

THE

# HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN;

OR, THE

## SISTERS OF ST. LEONARD'S.

A Drama,

(WITH UNREGISTERED EFFECTS,)

IN THREE ACTS.

*Adapted from Sir WALTER SCOTT's admired Novel, with Introductions  
from T. DIBDIN's Play, W. MURRAY's Alteration of the same,  
EUGENE SCRIBE's Opera, and DION BOUCICAULT'S Amalgama-  
tion of the above, COLIN HAZLEWOOD's Adjustment.  
and Re-adjustment, J. B. JOHNSTONE'S Appro-  
priation, and other equally Original Versions,  
together with a very small amount of  
new Matter,*

BY

THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
89, STRAND, LONDON.

2382

**MANAGERS! BEWARE!! THIS BILL IS not REGISTERED !!**

*A new adaptation in Three Acts of Sir Walter Scott's celebrated Novel of THE*

**HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN;**  
OR, THE  
**SISTERS OF ST. LEONARD'S.**

*The Scenery from Actual Drawings—the Music from the National Airs of Scotland—the Dresses from the Costumes of the Period.*

**INFANTICIDE.**

The Scottish Statute Book, anno 1690, Chapter 21. "In consequence of the great increase of the Crime of Child Murder, both from the temptations to commit the offence and the difficulty of discovery, enacted a certain set of presumptions, which, in absence of direct proof, the Jury were directed to receive as evidence of the Crime having actually been committed. The circumstances selected for this purpose were, that the woman should have concealed her situation during the whole period of pregnancy; that she should not have called for help at her delivery; and that, combined with these grounds of suspicion, the child should be either found dead or be altogether missing. Many persons suffered death during the last century under this severe Act. But during the Author's memory a more lenient course was followed, and the female accused under the Act, and conscious of no competent defence, usually lodged a petition to the Court of Justiciary, denying for form's sake, the tenor of the indictment, but stating, that as her good name had been destroyed by the charge, she was willing to submit to sentence of banishment, to which the Crown Counsel usually consented. This lenity in practice, and the comparative infrequency of the crime since the doom of public ecclesiastical penance has been generally dispensed with, have led to the abolition of the Statute of William and Mary, which is now replaced by another, imposing banishment in those circumstances in which the crime was formerly capital. This alteration took place in 1803." —*Notes to the Heart of Mid-Lothian.*

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**Characters.**

JOHN DUKE OF ARGYLE .....	(A true Scotsman).....	Mr. ....
GEORDIE ROBERTSON .....	(Outlawed for his share in the Porteous Riot).....	Mr. ....
DAVID DEANS .....	(the Farmer of St. Leonards).....	Mr. ....
REUBEN BUTLER .....	(A Young Clergyman).....	Mr. ....
MR. SADDLETREE .....	(a Writer).....	Mr. ....
MR. SHARPITLAW .....	(Head of the Constabulary); .....(Valet to the Duke), (an unsuccessful Wooer).	Mr. ....
MR. ARCHIBALD .....	.....	Mr. ....
THE LAIRD O' DUMBIEDIKES .....	.....	Mr. ....
THE LORD JUSTICIAIR .....	.....	Mr. ....
COUNSEL FOR THE CROWN .....	{ in the Trial of Effie Deans }	Mr. ....
COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE .....	.....	Mr. ....
USHER OF THE COURT .....	.....	Mr. ....
JAMES RATCLIFFE .....	{ an Es-highwayman, undergoing reformation } .....{ Gentlemen of the Road }	Mr. ....
BLACK FRANK .....	.....	Mr. ....
TYBURN TOM .....	.....	Mr. ....
Officers, Town Guard, Jury, Soldiers, Mob.		
CAROLINE, QUEEN OF ENGLAND .....	(Wife of George II.) .....	Mrs. ....
LADY SUFFOLK .....	(Lady of Honour).....	Miss ....
JEANIE DEANS .....	{ Daughters of David Deans, } .....{ the Sisters of St. Leonards }	Miss ....
EFFIE DEANS .....	.....	Miss ....
MARGERY MURDOCKSON .....	(the weird and wicked auld Wife, Gipsy, and Thief) .....(her half-witted Daughter)	Mrs. ....
MADGE WILDFIRE .....	.....	Miss ....

ACT FIRST.

**ST. LEONARD'S—HOUSE OF DAVID DEANS.**

The Midnight Appointment—A Lover's Quarrel—The Sisters—A Father's Admonition—Threatening of the Storm—Amazement of the good Father and Daughter at the unfolding of the Horrid Secret—The unwedded Mother charged as **THE MURDERESS OR HER CHILD!**

## THE CRAWGES BY NIGHT.

The Laird benighted—Troublous Adventures—A Man Hunt—“Set a Thief to catch a Thief”—A Maniac Victim to Man's Neglect and Woman's Love—A Clue to the Hiding Place.

## MUSCHAT'S CAIRN, WITH THE MURDERER'S GRAVE BY MOONLIGHT!

The Proscribed and the Sister of his Victim—The Midnight Interview—The Wild Girl's Warning!

“Oh sleep ye sound, Sir James, she cried,  
When ye's'uld rise and ride,  
For twenty men wi' bow and blade,  
Are seeking where ye hide!”

ESCAPE OF GEORDIE AND ARREST OF THE LAIRD.

## THE OLD TOWN OF EDINBURGH.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE TRIAL.

## THE HALL OF ASSIZE.

Elaborate representation of the appearance of the Old Hall, with Lord Justiciary—Officers of the Court—Jurors—Council—Witnesses—Spectators—Town Guard and Officials; forming a Grand Tableau, realizing the celebrated

## PICTURE OF THE TRIAL OF EFFIE DEANS!

Verdict—GUILTY! Sentence—DEATH!!

ACT SECOND.

## COTTAGE OF DAVID DEANS,

The heart-stricken Father and the just Witness—Jeanie's resolve to undertake a Foot-Journey from Edinburgh to London and appeal to the King for her Sister's Pardon.

# A VIEVV ON THE ROAD.

The Laird unlocks his Strong Box, gives Gold, and loses Rory Bean.

## A Romantic Glen and Waterfall, with Rude Barn.

Jeanie's Peril—The Safeguard—The Mad Mother by her Infant's Grave—The Robbery—The Gipsey's Attempt on the Life of the Sister of her Daughter's Rival—Wit of the Witless—The Trappers Trapped and unlooked for ESCAPE OF JEANIE!

ACT THIRD.

## THE ROYAL PARK.

A Patriot Lord—Arrival of poor Jeanie, wayworn and barefooted—Noble emotion of Argyle at beholding his afflicted countrywoman. “*And when Mac Callum More's heart does not beat at the sight of the Tarlan, it must be as cold as death can make it.*”—The Duke's instructions to Jeanie as to her demeanour to a Great Lady of high influence with the King—Approach of the Queen—Affecting interview between the Humble Scotch Lassie and the Puissant Sovereign of Great Britain—The Power of Truth and Love—The Pardon granted if it can be conveyed in time.

## THE ROAD.

Desperate Attempt of Margery Murdockson to stay the Bearer of the Pardon—the Death Blow falls on her own Daughter.

## THE TOLBOOTH.

Preparations for the Execution of Effie—Affecting Parting of the Father and Daughter—Tumult in the City—Excitement of the Populace—The Burning of the Prison Gates—Determined Attack upon the Prison—Impending Conflict between the Soldiers and the Citizens—“The Word is spoken, a True and Honest one.”

## GRAND TABLEAU!

**Unexpected and Exciting Termination to this Romance of Truth !**

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### Costumes.—PERIOD 1737.

**DUKE OF ARGYLE.**—Crimson velvet square-cut coat, long satin waistcoat, velvet breeches, long stockings over the knee, three-cornered hat, with gold lace and feather trimming, sword, laced cravat and ruffles.

**LAIRD OF DUMBIEDIKES.**—Old fashioned chocolate-coloured coat, with large brass buttons, same coloured short knee breeches, with large buttons, plaid stockings, shoes and buckles, laced cocked hat and wig.

**STAUNTON.**—Dark brown riding coat, leathern belt and buckle, pistols and sword, jack boots, black round hat.

**DAVID DEANS.**—Drab coat, plaid waistcoat, leather breeches, blue stockings, shoes and buckles, three-cornered hat.

**REUBEN BUTLER.**—Black coat and breeches, grey waistcoat, gaiters and shoes.

**SADDLETREE.**—Brown suit.

**SHARPITLAW.**—Brown suit, three-cornered hat, cross-belt and sword, pistols.

**RATCLIFFE.**—Brown coat, leathern belt and buckle, pistols and sword, tartan plaid, grey boots, three-cornered hat.

**ARCHIBALD.**—Plain and very neat suit of the time.

**BLACK FRANK.**—Shabby short frock, belt and buckle, red waistcoat, brown breeches, shoes and stockings.

**TOM TYBURN.**—*Ibid.*

**CAROLINE, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.**—Satin dress, white satin petticoat, embroidered with gold, stomacher, white satin shoes, fan.

**LADY.**—Court dresses.

**JEANIE DEANS.**—Plaid jacket, brown petticoat, white shirt, grey stockings, black shoes, blue ribbon round the head. [She should wear neither shoes or stockings on her journey.]

**EFFIE DEANS.**—*Ibid.*, with green petticoat.

**MARGERY MURDOCKSON.**—Scarlet cloth jacket and girdle, yellow neckerchief, tartan plaid, green plaid petticoat, \*grey stockings, shoes and buckles, Highland bonnet.

**MADGE WILDFIRE.**—Green jerkin, broad shirt collar, pink petticoat with patches, festoons of flowers, fleshings and shoes, straw hat with wreath of flowers.

[Performance Free.]

THE  
HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN.

SCENE FIRST.—*Interior of David Deans' Cottage (2nd grooves); door, r. c.; large window looking on to country, c.*

JEANNIE DEANS *discovered looking out at door—music.*

JEANNIE. The evening advances—where can my sister stay?  
Oh, Effie, dear Effie! I fear to think of what your dreams  
disclose—she never stayed sae long. What will our father say?  
I hope he'll no come in before her.—Hark! sure 'tis her song.

EFFIE DEANS. (*sings without*)

The elfin knight sat on the brae,  
The broom grows bonny, the broom grows fair,  
And by there came lilting a lady so gay,  
And we daurna gang down to the broom nae mair,

*Enter EFFIE DEANS, door r. c.*

JEAN. Effie, where hae you been sae lang?

EFFIE. (r., *sighing*) Been?—nowhere.

JEAN. (L.) Naewhere! I wish a' may be right.

EFFIE. Weel, I'm sure I never ask you what brings the Laird  
of Dumbiedikes here, glowering like a wull-cat!

JEAN. He comes to see our father.

EFFIE. And Dominie Butler, does *he* come to see our father?

Ah, Jeannie, Jeannie! (*sings*)

Through the kirk-yard  
I met wi' the laird,  
The silly puir body he said me nae harm';  
But just e'er 'twas dark  
I met wi' the clerk—

Why, Jeannie, Jeannie, girl, in tears!

JEAN. Effie, Effie! if you will learn foolish songs, you might  
at least make kinder use of them.

EFFIE. And so I might, dear girl; and I wish, alas! I had  
never learned them; and I wish I had never come here, and  
that my tongue had been blistered or ever I had vexed you.

JEAN. Never mind that: I canna be much vexed at anything *you* say to me; but oh! do not, do not vex our father. This is no the first time we have spoken thus; consider your lang absence, and your illness, since your return home fra' staying wi' our cousin Saddletree at Edinburgh. Our father thought what you seemed to have suffered had made you less wild, and—I cannot talk on't. (*weeps and retires up the stage*)

EFFIE. 'Tis cruel to remind me of that! I but assume this cheerfulness to drown sad recollection. (*apart*) Oh! why did I not formerly, why can I not yet make a friend of so good a sister. Good—yes, she would hold me no better than the ground beneath her feet, did I confess—oh! (*sighs*)

JEAN. Sister! Effie!

EFFIE. Forgive me! I will try to deserve it. I will *not* vex our father, I will not; and were there as many dances as there are stars in a frosty night, I'd go to them no more.

JEAN. Dances, sister!

*Enter DAVID DEANS, door R. C.*

DEANS. (c.) Dances! dances said ye, ye limmers? I daur ye again to name sic a word: 'tis a dissolute and profane pastime, and, as that singular worthy body, Peter Walker, the packman at Bristo Fort, wad say, better to be born a cripple, like Bessie Bowie, begging bawbees, than daur to fike and fling at pipers' wind or fiddlers' squeaking. Awa wi't, awa wi't, I say! (*crosses, R.—they are going out in tears—he seems to relent, and after kindly embracing them, they exeunt, L.*) The loss o' my puir wife is a sair hindrance to the weelfare o' thae lasses. Would they were baith weel sped. Effie, my darling, nae ane comes to seek her hand; but Jeanie, a good girl, Jeanie—let me see, there's Dominie Butler, his Latin may be gude, the lad's no bad, but then he has nae geer—waes me, he has nae geer! There's Dumbiedikes, a laird too, if he could but find in his heart to speak, she might find out his meaning. Let them but wed gude men, and—eh, here is Dumbiedikes.

*Enter door, R. C., the LAIRD OF DUMBIEDIKES, dressed something between a Lowlander and a Highlander, with a laced cocked hat, over a characteristic wig, and an empty pipe in his hand—JEANIE DEANS enters L.—DAVID DEANS retires up the Stage as DUMBIEDIKES advances.*

DUMB. (c.) Jeanie; I say, Jeanie woman, it's a braw day out-bye, and the roads are no that ill for boot-hose.

JEAN. (L., *aside*) That's much for him; more than he ever said to me before.

DUMB. Jeanie!

JEAN. (*aside*) What will he say next, I wonder? Weel, Laird?

DUMB. Jeanie, woman, I'm thinking—I'm just thinking—there's your feyther!

DEANS. (*coming forward, c.*) Jeanie, ye'll do weel to listen to this gude lad, the Laird o' Dumbiedikes. He's no like his feyther.

DUMB. No a bit!

DEANS. Nae profane company keeper.

DUMB. I keep nae company. Oh, Jeanie!

DEANS. Nae drinker!

DUMB. (*holding up his empty pocket flask*) Nane!

DEANS. Nae swearer.

DUMB. If I am, I'll be—

DEANS. Laird!

DUMB. Eh? David, that was a mistake.

DEANS. Nae frequenter o' music-houses, or play-houses.

DUMB. I hate a play-house, for I never see'd aye in a' my days.

DEANS. And though he cleaves to the wairld, and the wairld's geer owre muckle, yet—

*Enter Mr. BARTHOLINE SADDLETREE, door, R. C.*

SADD. Jeanie, lassie, there's somebody wantin' ye out-bye.

*Exit JEANIE, door, R. C.*

Gude mornin', Laird. Yer servant, Mr. Deans.

DEANS. (*c.*) Gude mornin', Mr. Saddletree.

SADD. (*L.*) Awfu' times these, Mr. Deans; awfu' times! awfu' times! As for me, ony wit that ever I had, may be said to have abandoned me, sae that I may sometimes think myself as ignorant as if I were *inter rusticos*. Here, when I arise in the morning, the mob muan get up and string Jock Porteous to a dyester's pole.

DUMB. Hang a man without leave o' the magistrates? Oh, Jeanie, wom—

SADD. Aye, Laird, it's a kittle piece o' wark. I'm o' opinion, and so I believe will my learned friend, Mr. Cross-my-loof, and the privy council, that this rising in *effair o' war*, to tak' awa' the life o' a reprieved man, will prove little better than *per duellum*.

DEANS. I'll dispute that point wi' you, Mr. Saddletree.

SADD. Dispute! dispute, Mr. Deans! how can you dispute what's plain law?

DUMB. Plain law! Eh, Jeanie, woman.

*Enter JEANIE DEANS, R. C.*

DEANS. What now?—what—what's the matter?

JEANIE. (*R. C.*) Oh, feyther! dear feyther!—such a misfortune!

DUMB. (*R.*) Can siller help it, lassie?

DEANS. (*C.*) Speak!

JEANIE. Oh, Effie! my poor sister!

DEANS. Say! quick!

JEAN. She is accused of—oh, my feyther!—of concealing the birth of her ain child!

DEANS. Who? Effie? not my daughter? Of her ain child; what child? My daughter a—say, speak, she had none, never. Oh! would I had never been a feyther.

JEAN. Sir!

DEANS. Where is she? she that hath no place amang us, but is come like the evil one amid the children o' peace! Where is she? bring her that I may kill her wi' a look.

SADD. Weel, but neebour, neebour, but—

DEANS. Leave me, sirs; leave me, I must wrestle wi' this trial by mysel'. (*rushes off*, R.)

JEAN. Follow, help, comfort him; I would go, but the sight of a daughter to him now were death! (*crosses L.*)

*Exit SADDLETREE, R.*

DUMB. Jeannie, woman, if siller, if—weel weel, I'll gang and tell him sae. Oh, Jeanie woman!

*Exit, R.*

*Enter REUBEN BUTLER, door R. C.*

REUB. Jeanie!

JEAN. I'm glad ye're come, Reuben, because I wish'd to tell you, that—that all must be ended between you and me for—for baith our sakes.

REUB. Ended! Why so—for what?

JEAN. Ye've heard—my puir sister!

REUB. Yes, I've heard, and do not fear she may be cleared; but what has that to do with *our* engagement?

JEAN. Can you ask me? Nae, I'll bring disgrace to nae man's hearth; my ain distresses I can bear alone.

REUB. Does this arise from your sister's misfortune only, or does Jeanie really wish to change?

JEAN. Me wish it? never—why?

REUB. Because I'm charged with a strange message to you.

JEAN. From whom?

REUB. A young man I met on my way hither in the Park. He desired me to tell you, he cannot see you at the hour *proposed*, and wills you to meet him to-night at Muschat's Cairn, when the moon rises.

JEAN. Then I must gang.

REUB. Alone?

JEAN. Alone.

REUB. May I ask who this man is, you are so willing to meet at such an hour?

JEAN. We must do much in this world we have little will for.

REUB. What I saw of him was not much in his favour. Who, or what is he?

JEAN. I dinna ken

REUB. What am I to think ?

JEAN. Think only I speak truth. I do not know that I have ever seen him, yet must I meet this man ; there's life and death upon it.

REUB. Then tell your father, or take him with you.

JEAN. I canna.

REUB. Take me with you. I'll wait at any distance.

JEAN. Impossible. My life and safety are in Heaven's hands, and I fear not to risk either on this errand.

REUB. Then, Jeannie, we indeed must say farewell ; where there's no confidence, there can be no regard.

JEAN. I hoped I had brought myself to bear this parting—for I knew not we should part unkindly.—But I am a woman, your mind is stronger ; and if it is made easier by thinking hardly of me, I would not ask you to think otherwise.

REUB. You are (what you have ever been), wiser, better, and less selfish than myself.—But hark ! what noise——?

DEANS. (*within*) Never, nae, never ! I'll take nae part in't, I tell you.

*Enter MR. SADDLETREE, and DUMBIEDIKES, R. U. E.*

SADD. He'll listen to naething ; he'll tak nae steps ; and in spite o' a' my knowledge o' the law, the puir girl maun die.

REUB and JEAN. Die ?

DUMB. Will siller do naething, Mr. Saddletree ?

SADD. Much.

DUMB. I'll be my twenty pounds.

JEAN. May heav'n bless you, Laird ! (*crossing to him, and taking his hand*)

DUMB. Eh, Jeanie woman ? why then I dinna care if I mak it thretty.

SADD. If we a' join to help, that will do bravely ; you shall find money—and I as counsellor—I'll gi'e you—

DUMB. (R.) What ?

SADD. (C.) A' my knowledge of the law.

REUB, (L.) Alas, can I do nothing ?

SADD. You can collect evidence ; only get ony ane to swear the poor girl disclos'd her situation before she was a mither, and she's safe—I've heard Counsellor Cross-my-loof say sae a thousand times.

REUB. "Get anybody to swear"—nothing so easy if the thing be true.

SADD. I dinna ken that, on second thoughts ; for, as Lawyer Leatherlips justly observes, she has confessed the murder.

JEAN. Murder ?

SADD. That is, the birth o' the infant; which a strange woman took away, she kens na whar.

REUB. I fly to find her out!

DUMB. I wish I could flee; but I'll pay onybody else that will flee for me.

REUB. I'll make enquiry of the unhappy girl herself—Jeanie, take no rash step—remember! *Exit L.*

JEAN. Nay, hear me, Reuben!

*Exit after REUBEN.*

DUMB. Neebour, I'd gang mysel, but my Rory Bean kens but twa ways, that's frae my own house to this, and frae this to my ain house back again; that's a'.

SADD. Then awa hame and fetch the thretty pounds.

DUMB. Twenty; I only said twenty!

SADD. At first; but that was under protestation to add and eik. Ye see, ye craved leave to amend the libel, and mak it thretty.

DUMB. Did I? That maun ha been when Jeanie gied me a look. Oh dear! how sorry I am; because if I said sae, I maun do it.—Oh, Jeanie, Jeanie! Didna ye think the tears in Jeanie's ee'n looked like twa beautifu' laumer beads?

SADD. Yes; and he who cannot be melted (as Counsellor Brazen-nose says) by the tears o' a pretty woman, has a little owr'e muckle o' the *fortiter in re* about him; the *fortiter in re*—

DUMB. Forty? I didna sae forty! I dinna ken what siller ye may hae about ye, Mr. Saddletree, but if I had the thretty pounds about me, and as muckle mair, I'd gie it o'er and o'er again, to kiss awa' a tear frae—Oh, Jeanie, woman!

*Exit door, R.*

*Enter DAVID DEANS, R. U. E., and JEANIE DEANS, L.*

SADD. Hae patience, Mr. Deans; patience wins the plea, as Mr. Cross-my-loof says.

DEANS. I am patient, Mr. Saddletree; it becomes me to be patient! But I—to be made in my auld days, and under my own roof, a reproach and a shame by my ain and dearest child!—Yes! she was my dearest aince; but I will never, never see her mair!

*Enter MR. SHARPITLAW and OFFICERS, door, R. C.*

SHARP. Mr. Deans, I am a magistrate, and come by authority. You have two daughters.

DEANS. (*with suppressed emotion, but firmly*) One, sir, only one daughter! There she stands. Come forward, Jeanie. Have you anything to say against her? Her name is Jeanie Deans! It was her mither's; wha is noo, blessed be Heaven, at rest and removed frae earthly shame and sorrow.

SHARP. My business is with another daughter, Mr. Deans—with a young woman named Effie or Euphemia. I—

DEANS. I own nae such for my daughter! When she became

a trafficker in worldly pleasure and in sin, she ceased to be a child of mine.

SHARP. I come to arrest her, for the alleged murder of her infant child!

DEANS. How?—What? Murther!—murther!

JEAN. Feyther! sister! Gracious Heav'n's! It is not, canna be so! Oh, sir, sir!

DEANS. To be the feyther of a cast-awa'—a profligate wanton—a murtheress! I have endured much, but this—this is sair to bide—sair to bide.

JEAN. Feyther, feyther! dear feyther!

SHARP. I wish any one else had this business in hand, with all my soul! but business must be done. Mr. Deans, I must have my prisoner.

DEANS. (*collecting himself with austere gravity*) You are reight, sir, you shall ha' your prisoner. In yonder room she sits. (*pointing to L.—SHARPITLAW signs to two OFFICERS, who go off, L.*) Take her to you. She is fitter for ony society than ours; fitter for the place to which you will convey her, than for the hoose o' her feyther, to which she has brought shame and misery.

JEAN. Oh, my sister—my puir sister! She is innocent, and this will break her heart!

SADD. We must do our best—the Laird has promised siller, and—

DEANS. Siller! if numbering doon my hail substance wad hae saved a child o' mine frae this black snare, I wad hae walked forth to beg for my bread, with nae property save my bonnet and my staff, and called mysel' a happy mon! but if a penny or a plack, or the nineteenth part of a Scotch farthing wad save open guilt and open shame frae open punishment, that purchase wad Davie Deans never mak. My eyes shall be closed—my ears shall be shut—my heart shall be steeled against her.

*EFFIE, struggling, is brought on, L., by the Two OFFICERS—REUBEN follows.*

EFFIE. Murder my infant! no, no—I am innocent! indeed I am. Save, oh, save me! (*she breaks from the OFFICERS, and rushes into JEANIE'S arms*)

JEAN. Effie, dear Effie! Oh, father, look on her!

DEANS. Never again! she is nae langer child of mine—never again! never again!

(*turning his back to them, EFFIE clasps her hands, and falling back fainting, is caught by REUBEN—JEANIE sinks on her knee, taking one of EFFIE'S hands—Music*)

SHARPITLAW.

OFFICER.

BUTLER.

SAUDLETREE.

DEANS.

JEANIE.

EFFIE.

OFFICER.

SCENE SECOND.—*A distant View of Edinburgh by moonlight.*  
(1st grooves)

*Enter DUMBIEDIKES, L.*

DUMB. Weel, here I am close to Nichol Muschat's Cairn, at midnight—a place o' murder and deevildom ; and to speak my mind, I wish I were at hame in my ain matted parlour. I hae heard o' learned men who fancied rocks at midnight ; but in my humble opinion, a weel covered table, wi' twa candles, o' four to the pund, is a much finer night-piece. But if I dinna gie Saddletree the twenty or thretty punds—I didna say forty—without loss o' time, puir Effie may lose her life, and then—eh ! wha's this coming ? Hagh, sirs, I'm no lang for this world ! what will become o' me ? Oh, Jeanie, woman !

*Music—runs off, R.*

*Enter SHARPITLAW, RATCLIFFE, and several of the TOWN GUARDS, L., as on the look-out for some one.*

SHARP. Ratcliffe ! that's your name isn't it ?

RAT. Ay, always wi' yer honor's leave.

SHARP. That is to say you could find me another name if I did not like that one.

RAT. Twenty, to pick and chuse from—always wi' yer honor's leave.

SHARP. Well, Ratcliffe, you ken the ground we're on.

RAT. Weel, reght weel, Mr. Sharpitlaw ; and I ken we're looking for a man it's no easy catching.

SHARP. He was overheard to make an appointment to meet a lass this night at Muschat's Cairn.

RAT. An odd place to meet a pretty girl, at the grave of a murderer.

SHARP. He's little better himself : a fellow who escaped from punishment, and who, for all his disguise in the mantle of Madge Wildfire, is known to have headed the band that hung up the captain of the City-Guard ; you know him, and I do not mean to lose sight of you till we have him safe.

RAT. Wi' a' my heart ; yet he's a desperate man ; and though I ken this place by day, yet at night these craigs and stanes are so much like each other, you might as well seek moonshine on water.

SHARP. Have you forgot you are under sentence yourself ?

RAT. That's no' easy to forget.

SHARP. And that your pardon, on condition of turning gaoler to the Tolbooth, depends on your good behaviour ?

RAT. Ay, ay, gude behaviour, there's the deevil ; I—  
(MADGE sings without)

SHARP. Who's that?

RAT. One who may prove mair useful than mysel—Madge Wildfire, the poor mad lass who lent some of her finery to the ringleader of the riot we are seeking. She often passes the night among these hills, and if you leave the management of her to me, she'll guide us were she blindfold.

SHARP. Her mad singing will betray us.

RAT. 'Twill rather outnoise our footsteps; and if he hear her sing, he'll not suspect there's ony body wi' her.

SHARP. That's true, egad! Perhaps he'll come the sooner for hearing her—she comes.

*Enter MADGE, fantastically dressed, L.*

MADGE. (*wildly singing or speaking*)

I glance like the wild fire through country and town,

I'm seen on the causeway, I'm seen on the down,—

The lightning that flashes so bright and so free

Is scarcely so bright or so bonny as me.

RAT. Madge, how's a' wi' you, lass?

MADGE. Hegh, sirs! daddy Rattie, they tell't me ye wer hangit!

RAT. Hanged? (*scratching his neck*) You're causing me an unpleasant sensation, Madge!

MADGE. Blythe am I, that the gallows has miss'd it's due—and anither gentleman, (*curtseys to SHARP*) that looks amaint as honest as yersel.

RAT. Madge, Madge! cannot you guide us to Muschat's Cairn?

MADGE. (*wildly*) Ay, to the murderer's grave! the wife he slew and he who slew her are at peace thegither. I spoke to them mysel, and tauld them byganes should be byganes. She wears her corpse-sheet high to hide her throat; but that canna hinder bluid frae sieping thro'. I wuss'd her to wash it at St. Antony's Well, as I shall do the band I hae at hame, steeped in an infant's bluid—we'll bleach it in the beams o' the bonnie leddy moon, that's better nor the sun—the sun's o'er het; and ken ye, cummers, my brains are het eneugh already, while the moon shines on purpose to pleasure me when naebody sees her but mysel. (*sings*)

Good even, fair moon, good even to thee,

I pray thee, dear moon, now shew to me,

The form and the features, the speech and degree,

Of the man that true lover of mine shall be.

True love tho' he wasna'! but naebody shall sae I ever tauld a word about the matter—I wish the bairn had lived tho'! Weel, there's a heaven aboon—(*sighs*) and a bonny moon, and stars in it forbye. Ha, ha, ha! Nickel will be glad to see ye, sir—

ye are a pair of the deevil's pets—like to like, ye ken—and 'tis hard to ken whilk deserves the hett'est corner o' his ingle side.

SHARP. Come, we lose time; if she won't come, drag her forward!

RAT. Aye, sir, if we kenn'd whilk way.

MADGE. *This way!* (*beckons them—they surround her—she kneels, and points downwards*) That's the way ye'll gang!

RAT. The deevil it is!

MADGE. Nickel will be glad to see you, for you are a pair o' the deevil's pets.

RAT. I never shed bluid.

MADGE. But ye ha' sauld it, and wad sell it noo; folks kill wi' the tongue as weel as wi' the hand. (*sings*)

It is the bonny butcher lad,  
That wears the sleeves of blue;  
He sells the flesh on Saturday,  
On Friday that he slew.

Lead, sirs, lead; I'll follow wi' this mon, and I'll take care on him—he's mad! he's mad! he's mad!—There, to the right.

RAT. Ay, I'll bring her onward.

SHARP. I would not trust ye; but I see some one yonder—keep close. *Goes off, R., with the GUARD.*

RAT. We follow. Selling blood! I am so—and 'tis murder if I permit my comrade to be taken. Madge, is there not a song that used to be a signal when gentle Geordie Robertson—

MADGE. (*crosses, r.*) Dinna name Geordie Robertson—name him not, he was my bane—the feyther o' my bairn, and gin I had him noo, I'd hunt him o'er the cliff; but when he was in danger aince, I sung— (*sings*)

O! sleep ye sound, Sir James, she said,

When ye suld rise and ride;

There's twenty men, wi' bow and blade,

Are seeking where ye hide.

*Exeunt, R.*

**SCENE THIRD.—A romantic Scene on the Craigs, crowned with St. Antony's Chapel. (2nd grooves)**

*Enter JEANIE, fearfully looking round, L.*

JEAN. (c.) Have I done wrong to venture here? Am I deceived, or is my sister's fate so linked with mine, that all turns out for evil?

STAUNTON suddenly rises from behind a rude pile of rocks, R. Heaven guide me! Is't a spirit? (*sinking with terror*)

STAUNTON. (*after a pause*) Are you the sister of that ill-fated—

JEAN. Yes, of Effie Deans; my love for her made me, in

heaven's name, rely upon your strangely written promise, which said my presence here would save her life; say, as you hope that heaven may hear you at your need, what can be done to help her?

STAUNT. (*agitated*) I do not hope that heaven will so hear me—do not deserve—do not expect it will. You behold a wretch predestined to evil here and hereafter.

JEAN. Nay, do not—do not speak sae; there is mercy for the most guilty, the most miserable.

STAUNT. If to have been the destruction of the mother that bore me, of the woman that trusted me, of the innocent child that was born to me, can make me so—then am I most guilty and most miserable.

JEAN. You, then, are the wicked cause of my sister's fall?

STAUNT. For which—speak, girl, I dare hear all—for which—

JEAN. I pray heaven to forgive you.

STAUNT. And will follow my directions to save your sister's life?

JEAN. I must first know the means.

STAUNT. No; you must first swear you will employ them.

JEAN. Surely, 'tis needless to swear; I will do all that is lawful.

STAUNT. No reservation—swear, or you'll little know whose anger you provoke.

JEAN. (*alarmed*) I will think of it—and to-morrow—

STAUNT. To-morrow! ha, ha, ha! where shall I be to-morrow? Where will you? Mark me, this spot is the grave of a murderer: one accursed deed has already been done here, and unless— (*presents a pistol*)

JEAN. O! do not dip your hands in the bluid of a defenceless creature, who has trusted to you for her sister's sake.

STAUNT. Then you will promise—

JEAN. Nothing. (*falls senseless*)

STAUNT. (*after a pause, puts up the pistol*) So, villain! another deed is added to the list—arise! awake! she hears me not—hear me! (*he assists to recover and raise her*) Nay, nay, I would not add to the murder of your sister and her child. Mad—frantic as I am, I would not hurt you, were the world offered as a bribe; I meant but to alarm you to consent to save your sister.

JEAN. How? how?

STAUNT. Nothing can be found against her but the concealment of her situation: had she but revealed it—and that, *you will recollect*, cannot but have taken place. You questioned her as to her lowness of spirits—of her want of confidence—and she revealed all; this, as her life's at stake, you *must* remember.

JEAN. (*with agony*) I canna remember what she never told me.

STAUNT. Yet this shall you repeat upon your oath, before yon blood-thirsty court, to save your sister from death, and your magistrates from becoming murderers. Ha! do you hesitate? would you let her whose only fault has been in trusting me—innocent, fair, and guiltless as she is—fall like a felon, rather than bestow the breath of your mouth, and the sound of your voice, to save her?

JEAN. (L.) And why not you, who kenn'd her misery, and promised to protect it—why not *you* stand forward as a man, and wi' a clear conscience gi' true evidence in her behalf?

STAUNT. A proper witness! who, even to speak to you, am forced to choose an hour and place like this. To whom talk you of a clear conscience, woman? I have not known one for—no—many a year. I appear in her behalf? When you see owls and bats fly abroad like larks in the sunshine, then expect to see such as I am in the assemblies of men.

MADGE sings without, L.

“O, sleep ye sound, Sir James?” she said;

“When ye suld rise and ride;

There's twenty men, wi' bow and blade,

Are seeking where ye hide.”

STAUNT. Danger's at hand, I dare remain no longer: return home, or stay till they come up—you have nothing to fear; but do not say you saw me. Your sister's trial takes place this very morning—her fate is in your hands!

*Short hurried Music—as he leads JEANIE behind the cairn, she drops her cloak, or mantle, in her alarm; and STAUNTON gets behind a rock.*

Enter MADGE WILDFIRE, MR. SHARPITLAW, JAMES RATCLIFFE, and OFFICERS.

MADGE. (*loudly and quick*) Yes, gentlemen yes—just as I tell you! blythe will Nickel Muschat be to see you a' at his murder hoose!

SHARP. Her noise is enough to raise the dead. Silence her if you should throttle her—I see some onē yonder! softly, softly now, lads—two shadows! keep close, boys! Steal round the shadow of the rock, you two dash at the man, let me alone for securing the woman. Ratcliffe, stand you fast with Madge! —Now, softly, lads! *Exit cautiously with OFFICERS, R. 2 E.*

RAT. Sharpitlaw ay chuses the safest side o' the bargain. Damn it, I am sorry for Robertson—I wish I dar'd gi'e him a hint and help him to throw the dogs at fault, without Sharpitlaw kenning o't. Madge, you limmer, hae ye been skirling a' night like a pea hen, and cracking like a pengun, and are ye silent now? But it's aye the way wi' women, if they had the gabs

ava' ye may swear it's for mischief. Do yer no remember yer  
auld sang—"Fly for it, fly!" (*hums the song*)

MADGE. That's no the tune—ye maun sing it thus:  
(*sings aloud*) When the glow worm is glistening,

And your lover is nigh,  
There is danger in listening,—  
Then fly, lady, fly!

Then fly, lady, fly!

*As she is singing, SHARPITLAW and his ATTENDANTS steal round the rocks; and as she concludes, they rush on, and dart at STAUNTON, who springs down a concealed path, and escapes*

—JEANIE runs towards SHARPITLAW, who seizes her.

SHARP. Zounds and the devil, the fox has broke cover!  
Chase, lads, chase! keep the brae!—I see him at the edge of  
the hill! Ratcliffe, knock out that mad jade's brains. (*retires*)

RAT. Run for it, Madge! It's ill dealing wi' an angry man.

MADGE. (*is going, but catches up the cloak JEANIE dropped*)  
Bnt see—sic a beautiful mantle as my bonnie leddy moon has  
sent me. I dare-say it will be a coat o' darkness, and mak me  
invisible!

RAT. Pshaw! quick! be off! he's coming down the rock!

MADGE. Na, na, daddie Rattan—I'll stand by and see the end  
o' the fun, for they canna see me now! (*wraps herself up in the  
cloak, and stands aside*)

MR. SHARPITLAW brings JEANIE DEANS down to the front.

SHARP. And who are you, madam?—Come! come forward  
with me, and give an account of yourself—Who is that fellow  
that was with you?

JEANIE. A most unfortunate man, who—

Enter the TWO OFFICERS dragging in the LAIRD OF DUMBIE-

\* DIKES, from R. U. E.

1st OFFICER. We have him fast, sir; he was lurking in the ruins.

RAT. Wha wad hae thought Robertson sae saft as to squat  
before their noses, and he chapped up like a hare in his form.  
I am sure he had law enough.

SHARP. If not, he shall have plenty of it by-and-bye.

(*as they bring him forward, JEANIE, finding herself unobserved  
draws back and makes her escape, R.—MADGE advances  
nearly to the place where JEANIE stood, as if to see what is  
going on*)

Curse your stupidity, this is not Robertson.—Pull off his trot-  
cosey.—(*they pull off the hood of the trot-cosey*)

RAT. Robertson! Why 'tis Nicodemus Dumbie—

DUMB. (*shaking himself loose from the Officers, and assuming  
an air of importance*) Esquire o'Dumbiedikes.

RAT. Freeholder and Justice o' the Peace, as I can witness.

DUMB. Trustee o' the roads, and Commissioner o' Supply.

SHARP. Damn it, this may be an awkward scrape—I hope, sir, you will excuse a mistake in the way of duty.

DUMB. Ye hae torn my cravat—ruffled my temper—and stolen my mistress. (*aside*) Never spoke my mind so freely in a' my days afore!

SHARP. We will readily give the girl into your charge, sir. Here she is, wrapt up in her mantle, like a pig in a poke—(*passes MADGE over to him*)—This is an infernal baulk, but I won't give the matter up!—Disperse, my lads, and search sharp;—one keep the stile at the Duke's Walk;—one hold the shoulder of the hill—Ratcliffe, come you with me to the Hunter's Bog.

RAT. Aye, to the Hunter's Bog.

*Exeunt SHARPITLAW, RATCLIFFE, and OFFICERS, severally.*

DUMB. Come awa then, Jeanie—come awa—(*takes hold of MADGE by the arm*)—I'll see ye safe hame to yer feyther's—and wha kens what I may say to ye by the way. Moonlight and a lone hill-side may help a modest man to speak his mind to the woman he loves!—Come, come alang, Jeanie, and listen to yer Dumbie—come, come, eh! Jeanie, woman! *Exeunt, R. 1 E.*

SCENE FOURTH.—*Exterior of Court House. (1st grooves)*

*Enter DEANS and BUTLER, R.*

DEANS. In vain I strive to banish my puir bairn from my heart—she clings and twines aboot it—and gladly wad I gie the puir remnant o' my auld life, if I could speak the word wad save her.

REUB. In heaven now, as ever, must be our hope.

DEANS. Ay, and may it strengthen me to bear its worst decree without a murmur—but, ah! sir, I am human—and a father—and she that's noo in deadly peril was the last born to me, the darling o' my auld age—Jeanie! (*crossing to JEANIE, as she enters, R.*) Reuben, will ye gang to the court; I wad be present at this awfu' time, but if I maun pass through staring crowds, I should die wi' shame.

REUB. I will take care that your access to the court house shall be easy. *Exit, L.*

JEAN. O, father, we are cruelly sted between heeven's laws and mon's laws—what shall we do? what can we do?

DEANS. Daughter, it has ever been my mind that in things of a doobtful nature, ilk Christian's conscience should be his ain guide. (*struggling with his emotion*) Therefore, try your ain mind with sufficiency of soul exercise, and as you shall finally find yourself clear to do in this matter—even so be it.

JEAN. But, father, can this—*this* be a doobtful matter? To bear false witness—

DEANS. Daughter, I did not say that your path was free from stumbling—but the guilt lieth not in the compliance sae muckle as in the mind and conscience of him that doth comply; and therefore—therefore—(changing his tone) O, Jeanie, I perceive that our carnal affections cling too heavily to me in this hour of trying sorrow. Jeanie, Jeanie, if ye can wi' heeven and gude conscience speak in favour of this puir unhappy—(faltering) She is your sister in the flesh—worthless and castaway as she is—she is the daughter of a saint in heeven—that was too your ain mither, Jeanie; but if ye are nae free in conscience to speak for her in the court to-day, follow your conscience, Jeanie, and let heeven's will be done. (crossing, L.) Let heaven's will be done! *Totters off, L.*

JEAN. A sister's life! and a father pointing out hoo to save it! O heeven protect me! this is a fearfu' temptation. *Exit, L.*

*Enter SADDLETREE and DUMBIEDIKES, R.*

SADD. Come, laird, come—the trial is already half over.

DUMB. Will they condemn the puir thing?

SADD. I dinna ken, but I fear it, for as Counsellor Crossmyloof says—

DUMB. Winna siller save her?—gang to the judge, tell him to let her off, and I'll give him twenty poonds.

SADD. Ye ken not what ye're a-talking aboot—ye ken naething o' the incorruptibility of the law—twenty poonds indeed to a judge!

DUMB. Weel, I'll give my pony, Rory Bean, intil the bargain—tell him I wad give mysel' to the deevil—and a' for the sake of—oh, Jeanie, woman!

*Exeunt, L.*

#### SCENE FIFTH.—*Hall of Assize.*

*The JUDGE on the bench, R., raised—beneath, at table, COUNSELLORS, &c.—COUNSEL FOR THE CROWN in front of table, next to the audience—COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE at side of table, facing the Judge—the JURY in their box, facing audience, at back—witness box, with two or three steps to reach it, to the L. C.—the gallery, in which LADIES and GENTLEMEN are seated, L. U. E.—the usher's chair, in which DAVID DEANS is seated, R., facing audience—dock, L, in which EFFIE is discovered—OFFICERS OF THE COURT—GUARDS in uniform with Lochaber axes, &c.\**

USHER. Silence! silence!

JUDGE. Is there any further evidence for the prosecution?

\* The arrangement of this Scene should be in harmony with the celebrated picture and engraving of the Trial of Effie Deans. At Mr. Boucicault's Theatre the Counsel for the Defence is placed with his back to the Judge; it is presumed that this absurdity will not be adapted or adopted elsewhere.

COUNSEL FOR THE CROWN. No, my lord. (*sits*)

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE (FAIRBROTHER). (*rising*) My lord, I could call witnesses almost innumerable, who would prove how amiable is the general character of this poor young creature at the bar; but I know that it is necessary I should produce more positive testimony of her innocence than would arise out of general character, and this I undertake to do by the mouth of the person to whom she had communicated her situation—by the mouth of her natural counsellor and guardian—her sister. Call Jeanie Deans into court.

*Music—Usher of the Court goes off, l. 1 E.—a pause—  
People in the court bend forward eagerly to look at  
Jeanie—murmurs—cry of “Silence! silence!” from  
Officers of the Court—Officers return, followed by  
Jeanie, pale and trembling, she slowly ascends to the  
witness box.*

EFFIE. (*bending forward and extending her hands imploringly towards Jeanie*) O, Jeanie, Jeanie, save me—save me!

DEANS. (*writhing in his seat*) O, this is worst of a'—this is worst of a'.

JUDGE. (*to Jeanie*) Young woman, you come before this court in circumstances which it would be worse than cruel not to pity and to sympathize with. But, remember, that what you may be tempted to say, beyond what is the actual truth, you must answer for both here and hereafter.

JEAN. (*faltering and curtseying*) My Laird, I ken—I—

FAIR. (*rising*) Compose yourself, my good girl, and take your time to answer my questions; there is no hurry—not the slightest. Ah! I see now that you are already more composed, so—(*with a slight cough*) you are, I think, the sister of the prisoner? take your time, pray take your time.

JEAN. Yes, sir.

FAIR. Exactly—her sister. (*again, with a slight cough*) I will now ask you, whether you had not lately remarked an alteration in the state of your sister's health? don't hurry—there is no need for that, you know.

JEAN. Yes, sir.

FAIR. Very good! Gentlemen of the jury, you hear? she remarked an alteration in the state of her sister's health—very good! and—and I suppose, my dear, she told you the cause of it?

CROWN COUNSEL. (*rising*) I am sorry to interrupt my learned brother, but I ask in your lordship's judgment, whether this be not a leading question?

JUDGE. If this point is to be debated, the witness must be removed.

FAIR. It is not necessary to waste the time of the court, my lord—I can easily elude the objection. Since the king's counsel thinks it worth while to object to the form of my question, I will shape it otherwise. Pray, young woman, did you ask your sister any question when you observed her looking unwell? take courage—speak out.

JEAN. I asked her—what ailed her.

FAIR. Very well—take your own time—you asked her what ailed her—very good! And what was the answer she made? (*all listen eagerly*—JEANIE totters and clings to the front of the dock—EFFIE bends forward imploringly—*after a pause*) Take courage, young woman—I asked what your sister said, ailed her, when you inquired?

JEAN. (*after a struggle and faintly*) Nothing.

FAIR. (*for a moment disconcerted*) Nothing? True; you mean nothing at first—but when you asked her again, did she not tell you what ailed her?

JEAN. Alack! alack! she never breathed a word to me about it.

(FAIRBROTHER sits—a regretful murmur runs through the court—DAVID DEANS, sobbing, sinks on both knees, burying his face on the chair—JEANIE goes to her father)

CROWN COUNSEL. (*rising*) The counsel for the panel has totally failed in proving that Euphemia Deans had communicated her situation to her sister. That the child was murdered I cannot entertain a doubt. This, (*showing paper*) the vacillating and inconsistent declaration of the prisoner herself, leaves no doubt in my mind as to the fate of the unhappy infant. Neither can I doubt that the panel was a partner in this guilt. Who else had an interest in a deed so inhuman? Surely neither Robertson nor Robertson's agent, in whose house the child was born, had the least temptation to commit such a crime, unless upon her account, with the connivance and for the sake of her reputation. But it is not required by the law that I should bring precise proof of the murder, or of the prisoner's accession to it. I put it to the conscience of the jury that I am entitled to a verdict of guilty. (*sits*)

FAIR. (*rising*) I venture to arraign the statute under which this young woman is tried. In all other cases, the first thing required of the criminal prosecutor is, to prove unequivocally that the crime libelled has actually been committed. But this statute, made doubtless with the best intentions, and under the impulse of a just horror for the unnatural crime of infanticide, ran the risk of itself occasioning the worst of murders—the death of an innocent person, to atone for a supposed crime which may never have been committed by any one. I am so far from acknowledging the alleged probability of the child's

violent death, that I cannot even allow that there is evidence of its having ever lived.

CROWN COUNSEL. (*pointing to paper in his hand*) Oh! but this declaration of the prisoner—

FAIR. A production concocted in a moment of terror and agony, and which approaches to insanity, my learned brother well knows is no sound evidence against the party who has emitted it. Such a confession ought to go for nothing. I contend that the prosecutor has not proved that a live child has been born; and *that*, at least, ought to be established before presumptions were received that it had been murdered. Gentlemen of the jury, I know you cannot help but pity the poor unhappy creature at the bar; but it is not that on which I rely. I dare invoke your justice—I feel in my heart that my client is innocent—ratify my opinion by your verdict, heaven will approve, and you will have done your duty to the laws of your country, and to your conscience. (*sits*)

JUDGE. It is for the jury to consider whether the prosecutor has made out his plea. For myself, I am sincerely grieved to say that a shadow of doubt remains not upon my mind concerning the verdict which the inquest has to bring in. But you will consider the evidence for yourselves, gentlemen, and will decide according to the oath you have sworn.

(*the JURY confer*)

EFFIE. See there—my poor father—he is dead—I have killed him—I have killed him!

(*murmurs—cry of "Silence! silence!"—the JURY face towards the JUDGE*)

JUDGE. Gentlemen, are you agreed? what is your verdict?

FOREMAN. Guilty, my lord. (EFFIE shrieks)

DEANS. (*raising his head and arms*) O, my bairn, my bairn! (*sinks to the ground senseless—JEANIE kneels beside him—all in the court rise—OFFICERS place hands on EFFIE, to lead her away*)

EFFIE. Oh! Jeanie, you have killed me—a word would have saved me, and you would not speak!

JEAN. (*starting to her feet*) Sister—Effie—that word shall yet be spoken—I will save you, Effie—I will save you, Effie.

(EFFIE sinks back into the arms of one of the OFFICERS—all bend forward pityingly—Two MEN are in the act of raising DEANS—Tableau)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*Deans's Cottage (2nd grooves).*

*Music—DAVID DEANS is discovered seated in an arm chair, c., his face buried in his hands—REUBEN standing on his R.—JEANIE kneeling L. of DEANS.*

REUB. Take comfort, sir.

JEAN. (*rising*) Feyther, forget not your trust in heeven's mercy!

DEANS. (*rising*) It aye punishes the wicked and the unrighteous; my bairn has sinned and she maun suffer—nae mercy will be meted to her here, but there is hope for her hereafter.

JEAN. Oh, feyther, she is innocent!

DEANS. Innocent! is she not a castaway? a lost lamb that has strayed from the roof that has nurtured and sheltered her, forgetting the counsels of her father and her sister—spurning even heeven's teaching, she has cast hersel' into the arms of sin, sunk to shame and infamy, covered her father's grey hairs wi' sorrow and degradation, foully stained a name which I sae mony years ha' borne untarnished. Oh! to be the father of a murderer—that a daughter of mine should perish, a lost guilty wretch, upon the gallows-tree.

REUB. Oh! sir, she did not slay her child, be sure of that.

JEAN. No, no—I would swear she did not, and I will save her yet.

DEANS. Save her? what mean you, Jeanie?

JEAN. I may not tell you noo, but soon—I have a hope to save her, let that comfort you, dear feyther?

DEANS. I dare cherish nae hope—it could not be fulfilled, and so wad my despair be doubly poignant. And I loved that bairn better than all else in the world—next to heeven, adored her—my conscience noo reproaches me that I ha' made of her an idol, that bewitched wi' her enchantment, I was purblind, Jeanie, to thy solid goodness—thy unassuming virtues.

JEAN. She brought such sunshine within our doors—not less than you, feyther, did I worship her.

DEANS. 'Tis always sae—the good are always unobtrusive, the worthless seek to dazzle us—and, oh! shame upon my weakness; noo, in her wretchedness and degradation—noo, more than ever, do I love her. I have struggled and prayed that my heart might be strengthened against my sinfu' bairn, and it softens and fills to overflowing with pity for her—sae young, and sae to dee—my last born, the darling of her mither, wha noo in heeven is weeping her puir bairn's guilt, bewailing

and lamenting her untimely doom. (*crosses, R.*) Oh ! let me gang, let me gang, I maun be alone—alone. Oh, Effie ! Effie ! thy guilt hath killed us baith, for my heart is breaking—my heart is breaking.

*Totters off, R.*

JEAN. (*wiping her eyes*) Oh, my poor feyther !

REUB. Jeanie, you spoke but now of a hope to save your sister—what could you mean ?

JEAN. Reuben, I am gaun to London to ask Effie's life of the King and Queen.

REUB. O, Jeanie, a wild dream ! You can never see them but through some great lord's intercession, and I think it is scarce possible even then.

JEAN. I know ; but, Reuben, havena I heard you say that your grandfather did some good, lang syne, to an ancestor of the Duke of Argyle ?

REUB. (*eagerly*) He did so, and I can prove it. I will write to the Duke and implore him to stand between your sister and this cruel fate. There is but a poor chance of success, but we will try all means.

JEAN. Gang hame, Reuben, an' prepare the paper, I will call for it ; but do not *you* gie it to me, I could no bear the pain of parting wi' you twice. It winna do to *send* the letter to Mac Callummore, I maun gie it to him mysel—a letter canna look and pray and beg and beseech as the human voice can do to the human heart.

REUB. Jeanie, give me a husband's right to protect you, and I will go with you myself on this journey, and assist you to do your duty to your family.

JEAN. No, I maun gang alane, by mysel—I am weel resolved on that. You are kind and guid, Reuben, and wad tak me wi' a' my shame, I doubtna, but it maunna be—it maunna be.

REUB. But the blame, were it even justly laid on your sister, does not fall on you.

JEAN. Ah, Reuben, Reuben, ye ken it is a blot that spreads to kith and kin. Say nae mair—at least, not noo—farewell, Reuben. Ye will tell my feyther whither I am gone, for I maunna—he wad never suffer me to gang, but aince I am gone, he will forgie me, and will bless me in my purpose—and ye will, I ken, be kind to the puir auld mon. I dinna fear for his life, for he is strong and will live through a' this, waeful as it is.

REUB. Oh ! Jeanie, you think of all, except yourself.

JEAN. And O, Reuben, the puir lassie in her dungeon ! but I needna bid your kind heart gie her what comfort ye can as soon as they will let ye see her ; tell her—(*weeping—taking his hand*) Good bye, good bye, and heeven bless you, Reuben.

*Crosses, R.—Music—REUBEN takes leave of JEANIE, and goes off sorrowfully, L.)*

But money for my journey—I dare not ask my feyther—where shall I obtain it? Reuben cannot help me in that, he is too poor; the Laird of Dumbiedikes, he could—but—(bringing scarf, &c., from r., and making them into a small bundle) Yet, why should I fear to ask him, when—

*Enter DUMBIEDIKES, door in flat.*

DUMB. Eh, Jeanie woman!

JEAN. I am gaun a lang journey, without my feyther's knowledge.

DUMB. That's no right—that's no right, Jeanie.

JEAN. If I were ance at London, I hae letters to the Duke of Argyle, who will speak to the Queen for my sister's life.

DUMB. Whew! the lassie's demented. The Queen, too! when she's sae angry wi' us just now for hanging up Jock Porteous, the captain o' the Town Guard, that she burst her very bobbins, while the King was ready to kick his wig out o' the window. Gang to London, indeed! Why, Jeanie woman, ye'r out o' yer senses.

JEAN. I am gaun to London, if I beg my way, which I'm like to do unless you lend me a sma' sum. Little will do—my feyther's a man o' substance, and will never let you lose it.

DUMB. Jeanie!

JEAN. I see ye're no for assisting me. Fare ye weel—gang an' see my feyther now an' then. He'll be very lanely. (*going*)

DUMB. Where's the silly lass going. I wad hae answered ye before, but the words stuck in my throat; ye sall hae my haill strong box, or I'll mak ye Leddy Dumbiedikes before sunset, and then ye may ride to London in yer ain coach.

JEAN. That can never be—my sister's situation—the family disgrace.

DUMB. That's my business; and if ye hadn'a been a fule, ye wadna hae mentioned it. But I like ye the better for't—and ae wise body's eneugh in a family. Weel, if your heart's sae fu' at present, come and tak what siller wull serve you, and let us wed when ye come back again—as gude syne as sune.

JEAN. But, Laird, I mun ay tell ye the truth. Ye're a guid freend, but I like another lad better—and I canna marry you.

DUMB. What! better than me, when you've ken'd me sae lang?

JEAN. I've ken'd him langer.

DUMB. Is't possible, Jeanie! it canna be! Only come in and look at my gear, ye ne'er saw the hauf o' it: a strong box fu' o' bags o' gold, nae goldsmith's bills, and the rental book three hundred a year, Jeanie! and my mither's wardrobe, and my grandmither's silks that stand on ends, lace like cobwebs, and rings like star-light night. They're up in the chaumer; come and see.

JEAN. It canna be, Laird; I wadna break my word to him, if ye'd gie me a barony.

DUMB. *Him*—wha is he?

JEAN. Reuben Butler.

DUMB. What! a dominie's deputy! the son o' a cottar!—he hasna in his pouch the value o' the black coat he wears. Weel, Jeanie, lass—wilfu' woman will hae her way; a fair offer is nae cause o' feud; ae man may bring a horse to the water, but twenty winna gar him drink; and as to wasting my siller on ither folk's sweethearts, why—

JEAN. I do not wish it, sir; guid morning. Ye hae been kind to my feyther, and it's no in my heart to think any otherwise than kindly o' you. *Exit, door R. C.*

DUMB. But, Jeanie! Jeanie woman! stay till I—there she goes down the hill, and here I'm standing like—Stop a wee, stop a wee! Jeanie woman—Jeanie woman, stop a wee.

*Exit after her, door in flat.*

SCENE SECOND.—*A View on the Road to London.*

*Enter JEANIE DEANS, R.*

JEAN. Must I then beg my way to London? Yet, if I return and ask my puir feyther for money, he'll never let me go; and something tells me that I must succeed. 'Twas hard in the laird; yet I had no right to look for other success. (*going*)

DUMB. (*without, R.*) Why, Jeanie! Jeanie, woman! stop, I tell you. (*enters*) Stay; they say one shouldna tak a woman at her first word.

JEAN. Aye, but you may tak me at mine.

DUMB. Weel, then, ye should na tak a man at his first word. Here, tak this—(*giving a purse*) tak it, lassie—ye maunna gang without siller; and I'd gie ye my pony, Rory Bean, into the bargain, but he's as wilfu' as yersel, and will never gang ony but his ain road.

JEAN. But, Laird, though I ken that my feyther will pay every penny o' what may be here, yet I would na borrow o' ane wha may expect mair than siller back again.

DUMB. There's just twenty-five guineas in goud, and whether yer feyther pays or disna pay, I mak ye free o't; gang whar ye like, do what ye like, marry a' the Butlers i' the country, gin ye like—and sae gude morning 'till ye, Jeanie.

JEAN. And heaven bless you, Laird, wi'mony a gude morning; and peace and happiness be wi' ye till we meet again.

*Kisses his hand and exit, L.*

DUMB. Good bye, Jeanie, woman! (*whimpering*) I hae nae body now but Rory Bean, my poney, to care a bawbee for; and

if I hae ony mair o' his obstinacy, I'll gie him sic a banging.  
Eh! what does these mad cattle want?

*Enter MARGERY MURDOCHSON and MADGE WILDFIRE, R.*

MARG. Eh, bonnie Laird, winna ye pit down a wee puckle o' siller for my puir crazy bairn and mysel, gin ye will?

DUMB. Puckle o' siller, and be hang'd to ye! wha are ye? what d'ye want? *Exit MARGERY, L.*

MADGE. Waes my heart! dinna ye ken me, Laird? didna ye speak yer mind to me by Muschat's cairn, when our bonnie Leddy Moon was rowing aboon in her braw siller coach?

DUMB. This comes o' speaking my mind in the dark.

MADGE. Come awa, my bonnie Laird. The priest waits, a badger and twa wild cats—and the jackass is to gie awa the bride.

DUMB. Is he? The bridegroom will be the bigger jackass o' the twa.

MARG. (*without*) Madge!

MADGE. Hush! here comes my mither, Laird! no a word to her o' the wedding, or she might not think it respectfu', ye ken.

*Re-enter MARGERY MURDOCHSON, L.*

MARG. Ye ne'er-do-weel, will ye be o'erta'en by the Town Guard—and we're run aff our feet already.

MADGE. Hegh, sirs! the Town Guard is at our heels, for helping Jeanie Deans, and gentle Geordie, the outlaw, to get awa frae Jem Ratcliff, the keeper o' the Tolbooth. Are na we a hopefu' family, to be twa o' us in a scrape at ance? But there were better days wi' us ance—were there na, mither?

MARG. It's a' yer ain scrape, thou Bess o' Bedlam; thou soll taste nought but bread and water for the plague ye gie me; and owre gude for ye, ye idle tawpie. Come along wi' ye.

MADGE. Our minnie's sair misset; she'll hae had some quarrel wi' her auld gudeman; that's—ye ken, sir—when the gudeman and her dinna agree, then I maun pay the piper; but my back's braid eneugh to bear it a', sir.

MARG. Madge! ye limmer, if I come to fetch ye—

MADGE. Hear till her. But I'll dance i' the moon-light yet, when her and her gudeman will be whirrying thro' the lift on a broomshank.

MARG. Will ye come, hussey?

*Exit, R.*

MADGE. Coming, mither—coming. I'm coming—where—

Up i' the air

On my bonnie grey mare,

And I see, and I see her yet.

*Exit, R.*

DUMB. There's a mad deevil for ye. Oh, Jeanie woman!

I do think that Rory Bean will be sorry when he hears Jeanie is gane. I'm glad she took the siller, tho'; it gars my heart gae up and down as gaily as Rory on a mountain trot. Yes, Rory's a nice animal; and—Eh! why, what do I see? There's the auld witch and her mad daughter half a mile awa, riding Rory aff full gallop. I never could get him to gang that pace in a' my life. Stop 'em! Oh! dear! dear! that ever I should live to see Rory Bean turned into a witch's broomstick! Stop 'em! stop 'em!

*Runs off R.*

SCENE THIRD.—*Landscape and Waterfall. A rude bridge crosses the latter from L. to R., with steps in the centre, leading down to the stage; the folding doors of an old barn, which when opens shows the interior, with straw littered about, R. C.; the bar which closes the door is standing R. of the doors; a small hillock, L.*

Music—Enter JEANIE on bridge, from L., and is met by GEORGE STAUNTON, who enters, R., also on bridge—chord.

STAUNT. Stay, Jeanie Deans!

JEAN. (shrinking) You, again!

STAUNT. (commandingly and pointing) Descend, I would speak with you. (Music—JEANIE fearfully descends steps to stage—STAUNTON follows her)

JEAN. Oh! what would you with me?

STAUNT. I have heard your generous purpose, and it already half expiates the cruel caution that withheld your evidence in favour of poor Effie; but you will never be able to pursue your journey on foot—here is gold.

JEAN. I have enough already.

STAUNT. Conceal it then; or, should any of the numerous predatory bands molest this road—

JEAN. I have a paper, given me by a man named Ratcliffe, my poor sister's jailor; he said, that should I be molested—

STAUNT. Yes—he was formerly one of them, till he turned jailor to save his neck, and his pass may prove to you a protection—unless, indeed, that hag, the maniac's mother, meet you. She is a fiend, whom no tie—no fear can bind.

JEAN. Heeven, wha inspired my errand, will protect me.

STAUNT. What introduction have you to Argyle?

JEAN. My Reuben's feyther saved his feyther's life, and from him I have letters which—

STAUNT. Will be useless! Nothing more treacherous than a great man's memory. I'll furnish you with that which, with the queen herself, will serve you to command the pardon you would sue for.

JEAN. Command it!

STAUNT. Yes. Rewards of every kind are offered for the leader of the late insurrection in your city, but none know who he was. Go and make your terms; denounce him, and I will bring him to their hands. Your sister's pardon will be given—make sure of that—it will be given gladly.

JEAN. I could not turn betrayer, even if I knew him.

STAUNT. Know him in me! and I would with my wretched life atone for the heavy wrongs I have caused my poor lost Effie.

JEAN. I shall not need; will not—cannot do it.

STAUNT. I will be at hand, then; and if other means succeed not, I will make my own conditions; for by the love I bear her, she shall not perish!

*Music—exit, R. 1 E.*

JEAN. No; it will be happiness to save a life, but no one shall ever owe its loss to Jeanie. (*turns up towards the bridge, when MADGE suddenly bursts on from the barn*)

MADGE. (L. C.) Eh, Jeanie Deans, are ye there! come ye to seek your sister's bairn? Here, here! (*grasping JEANIE'S arm and dragging her to hillock, L.*) Look here! see where lies my bairn—my wee bit bonny bairn! dead! cold! (*sobbing and throwing herself on her knees beside the grave*) Oh! it does me good to weep—it does me good to weep!

JEAN. Puir creature!

MADGE. It wad hae been a blessing if it had na been for my mither; but she was deaved with its crying, so she put it awa, in below the turf there—and oh! I think she buried my best wits wi' it, for I hae nae been just mysel since. 'Tis past!—'tis past! 'tis a' past awa! but i' the grave there's rest for a'—rest for puir Effie, for my bonny bairn, and the distracted, heart-broken, mad Madge Wildfire! *Rushes wildly into barn.*

*Music—JEANIE, terrified, hurries towards the bridge, and has partly ascended the steps when BLACK FRANK enters on bridge, from R.*

FRANK. Stay, young woman!

*JEANIE descends the steps again, and runs towards R. 1 E., where she is met by TYBURN TOM—FRANK has followed JEANIE down.*

FRANK. (L.) Your money, my precious, and quickly too—your money or your life.

JEAN. (C.) Gude gentlemen, there's life and death depends upon my journey. Leave me but what will purchase bread and water on my way, and I'll be satisfied, thank and pray for you.

TOM. (R.) Don't want prayers—money, come, money.

JEAN. Stay, gentlemen, I had forgot; perhaps you ken this paper. (*presenting one*)

FRANK. (*looking at it*) Why, if I had ever seen it before, I might perhaps know the paper; but as to the letters on it why, may be you, Tom, can read it. (*Tom takes the paper from*

JEANIE) Not that it matters, for we take nobody's paper while cash is to be had.

TOM. The girl must pass, Frank, by our law. 'Tis a passport from Jemmy Ratcliffe.

FRANK. But he has left us—turned sneaking jailor.

TOM. And who knows what good turn he may be able to do us in that compacity.

FRANK. But didn't our old governess charge us to stop this very girl, take all her cash, and send her home again.

JEAN. Oh, no, no—mercy—have pity on me, good kind gentlemen.

FRANK. Hold your noise! Didn't Margery say she wished to be revenged on this girl's whole family, because her sister that is in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, had taken her lover from poor crazy Madge, her daughter.

MARGERY MURDOCKSON appears on bridge, from L.

MARGERY. How now, milksops!

(Music—JEANIE, terrified, runs over to R.—TOM grasps her arm and stays her—MARGERY descends steps and comes forward, L.)

MARG. Are ye feared o' a weary-footed lass—search her—and turn her adrift on the waste, or—

TOM. (R. C.) No, she has a pass we are bound to obey, and she shall go free.

MARG. Free—cowards, never! my own hand shall destroy her—(drawing a large knife) she shall die? (Music—is rushing towards JEANIE—FRANK grasps her arm and thrusts her back again to L.—JEANIE shrinks trembling behind TOM)

FRANK. Some day, but not just now. Die! harkye, Mother Murderlove—we'll do our promise, and no more. We're bad enough, but not what you would make us.

MARG. Call mè that name again, and I'll dye this knife in the best colour of your heart, you caitiff.

FRANK. She's been mixing her own whiskey—eh! Mother Mur—

(MARGERY suddenly throws the knife at him, it sticks in the door of the barn)

TOM. Well missed, Frank.

FRANK. (taking the knife) And now, beldame, I've a mind to teach you—But no—I'll punish you by taking care of the poor girl. She shall not go forward on the London road, but you shall not harm a hair of her head, were it only for your insolence.

Enter MADGE WILDFIRE from barn, and down R. of JEANIE.

MADGE. Eh, dinna hurt puir Jeanie Deans, for ye maun ken I hae a wee bit liking for her.

TOM. Harkye, Madge, you haven't quite such a touch of the devil as the hag your mother. Take this young woman to your corner of the barn.

FRANK. And take good care of her, d'ye mind.

MADGE. That I will, Frank; for it's no decent Christian young leddies, like her and me, to be keeping the like o' you and Tyburn Tom company at this hour; sae good morning and good day and good night, and mony o' them; and may ye sleep 'till the hangman wake ye, and then it will be weel for the country. (*conducts JEANIE into the barn*)

FRANK. Tom, you know what you have to do.

TOM. It's Tom's share to do all the work. *Exit, L.*

FRANK. Certainly. And now, mother, tell us what's your spite against this poor girl. Without good reason, rot me if she shall be touched.

MARG. She's going to London for a pardon for her sister.

FRANK. What's that to thee?

MARG. If she gains it, Geordie marries that sister.

FRANK. And who cares then?

MARG. Who cares, you donnard? Is he not sworn to my Madge?

FRANK. Sworn to a moon-calf! Marry Madge Wildfire! ha, ha, ha!

MARG. Suppose he never does, is that any reason he should marry another—and that other to hold my daughter's place, because she's crazed and I a beggar—and all by him? But I know that of him will hang him, had he a thousand lives—I know that which will *hang!* HANG! HANG the villain!

FRANK. Then why don't you *hang!* HANG! HANG him? and not wreak your vengeance on two wenches who never did you ill?

MARG. For revenge on him through them. Revenge! I have wrought hard for it; I have suffered for it; I have sinned for it; and I will have it!

FRANK. Then why not hang him?

MARG. He was my foster-child. I nursed him here; and though he has been an adder to me—the destruction of me and mine—I cannot take his life. I have thought of it—I have tried it—I have tried it—but I cannot go through it. He was the first bairn I ever nursed, and man can never tell what woman feels for the bairn that she has first held to her bosom.

*JEANIE opens one of the folds of door and steals out, quickly concealing herself behind the fold of the door which she has thrown back, R.*

FRANK. You have not always been so kind to other bairns.

MARG. Who wad hurt bairns? Maybe I'll hae the villain think his bairn's dead—but 'tis provided for. Poor Madge lost hers—that crazed her. For the other—why, perhaps Madge, in a crazed fit, threw it into the nor' loch.

MADGE. (*throwing open the other fold of barn door, L.*) Indeed, mither, that's a great fib, for I did nae sic thing.

MARG. Ah! Madge, ye limmer, where is the girl?

FRANK. Damnation!

*Both rush up, pull MADGE from the barn, throw her forward and hurry in—JEANIE and MADGE close each a fold of the door quickly upon them—JEANIE, snatching up the bar, places it in a moment across the door, against which MADGE places her back.*

MADGE. Twa barn rats—twa barn rats!

(*JEANIE, hurrying to the bridge, sinks on her knee raising her hands—FRANK and MARGERY knock and shout within the barn—MADGE clasps her hands and laughs madly—tableau*)

END OF ACT THE SECOND.

### ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.—*Gardens of the Queen's Palace at Greenwich.*

*Enter DUKE OF ARGYLE, L., followed by ARCHIBALD.*

DUKE. Well, Archibald, on what urgent matter have you followed me hither to the Queen's palace?

ARCHIBALD. There's a puir lassie, a countrywoman of our ain, who has walk it a' the way, or maist of it, frae auld Reekie; she implored so earnestly to see your grace immediately, that I had nae the heart to refuse her, and so hae brought her here with me, in the coach from London.

DUKE. What can have brought the simpleton to London? Some lover sent on ship-board, or some stock sunk in the hopeful South Sea speculation, and no one to manage the matter but Mac Cullum More. Well, let me see our countrywoman; it's ill manners to keep her in attendance. (ARCHIBALD goes off, L.) Even popularity has its inconveniences. My northern friends little imagine the small extent of my present influence here; and I know no greater pain than to be asked a favour, and lack the power to grant it.

*Enter MR. ARCHIBALD, L., introducing JEANIE DEANS—she makes a respectful curtsey and crosses her hands upon her bosom.*

What is it, my good girl? (JEANIE diffidently looks at ARCHIBALD) Leave us, Archibald. *Exit ARCHIBALD, L.*

I guess by your dress you are from poor old Scotland. But, my bonnie woman, your business; time and tide, you know, wait on no man.

JEAN. Yer honour—I beg yer honour's pardon, I mean to say yer grace—

DUKE. Never mind my grace, lassie; just speak out a plain tale, and show you have a Scots tongue in your head.

JEAN. Sir, I am muckle oblieged to ye. Sir, I am the sister o' that puir unfortunate Effie Deans, wha is under sentence at Edinburgh.

DUKE. Ah! I have heard of that unhappy story.

JEAN. And I cam up frae the north, sir, to see what could be done for her i' the way o' gettin' a reprieve or pardon, sir—or the like o' that.

DUKE. Alas! my poor girl, you have made a long journey to little purpose—your sister is ordered for execution.

JEAN. But I am gi'en to understand that there's a law for reprieving her, if it be the King's pleasure.

DUKE. Certainly there is—but that is purely in the King's breast; and then the crime has been so frequent of late, that the most eminent of our lawyers think it right there should be an example. Now what argument have you, my poor girl, except your sisterly affection, to offer against all this. What is your interest? what friends have you at Court?

JEAN. Nane—excepting heev'n and yer grace.

DUKE. Alas! it is a cruel situation, young woman—I mean of the situation of men in my circumstances, that the public ascribe to them influence which they do not possess; and that individuals are led to expect from them assistance, which we have no means of rendering, but candour and plain dealing is in the power of every one; and I must not let you imagine you have resources in my influence, which do not exist, to make your distress heavier. I have no means of averting your sister's fate—she must die.

JEAN. We maun a' dee, sir—it is a common doom; but we shudna hasten ilk ither out o' the warld—that's what yer honour kens better than me.

DUKE. My good young woman, you seem well educated for your station; and must know by your own argument, that the murderer, (who hastens another out of the world) by the law of heaven and man, shall surely die.

JEAN. But, sir, Effie—that is, my puir sister, sir, canna be proved a murderer, sir—tis the concealment only.

DUKE. I am no lawyer, and I own I think the statute appears a severe one.

JEAN. Yer a law-maker, sir, and, wi' yer leave, maun therefore hae power o'er the law.

DUKE. Not in my individual capacity—though as one of a large body, I have a voice in the legislation. But that cannot serve you; nor have I at present—I care not who knows it—

so much personal influence with the sovereign, as would entitle me to solicit from him the most insignificant favour. What could tempt you, young woman, to apply to me?

JEAN. It was yoursel, sir.

DUKE. Myself! you never saw me before.

JEAN. No, sir; but the world hae seen that ye are ay yer country's freend. Ye fight for the right—ye speak for the right—a' wha are wranged seek refuge under yer shadow. And if ye wunna stir to save the life o' an innocent country-woman o' yer ain, what shou'd we expect frae strangers? and maybe I had anither reason for troubling your grace.

DUKE. And what is that?

JEAN. My grandfather and yours laid down their lives thegither for their country; and ane wha takes concern for me, wished me to gang to yer grace's presence, for his grand-sire had dune yer gracious goodsire some guid turn, as ye'll see frae these papers.

DUKE. (*takes the papers*) What's this: "Muster-roll of the men serving in the company of that godly gentleman, Captain Salathiel Bangtext, Obadiah Muggleton-sin-despise-double-knock-turn-to-the-right-thwackaway." That fellow should understand his wheelings to judge by his name. But what does all this mean, my girl?

JEAN. It was the ither paper, sir.

DUKE. The hand of my unfortunate grand-sire sure enough! (*reads*) "To all who have friendship for the house of Argyle. Benjamin Butler of Monk's regiment of dragoons, saved my life from four troopers who were about to slay me; having nothing better in my power, I give him this my acknowledgement, in hopes it may be useful to *him or his*—and do conjure my friends, tenants, and kinsmen, to respect it." This is a strong injunction. Was this Benjamin Butler your grandfather?

JEAN. He was nae kin to me, 'sir; he was grandfather to ane—to a neebour's son—to a sincere well-wisher o' mine, sir.

DUKE. Oh, I understand—a true love affair. He was the grand-sire of one you are engaged to?

JEAN. Ane I *was* engaged too; but this unhappy business—

DUKE. What! he has not deserted you on that account—has he?

JEAN. No, sir, he wad be the last to leave a freend in difficulties; but I maun think for him, sir, as weel as for mysel; and it wadna beseem him to marry the like o' me, wi' this disgrace on my kindred.

DUKE. You are a very singular young woman—you seem to think of every one before yourself. And have you really come on foot.

JEAN. Not a' the way, my lord. I kent na that the Southerns had stage coaches, as they're ca'd, and sometimes—

DUKE. Well, never mind that. What reason have you for thinking your sister innocent?

JEAN. Because she hasna been proved guilty, as will appear from these papers, which a good and learned friend, Mr. Sad-dle-tree, hae sent after me.

DUKE. (*after looking over the papers*) Your sister's case must certainly be termed a hard one.

JEAN. Heev'n bless you for that word.

DUKE. But, alas! my good girl, what good will my opinion do you, unless I can impress it upon those in whose hands your sister's life is placed by the law.

JEAN. O, but sir, what seems reasonable to yer honour, will certainly be the same to them.

DUKE. I do not know that. You know our old Scots proverb, "Ilka man buckles his belt his ain gait." But you shall not have placed this reliance on me altogether in vain; there will presently be here a lady, whose interest with the King is deservedly very high. I will introduce you to her here in this garden, and you must tell your story simply, as you did to me. I am glad that you have made no change in your dress, and came to me as you walked on your journey.

JEAN. I wad hae putten on a cap, sir, but yer honour kens it isna the fashion o' our country for single women, and I judged, sae mony hundred miles frae hame, yer grace's heart might warm to the tartan.

DUKE. And when Mac Callum More's heart does not warm to the tartan, it will be as cold as death can make it. You will see and speak to the lady yourself.

JEAN. Since I had the courage to speak to your grace, I needna be shame-faced in speakin' to a leddy. But, sir, I wad like to hear what to ca' her—whether her grace, her honour, or her leddyship—for I ken leddies are fully mair particular than gentlemen aboot their titles.

DUKE. You need only call her *madam*. Say what you please. Look at me from time to time, and should I put my hand to my cravat—so—you will stop. I shall only do it when you say anything not likely to please.

JEAN. But if yer grace wad teach me what to say, I could get it a' by heart.

DUKE. No, no, Jeanie; speak plainly and boldly as you have done to me; and if ye gain her consent, I'se wad ye a plack as we say in the north, she'll get the pardon from the King. But see, she's coming—walk aside—recollect yourself, and I'll bring you forward at the proper time. (JEANIE retires, L.)

*Enter QUEEN CAROLINE and LADY SUFFOLK, R. U. E.*

QUEEN. I hope I see so great a stranger as the Duke of Argyle in as good health as his best friends can wish him.

DUKE. Perfectly well, madam, and deeply gratified by the honour of this interview; and I would entreat your favour, madam, concerning the fate of an unfortunate woman in Scotland, sentenced for a crime of which, I believe, she is innocent; and my humble petition is, for your Majesty's intercession with the King for pardon.

QUEEN. What is your particular interest in that young woman? Perhaps she is some thirtieth cousin.

DUKE. No, madam; but I should be proud of any relation with half her worth—honesty and affection.

QUEEN. Her name must be Campbell, at least.

DUKE. Her name, madam, if I may be permitted to say so, is not quite so distinguished.

QUEEN. She comes from Inverary or Argyleshire?

DUKE. She was never farther north than Edinbro', madam.

QUEEN. Then my conjectures are all ended, and your grace must yourself take the trouble to explain the affair of your protégée.

DUKE. Her sister is the first victim of a severe law, as she cannot produce the only witness of her not having concealed an unfortunate circumstance—

QUEEN. Of which I have heard; and I have doubts—You were about to speak.

DUKE. If your majesty would condescend to hear my poor countrywoman, perhaps she may find an advocate in your own heart, much more able than I am, to second the doubts suggested by your understanding.

QUEEN. Let her approach. (*the DUKE leads JEANIE forward—she kneels, L.C.*) Stand up, young woman. (*LADY SUFFOLK raises her*) How have you travelled hither? (*the DUKE goes round to R.*)

JEAN. Mostly on foot, madam.

QUEEN. How far can you walk in a day?

JEAN. Twenty-five miles, madam, and a bittock.

QUEEN. And a what?

DUKE. And about five miles more, madam.

QUEEN. I thought I was a good walker, but this shames me sadly.

JEAN. May ye never, madam, hae sae weary a heart that ye canna be sensible o' the weariness o' yer limbs. I didna walk the whole way, madam; I had whiles the help o' a cart, and the cast o' a horse from Ferrybridge, (*the DUKE puts his hand to his cravat*) and mony ither helps, madam.

QUEEN. You still must have had a most fatiguing journey, and I fear to little purpose; for if the King were to pardon your sister, your angry town's-people would not suffer her to enjoy the benefit of it.

JEAN. (*L.*) Baith town and country wad rejoice to see his Majesty take compassion on a poor unfreended creature.

QUEEN. (*C.*) It has not been found so. You must not judge

uncharitably of me, if I confess myself hurt at recollecting the late outrage in your chief city, against the royal authority, at the very time it was vested in my unworthy person. But in the present case, my lord duke, how would you advise?

DUKE. (R.) Madam, I would advise his Majesty to be guided by his own feelings, and those of his royal consort; and then I am sure punishment will only attach itself to guilt, and even then with caution and reluctance.

QUEEN. Aye, my lord, but your good countrymen are so proud of their errors, and so wedded to the cause of them, that even a girl, if she had a friend in the late disturbances, would not even, to save her sister, disclose the secret—say how would you act?

JEAN. (*with warmth*) Madam, (*the DUKE touches his cravat*) I—I—would pray to be directed in the line of my duty.

QUEEN. And perhaps choose that which suited your own inclination.

JEAN. Madam, those wha hae dune wrang, maun answer for the act. But my sister, my puir sister Effie, her days and hours are numbered. She still lives—and ae word o' the King's mouth might restore her to a broken-hearted feyther, wha ne'er forgat to pray for the royal house. O, madam! hae compassion on our misery; save an unhappy girl—a girl no eighteen years o' age—frae an early and a dreadfu' death. Alas! it's no when we sleep saft and wake merrily oursels, that we think on ither folks' sufferings, but when the hour o' trouble comes—and never may it visit yer leddyship—and when the hour o' death arrives, which fails not high nor low—lang and late may it be, yer leddyship's—oh, then! that which we maun think on wi' maist delight, is no what we hae dune for oursels, but that which we hae dune for ithers.

QUEEN. This is eloquence! Young woman, I will obtain your sister's pardon—you shall have my warm intercession with the King. Take this—do not open it now, but at your leisure—you will find that which will remind you of an interview with your Queen.

JEAN. The Queen! Oh! may your Queen's leddyship never want the heart's ease ye hae gien me at this moment; and may heaven's blessing fa' upon ye for being a kind freend to a puir Scotch lassie. (*falls on both knees, gratefully clasping her hands*) —DUKE touches his cravat—QUEEN turns up, leaning on the arm of LADY SUFFOLK, towards R. U. E.—DUKE bows profoundly—*Music*)

SCENE SECOND.—*A Street in Edinburgh. (1st grooves)*

*Enter DUMBIEDIKES, L.*

DUMB. Eh, Jeanie woman! to think that she—when I think

that I—I think that—I think I dinna ken what I'm a thinking aboot—eh, but I'm an unfortnit laird !

*Enter REUBEN BUTLER, R.*

Eh, dominie, they'll hang Effie, nae doubt ?

REUB. Alas ! (*turning away his head*)

DUMB. I'm muckle sorry, for douce David Deans is an honest mon—he has paid me the siller that I lent to Jeanie, when she was gaun away to London on her mad errand—but I'm breaking my heart o'er their troubles, though I hae gotten plenty of my ain—puir David—ye maun ken, Mr. Butler, that ane o' the guineas David paid me was an unco light ane ! (*REUBEN crosses to L.*) Hae ye heard frae Jeanie, dominie ?

REUB. Yes—yes.

DUMB. Ah ! (*sighing heavily*) And did she write naething about me ?

REUB. She sent you good and kind wishes, laird.

DUMB. Ah ! (*sighing again*) and nae mair ? Aweel, aweel, she kens her ain mind best, ye ken—she hae got a liking for ye, dominie, it seems. Weel, weel, there's nae accounting for a woman's taste—though she's auld enough to ken better.

REUB. I quite agree with you, laird.

DUMB. And so you ought. Dominie, wad ye think it ? I'm to be married the morn and kirket sune after.

REUB. I wish you happy, laird. Marriage is an honourable state.

DUMB. Yes, I shall be in an honourable state ; and I am to be wedded until an honourable house—to Peggy Kittlepoker, the Laird o' Lichpelf's youngest daughter—she's only just turned fifty-sax—she sits neist me in the kirk, and that's the way I cam to think o't. Oh, Jeanie woman !

REUB. Well, laird, once more I wish you may be happy.

*Exit, L.*

DUMB. And I wish you may be damned miserable ! though it's my ain faut that I dinna wed Jeanie—I ne'er could speak my mind till her. I hae walk't to auld David Deans's cottage aince a day the self-same gait, for fifteen years and upwards. Rory Bean and I hae walk't to David Deans's cottage four thousand four hunder and seventy-five times, and never found heart to speak our mind till her. Some chielis wad do it easy eneuch ; but love has been fermenting within me for fifteen years, and never yet found legitimate vent. But, nae matter, I shall be happy wi' Peggy Kittlepoker, she's a vary charming young creature—and so, I—oh, Jeanie woman !

*Exit, R.*

SCENE THIRD.—*Bridge, Barn, &c., as before.*

*Enter GEORGE STAUNTON, R.—Music.*

STAUNT. Jeanie's effort to obtain her sister's pardon will surely fail—unfriended as she is, success is hopeless. So near the moment of poor Effie's death, that were I now to avow myself the leader of the riot in which the villain Porteous perished, I could not stay her execution, and should but uselessly sacrifice my life—and now better thoughts have come to me, and I would live for repentance, for atonement—and if, as I have reason to believe, my past guilt, the outrage I have committed against the laws, shall be forgiven—But, oh! coward that I am! I can think of myself when poor Effie's death-knell is about to sound—poor, wronged, murdered Effie, whom I so dearly love, who is far dearer to me than the life of which I now so idly prize. And then, her child—*my* child—he lives, I am well convinced of that—but where? Vain all attempt to wring the secret from that terrible old hag.

*Music—Enter MADGE WILDFIRE, on bridge from L., a CHILD in her arms, wrapped and concealed in her plaid.*

MADGE. Eh, Geordie, are ye there? I hae braw news for ye? *(descends to stage)*

STAUNT. *(aside)* Another of my victims.

MADGE. Geordie, ye carena to see me, I ken—but I dinna care noo. Ye loo'e Effie Deans, and crazed as I am, I ken that she's more fit for ye than puir daft Madge—and I dinna care for ye noo, Geordie; it's only for my wee bit bairn that I am langing—my bairn that lies yonder, ye ken.

STAUNT. *(aside)* She cuts me to the soul.

MADGE. But they're gaun to hang puir Effie—I dinna like her, for she has ta'en Geordie fra me—but, ye ken, I like Jeanie Deans, she aye gae me a drink of milk and was unco kind to me—and maybe, they shall no hang her sister Effie.

STAUNT. What mean you, Madge? *(aside)* Oh! I am as mad as she to ask the question.

MADGE. Wad ye see a braw sight, Geordie—ane that is guid for sair een—weel then, Geordie, just look til this. *(removing plaid and discovering CHILD)*

STAUNT. Heavens! Madge, that child!

MADGE. Eh, but it's your ain—yer ain and puir Effie's, ye ken.

STAUNT. Oh! if it were but possible!

MADGE. I ken na if it be possible, but it's ower true—there's a mark on the bairn by which Effie wad ken him weel—forbye the proofs that—

STAUNT. How came the child in your possession?

MADGE. I kenned weel where my mither had hid him awa—

and when the officers frae Edinburgh com and grippit Frank and Tyburn Tom, she scampered for her ain life, for they wanted her tae ; and then I rin awa wi' the bairn—and I'll keep him, for I hae last my ain—and a bairn's aye a bairn, ye ken. (*hugging the child*)

STAUNT. (*coaxingly*) But, Madge, he is my child too, you know—might perhaps be the means to save his mother.

MADGE. I dinna care—I'll no part wi' him.

STAUNT. Well! at least, you'll let me look upon him ?

MADGE. Weel—just e'en look, but ye maun no touch.

STAUNT. (*pointing to L.*) Madge, is not that?—(*Music—MADGE turns towards L.—STAUNTON snatches the child from her arms—with a cry, she returns to receive the child—STAUNTON dashes past her, and off L., carrying child*)

MADGE. (*calling after him*) Eh, Geordie, yer a fause thief, and soe ye always were. (*returning*) But I dinna mind o'er muckle—what should I want with ither people's bairns, since they will not give me back my ain? (*Music—MADGE goes over and sits down with her back against door of barn, and arranges her dress—admiring herself.*)

*Enter JEANIE on bridge, from L.*

JEANIE. My weary journey is almost over now, but delayed by an accident on the road, scant time is left me to reach Edinburgh ere too late to save my sister ; and I am weary and footsore—yet heaven, that has sustained me through all my perils, and softened the hearts to which I have journied so far to appeal, will not now abandon me—will inspire me with fresh strength and courage, that I may gloriously complete the work its own promptings led me to attempt.

*Music.—Crossing the bridge, she is met by MARGERY MURDOCKSON, who enters R.—JEANIE starts, and retreats a step or two.*

MARG. So, Jeanie Deans !

JEANIE. Oh, in mercy—as you have a soul to save, dinna stay me noo.

MARG. If ye expect to reach Edinburgh before the morn, there's a great disappointment in waiting for ye.

JEANIE. The morn? merciful powers ! Effie, my puir sister, then—she—she—

MARG. She would be dead—I know it ! (*clutching JEANIE'S arm, who gazes wildly and hopelessly around.*)

MADGE. (*aside, seated against barn*) Eh, sirs, there's my auld mither—she canna see me, and she maunna, or she'll may be be speering at me for the bairn. (*she rises, and partly opens a fold of barn door, ready to glide in*)

MARG. (*to JEANIE*) Your sister's pardon, I say, shall never reach her—give it up to me?

JEAN. No, no; you must kill me first!

MARG. (*producing a pistol*) Well; and I am ready e'en for that—officers frae Edinburgh are dogging my steps; not lang can I escape them, and already I have done that which will hang me, and they can do nae mair, do what I may—and so, the pardon or your life, or both—how you choose, but any way, before I die, I have sworn to have revenge—come, the pardon! (*Music—JEANIE struggles with and breaks from MARGERY, hurrying from the bridge down to R.*)

MARG. (*covering JEANIE with her pistol*) Another step and I pull the trigger!

MADGE. (*at barn door, in a half whisper*) Dinna fear, Jeanie, I will na let her hurt ye!

JEAN. (*falling on her knees*) I have said you shall not have the pardon while I live—you must let me pass, or kill me!—but you will have mercy on me—on my puir sister, or, if not that—have mercy on your ain soul!

MARG. (*levelling pistol*) Quick—the pardon—unrevenged, I will not perish!—the pardon, I say!

JEAN. No, no—(*screaming wildly*) Help! help!

MARG. Die, then, for I will have it!

MADGE. (*shouting*) Haud your hand, mither! (*Music—MADGE rushes forward before JEANIE as MARGERY fires—MADGE falls to the ground, c., shot—JEANIE starts to her feet gazing on MADGE—MARGERY, on bridge, utters a loud yell, dropping the pistol and standing for a moment paralyzed*)

MADGE. Eh, mither, mither!—Rin, Jeanie Deans, rin, rin! (*dies*)

MARG. (*screeching*) Ah! my bairn! I hae killed my ain bairn! (*Music—darting down to stage, meeting JEANIE and grasping her by the throat as she is about to hurry off, L. U. E.*)

MARG. Revenge!—double revenge!—your life and the pardon, both!

(*Music—JEANIE struggles desperately with her—she is sinking to the ground almost overpowered when TWO OFFICERS enter, L., and grasp each an arm of MARGERY, dragging her from JEANIE—JEANIE darts wildly on to bridge and off, R.*)

MARG. (*struggling with the MEN*) No revenge—and I have killed my bairn!—my bairn!—my bairn! (*striving to reach MADGE's body, but held back by the OFFICERS—Music*)

SCENE FOURTH.—*Interior of the Tolbooth.*

*Enter SHARPITLAW and RATCLIFFE, R.*

SHARP. Yes, yes, 'tis too true, Ratcliffe, the fellows are

about our gates again, a huge mob, swearing that Effie Deans shall not die, and threatening to burn the Tolbooth about our ears, and to hang you and I, Ratcliffe—and all sorts of devildom.

RAT. I could a'most gie mysel' to be hanged, if that would save the puir lassie—for she is quite innocent, I am sure of that; and damm'ee if it isn't a shame that a stupid, hard-hearted law—

SHARP. Oh! you are a pretty fellow to talk against the laws!

RAT. I should think so—I have hated them a' my life, and not without good reason either.

SHARP. Well, I wish the execution were well over, and without mischief from the mob.

RAT. It wants less than an hoor noo to the time fixed on. I hae nae the heart for it, Mr. Sharpitlaw, and it gangs against my conscience.

SHARP. Your conscience, indeed!

RAT. Hush! here comes the puir creature!

*Music.—Enter EFFIE, slowly, R.*

EFFIE. Nae tidings, nae word frae my sister?

(RATCLIFFE shakes his head sadly)

SHARP. And not likely—I told you not to buoy yourself up with the thought of a pardon, for there was never any chance that you would obtain it—and now, it wants but half an hour to the time of—(EFFIE shudders) and our orders are strict not to delay a moment. I must go and prepare the guard. (*aside to RATCLIFFE*) Say nothing to her of the threatened attempt at rescue—no use, for it will not succeed.

*Exit, L.*

RAT. (L., *aside*) I don't think there would be any attempt at rescue, if you were going to be hanged!

EFFIE. (c.) Heaven bless thee, Jeanie, for a' the trouble thou hast ta'en for thy puir sister—bless thee, too, my feyther, I have longed much to see them before I—but, nae, nae, I am not worthy, and my feyther does weel to cast me fra' his memory, and may his remaining days pass undisturbed by thought of the wretched girl who has brought such shame upon his honest name—yet, ah! hoo my heart pants aince mair to behold him—but it maunna be, it maunna be!

DEANS. (*without, L.*) Effie! Effie!

(*Music.—EFFIE utters a scream of joy—DEANS hurries on, L., extends his arms, and EFFIE rushes to his embrace—RATCLIFFE goes off, wiping his eyes, L.*)

EFFIE. Dear father, you do not curse me then—do not loathingly abandon me.

DEANS. Heeven forgive me! that, obeying as I believed a stern duty, I have striven to forget you were my child; but struggle as we may, a feyther's heart will no cast off its natural

ties—it has reminded me again and again, that you were still my daughter—that I should cling to you mair firmly in your affliction—that if you were guilty, I should but hold mair closely to your side, to comfort and to pray for you.

EFFIE. Father—I swear that if my puir bairn be indeed dead, it was not I who slew him. O believe me—pray believe me?

DEANS. I do, Effie, I do—ye are not the hardened criminal that, standing on the very brink of eternity, would dare to lee to heeven and yer ain feyther—nae, Effie, nae—of murder, I ken weel ye're innocent, and for yer ither sin—oh, Effie! my puir, puir Effie. (*embracing her*)

EFFIE. Oh! thanks, dear father, I shall meet my death more firmly noo.

DEANS. And must ye dee—is there nae hope? Sae young—the child that I hae a most worshipped. Oh! that heeven had seen fit in any ither way to punish my transgressions.

EFFIE. It is very hard, but I maun dee, my father—I maun dee. Jeanie no returns—her kind purpose has failed—yet will I with my latest breath thank and bless her a' the same.

DEANS. She has been stayed—some evil has befallen her on the road, or ere noo she had been here, if not to bring your pardon, to confirm at least your doom. Oh! Effie, puir Effie, I am auld; my span of life is near ran out, if they wad but let me dee for ye, Effie—if they wad but let me dee for ye! (*bell*)

*Enter SHARPITLAW, L.*

SHARP. You must prepare, Effie, it wants but a few minutes of the time.

EFFIE. So near! Oh! father, father! (*clinging to him*)

DEANS. And I can naething do to save my bairn. Oh! wae is me! wae is me!

(*A muffled drum heard—bell tolls—EFFIE, with a wild scream, sinks on to her knees—DEANS stands over her, his hands raised as if in prayer—then, dull, heavy sounds, and the murmurs of distant voices—RATCLIFFE enters, hurriedly, L.*)

RAT. (*in a low tone to SHARPITLAW*) The mob is striving by blows and fire to destroy the gates of the Tolbooth, (*to himself*) and I hope they may do it!

SHARP. No matter, we will do our duty—Come, Effie!

DEANS. (*raising her*) Courage, my poor bairn—think only of heeven!

EFFIE. (*clinging to him*) You will not leave me, father?

DEANS. No, darling, no; I will be with you till— (*sobbing and holding EFFIE to his breast*)

*Music—SOLDIERS enter, L., two by two and face round again with their faces towards L.—SHARPITLAW goes to EFFIE, touches her on the shoulder, points, and walks off, L.—EFFIE, shuddering and weeping, is supported by DEANS—they take their places between the SOLDIERS—muffled drum again—bell tolls—EFFIE utters a faint scream and, supported by her father, totters slowly off with the SOLDIERS, L.*

**SCENE FIFTH.**—Court Yard of the Tolbooth. High wall all around; large gates, closed, at back; loud shouting behind the gates, and flames and red fire; bell is tolling; muffled drum again; the slow march has continued.

Enter SHARPITLAW, RATCLIFFE, other OFFICIALS, SOLDIERS, DEANS, and EFFIE, slowly, L., they have nearly reached the gates when an immense shout rises from without (*Music changes*) tremendous blows are struck at the gates—flames spring up—an explosion—the gates fall forward, broken in fragments and blazing—portions of the walls topple down, showing the city beyond, with a crowd of shouting and excited people. DEANS and EFFIE retreat, down, R.—SHARPITLAW, SOLDIERS, &c., form down, R.—the SOLDIERS levelling their guns at the PEOPLE, who rush on and down, L., to protect EFFIE.

DUMB. (*running down, L., his face black*) Stay! stay! dinna hang her—cut her doon—cut her doon—here is—eh, Jeanie woman!

JEANIE runs on, c., waving the pardon, followed by GEORGE ROBERTSON, REUBEN, SADDLETREE, &c.

JEAN. Effie—Effie, the word is spoken. I bring ye pardon—life and happiness; your child lives, and a repentant husband kneels to you for pardon.

GEORGE. (*holding the child to her*) Yes, dear Effie—repentance for me—pardon and happiness for you.

(EFFIE kneels and kisses the child—DEANS embraces JEANIE tableau—shouts—*Music—the red fire continues*)

SOLDIERS.	PEOPLE.
SHARPITLAW, &c.	
SADDLETREE, &c.	JEANIE.
EFFIE.	DEANS.
STAUNTON.	DUMBIEDIKES.
R.	L.

### Curtain.