

JEANIE DEANS

AND THE

LILY OF ST. LEONARD'S



DALKEITH:

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In the year 1736, during the reign of George II. Edinburgh was the scene of a remarkable riot, usually called the Porteous Mob. Much discontent at this time existed among the Scots, who on account of the rebellion of 1715, in which they were so deeply implicated, fancied they were still regarded by the English Government with feelings of aversion, and malignity. The soldiery, the officers of the customs, and the excise, were still beheld by the people as enemies; and on every occasion of quarrel, the populace were ready to join in acts of violence against the servants of the government. In this temper of the Scottish people the incidents occurred which we are about to record. A contraband trader of the name of Wilson, had in combination with some others like himself, robbed the collector of custom at Kirkaldy of a considerable sum of money, the property of the government. Wilson was brought to trial, and with a confederate of the name of Robertson, was condemned to suffer the punishment of death for his crime. After their condemnation, the two criminals were according to custom, allowed to attend divine worship in the Tolbooth Church, on the sabbath day, in custody of four soldiers of the city guard. They entered the Church before the congregation were fully assembled, when Wilson, by a sudden effort of astonishing strength, grasped a soldier with each hand, seized another with his teeth, and holding them inextricably fast, called to his comrade to run, which he did, and made his

escape. There was in this action something so manly and generous as could scarcely fail to excite the sympathy of the inhabitants, who, if before they thought his sentence too severe for his crime, were now transported with warm indignation, to think that such a man must die as a malefactor.

The day of Wilson's execution came quickly on. The people awaited the hour of his being brought out to the scaffold in a tumult of indignant and sympathetic sentiments, ready almost to rise in fury and rescue him by force from the ministers of death. But the force guarding the execution was sufficient to defy all attempts of rescue. When, however, the lifeless body was cut down, the spirit of the mob began to express itself by pelting the executioner and the soldiers with dirt and stones.

This so incensed Porteous, captain of the city-guard, who was ashamed and angry on account of Robertson's escape, and who had regarded the gathered mob with a gloomy and sullen spirit, which was ready to burst into some revengeful act if but the least spark of contention should come to inflame it, that he ordered his men to fire upon the populace. Some were slain, some were wounded. A part of the mob with exasperated rage pressed hard upon the retiring soldiers. Again they fired their muskets, and there was a new slaughter of the people.

The cry of bloodshed was now raised loud against Porteous. He was put into confinement, brought to trial, and as the riotous insults of the mob were not judged worthy of resistance to blood, and he had no orders to fire upon them, he was condemned to death. The whole people exulted in Porteous' condemnation; and were

expecting with extreme impatience the day of his execution.

It was a short time before this event that David Deans, an staunch pres-byterian of the old school, took up his abode at St. Leonard's. He had formerly rented the small farm of Wood-end on the estate of Dumbiedikes, not far from Edinburgh. At one time however, he had been brought to the very brink of ruin, by the rapacity and extortion of his landlord, and was on the eve of being turned adrift on the world, along with his neighbour widow Butler, and her orphan grandson Reuben, when by the sudden death of the author of their distresses, a favourable turn was given to their affairs.

Deans and the widow Butler were placed in such a situation as naturally created some intimacy between the families. They had shared a common danger and a mutual deliverance, and occasions were frequently occurring where they needed each other's assistance. This intercourse became strict and intimate, at a very early period, betwixt Reuben Butler and Jeanie Deans, the only child David Deans had by his first wife.

The two children clung to each other's society not more from habit than from taste. They herded together the handful of sheep, with the two or three cows which their parents turned out upon the inclosed common of Dumbiedikes, and were inseparable companions in going and returning from school. Reuben was decidedly the best scholar in the little parish school, and such was the rapid advance that he made in learning, that his grandmother yielded to his wishes, and agreed that he should go to the university of St. Andrew's, and there qualify himself as a minister of the church of Scotland.

While Butler was attending the university, the Laird of Dumbiedikes, who had no pleasure either in active sports or in society, used to enliven his daily saunter by calling at the cottage of Woodend. On such occasions, Dumbiedikes, being a man of slow ideas and confused utterance, used to sit for half an hour, with an old lace hat of his fathers on his head, and an empty tobacco-pipe in his mouth, with his eyes following Jeanie, or "the lassie" as he called her, from one corner of the house to the other, as she went through her daily domestic labours. It is not to be supposed, that, as a father and a man of sense, the constant direction of the laird's eye towards Jeanie was altogether unnoticed by David Deans. This circumstance, however, made a much deeper impression upon another member of his family, a second help-mate to wit, whom he had chosen to take to his bosom ten years after the death of his first wife. This good lady, after having been some years married, presented Douce Davie with another daughter who was named Euphemia, by corruption, Effie. It was then she began to grow impatient at the slow pace at which the laird's wooing proceeded. She therefore tried every female art within the compass of her skill to bring the Laird to a point, but had the mortification to perceive that her efforts only scared the trout she meant to catch.

Reuben in the meantime having finished his studies at the university, had obtained his license as a preacher; but this not leading to any immediate preferment, he found it necessary to return to the cottage at Beer-heba. After having greeted his aged grandmother, his first visit

was to Woodend, where he was received by Jeanie with warm cordiality. Their old intimacy was renewed, though upon a footing better adapted to their years; and it became at length understood between them, that their union should be deferred no longer than until Butler, should obtain some steady means of support, however humble.

In the meantime, time did not roll on without effecting its usual changes. The grandmother of Butler was gathered to her fathers, and Rebecca, the careful spouse of our friend Davie Deans, was also summoned from her plans of matrimonial and domestic economy. Notwithstanding the assumed fortitude of Deans, he had too good a heart not to suffer deeply under his heavy loss. Woodend became altogether distasteful to him, and he resolved on removal. The situation he chose for his new settlement was a place called St. Leonards craigs, lying between Edinburgh and Arthur's Seat.

When Jeanie removed from the spot where she was bred and born, she flattered herself that she had seen the last of the laird; It was therefore with more surprise than pleasure, that not many days after the removal to St. Leonard's, she beheld Dumbiedikes arrive, who greeted her with his customary ejaculation—"How's a' wi' ye, Jeanie,?" "The deil's in the daidling body," muttered Jeanie between her teeth, "wha wad hae thocht o' his daikering out this length?" The fact was, he had purchased a little highland poney—Rory Bean—for the express purpose of enabling him to enjoy the beatific vision of Jeanie, and his mute attentions were now continued with the same regularity as formerly.

Effie Deans, under the tender and affectionate care of her sister, had now shot up into a beautiful and blooming girl. She was currently entitled the Lily of St. Leonard's, a name which she deserved as much by her guileless purity of thought, speech, and actions as by her uncommon loveliness of face and person. With all her innocence and goodness of disposition, however, there were points in Effie's character that gave rise to strange doubt and apprehension to her more considerate sister. Her character will be best illustrated by a cottage evening scene.

The father was absent in his well-stocked hyre foddering those useful and patient animals on whose produce his living depended, the summer evening was beginning to close in, when Jeanie Deans began to be anxious for the appearance of her sister, and to fear that she would not reach home before her father returned from the labour of the evening, when it was his custom to have "family exercise" and when she knew that Effie's absence would give him the most serious displeasure. Jeanie stood at the door, with her hands before her eyes to avoid the rays of the level sun, and looked alternately along the various tracts which led towards their dwelling to see if she could descry the nymph like form of her sister. There was a wall and stile which separated the King's Park from the public road; and directing her attention towards this point she saw two persons appear there somewhat suddenly. One of them a man drew hastily back as if to avoid observation; the other, a female, advanced towards her,—it was Effie.

"Whare hae ye been sae late at e'en?" said

Jeanie.—“Nae gate,” answered Effie.—“And whia was that parted wi’ you at the stile?”
 “Naeboddy,” replied Effie again. “Nae gate”—
 —Naeboddy”—I wish it may be a right gate, and a right body that keeps folk out sae late at e’en, Effie.” “What needs ye aye be speering than at fock”? retorted Effie. “I’m sure if ye’ll ask nae questions, I’ll tell ye nae lees. I never asks what brings the Laird of Dumbiedikes glowering here day after day like a wall cat.”—Because ye ken very weel he comes to see our faither, replied Jeanie.—“and Dominic Rutler. Does he come to see our faither that’s sae ta’en wi’ his Latin words”? said Effie, but observing the tear gather in Jeanie’s eye, she suddenly flung her arms around her neck, and kissed them away. Jeanie though hurt and offended, was unable to resist the caresses of this untaught child of nature, and as she returned the sisterly kiss in token of reconciliation, she gently said, “I canna be muckle vexed wi ony thing ye say to me, Effie, but O-dinna vex our father.” “I will not, I will not,” replied Effie, and if there were fifty dances the morns night, I winna budge an inch to gang to ane o’ them.” At the moment the word *dance* was uttered, it reached the ear of old David Deans, who had turned the corner of the house, and come upon his daughters ere they were aware of his presence. “Dance!” he exclaimed “Dance! said ye? I daur ye, limmers that ye are, to name sic a word at my door check?—It’s a dissolute profane past me, and if I sae muckle as hear you name dancing, ye shall be no more charge or concern o’ mine?”

The reproof of David Deans however well meant, was unhappily timed, as it deterred Effie

from her intended confidence in her sister. "She wad had me nae better than the dirt below her feet," said Effie to herself "were I to confess I hae danced wi him four times on the gre n down by. But I'll no gang back there again, I'm resolved I'll no gang back. And she kept her vow for a week, during which time however she was unusually cross and fretful.

There was something in all this so mysterious as considerably to alarm the prudent and affectionate Jeanie; and when it was agreed to by her father that Effie should go to Edinburgh to reside with Mr Saddletree, a distant relation of the family, and assist in the domestic duties of his household, she parted with her sister with a mixed feeling of apprehension and hope. It was not until the first moment of their separation for the first time in their lives that she felt the full force of sisterly sorrow, and Jeanie took that moment of affectionate sympathy, to press upon her sister the necessity of the utmost caution in her conduct while residing in Edinburgh.

During the first week or two Effie was all that her kinswoman expected. But ere many months had passed, though she seemed almost wedded to her duties she no longer discharged them with the laughing cheek and light step which at first had attracted every visitor. Her mistress sometimes observed her in tears; but they were signs of secret sorrow, which she concealed as often as she saw them attract notice. Time wore on, her cheek grew pale, and her step heavy. Neighbour, also, and fellow servants remarked with malicious curiosity, the disfigured shape, loose dress, and pale cheeks of the once beautiful and still interesting girl. At length Effie asked permission to go home for

a week or two, assigning indisposition as the motive of her request. Effie was suffered to depart; and it was afterwards found that a period of a week intervened betwixt her leaving her master's house, and arriving at St. Leonard's.

She made her appearance before her sister in a state rather resembling the spectre than the living substance of the gay and beautiful girl, who had left her father's cottage for the first time not many months before. Jeanie, terrified to death at her sister's appearance, at first overwhelmed her with inquiries, to which the unfortunate young woman returned incoherent and rambling answers, and finally fell into hysterical fits. To all questions concerning the name or rank of her seducer, and the fate of the being to whom she had given birth, Effie remained mute as the grave, and her sister was about to repair to Mrs Saddletree's to obtain what light she could upon this unhappy affair, when she was saved that pains by a new stroke of fate which seemed to carry misfortune to the uttermost.

David Deans had been alarmed at the state of health in which his daughter had returned to her parental residence; but Jeanie had contrived to divert him from making any particular enquiry. It was therefore like a clap of thunder to the poor old man, when the officers of justice arrived at the cottage of St. Leonard's with a warrant of justiciary to search for and apprehend Euphemia, or Effie Deans, accused of the crime of child-murder. The stunning weight of a blow so totally unexpected bore down the old man, who fell extended and senseless on his own hearth; and the officers, happy to escape from the scene of his awakening, raised the object of

their warrant from her bed, and placed her in a coach which they had brought with them for that purpose

The day on which the unhappy Effie Deans was conveyed to the Tolbooth had been anxiously waited for by the populace of Edinburgh as that on which Captain Porteous was expected to suffer the last sentence of the law; and the Grassmarket, the common place of execution at that period, was filled by an immense crowd of spectators, eager to glut their sight with a triumphant revenge. The usual hour for producing the criminal had been past for some time, and the question,—would they dare to defraud public justice? spread rapidly from one to another. At length the news were announced, intimating the royal pleasure that Captain Porteous be respited for six weeks from the time appointed for his execution. The multitude uttered a groan or rather a roar of indignation and disappointment. But no disturbance took place. The scaffold and other preparations which had been made for the execution were speedily removed, and the multitude quietly dispersed.

Matters were in this state when Benben Butler arrived in Edinburgh with the intention of calling on a clerical friend for whom he had promised to officiate on the ensuing Sabbath. As he was returning up the High Street, in the dusk of the evening, he met Mr Saddletree, who communicated to him the astounding intelligence of Effie's imprisonment; and having reasons much deeper than those dictated by mere humanity for interesting himself in the fate of Jeanie Deans' sister, he immediately set off in quest of a friend of his connected with the law, of whom he wished to make more particular in-

quiries concerning the situation of the unfortunate young woman. The person he sought, however, being absent from home, he determined to proceed homewards, and to defer his further inquiries till next day.

Butler had scarcely cleared the city walls, and entered the suburb named Portsburgh, when he heard the sound of a drum, and to his great surprise met a number of persons moving rapidly towards the town, with the drummer in front beating to arms. While he considered how he should avoid the party, they came full on him, stopped him, and inquired if he was a clergyman. Butler answered in the affirmative; on which they told him in a peremptory manner, that he must go along with them. He begged to know for what purpose; but the only reply to his question was, that he should know in all good time, that no injury was intended him, and that go he must, either by force or fair means. Resistance and remonstrance were alike in vain, and he was hurried on in front of the rioters, who passed at a quick pace through the Grassmarket, and thence down the street named the Cowgate, the mob of the city every where rising at the sound of the drum and joining them. Here they divided themselves, so as to ascend with more speed the various narrow lanes which lead up from the Cowgate, and, still beating to arms as they went, and calling on all true Scotsmen to join them, they marched boldly up the High Street, shouting Porteous! Porteous! To the Tolbooth! On approaching the gaol-house, the sentinel presented his piece; but he was instantly knocked down by a person in female disguise, who had from the first taken an active share in the proceedings, and who answer-

ed among his companions to the name of Wild-fire. The mob then possessed themselves of the guard house, and having distributed the arms among the boldest of the rioters, proceeded to the Tolbooth. Strong detachments were then placed as guards to prevent interruption, while a select party thundered at the door of the jail and demanded admission. No one answered, for the keeper had prudently made his escape with the keys, and was nowhere to be found. The door, which was of great strength, was then assailed with sledge-hammers, and other instruments which had been provided for the occasion, but all their efforts were in vain. At length some one called out to try it with fire; and two or three tar barrels having been procured, a huge glaring bonfire speedily arose close to the massy portal. The flames roared and crackled, a terrible shout soon announced that the door was destroyed, and the rioters rushed impatiently one after another over its yet smouldering remains.

Porteous was now dragged from his place of concealment in the chimney with a violence that seemed to argue an intention to put him to death on the spot. More than one weapon was directed towards him, when Wildfire, the individual in female attire, called out in an authoritative tone, "Hold! The murderer must die on the common gibbet, on the spot where he shed so much innocent blood!" A loud shout of applause followed the proposal, and the cry, "To the gallows with the murderer!" echoed on all sides.

The mob had now led forth their destined victim, and were about to conduct him to the place of execution, when Butler was brought

forward, and commanded to prepare the prisoner for immediate death. His answer was a supplication that they would show mercy to the unhappy man, and not rush into the very crime they were desirous of avenging. But he was told to cut his sermon short, to take his place by the side of Porteous, and help him to make his peace with God. With a faltering voice Butler endeavoured to comply with their commands, while the procession moved on with a slow and determined pace, lighted up by the blaze of innumerable torches. At length they reached the Grassmarket, and having erected a dyer's pole on which to execute the object of their vengeance, he was hurried to his fate with remorseless rapidity. Butler, separated from him by the press, escaped the last horrors of his struggles, and unnoticed by those who had hitherto detained him, fled from the fatal spot.

When Butler found himself beyond the city-wall, his first purpose was to return homeward; but the news he had heard on that eventful day induced him to linger in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh till morning. He then ascended the wild path which winds around the base of the rocks called Salisbury Crags, that he might compose his own spirits and while away the time until a proper hour for visiting the family at St. Leonard's. He had proceeded but a short way through this sequestered dell, when he perceived a man skulking among the scattered rocks at some distance from the footpath. Duels were then very common in Scotland; and as this place was the favourite resort of the young gallants of the time for settling their affairs of honour, it occurred to Butler that this person had come hither for some such purpose, and that

it was his duty as a minister of the gospel to endeavour to prevent the fatal consequences which too often attended such encounters. He therefore quitted the ordinary track, and advanced towards the stranger, who on his part appeared anxious to avoid observation by retiring nearer the hill; but seeing that Butler seemed disposed to follow him, he adjusted his hat fiercely, turned round, and came forward as if to defy scrutiny.

“A fine morning, sir,” said Butler; “you are on the hill early.”—“I have business here,” said the young man, in a tone meant to repress further inquiry. “I do not doubt it, sir,” replied Butler. “I trust you will forgive my hoping that it is of a lawful kind.”—“Sir,” said the other, “I cannot conceive what title you have to hope any thing about what no way concerns you.”—“I suspect,” continued Butler, “that you are about to violate one of your country’s wisest laws, and, which is more dreadful, to violate the law of God which says, ‘Thou shalt do no murder;—to place yourself in the awful situation where your only alternative is to kill or to be killed’”—“Your meaning, I dare say, is excellent,” said the stranger; “but I am not here for the purpose of taking away life, but if possible of saving it. If you wish to do a good action, I shall give you an opportunity. Go to yonder cottage which you see over the crag to the right, and inquire for one Jeanie Deans; say to her that he she knows of waited here till now expecting to see her, and that he can abide no longer. Tell her that she *must* meet me to-night at Muschat’s Cairn, when the moon rises behind St. Anthony’s Hill, or she will make a desperate man of me.” Without waiting for a

reply, the stranger then walked off at a rapid pace, leaving Butler most unpleasantly surprised at his morning's adventure. Though not naturally of a jealous disposition, it appeared inexplicable to him what the object of his early affection could have to say to the person who had just parted from him, at a place so improper and an hour so unseasonable. Exhausted with fatigue, and harassed with doubt and anxiety, he dragged himself up the ascent to St. Leonard's, and appeared at the door of Deans' habitation with feelings much akin to those of its miserable inhabitants. The old man was seated by the fire, with his well worn Bible on his knee, and as he extended his hand, Butler clasped it in his, wept over it, and in vain endeavoured to say more than "God comfort you!" Jeanie was unable to trust herself with more than one glance towards her lover, whom she now met under circumstances so agonizing to her feelings, and she left the apartment as if in the prosecution of some part of her morning labour. In a short time Butler followed her, anxious to ascertain how far the young gallant he had seen was entitled to press a request which no prudent woman he imagined was likely to comply with. He found Jeanie sitting in the corner of an outhouse, silent, dejected, and ready to burst into tears. "I am glad you have come, Mr Butler," said she, "for I wished to tell you that all man he ended between you and me—it's best for both our sakes. Never, Reuben, shall I bring disgrace home to ony man's hearth."—"And is there nothing but a sense of your sister's misfortune, inquired Butler in a filtering voice, that occasions you to talk in this manner?"—"What else could do sae?" she replied with simplicity.

“I am charged with a message to you, said he, from a young man whom I met this morning in the park; he said that, as you did not come at the hour he expected, you must meet him to-night at Muschat’s Cairn as the moon rises. May I ask who or what this person is?”—“I do not know, said Jeanie; yet I must give him the meeting he asks—there’s life and death upon it.”—“And will you not tell your father, or allow me to go with you?”—“It is impossible, she replied; there manna be mortal ear within hearing of our conference.

Here they were interrupted by the arrival of Mr Saddletree, who had come to consult about the employment of counsel on Effie’s behalf. From him they learned that on her examination she had confessed having given birth to a child, but solemnly denied any knowledge of its fate, or that she had any hand in taking away the life of the innocent being that she had brought into the world. The woman in whose house she had been confined had carried away the infant soon after it was born, and had not been heard of since. It was therefore the opinion of the lawyers whom Mr Saddletree had consulted that Effie would be found guilty, unless it could be proved on her trial that she had communicated her situation to some one previous to the birth of the infant. Little was to be expected from the clemency of Effie’s judges, and every thing to be dreaded from the severity of the statute under which she would be tried. It occurred however to Butler, that if he could obtain admittance to her in the jail, he might perhaps succeed in gaining such information as would lead either to the discovery of her seducer or of the person who had attended her during

her illness. With this view he took a hasty leave of the family at St. Leonard's; and forgetting fatigue and want of refreshment in his anxiety to assist the sister of Jeanie Deans, he soon stood before the entrance to the Tolbooth. On asking permission to see Effie Deans, a warrant for his apprehension was produced, followed by his committal to the jail. He was soon afterwards called before a magistrate, and examined as to the part he had acted in the Porteous Riot, to whom he gave a minute account of all that had passed, not even omitting his interview with the stranger in the valley. His examiner seemed anxious to obtain information about this person, and asked if he thought that Jeanie Deans would attend the meeting. Butler replied that he was afraid she would, and that he was apprehensive of the consequences. The magistrate assured him that her safety would be provided for. He regretted that at present it was not in his power to set Butler at liberty, but assured him that his detention would be as short as possible, and that his proper accommodation would be attended to.

As evening wore on Jeanie Deans began to prepare for her assignation; and a little before midnight, with a trembling heart, she set out for Muschat's Cairn. It was situated in the valley behind Salisburgh Crag not far from St. Anthony's Chapel, and was composed of the stones which passengers had thrown on the spot, in testimony of abhorrence of the wretch Nicol Muschat, who had here murdered his wife under circumstances of uncommon barbarity. As she approached the unhallowed spot she stopped and looked around; when suddenly a figure rose from behind the pile, and in a hollow voice inquired

if she was the sister of Effie Deans. "I am, exclaimed Jeanie; and I beseech you to tell me what can be done to save her." "She can only be saved, said the stranger, by your acting according to my directions. Effie is innocent of the crime laid to her charge; and, when called on as a witness on her trial, you have but to say that she made you aware of her condition, and the law loses its power."—"Alas! said Jeanie, she never spoke to me on the subject. I was ware the best blood in my body for her, but I canna swear to an untruth." "You shall swear! thundered the ruffian, presenting a pistol as he spoke; when suddenly seizing her arm, and muttering, Your sister's life is in your hands," he darted off into the surrounding gloom, and was soon lost to her sight. Almost at the same instant four men rushed passed her in the direction which the fugitive had taken; and Jeanie terrified beyond expression, hastened from the fatal spot, and took the nearest road homeward, never once slackening her pace until she was safe beneath her father's roof.

The person whom Jeanie met at the cairn, and who appeared so interested in the fate of her sister, was George Staunton, the son of a wealthy English gentleman, who had bestowed on him a liberal education. Instead of profiting, however, by these advantages, he gave himself up to a course of ruinous dissipation; and having quarrelled with his father, he left his home, and retired to Scotland under the name of Robertson. While at Edinburgh he met with Effie Deans, who in a short time fell a sacrifice to his seduction; and although his love for the Lily of St. Leonard's was sincere, the ill-fated enterprise in which he had engaged rendered it

impossible for him to do justice to the unfortunate girl. Robertson escaped the gallows in the remarkable manner already mentioned; and, to revenge the death of Wilson, he assumed a female disguise, and took an active share in the riot by which Porteous lost his life. From Butler's information it had been suspected that Robertson was the person who was to meet Jeanie Deans at Muschat's Cairn, and he narrowly escaped from the officers sent by the magistrate for his apprehension.

We now return to Jeanie Deans, who had been cited as a witness on behalf of her sister. On the day of trial she acknowledged that the prisoner had never said any thing to her on the subject of the expected birth of her child; and accordingly Effie was found guilty and condemned to be executed. But although Jeanie could not be prevailed on to swear to an untruth, even to save the life of one so dear to her, still she did not despair of being able to avert her impending doom. Convinced of Effie's innocence, she formed the romantic resolution of travelling on foot to London, and begging a pardon from the king.

At an early hour on the morning after Effie's trial Jeanie packed up her little wardrobe, and set out on the road. It was necessary, however, for many reasons that she should see Butler; and accordingly she struck off the direct road, taking that which passed through Liberton. Jeanie recollected that Reuben was in possession of a document which might be of essential service to her in London. Butler's grandfather, while serving in Monk's regiment of dragoons, had on one occasion saved the life of Argyle; and that unfortunate nobleman, unable at that

time to reward his preserver, gave him a paper, in which the duke's relations or descendants were urgently requested, if ever an opportunity offered to repay the obligation. Butler used every argument in his power to dissuade her from her undertaking. But Jeanie was not to be diverted from her purpose; and Butler at last consented to deliver to her the paper by means of which she hoped to procure the interest of the Duke of Argyle.

It would be useless to follow our heroine through all her journeyings. Suffice it to say that she reached London in about a fortnight and procured an audience of the Duke of Argyle, who received her with that kindness and affability for which he was so distinguished. She told him that she was the sister of that unfortunate criminal, Ffie Deans, who had been condemned to death at Edinburgh, and that she had come up from the north to see what could be done in the way of getting a pardon for her. "Young woman, said the duke, you suppose me to have influence which I do not possess. I have no means of averting your sister's fate. And you know that it is the law of both God and man that the murderer shall die."—"But my puir sister canna be proved to be a murderer, sir, as you will see by these papers." Here Jeanie presented a copy of the evidence and her sister's declaration, which Butler had procured and transmitted to London. "And here's a line frae your ain grandsire, o' blessed memory, she continued, that maybe will gang farther than ony thing I can say." "This is my unfortunate grandfather's hand, sure enough, said the duke, and a strong injunction indeed. Sit down, my good girl, till I glai ce over these papers."

After reading them hastily over,—“ your sister’s case is certainly a very hard one, said he ; leave these papers with me, and you shall hear from me to-morrow or next day. Don’t be out of the way when I send, or hope too much from what I may be able to accomplish. God has the heart of kings in his own hands.” Jeanie then curtsied reverently and withdrew.

On the second day after Jeanie’s interview with Argyle, the duke’s confidential servant came for her in a hackney coach, and brought her to where the duke was waiting to receive her. “ I see you have been punctual, Jeanie, said he, as a servant assisted her into the carriage; you must be my companion for the rest of the way, and Mr Archibald will remain here with the coach until you return,” They proceeded at a rapid rate through a delightful country, and after a pretty long drive the carriage stopped, and they found themselves in an avenue lined with lofty trees, at the end of which a number of beautiful garden-walks branched off in different directions. In one of these they perceived a lady, richly dressed and of a noble and commanding appearance, advancing to meet them. The duke desired Jeanie to stand still, and stepping forward himself, made a profound obeisance, which was returned in a dignified manner by the personage whom he approached. After conversing together for some time, the duke made a signal for Jeanie to advance ; and the lady, addressing her in a kindly tone, inquired how she had travelled up from Scotland. “ Upon my feet mostly, madam,” answered Jeanie. “ I thought I was a good walker, said the lady, but this shames me sadly.”—“ I wish that your leddyship may never hae sae wear-

heart that ye canna be sensible o' the weariness o' the limbs," said Jeanie.—“ But supposing that the king were to pardon your sister, I fear that the people of Edinburgh would hang her out of spite, if we may judge by their conduct on a late occasion.”—“ I am sure, answered Jeanie, that baith town and country would rejoice to see the royal mercy extended to a poor unfriended creature. And O, madam, I beseech you to have compassion on our misery. A word of the king's mouth might save an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age yet, from an early and dreadful death, and restore her to a broken hearted auld man, that never in his morning and evening prayers forgot to petition for a blessing on his majesty.”—“ Young woman, said the lady, I cannot pardon your sister; but you shall not want my warm intercession with his majesty. Take this house wife case; in it you will find something which will remind you that you have had an interview with Queen Caroline.” Jeanie dropt on her knees, but was so bewildered that she was unable to utter a word; and the queen, turning to Argyle, and expressing a hope that their business had terminated to his satisfaction, wished him a good morning.

The duke having assisted Jeanie from the ground, conducted her back through the avenue to the place where they had entered the garden. When seated in the carriage, he congratulated his countrywoman on the successful termination of her interview with the queen, and assured her of the certainty of Effie's pardon, which he promised to get passed through the requisite forms, and transmitted to Scotland. Then followed an examination of her majesty's present.

Besides the usual accompaniments of a lady's needle-book, it contained a note for fifty pounds and the queen's name written with her own hand. Having arrived at the turnpike road, the duke took leave of Jeanie, promising to send her notice when her business was settled.

In a few days Jeanie received the welcome intelligence, and soon after took her departure for Scotland in one of the duke's carriages which he was sending to his seat at Inverary. On the liberation of Effie, she returned to her father at St Leonard's, and busily engaged herself in inquiries about the fate of her child, which at last proved successful. Some time afterwards, she was privately married to Staunton, and retired to England with her husband. A reconciliation with his father was soon effected; he became an altered man, and endeavoured to atone for the errors of his past life by a thorough reformation. Jeanie also was united to the object of her long and steady attachment, and under the happiest circumstances. The Duke of Argyle had inquired into Butler's character and circumstances, and being satisfied as to his learning and abilities, presented him to a comfortable living in Argyleshire. David Deans was appointed to manage one of the duke's farms, at such a distance from the manse as allowed of daily intercourse, in the tranquil enjoyment of which he spent the remainder of his days. Happy in each other, and in the prosperity of a rising family, the simple pair lived long, respected and beloved by all who knew them.