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*Illustrated*

# ROB ROY

By SIR WALTER SCOTT

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# COMING NEXT MONTH



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IN NEXT MONTH'S

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## WHO AM I?

I am a famous literary character. Can you guess my name from the clues below? Rate your familiarity with me as follows: If you can identify me from CLUE I, your score is superior; from CLUE II—excellent; from CLUE III—very good; from CLUE IV—good; from CLUE V—fair. If after CLUE V you still cannot identify me, I suggest you read the exciting story in which I appear.

**CLUE I:** As a young man, I went to sea on a British sloop-of-war called the *Harpy*. After a few days at sea, the *Harpy* was caught in a storm and I became seasick.

**CLUE II:** I recovered in time to beat up the ship's bully. From then on, things became more interesting. One night, with a small party of men, I boarded and captured a Spanish man-of-war.

**CLUE III:** My next adventure was aboard an Italian sailboat. My companion and I were caught in a gale and the boat was dashed upon the rocks. We swam ashore and ended up in the home of Don Robiera. We arrived there just in time to save Don Robiera from being murdered by his enemy, Don Silvio.

**CLUE IV:** After a host of new adventures with pirates, storms and fires, my boat again docked in Italy. Immediately, I raced off with some friends to warn Don Robiera that Don Silvio was planning to attack him again.

**CLUE V:** Soon after we reached the house, Don Silvio and a band of ruffians arrived. We fought desperately but Don Silvio drove us back up the stairs until we barricaded ourselves in the attic. Then Don Silvio set fire to the house. The climax of this thrilling story is told in the book by Frederick Marryat which bears my name as its title.

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# ROB ROY

By Sir Walter Scott



**Y**EARS OF SAVAGE FEUDING BETWEEN THE SCOTCH AND THE ENGLISH CAME TO A BLOODY BOIL WITH THE REBELLION OF 1715. MORE THAN AN ATTEMPT TO PLACE A MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF STUART ON THE ENGLISH THRONE, IT WAS AN OUTPOURING OF HATRED BY THE OPPRESSED SCOTCH.

A LEADING FIGURE IN THE REBELLION WAS THE SCOTCH ROBBER-HERO, ROB ROY TRAPPED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BLOODSHED, PLOTTING AND POLITICS WAS FRANCIS GERALDSTONE, A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN WHO LITTLE DREAMT WHAT AWAITED HIM WHEN HE WAS CALLED BACK ONE DAY FROM HIS STUDIES IN FRANCE TO CONFRONT HIS FATHER, ONE OF LONDON'S LEADING BUSINESSMEN.

ON HIS ARRIVAL IN LONDON, FRANCIS WENT DIRECTLY TO HIS FATHER'S APARTMENT

IT'S GOOD TO HAVE YOU HOME, FRANK. YOUR TUTOR'S WRITE THEY ARE SATISFIED WITH YOU

I AM HAPPY, SIR



BUT I HAVE LESS REASON TO BE SO

I AM SORRY, SIR



SORRY AND HAPPY, FRANK, ARE WORDS THAT, ON MOST OCCASIONS, MEAN LITTLE OR NOTHING -- DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS?

THIS IS THE LETTER IN WHICH YOU ADVISED ME THAT YOU OBJECT TO COMING INTO THE FIRM WITH ME. WHAT IT AMOUNTS TO, FRANK, IS THAT YOU WILL NOT DO AS I WISH



THAT I CANNOT, SIR. IT IS NOT THAT I WILL NOT

WORDS AWAY, VERY LITTLE WITH ME, YOUNG MAN. BUT I AM NOT A FRIEND TO DOING BUSINESS HASTILY. WE WILL TALK THIS MATTER OVER AFTER DINNER -- OWEN!



HIS FATHER'S CHIEF CLERK APPEARED, AND WARMLY GREETED THE YOUNG MAN.

OWEN, YOU MUST DINE WITH US TODAY



**A**FTER DINNER, NO AMOUNT OF PERSUASION COULD CONVINCE FRANCIS TO TAKE A POSITION WITH HIS FATHER'S FIRM

I WILL CUT THE MATTER VERY SHORT I WAS YOUR AGE, FRANK, WHEN MY FATHER TURNED ME OUT OF DOORS AND SETTLED MY LEGAL INHERITANCE ON MY YOUNGER BROTHER.



I LEFT OSALDISTONE HALL AND HAVE NEVER CROSSED THE THRESHOLD AGAIN MY BROTHER HAS CHILDREN, AND ONE OF THEM SHALL BE MY SON, IF YOU CROSS ME FURTHER IN THIS MATTER

YOU WILL DO AS YOU THINK BEST, SIR



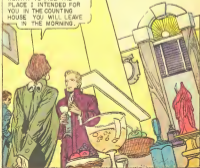
PLEASE, SIR, BE NOT SO HASTY FRANK LOVES YOU WHEN HE HAS TIME TO THINK IT OVER, I THINK HIS OBJECTIONS WILL DISAPPEAR



DO YOU THINK I WILL ASK HIM TWICE TO BE MY FRIEND, MY ASSISTANT AND MY CONFIDANT?



FRANK, YOU WILL INSTANTLY SET OUT FOR THE NORTH OF ENGLAND TO PAY YOUR UNCLE A VISIT I HAVE CHOSEN FROM AMONG HIS SIX SONS ONE WHO, I UNDERSTAND, IS MOST WORTHY TO FILL THE PLACE I INTENDED FOR YOU IN THE COUNTING HOUSE YOU WILL LEAVE IN THE MORNING.



EARLY NEXT MORNING, FRANCIS SET OUT WITH FIFTY GUINEAS\* IN HIS POCKET, AND A HEART MADE HEAVY BY THIS UNEXPECTED TURN IN HIS FORTUNE.



\*About \$200

HIS JOURNEY WAS UN-EVENTFUL, EXCEPT FOR THE OCCASIONAL CONVERSATION OF STRANGERS WHO CHANCED TO PASS THE SAME WAY THERE WAS ONE WHO WAS PARTICULARLY AFRAID OF ROGUES AND HIGHWAYMEN.



I HAVE HEARD A DOZEN TRAVELERS TELL OF A WELL-DRESSED AND ENTERTAINING STRANGER, WHO SETS HIS UNSUSPICIOUS VICTIMS INTO A DISMAL GLEN, AND THEN, WITH THE AID OF HIS COMRADES, TAKES THEIR PURSES AND PERHAPS THEIR LIVES.

I WOULD NOT PUT TOO MUCH STOCK IN SUCH WILD TALES BY THE WAY, THAT IS QUITE A HEAVY PORTMANTEAU\* YOU ARE CARRYING THERE.



\*Saddle bag

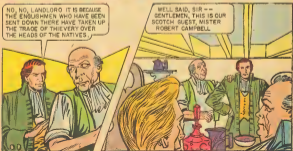
MY PORTMANTEAU? OH, VERY LITTLE—A FEATHER—JUST A FEW SHIRTS AND STOCKINGS.



FRANCIS' MENTION OF THE PORT-MANTEAU RAISED THE STRANGERS ALARM, AND HE SHOWED GREAT FEAR AS THE TWO PROCEEDED ON THEIR JOURNEY.

THE WAY HE CARRIES ON, THE COWARDLY FOOL MUST SUSPECT ME OF BEING A HIGHWAYMAN.





**A**FTER DINNER, THE SUBJECT DRIFTED FROM THE UNDERGROUND PLOT-TINGS AND UPRISINGS BY THE SCOTCH CLANS, TO ROBBERS AND HIGHWAYMEN

AS PEACEFUL A GENTLEMAN AS MISTER CAMPBELL IS, HE IS ALSO AS BOLD AS A LION SEVEN HIGHWAYMEN DID HE ONCE DEFEAT WITH HIS SWORD

YOU ARE DE-CEIVED, FRIEND THEY WERE BUT BARELY TWO, AND AS TWO COWARDLY LOONS AS A MAN WOULD WISH TO MEET

AND DID YOU, SIR, REALLY AND ACTUALLY BEAT THOSE HIGHWAY-MEN YOURSELF?

IN TRUTH DID I, SIR I THINK IT NO GREAT THING TO MAKE A FUSS ABOUT

**T**HE NEXT DAY, FRANCIS PARTED COMPANY WITH HIS THIRD COMPANION, AND TURNED IN THE DIRECTION OF GERALDSTONE HALL, THE HOME OF HIS UNCLE, SIR HILDEBRAND

UPON MY WORD, SIR, I SHOULD BE HAPPY TO HAVE THE PLEA-SURE OF YOUR COMPANY ON MY JOURNEY I GO NORTHWARD

WE CAN SCARCELY TRAVEL TOGETHER YOU, DOUBTLESS, ARE WELL MOUNTED, AND I, FOR THE PRESENT, TRAVEL ON FOOT GOOD NIGHT, SIR





**S**OON, FROM THE SUMMIT OF A HILL, FRANCIS WAS ABLE TO OBTAIN A DISTANT VIEW OF OGDALDSTONE HALL, A LARGE AND ANTIQUATED BUILDING PEERING OUT FROM A GROVE OF HOSE BAYS



**S**UDDENLY, HIS HORSE, TIRED AS IT WAS, PRICKED UP ITS EARS AT THE SOUND OF A PACK OF HOUNDS IN FULL CRY, CHEERED BY THE OCCASIONAL BURST OF A HUNTER'S HORN



**F**RANCIS WAITED EASILY FOR THE APPEARANCE OF THE HUNTSMEN, AND THEY SOON CAME IN HOT PURSUIT OF THE FOX





THESE MUST BE MY COUSINS.



AS HE WATCHED THE HUNSMEN DISAPPEAR, ANOTHER RIDER PASSED NEAR HIM



HER HORSE STUMBLER MOMENTARILY, BUT SHE BROUGHT HIM IN CHECK AS FRANCIS RODE CLOSER TO ASSIST HER

THANK YOU, SIR WOULD YOU CARE TO RIDE ALONG WITH ME?

I WOULD BE HAPPY TO



SIR, I WONDER WHETHER IN THE COURSE OF YOUR TRAVELS, YOU HAVE HEARD ANYTHING OF A FRIEND OF OURS, ONE FRANCIS OSALDSTONE, WHO IS EXPECTED AT OSALDSTONE HALL?

I AM THE ONE YOU ARE SEEKING.

IN THAT CASE, SIR, YOU WILL PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF. I AM DIANA VERNON, KING-WOMAN<sup>SM</sup> TO YOUR COUSINS.



<sup>SM</sup> COURTIER

I SUPPOSE THAT, OF ALL YOUR COUSINS, YOU WILL BE MOST ANXIOUS TO MEET RASHLEIGH.



WHO IS RASHLEIGH?

SIR HILDEBRAND'S YOUNGEST SON, ABOUT YOUR OWN AGE. HE IS WHAT WE CALL A VERY CLEVER MAN IN THIS COUNTRY WHERE CLEVER MEN ARE SCARCE.



WHEN A FLOURISH OF THE HORN ANNOUNCED THE CHASE WAS OVER, DIANA AND FRANCIS RODE TO OSALDSTONE HALL.



BE GOOD ENOUGH TO HOLD MY HORSE LIKE A DUTEOUS KNIGHT, UNTIL I SEND SOME MORE HUMBLE SQUIRE TO RELIEVE YOU OF THE CHARGE.

**A**FTER A WHILE, ONE OF THE RETURNED HUNTSMEN RELIEVED HIM OF THE HORSES AND LED HIM THROUGH A CONFUSING LENGTH OF LOW VAULTED PASSAGES.



THIS IS OUR DINING CHAMBER. COME, YOUR UNCLE IS EXPECTING YOU.



**A**S THEY ENTERED, A DOZEN BLUE-COATED SERVANTS BURST INTO THE ROOM, AND THE PLACE WAS SOON A BEDLAM OF ACTION.



**S**UDDENLY, THE DOORS AT THE SIDE OPENED, AND IN RUSHED THE HOUNDS, FOLLOWED BY SIR HILDEBRAND AND HIS SONS.



WELCOME TO OSALDISTONE HALL, LAD HERE, LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO YOUR COUSINS.



*RASHLEIGH, THE YOUNGEST, STEPPED FORWARD AND WELCOMED HIM WITH THE AIR AND MANNER OF A MAN OF THE WORLD.*



WHERE IS MY LITTLE DIE? AY, HERE SHE COMES-- THIS IS MY NIECE, DIE, MY WIFE'S BROTHER'S DAUGHTER--THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN OUR DALE. NOW, LET'S TO THE GIRLON.



*DIAM SEATED HERSELF NEXT TO FRANCIS*

NOW YOU HAVE A CLOSE-HAND VIEW OF YOUR COUSINS--ALL HALE AND HEARTY, AS WHY SHOULDN'T THEY BE. THEY HAVE NOTHING TO DO ALL DAY BUT EAT, DRINK AND HURT FOX.

RASHLEIGH SEEMS DIFFERENT FROM THE REST OF THEM



RASHLEIGH HAS BEEN MY TUTOR FOR FOUR YEARS. WE ARE TIRED OF EACH OTHER, AND WE SHALL HEARTILY REJOICE AT OUR APPROACHING SEPARATION.

RASHLEIGH LEAVES ORALDSTONE HALL, THEN?



YES, IN A FEW DAYS RASHLEIGH IS TO REPLACE YOU IN YOUR FATHER'S FIRM. YOUR UNCLE DECIDED ON HIM BECAUSE HE HAS MORE LEARNING AND MORE BRAINS THAN THE REST OF HIS BROTHERS. PUT TOGETHER.



**D**URING THE FOX HUNT THE NEXT MORNING, DIANA LED FRANCIS TO THE TOP OF A GENTLE HILL COMMANDING AN EXTENSIVE VIEW OF THE COUNTRYSIDE.

THAT SPECK OF A HILL IS A ROCK CALLED HAWKESMORE-CRAG, IN SCOTLAND.

INDEED! I DID NOT THINK WE WERE SO NEAR SCOTLAND.



IF YOU WILL TAKE MY ADVICE, YOU WILL RIDE THERE AS FAST AS YOUR HORSE WILL CARRY YOU, AND THUS PROVIDE FOR YOUR SAFETY.

MY SAFETY? I HAVE NOT THE MOST DISTANT CONCEPTION OF WHAT YOU MEAN



DID YOU NOT LATELY TRAVEL FOR ANY LENGTH OF TIME WITH SOMEBODY BY THE NAME OF MORRIS?

THE ONLY MAN WITH WHOM I TRAVELED FOR ANY LENGTH OF TIME WAS A FELLOW WHOSE SOUL SEEMED TO LIE IN HIS PORTMANTEAU.



THAT MAN WAS CARRYING FUNDS AND IMPORTANT PAPERS FOR THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT. HE HAS BEEN ROBBED AND IS ACCUSING YOU OF IT.



THIS IS ABSURD! I WILL GO DIRECTLY TO THE JUSTICE TO WHOM THE COMPLAINT WAS MADE AND PROTEST MY INNOCENCE.



A HALF-HOUR LATER, FRANCIS AND DIANA WERE AT THE JUSTICE'S HOME. THERE THEY WERE SURPRISED TO MEET A FAMILIAR FIGURE.

RASHLEIGH! YOU HAVE HEARD OF THIS AFFAIR AND YOU HAVE BEEN TALKING TO THE JUSTICE ABOUT IT?

YES, IT HAS BEEN MY BUSINESS HERE.

DIANA THEN LED RASHLEIGH ASIDE AND SPOKE TO HIM IN A LOW VOICE. SHE SEEMED TO BE INSISTING ON SOME REQUEST WITH WHICH HE WAS UNWILLING TO COMPLY. FINALLY, SHE FLEW AWAY FROM HIM.

I WILL HAVE IT SO!

YOU ARE A TYRANT, DIANA. STILL, IT SHALL BE AS YOU DESIRE.

AFTER RASHLEIGH LEFT, FRANCIS AND DIANA ENTERED THE BUILDING.

AM'OE VERNON, THE BLOSSOM OF THE BORDER, AND WHO IS THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN?

I AM FRANCIS GBALOISTONE. I UNDERSTAND SOME SCOUNGREL HAS BROUGHT COMPLAINT BEFORE YOU CHARGING ME WITH ROBBERY.



HERE YOU ARE, SIR MORRIS, IS THIS THE GENTLEMAN WHOM YOU CHARGE WITH BEING AFT AND PART OF FELONY?

I, SIR? WHY, I—I CHARGE NOTHING I SAY NOTHING AGAINST THE GENTLEMAN

AT THIS DENIAL, THE JUSTICE'S GLEEM BECAME INDIGNANT.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SIR? HERE IS YOUR OWN STATEMENT!





**T**HE CLERK BEING SUDDENLY CALLED AWAY ON URGENT BUSINESS, THE JUSTICE DECIDED TO POSTPONE JUDGMENT UNTIL HIS RETURN.

**S**UDDENLY, A SERVANT ENTERED.

COME, LET US REFRESH OURSELVES WHILE WE WAIT.

A MISTER ROBERT CAMPBELL WISHES TO SEE HIS HONOR.

SEND HIM IN.





MISTER MORRIS, YOU WILL PLEASE TELL THE JUSTICE WHETHER WE DID NOT TRAVEL SEVERAL MILES TOGETHER ON THE ROAD, AT YOUR OWN SUGGESTION, WHEN YOU WERE BESIEGED BY TWO MASKED HIGHWAYMEN AND THAT BEING MASKED, THEY WERE THEREFORE IMPOSSIBLE OF IDENTIFICATION?



THAT IS TRUE, SIR. I WAS EXCITED, AND MAY HAVE BEEN HASTY IN DRAWING MY CONCLUSION OF MISTER ORALDISTONE'S GUILT.



AND WHY DID YOU NOT ASSIST HIM, THEN? BY MISTER MORRIS' ACCOUNT, THERE WERE BUT TWO ROBBERS, SO YOU WERE TWO TO TWO, AND YOU ARE BOTH STOUT, LIKELY MEN.



SIR, I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A MAN OF PEACE AND QUIET. MISTER MORRIS ALONE HAD REASON FOR RESISTANCE, AS HE WAS TRAVELING, I UNDERSTAND, WITH A GREAT CHARGE OF TREASURE.



I'LL WAGER THAT SCOTCHMAN HAS MORE THAN A PASSING INTEREST IN THE ROBBERY.



THE CASE AGAINST YOU IS DISMISSED, MISTER ORALDISTONE.

COME, MISTER MORRIS, I WILL SEE YOU TO THE NEXT HIGHWAY, AND THEN WE PART COMPANY. IF WE DO NOT MEET AS FRIENDS IN SCOTLAND, IT WILL BE YOUR OWN FAULT.



**I**N THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, FRANCIS ACQUIRED A DEEP DISLIKE FOR RASHLEIGH. HE WROTE A CONFIDENTIAL LETTER TO OWEN DESCRIBING HIS DISTRUST OF THE MAN WHO WAS TO TAKE HIS PLACE AS HIS FATHER'S ASSISTANT AND HEIR.



**T**HE DAY FINALLY CAME FOR RASHLEIGH TO DEPART.

YOU WILL NOTE HOW HIS FATHER BIDS HIM FAREWELL WITH INDIFFERENCE, HIS BROTHERS, WITH FULL-CONCEALED GLEE.



NOW THAT RASHLEIGH IS GONE, YOU ARE MY TUTOR AND MY COMPANION.

I HOPE YOU DO NOT OBJECT TO THE CHANGE.



**A** FREQUENT VISITOR TO ORBALDSTONE HALL WAS A PRIEST BY THE NAME OF FATHER VAUGHAN. HE SPENT MUCH OF HIS TIME WITH DIANA.



I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT COMMON INTEREST FATHER VAUGHAN AND DIE HAVE. THERE IS SOMETHING VERY STRANGE ABOUT THESE MEETINGS.



**O**NE DAY DANA AND FRANCIS WERE TOGETHER IN THE LIBRARY

HAVE YOU HEARD FROM YOUR FATHER LATELY?

NOT A WORD. HE HAS NOT HONORED ME WITH A SINGLE LINE DURING THE SEVERAL MONTHS OF MY RESIDENCE HERE.



THAT IS STRANGE THEN YOU ARE NOT AWARE THAT HE HAS GONE TO HOLLAND TO ARRANGE SOME PRESSING BUSINESS?



THAT LEAVES RASHLEIGH IN COMPLETE CONTROL OF MY FATHER'S AFFAIRS. I MUST GO BACK TO LONDON AT ONCE.



HERE IS A LETTER DIRECTED TO YOU. IT MIGHT NEVER HAVE REACHED YOUR HANDS, HAD IT NOT FALLEN INTO POSSESSION OF A TRUSTED NYMPH I RETAIN IN MY SECRET SERVICE.

GOOD HEAVENS! MY FOLLY AND DISOBEDIENCE HAVE RUINED MY FATHER!



WHAT IS IT, FRANCIS? YOU GROW PALE.



RASHLEIGH HAS LEFT LONDON FOR SCOTLAND WITH CERTAIN OF MY FATHER'S MOST VITAL POSSESSIONS. IT MEANS BANKRUPTCY AND DISHONOR FOR HIM UNLESS THEY CAN BE RECOVERED.

THEN YOU MUST HASTEN TO SCOTLAND AND FIND RASHLEIGH.



*DIANA GLANCED THROUGH THE CONTENTS OF THE LETTER.*

I AM DIRECTED TO MEET MY FATHER'S CHIEF CLERK, MISTER OWEN, IN GLASGOW.

WAIT HERE. I SHALL RETURN IN A MOMENT.



*A FEW MINUTES LATER*

I TRUST YOU WITH THIS PROOF OF MY FRIENDSHIP BECAUSE I HAVE THE UTMOST CONFIDENCE IN YOUR HONOR.



TAKE THIS PACKET. IF YOU DO NOT SUCCEED IN RECOVERING YOUR FATHER'S PROPERTY, YOU MAY BREAK THE SEAL, AND YOU WILL FIND DIRECTIONS THAT MAY BE OF SERVICE TO YOU OTHERWISE, YOU ARE TO DESTROY THE PACKET WITHOUT OPENING IT.



ADIEU, FRANK. WE MAY NEVER MEET AGAIN, BUT SOMETIMES THINK ON YOUR FRIEND, DIE VERNON.



MY DARLING. MY DEAREST DIED!



LATE THAT NIGHT, FRANCIS WENT TO SEE ANDREW FAIRSERVICE, A SCOTCHMAN WHO WAS GARDENER AT OBALDISTONE HALL.

ANDREW, DO YOU THINK YOU CAN FIND ME A GUIDE TO TAKE ME INTO GLASGOW?

I'LL BE THE LAD TO GUIDE YOU, MISTER FRANCIS. I AM ABOUT TO GO BACK TO SCOTLAND, ANYWAY.

NOT WANTING THE NEWS OF HIS DEPARTURE KNOWN, FOR FEAR HE MIGHT BE INTERCEPTED BY ONE OF RASHLEIGH'S AGENTS, FRANCIS WROTE A NOTE OF THANKS TO HIS UNCLE FOR HIS HOSPITALITY, AND LEFT THE RESIDENCE AT THREE IN THE MORNING.



I KNOW THE WAY, DARK OR LIGHT I'VE TRAVELED OVER EVERY MOOR IN THE COUNTRYSIDE.

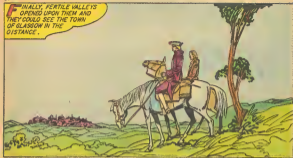


THEY SOON FOUND THEMSELVES AMONG THE BARREW HILLS THAT DIVIDE ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

I MUST BE CAREFUL, HERE OR I'LL BREAK MY NECK.



**F**INALLY, FERTILE VALLEYS OPENED UPON THEM AND THEY COULD SEE THE TOWN OF GLASGOW IN THE DISTANCE.



**I**N GLASGOW, FRANCIS SPENT HIS TIME TRYING TO FIND OWEN. ONE DAY, HE SAW A SURPRISING SIGHT

GOOD HEAVENS!  
IT'S RASHLEIGH  
AND MORRIS.



WHAT IN HEAVEN'S  
NAME CAN THEY HAVE  
IN COMMON? THEY'RE  
BOTH UP TO SOME  
TREACHERY, THAT  
IS SURE.



**A** MOMENT LATER, MORRIS LEFT AND FRANCIS STEPPED FROM BEHIND THE HEDGE.

YOU ARE WELL MET, SIR.  
I WAS ABOUT TO TAKE A  
LONG AND DOUBTFUL  
JOURNEY IN QUEST  
OF YOU.

I AM EASILY FOUND  
BY MY FRIENDS --  
STILL MORE EASILY  
BY MY FOES. IN  
WHICH CLASS MAY  
I RANK YOU?



IN THAT OF YOUR  
FOES, UNLESS YOU  
INSTANTLY DO JUSTICE  
TO YOUR BENEFACTOR,  
MY FATHER, BY AC-  
COUNTING FOR HIS  
PROPERTY.

I SEE YOU WILL  
DRAW ON YOUR-  
SELF THE  
PUNISHMENT  
YOUR INSOLENCE  
MERITS.



*RASHLEIGH'S SWORD WAS AT FRANCIS' BREAST BEFORE HE COULD GET HIS OWN WEAPON UNSHEATHED. IN A MOMENT, THE BATTLE WAS ON. FRANCIS, BLINDED WITH RAGE, GRAPPLING WITH HIS OPPONENT, AND SHORTENING HIS SWORD, LUNGED OUT FOR THE FATAL THRUST.*



**S**UDDENLY, ROBERT CAMPBELL, CAME UPON THE SCENE AND FORCED THEM APART.



WHAT? COUSINS SHEDDING EACH OTHER'S BLOOD AS THOUGH THEY WERE STRANGERS? BY THE HAND OF MY FATHER, I WILL CLEAVE TO THE BRISKET THE FIRST MAN THAT MINTS ANOTHER STROKE.

LET US HAVE AN END TO THIS AT ONCE!



DO YOU, MISTER FRANCIS, THINK YOU WILL REESTABLISH YOUR FATHER'S CREDIT BY CUTTING YOUR KINSMAN'S THROAT, OR WORSE, HAVING YOUR OWN CUT IN THIS HEAD-LONG GURREL?



AND YOU, RASHLEIGH, DO YOU THINK MEN WILL TRUST THEIR LIVES AND FORTUNES WITH ONE WHO GOES ABOUT BRAWLING LIKE A DRUNKEN YOUTH?

YOU PRESUME UPON MY PRESENT SITUATION, OR YOU WOULD HARDLY HAVE DARED TO INTERFERE WHERE MY HONOR IS CONCERNED.



PARDON ME, MISTER CAMPBELL, YOUR INTENTIONS HAVE SEEMED FRIENDLY TO ME ON MANY OCCASIONS, BUT I WILL NOT OBTAIN SIGHT OF THIS PERSON UNTIL HE YIELDS UP TO ME MY FATHER'S POSSESSIONS.





NEVER MIND THAT NOW TAKE THE ROAD, RASHLEIGH. MAKE YOUR PAIR OF LEGS WORTH TWO PAIRS OF HANDS.

YOU MAY THANK THIS GENTLEMAN, KINGMAN, IF I LEAVE ANY PART OF MY DEBT TO YOU UNPAID. I QUIT YOU NOW IN THE HOPE WE SHALL SOON MEET AGAIN, WITHOUT INTERFERENCE.

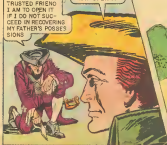


KEEP OUT OF SIGHT OF RASHLEIGH AND THAT CREATURE, MORRIS, AS THEY ARE PLOTTING TO BRING UP THAT OLD CHARGE AGAINST YOU -- WHAT IS THIS, NOW? HAS THIS FALLEN FROM YOUR POCKET?



THIS PACKET WAS GIVEN TO ME BY A TRUSTED FRIEND. I AM TO OPEN IT IF I DO NOT SUCCEED IN RECOVERING MY FATHER'S POSSESSED SIGNS.

I THINK YOU MAY OPEN IT.



IT'S A LETTER FOR YOU!







ROBERT  
CAMPBELL  
AN  
OUTLAW?

A SORT OF ROBIN HOOD, WHO TAKES FROM THOSE WHO HAVE AND GIVES TO THOSE WHO HAVE NOT. HE HAS ORGANIZED SEVERAL HIGHLAND CLANS IN OPEN REBELLION AGAINST THE KING. HE IS HELPING YOU BECAUSE OF PRESSURE BROUGHT UPON HIM BY A CERTAIN DIANA VERNON, WHO IS HERSELF A REBEL, AND IS AT PRESENT BELIEVED TO BE IN THE HIGHLANDS



**S**HOCKING AS THIS INFORMATION WAS TO FRANCIS, HE WAS MORE DETERMINED THAN EVER TO MEET WITH CAMPBELL IN THE DANGEROUS HIGHLAND COUNTRY HE SET OUT ON HIS JOURNEY THE NEXT MORNING, ACCOMPANIED BY ANDREW



THIS IS IT, MISTER FRANCIS THIS IS THE GLASCHAN OF ABERFOIL, AND I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU I WOULD FEEL A LOT SAFER IF I WERE BACK IN GLASGOW



**I**N ABERFOIL, FRANCIS WAS SICKENED BY THE SIGNS OF SUFFERING AND POVERTY THAT MET HIS EYES



HE AND ANDREW STOPPED AT THE VILLAGE'S ONLY INN, AND WERE BARELY SETTLED WHEN A MESSAGE WAS DELIVERED



OUTLAW, REBEL, OR WHAT NOT, IF THERE IS ANY CHANCE THAT HE CAN BE OF HELP TO ME IN MY FATHER'S AFFAIRS, I SHALL GO TO MEET HIM.



SUDDENLY, FROM HIS WINDOW, FRANCIS SAW A TROOP OF ENGLISH MANTRYMEN APPROACHING



**THE COMMANDER, ACCOMPANIED BY A FILE OF SOLDIERS, ENTERED HIS APARTMENT**

CAPTAIN THORNTON OF HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE... WHAT MAY YOUR NAME BE, SIR?

FRANCIS OSALDISTONE, OF LONDON



OSALDISTONE? I'M AFRAID THE NAME PUTS YOU UNDER SUSPICION OF TREASONABLE PRACTICES. I MUST REQUEST THAT YOU GIVE UP WHAT PAPERS YOU HAVE IN YOUR POSSESSION



**FIVE MINUTES LATER...**

THIS AFFORDS US GOOD GROUND FOR DETAINING YOU, HERE I FIND YOU IN COMMUNICATION WITH ROBERT MAO - GREGOR CAMPBELL, WHO HAS SO LONG BEEN THE PLAGUE OF THIS DISTRICT. I MUST CONSIDER YOU MY PRISONER. YOU WILL REMAIN HERE IN MY CUSTODY TONIGHT.



**AFTER BEING THREATENED WITH HANGING, THE PRISONER, CALLED OSUAL, ADMITTED HAVING LEFT ROB ROY ONLY AN HOUR BEFORE.**

YOU HAVE CONFESSED YOURSELF A SPIE, AND SHOULD HANG FROM THE NEXT TREE. HOWEVER, IF YOU WILL TAKE ME AND A SMALL PARTY TO WHERE YOU LEFT YOUR MASTER, I'LL LET YOU GO ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS.

I CANNOT DO THAT! I CANNOT DO THAT! I'D RATHER BE HANGED!



**AT DUSK, A HIGHLANDER WAS DRAGGED INTO THE PRESENCE OF CAPTAIN THORNTON**



HANGED, THEN, YOU SHALL BE, MY FRIEND, AND YOUR BLOOD UPON YOUR OWN HEAD CORPORAL--ARRY WITH HIM!



GENTLEMEN, STOP! I'LL DO HIS HONOR'S BIDDING.



CORPORAL, HAVE THE MEN FALL IN IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE AND GET OUT THESE GENTLEMEN'S HORSES WE MUST CARRY THEM WITH US I CANNOT SPARE ANY MEN TO GUARD THEM HERE



THEIR ADVICE TOOK THEM THROUGH TREACHEROUS PASSES AND ACROSS MOUNTAIN TORRENTS



AS THEY PROCEEDED UP A NARROW, EXPOSED MOUNTAIN PATH, ONE OF THE ADVANCE GUARDS REPORTED

SIR, THERE ARE HIGHLANDERS AHEAD, OCCUPYING STRATEGIC POSITIONS IN THE OVERHEAD ROCKS.

ALMOST AT THE SAME INSTANT A SOLDIER FROM THE REAR GUARD MADE HIS APPEARANCE.

WE HAVE HEARD THE SOUND OF A BAGPIPE FROM THE WOODS IN THE REAR.

YOU OGG, IF YOU HAVE DECEIVED ME, YOU SHALL DIE FOR IT!

SUDDENLY A COMMANDING FIGURE APPEARED ON THE SUMMIT OF A ROCK AHEAD OF THE LINE OF ADVANCE.

IT'S HELEN CAMPBELL, ROB'S WIFE!

STAN O' TELL ME WHAT YOU SEEK IN MARGRETT'S COUNTRY.

WE SEEK THE OUTLAW, ROB ROY, AND MAKE NO WAR ON WOMEN THEREFORE OFFER NO WIN OPPOSITION TO THE KING'S TROOPS, AND ASSURE YOURSELF OF CIVIL TREATMENT.

OUR OPPOSITION IS NOT UNLAWFUL YOU WILL PRESENTLY FIND OUT.

THORNTON ORDERED HIS MEN TO ADVANCE.

HUZZA, MY BOYS, FOR ROB ROY'S HEAD AND A PURSE OF GOLD!

AS SOON AS THE COMMAND WAS GIVEN, A FLOOD OF BULLETS CAME POURING FROM THE OVERHEAD ROCKS INTO THE RANKS OF THE ENGLISH SOLDIERS





**D**OUGLAL QUICKLY LED FRANCIS AND ANDREW OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE



**O**VERWHELMED BY THE AMBUSH, CAPTAIN THORNTON SURRENDERED



**T**HEY DOUGAL TURNED TO FRANCIS

I WILL TAKE YOU TO HELEN CAMPBELL



**A**S THE WIFE OF RED ROY WAS ABOUT TO SPEAK TO FRANCIS, THE MOURNFUL SOUND OF BAGPIPES WAS HEARD COMING FROM THE ROAD TO ABERFOLK.





WHAT MEANS THIS? WHY A LAMENT IN THE MOMENT OF VICTORY? ROBERT, HANISH-- WHERE'S YOUR FATHER? WHERE'S THE MARGREDDOR?

TAKEN CAPTIVE BY THE ENGLISH.



TAKEN CAPTIVE? AND YOU LIVE TO SAY SO? COWARD DOGS!



DID I NURSE YOU FOR THIS, THAT YOU SHOULD SPARE YOUR BLOOD ON YOUR FATHER'S ENEMIES, OR SEE HIM PRISONER AND COME BACK TO TELL ME?



HE WAS TRAPPED THROUGH A FOUL RUSE, BUT NOT BEFORE HE DEMANDED A HOSTAGE FOR HIS SAFETY. THE HOSTAGE IS THE ONE WHO LED HIM INTO THE TRAP, WITH A MESSAGE FROM RASHLEIGH OGBALDSTONE.

BRING THE HOSTAGE TO ME.



GOOD HEAVENS! IT'S MORRIS!

YOU SHALL DIE, BASE DOG, AND THAT BEFORE YON CLOUD HAS PASSED OVER THE SUN.

**AFTER MORRIS WAS THROWN OVER A CLOFF TO HIS DEATH, HELEN TURNED TO FRANCIS**

I SHALL CAUSE YOU TO BE GUIDED TO THE ENEMY'S OUTPOST, ASK FOR THEIR COMMANDER AND DELIVER THIS MESSAGE FROM ME



TELL THEM THAT IF THEY INJURE A HAIR OF MCGREGOR'S HEAD, MY FOLLOWERS WILL PILLAGE AND DESTROY ALL LIVING THINGS IN THE LOWLAND TOWNSHIPS. IF HE IS NOT RETURNED AFTER TWELVE HOURS, I WILL SEND THEM THIS CAPTAIN AND THE REST OF HIS SURVIVING MEN, EACH BUNDLED IN A PLAID AND CHOPPED INTO AS MANY PIECES AS THERE ARE CHECKS IN THE TARTAN.



**ESCORTED BY HANISH MCGREGOR CAMPBELL AND TWO FOLLOWERS, FRANCIS SET OUT ON FOOT TO FULFILL THE MISSION ENTRUSTED TO HIM**



**AFTER A HARD JOURNEY THROUGH THE HILLS, THEY REACHED A SPOT OVERLOOKING THE ENCAMPIENT OF THE ENGLISH**

YOU MAY DESCEND AND EXECUTE YOUR ERRAND, BUT YOU ARE NOT TO INFORM THEM WHO GUIDED YOU, OR OF OUR POSITION HERE.



**FRANCIS WAS STOPPED BY A SENTRY WHO TOOK HIM TO THE COMMANDER**

YOU MAY RETURN TO THOSE WHO SENT YOU AND INFORM THEM THAT I SHALL CERTAINLY HAVE ROB ROY EXECUTED AT DAYBREAK AS AN OUTLAW, AND DESERVING DEATH BY A THOUSAND ACTS OF VIOLENCE.



YOU CAN TRUST TO THE CRUELTY OF HELEN CAMPBELL TO CARRY OUT HER THREATS TO THE LETTER, SIR. BESIDES, THE REGIMENT OF HIGHLANDERS WHICH WAS TO HAVE RE-INFORCED OUR POSITION, HAS DESERTED US.



DEVIL TAKE THOSE HIGHLANDERS! GIVE THE ORDER TO FALL BACK TO A LESS EXPOSED POSITION THEN WE WILL SEE TO THE MESSAGE.



BRING THE PRISONER TO ME!



YOU WILL DO WELL, SIR, TO WARN YOUR WIFE AND FAMILY AND FOLLOWERS TO BEWARE HOW THEY USE THE GENTLEMEN NOW IN THEIR HANDS.



SIR, NONE OF MY ENEMIES WILL ALLEGE THAT I HAVE BEEN A BLOOD-THIRSTY MAN, BUT IF YOU ARE BENT ON TAKING THE HEAD AWAY FROM THE HOUSE, YOU MAY LAY YOUR ACCOUNT THERE WILL BE MISRULE AMONG THE MEMBERS.



*ROB ROY WAS PLACED ON A HORSE AND TIED AT THE WAIST TO ONE OF THE STRONGEST MEN IN THE COMPANY THEN THE COMMAND WAS GIVEN TO MARCH.*



*AS THEY NEARED A RIVER, ROB ROY WHISPERED IN THE EAR OF THE MAN TO WHOM HE WAS BOUND.*

IT'S A S&O THING THAT YOU, EMMAN, WHOM ROB MACGREGOR HAS HELPED WITH HAND, SWORD AND PURSE, SHOULD TAKE SERVICE AGAINST HIS BENEFACITOR.



AS THEY CROSSED THE RIVER, A SUDDEN SPLASH SIGNIFIED THAT ROB ROY HAD BEEN FREED BY EWAN.



GOSE! WHERE IS YOUR PRISONER?

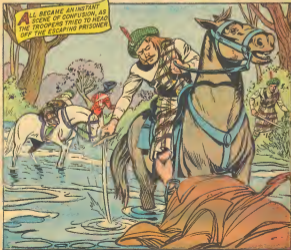


WITHOUT WAITING FOR A REPLY, THE COMMANDER SHOT EWAN AND ORDERED AN INSTANT SEARCH FOR ROB ROY.

GENTLEMEN, DISPERSE AND PURSUE THE VILLAIN! A HUNDRED GUINEAS FOR WHOEVER FINDS HIM!



ALL BECAME AN INSTANT SCENE OF CONFUSION, AS THE TROOPERS TRIED TO HEAD OFF THE ESCAPING PRISONER.



**D**URING THE SEARCH FOR ROBB ROY, FRANCIS MANAGED TO MAKE HIS ESCAPE. NIGHT FOUND HIM ON THE ROAD TO THE VILLAGE OF ABERFOXX.



**L**OST IN HIS THOUGHTS, FRANCIS DID NOT HEAR TWO HORSEMEN APPROACHING FROM BEHIND.



WHAT HO, FRIEND WHITHER SO LATE?



GOOD GOD! CAN IT BE YOU, MISS VERNON, ON SUCH A SPOT, AT SUCH AN HOUR, IN SUCH A LAWLESS COUNTRY, IN SUCH

IN SUCH MASCULINE DRESS, YOU WOULD SAY?



AND THIS IS FATHER VAUGHAN?

NO, MY FRIEND, THAT WAS A DISGUISE. I AM SIR FREDERICK VERNON, DIANA'S FATHER DIANA, GIVE YOUR COUSIN HIS PROPERTY, AND LET US NOT SPEND TIME HERE.



HERE ARE THE SPOILS RASHLEIGH HAS BEEN COMPELLED TO YIELD FAREWELL AND BE HAPPY, FRANK. I SHALL NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN.

RETURNED, FRANCIS CONTINUED DOWN THE ROAD TO A BERRIFF. SUDDENLY, A VOICE BROKE THE STILLNESS.

A FINE NIGHT, FRANCIS

MISTER CAMPBELL? ALLOW ME TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR RECENT ESCAPE.

DO NOT MISTAKE OR CAMPBELL ME MY FOOT IS ON MY NATIVE SOIL, AND MY NAME IS MACGREGOR.

THEN WHY DO YOU CALL YOURSELF CAMPBELL? AND WHY ARE YOU CALLED ROB ROY?



THE MACGREGORS, FRANCIS, ARE A CLAN THAT HAS DONE WRONG AND HAS BEEN DONE WRONG IN TURN. THINKING TO PUNISH THEM, THE GOVERNMENT, 100 YEARS AGO, ABOLISHED THE NAME MACGREGOR AND FORGAVE ANYONE TO USE IT, UNDER PENALTY OF DEATH. ROB ROY MEANS NO MORE THAN RED ROBERT. I AM CALLED THAT BECAUSE OF THE COLOR OF MY HAIR.

FRANCIS, KNOWING THAT THE OUTLAW AND DIANA WERE ALLIES IN THE SAME CAUSE, THEN TOLD ROB ROY OF THE STRANGE SCENE THAT HAD JUST PASSED.

NOW WOULD YOU TELL ME WHAT ALL THIS HAS TO DO WITH MORRIS, MISS VERNON, MY FATHER'S PROPERTY AND RASHLEIGH?



I WILL TELL YOU THIS MUCH. IT WAS RASHLEIGH AND MYSELF THAT WAYLAID MORRIS, AND RASHLEIGH TURNED THE SUSPICION ON YOU, THOUGH HIS DEED MADE US GET YOU OUT OF THE JUSTICE'S CLAWS. MORRIS IS NOT OF IMPORTANCE. HE ACTED A FOOL AND A TRAITOR. RASHLEIGH IS NOT A FOOL, BUT HE, TOO, IS A TRAITOR.

ALTHOUGH HE WAS UNABLE TO LEARN ANY FURTHER INFORMATION, FRANCIS, HAVING RECOVERED HIS FATHER'S PROPERTY, RETURNED TO LONDON.



**S**HORTLY AFTERWARD, THE ANGRY SCOTCH SWEEP DOWN FROM THE HIGHLANDS, AND THE REBELLION OF 1715 WAS ON IN ALL ITS BLOOD AND FURY.



**F**RANCIS JOINED THE ARMY ON THE SIDE OF THE ENGLISH KING, GEORGE I.



**S**IR HILDEBRAND AND HIS FIVE ELDEST SONS JOINED THE CAUSE OF THE STUART PRETENDER TO THE THRONE.



**R**ASHLEIGH, ALREADY A TRAITOR TO THE ENGLISH KING, TURNED TWICE TRAITOR BY BETRAYING THE SCOTCH FORCES.



**A**LL OF SIR HILDEBRAND'S SONS WERE KILLED IN THE FIGHTING. THE OLD KNIGHT THEN DIED OF SORROW, AFTER CUTTING RASHLEIGH OUT OF HIS WILL AND LEAVING DRALDSTONE HALL TO FRANCIS.





*AFTER THE REBELLION WAS PUT DOWN, FRANCIS WENT TO ORALDSTONE HALL TO TAKE POSSESSION OF HIS INHERITED ESTATE.*



*WHILE READING IN THE LIBRARY ONE NIGHT, HE WAS ASTONISHED TO SEE TWO FIGURES APPEAR AT THE OPPOSITE END OF THE ROOM.*

WE ARE AT YOUR MERCY WE ARE HERE TO BEG THE REFUGE AND PROTECTION OF YOUR ROOF UNTIL WE CAN PURSUE A JOURNEY WHERE DUNGEONS AND DEATH WAIT FOR US AT EVERY STEP

SURELY, YOU CANNOT SUPPOSE THAT I HAVE FORGOTTEN YOUR ASSISTANCE IN MY DIFFICULTIES, OR THAT I AM CAPABLE OF BETRAYING ANYONE, MUCH LESS YOU?



YOU ARE VERY KIND, FRANCIS. YOU ARE AS GOOD AS YOUR COUSIN, RASHLEIGH, IS EVIL.

I ALWAYS SUSPECTED RASHLEIGH ORALDSTONE, BUT HIS CONDUCT TOWARD MY UNPROTECTED CHILD, AND HIS TREACHERY IN YOUR FATHER'S AFFAIRS, MADE ME HATE AND DESPISE HIM.





WOULD YOU EXPLAIN TO ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?

I WAS ONCE CONDEMNED TO DEATH FOR PLOTTING AGAINST THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT, TO WHICH I AM COMPLETELY OPPOSED. I ESCAPED PRISON; THAT IS WHY I WAS DISGUISED AS A PRIEST IN THIS PAST REBELLION. I WAS AGAIN ONE OF THE LEADERS.

RASHLEIGH KNEW ALL THIS AND HELD IT LIKE A TWISTED CORD AROUND MY NECK. HE EVEN USED IT IN AN ATTEMPT TO MAKE ME HIS WIFE.

AT FIRST, RASHLEIGH WORKED WITH US FOR THE REBELLION. BUT DIANA'S REFUSAL OF MARRIAGE ANGERED HIM. THEN, WHEN ROB ROY AND I FORCED HIM TO RETURN YOUR FATHER'S PAPERS, WE DECIDED TO CHANGE HIS OPINIONS AND BETRAY HIS TRUST. HE SAW A GREATER FUTURE ON THE OTHER SIDE.

BUT WHY DID HE STEAL MY FATHER'S PAPERS TO BEGIN WITH?



RASHLEIGH THOUGHT HIS ACTION WOULD FURTHER THE REBELLION. YOU SEE, YOUR FATHER'S PAPERS COVERED PAYMENTS TO SCOTCH CREDITORS. IF THESE CREDITORS HAD NOT BEEN PAID, THEY WOULD HAVE, IN TURN, PRESSED THE HIGHLANDERS FOR THEIR MONEY. THE HIGHLANDERS HAVE NONE AND ARE DESPERATE MEN, ANYWAY. RASHLEIGH THOUGHT THIS WOULD CAUSE THEM TO RISE UP AND HASTEN THE OUTBREAK.



WHEN RASHLEIGH DECIDED TO TURN TRAITOR, ONE OF HIS FIRST ACTS WAS TO TRY TO TRAP ROB ROY FOR THE ENGLISH, USING MORRIS AS BAIT.

RASHLEIGH'S TREACHERY ON OTHER COUNTS COST US THE WAR. NOW I FLEE FOR MY LIFE. WE STOP HERE ON OUR WAY TO A SLOOP WHICH WILL CARRY US TO SAFETY IN FRANCE. WE SHALL TRY TO DISTURB YOU AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE -- COME, DIANA, WE MUST GET SOME REST.



**A**FTER DIANA AND HER FATHER WENT TO THEIR ROOMS, FRANCIS FELL ASLEEP ON THE COUCH IN THE LIBRARY



**H**E WAS AWAKENED BY A VIOLENT KNOCKING AT THE GATE



**WARNING BEAM**  
AND HER  
FATHER TO MAKE  
THEIR ESCAPE  
FRANCIS WENT  
DOWNSTAIRS



I HAVE A WARRANT TO SEARCH,  
TAKE AND APPREHEND CERTAIN  
PERSONS CHARGED WITH HIGH  
TREASON



**FRANCIS DELAYED AS LONG**  
AS HE COULD TO GIVE THE  
FUGITIVES TIME TO ESCAPE.  
THEN HE OPENED THE GATE.

SEARCH THE HOUSE,  
QUICKLY, BEFORE THEY GET  
AWAY!



**A** MOMENT LATER

THEY ARE GONE!  
THEY HAVE MADE  
THEIR ESCAPE

**B**UT THE WORDS WERE SPOKEN TOO SOON.

I HAD NOT FORGOTTEN  
THE GARDEN GATE.  
SIR FREDERICK VERNON

RASHLEIGH, YOU ARE  
A DETESTABLE  
VILLAIN



I BETTER DESERVED THE  
NAME, SIR, WHEN UNDER THE  
DIRECTION OF AN ABLE  
TUTOR, I SOUGHT TO INTRO-  
DUCE CIVIL WAR INTO THE  
BOSOM OF A PEACEFUL  
COUNTRY. BUT I HAVE DONE  
MY BEST TO ATONE FOR MY  
ERRORS



IF HELL HAS ONE  
COMPLEXION MORE  
HIDEOUS THAN  
ANOTHER, IT IS  
WHERE VILLAINY  
IS COVERED BY  
HYPOCRISY

MY GENTLE COUNSEL, WELCOME TO  
OBALDISTONE HALL. I CAN FORGIVE  
YOUR ANGER -- IT IS HARD TO LOSE AN  
ESTATE AND A SWEETHEART IN ONE  
NIGHT, FOR I SHALL TAKE POSSESSION  
OF THIS HOUSE IN THE NAME OF THE  
LAWFUL HEIR, SIR RASHLEIGH  
OBALDISTONE



**S**HORTLY AFTERWARD, ACCOMPANIED BY SIX MEN ON HORSEBACK, A COACH CARRYING THE PRISONERS LEFT ORNDISTON'S HALL.



**A**BOUT HALF A MILE UP THE ROAD, THE COACH WAS STALLED BY A HERD OF CATTLE DRIVEN BY HALF A DOZEN MEN.



**R**ASHLEIGH INSTANTLY SENSED AN AMBUCK, AND CALLED OUT A WARNING TO HIS MEN.



**T**HERE WAS AN EXCHANGE OF SHOTS. RASHLEIGH FELL WOUNDED FROM HIS HORSE, AND HIS MEN RAN IN ALL DIRECTIONS.



A MUFFLED FIGURE MOVED QUICKLY TO RASH-LEIGH'S SIDE



King James was the Stuart pretender to the English throne

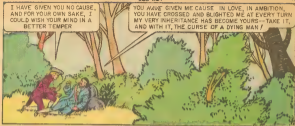


HURRYING DIANA AND HER FATHER ALONG WITH HIM, ROB ROY AND HIS BAND OF FOLLOWERS SOON DISAPPEARED INTO THE FOREST. FRANCIS THEN TURNED TO HIS COUSIN



I HAVE GIVEN YOU NO CAUSE, AND FOR YOUR OWN SAKE, I COULD WISH YOUR MIND IN A BETTER TEMPER.

YOU HAVE GIVEN ME CAUSE IN LOVE, IN AMBITION, YOU HAVE CROSSED AND SLIGHTED ME AT EVERY TURN MY VERY INHERITANCE HAS BECOME YOURS— TAKE IT, AND WITH IT, THE CURSE OF A DYING MAN!



PUTTING HIS AFFAIRS AT OBALDSTONE HALL IN ORDER, FRANCIS RETURNED TO LONDON, WHERE HE AGREED TO TAKE HIS POSITION IN HIS FATHER'S FIRM. THEN ONE DAY HE RECEIVED A LETTER TELLING HIM OF DIANA'S ARRIVAL IN FRANCE.

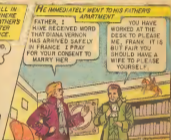
THANK GOD, SHE IS SAFE.



HE IMMEDIATELY WENT TO HIS FATHER'S APARTMENT.

FATHER, I HAVE RECEIVED WORD THAT DIANA VERNON HAS ARRIVED SAFELY IN FRANCE. I PRAY FOR YOUR CONSENT TO MARRY HER.

YOU HAVE WORKED AT THE DESK TO PLEASE ME, FRANK. IT IS BUT FAIR YOU SHOULD HAVE A WIFE TO PLEASE YOURSELF.



FRANCIS TOOK THE NEXT CHANNEL BOAT, AND FOUND DIANA WAITING FOR HIM AT THE WHARF.



AS THE SHIP DOCKED, SHE RAN EAGERLY TO GREET HIM. THEY WERE NEVER AGAIN SEPARATED.



NOW THAT YOU HAVE READ THE CLASSICS Illustrated EDITION, DON'T MISS THE ADDED ENJOYMENT OF READING THE ORIGINAL, OBTAINABLE AT YOUR SCHOOL OR PUBLIC LIBRARY.

## SIR WALTER SCOTT



**A**T THE PEAK of his career, Sir Walter Scott was the most popular writer of his day. His works were so impatiently awaited in this country that the first sheets of each novel were rushed into print in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania while the last pages were being finished in Edinburgh, Scotland.

Then the first batch of 2,000 copies was rushed on horseback from Philadelphia to New York a scarce thirty-six hours after the printer had received the last sheet.

Scott was a sensation, not only in America, but all over Europe. It was said that in Berlin, Germany everyone went to bed with *Waverley* under the pillow and read *Rob Roy* while sipping the morning chocolate.

This literary lion was born in Edinburgh in 1771. When he was eighteen months old, he suffered an attack of polio and lost the use of his right leg. Scott's parents sent him to his grandfather's home to recover. One of Scott's earliest recollections of childhood was lying on the floor in the skin of a freshly killed sheep, being coaxed by his grandfather to crawl.

In spite of his deformity, Scott spent much time outdoors and he grew to be physically active and able. When he was fifteen, he was apprenticed to his father, an attorney. He himself became a lawyer at the age of twenty-one. It was at this time that Scott, whom the law interested very little, began to divide his life into distinct halves. There was a place for business and there was a place for the creative work he enjoyed.

At the age of twenty-six, Scott met and married a French girl, Charlotte Charpentier. Shortly afterward, he began to publish his poetry.

As time passed, Scott acquired various political and judicial appointments which provided him with an income and left him time to write. His first novel, *Waverley*, was published in 1814. A number of books soon followed, including *Guy Manrøing* and *Rob Roy*. In 1820, his greatest success, *Ivanhoe*, appeared. Scott's novels immediately became the rage the world over. They had romance, action, and were able to present dry historical events in terms of living human beings. Actually, Scott was the father of the modern historical novel.

In 1820, Scott was dubbed Sir Walter. The writer was enchanted by royalty, and when King George IV of England visited Scotland in 1822, Scott was on the welcoming committee. At one point, the King, delighted by Scott's wit, called for brandy to drink his health. Sir Walter, thrilled by this honor, asked that the King's glass be given him as a souvenir of the occasion. Scott reverently wrapped the glass in a kerchief and put it into his back pocket. Some time later, he sat down heavily on a chair. He rose immediately with a scream.

When not writing, Scott's major interest was his estate, Abbotsford. It was a hundred acre tract of land on the Tweed River, and from time to time Scott added to it until it was one of the largest in the countryside. But his dreams of living in his castle, as a feudal knight out of *Ivanhoe*, perhaps, were not to be fulfilled. For Abbotsford was his downfall. He spent wildly for improvements and when, in 1825, a publishing firm in which he had a major interest collapsed, Scott went bankrupt.

Sir Walter spent the rest of his life working to pay his creditors. In less than two years after the bankruptcy, Scott published six books, including *The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte* in nine volumes. Scott worked at a feverish pace. The strain wore him down and his health declined rapidly. In 1832, Sir Walter died at Abbotsford.



## HERO OF THE HIGHLANDS

**T**HERE IS A STORY told about Rob Roy which says he was walking down the street with a cousin one day, when he heard the drums beat in the nearby barracks and saw the soldiers marching out for duty. "If these lads are turning out," said the outlaw, "it is time for me to look after my safety." And quickly and quietly he was gone.

Whether the story is true or not is uncertain, because what is known about Rob Roy consists of a few facts and a great many admiring tales such as are likely to grow around a popular hero.

Robert MacGregor, the Robin Hood of the Scottish Highlands, was born about 1665, into a bloody and lawless time, out of a bloody and lawless heritage. Due to his clan's history of violence, the name MacGregor was officially abolished in 1603 and no one could use it under penalty of death. Robert MacGregor, therefore, added his mother's family name, Campbell.

According to description, Rob Roy, or Red Robert, so called because of the color of his hair, was uncommonly strong. He had wide, powerful shoulders and long arms, which made him especially deadly with a sword. With his long arms, he could, it is said, tie the garters on his Highland hose, two inches below the knee, without stooping.

In early life, Rob Roy was an honest trader and speculator in cattle. Then, a sudden depression left him penniless. But not for long. He soon disappeared with some business funds that did not belong to him, and his new career had begun.

In a country where the law was neither enforced nor respected, Rob Roy became a successful and popular outlaw. He plundered and robbed and plagued the countryside openly. The rich cattle owners were his chief target. If he didn't steal from them directly,

he charged them protection money, or blackmail, for agreeing not to steal from them.

The wilderness of the Highlands, with its rocks, forests, precipices and hidden passes, as well as Rob Roy's popularity with the poorer folk in the hills, enabled him to pounce and plunder, boldly, skillfully and without fear.

Like Robin Hood, the Scottish outlaw was always surrounded by a small, picked band of devoted men. And, like Robin Hood, he had a faithful Little John, a man named Fletcher, who saved his life several times.

One of the many stories about Rob Roy concerns his cousin, a distinguished scientist and professor of medicine Orms, after visiting the scholar, who had a son of nine or ten, the outlaw said, "I have been thinking what

I could do to show my sense of your hospitality. Now here you have a fine-spirited boy, whom you are ruining by cramming him with your useless book-learning. I am determined, by way of showing my goodwill to you and yours, to take him with me and make a man of him."

The professor, with visions of his son swinging from the gallows, refused this gracious offer, saying that the boy was too weak to stand the vigorous moun-

tain air.

No one knows when Rob Roy died, but it is believed to have been about 1746. It is said that the outlaw, on his deathbed, heard that an old enemy was coming to see him.

"Raise me from my bed, throw my plaid around me and bring me my claymore, dirk and pistol," he said. "It shall never be said that a foeman saw Rob Roy MacGregor defenseless and unarmed." After the visit, Rob Roy sighed, "Now all is over. Let the piper play *Nà Ìnnt' tulaich* (we return no more)."

Before the darge was done, Rob Roy was dead.



## WINNING THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY



couples dancing. The officers of the post were giving a ball.

"We'll give them a ball this night," Clark thought. Sending half of his men to surround the town, he signaled the rest forward and made for the fort.

Clark encountered no resistance. The sentries had left their posts to attend the dance. The frontiersmen strode boldly to the door of the big hall. Standing tall in buckskin, with his arms folded, he watched the dancing couples.

Suddenly, an Indian standing by the door looked up. Seeing Clark, he shouted. The guests turned and panic erupted. Women screamed and men ran for their weapons, but Clark only held up his head and said, "Go on with your dance. But remember, you dance under control of Virginia and not under Great Britain!"

Immediately, the men of the fort were seized and the town was taken, without bloodshed.

The capture of Kaskaskia was the first step in Clark's campaign, in the year 1778, to win the Northwest Territory from Great Britain and make the western frontier of America safe from Indian attack. The Northwest Territory at that time meant the Great Lakes area of Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin. It went no further west than the Mississippi River.

To accomplish his mission, Clark came west with only the secret approval of Governor Patrick Henry of Virginia and with a force of less than 200 men.

After his victory, Clark set up winter quarters in Kaskaskia, hoping to attack the enemy

strong point, Detroit, in the spring. In January, 1779, however, he received word that the British Colonel Henry Hamilton was in Vincennes, Indiana and was planning a big spring offensive against the American forces. By the time the warm weather came, Hamilton would have reinforcements from Detroit. Also, he would have the cooperation of hundreds of Indians who would be paid to bring in American scalps. It was for good reason that Hamilton was called "the hair buyer."

Clark realized he must attack Vincennes, although it seemed suicidal. Many miles of flooded land lay between Kaskaskia and Vincennes, land that Hamilton would not dare cross in winter. But he wouldn't expect Clark to cross it, either. For that reason, Clark decided he would do the unexpected and the seemingly impossible. He decided to attack.

First he outfitted a gunboat with supplies and sent it ahead, up the Wabash River, to meet his forces at Vincennes. Then, on February 5, he led 130 men out across the flooded Illinois country. Day after day, they waded through the drowned lands of the Wabash. Sometimes they were as water up to their necks.

Soon, many men were too weak from hunger and exposure to continue the march, and had to be carried. At night, sagging spirits were kept alive by singing and trading tall stories around the camp fires.

After sixteen days of march, they sighted Vincennes. Their gunboat with supplies had not arrived, but Clark could not wait. He sent a note telling the people of the town to remain indoors, and notified Hamilton to prepare to fight.

At dusk of February 23, with the odds against him, Clark led his men forward. The firing continued all night. Then, in the morning, the British guns were silenced. That afternoon, Hamilton surrendered.

Thus, by one of the most daring campaigns of the American Revolution, Clark won the Northwest Territory for America. It was a noteworthy feat, especially for one so young. George Rogers Clark was only twenty-six at the time.



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