

**ROTHESAY: A
DRAMA IN
THREE ACTS**

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Rothesay: A Drama in Three Acts by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

**ROTHESAY: A
DRAMA IN
THREE ACTS**

ROTHESAY:

A Drama

IN THREE ACTS.

Gullana, Charles

By G.,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOMOND HILLS," ETC. ETC.



EDINBURGH:

GEORGE DRYDEN, 54A LOTHIAN STREET.

1883.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING ROBERT OF SCOTLAND.
ANNABELLA, his Queen.
DUKE OF ROTHESAY, their Son.
SIR JOHN RAMORNIE.
SIR WILLIAM LINDSAY of Rossie.
DUKE OF ALBANY, Rothesay's Uncle.
EARL OF DOUGLAS.
ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS.
ELIZABETH DOUGLAS, afterwards Duchess of Rothesay.
EARL OF MARCH.
ELIZABETH, Lord March's Daughter.
CATHERINE GRAEME.
HOST OF THE CASTLE INN, Falkland.
JOHN WRIGHT, JOHN SELKIRK, WARDENS, GIPSIES,
ATTENDANTS, &c. &c.

Scene—Various parts of Scotland.

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MAIN

ROTHESAY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*In the Street, before Falkland Castle.*

Enter DUKE OF ROTHESAY.

ROTHESAY.—What! Warder, ho! open the castle gate,
I would an audience of Duke Albany.
No answer, and no stir? this frowning pile
Courts slumber early. *[Knocks loudly.]*

Warder, warder, ho!
Art gone to sleep? Ah! would that I could sleep
The slumber of the just, ere kindly night
Casts her broad mantle o'er the vexéd world.
For me, this is the quickest, busiest hour
Of all day's busy round. Open, I say,
Else will I rouse the town-folks to confound
Thy coveted repose.

*[Knocks again, and the Warder appears
inside the gate.]*

WARDER.—Begone! You cannot enter here to-night.

ROTHESAY.—Thou'rt saucy, knave. I seek Duke Albany.

WARDER.—The duke has gone to rest. The garrison
Are all abed. The curfew-bell has tolled.
The folks are housed, all saving silly lads
And love-lorn maids, and suchlike cumberers
Whose deeds excuse the honest face of day.
Come on the morrow, sir; but now, Good e'en. *[Is retiring.]*

ROTHESAY.—Stay, I command. Warder, you know me not.
The Duke of Rothesay would have entrance here,
To commune with his grace of Albany.

WARDER.—Were you the King himself, I would refuse.
My lord and master is Duke Albany;
And this his bidding, "When the curfew tolls,
The castle gates are closed."

Rothesay—a Drama.

ROTHESAY.— But not to me!
Go! tell your master that I stand outside
And would admission.

WARDER.— I must say thee, Nay;
Good e'en, lord duke.

[Retires.]

ROTHESAY.—Go, churl; may Satan rob thee of thy rest!
My precious uncle, my sweet Albany,
This is your work; insult to insult added.
What next, I wonder? Do I hate this man,
This brother of my father? Surely, no.
It were unworthy me to foster hate,
And yet I love him not. What, am I wroth
Because he turns me back on slight pretence?
Nay, let me treat the matter lightly; let me
To hospitable action shame him.

Yonder stands
The Tolbooth, well I know it; from its wall
An iron chain depends, that bids the bell
Summon the townfolks to their early toil,
And to their labour's close. I'll to the bell,
And with unwonted clamour startle forth
The honest villagers.

[Rings briskly.]

Never, O never,
Rang I so sweetly in the stilly hour
As now; and yet I do remember me
This is my first essay, and I do boast
When thus I praise myself. I'll change the tune
Upon my listeners, and toll a knell
Will make the timid tremble in their beds,
And bid them, anxious, to their orisons.
And now, a wedding-peal.

[Rings slowly.]

[Rings briskly.]

Ha! steps approach,
The Falconland awakes, and would inquire
Whence this unwonted clamour.

*Enter from the Castle the DUKE OF ALBANY and certain of the garrison,
and from their homes several of the townfolks.*

My lord duke,
You honour me in coming forth to-night
To welcome me. For you, my honest folks,
If with sweet music I have pleased your ears,
I make you free and welcome to my art;
And for your recompense in braving thus
The chills of night, withdraw ye to the inn.
Mine host will in my name—Duke Rothesay speaks—
See to your comfort. I'll be there anon.
And now, my lord, you would a word with me?
Say on.

[To Albany.]

[To the townfolks.]

[The townfolk withdraw.]

ALBANY.—What madcap prank is this? O nephew mine,

When will you cease this folly? when remember
Your high estate?

ROTHESAY.—'Twas folly, sure, to pass your castle gate
And meet your meanness with a sportive act.
Sir, I am Lord-Lieutenant of the kingdom,
Next to my royal sire, who delegates
To me his high authority. When I
Come to this castle, held for us by you,
And seek admission, but demand in vain,
Then are you most disloyal and untrue
To your high trust, your monarch, and to me.

ALBANY.—Shall proper watch and ward be not observed
Because my nephew wanders late o' nights?
Whence come you, royal sir?

ROTHESAY.— A weary way;
But welcome such as yours foils weariness.

ALBANY.—Welcome, your grace, to Falkland, to your own;
Although the Lomonds and our spacious park
May scarce afford the sport that Rossie gives
A royal visitor.

ROTHESAY.— I understand
Your taunt. That you do hate me, Albany,
I know; but you are impotent and mean;
And what of venom harbours in your sting
Is purposeless for harm. Leave my amours
To be discussed by younger men than you;
And leave the tales that silly gossips tell
For idle women, sir. And now, adieu,
I go to seek my lodging in an inn.

ALBANY.—Stay, stay, your grace, this may not, cannot be.

ROTHESAY.—I shall not lodge in Falkland Tower this night.
When next I deign to enter yonder walls
'Twill be as Lord-Lieutenant of the realm,
My guard behind me, and my pennon raised,
The emblem of my state; and woe to him
Who dares oppose my way.

ALBANY.—I do entreat you, be my guest to-night;
And pardon me if I have done amiss.

ROTHESAY.—I pardon you, but am resolved to lodge
Without the castle walls; and so, adieu!

[*Exit.*

ALBANY.—Go, haughty lad, the time may come, and soon
When you will be the guest of Albany;
Then shall your state and food and lodging be
Apportioned to your merit and high rank!
Poor youth! you know not whom you trifle with.
Expert and quick of fence he needs to be
Who would oppose him to Duke Albany.
But more of this anon; retire we now,
The evening wears, and this ill-mannered freak
Of Scotland's royalty mars discipline.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Falkland, before The Castle Inn.*

Enter SIR JOHN RAMORNIE *and* CATHERINE GRAEME.

SIR JOHN.—But I love you, Kate; I tell you I love you, and so ardently, that when you are not beside me I pine for melancholy. There is a weight upon my heart, Kate, that bids fair to prostrate me utterly unless you smile upon my suit. My horse, my hawk, my hound, my former pleasures, are uncared for now! The very face of Nature ceases to smile for me, because I possess you not. Ah! Love, Love, thou art a wanton, whom I would not kill, not even for all the pain thou hast caused me!

CATHERINE.—'Tis the old tale, Sir John. Men are like children, they pine for a new toy; but when possessed, it is soon wearied of, and cast away.

SIR JOHN.—Nay! Were I to acquire a pearl of price, I should ever keep it, and wear it proudly and carefully. Sweet Kate, leave this retired home of yours, and come abroad into the busy world with me. You shall be my pearl of price, and men shall envy me the brilliant I possess.

CATHERINE.—You would marry me, then, Sir John?

SIR JOHN.—Marriage is a ceremonial whose nature I have not yet learned to interpret. What is marriage? a few words uttered, a few responses said, signs made and symbols given, and lo! the twain are man and wife. But can marriage be composed of such materials? Nay! Love, mutual love, *is* marriage; and such love I promise you, as shall rivet the marriage chain more firmly than all the priests in Christendom.

CATHERINE.—I understand you, sir; but by your own telling, without mutual love there can be no marriage. You love me, but I love you not; and so I say nay to your offer, and bid you—adieu!

[*Exit.*]

SIR JOHN.—Perseverance, they say, levels mountains. I'll be even with the jade ere long, unless, indeed, the Prince has been beforehand with me there. But here he comes.

Enter ROTHESAY.

Good-day, Lord Duke, good-day.

ROTHESAY.—Methinks I observed a tight-fitting bodice, and a gay kirtle, with a neatly-turned pair of ankles, vanish like a shadow as I approached. Ah, friend of mine, and mentor mine, is this your philosophy?

SIR JOHN.—The shrewdest philosophy I am acquainted with. *Carpe diem*, the ancients preach, and I admire the literature of the past.

ROTHESAY.—True, and I myself am an apt pupil in construing the classics; indeed, although Ramornie be the older man, I vow that Rothsay is the more successful lover. You are over-serious, friend, when you converse with the sex; over-serious, and over-sedulous to please. Woman is never more easily captivated than when she deems that she herself requires to captivate. This is the

great secret, and for now imparting it you ought to return to me a word of thanks. But whence come you?

RAMORNIE.—I am resident with Duke Albany at the Castle here, and learning that you are lodging in the town, I sallied forth to meet my Prince and patron. We heard of your junkettings with the town-folks last night, after your refusal to enter the Castle; and I promise you the Duke is in a white glow of wrath at what he terms your undignified doings.

ROTHESAY.—Let the Duke attend to his dukedom, while I govern my principality. He knows not his position, and shall be made to realise it before the moon has waned. What! he, forsooth, would censure me! he, the ancient dotard, whose blood runs cold in his veins, and whose temper is soured because my royal father hath issue of his body! Listen to me, my friend. Since I have been entrusted with the lieutenancy of the kingdom, say, how goes it? Fairly on the whole, I vow. The people grumble not; thievery is becoming rare, so are contentions and broils. The nobles hunt, while the commons toil; and we are at peace with the nations. As for myself, when I show me abroad, I am met with the open countenance, the smile, and the clamour of welcome. Depend upon it, if one governs young, one must govern cheerfully, and take the people as it were into confidence. But were my uncle to govern, forsooth, then would the reign of gloom and terror begin. The noble would fret in his stronghold, or war with his peer; the labourer would hesitate to cast his grain into the soil; and our adversaries abroad would send forth a screech of defiance against haughty Scotland. But all this by the way. I weary you with my dissertation, yet would have you to know, that although I be careless, there is more thought under my bonnet than my sage uncle ever dreams of when he condescends to sneer at the madcap Rothsay.

RAMORNIE.—I know your abilities, my lord, for you admit me to the proud position of friend and confidant; yet would I have you sober down and wed, because although young in years, you hold a grave position, and were born to lofty responsibilities.

ROTHESAY.—Responsibilities! a lofty-sounding word. Yet though men in high places are declared responsible, I never see them pay up when loss ensues; there is ever a scapegoat. Remember, 'tis the way of the world, and I shall pass through it as well as another. And you would recommend me to wed? *you*, whom I have but now detected in close commune with some light-footed lass? Ah, Sir John, Sir John! I vow you are uneasy at my repeated successes with the fair. My poor friend, pray admit that I have sorely overshadowed you, and fully defeated you in the lists of love since first we became boon companions and friends. You recollect—? but, no, I shall not continue.

RAMORNIE.—Continue, and welcome; but, I remind your highness, that 'tis my bounden duty in such matters to give place to the blood-royal of Scotland.

ROTHESAY.—Tush! tush! there spake jealousy. Well do you know that I am no conceited shallow fool; but I must needs remind you that, not in love affairs alone, but in such as concern a well-