

Jeanie Deans, or, the Heart of Midlothian, by Dion Boucicault, 1860

ACT I

SCENE I—St. Leonard's Craigs. Exterior of David Dean's cottage. The cottage R.H. Edinburgh in the distance. Enter Geordie Robertson R.U.E. He glances hastily around, and then conceals himself in the shed. Enter Ratcliffe L.U.E. and two officers. They search round; look in at window, R.H. Then Ratcliffe knocks at door of cottage; as he does so, he waives the officers away. They retire behind house R.3.E. Enter David Deans R.3.E. from cottage.

DAV: Well, sir, what's your will?

RAT: A criminal has escaped from his escort. We are in pursuit of him.

DAV: Why d'ye seek him in my house? Is the roof of David Deans a den for thieves? Gang yer gate, mon.

RAT: It would na be the first time that Geordie Robertson sought shelter here in St. Leonard's Craigs.

DAV: Geordie Robertson?

RAT: We are on his track; he has escaped from the Tolbooth, and there is a hundred pounds offered for his capture.

(Effie screams within the house R.3.E)

DAV: 'Tis Effie's voice! (Runs to door) Effie, lass, Effie!

(Enter Effie R.3.E)

EFF: Father, two rough-looking men are searching the house.

RAT: (Aside) Those fellows of mine have been trying the back door. (Re-enter two officers by cottage door R.3.E)

DAV: By what authority do you come here?

RAT: Dinna fash yersel, Davie. Yer daughter Effie there can tell you, if shThet's yer daughter Effie, eh? The Lily of St. Leonards, as she's called by the bullies of the Canongate.

DAV: How cam my daughter's name in sic light mouths?

RAT: (Going) Ask Geordie Robertson.

DAV: What has a doomed felon to do with my lassie?

RAT: You'll ken that soon enough. Come, lads.

(Exeunt Ratcliffe and two officers R.U.E)

DAV: Effie, ye tremble. What know ye of this rake-hell, Robertson?

EFF: Eh, father, it's na fault o' mine if, as I trip along the Grassmarket or doun the Canongate, the folk say, there gangs Effie Deans, the Lily of St. Leonards—the blithest lassie between the Forth and the Clyde.

DAV: Haud your tongue, ye jillet. The De'il invented looking glasses to make idolatry perpetual; for while there's a woman in the world, she'll say her prayers night and mornin' to a brazen image she sees in her mirror. The day is closing: to work! To work! See! (Looking off R.U.E) Yonder comes Jeanie driving the kye hame to the byre. Help her to herd them. (Exit into cottage R.3.E)

EFF: He is gone! How my heart beats!

(Re-enter Geordie Robertson R.2.E)

GEO: Hist, Effie!

EFF: Geordie!

GEO: Escaped! But the ban-dogs are at my heels. I must remain concealed here till dark, then I can gain the Salisbury Craigs. Our schooner lies at Kirkcaldy. She can drop across to Leith in the morning, and to-morrow night I'll creep on board, then hey for the coast of France!

EFF: What can I do to aid you?

GEO: Meet me to-night at Muschat's Cairn, in the Salisbury Craigs; then I'll give you a letter which must be conveyed to-night across the Firth. Can you find a messenger?

EFF: I'll take it myself.

GEO: Alone?

EFF: Alas! I have nothing to fear now—nothing, except my father's discovery of our love—of my ruin! Nothing to dread but the hour when my sister will look on me with shame, and I shall be cast forth from yonder door.

GEO: That shall never be! Let us fly together.

EFF: And our child, Geordie? Our wee bairn! (Geordie turns) You turn from me! Oh! Geordie, when I sleep I hear its cry! I feel it here upon my breast—a weight—a dead weight.

GEO: Hush, girl! That woman, Meg Murdockson, and her mad daughter Madge have stolen the child.

EFF: But it lives, Geordie, it lives; they would not harm it?

GEO: If I could get the old hag's weazen in my five fingers, I'd tell ye that—(Jeanie sings outside R.U.E)

EFF: Hark! 'Tis my sister Jeanie's voice! Conceal yourself. Quick!

GEO: Recollect—tonight at Muschat's Cairn, at Muschat's Cairn.

(Geordie exit into shed R.2.E. Re-enter Jeanie Deans R.U.E. with pail of milk)

JEAN: Hey, Spot! Noo, Fanny! The kine are peering over the byre after me, as if I had stole their milk. Effie, lassie, wha was that parted wi' ye noo?

EFF: (Aside) She saw him! (Aloud) Naebody.

JEAN: Naebody?

EFF: If ye ask me no questions, I'll tell ye no lies. I never ask what brings the Laird of Dumbiedikes glowering round like a wull cat.

JEAN: He's our laird and landlord, and comes to see our father.

EFF: And Donnie Butler, the young curate, does he come to see our father? Is it our father, Jeanie, that meets ye beside St. Ronan's Well in the gloamin'; wi' naebody by, and hush. (Sings) "Gin a body meet a body coming frae the well, Gin a body kiss a body, need a body tell?" Ha, ha! Eh, Jeanie! What's the matter, lass? I was only joking.

JEAN: Oh, Effie, if ye wull learn fule songs ye might make a kinder use of them.

EFF: (Embracing her) So I might! Oh! Have I hurt ye? I wish my tongue had blistered ere I had vexed--

JEAN: Never mind that, Effie. I canna be muckle vexed in 'ony thing ye say to me. But, oh! My sister, dinna sorrow our poor father. He loves ye mair than he likes to show. His auld heart is laid up in ye, for all the beauty our mither had she gave ye. Eh, Effie, I canna please him as you can, but I fear me I can love him mair.

EFF: Oh, Jeanie!

JEAN: For mony a day gane a change has come o'er ye, dearie; ye are na the same blithe gaysome thing ye used to be. Oh, Effie, if ye hae a sorrow, winna ye gie me a share on't?

EFF: Do not ask me, Jeanie, for I will na lie, and I canna speak the truth.

JEAN: D'ye remind, Effie, lang ago when ye were a wee bairn, ye strayed awa in the craigs above and lost yersel? I sought ye through the night and found ye greetin' in your little heed on a cauld stane by the brookside. I brought ye home again.

EFF: Dear, good Jeanie!

JEAN: And when we had to cross the skirling stream ye were frightened; but I took ye in my arms and I carried ye safely over. Well, Effie, I fear me, ye have strayed away once mair. Oh, if ye hae done so, let me take ye in my arms and carry ye home again.

EFF: Jeanie, dear, dear Jeanie, do not ask me. I canna tell ye.

JEAN: Do, Effie, do!

EFF: No, I canna; I canna. I have made my bed, and I must lie on it. These tears are not for myself, Jeanie, dear, but for my father and for you. Oh, if I could bear all the sorrow, all the shame; but I canna, and that's what makes it bitter. Nae, do not ask me more, the truth will out soon enough. (Effie exit into the cottage R.3.E)

JEAN: The lass has gotten married heels owre gowdie to some bletherin' ne'er do well, and daur not say it out. Yet she wears the blue snood round her hair as if she waur a lassie still. (Enter Reuben Butler, L.U.E) Hey! Reuben, is that you?

REU: Am I not welcome, Jeanie? (Holds out hand)

JEAN: Do you doubt it?

REU: I passed the Laird of Dumbiedikes on the Dalkeith road; his pony's head was turned this way.

JEAN: De'il tak the laird! (Taking up milk pails)

REU: Jeanie!

JEAN: I canna help it, Reuben. That gowky laird will coom the morn and set watchin' me all day wi' out a word. The laddie's fou! Then he'll draw a sigh that'll come up like a bucket frae the well and mak the doors slap and the window shake.

REU: But your father sees his love and favours his suit. I am only a poor curate, and he is a rich laird.

JEAN: D'ye think it's for his siller that I bear wi' him? Na! Na! I'd hae gi'en him his wages land ago if he brought nothing but his lands and his gowd to shew me.

REU: I can see nothing else to recommend him.

JEAN: I can see an honest heart, Reuben; fulish, may be, but soft. But I na mair turn away a heart from my love than I would a beggar from my door, but I'd thank them baith for taking comfort from my hands. Coom in! It's ower dark for us to be abroad.

REU: Jeanie, stay! A word—will ye marry me?

JEAN: You are a curate, Reuben, and your calling is the care of souls. If I marry you, I shall be robbing the parish. (Exeunt Reuben with Jeanie into cottage R.3.E)

SCENE II—Salisbury Craigs. Night. Enter Ratcliffe R.1.E

RAT: Where is Sharpitlaw? (Whistle heard outside L.1.E) That's the signal. (Whistles)

(Enter Sharpitlaw L.1.E)

SHAR: Hist! Ratcliffe—is that you?

RAT: It is so dark I can scarce tell.

SHAR: What news of young Robertson?

RAT: Ne'er fear—he won't leave the neighborhood of St. Leonard's while the Lily is there. I never knew a trap baited with a woman fail in catching one of his kidney.

SHAR: Here is the warrant for the arrest of Effie Deans!

RAT: We must hold that off until we can nab 'em both in the same net. We can always make sure of her. (Madge sings outside R.1.E)

SHARP: Hark! What's that?

RAT: Madge Wildfire, a mad creature who followed us from the city. We could not shake her off.

(Enter Madge R.1.E)

MADGE: Good e'een, gentles. You are up in the mornin' airly. (Sings) "Up in the morning airly, I'd rather be gang supperless to bed, than be up in the morning airly"

SHARP: Hold yer skirling! De'il take the wench! She'll gap all round us like a cocker spaniel and warn off the game. Come!

RAT: Stay, Madge, my beauty—what d’ye call these rocks?

MADGE: It’s Muschat’s Cairn by daylight.

RAT: We’ll find our game higher up in this cover. Look to your pistols. (Exeunt Ratcliffe and Sharpitlaw L.1.E)

(Enter Meg Murdockson R.2.E)

MEG: Have they gone?

MADGE: Ay! And now the moon will come out. She was over modest before folk!

MEG: Shut your fool’s mouth and clear your brains, ye limmer, for there’s work to do to-night.

MADGE: Work, mother? Nae work for me. I’m a leddy. I do no work. I’m Geordie Robertson’s wife—that is, I would hae been if he’d married me.

MEG: Are ye so mad that even revenge can’t rouse ye? Listen. To-night Geordie will take ship for France.

MADGE: Eh, but he shan’t, though, for the lawyers are after him, and I’ll show them where he lies, and they’ll catch him, and keep him till I want him.

MEG: Ye fool! They would twist his neck! Hark ye! D’ye mind the mother o’Geordie’s bairn?

MADGE: Ay, Madge—Madge Murdochson.

MEG: No, child! You were his first victim. I mean his last; the girl that he brought to us; the golden-haired thing, Effie Deans.

MADGE: Ay, poor lassie! She that greeted and sobbed for her little one that we took awa!

MEG: She’s guilty of concealment, and that by Scottish law is death. The hangman’s rope is after her like a serpent, I tell ye, and I’ve done it, Madge. I’ve moved her from your road. It’s brewin’ and doing—wait a wee, and then you’ll see! Geordie shall escape, but ere I let him pass, he shall marry you, Madge, as he swore to do. He has to choose between you and the gibbet.

MADGE: Oh, that’s brave! And shall we be married in a gaol or a church, mother?

MEG: Go! Follow those men, and when they come near this cairn, skirl a snatch o’ song to warn the laddie they are near.

MADGE: Oh! This is rare! Huntin' a lawyer in the gloamin' (Exit Madge L.2.E)

MEG: Now I'll rouse Geordie from his den, and—ho! What's comin' yonder like a wraith in the mist? It is a woman. (She retires behind a rock, R.2.E)

(Enter Effie R.1.E)

EFF: Here is the cairn! Hist! Geordie! Surely I saw a figure moving on this spot.

MEG: (Looking out) Effie!

EFF: Eh? (Meg disappears) I heard my name.

GEO: (Outside L.2.E) Effie! (Enters)

EFF: Quick, dear! I have run all the way! How my heart beats!

GEO: Here is the letter. (Gives her a paper)

EFF: When all are asleep to-night, I'll slip from my window. An hour will take me to Leith. There Sandy McPherson will cast me in his boat across to Kirkcaldy. I can be back an hour before daylight, and ne'er be missed.

GEO: No, Effie! You shall never return to your father's roof. Remain on board the schooner until I join you there.

EFF: Oh, Geordie! Must I leave my home to-night--forever?

GEO: Nonsense, you little fool! You can write from France to the old man, tell him you are my wife; you will soon forget and be forgotten.

EFF: Never! Never! I should be unworthy of your love if I could forget my dear father, and my gentle sister, Jeanie.

GEO: Well, remember them as much as you like. You have to choose between them and me; between my love and protection, and your shame and ruin if you remain here.

EFF: Oh, Geordie!

GEO: Besides, that devil, Meg Murdockson, will set the lawyers on your track; she has stolen the child that she may accuse you of making away with it.

EFF: Oh, wretch that I am! What shall I do?

GEO: Fetch the schooner round, and be in here when I reach her deck; then hey! For the coast of France, liberty and love. Come! Farewell, Effie, dear!

EFF: Farewell! (They embrace. Exit Effie R.1.E.)

GEO: She's a brave girl! (Meg advances R.2.E)

MEG: The devil speed her!

GEO: Meg!

MEG: Ay! Meg Murdockson, your nurse! And little did I think, when you lay on my breast four and twenty years ago, what a fiend I was nourishing.

GEO: It never occurred to me where I got the bad qualities of my nature; now I recognize their source.

MEG: I hold ye now as I held ye then, helpless, and in my power.

GEO: I defy you to harm me. (Crosses to L.)

MEG: Do ye, then, do ye? When one cry from my lips would do it. The crags are full of law dogs.

GEO: Shout for 'em, Meg! Why don't ye shout? You would sooner throttle yourself than do it.

MEG: I don't know whether it's love or hate that keeps me still.

GEO: And I don't care!

MEG: You ruined my child!

GEO: You tempted me with her.

MEG: Was my ambition any excuse for your crime? But now, a condemned felon, she is your equal; will you marry her?

GEO: No! D'ye think I'll be led by you to the altar with a rope round my neck?

MEG: Then take your doom, for you shall never escape with that leman yonder. (Madge sings outside) They're coming—that's the warning. D'ye hear it?

GEO: I do, nurse, and do not tremble. No! But you shake with fear for the life of your foster-child.

MEG: Devil! Devil! Go—go—hide yourself. You'll be seen—caught—taken to gaol. They come—they come!

GEO: Ha! Ha! I knew it.

MEG: I could not do it—my heart shook when I tried. But he shall marry Madge yet.

DUM: (Outside L.2.E) De'il tak the pny! Ho!

MEG: There's a struggle in the dark yonder—two figures! Ha! One falls—the other flies down the mountain. (She retires behind rock. Enter Dumbiedikes, L.1.E)

DUM: The devil's in my pony. I had his head turned for Dumbiedikes, when round he twisted and set for St. Leonard's. "Home!" says I—"Nay", says he. "Supper!", says I in a wheedlin' tone, "Jeanie!", says he in a whinny. His heels went up and went down—so he left me sprawlin' like a fish on dry land, and I'll warrant he's half way to David Deans's cottage by this time.

(Enter Ratcliffe L.2.E. with Sharpitlaw and officers)

RAT: Hush! There he is!

SHAR: Have you the manacles?

RAT: All right—but take care—he's a devil! Look to your arms.

SHAR: And think of the hundred pounds that is on his head.

DUM: What'll Jeanie say when Rory knocks at the door? She'll say—

SHAR: In the King's name you're my prisoner.

RAT: (Seizing Dumbiedikes) Drop your weapons, or you're a dead man!

DUM: Don't—don't shoot! Take all I've got. There's a silver watch in my breeches' fob, and twa pennies and a bawbie in my auld leather pouch. Take it all, but don't shoot.

RAT: This is not our man.

SHAR: I tell you I saw a struggle.

DUM: Ye did! And ye saw I got the worst of it!

RAT: It is some fellow on the same scent wi' ourselves. Then yoe had hold of him, had ye?

DUM: Wi' baith hands and knees.

RAT: Ah! You tried to hold him fast?

DUM: I did! I stuck to him, but he threw me o'er his head and was off like a shot.

RAT: Can you guess the road he took?

DUM: I'll tak me oath on it, he's trotted off to Davie Deans' cottage.

SHARP: You were right, Ratcliffe. That's the trap to catch him.

RAT: I suppose you are on the same job as we are? I mean you are after the fugitive.

DUM: Well, I'd like to put a good halter round his neck!

RAT: And you know there's a hundred pounds offered for him?

DUM: A hundred pound! Whew! I'll sell him for ten, and I'll tell you how to catch him. Just go to Davie Deans's cottage, and you'll find him munching hay in the stable.

SHAR: What! Geordie Robertson?

DUM: No! My pony—Rory Bean!

RAT: Why, now I look again, it is the laird of Dumbiedikes! (lantern)

DUM: Every inch of him!

SHAR: Fool! Have we been losing precious time with you?

DUM: That's what surprises me!

RAT: You take that side of the rocks. We'll descend by this path. (Exit Ratcliffe and officers L.1.E, and Sharpitlaw and the other officers R.1.F)

DUM: That's four maniac folk, just escaped from Bedlam! (Madge advances) One hundred pounds for Rory Bean! (Bows)

MADGE: (Taking his arm) It's a braw night, Laird o' Dumbiedikes!

DUM: Is it a woman or a grenadier?

MADGE: Hush! Whisper. There's wild folk in the Craigs to-night. I've watched them; they won't harm ye while I'm nigh.

DUM: Then I'll stick to you! I'm thinking those were all madmen!

MADGE: Mad as hares!

DUM: Thank Heaven I've found somebody in their senses at last! (Bus. Then sings)

MADGE: (Crossing to R.H. and taking his arm) Come, stop! What have you done with the child?

DUM: The child!

MADGE: Hush! Step soft, or you'll waken it up. Softer!

DUM: Don't you see I'm treading on pigeons' eggs!

MADGE: Hush! (Exeunt R.1.E)

SCENE III—David Deans' cottage. David Deans is discovered, Jeanie Deans is laying the supper.

REU: I have little to offer your daughter, sir, but a fair name and an honest effort.

DAV: That's better than siller or high rank, Reuben.

REU: It is better; but more people say than think it, or act by it.

DAV: Reuben Butler, you ask me for my daughter's hand. Jeanie, d'ye hear him?

JEAN: Ay, father, I've heard him these twa years.

DAV: And what d'e say?

JEAN: I'm willing when you can spare me better.

DAV: Eh, sir, it's a hard thing for an auld mon to part wi' all he has in life! My two bairns—my Leah and my Rachel. For twenty years they have grown beside me—Jeanie so good, and Effie so winsome. The fireside will be aye lonely for the auld father when they're gane.

JEAN: But why needs go? Reuben can live here, father.

REU: And instead of taking away a daughter, you will have a son.

JEAN: Ay, father.

DAV: Na, na, Jeanie. It's owre much for a girl to be a daughter, wife, and mother too. I wouldna ask it.

JEAN: Then I'll be a daughter ainly. I wad nae gi' up that name for the proudest in the land, and I wouldna change my home for the palace of Dalkeith. (Crosses to fire L)

(Enter Effie, D. in F. down R.H).

DAV: Come here, my bit lassie. Why, the dew is on yer gowden hair, and you are cauld, Effie.

JEAN: You look as if ye'd seen a bogle. (Effie half rises)

DAV: No, sit there, and let me look into your face. Look there, Reuben. There is all my wealth, all my pride. The King of Scotland could gie a man titles and estate, but he ne'er could make him father of two such children.

JEAN: What's that groapin' and snuffin' at the window? Hae the kine broke loose? (She opens the window) Why, it's Rory, the laird's pony; there he trots straight to the stable. But where's the laird?

(Enter Dumbiedikes D. in F)

DUM: Here, Jeanie; and I'm droukit to the skin wi' fear. Eh! sirs, there's a regiment of thieves and murderers in the Craigs, wi' pistols and whingers, who wanted to gie a hundred pounds for Rory, and shoot me because I wasn't somebody else. Then a mad woman took me in charge, and led me in search of dead babbies, that seemed buried under every stone in Salisbury Craigs. I've had an awfu' night!

JEAN: Sit down, laird, and compose your legs.

DUM: If you had the smallest drap of strong waters, it might stay the wobbles in me, for I'm shook indeed.

DAV: Sit to the board and put food in you; there's more courage in that than in drink. Water is truth, and every other drink is a lie; water cleaneth a man, and makes of him a Christian; water brings up his food from the earth, and it is the only earthly thing that God has permitted to rise up and inhabit the heavenly sky. There is a blessing in it, and in everything that lives by it.

JEAN: Effie, winna ye come?

EFF: Na, na; let me bide here on the hearth; I've na appetite for food.

JEAN: (Aside to her) Why, Effie, ye are greetin'.

EFF: Hush! Let me greet; I must, I must, or my heart will break: keep them from seeing it.

DUM: Food is better than drink—so it is, David. Well, here's your health in a slice of mutton. (Eats)

DAV: Eat, laird—eat Reuben, and then we'll gather round the fire, and Reuben shall read to us from the Bible, and instead of the draught of death, ye shall drink the waters of life.

(Effie kneels beside the hearth R.H. as if in prayer, and then creeps behind her father's chair, and kisses his plaid)

DUM: Where's Effie?

EFF: (Rising) Here. But I—I—am sick, and I would go—go to rest. But do not let me hinder you; no, don't rise, father, but kiss me, and bless me, if you will. (Kneels)

DAV: Bless you, my bit lassie; may Heaven keep you! (Effie rises and staggers as exit to L)

JEAN: Effie, you can scarce walk. What's the matter?

EFF: Naething! Good night, Jeanie—good night! (She is going, but returns, and embraces Jeanie)

(Enter Ratcliffe D. in F)

RAT: I'm sorry to intrude on ye at meal-time.

DUM: That's the fellow that wanted to give a hundred pounds for my pony.

DAV: What's your business here at sic an hour at night?

EFF: We may hinder the gentleman, Jeanie, let us go.

RAT: No, my pretty lassie; you must stop. (Enter Sharpitlaw D. in F. and officers) Your name, I think, is Euphemia Deans?

DAV: Well, sir, she'll no deny it.

SHAR: Then, Euphemia Deans, in virtue of this warrant, made by the High Court of Judicature, duly instructed in the premises for the crime of murder, done on the body of your infant child, within the jurisdiction of this Court, and against the peace of the realm, and the dignity of our Sovereign Lord and King. You are my prisoner.

JEAN: Effie, my sister? It cannot be.

DAV: Murder! My—my lassie—my Effie? Speak—speak! Why don't ye? If ye can't—if your wrath chokes ye, as mine does, look—look at me, and—

EFF: Oh, take me awa'—take me awa'!

JEAN: Oh, no! No! Don't harm her.

RAT: It is a sorry formality, lassie; but in capital cases it is my duty to do this.

DAV: Murderess? She, my child! Let me look at her. Stand back, laird. Hands off there, Reuben Butler. Let me look at this thing I have made to blast my auld age. Murderess? And ye have dared to haunt my house—to sleep under my roof—to pollute my hearthstone? Begone! And following your steps you father's curse! (Effie utters a cry)

JEAN: No, no. (Throws herself on David's neck) Do not curse your child!

DAV: My child! My--

(After a brief struggle, he bursts into tears, and sits at table in convulsive grief. Jeanie kneels at his feet. Tableaux)

ACT II

(Salisbury Craigs—same as Scene 2, Act I. Enter Jeanie, R.1.E with a letter)

JEAN: This maun be the spot this letter bids me: "As you value your sister's life, meet the writer at Muschat's Tower before sunrise." Yonder is the Cairn.

(Enter Geordie, L.1.E)

GEO: Are you she that I seek?

JEAN: I am the sister of Effie Deans. Oh! Sir, as you hope for mercy, tell me, if you can, what can be done to save her?

GEO: I don't hope for mercy, here, or hereafter, for I was the destruction of the mother that bore—more, of the friend that loved me, and of the woman that trusted me.

JEAN: Then you are the wicked cause of my sister's ruin?

GEO: Curse me for it, if you will—I deserve it; but swear to me that you will follow my counsel, and take the only course by which her life may be saved.

JEAN: Is she innocent or guilty?

GEO: Innocent of all but having loved a villain. But that innocence you alone can prove.

JEAN: How? Tell me, and I'll forgive ye all the misery ye hae made.

GEO: Harken to me. Your sister is innocent of the crime charged against her: yet she must die. The disappearance of the child, and her concealment of its birth, is crime enough, by their bloody code, to convict and sentence her to death.

JEAN: Oh, my puir Effie! Oh, my sister!

GEO: Stay your howling and listen: still you alone can save her. What is so natural as that she should have made you the confidant of her sorrow? Had she done so, it would take the case from under the statute, by removing the fact of concealment. She must have spoken to you—think—reflect. I am positive she did.

JEAN: Nay, sir. She never said a word about it, but greeted sadly whenever I spoke to her of her altered looks, or broken spirits.

GEO: I tell you, you must remember it! You pressed her on the subject, and at last she confessed that she had been ruined by a wretch—a villain—a cruel, false villain—call me by every name that I deserve, you cannot make me worse than I am. Remember this—and swear to it; that is all that is necessary.

JEAN: But how can I remember that which Effie never tauld me?

GEO: You must remember it—all of it—whether she told you so or not. You must repeat this tale before the justiciary, or whatever they call that blood-thirsty Court, and save your sister from being murdered, and them from becoming murderers.

JEAN: But I shall be mansworn.

GEO: Will you let her die, when the breath of your mouth can give her back to life?

JEAN: I would gie the best bluid in my body to keep her skathless, but I canna change right into wrong, nor make that true which is false.

GEO: Cruel, hard-hearted girl. What are you afraid of? Why, even these bloodhounds of the law will rejoice at the escape of a creature so beautiful—so young. The judges themselves will silently praise you in their hearts.

JEAN: And the Judge in Heaven, whose name I call on to witness the truth of my lie, will He praise? Will He rejoice?

GEO: Oh, Jeanie, He will forgive.

JEAN: He has given us a law, and my wrong can never make Effie right.

GEO: Curse your stubborn Scotch blood! Will you obey me? (Draws pistol)

JEAN: (Falls on her knees) Oh! Dinna kill me sir!

GEO: Will you swear she told you this?

JEAN: No, I'll tell the truth, na more.

GEO: What a villain have I become. No, Jeanie, I am a desperate wretch, but not wicked enough to do you any harm. Do as you will. I must seek Effie's safety elsewhere. Go, leave me. Oh! If I cannot rescue her, I can die with her on the scaffold. (Exits.)

JEAN: He loves her—bad as he is, he loves her. That will be some comfort to her in her sorrow. There comes the morning light, and before the sun goes down the trial of Effie

will be over, and her doom will be spoken. By daylight the prison doors will be open, and I must be there. (Exit R.1.E)

SCENE II—A cell in the Tolbooth. Effie discovered lying on a pallet. Enter Radcliffe, R.

RAT: Come, Effie, my bonnie doo, rouse yourself.

EFF: I was na sleepin', sir.

RAT: Ye'll sleep well after judgment, lassie; that's the way of it. The night before trial a prisoner always frets and wakes, but the night before death aye sleeps like a top.

EFF: D'ye know if Geordie escaped? Is he free?

RAT: He has got away, surely.

EFF: That's some comfort. (Enter Sharpitlaw R.H and officer)

SHARP: Pluck up, Effie, you will have a fine trial. All Edinboro is full of your name. Ye ought to feel proud. There's a lassie outside wants to see you.

EFF: 'Tis Jeanie! 'Tis my sister! (Enter Jeanie R.H. Effie embraces her) Oh, Jeanie!—oh, my darling Jeanie! How long it seems since we parted!

JEAN: Effie—Effie! Oh! Dinna greet. Hae courage. Ye will want it, Effie, dear.

EFF: Oh, let me look at ye! It helps me. Come and stay by me.

SHARP: Stay by them, Ratcliffe. (Exits R.H)

JEAN: Ye are ill, Effie, dear—ye are vera ill.

EFF: Oh, what would I give if I were ten times worse!—to be cold—dead—beside our mother in Newbattle kirkyard.

RAT: Hout, lassie! Don't be so sown-hearted! Ye are a bonnie lass. Brisk up, and look your best. Why, a jury would quit you on your good looks alone, when they'd strap up a gowk like me for the fifteenth part of a flea's hide and tallow.

JEAN: Oh! If you had tauld me of your sorrow, Effie! If I were free to swear ye had tauld me all, they could na hae touched your life this day.

EFF: Oh! Who told you that, Jeanie?

JEAN: Him who brought this to pass.

EFF: Him? Then he is here? Where—where is he? (Sees Ratcliffe) Oh! No—no—hush—dinna say where he is.

RAT: Speak up! May I die if I betrat ye!

JEAN: I have just parted with him.

EFF: And he stayed here near me: even at the peril of his life he has not left me. My brave Geordie!

JEAN: He said if he couldna save ye, he would gie himself up, and die on the scaffold beside ye.

EFF: (Embracing Jeanie) Did he say so?—did he say so? Oh, Jeanie, tell me. How looked he? Was he sorry for his poor Effie?

JEAN: He wanted me should be mansworn to save ye.

EFF: And ye tauld him that one breath of your mouth was worth more than all the breath of my body.

JEAN: I told him that I couldna tell a lie!

EFF: And yet ye ask me why I love him?—him that would peril soul and liberty both for me. (Goes up and sits on stool)

JEAN: Oh, Effie! I dinna deserve this fra ye.

RAT: I needs must say it is damn hard that, if three words would give the girl a chance of necking the law, you make such a mouth over slapping them out. Why, I've kissed calf-skin fifty times to save a keg of whiskey; but then, I was in the smuggling business, and, being used to a thing, don't mind it.

EFF: Oh! It is not death I fear, but the trial. To be set there for men's eyes to glower at—to hear my shame branded from lip to lip; the shame!—the shame! (Bell heard off R.1.E)

RAT: That's your hour, Effie, tolled by the bell of old St. Giles.

(Enter Sharpitlaw, and two officers L.H., who takes Effie's chains off)

SHARP: Come, lassie, are ye ready now? Ye must pass to the Court-house.

EFF: Oh, must I go? Cannot they condemn me, and let me die? If I confess all—all—will they not spare me this public shame?

JEAN: Effie--Effie, speak to me. Oh! Say what ye would hae me do, and I could find in my heart to do it.

SHARP: Come, girl, let's have no skirling; we don't want to employ force, so don't be foolish. You will only make a bad case worse.

EFF: I will go, sir; indeed I will.

RAT: Of course she will. There, don't cry—cheer up! Lord love ye! I've been tried four times, sentenced twice, and I'm none the worse for it.

EFF: The law is no gentile, sirs, to lead a poor lassie through the open streets for all the world to gape at.

JEAN: Let me gang wi' ye, Effie. I care not for the shame sae muckle as the sin. Let me go wi' ye, and maybe the folk winna ken whilk of us is to suffer.

SHARP: That may not be.

EFF: No, Jeanie, no. Farewell.

JEAN: Farewell. (They embrace. Scene closes in on tableau, and bells toll during change)

Scene III— The Close. Exterior of Tolbooth Prison. Enter David Deans, Reuben Butler, and Dumbiedikes L.1.E

REU: Let me entreat you, sir, do not attend the trial. You are weak and suffer.

DAV: I canna keep away! It is my own flesh that has sinned—it is my own blood that must be spilled upon the scaffold.

REU: And yet there is no counsel provided to defend her!

DAV: Heaven will defend her! I will have no lawyer, no juggler of lies and quirks to make her guilt seem white! Shew me an honest, God-fearing man, who has suffered for the kirk and the covenant!

DUM: The man's daft! Whoever heard of a lawyer suffering for anybody? (Enter Jeanie R.1.E) He's throwing the lassie's life away.

DAV: You have seen her, Jeanie. What hope?

JEAN: She is innocent, father. Innocent of bluid; love blinded her, and she fell!

DAV: My poor bairn!

DUM: Eh, sirs! If that's to be a hanging matter, there's many a bonnie neck in the noose this day!

REU: I gathered the few pounds I had, and went to lawyer Fairbrother.

DAV: A good man, a good man.

REU: He knew the case, and would assure her acquitted, if she should only prove she had not concealed her error.

DAV: Ay! If she had been brazen and shameless, she might have escaped; but if she hid her crime with the rags and tatters of her old innocence, she might suffer; her blush is her guilt in the eye of the law.

JEAN: Will this counselor Fairbrother defend her, Reuben? Or, did he say he would?

REU: I could not ask him, Jeanie. I had not the money to buy his pleading.

DUM: Will siller do ye any good? Effie shall not die if that will serve her. I'll go as far as 20 l. (Draws out purse)

REU: That will do bravely. (Enter Ratcliffe R.1.E)

RAT: Here's a letter for Mr. reuben Butler. (Gives it)

REU: For me! (Opens it)

RAT: It's from Counsellor Fairbrother! The Court is open and they are calling the jury! There hasn't been such a crowd in the High Court since Jock Porteous was tried for murder! (Exits)

REU: (Reads) "I accept the case of Effie Deans without fee or hope, beyond the pleasure of rescuing this poor creature from the penalties of a cruel law. Evidence has been obtained from the ravings of a mad creature, called Madge Wildfire, that tends to exculpate the prisoner. We have arrested this woman, and may extract from her some matter favorable to our case. The sister of the prisoner, I hear, will testify in her behalf. If she can swear that she was in Effie's confidence, acquittal follows, as of course. I think favorably of the issue." Do you hear that, Jeanie? He gives us hope!

DUM: And takes naething for it! (Puts up his purse) I'll discharge Michael Novit, my attorney, and put my cases in this man's hands!

DAV: And he says, then, if ye'll speak for her, Jeanie, the poor thing will escape.

JEAN: I know it, father! I know it! Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?

DAV: Leave us, Laird. Go, Reuben! (Exit Dumbiedikes and Reuben R.1.E) Daughter, in all things doubtful, a Christian conscience should be her only guide. Descend into your heart, and if you find anything there that may be for Effie's weal.

JEAN: Oh, father! I find only one thing!

DAV: What is that?

JEAN: The Ninth Command, ye shall not bear false witness.

DAV: The path o' our duty in life is not free from stumbles, Jeanie, and this act that now distresses ye may be in some sort a transgression. Yet in matters of compliance the guilt lieth not sae much in the means as in the object. And—so—so, Jeanie, if ye could wi' reservation say that your sister tauld how—that is—Oh! Heaven forgive me, my sorrow blinds me, and would lead my child into temptation; no—no, I will speak no more—Jeanie, no more na more if you can wi' a good conscience, speak in favor of your poor unhappy sister (falters) recollect she is your sister in the flesh—worthless and cast away as she is, she is the daughter of a Saint in Heaven that was a good mother to you, Jeanie. But if ye are not free in conscience to speak for her in the Court of Judicature—follow your own conscience, Jeanie, and let His will be done. (Exeunt)

SCENE IV

The High Court of Justiciary. Effie, Fairbrother, Sharpitlaw, Judges, Jury, Barristers, and crowd, Officers of the Court, Halberdiers, Dumbiedikes discovered in tableau.

(Enter Ratcliffe, leading in David and Jeanie, R.)

RAT: You are privileged to have a seat near the prisoner; come this way.

DAV: Where will she sit?

RAT: Yonder.

DAV: No! I canna sit by her—let me turn my eyes elsewhere. Better for us both.

JUDGE: Is the panel prepared with defence? Who appears for the prisoner?

FAIR: (Rises) The panel is prepared. (Sits)

JUDGE: Call the jury.

CRIER: Silence in the Court! The Worshipful Lords of Justiciary of this High Court, assembled in the King's name, demand a jury of good men and true, to be here and now sworn to try the prisoner at the bar according to such evidence as may be shewn and proven before the Court—Alexander Gray, Robert Graham, James McAllister, Dougal Stuart, David Scott, James McPherson, Charles Bruce, George Anstruther, Walter Raeburn, John Hope, Peter Halkit, Thomas Crawford, Robert Sterling. (The officer goes to the jury, and goes through the form of swearing)

JUDGE: If the panel except to any of the jury she will challenge now.

FAIR: There is no challenge, my Lord.

JUDGE: Is the Crown ready?

SHARP: (Rising) We are prepared, my Lord.

JUDGE: Let the prisoner be brought into court. Euphemia Deans, stand forth and listen to the criminal indictment now to be preferred against you.

RAT: Put back your hair, Effie. (Effie puts back the hair from her face; a murmur of commiseration runs through the crowd)

SHARP: George, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain and Ireland, the Channel Islands, France, and the Colonies in America, Defender of the faith against Euphemia Deans. On due information and by belief to us shewn and discovered, the said Euphemia Deans, on or about the 24th day of June, upon the body of her infant child at that time born, did commit the act of murder; and secondly, the accused did conceal its birth against the statute anno 1690, chap. 21; all or either of which being duly proven, she shall suffer the pains and penalties thereunto pertaining and set forth.

JUDGE: Prisoner at the bar—are you guilty or not guilty?

EFFIE: Not guilty of my poor bairn's death!

JUDGE: The Counsel to the Crown will plead to the relevancy.

SHARP: My duties in this case will be brief. The indictment is supported by the confession of the prisoner, duly attested. According to the stern, but necessary, severity of the statute, the erring mother who conceals her crime adds but another error to her first offence; and, if under such circumstances, she cannot show by proof that her infant died a natural death, or produced it still in life, she must, under the construction of the law, be held to have murdered it, and suffer death accordingly. The Crown rests upon the evidence furnished by the prisoner's confession, which the other side will, I fear, find difficult to rebut. (Sits)

FAIR: (Rises) My Lords and Gentlemen of the Jury—my learned friend—the Counsel for the Crown stated that his case was a brief one, and he did wisely. I say that he refrained wisely from leaning upon the cruel and bloodthirsty law under which this ordinance is framed. He refrained wisely from uncovering a single fact connected with this unhappy history. With admirable instinct, he addressed his speech, not to you, but to the Court. You are accessible to all those feelings which do honor to the human race. But their worships are expounders of the law—the inexorable law—and therefore he turned his back upon you, and sought the only ears that will be open to him. He relies on the

confession of the prisoner to convict her. Here is that confession. She acknowledges her error in simple, heart-rending words. She refuses to name her seducer. No questions can entice—no threats can enforce—no cunning can entrap it from her. She shields him from all blame or shame. She denies, with a mother's tenderness, all participation in her infant's death, and all she asks is by a speedy death to cover up her miseries in the grave. Gentlemen of the Jury, you are asked to write her death-warrant on such a confession as this. The name of the author of the prisoner's ruin, which she refused to confess, I will tell you. It was none other than the notorious Geordie Robertson, the escaped felon. This Robertson—

JUDGE: I am sorry to interrupt the counsel, but this defence is travelling out of the case before us.

FAIR: I desire to show that her lover was convicted of felony, and sentenced to death. His fate withdrew from her all hope of that marriage he had promised, and at this moment of despair I trust to prove that she communicated to her sister the unhappy condition to which she was reduced.

JUDGE: If you can indeed prove that, Mr. Fairbrother, the case falls on the ground.

FAIR: And not only to her, but to another witness was the matter told. Call Margaret Murdochson, alias Madge Wildfire. (Call outside: "Madge Wildfire!")

SHARP: (Rising) The witness called is not in her sound mind. I trust that the time of the Court will not be wasted on the ravings of a maniac.

FAIR: What is this confession of the prisoner? What is the object of it? It is a prayer to be inducted to the scaffold! When you obtained it from her, did you warn her of what she was doing?—that she was committing suicide? If you did not, you obtained it illegally, and it must be ruled out. If you did, then here is your own witness attempting suicide; and is not that evidence enough of temporary insanity? One mad woman's evidence is as good as another's.

JUDGE: The Jury will decide. (Enter Mage R.2.E)

MADGE: Good day! (Curtseys) What d'ye want?

JUDGE: Let her be sworn.

MADGE: Na, na! ye don't catch me swearing! I was put in the stocks once for swearing at Baillie Novit.

SHARP: She don't know the nature of an oath.

MADGE: Don't I? It's six days in the Tolbooth.

JUDGE: What is your name?

MADGE: What's that to you what my name is?

JUDGE: Unless the woman can be sworn, her evidence is inadmissible.

MADGE: Eh? I know what ye want, but I won't tell you. You want me to show you where the bairn is. My mother has putten it away where ye'll never find it.

EFF: Oh, Maggie! D'ye ken where they hae putten my bairn, my innocent? Oh! If you would deserve a portion of Heaven in a broken-hearted creature's blessing on earth, tell me where ye hae putten my bairn, the sign of my shame, the partner of my sufferings.

FAIR: Do you hear that cry? Nature herself bears testimony in favor of the mother, in that piteous cry of maternal affection. Stand down, Madge.

SHARP: I claim that such testimony shall be ruled out of Court.

FAIR: Rule it out of the hearts of the jury if you can.

MADGE: Don't quarrel, gentlemen.

JUDGE: Take her away.

MADGE: Good morning, gentlemen. (Bowing to the barristers) Good morning, leddies. (Bowing to the judges and exits R.2.E)

JUDGE: Proceed with the defence.

SHARP: And let us have sane witnesses.

FAIR: Now bring forward my most important—I may say, only—witness, with whose evidence the case will conclude. Call Jean, or Jeanie Deans, daughter of David Deans, of St. Leonards Craigs. (Jeanie appears on stand R.2.E)

EFF: My sister! My sister! Where, where? Oh, Jeanie, Jeanie! Save me—save me!

DAV: Oh! This is the worst of all. Oh! This is indeed the dregs of the bitter cup. (An officer advances with the book)

JUDGE: Jean Deans; you solemnly swear the truth to tell, and no truth to conceal, as you shall answer in the last day of judgment. (Jeanie kisses the book) Young woman, you come before this Court in circumstances that it would be worse than cruel not to pity, and feel for. Yet it is my duty to tell you the truth is what you owe to your country and the Great Being you have invoked.

JEAN: I know it, sir—I mean, my Lord.

FAIR: (Rising) You are, I think, the sister of the prisoner?

JEAN: (Curtseying) Yes, sir.

FAIR: She was employed for some time in Edinburgh, I believe? I mean, she did not reside in your father's house when she made the acquaintance of Geordie Robertson?

JEAN: No, sir. She lived in Edinburgh, in service.

FAIR: She lived in Edinburgh—in service. Take your time in answering.

JEAN: Yes, sir. (Curtseying)

FAIR: But she visited her father's house from time to time?

JEAN: Every Sabbath day.

FAIR: She came to see her father, and you, every Sabbath. So the closest love and sympathy always existed between you. You had no secrets from each other. Eh?

SHAR: I object to that question.

FAIR: It is not a question.

SHAR: It sounded like one.

FAIR: Object to the sound, then. (To Jeanie) Do you recollect noticing a serious change in her state of health?

JEAN: I did, sir.

FAIR: You did! It was palpable! Her spirits were broken, and of course, my dear, she confided to you the cause of her sorrow.

SHAR: I am sorry to interrupt my learned brother; but I appeal to the Court if this be not a leading question.

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

FAIR: It is no matter; I will shape it another way. The jury will appreciate our desire to get at the truth, and the technical impediments to which the Crown resorts to defeat us. Pray, young woman, did you ask your sister any question when you observed her looking unwell? Take courage; speak out. Don't be afraid of my learned friend; his bark is worse than his bite.

JEAN: Yes, I asked her what ailed her.

FAIR: Very well.; very natural also you asked her what trouble she was in. Take your time now. And what was the answer she made? (A pause ensues)

DAV: (In a low voice) Oh! My poor bairn! Oh! Heaven, stoop down, and deliver my poor bairn in this deadly strait.

FAIR: Take courage, Jeanie. I asked you what your sister said ailed her when you inquired?

JEAN: Nothing. (Murmer. Crier yells "Silence in the Court!")

FAIR: Nothing; true. You mean that at first she hesitated; but when you naturally pressed her upon the subject, she told you.

JEAN: (Struggles, and looks helplessly and sadly around) She tauld me—she tauld me—that—alack! Alack! She never breathed a word to me about it.

EFF: Ah! (Clasps her hands in despair)

DAV: My bairn—my bit lassie. Effie—Eff—(He falls forward in a swoon)

FAIR: He has fainted.

JEAN: My father!

EFF: My father!—my father! (Struggling with her guard) Oh, let me go to my father. I will gae to him—I hae killed him—I hae killed him!

(Jeanie Leans over David and Reuben)

FAIR: I must leave this case in the hands of the jury.

(Ratcliffe hands water to Jeanie, who bathes David's temples with it)

JUDGE: Gentlemen of the Jury, on the confession and admission, the Court directs you to return a verdict of Guilty against the prisoner at the bar. (Foreman rises, hands paper to the crier who hands it to the Judge. Reads) "For consideration of the extreme youth of the prisoner and cruel circumstances of the case, the Jury earnestly entreats the Court to recommend her to the mercy of the crown." Euphemia Deans, stand forth and attend to the sentence of the Court now to be pronounced against you. What have you to say in stay thereof?

EFF: Heaven forgie ye, my lords; I canna blame ye for what ye are going to do to me; for if I hae na killed my puir infant, ye may witness all that have seen it this day, that I have been the means of killing my poor father. I deserve the worst frae man and frae Heaven too, but He is more merciful to us than we are to each other.

(The judge assumes the Black Cap)

CRIER: Silence in the Court, while the worshipful Lord of Justiciary passes sentence of death on the prisoner at the bar.

ACT III

Scene I—David Deans' cottage. Enter Dumbiedikes D.F.R.H.

DUM: Naebody at home but the clock, and that's stoppit. I'll just wait till Jeanie comes in. Now's the time, when the heart's off its guard, to walk in and tak possession. (Enter Jeanie D.F. with bundle)

JEAN: Laird, I was seekin' ye.

DUM: Eh! Why Jeanie, lassie, what's the matter wi' ye?

JEAN: I am gaun a long journey—I'm gaun to Lunnun to speak to the Queen about my sister's life.

DUM: Lunnun—the Queen—your sister's life—the lassie's demented!

JEAN: Mad or no, sink or swim, I gang that gate, if I have to beg my bread fra door to door, and sae I must, unless ye wad lend me a sma' sum to pay my food—a little thing will do it—and ye'll nae lose by it; my father will repay ye, laird.

DUM: (Aside) Sh—now's my chance.

JEAN: Well, I see you are no for assisting me; so fare ye well. (Draws out a wallet)

DUM: No, Jeanie! Ye misttak', here's my purse, d'ye hear it? (clinks)—gould, lassie; good, heavy, red goud. Jeanie, I will mak' ye Lady Dumbiedikes before the sun sets, and ye may ride to Lunnun in your coach.

JEAN: Lae, laird, it's nae time for weddings, and wi' disgraced folk like us.

DUM: That's my business. I'll tak' ye, disgrace and a'; or, here, tak' the siller, Jeanie, and when ye come back again—

JEAN: But, laird, I like another man better than you.

DUM: Another man better than me! It's no possible! Ye hae ken'd me so long.

JEAN: Ay, but, laird, I have ken'd him longer.

DUM: Jeanie, it can't be? Think on it, lassie; d'ye hear that? (Clinks) I've got eighty like that, and lands and cattle, Jeanie, dear, and ye have no seen the rental book, 300 l sterling, and there's my grandmother's wardrobe in the auld chest, silk gounds that would stand on end, and lace like spiders' webs, an' rings and earrings. Oh! Jeanie, come an' look at 'em.

JEAN: I've gi'en my word, laird, to him, and if ye'd gie me the haile barony of Dalkeith and Leyton too, I could not break it.

DUM: What is him? Who is him?

JEAN: Just Reuben Butler.

DUM: Butler, the cantrite wi'out a bawbee; well, Jeanie, lass; it dinna sinnify, a fair offer is nae cause of feud; but as for helpin' wi' my money.

JEAN: I was nae beggin' from your honor; gude morning to you, sir; ye hae been kind to my father, and ye cannot mak' me forget that. (Dumbiedikes hesitates, returns)

DUM: Jeanie, they say that only a fool takes a woman at her first word.

JEAN: But ye maun tak' me at mine, laird, for I hae but one to bestow, and that's a true one.

DUM: Well, then, you shouldna take a man at his first word, then; there's the siller, lassie, tak' it; I'd gie ye Rory too, but he's as willful as yourself, and wanna gang ony way but his own.

JEAN: God bless ye, laird.

DUM: There's twenty pound there, and so gang where ye like, do what ye like, and marry all the Butlers in the country if yer minded.

JEAN: I gie ye my hand, laird, though I canna gie ye my heart. I'm gaun to London to beg my sister's life, and when I'm gone, laird, tell my father that I would na see him till I cum back wi' Effie's life and pardon in my hand, and then he will take poor Jeanie to his heart, and love me for my sister's sake. My father, laird, stay by him.

DUM: I'll never quit him!

JEAN: Reuben will stay here too, and ye shall be twa sons to the auld man, to bear him up in his sorrow. Farewell. (Tableaux as Jeanie goes out. Scene changes)

SCENE II—A road, night. Madge sings outside. Enter Meg and Madge R.1.E

MEG: Hold yer clack, ye jillet! (Calls) Hey, Frank! Frank Levitt! (Enter Levitt R.2.E)

LEV: Well, Mother hell-cat.

MEG: Has the girl crossed the hill yet?

LEV: Perhaps she has taken the York road.

MEG: I tell ye no! We passed her at Bernaby's rise.

MADGE: Look, mother! There's Effie's bogle in the Wood!

MEG: 'Tis she! Now, Frank, she'll pass this way.

LEV: Stand back a bit. (Meg and Madge retire behind tree R.H.1.E. Enter Jeanie L.H.1.E)

JEAN: In another hour I can reach Grantham; there I'll rest an hour or two.

LEV: Stop!

JEAN: What d'ye want wi' a puir lassie, sir?

LEV: I want your money first, and your company afterwards.

JEAN: Oh, sir! Take my money, but do not stay me; here is all I have—twenty pounds; give me as much as will find me in bread for my journey, and I'll be satisfied.

LEV: Twenty pounds! (As he counts the money, Jeanie steals past him and tries to escape R.1.E)

MEG: (Advances and stops her) No, lass; hold fast, there.

LEV: Hey, slippin' off; nae, then, we must take care of ye. Come—follow us into the house.

JEAN: Oh, sir! And you, who are one of my own sex—for the love of Heaven, dinna ask me to stop on my way.

MEG: We know your errand, and ye shall not accomplish it; it's nae your money we want; it is your sister's life.

MADGE: Dinna screeel, lassie, or mother will put a knife in your back and toss you in the loch. (Exeunt R.1.E)

SCENE III—A hut subdivided into two compartments. Room L.H., shed R.H. Table—candle burning—stools—paliasse—R.H. Fire L.H. Enter Levitt, Madge, Jeanie and Meg R.D.F into L.H. room

MEG: So, Jeanie Deans, ye thought yourself half way to Lunnon, did you? But ye were only half way to Heaven, or—(Is about to strike her with a knife)

LEV: (Catching her arm) No you don't. (Wrenches the knife away) Let go, hell cat; I'll have no blood shed here.

MEG: Take care it isn't your own that'll flow first.

MADGE: Mother is an awfu' woman when she's put out.

LEV: (To Jeanie) Don't fear, lassie; while Frank Levitt, the pad is by, the your life's safe.

JEAN: Stay. The gaoler's pass—I forgot it—here, sir, perhaps you know this writing? (Gives him a paper)

LEV: What's this? (Reads) A pass from Daddy Radcliffe. Mother Blood, this wench must pass, by cutter's law.

MEG: D'ye forget your oath to me?

LEV: Madge, you bedlamite, take the girl to your kennel, and keep her close—d'ye hear?

MEG: Ay, look well to her. If you let her escape, I'll kill ye in the morning.

MADGE: That will be a hangman's breakfast. Ha! ha! Come, Jeanie, come my beauty. Were ye ever in Bedlam?

JEAN: Never, Madge.

MADGE: Come, and I'll show you how they rock folks to sleep in cells there. Come. (Music. She draws Jeanie into the shed R.H)

LEV: Now, mother, what d'ye want done?

MEG: I want that girl's life; I know her errand; and if she gets to London, her sister may escape the gallows after all.

LEV: I hope she may. What then?

MEG: Then Geordie will marry her, and cut out Madge.

LEV: Ha! Ha! Cut out! And d'ye think he'd ever marry that mad devil, your skelping moon-calf?

MEG: Hark ye, ye crack rope—ye born and bred thief, what d'ye grin at? If he refuses to marry Madge, I know that will hang him; d'ye hear—hang, hang, hang him!

LEV: And why don't you hang, hang, hang him? (They speak in whispers)

MADGE: So ye were off to London, were ye? Ha! Ha! But ye shan't go. Here, tak' my cloak. Ah! Gie me your bundle.

JEAN: Nay, Madge.

MADGE: Gie it me, I tell ye! (Drags it from her) There now, ye are Madge Wildfire, and I am Jeanie Deans. I'll gang to London, and mother will kill you in the mornin'. He! He! I'm nae sae mad as they say.

JEAN: Puir thing! Puir lassie! (Madge sings in a low voice)

LEV: Well, mother, I care not; ye shall not harm the lass; that's my last word; so let's get to rest.

JEAN: Is there nae escape fra this awesome place? What will become of me? She sleeps, puir mad thing! I dinna hear their voices in the next room. If I could creep by them in the dark, they might tak me for Madge in these rags, and I could escape. Here's a chink in the door. (She looks through it L.H) There's the man; he seems asleep; what is she doing? (Meg takes the light and examines Levitt, pretending to see to the fire)

MEG: He sleeps. (She takes the knife from the table)

LEV: (Rousing himself) What are you doing with the candle? Leave it there.

MEG: I was going to the woodhouse for another log.

LEV: Stop where you are, and let the fire be.

MEG: As you like—good night.

LEV: Good night. (He sleeps. She rises and creeps to the door L.H)

JEAN: She comes this way. (Meg slowly pushes open the door and looks in. Jeanie crouches down)

LEV: Can't you keep quiet? Rat ye!

MEG: (Aside) Madge is first yonder. (Points to where Jeanie is crouching, covered by Madge's cloak) Jeanie is lying here—so I've light enough. (Leaves the door open. Advances towards Madge. Jeanie, rising, escapes quickly by the open door. Meg stabs Madge, who utters a cry)

LEV: (Leaping up) What in the fiend's name is up now? (Seizes candle and enters shed)

MADGE: Mother! Moth—

LEV: What have you done?

MEG: Madge—my girl—my own child—my—ah! (Faints on her body)

SCENE IV—London. A room in the house of the Duke of Argyle. Enter Archibald R.1.E.

ARCH: (Speaking off) Thomas—Thomas—bring the toilette of his Grace into this apartment. (Enter Thomas with table, chair etc.) His Grace's chocolate and cinnamon water. (Thomas brings in a service) So! The Gazette also—attention—I hear his Grace's footstep, ahem! Footstep. (Enter Argyle L.D.F)

ARG: Oh! My good Archibald, order the carriage at eleven.

ARCH: At eleven.

ARG: Her Majesty has called me to her presence.

ARCH: To her presence.

ARG: (Takes up Gazette) Ah! Stupid this morning as usual—nothing in it.

ARCH: Nothing in it.

ARG: What calls have been made this morning—Lord Oxford, Earl of Hardwicke—what's this, a card? (Raises an old book)

ARCH: AHM! May it please your Grace, a young person—persons who called this morning at the hextraneous hour of six—six—said she had come from Scotland to visit the McCullum More. Ahem! More—declined giving her name—said she would wait till you were up—up—asked for her card—she handed me that octavo—ahem—aw—declined to enter—but sate down on the hall door steps—ahem—steps.

ARG: Some silly lover from the auld country, whose lover has been pressed to sea, or a Campbell, 249 removes.

ARCH: Removes.

ARG: What's this? A ragged Bible? A very strange card to leave on a gentleman.

ARCH: On a gentleman.

ARG: Stay! Here's a letter. Why, 'tis my father's handwriting! What can it be?

ARCH: Can it be.

ARG: (Reads) "To all who may have friendship for the house of Argyle, these are to certify that David Deans, the bearer, having saved my life from a regiment of Monk's Dragoons, and having no recompense at present to afford him, I trust that an hour may

come in happier times when I or mine may acquit this debt.—Witness my hand, LORNE of ARGYLE.” Show in this person instantly.

ARCH: Instantly. (Exit R.1.E)

ARG: This is indeed a claim it is a pleasure to recognize. Deans—Deans, the name seems familiar. (Rises and crosses to L.H. Enter Archibald, followed by Jeanie R.1.E) D’ye wish to speak wi’ me, my bonnie lass?

JEAN: If it please your honor’s grace.

ARG: And what is it? I see by your dress that you have just arrived from Scotland.

JEAN: This morn, your Grace.

ARG: Come—never mind the Grace! In England I’m a Duke and Peer, but in our ain Scotland I am the McCullim More! So speak out plain, and show you have a Scottish tongue in your head!

JEAN: Sir, I’m muckle obliged t’ye! I’m the sister of Effie Deans, who is ordered for execution in Edinboro’—

ARG: Ah! I have heard of that matter. Hardwicke was speaking of the case, and the law under which she suffers. A hard case! A cruel case!

JEAN: And I’ve come frae the North, to ask your honor to say a word for her to the King, and to ask him to reprieve my poor sister’s life.

ARG: Have you no friends at the Court?

JEAN: None; excepting God and your Grace!

ARG: Alas! My poor girl! I am out of favor, and I fear that I have no means of averting your sister’s fate. Why did you think of applying to me?

JEAN: Because every bairn in Scotland knows that Argyle is his country’s friend; that your voice is strong for the weak, and your hand is open to the poor; and all may draw near to stand under your shadow.

ARG: Bless your honest, sincere face! I wish I could serve you. Your sister’s case is one fitted for the mercy of the Crown.

JEAN: God bless you, sir, for the word!

ARG: She suffers for a crime not proven, I believe?

JEAN: No, sir.

ARG: And which may not have been committed at all.

JEAN: God bless ye again, sir!

ARG: But what's to be done? I scarcely know by what agency I can obtain a hearing from the King. (Enter Thomas R.1.E)

THOM: The carriage waits, your Grace.

ARG: Ah! The very thing! Your name, lassie?

JEAN: Jeanie, sir—Jeanie Deans!

ARG: I'm going to see a lady, Jeanie. I'll take you with me, and if you can plead for your sister's life to move her compassion, she can save it.

JEAN: Eh, sir, but I'm not dressed for that gate. I would have putten on a cap to come before your honor, but it's only married folks at home that wears caps, and I'd have worn a cloak, but I thought being sae many hundred miles frae home, your Grace's heart would warm to the tartan.

ARG: You thought right, and the heart of McCullum More will be cold in death when it does not warm to the blue snood and the tartan of auld Scotland. Come, Jeanie, and Heaven prosper your mission. (Exeunt R.1.E)

SCENE V—The garden of the palace at Sheen. Enter Argyle, Jeanie and Archibald L.1.E.

ARG: Well, stay now, Jeanie, till the lady comes. I will go and meet her, and introduce your history to her.

JEAN: Oh, sir! But if ye'd tell me what to say, I'd get it by heart.

ARG: Say what comes uppermost, Jeanie; speak with all your honest feeling ; it's rare to hear in these parts, and the music of the heart may charm the ear. But keep your eye on me, and if I put my hand to my cravat thus—stop. I shall do so only if you are treading on dangerous ground. Now take courage, and speak out. (Exit R.2.E)

ARCH: And speak out. Ahem!

JEAN: Oh! How my heart trembles! There he goes!

ARCH: Ahem! He goes.

JEAN: There's four leddies! Which is the one? He stops—now he goes up and kneels to kiss her hand—now he's talking to her—she smiles—eh! It's a bonnie smile, is it nae, sir?

ARCH: Smile, Ma'am? Yes, Ma'am!

JEAN: They look this way—they come! Eh! But I feel my knees weakly.

ARCH: Ahem! Weakly—knees. (Enter Argyle R.2.E. retiring before the Queen, who is followed by three ladies-in-waiting)

QUEEN: You Grace seems to take particular interest in this young woman. This is she. Approach.

JEAN: Good day, my leddy.

QUEEN: You seem to have travelled far?

JEAN: I've walked frae Edinboro' to London, Ma'am, I mean my leddy.

QUEEN: All the way from Scotland! How far did you walk in a day, then?

JEAN: Five and twenty miles and a bittock.

ARCH: Ahem! And a bittock.

ARG: That is about ten miles more.

QUEEN: I am considered a good walker, but this shames me.

JEAN: May your leddyship never hae so weary a heart that ye cannot be sensible of the weariness of your limbs.

QUEEN: The people of Scotland are poorly deserving of any mercy; a stiff-neckit and rebellious race; the mob of Edinboro' worst of all. It was but two months ago we pardoned a servant of our own, Captain Porteous, when your Edinboro' mob seized his body and did execution on it in contempt of the royalk reprieve and authority.

JEAN: Porteous was guilty.

ARG: (Aside) Ah! The devil! (raises his hand)

JEAN: Guilty in the eyes of a misguided mob.

QUEEN: And your sister is innocent, I suppose, in the eyes of the same misguided mob?

JEAN: Na, leddie. It is nae for her I plead; but a word of your mouth might restore his bairn to a poor broken-hearted auld man, that never forgets in his daily prayers to bless the King, that I now seek. Oh, Ma'am! If ye kenned what it was to suffer for I with a puir young sinning creature sae tossed wi' woe, that it was neither fit to live nor to die, ye'd have some compassion on our misery. Save an honest house from dishonor, and a puir

girl, not eighteen years of age, from an awful and dreadful death; and then, when the hour of truth comes, the thought that ye have spared a poor girl's life will be sweeter to you. Come when it may, then, if a word of your sweet mouth could hang the whole Porteous mob at the tail of a cow.

QUEEN: Poor child! Do not weep; I cannot grant a pardon to yoiur sister; but I will speak to His Majesty. Take this ring, and let it remind you hereafter that you have had an interview with, and drawn tears from, the eyes of the Queen Caroline.

JEAN: The Queen! (Falls on her knees and kisses her hand. Exeunt the Queen, ladies and Argyle. Argyle takes Jeanie's hand)

ARG: (Aside to her as he goes) You have saved your sister's life.

ARCH: Ahem! Sister's life!

JEAN: The Queen! Am I awake?

ARCH: This way to the carriage, Madam. Allow me to take your bundle. (Exeunt L.1.E)

SCENE VI—The prison. Enter David, preceded by Ratcliffe R.1.E.

RAT: No news of Jeanie, David? This way, Effie.

DAV: Let me see my child! Let me see my poor Effie! (Enter Effie L.1.E)

EFF: My father! You have come to bid me farewell!

RAT: There is yet some hope that Jeanie has succeeded in obtaining your pardon.

EFF: In a few hours I shall be beyond the power of any King on earth to pardon or relieve! Where is Reuben?

DAV: Reuben, poor fellow! Has been all night with the Lord Justice General and the King's Advocate, beseeching them to stay your last hour, until we hear the result of Jeanie's pilgrimage.

EFF: Here! Here he is! (Enter Reuben, pale R.1.E)

EFF: Dinna speak, lad! dinna speak! I see by the looks they will give the girl no grace.

REU: Not an hour, Effie! They are obdurate as the law.

RAT: Damn them for a lot of periwigged wolves!

DAV: Oh, Jeanie, Jeanie, my noble bairn! Speed ye! Speed ye to the old man's arms and save my dearest one! (Enter Sharpitlaw and officer R.1.E)

EFF: Is the time come, sir?

SHARP: Take off her bonds. (Crosses to L.H)

DAV: God's will be done.

EFF: Don't weep, father; see, they set me free. (She embraces her father)

SHARP: (To Ratcliffe) We expect some trouble in the streets. A mob is gathering round the Tolbooth; that old fury, Meg Murdochson, mad with rage or drink, is howling to them that Effie Deans is innocent.

RAT: Will they attempt a rescue?

SHARP: I have sent to the castle for military aid; they say that Levitt and Geordie Robertson have raised men from Leith.

RAT: There will be hot work, then, for there is not a man in Edinboro' that would not give his left arm to save that girl's life. (A bell sounds)

SHARP: Effie, the sad moment of parting has come.

EFF: Dinna take me from my father. (Sharpitlaw, in action, motions Effie to exit. Effie takes a step)

DAV: Wi' Heaven's help sir, I will only part wi' her when her young life returns to Him that gave it to me. (When Effie turns to wish Reuben Butler good-bye, beel rings when near wing, and David kisses Effie. Bell. Exeunt R.1.3)

SCENE VII—A street in Edinburgh. Exterior of the Tolbooth—night. Enter Frank Levitt and crowd R.2.E

LEV: Now, lads, it wants but an hour to daylight. Geordie with the men from Leith are behind their time; no, here they come. (Enter Geordie Robertson L.2.E. Bell tolls)

GEO: The Canongate is astir, and a dull murmur like the howl of a storm comes from the throat of every wynd and every street. Today at eight o'clock, Effie Deans will hang on the Grassmarket if we do not save her.

LEV: We'll pull down the Tolbooth first.

GEO: Her sister has knelt to the King for her pardon; but the King, that pardoned Porteous, refuses to pardon her. We hung Porteous because he was guilty; now we free Effie Deans because she is innocent.

ALL: Free Effie Deans! Down with the Tolbooth! (Enter the guard with an officer L.2.E)

GEO: There's the bloody 41st, that fixed on the people in the Porteous riot.

ALL: Ah! Ah! (Groans)

LEV: There go the murderers of Effie Deans!

ALL: Ah! Ah!

GEO: We only want a beginning now to rouse the city.

LEV: You want a beginning? (Fires a pistol after the guard) There goes one down. See, they turn. They're going to fire upon us. (A discharge of arms is heard. Frank falls. One man is hit on the hand, another on the face. Geordie is struck on the side)

GEO: I am hit.

LEV: So am I.

ALL: Down with the guard! Down with the Tolbooth! (Cries heard. The crowd rush out crying. Geordie raises Frank; they exeunt shouting)

Scene VIII—Interior of the Tolbooth. Bells. Alarms. The guard under arms. Enter Ratcliffe R.3.E.

RAT: Bar the doors; the prison is surrounded by the mob. (Enter Sharpitlaw L.U.E)

SHARP: Bring forth the prisoner. Signal to the castle for military aid. We'll soon sweep this mob from our post. (The mob appear C. behind the grating. Pause. Light red fire and shouts. Enter R.3.E Effie, David, Reuben with an open book. Procession. Great outcry outside)

RAT: We dare not open the gates; the street is besieged.

SHARP: Read the Riot Act, and then, guards, if a rescue is attempted, fire upon the prisoner—the law must be respected. (He mounts the platform of the wall R.H. and commences to read the Riot Act. The attack commences. Loud yells are heard. The mob outside applies fire to the gate. It burns. At last falls in. As the populace try to scale the walls they are shot down, and fall across the wall. An explosion. The wall and gate fall in pieces, revealing the exterior. Street crowded with the populace. Geordie rushes down. Is shot and falls dead L.H. Four of the guard face Effie and wait the word of command to shoot her. Enter Jeanie with a paper, which she hands to Ratcliffe. A loud hurrah of the mob. Effie and Jeanie embrace. Tableau.

APPENDIX

SCENE I—The Solway—Night. High rocks, R.H. The opposite shore in the distance. Enter Meg, wrapped in a cloak.)

MEG: Hish, Madge! Are ye there?

(Madge appears amongst the rocks R.H)

MADGE: I'm waiting, mither.

MEG: Where's Pat Ryan? Did ye not bid him meet ye here wi' his boat to-night?

MADGE: Ay, mither! And he'll be here, nae fear.

MEG: We must get him to put us across to Aberdour, for the law-dogs are at our heels—they want you to testify at the trial of Effie Deans; and if they catch me, they'll get the child here, and that will spoil all.

MADGE: Hae ye got the bairn under yer plaid?

MEG: Aye! Here it is! We must hie awa' wi' it until the trial is over.

MADGE: And when Effie is killed awa', mither, Geordie will marry me?

MEG: Hush! See yonder comes the skiff! He leaps ashore. But hold! Whist! It's no Pat Ryan. Nay! It's a bigger man than he!

MADGE: 'Tis Geordie himsel'!

MEG: No! That canna be! He escaped to France the night Effie was taken.

MADGE: 'Tis he! I tell ye! Eh! D'ye think my heart canna see in the dark?

MEG: Geordie! Come away, Madge! Away! I tell you! (She pushed Madge before her, and they disappear among the rocks)

GEO: The devil is not so black as he is painted, Jeanie. And I'd gie my life to save your sister. Effie is accused of murder. The infant lives! But that must be proved.

JEAN: I know it all, sir! I ha' seen her in the prison.

GEO: I have discovered that Meg Murdockson and her daughter Madge will cross over the firth to Aberdour this morning. Pat Ryan, the smuggler, was to meet Madge here an hour before sunrise. He was heard to ask her how many passengers there would be, as his boat is only a skiff. She answered there would be three; but one of them a child!

JEAN: D'ye think that was Effie's bairn?

GEOO: I'm sure of it! The old hag is escaping with it into Fife yonder! But she little thinks what boatman awaits her at the ferry here! I made Ryan drunk, and borrowed his skiff! When they arrive, I'll tear the infant from her, and you shall bear it away!

JEAN: Eh, sir! Only do that, and you will save mair than Effie's life! My puir father has lain at death's door ever sin his wee bairn was took awa! Let him be sure that she is no guilty of bluid, and he will forgie her a' the rest!

GEO: When she is liberated, she can join me in Holland.

MADGE: (Looking out) Na, na! Geordie! It's me, not Effie, ye maun tak' awa' wi' ye!

GEO: Madge!

MADGE: Ay, Madge! Your bonnie doo. Madge, whose wits ye have stolen! Mad Madge!

GEO: How long have you been here?

MADGE: Dinna skreel sae loud, or ye will wak' the child!

GEO: Ay! (Aside) D'ye hear, Jeanie! (Aloud) So you have it in keeping, Madge—eh, dear Madge? What shall I give you for it? (Madge descends) Come here my pretty Madge! Come, how me where it is! Where is it?

MEG: (Appearing) It is here, Geordie Robertson! Here, under my plaid!

GEO: Ha! (Is rushing up the rocks)

MEG: Stand back I say! I heard what ye told yon lassie, but she will never ha' the bairn—never, I tell ye; so dinna dare me.

GEO: We'll see that. Now, hag! Demon! My child!

MEG: Take it, then! (She throws it over the rock, and escapes. Geordie, with a cry, leaps over the rock and disappears)

JEAN: Ah!

MADGE: Haud yer whist, or mithir will kill ye!

JEAN: Let go! The tide will carry the lad to yon rocks! Let me go, I say! (Breaks from Madge and runs off R.H)

MEG: He has gone on a fool's errand. Here's the bairn! Now, Madge, quick into the skiff! Away!

DUM: Haud up, Davie, man! Haud up, man! And put yer faith in the merciful certainty of the law!

DAV: It is not the law I fear, laird; but Effie's guilt!

(Enter Ratcliffa and Jeanie)

RAT: There, ye may set your heart at rest, Davie, anent that matter. I doubted the story Effie tauld us until this mornin'. But I've proof enough to satisfy me that she is no guilty of the bairn's death!

DAV: Heaven bless ye for the word! But how are you sure of that? And can ye make me sharer o' your convictions?

JEAN: If he canna, I can, father. I hae seen the child alive this morn. It was almost in my arms, when it was bereft awa' by Meg Murdochson!

DAV: Surely this testimony will clear my Effie of this charge?

RAT: Not so, Davie! Who can prove that bairn was Effie's? Can Jeanie swear to it? What can she say? She has seen a child—no more!

DUM: There's a doubt, and Effie is entitled to it; my counselor, Michael Novit, will get her off!

RAT: There's but one man in Edinbro' can do that—if it can be done! That's Lawyer Fairbrother. 'Tis well known that he will tak no case unless satisfied o' the righteousness of the cause he pleads. Jeanie and I have been wi' him just noo!

DAV: And will he defend her? He is a good man! An upright, God-fearing man! What said he?

JEAN: Not a word! But, as I tauld him all, I saw the tear in his eye, and I knew he believed me, and pitied her. I laid down before him the few pounds I brought wi' me, and to mak' up what it lacked of his fee, I offered him the blessing of a broken-hearted father, and the prayers of an honest lassie!

DUM: Who ever heard of a lawyer takin' sic a fee?

(Enter messenger)

MESS: Here is a letter for one Jean Deans.

JEAN: For me?

MESS: From Counselor Fairbrother. (Exit)

JEAN: Eh, father! He returns my money! He will not defend our Effie. See! It is here!

DUM: I knew he would. My counselor Michael Novit will tak' your siller.

RAT: Why d'ye look sae blank, Jeanie?

JEAN: Effie never tauld me that this man will ask me to swear she did.

RAT: What o' that? If three words of yours will give your sister a chance of nicking the law, you ain't going to make a mouth about slapping them out, are you?

JEAN: I could gie the best bluid in my body to keep her skaithless; but my wrong can never mak' her right.

DAV: She holds by my teaching, sir; and she shall not do evil that good may come.

RAT: Hark! There is the old bell of St. Giles. The court is open. I must go to the prison, and conduct Effie to the trial.

DAV: Will she pass this way? I would fain look on her again.

RAT: Ay will she. See, the gates are opening now. Keep up your heart, David. (Bell tolls. Exit)

DUM: And put your faith in the merciful uncertainty of the law.

DAV: I put my faith in the certain mercy of Heaven, laird.

DUM: Nae doubt, nae doubt, in the abstract, David; but gude testimony in the box is a bird in the hand, man, and if Jeanie could only remember that Effie confided to her. (Bell tolls)

JEAN: I canna remember what never happened, laird.

DUM: But ye may have forgotten, and ye are entitled to the benefit of the doubt; and think, Jeanie, one breath of your mout this day may be worth a' the breath in her body. (Bell tolls)

JEAN: I'd gae to the scaffold for her wi' all my heart. I'd tak' the shame and bear the penalties, if I could only see her back in my father's arms.

DUM: If you wad do sae much, why can't ye tell a lie, and be done wi' it? (Bell tolls)

(Enter a crowd, then soldiers, then gaolers, then Effie with Ratcliffe)

RAT: Come, Effie, brisk up.

EFF: The law is no gentle, sirs, to lead a puir lassie through the streets for all the world to gape at.

DAV: Where is she?

RAT: See who stands there.

EFF: My father!

DAV: Effie, my doo, my bonnie bairn, Effie! (He struggles to arrive at her—the guard press him back)

CROWD: Let him pass; it is her father. Shame!

DAV: (Embracing her) I'm no ashamed o' ye, my child, for I ken ye are innocent.

EFF: Dear father! Oh! Jeanie, you hae nae forsaken me?

JEAN: I hae seen Geordie this morn, and your child, too, Effie—it lives!

EFF: My bairn! My wee bairn! Eh! Sirs, d'ye think a young mother's hand could be raised again her own flesh and bluid?

ALL: No, no! She is no guilty—she is no guilty!

RAT: Stand back, ye rascals! That's no for your decision. Say gude-by to her, David, man, and let us go forward.

JEAN: Can I no go wi' her, sir, and stand by her? She will feel the shame less, and maybe folks winna know which of us is to blame.

RAT: Na, lassie; that will never do.

DAV: My prayers and blessings guard ye!

(Exeunt Effie, guarded, followed by the crowd and Dumbiedikes)

JEAN: Oh, father! Her life hangs on my word—I know it. Oh, dinna look on me wi' those haggard and beseeching eyes; but say what you would hae me do, and I could find it in my heart to do it.

DAV: Daughter, in all things doubtful, a Christian conscience should be her only guide. Descend into your heart, and if you find anything there that may be for Effie's weal.

JEAN: Oh, father! I find only one thing!

DAV: What is that?

JEAN: The Ninth Command, Ye shall not bear false witness.

DAV: The path o' our duty in life is not free from stumbles, Jeanie, and this act that now distresses ye may be in some sort a transgression. Yet in matters of compliance the guilt lieth not sae much in the means as the object. And—so—so, Jeanie, if ye could wi' reservation say that your sister tauld ye—that is if you could remember—I would say if—if—oh! Heaven forgive me, my sorrow blinds me, and would lead my own child into temptation; no, my child, tak counsel from the good word I have stored in your strong heart—for mine is oer weak so follow it not. If ye are not free in conscience to speak for her in the Court of Judicature—follow your own conscience, Jeanie, and let His will be done. (Exeunt. Music)