks **MONCKTON**, whom he wounds and disarms—**JOCK** fights with **CARBINE**—**LOGAN** takes a sword from a **HIGHLANDER** and attacks **ALLAN**, but is beaten down—As **ALLAN** is about to strike **LOGAN**, **LILIAS** seizes his arm, R.—He throws her off, and runs at **LOGAN**, but is met by **GILDEROY**—Short and rapid combat—**ALLAN** is slain—**JOCK** overpowers a **SOLDIER**—**LILIAS** embraces **LOGAN**, who joins her hands with **GILDEROY**—GENERAL SHOUT by the PEASANTRY on the rocks—GRAND TABLEAU.

HIGHLANDERS levelling at SOLDIERS.

LOGAN.

ALLAN dead.

GILDEROY and **LILIAS**.

MONCKTON.

R.

L.

Curtain.