

PARTING OF JEANIE DEANS WITH REUBEN BUTLER.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

AMONG the beautiful creations of the mighty "Wizard of the North," there are none, perhaps, which has taken a greater hold upon the fancy and the heart, than the humble heroine of St. Leonard's, the gentle Jeanie Deans. The engraving presented in this number of the Garland represents her parting with Reuben Butler, previous to her pilgrimage to London, to sue for her sister's life. We shall attempt no description of it, save that afforded by the great author, and which may be gathered from the following extract:—

"Reuben," said Jeanie, "I am bound on a lang journey—I am gann to Lunnon to ask Edlie's life of the King and of the Queen."

"Jeanie! you are surely not yourself," answered Butler, in the utmost surprise; "you go to London—to address the King and the Queen!"

"And what for no, Reuben!" said Jeanie, with all the composed simplicity of her character: "his but speaking to a mortal man and woman when a' is done. And their hearts mair be made of flesh and blood like other folk's, and Edlie's story would melt them were they stane."

Butler shook his head. "O, Jeanie, this is entirely a wild dream. You can never see them but through some great lord's intercession, and I think it is scarcely possible even then."

"Weel, but maybe I can get that too," said Jeanie, "with a little helping from you."

"From me, Jeanie! this is the wildest imagination of all."

"Ay, but it is not, Reuben. Havena I heard you say that your grandfather (that my father never likes to hear about) did some gude lang sue to the forbear of this MacCullum More, when he was Lord of Lorn?"

"He did so," said Butler eagerly, "and I can prove it, I will write to the Duke of Argyle—report speaks him a good, kindly man, as he is known for a brave soldier and true patriot. I will conjure him to stand between your sister and this cruel fate. There is but a poor chance of success, but we will try all means."

"We must try all means," replied Jeanie, "but writing wna 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 spinets—naething but black screeas compared to the same tune played or sung. It's word of mouth mair do it, or naething, Reuben."

"You are right," said Reuben, "and I will hope that Heaven has suggested to your kind heart and firm courage the only possible means of saving the life of this unfortunate girl. But, Jeanie, you must not take this most perilous journey alone; I have an interest in you, and I will not agree that my Jeanie throws herself away. You must even, in the present circumstances, give me a right to protect you, and I will go with you myself on this journey, and assist you to do your duty by your family."

"Alas, Reuben!" said Jeanie in her turn, "this must

not be; a pardon will not gie my sister her fair fame again, or make me a bride fitting for an honest man and a useful minister. Wna wad I mind what he said in the pulpit, that had to wife the sister of a woman that was condemned for sle-wickedness?"

"But, Jeanie," pleaded her lover, "I do not believe, and I cannot believe, that Edlie has done this deed."

"Heaven forbid you for saying sae, Reuben!" answered Jeanie; "but she mair bear the blame o't, after all." * * *

But, Jeanie, consider your word and pledged faith to me; and would ye undertake such a journey without a man; to protect you—and who should that protector be but your husband?"

"You are kind and good Reuben, and wad tak me wi' a' my shame, I doubtna. But ye canna but own that this is no time to marry, or be in other in marriage. No, if that sith ever be, it mair be in another and a better season. And, dear Reuben, ye speak of protecting me on my journey. Alas! who will protect and take care of you?—your very limbs tremble with standing for ten minutes on the floor; how could you undertake a journey as far as Lunnon?"

"But I am strong—I am well," continued Butler, sinking in his seat totally exhausted, "at least I shall be quite well to-morrow."

"Ye see, and ye ken, ye mair just let me depart," said Jeanie, after a pause; and then taking his extended hand, and gazing kindly in his face, she added, "It's e'en a grief the mair to me to see you in this way. But ye mair keep up your heart for Jeanie's sake; for if she is na your wife, she will never be the wife of living man. And now gie me the paper for MacCullum More, and bid God speed me on my way."

There was something of romance in Jeanie's venturesome resolution; yet, on consideration, as it seemed impossible to alter it by persuasion, or to give her assistance but by advice, Butler, after some farther debate, put into her hands the paper she desired, which, with the memorial in which it was folded up, were the sole memorials of the stout and enthusiastic Bible Butler, his grandfather. While Butler sought this document, Jeanie had time to take up his pocket Bible. "I have marked a scripture," she said as she again laid it down, with your Kylevine pen, that will be useful to us bairn. * * * And O, Reuben, the poor lassie in yon dungeon!—but I needna bid your kind heart—gie her what comfort ye can as soon as they will let ye see her—tell her—but I maunna speak mair about her, for I maunna take leave o' ye wi' the tear fit my ee, for that wadna be canny.—God bless ye, Reuben!"

To avoid so ill an omen, she left the room hastily, while her features yet retained the mournful and affectionate smile which she had compelled them to wear, in order to support Butler's spirits.

* * * Butler flew to the Bible, the last book which Jeanie had touched. To his extreme surprise, a paper, containing two or three pieces of gold, dropped from the book. With a black-lead pencil, she had marked the sixteenth and twenty-fifth verses of the thirty-seventh Psalm,—*"A little that a righteous man hath, is better than the riches of the wicked."*—"I have been young and am now old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."