

She possessed that clear moral discernment which belongs alone to pure minds. This is exhibited in striking colors, in a conversation at midnight on St. Leonard Craigs, where she met the seducer of her sister, the wild, reckless and wicked Robinson. Jeanie's sister was in prison under the charge of child murder. She was innocent of the crime alleged against her, but the circumstances were such as to render her acquittal hopeless. Jeanie entertained the strongest feelings of pity towards her sister, and she was anxious to do anything for her safety, which "a Christian woman ought to do." In this state of mind, and amid the wildest scenery at midnight, and in a place too whose associations themselves were enough to make her imagination dizzy, amid all these circumstances Robinson attempted to make her believe that her sister had made a confession to her, and then begged for the sake of her sister's life to give this confession in her testimony at the trial of Effie. The artful manner in which he attempted this showed that he was well acquainted with the weakness of the judgment, when influenced by affection and guided by the feelings. But in this instance he had mistaken the mind he wished to affect. She saw his sophistry at once, and replied:

"But I canna remember that which Effie never told me."

"I tell you, you *must* remember that she told you all this. You must repeat this tale in which there is no falsehood, except in so far as it was not told to you, before these justices. Do not hesitate—I pledge life and salvation, that in saying what I have said, you will only speak the simple truth."

"But," replied Jeanie, and here she displayed the accuracy of her moral discernment. "I shall be man sworn in the very thing in which my testimony is wanted, for it is the concealment for which poor Effie is blamed, and you would make me tell a falsehood anent it....."

"I wad ware the best blood in my body to keep her scathless," continues Jeanie, weeping bitterly, "but I canna change right into wrang, or make that true which is false."

The whole conversation represents in the strongest colours the contrast between passion and virtue, guilt and innocence, and vividly shadows forth the power of conscience in its action upon a pure spirit and a passionate villain. In both we see its mighty energy; the soft clear tones of the Angel, and the wild shrieks of the fiend. The temptation offered to this noble girl at this time will not be perceived by the general reader unless he calls to mind all these attendant circumstances, but when they are all considered, then her character rises in moral majesty and grandeur.

Jeanie's life was one of entire devoted self-sacrifice, and the climax of all was the heroic resolution of going to London, to obtain the pardon of her sister, by an appeal to the King and Queen. The means she took to accomplish this was as creditable to her courage, prudence, and sound sense, as it was to the tender feelings of her heart. She trusted in a just cause, urged as it would be with an honest purpose and a pure enthusiasm. She was conscious of a deep feeling within, and she trusted in its power to effect her purpose.

"I have that within me that will keep my heart from failing, and I am amais sure that I will be strengthened to speak the errand I came for..."

"But writing winna do it—a letter canna look and pray, and beg and beseech, as the human voice can do to the human heart. A letter's like the music that the ladies have for their spinnets—naething but black scores, compared to the same tune played or sung. It is the word of mouth manna do it or nothing."

Animated by this noble enthusiasm, she went to London alone and unprotected, and by means of her sound judgment, heroic perseverance and pathetic eloquence, she succeeded. We envy not that heart which can read the simple but touching appeal to the Queen in behalf of her sister, without being moved.

"But my sister—my puir sister Effie still lives, though her days and hours are numbered! She still lives; and a word of the King's mouth might restore her to a broken-hearted auld man, that never, in his daily and nightly exercise, forgot to pray that his Majesty might be blessed with a long and prosperous reign, and that his throne and the throne of his posterity might be established in righteousness. O, madam, if ever ye kenn'd what it was to sorrow for and with a sinning and a suffering creature, whose mind is so tossed that she can be neither ca'd fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery!—Save an honest house from dishonor, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death! Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrangs, and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body—and seldom may it visit your leddyship; and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—lang and late may it be yours. O, my leddy, then it is na what we hae dune for ourself, but what we hae dune for others, that we may think on maist pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye hae intervened to spare the puir thing's life, will be sweeter in that hour, when, come it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the haill Porteous mob at the tail of ae tow."

This was uttered in tears, while her features were "glowing and quivering with emotion," and in tones at once simple, solemn, and pathetic.

This character we regard as one of the noblest delineations of the great Novelist. To our mind it is more natural and simple than Rebecca. It has not that air of romance and high imagination that surrounds the noble Jewess, but it has no less nobleness. The one was the product of a Christian faith, the other the offspring of Judaism wedded to a high and noble chivalry.

But we cannot leave this character without a reflection. It is the only female creation of Scott which exhibits genuine religious sensibility. With some of them it is seen mingled with the false glow of chivalry. Many of his other heroines reveal a lofty disinterestedness, but in Jeanie alone is it so blended in harmonious proportions, as to produce an excellence whose highest charm is its religious spirit.