

**DEACON BRODIE, OR
THE DOUBLE LIFE**

**A MELODRAMA, FOUNDED ON FACTS, IN FOUR ACTS
AND TEN TABLEAUX**

BY

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

AND

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

PERSONAGES

DEACON WILLIAM BRODIE, Burgess and Housebreaker.
WILLIAM LAWSON, Procurator-Fiscal, the Deacon's Uncle.
ANDREW AINSLIE,
GEORGE SMITH, } Robbers in the Deacon's Gang.
HUMPHREY MOORE, }
CAPTAIN RIVERS, an English Highwayman.
HUNT, a Bow Street Runner.
OLD BRODIE, the Deacon's Father.
WALTER LESLIE.
MARY BRODIE, the Deacon's Sister.
JEAN WATT, the Deacon's Mistress.

VAGABONDS, CHILDREN, OFFICERS OF THE WATCH, A WORKMAN,
MAID-SERVANTS.

The Scene is laid in Edinburgh. The Time is about the middle of the Eighteenth Century. The Action, some fifty hours long, begins at eight p. m. on the first day, and ends before midnight on the third.

SYNOPSIS OF ACTS AND TABLEAUX

ACT I. THE TWO LIVES.

TABLEAU I.	An Apparition.
TABLEAU II.	Hunt the Runner.
TABLEAU III.	Mother Clarke's.

ACT II.

TABLEAU IV.	Evil and Good.
---------------------	----------------

ACT III. FACE TO FACE.

TABLEAU V.	Jean Watt.
TABLEAU VI.	King's Evidence.
TABLEAU VII.	Unmasked.

ACT IV. THE OPEN DOOR.

TABLEAU VIII.	The Robbery.
TABLEAU IX.	The Two Women.
TABLEAU X.	At Bay.

CURTAIN.

DEACON BRODIE, OR THE DOUBLE LIFE

ACT I

THE TWO LIVES

TABLEAU I

AN APPABITION

The Stage represents a room in the Deacon's house, furnished partly as a sitting-, partly as a bed-room; in the style of an easy burgess of about 1730. Door, C.; a second and smaller, L. C. Practical window, R.; alcove, supposed to contain bed, L. At the back, a clothes-press and a corner cupboard containing bottles, etc. MARY BRODIE at needlework; OLD BRODIE, a paralytic, in wheeled chair.

SCENE I

To these LESLIE, C.

LESLIE. May I come in?

MARY. Certainly, Mr. Leslie. Come in.

LESLIE. I did not know where to find you.

MARY. The dad and I must have a corner, must we not? So when Willie's friends are in the parlour, he allows us to sit in his room; 'tis a great favour, I can tell you; the place is sacred. Are the others coming?

LESLIE. I left them talking deeply. But I was tired, or else I had another fancy: you may guess which. So I made a pretext, and behold me—welcome, I hope?

MARY. I suppose you mean to be unkind.

LESLIE. And you?—you called me 'Mr.'

MARY. O, there's nothing settled yet. We must all bow to the Deacon in this house; he's the king of it, and if he says

PLAYS

No! to our marriage, Walter, it will be hard for me to say Yes!

LESLIE. Your father wishes to speak, does he not?

MARY (*to* OLD BRODIE). My poor dearie! Do you want to say anything to me? No? Is it to Mr. Leslie, then?

LESLIE. I am listening, Mr. Brodie.

MARY. What is it, daddie?

OLD BRODIE. My son, the Deacon—Deacon Brodie—the first at school.

LESLIE. I know it, Mr. Brodie. Was I not the last in the same class? (*To* MARY.) But he seems to have forgotten me?

MARY. O yes! his mind wanders; he will sit for hours, as you see him, in a maze; and I believe his thoughts keep always running on my brother.

LESLIE. It is so good to sit beside you. By and by it will be always like this. You will not let me speak to the Deacon? You are fast set upon speaking yourself? I could be so eloquent, Mary; I would touch him. I cannot tell you how I fear to trust my happiness to any one else—even to you!

MARY. You do not understand. We are not like other families, we Brodies; we are so clannish, we hold so close together.

LESLIE. You Brodies and your Deacon!

OLD BRODIE. Deacon of his craft, Sir—Deacon of the Wrights—my son. If his mother—his mother—had but lived to see!

MARY. You hear how he runs on. A word about my brother and he catches it. And yet he does not know one-half the Deacon's goodness. For our Will has been like a father to his father and like a mother to me. You know how quietly we live, the dad and I; and you know how fond Will is of pleasuring, and how much he is asked abroad; and yet you would think he was glad to come back to us. Sometimes, I tell you, when I think I might die, and no one know how good a brother I have had, I feel as if I must run out into the street and cry his goodness to the whole town.

DEACON BRODIE

But indeed I think we are all Deacon-mad, we Brodies. Are we not, daddie dear? And have we not good reason?

LESLIE. He has a good heart, Mary, and many know it besides you. He is one of the most popular men in Edinburgh, and would be more so, were it not——

MARY. Were it not, Sir?

LESLIE. Well, dear, you know he has a queer temper.

MARY. What of that! I like a man to have a temper.

LESLIE. I'll make at note of it,——And then, the strait-laced think him freer than is right.

MARY. Ah! if they were but half as good themselves!

LESLIE. Amen to that.

SCENE II

To these, BRODIE and LAWSON.

MARY (*curtesying*). So, uncle! you have honoured us at last.

LAWSON. *Quam primum*, my dear, *quam primum*.

BRODIE. Well, father, do you know me?

OLD BRODIE. William—ay—Deacon. Greater man—than—his father. (*Brodie sits beside his father and takes his hand.*)

BRODIE. You see, Procurator, the news is as fresh to him as it was five years ago. He was struek down before he got the Deaconship, and lives his lost life in mine.

LAWSON. Ay, I mind. He was aye ettling after a bit handle to his name. He was kind of hurt when first they made me procurator.

MARY. And what have you been talking of?

LAWSON. Just o' thae robberies, Mary. Baith as a burgher and a crown offeecial, I tak' the maist absorbing interest in thae robberies.

LESLIE. Egad, Procurator, and so do I.

(*BRODIE looks quickly at LESLIE.*)

LAWSON. There's no a house in Edinburgh safe. The

PLAYS

law is clean helpless—clean helpless! A week syne it was auld Andra Simpson's in the Lawnmarket. Then, naething would set the catamarans but to forgather privily wi' the Provost's ain butler, and tak' unto themselves the Provost's ain plate. And the day, information was laid before me offeecially that the limmers had made infraction, *vi et clam*, into Leddy Mar'get Dalziel's, and left her leddyship wi' no *sae* muckle's a spune to sup her parritch wi'. It's unbelievable, it's awfu', it's anti-christian!

MARY. If you only knew them, uncle, what an example you would make! But tell me, is it not strange that men should dare such things, in the midst of a city, and nothing, nothing be known of them? nothing at all?

LESLIE. Little, indeed! But we do know that there are several in the gang, and that one at least is an unrivalled workman.

LAWSON. Ye're right, sir; ye're vera right, Mr. Leslie. It has been deponed to me offeecially that no a tradesman—no the Deacon here himsel'—could have made a cleaner job wi' Andra Simpson's shutters. And as for the lock o' the Bank—but that's an auld sang.

BRODIE. I think you believe too much, Procurator. Rumour's an ignorant jade, I tell you. I've had occasion to see some little of their handiwork—broken cabinets, broken shutters, broken doors—and I find them bunglers. Why, I could do it better myself!

LESLIE. Gad, Brodie, you and I might go into partnership. I back myself to watch outside, and I suppose you could do the work of skill within?

BRODIE. An opposition company? Leslie, your mind is full of good things. Suppose we begin to-night, and give the Procurator's house the honours of our innocence?

MARY. You could do anything, you two!

LAWSON. Onyway, Deacon, ye'd put your ill-gotten gains to a right use; they might come by the wind but they wouldna gang wi' the water; and that's aye a *solatium*, as we say. If I am to be robbit, I would like to be robbit wi' decent folk; and no think o' my bonnie clean siller dirling

DEACON BRODIE

among jads and dicers. Faith, William, the mair I think on't, the mair I'm o' Mr. Leslie's mind. Come the night, or come the morn, and I'se gie ye my free permission, and lend ye a hand in at the window forbye!

BRODIE. Come, come, Procurator, lead not our poor clay into temptation. (LESLIE and MARY talk apart.)

LAWSON. I'm no muckle afraid for your puir clay, as ye ca't. But hark i' your ear—ye're likely, joking apart, to be gey and sune in partnership wi' Mr. Leslie. He and Mary are gey and pack—a'boday can see that.

BRODIE. 'Daffin' and want o' wit'—you know the rest.

LAWSON. *Vidi, scivi, et audivi*, as we say in a Sasine, William. Man, because my wig's pouthered do you think I havena a green heart? I was ance a lad mysel', and I ken fine by the glint o' the e'e when a lad's fain and a lassie's willing. And, man, it's the town's talk; *communis error fit jus*, ye ken.

OLD BRODIE. Oh!

LAWSON. See, ye're hurting your faither's hand.

BRODIE. Dear dad, it is not good to have an ill-tempered son.

LAWSON. What the deevil ails ye at the match? 'Od, man, he has a nice bit divot o' Fife corn-land, I can tell ye,—and some Bordeaux wine in his cellar! But I needna speak o' the Bordeaux, ye'll ken the smack o't as weel's I do mysel'; ony-way it's grand wine. *Tantum et tale*: I tell ye the *pro's*, find you the *con's*, if ye're able.

BRODIE. I am sorry, Procurator, but I must be short with you. You are talking in the air, as lawyers will. I prefer to drop the subject and it will displease me if you return to it in my hearing.

LESLIE. At four o'clock to-morrow? (to Mary).

MARY. At four. (Exit MARY, LESLIE following, C.)

LAWSON. Ye needna be sae high and mighty.

BRODIE. I ask your pardon, Procurator. But we Brodies, you know our failings—A bad temper and a humour of privacy.

PLAYS

LESLIE (*re-entering C. with note*). For the Procurator-Fiscal.

LAWSON (*reading*). Hunt? Hunt? No, I dinna ken the name, William. I maun tak' the road. There's a man from England at my office: *lex est rex*: I maun be about my business. But I could tak' a doch-an-doris, William; *superflua non nocent*, as we say—an extra dram hurts naebody, Mr. Leslie.

BRODIE (*with bottle and glasses*). Here's your old friend, Procurator. Help yourself, Leslie. O, no thank you, not any for me. You strong people have the advantage of me there. With my attacks, you know, I must always live a bit of a hermit's life.

LAWSON. 'Od, man, that's fine, that's health o' mind and body. Mr. Leslie, here's to you, sir. 'Od, it's harder to end than to begin wi' stuff like that.

SCENE III

To these, SMITH, C.

SMITH. Is the king of the castle in, please?

LAWSON (*aside*). Lord's sake, it's Smith.

BRODIE (*to SMITH*). I beg your pardon?

SMITH. I beg yours, sir. If you please, sir, is Mr. Brodie at home, sir?

BRODIE. What do you want with him, my man?

SMITH. I've a message for him, sir, a job of work, sir!

BRODIE. Step into the lobby for a few minutes. I'm engaged.

SMITH. If you please, sir!

DEACON BRODIE

SCENE IV

The same, less SMITH; afterwards, MARY.

LESLIE. Who's that fellow, Brodie?

BRODIE. An impudent vagabond. How dared he! I never saw him. Ask the Procurator. It's more in his way.

LAWSON. What do you say, sir? What do you mean to insecuate? I never clapped eyes on his ugly hurdies till the night.

LESLIE. You need not defend yourself, Procurator, you are Cæsar's wife.

LAWSON. I am naething of the sort, sir.

BRODIE. Come, come, Procurator, it was professionally meant. A joke's a joke.

LAWSON. Joke at leisure, Deacon, ye kenna wha may joke yersel', sir.

BRODIE. This fellow's coming seems to have soured the air. We are all Pharisees, I tell you—or all rogues. Not one of the three of us, Leslie, but would recoil from being the friend of that scarecrow. And yet, perhaps, if we knew the friends we had, it would seem all one.

LESLIE (*laying his hand on BRODIE's shoulder*). Ay, Brodie, but we do know them, and we think the world of them.

BRODIE. We are more acquainted with each other's tailors, believe me. You, Leslie, are a very pleasant creature. My uncle Lawson is the Procurator-Fiscal. I—what am I?—I am the Deacon of the Wrights, my ruffles are generally clean. And you think the world of me? Bravo!

LAWSON. A when nonsense! An honest man's an honest man, and a randy thief a randy thief, and neither mair nor less. (*Enter MARY, C.*). But here's Mary. I'll awa'. Guid-bye to you, Mr. Brodie. Ay, he doesna' seem to notice me. Guid-night, and joy be wi' ye a'.

LESLIE (*to MARY*). Don't forget to-morrow.

MARY. At four o'clock. Good-bye!

PLAYS

SCENE V

MARY, OLD BRODIE ; BRODIE *returning, C.*

MARY. O Willie, I am glad you did not go with them ; I am so glad to see you come back ; I have something to tell you. If you knew how happy I am, you would clap your hands, Will. But come, sit you down there, and be my good big brother, and I will kneel here and take your hand. We must keep close to Dad, and then he will feel happiness in the air. The poor old love, if we could only tell him ! But I sometimes think his heart has gone to heaven already, and takes a part in all our joys and sorrows ; and it is only his poor body that remains here, helpless and ignorant. Come, Will, sit you down, and ask me questions—or guess—that will be better, guess.

BRODIE. Not to-night, Mary ; not to-night. I have other fish to fry, and they won't wait.

MARY. Not one minute for your sister ? One little minute for your little sister ?

BRODIE. Minutes are precious, Mary. I have to work for all of us, and the clock is always busy. There's someone waiting in the lobby even now. In the very lobby, Mary. Help me with the dad's chair. And then to bed, and dream happy things. And to-morrow morning I will hear your news—your good news—it must be good, you look so proud and glad. But to-night it cannot be.

MARY. I hate your business—I hate all business. To think of chairs, and tables, and footrules, all dead and wooden—and cold pieces of money with the King's ugly head on them—and here is your sister—your pretty sister, if you please!—with something to tell, which she would not tell you for the world, and would give the world to have you guess ! and you won't ?—Not you ! For business ! Fie, Deacon Brodie ! But I'm too happy to find fault with you.

BRODIE. 'And me a Deacon,' as the Procurator would say.

DEACON BRODIE

MARY. No such thing, sir! I am not a bit afraid of you—nor a bit angry neither. Give me a kiss, and promise me hours and hours to-morrow morning.

BRODIE. All day long to-morrow, if you like.

MARY. Business or none?

BRODIE. Business or none, little sister! I'll make time, I promise you; and there's another kiss for surety. Come along. (*They proceed to push out the chair, L.C.*). The wine and wisdom of this evening have given me one of my headaches, and I'm in haste for bed. You'll be good, won't you, and see they make no noise, and let me sleep my fill to-morrow morning till I wake?

MARY. Poor Will! You should have told me sooner, and I wouldn't have worried you. Come along. (*Exeunt, pushing chair*).

SCENE VI

SMITH, *entering as they go out.*

SMITH. Your humble and most devoted servant, George Smith, Es-quire! And so this is the garding, is it? (*Looking round the room*). And this is the style of horticulture. And we has to wait in the passage, has we, while our friend and pitcher the Deacon's doing the gen-teel? And don't he do it, too! There's a deal of difference between this sort of thing and the way we does it in Libberton's Wynd. If our lovely and engaging friend, Mrs. J. Watt, could see what a flash companion her Deakin was in the bo-som of his family! (*Sees mirror*). Ha! it is! In that case George's mother bids him bind his hair. (*Arranges himself at mirror, to which he kisses his hand.*) Dear Duchess, come to your George's fond embrace! (*Sees the liquors*). Hey, brandy! The deuce of the grape. Most noble George, your health. Same to you, Dook. (*Sits. Feeling chair*). What brings the man from such purple splendours to rot-gut and spittoons at Mother Clarke's? (*Helping*

PLAYS

himself again). Make yourself at home, George, if you please. It's a fine old family inn, is Mother Clarke's; but ah! George, you was born for a higher spear, you was! Who can say my Lord George don't visit the best of company? Deacon, let me introduce you to my old and valued friend, the Fiscal. Bong-jour, Fiscal—as we say in France. You didn't expect to meet George S. in society; now, did you?

SCENE VII

BRODIE, SMITH

BRODIE. What the devil brings you here?

SMITH. Confound it, Deakin! Not rusty?

BRODIE. You've risked my neck—which is naturally of little consequence to you—and your own, too—which I presume is of some interest to you. And I see you're drinking. This won't be your first glass to-night?

SMITH. Why, you don't mean to say, Deakin, that you have been stodged by G. Smith, Esquire? Plummy old George?

BRODIE. There was my uncle the Procurator——

SMITH. The 'Fiscal? He don't count.

BRODIE. What d'ye mean?

SMITH. Well, Deakin, since 'Fiscal Lawson's Nunkey Lawson, and it's all in the family way, I don't mind telling you that Nunkey Lawson's a customer of George's. We give Nunkey Lawson a good deal of brandy—G. S. and Co's celebrated Nantz.

BRODIE. What! does he buy that smuggled trash of yours?

SMITH. Well, we don't exactly call it smuggled in the trade, Deakin. It's a wink, and King George's picter between G. S. and the Nunks.

BRODIE. Gad! that's worth knowing. O Procurator, Procurator, is there no such thing as virtue? *Allons!* It's enough to cure a man of vice for this world and the other.

DEACON BRODIE

But hark you hither, Smith; this is all damned well in its way, but it don't explain what brings you here.

SMITH. I've trapped a pigeon for you.

BRODIE. Can't you pluck him yourself?

SMITH. Not me. He's too flash in the feather for a simple nobleman like George, Lord Smith. It's the great Capting Starlight, fresh in from York. He's exercised his noble art all the way from here to Lunden. 'Stand and deliver, stap my vitals!' And the north road is no bad lay, Deakin!

BRODIE. Flush?

SMITH (*mimicking*). 'Three graziers, split me! A mail, stap my vitals! and seven demned farmers, by the Lard!'

BRODIE. By Gad!

SMITH. Good for trade, ain't it? And we thought, Deakin, the Badger and me, that coins being ever on the vanish, and you not over sweet on them there lovely little locks at the Excise Office?

BRODIE (*Impassible.*) Go on.

SMITH. Worse luck! We thought, me and the Badger, you know, that maybe you'd like to exercise your helbow with our free and galliant horseman.

BRODIE. The old move, I presume; the double set of dice?

SMITH. That's the rig, Deakin. What you drop on the square you pick up again on the cross. Just as you did with G. S. and Co's own agent and correspondent, the Admiral from Nantz. You always was a neat hand with the bones, Deakin.

BRODIE. The usual terms, I suppose?

SMITH. The old discount, Deakin. Ten in the pound for you, and the rest for your jolly companions every one. That's the way we does it!

BRODIE. Who has the dice?

SMITH. Our mutual friend, the Candleworm.

BRODIE. You mean Ainslie?—We trust that creature too much, Geordie.

SMITH. He's all right, Marquis. He wouldn't lay a finger on his own mother, much less on you. Why, ne's no more guile in him than a set of sheep's trotters.

PLAYS

BRODIE. You think so? Then see he don't cheat you over the dice, and give you light for loaded. See to that, George, see to that; and you may count the Captain as bare as his last grazier.

SMITH. The Black Flag for ever! George'll trot him round to Mother Clarke's in two twos. How long'll you be?

BRODIE. The time to lock up and go to bed, and I'll be with you. Can you find your way out?

SMITH. Bloom on, my Sweet William, in peaceful array. Ta-ta.

SCENE VIII

BRODIE

(He closes, locks, and double-bolts both doors.)

BRODIE. Now for one of the Deacon's headaches! Rogues all, rogues all! *(Goes to clothes-press, and proceeds to change his coat.)* On with the new coat and into the new life! Down with the Deacon and up with the robber! *(Changing neck-band and ruffles.)* Eh, God! how still the house is! There's something in hypocrisy after all. If we were as good as we seem what would the world be? The city has its mask on, and we—at night we are our naked selves. Trysts are keeping, bottles are cracking, knives are stripping; and here is Deacon Brodie flaming forth the man he is!—How still it is! My father and Mary—well! the day for them, the night for me; the grimy cynical night that makes all cats grey, and all honesties of one complexion! Shall a man not have HALF a life of his own? Not eight hours out of twenty-four? Eight shall he have should he dare the pit of Tophet. *(Takes out money.)* Where's the blunt? I must be cool to-night, or steady, Deacon, you must win; damn you, you must! You must win back the dowry that you've stolen, marry your sister, pay your debts, and gull the world a little longer! Where's the sword? *(As he blows out the lights.)* The Deacon's going to bed—the

DEACON BRODIE

poor sick Deacon!—*Allons!* (*Throws up the window, and looks out.*) Only the stars to see me! (*Addressing the bed.*) Lie there, Deacon! sleep, and be well to-morrow. As for me, I'm a man once more till morning! (*Gets out of the window.*)

SCENE CLOSES.

TABLEAU II

HUNT THE RUNNER

The Stage represents the Procurator's Office.

SCENE I

HUNT (*with papers.*)

HUNT. Two hundred pounds reward. Curious thing. One burglary after another and these Scotch blockheads without a man to show for it. Jock runs east, and Sawney runs west, everything's at a deadlock. And they go on calling themselves thief-catchers! By Jingo, I'll show them how we do it down South. Two hundred reward. Well, I've worn out a good deal of saddle leather over Jemmy Rivers, but here's for new breeches if you like. Let's have another queer at the list. (*Reads.*) 'Humphrey Moore, otherwise Badger; aged forty, thick set, dark, close-cropped, has been a prize-fighter; no apparent occupation.' Badger's an old friend of mine. 'George Smith, otherwise the Dook, otherwise Jingling Geordie; red-haired and curly, slight, flash; an old thimble-rig, has been a stroller, suspected of smuggling, an associate of loose women.' G. S., Esquire, is another of my flock. 'Andrew Ainslie, otherwise Slink Ainslie; aged thirty-five; thin, white-faced, lank-haired, no occupation; has been in trouble for reset of theft and subornation of youth; might be useful as king's evidence.' That's an acquaintance to make. 'Jock Hamilton, otherwise Sweepie, and so on. 'Willie M'Glashan,' hum—yes, and so on—and so on. Ha,

PLAYS

here's the man I want. 'William Brodie, Deacon of the Wrights, about thirty, tall, slim, dark; wears his own hair; has acquaintance with one Jean Watt, a woman of bad reputation living in Libberton's Wynd; is often at Clarke's, but seemingly for purposes of amusement only; is nephew to the Procurator-Fiscal; is commercially sound, but has of late (it is supposed) been short of cash; has lost much at cock-fighting; is proud, clever, of good repute, but is fond of adventures and secrecy, and keeps low company.' Now here's what I ask myself: here's this list of the family party that drop into Mother Clarke's; it's been in the hands of these nincompoops for weeks, and I'm the first to cry Queer Street! Two well-known cracksmen, Badger and the Dook—why, there's Jack in the Orchard at once. This here top-sawyer work they talk about, of course that's a chalk above Badger and the Dook. But how about our Mohock-tradesman? 'Purposes of amusement!' What next! Deacon of the Wrights, and wright in their damned lingo means a kind of carpenter, I fancy! Why, damme, it's the man's trade! I'll look you up, Mr. William Brodie, Deacon of the Wrights. As sure as my name's Jerry Hunt, I wouldn't take one-ninety-nine in gold for my chance of that 'ere two hundred!

SCENE II

HUNT, LAWSON

LAWSON. You'll be the runner from Bow Street.

HUNT. Hunt the runner, sir! Mr. Procurator-Fiscal, I believe?

LAWSON. That's me. What'll ye be wanting?

HUNT. I must apologise for a late visit, Mr. Procurator-Fiscal; but I've an English warrant for the apprehension of Jemmy Rivers, alias Captain Starlight, now at large within your jurisdiction.

LAWSON. That'll be the highwayman?

HUNT. That same, Mr. Procurator-Fiscal. The Cap-

DEACON BRODIE

tain's given me a hard burst of it this time. I dropped on his marks first at Huntingdon, but he was away north, and I had to up and after him. I heard of him all along the York Road, for he's a light hand on the pad, has Jemmy, and leaves his mark. I missed him at York by four-and-twenty hours, and lost sight for as much more. Then I picked him up again at Carlisle, and we made a race of it for the Border, but he'd a better nag and was best up in the road. So I had to wait till I ran him to earth in Edinburgh here, and could get a new warrant. So here I am, sir. They told me you was an active sort of gentleman, and I'm an active man myself.

LAWSON. Ay, ay, Hunt! Like draws to like, ye ken. Hand me owre your papers, and you'll have your new warrant *quam primum*. And see here, Hunt, ye'll aiblins have a while to yoursel', and an active man, as ye say ye are, should aye be grinding griet. We're sore forfeuchin wi' our burglaries. *Non constat de personâ*. We canna get a grip o' the delinquents.

HUNT. I've had a worry at it already, Mr. Procurator-Fiscal—in my mind, you know. Two hundred's two hundred. I've to look into a ken to-night about the Captain, and I'll see if I can't kill two birds with one stone. I've a bit of a guess ready made—but we'll talk of that, your honour, when I come back for the warrant.

LAWSON. Ye're verra right, Hunt. An active and a silent officer. (*Dismissing him.*)

HUNT. (*saluting*). Thank you, Mr. Procurator-Fiscal.

SCENE CLOSES.

PLAYS

TABLEAU III

MOTHER CLARKE'S

SCENE I

The stage represents a room of coarse and sordid appearance, settles, spittoons, etc.; canded floor. A large table at back, where AINSLIE, HAMILTON, and others, are playing cards and quarrelling. In front, L. and R., smaller tables, at one of which BRODIE and MOORE, drinking. MRS. CLARKE and women serving.

MOORE. You've got the devil's own luck, Deacon, that's what you've got.

BRODIE. Luck! Don't talk of luck to a man like me! Why not say I've the devil's own judgment? Men of my stamp don't risk, they plan, Badger, they plan, and leave chance to such cattle as you, and Jingling Geordie. They make opportunities before they take them.

MOORE. You're artful, ain't you!

BRODIE. Should I be here else? When I leave my house I leave an alibi behind me. I'm ill—ill—with a jumping headache and the fiend's own temper. I'm sick in bed this minute, and they're all going about with the fear of death on them lest they should disturb the poor sick Deacon. My bedroom door is barred and bolted like the Bank—you remember!—and all the while the window's open, and the Deacon's over the hills and far away. What do you think of me?

MOORE. I've seen your sort before, I have.

BRODIE. Not you. As for Leslie's—

MOORE. That was a nick above you.

BRODIE. *That* was an accident. Who can guard against accidents! I schemed it all out months ago, and knew my ground like a pack of cards. Six nights back I settled on the job. My dear friend Walter said he was riding out to Queensberry, and I made as sure of his guineas as if they were hugging in my own pocket. It was an easy business so far, and I enjoyed it;—Lord! how I did enjoy it. We

DEACON BRODIE

had dined together that morning,—think of that, Badger, think of that!—and I felt like a man in a story. I climbed my dear friend Walter's wall, I crawled along his pantry-roof, I mounted his window-sill. It was like keeping tryst again with the Major's wife, only better, and more dangerous. That one turn of my wrist,—you know it!—and the window was open. It was as dark as the pit, and I thought myself within an ace of being a happy man. When, phewt! down went something inside, and down went somebody with it. I made one jump and went off like a rocket. Of course it was my dear friend Walter himself.

MOORE. I s'pose he knows you pretty well by this time?

BRODIE. 'Tis the worst of friendship. Here, Christy, fill these glasses here. Moore, here's better luck next time!

MOORE. Deacon, I looks towards you. But it looks thundering rotten eggs, don't it?

BRODIE. 'O why these doleful doubts, my Badger, say!' Why, man, he came at me like a bull,—all rush and no eye. He did me the honour of driving with me this evening. I tried to trot him out, but he kept his tongue in his teeth, and played close. There may be mischief in the wind; but what of it! I've always my alibi, and I've not done with Walter yet. It's a point of honour with me not to fail, it's a point of honour never to desert my friends. You all see I'm bound to have him. It would be unprincipled to let him go.

SCENE II

To these HUNT, disguised

He is disguised as a "flying stationer," with a patch over his eye. He sits at table opposite BRODIE'S, and is served with bread and cheese and beer.

HAMILTON (*from behind*). The devil take the cards.

AINSLIE. Hoot, man, dinna blame the cards!

MOORE. Look here, Deacon, I mean business, I do.
(HUNT looks up at the name of 'Deacon.')

PLAYS

BRODIE. Gad, Badger, I never met you that you do not. You have a set of the most commercial intentions! You make me blush.

MOORE. That's all blazing fine, that is. But what I ses is, what about the chips? That's what I ses. I'm after that thundering old Excise Office, I am. That's my motto.

BRODIE. 'Tis a very good motto, and at your lips, Badger, it kind of warms my heart. But it's not mine.

MOORE. Muck! why not?

BRODIE. 'Tis too big and too dangerous. I shirk King George; he has a fat pocket, but he has a long arm. You pilfer sixpence from him, and it's three hundred reward for you, and a hue and cry from Tophet to the stars. It ceases to be business; it turns politics, and I'm not a politician, Mr. Moore. (*Rising.*) I'm only Deacon Brodie.

MOORE. All right, I can wait.

BRODIE (*seeing HUNT*). Ha, a new face,—and with a patch! There's nothing under heaven I like so dearly as a new face with a patch. Who the devil, sir, are you that own it? And where did you get it? And how much will you take for it second-hand?

HUNT. Well, sir, to tell you the truth—(*Brodie bows*), it's not for sale. But it's my own, and I'll drink your honour's health in anything.

BRODIE. An Englishman too! Badger, behold a countryman. What are you, and what part of southern Scotland do you come from?

HUNT. Well, your honour, to tell you the honest truth—

BRODIE (*bowing*). Your obleeged!—

HUNT. I knows a gentleman when I sees him, your honour, and to tell your honour the truth—

BRODIE. *Je vous baise les mains!*—(*Bowing.*)

HUNT. A gentleman as is a gentleman, your honour, is always a gentleman, and to tell you the honest truth—

BRODIE. Great heavens! answer in three words, and be hanged to you. What are you, and where are you from?

HUNT. A patter-cove, from Sevin Dials.

DEACON BRODIE

BRODIE. Is it possible? All my life-long have I been pinning to meet with a patter-cove from Seven Dials! Embrace me—at a distance. A patter-cove from Seven Dials! Go, fill yourself as drunk as you dare; at my expense. Anything he likes, Mrs. Clarke! He's a patter-cove from Seven Dials. Hillo! what's all this?

AINSLIE. Dod, I'm for nae mair! (*At back, and rising.*)

PLAYERS. 'Sit down, Ainslie.'—'Sit down, Andra.'—'Ma revenge!'

AINSLIE. Na, na, I'm for canny goin'. (*Coming forward with bottle.*) Deacon, let's see your gless.

BRODIE. Not an inch of it.

MOORE. No rotten shirking, Deacon!

AINSLIE. I'm sayin', man, let's see your gless.

BRODIE. Go to the deuce!

AINSLIE. But I'm sayin'—

BRODIE. Haven't I to throw a main to-night?

AINSLIE. But, man, ye'll drink to bonnie Jean Watt?

BRODIE. Ay, I'll follow you there. *À la reine des mes amours!* (*Drinks.*) What fiend put this in your way, you hound? You've filled me with raw stuff. By the muckle deil!—

MOORE. Don't hit him, Deacon; tell his mother.

HUNT. (*aside*). Oho!

SCENE III

To these, SMITH, RIVERS

SMITH. Where's my beloved? Deakin, my beauty, where are you? Come to the arms of George, and let him introduce you. Capting Starlight Rivers! Capting, the Deakin. Deakin, the Capting. An English nobleman on the grand tour: to open his mind, by the lard!

RIVERS. Stupendously pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Deakin, split me!

BRODIE. We don't often see England's heroes our way,

PLAYS

Captain, but when we do, we make them infernally welcome.

RIVERS. Prettily put, sink me! A demned genteel sentiment, stap my vitals!

BRODIE. O Captain! you flatter me. We Scotsmen have our qualities, I suppose, but we are but rough and ready at the best. There's nothing like your Englishman for genuine distinction. He is nearer France than we are, and smells of his neighbourhood. That d——d thing, the *je ne sais quoi*, is blown direct to him across the Straits. We only catch faint airs of it,—airs that have passed, too, over Lincoln ferns, and Yorkshire moors, and Northumberland sea-coal, and the hags and hills of the Debatable Land. Polish with us must be an affectation or an effort. The Starlights of the world to us are admirable merely; inimitable they are not. They have an air, a grace, a manner—that d——d thing, the *je ne sais quoi*, too!—Lard, lard; split me! stap my vitals! O such manners are pure—pure—pure. They are, by the shade of Claude Duval.

RIVERS. Mr. Deakin, Mr. Deakin, this is passitively too much. What will you sip? Give it the hanar of a neam.

BRODIE. By these most hanarable hands now, Captain, you shall not. On such an occasion I could play host with Lucifer himself. Here, Clarke, Mother Midnight! Down with you, Captain! (*forcing him boisterously into a chair.*) I don't know if you can lie, but, sink me! you shall sit. *Drinking, etc., in dumb-show.*

MOORE (*aside to SMITH*). We've nobbled him, Geordie!

SMITH (*aside to MOORE*). As neat as ninepence! He's taking it down like mother's milk. But there'll be wigs on the green to-morrow, Badger! It'll be tuppence and toddle with George Smith.

MOORE. O muck! Who's afraid of him? (*To AINSLIE.*) Hang on, Slinkie.

HUNT (*who is feigning drunkenness, and has overheard; aside*). By Jingo!

RIVERS. Will you sneeze, Mr. Deakin, sir?

DEACON BRODIE

BRODIE. Thanks! I have all the vices, Captain. You must send me some of your Rappee. It is passatively perfect.

RIVERS. Mr. Deakin, I do myself the *hanar* of a sip to you.

BRODIE. Topsy-turvy with the can!

MOORE (*aside to SMITH*). That made him wink.

BRODIE. Your high and mighty hand, my Captain! Shall we dice—dice—dice? (*Dumb show between them*).

AINSLIE (*aside to MOORE*). I'm sayin'—

MOORE. What's up now?

AINSLIE. I'm no to gie him the coggit dice?

MOORE. The square ones, rot you! Ain't he got to lose every brass farden? } *Aside*

AINSLIE. What'll be my share?

MOORE. You mucking well leave that to me.

RIVERS. Well, Mr. Deakin, if you passatively will have me shake a *helbow*.

BRODIE. Where are the bones, Ainslie? Where are the dice, Lord George? (*AINSLIE gives the dice and dice-box to BRODIE; and privately a second pair of dice.*) Old Fortune's counters the bonnie money-catching, money-breeding bones! Hark to their dry music! Scotland against England! Sit round, you tame devils, and put your coins on me!

SMITH. Easy does it, my lord of high degree! Keep cool!

BRODIE. Cool's the word. Captain, a cool twenty on the first?

RIVERS. Done and done. (*They play.*)

HUNT (*aside to MOORE—a little drunk.*) Ain't that 'ere Scotch gentleman, your friend, too drunk to play, sir?

MOORE. You hold your jaw, that's what's the matter with you.

AINSLIE. He's waur nor he looks. He's knockit the box aff the table.

SMITH (*picking up box*). That's the way *we* does it. Ten to one and no takers!

BRODIE. Deuces again! More liquor, Mother Clarke!

SMITH. Hooray our side! (*pouring out*). George and his pal for ever!

BRODIE. Deuces again, by heaven! Another?

PLAYS

RIVERS. Done!

BRODIE. Ten more. Money's made to go. On with you!

RIVERS. Sixes.

BRODIE. Deuce-ace. Death and judgment. Double or quits?

RIVERS. Drive on!—Sixes.

SMITH. Fire away, brave boys! (*To MOORE.*) It's Tully-ho the Grinder, Hump!

BRODIE. Treys! Death and the pit! How much have you got there?

RIVERS. A cool forty-five.

BRODIE. I play you thrice the lot.

RIVERS. Who's afraid?

SMITH. Stand by, Badger!

RIVERS. Cinq-ace.

BRODIE. My turn now. (*He juggles in and uses the second pair of dice.*) Aces. Aces again! What's this? (*Picking up dice.*) Sold! You play false, you hound!

RIVERS. You lie!

BRODIE. In your teeth. (*Overturns table, and goes for him.*)

MOORE. Here, none o' that! } (*They hold him back—*

SMITH. Hold on, Deacon! } *struggle.*)

BRODIE. Let me go. Hands off, I say! I'll not touch him. (*Stands weighing dice in his hand.*) But as for that thieving whinger, Ainslie, I'll cut his throat between this dark and to-morrow's. To the bone. (*Addressing the company.*) Rogues—rogues—rogues! (*Singing without.*) Ha! what's that?

AINSLIE. It's the psalm-singing up by, at the Holy Weaver's. And oh! Deacon, if ye're a Christian man——

THE PSALM WITHOUT

'Lord, who shall stand, if Thou, O Lord,
Should'st mark iniquity;
But yet with Thee forgiveness is
That feared Thou may'st be.'

DEACON BRODIE

BRODIE. I think I'll go. 'My son, the Deacon, was aye regular at kirk.' If the old man could see his son, the Deacon! I think I'll—— Ay, who *shall* stand? There's the rub! And forgiveness, too? There's a long word for you! I learnt it all lang syne, and now . . . hell and ruin are on either hand of me, and the devil has me by the leg. 'My son, the Deacon——' Eh God! but there's no fool like an old fool! (*Becoming conscious of the others.*) Rogues!

SMITH. Take my arm, Deacon.

BRODIE. Down, dog, down! Stay and be drunk with your equals. Gentlemen—and ladies—I have already cursed you pretty heartily. Let me do myself the pleasure of wishing you—a very—good evening. (*As he goes out HUNT, who has been staggering about in the crowd, falls on a settle, as though about to sleep.*)

ACT-DROP.

ACT II

TABLEAU IV

EVIL AND GOOD

The Stage represents the Deacon's Bedroom, as in I. 1.

SCENE I

BRODIE, *a Workman (carpenter), with mouldings, etc.*

BRODIE (*with foot-rule*). Give them another inch; say seven and a sixteenth. A plain rabbit. There, take it away, It'll do. (*Exit Workman.*) God, how my head aches! (*calling off at wing.*) Oh!—and don't forget the cabinet for Dr. Carfrae. And if the wood-merchant calls about that bill, say I'll see about it to-morrow, or next day. (*Speaking.*) Now then, Deacon, boot and saddle! The ground's too hot for me within twenty miles of Mary! (*Calling off.*) If Miss Mary asks for me, say I'm off to Cramond on business; for the day, mind. (*Speaking.*) O, the Deacon, the Deacon! Where's a hat for the Deacon? Where's a hat for the Deacon's headache? This place is a piggery. To be respectable and not to find one's hat!

LAWSON (*without*). I ken the way, I ken the way.

BRODIE. My friend George's friend? I can manage him.

SCENE II

BRODIE, LAWSON

LAWSON. A braw day this, for the time o' the year, William.

BRODIE. I'm no judge, Procurator, but I'll take your word for it.

DEACON BRODIE

LAWSON. I had a crack wi' the laddie Leslie, *inter pocula* (he took a stirrup-cup wi' me), and he tells me he has askit Mary, and she was to speak to ye hersel'. O, ye needna look sae gash. Did she speak? and what'll you have said to her?

BRODIE. She has not spoken; I have said nothing; and I believe I asked you to avoid the subject.

LAWSON. Ay, I made *avizandum* o' that observation, William, and assoilzied mysel'. Mary's a guid lass, and I'm her oe, and I'm here to be answered. Is it to be ay or no?

BRODIE. It's to be no. This marriage must be quashed; and hark ye, Procurator, you must help me.

LAWSON. Me? ye're daft! And what for why?

BRODIE. Because I've spent the trust-money, and I can't refund it.

LAWSON. Ye reprobate deevil.

BRODIE. Have a care, Procurator. No wry words!

LAWSON. Do you say it to my face, sir? Dod, sir, I'm the Crown Prosecutor.

BRODIE. Right. The Prosecutor for the Crown. And where do you get your brandy?

LAWSON. Eh!

BRODIE. Your brandy! Your brandy, man! Where do you get your brandy? And you a Crown offeecial and an elder.

LAWSON. Whaur the deevil did ye hear that?

BRODIE. Rogues all! Rogues all, Procurator! 'Tis the last word of my philosophy, and it will soon be yours.

LAWSON. Lord save us! Guid sake, to think o' that noo! Can ye give me some o' that Cognac?—I'm—I'm sort o' shaken, William, I'm sort o' shaken—Thank you, William! (*Looking piteously at glass.*) *Nunc est bibendum.* (*Drinks.*) Troth, I'm a set a jee a bit.—Wha the deevil tauld ye?

BRODIE. Ask no questions, brother. We are a pair.

LAWSON. Pair, indeed! Pair, William Brodie? Upon my saul, sir, ye're a brazen-faced man that durst say it to my face! Tak' you eare, my bonnie young man, that your craig doesna feel the wecht o' your hurdies. Keep the plain-

PLAYS

stances side o' the wuddie. *Via trita, via tuta*, William Brodie!

BRODIE. And the brandy, Procurator? and the brandy?

LAWSON. Ay—weel—be't sae—Let the brandy bide, man, let the brandy bide! But for you and the trust-money—Damned! It's felony. *Tutor in rem suam*, ye ken, *tutor in rem suam*. But, O man Deacon, whaur *is* the siller?

BRODIE. It's gone—O, how the devil should I know? But it'll never come back.

LAWSON. Dear, dear! A' gone to the winds o' heaven! Sae ye're an extravagant dog, too. *Prodigus et furiosus!* And that puir lass—eh Deacon man, that puir lass! I mind her such a bonny bairn.

BRODIE (*stopping his ears*). Brandy, brandy, brandy, brandy, brandy!

LAWSON. William Brodie, mony's the lang day that I've believed in you; prood, prood was I to be the Deacon's uncle; and a sore hearing I have had of it the morn. That's past; that's past like Flodden Field; it's an auld sang noo, and I'm an aulder man than when I crossed your door. But mark ye this—mark ye this, William Brodie, I maybe no sae guid's I should be; but there's no a saul between the east sea and the wast can lift his een to God that made him, and say I wranged him as ye wrang that lassie. I bless God, William Brodie—ay, tho' he was like my brother—I bless God that he that got ye has the hand of death upon his hearing, and can win into his grave a happier man than me. And ye speak to me, sir? Think shame—think shame upon your heart!

BRODIE. Rogues all!

LAWSON. You're the son of my sister, William Brodie. Mair than that I stop not to inquire. If the siller is spent, and the honour tint—Lord, help us, and the honour tint—sae be it, I maun bow the head. Ruin shallna come by me. Na, and I'll say mair, William; we have a' our weary sins upon our backs; and maybe I have mair than mony. But, man, if ye could bring *half* the jointure—*potius quam pereas* for your mither's son—Na? You couldna bring the half!

DEACON BRODIE

Weel, weel, it's a sair heart I have this day, a sair heart and a weary. If I were a better man mysel'—but there, there, it's a sair heart that I have gotten. And the Lord kens I'll help ye if I can. *Potius quam pereas.*

SCENE III

BRODIE. Sore hearing, does he say? My hand's wet—But it's victory—shall it be go? or stay? I should show them all I can, or they may pry closer than they ought. Shall I have it out and be done with it? To see Mary at once, to carry bastion after bastion at the charge—there were the true safety after all! Hurry—hurry's the road to silence now. Let them once get tattling in their parlours, and it's death to me. For I'm in a cruel corner now. I'm down, and I shall get my kicking soon and soon enough. I began it in the lust of life, in a hey-day of mystery and adventure. I felt it great to be a bolder, craftier rogue than the drowsy citizen that called himself my fellow-man. It was meat and drink to know him in the hollow of my hand, hoarding that I and mine might squander, pinching that we might wax fat. It was in the laughter of my heart that I tip-toed into his greasy privacy. I forced the strong-box at his ear while he sprawled beside his wife. He was my butt, my ape, my jumping-jack.—And now—O fool, fool. Duped by such knaves as are a shame to knavery, crime's rabble, hell's tatterdemalions! Shorn to the quick! Rooked to my vitals! And I must thief for my daily bread like any crawling blackguard in the gutter. And my sister—there's where it pricks! It wouldn't greatly matter if she were no better than myself. But no, damn her, not she! And yet—and yet—if we were all a bit alike—why, there's what I would call a family. She would be just as happy—look at me! And one more light woman—

PLAYS

SCENE IV

BRODIE, MARY

MARY (*tapping without*). Can I come in, Will?

BRODIE. O yes, come in—come in! (MARY *enters*.) I wanted to be quiet, but it doesn't matter, I see. You women are all the same.

MARY. O no, Will, they're not all so happy, and they're not all Brodies. But I'll be a woman in one thing. For I've come to claim your promise, dear; and I'm going to be petted and comforted and made much of, altho' I don't need it, and—Why, Will, what's wrong with you? You look—I don't know what you look like.

BRODIE. O, nothing! A splitting head and an aching heart. Well! you've come to speak to me. Speak up. What is it?—Come, girl! What is it? Can't you speak?

MARY. Why, Will, what is the matter?

BRODIE. I thought you had come to tell me something. Here I am.—For God's sake, out with it, and don't stand beating about the bush.

MARY. O be kind, be kind to me.

BRODIE. Kind? I am kind. I'm only ill and worried, can't you see? Whimpering? I knew it! Sit down, you goose! Where do you women get your tears!

MARY. Why are you so cross with me? O Will, you have forgot your sister! Remember, dear, that I have nobody but you. It's your own fault, Will, if you've taught me to come to you for kindness, for I always found it. And I mean you shall be kind to me again. I know you will, for this is my great need, and the day I've missed my mother sorest. Just a nice look, dear, and a soft tone in your voice, to give me courage, for I can tell you nothing till I know that you're my own brother once again.

BRODIE. If you'd take a hint, you'd put it off till tomorrow. But I suppose you won't. On, then! I'm listening. I'm listening!

DEACON BRODIE

MARY. Mr. Leslie has asked me to be his wife.

BRODIE. He has, has he?

MARY. And I have consented.

BRODIE. And?

MARY. You can say that to me? And that is all you have to say?

BRODIE. O no, not all.

MARY. Speak out, sir. I am not afraid.

BRODIE. I suppose you want my consent?

MARY. Can you ask?

BRODIE. I didn't know. You seem to have got on pretty well without it so far.

MARY. O shame on you! shame on you!

BRODIE. Perhaps you may be able to do without it altogether. I hope so. For you'll never have it, Mary. I hate to see you look like that, Mary. If I could say anything else, believe me I would say it. But I have said all; every word is spoken; there's the end.

MARY. It shall not be the end. You owe me an explanation, and I'll have it.

BRODIE. Isn't my 'No' enough, Mary?

MARY. It might be enough for me. But it is not, and it cannot be, enough for him. He has asked me to be his wife; he tells me his happiness is in my hands; poor hands—but they shall not fail him, if my heart should break. If he has chosen and set his hopes upon me, of all women in the world, I shall find courage somewhere to be worthy of the choice. And I dare you to leave this room until you tell me all your thoughts—until you prove that this is good and right.

BRODIE. Good and right? They are strange words, Mary.—I mind the time when it was good and right to be your father's daughter and your brother's sister. Now!

MARY. Have I changed? Not even in thought. My father, Walter says, shall live and die with us;—he shall only have gained another son. And you—you know what he thinks of you; you know what I would do for you.

BRODIE. Give him up.

PLAYS

MARY. I have told you—not without a reason.

BRODIE. You must.

MARY. I will not.

BRODIE. So much for the sister!—Mary, there must be no illusions left between us. You have begun upon this, and I must go through with it. You say you will not give him up?

MARY. I will not.

BRODIE. What if I told you that you could only compass your happiness, and his, at the price of my ruin?

MARY. Your ruin?

BRODIE. Even so. Ruin.

MARY. Ruin!

BRODIE. It has an ugly sound, has it not?

MARY. O Willie! what have you done? What have you done? What have you done?

BRODIE. I cannot tell you, Mary. But you may trust me. You must give up this Leslie and at once. It is to save me. And now go—for God's sake, go. Let me take you to your room. Come.

He leads her out by the side door. Enter MOORE and SMITH, C.

SCENE V

MOORE, SMITH, BRODIE

BRODIE (*returning*). What brings you here?

SMITH. Deakin, my rose of Sharon! . . .

BRODIE. And where is the other thief?

SMITH. Slink Ainslie, Deakin, is rehearsing for his epitaph. He was took ill at Mother C.'s,—three doctors and a 'pothecary's shop. Unless he gets your pardin, Deakin, it's going to be a case of sacred to the memory. I shall go and pal on with the undertakers myself.

MOORE. Look 'ere, Deacon! What's up? That's my motto. What I ses is, if a cove's got any thundering grudge agin a cove, why can't he spit it out, I ses.

DEACON BRODIE

BRODIE. I accept your invitation. Here are my answers. (*Producing purse and dice.*) These are both too light. This purse is empty, these dice are not loaded. Is it indiscretion to inquire how you share? Equal with the Captain, I presume?

SMITH. It's as easy as my eye, Deakin. Slink Ainslie got letting the merry glass go round, and didn't know the right bones from the wrong. That's *hall*.

BRODIE. What clumsy liars you are!

SMITH. In boyhood's hour, Deakin, he were called Old Truthful. Little did he think——

BRODIE. My time is precious. What is your errand?

MOORE. Business.

SMITH. After the melancholy games of last night, Deakin, which no one deploras so much as George Smith, we thought we'd trot round—didn't us, Hump?—and see how you and your bankers was a getting on.

BRODIE. Will you tell me your errand?

MOORE. You're dry, ain't you?

BRODIE. Am I?

MOORE. We ain't none of us got a stiver, that's the matter with us.

BRODIE. Is it?

MOORE. Ay, strike me blind, it is. And what we've got to is to put up the rotten old Excise.

SMITH. It's the last plant in the shrubbery, Deakin, and it's breaking George the gardener's heart, it is. We really must!

BRODIE. Must we?

MOORE. Must's the thundering word. I mean business, I do.

BRODIE. That's lucky. I don't.

MOORE. Oh! you don't, don't you?

BRODIE. I do not.

MOORE. Then p'raps you'll tell us what you mucking well do?

BRODIE. What do I mean? I mean that you and that merry-andrew shall walk out of this room and this house.

PLAYS

Do you suppose, you blockheads, that I'm blind. I'm the Deacon, am I not? I've been your king and your commander. I've led you, and fed you, and thought for you with this head. And you think to steal a march upon a man like me? I see you through and through; I know you like the clock; I read your thoughts like print. Brodie, you thought, has money, and won't do the job. Therefore, you thought, we must rook him to the heart. And therefore, you put up your idiot cockney! And now—you come round, and dictate, and think sure of your Excise? Sure? Are you sure I'll let you pack with a whole skin? By my soul, but I've a mind to pistol you like dogs. Out of this! Out, I say, and soil my home no more!

MOORE (*sitting*). Now look 'ere, Mr. bloody Deacon Brodie, you see this 'ere chair of yours, don't you? What I ses to you is, here I am, I ses, and here I mean to stick. That's my motto. Who the devil are you to do the high and mighty? You make all you can out of us, don't you? and when one of your plants goes cross, you order us out of the ken? Muck! That's what I think of you. Muck! Don't you get coming the nob over me, Mr. Deacon Brodie, or I'll smash you.

BRODIE. You will?

MOORE. Ay, will I. If I thundering well swing for it. And as for clearing out,—muck! Here I am, and here I stick. Clear out? You try it on. I'm a man, I am.

SMITH (*after a pause*). Look here, Badger, you're not going to carry on like this with a pal of George's. Do you mind the happy night when you was shot? What would your aged mother have done if G. S. hadn't shouldered you and padded the hoof for Libberton's Wynd?

MOORE. That's all right enough. But what of it? I ain't so rotten as all that, I ain't. I'm that cove's master, and here I sticks.

SMITH. These sentiments, Hump, do equal honour to your heart and head. But what's that got to do with last year's almanac? Is G. S. your old particular, or ain't he?

MOORE. O rot.

DEACON BRODIE

SMITH. You touch me deeply, Humpy. Hump, you are a most noble being. In that chair you look like a jolly old Greek hemperor. Come out of it, there's my honourable and gallient friend, and shake hands with the Deacon like a Trojan.

MOORE. Not me. Not till he's axed pardon.

SMITH. O, come now, Badger, this sort of thing ain't quite the mark.

MOORE. Muck! That's my motto.

BRODIE. I spoke hastily, Moore. Will you shake hands on it?

MOORE. It ain't much in my line. (*They shake hands.*)

SMITH. Portrait of George as a guardian hangel!

BRODIE. Smith, I am obliged to you. You have behaved like a good fellow.

SMITH. Deakin, you see before you about the stodgedest gent as ever was.

BRODIE. Have you anything more to say to me just now? I am really very busy. But you may command me presently.

MOORE. No more nonsense, mind!

BRODIE. No more nonsense. Where shall I wait upon you?

MOORE. What about that woman's place of yours?

BRODIE. I shall try to make you welcome. At what hour may we expect you? Shall we say two?

MOORE. That's good enough. Come along, George.

SMITH. Bye-bye, William. Don't forget.

SCENE VI

BRODIE

BRODIE. Trust me. No man forgets his vice, you dogs—or forgives it either. It must be done; Leslie's to-night, and the Excise to-morrow. It shall be done. This settles it. They used to fetch and carry for me, and now! I've licked their boots, have I? I'm their man, their tool, their chattel.

PLAYS

It's the bottom rung of the ladder of shame. I sound with my foot, and there's nothing underneath but the black emptiness of damnation. Ah, Deacon, Deacon, and so this is where you've been travelling all these years; and it's for this that you learned French! The gallows—God help me, it begins to dog me like my shadow. *There's* a step to take! And the jerk upon your spine! How's a man to die with a night-cap on?—I've done with this. Over yonder, across the great ocean, is a new land, with new characters, and perhaps new lives. The sun shines, and the bells ring, and it's a place where men live gladly; and the Deacon himself can walk without terror and begin again like a new-born child. It must be good to see day and not to fear; it must be good to be oneself with all men. Happy like a child, wise like a man, free like God's angels—should I work these hands off and eat crusts, there were a life to make me young and good again. And it's only over the sea! Oh, man, you have been blind, and now your eyes are opened. It was half a life's nightmare, and now you are awake. Up, Deacon, up! it's hope that's at the window! Mary! Mary! Mary!

SCENE VII

BRODIE, MARY, OLD BRODIE

(BRODIE has fallen into a chair, with his face upon the table. Enter MARY by the side door, pushing her father's chair. She is supposed to have advanced far enough for stage purposes before BRODIE is aware of her. He starts up, and runs to her.)

BRODIE. Look up, my lass—look up, and be a woman! I—
O kiss me, Mary, give me a kiss for my good news.

MARY. Good news, Will? Is it changed?

BRODIE. Changed? Why, the world's a different colour! It was night, and now it's broad day, and I trust myself again. You must wait, dear, wait, and I must work and

DEACON BRODIE

work; and before the week is out, as sure as God sees me, I'll have made you happy.—O, you may think me broken, hounds, but the Deacon's not the man to be run down; trust him, he shall turn a corner yet, and leave you snarling!—And you, Poll—you. I've done nothing for you yet; but, please God, I'll make your life a life of gold; and wherever I am, I'll have a part in your happiness, and you'll know it, by heaven! and bless me.

MARY. O, Willie—look at him. I think he hears you, and is trying to be glad with us.

OLD BRODIE. My son—Deacon—better man than I was.

BRODIE. O, for God's sake, hear him.

MARY. He is quite happy, Will, and so am I—so am I.

BRODIE. Hear me, Mary. This is a big moment in our two lives. I swear to you by the father here between us, that it shall not be fault of mine if this thing fails—if this ship founders you have set your hopes in! I swear it by our father—I swear it by God's judgments.

MARY. I want no oaths, Will.

BRODIE. No, but I do. And prayers, Mary, prayers. Pray night and day upon your knees. I must move mountains.

OLD BRODIE. A wise son maketh—maketh——

BRODIE. A glad father? And does your son the Deacon make you glad? O heaven of heavens, if I were a good man.

ACT-DROP

ACT III

FACE TO FACE

'TABLEAU V

JEAN WATT

The stage represents the interior of JEAN WATT's lodging in Libberton's Wynd. Kitchen-fire, bed, etc. BRODIE, JEAN WATT, and children at supper-table.

SCENE I

BRODIE, JEAN, CHILDREN

BRODIE. Every guinea, Jean, every mortal guinea in the world. They were all at it—every thieving mother's son of them.

JEAN. I knew. Mrs. Hamilton tauld me. Her man was doon at Clarke's yestreen; an' they a' gaed shares wi' the Englishman.

BRODIE. I'll be even with them yet; they've not seen the last of Deacon Brodie. I had better given it you, Jean.

JEAN. Ay, had ye. There's the rent no paid—ha'e chuckie, eat a bit o' that!—Man, Will, I wish ye wad gi'e me mair siller, or mair at a time. It's just a pickle here an' a pickle thonder; an' a pickle's sune awa'.

BRODIE. Ah, Jean, if you knew all, if you knew all!

JEAN. I ken fine. Ye're thinkin' o' your faither an' your bonnie tittie, man—no o' me and the weans. They're your ain, Weeliam Brodie, though I say it that shouldnae; an' they're mines forebye, an' I'll no thole to see them wranged.

BRODIE. Ay? Are you a good mother? Woman, but you make me wonder.

JEAN. What do ye wonder, man?

BRODIE. Are you true to me, Jean?

JEAN. Ye ken that weel aneuch. Ye ken't as weel as I dae. I've been aye leal an' true to ye, an' that's mair nor mony o' my likes could say.

DEACON BRODIE

BRODIE. Is it, Jean? I suppose it is. I suppose it is. But I wonder—I wonder—I wonder.

THE YOUNGEST CHILD (*singing*). My faither's a Deacon, a Deacon, a Deacon!

JEAN. Wheest, ye fool-mooth'd wee deevil!

BRODIE. Don't hurt him, Jean! Don't hurt him. Come here, my fine man! Come to your daddie! Come to your daddie then. There—that's it! Your father's not all you'd like him to be, my pet lamb; though he is, as you say, a deacon; and a very fine specimen of the deacon he is!—And is this the way you hide me, Jean? 'My father's a Deacon,' is he? Is this the way you treat me?

JEAN. I treat you? Losh me, it's nae faut o' mine's. The neebors but to speak, ye ken, or they wadna be neebors; an' the weans, they pick it up; an' what can I dae? The ither bairns kist me up to them, an' they but to brag o' your being a Deacon, innocent lambs! Mony's the skelp I gi'e them; but what wad ye hae?—it's nature—an' you a Deacon, ye ken.

BRODIE. It's a rare brag. Isn't it, my bonny boy? (*Playing with child's hand*).

This is the man that broke the barn,
This is the man that stole the corn,
This is the man that ran awa',
This is the man that tel't it a',

and this is wee Pirliewinkie that couldna get doon the brae and had to pay for a'.

(*Kisses and daudles him*). Isn't that a fine song? Put him to bed, Jean. What, he doesn't want? Then he shan't. He shall do as he likes while I'm here, that he shall!—Is that not a fine song? And it's all in the way of trade, too, isn't it? (*Puts the child away*). Jean, my woman, it's but a mockery of a life, this. Will you help me to a new?

JEAN. A new yin? What ails ye at the auld? Ye used to like it fine.

BRODIE. What ails me? Everything. I'm sick of it. Sick of being a hypocrite at home and a blackguard abroad!

PLAYS

Sick of wearing two faces and living two lives! Sick of the evening's riot and the morning's shame! Sick of the whole canting, lying, cogging, beastly business! I'm not even first among the vagabonds I herd with; they despise me and cheat me; I'm their flunkey and their gull. And you ask me what ails me? I hate it—O God, how I hate it! and O God, how I hate myself!—But it's darkest before dawn. Have you the heart to follow, and the courage to help me, Jean? I risk a brace of big strokes to-night and to-morrow. They may succeed, or they may fail—God knows! But let the die fall truly as it fell of old, and I repay the sister I have wronged, and wronged for you, shake off my past, and sail for a new home across the seas.

JEAN. Me, Wully? Cross the seas wi' ye? Man, ye've plenty sillers here!

BRODIE. Not always. And there are other things in life than siller—I'll make an honest woman of you and do what's right by the children.

JEAN. Div ye mean ye'll marry me?

BRODIE. Ay, Jean. If you will.

JEAN. God, this is a curious woin'!

BRODIE. I await your answer.

JEAN. Faith, it's no a thing to be lightly said.

BRODIE. I was right, you see, to wonder. What things of habit you women are! A new man comes easier to some of you than a new house. (*She gives him her hand*). Aye, I was sure of you in my heart, lass. And when will you be ready?

JEAN. Ready? It's a big word.

BRODIE. It's a word like another. Tuck up your sleeves and the thing's done. It's one stout pull, and then to sea! and the sea, Jean?—what's the sea? So much water! Think of the new life on the other shore, the new friends, the new hopes, the new aims! You'll be an honest woman, Jean; and the neighbours will be proud to know you; and the children! the children shall grow up at our side, and be loved and honoured, and bring us little ones of their own to make much of, and be glad in. When I think of what may be—of what shall

DEACON BRODIE

be, by heaven!—when I think of growing old and tranquil, a husband, a father, with my children's chicks upon my knee—O, Jean, you do not know how good it feels about my heart! There's our Cissy, she's a growing girl, Jean, and has a life to live, and a soul to be saved like the rest. And the boys have the makings of men in them. And we!—but better late than not at all!—When can you be ready?

JEAN. When ye like, ma man.

BRODIE. God bless you.—Cissy, lass, what's America?

CISSY. A continent.

BRODIE. That's right. Where is it?

CISSY. Oot westward awa'.

BRODIE. Right and right again. There's for your information; I pride myself upon my patronage of letters. She's like you, Jean.

JEAN. I aye thocht she was like you.

BRODIE. We'll see what they say to it over yonder.—And mind, Jean, no living soul but you and me must know of this. Silence means life to us—the new life. Say not a word, but make things ready for a move.

JEAN. An' is the Fiscal no to get his rent?

BRODIE. The 'Fiscal?

JEAN. Ow, ay, I clean forgot to tell ye. 'Fiscal Lawson's boucht the hail *land*, ye ken; he was here the morn, seekin' his rent, and was real chief wi' me forbye: a fine canty gentleman.

BRODIE. My woman, it's as well you told me!

JEAN. What for why?

BRODIE. He must not see me here. Though, after all, with him!—Ah, Procurator, Procurator, proud, proud was I to be your nephew! Now!—We are alike a pair of sooth-sayers, and grin when we encounter. Egad, and I respect him, for he's better at the trade than I am. He took in the dogs upon the street. But I've been behind the scenes: paint, paint: an old common rogue. When does he come?

JEAN. The night.

BRODIE. Ah well, we'll see. And look here, Jean, do you pine to pay this rent? I object to landlords on principle.

PLAYS

And we want every shilling we can scrape together. Get a week's grace, lass, get a week's grace.

SMITH (*without, after knocking*). Enter the Dook?

BRODIE. My lords and masters. Let them in, Jean. They bring the new life, and 'tis for the last time.

SCENE II

To these, SMITH, MOORE, AINSLIE

BRODIE. Welcome, gentlemen.

SMITH. Same to you, Bishop. How do, Duchess? Badger, you brute, take off your castor. None but the genteel deserve the fair; does they, Duchess?

BRODIE. Chairs, Jean. Make yourselves at home, Humphrey. George, take charge of the Cognac, and do the honours for me. (*To AINSLIE, who has remained in the door.*) Is that you, Ainslie? Come in, Ainslie. I shall not hurt you, Ainslie. Come in.

AINSLIE. I'm sayin'—

BRODIE. Say as little as you can, and let me give you back these dice. They are too honest to serve you every day; but I dare say you will find use for them again.

AINSLIE. I'm sayin', Deacon, I was real affrontit wi' thon mistake o' mine's; but between gentlemen—

BRODIE. I lay down with dogs, and got up with fleas. Can you better that?

AINSLIE. But I'm sayin', Deacon—

BRODIE. Give him drink, Geordie. He's a liar; give him drink.

AINSLIE. I was real affrontit—

BRODIE. Give him drink, and let him hold his tongue.

SMITH. Now, bone grubber? Easy with the parts of speech! Deakin, my pater familius, you fill the manly heart of George with honest joy. To see you thus, with Susan on your knee, so to speak, is almost too much for G. S. He is

DEACON BRODIE

a gay Lotharium, is George, but he keeps a corner in his bo-sum for the domestic affections. Look at the blessed kinchins, Badger! Ain't they father's pride and mother's joy all over? Alas! unconscious of the broom the little varmint's play. H. M. Esquire, let me give you another. (*Pours for MOORE.*)

MOORE (*holding out glass*). O rot.

SMITH (*pouring for AINSLIE*). And the candleworm likewise!—Gentlemen all, I have now charged the social bowl, and rise to propose the health of our noble host and his amiable and accomplished duchess. And that their quivier may with each revolving year et-settery, et-settery, is the ardent 'ope of their honest but well-meaning friend, Roman and fellow-countryman, George S. (*They drink to each other. BRODIE fills for MOORE and himself. SMITH takes the girl child on his knee.*)

MOORE. Here's fortune, you sir!

BRODIE. And so the quarrel's over? I compliment you for your good sense, and it's not everyone who gets my word for that. You and I are villains in earnest. We can give and take like man and wife. We can have our brush, and make an end, and booze from the same bottle. You cheated me, but you cheated me well, and I respect you; it was pretty practice, and I'm proud to own it. If I could I should do the same. Every man for himself, and the devil for all.

MOORE. Hear him, Dook.

SMITH. O come now, damme, look here, Deakin!

BRODIE. They call that cynicism in France, but here we call it business instinct. And then, you know, we three have done big things. We have set up the tallest robberies that Scotland ever saw—we three, with these hands. Do you mind the lock of the Bank? Do you mind the goldsmith's at St. Giles? Do you mind the Judge at Morningside, and how we gagged and hooded him with his own breeches? Do you mind the gutter we came down? Where's another man would have set foot on such a crazy perch, with fifty feet below and the road to hell? And we three did it, one by one,

PLAYS

with the moon to see us! And are such men to split over a pair of dice? We are not such dolts. You know me; I'm a man of the world; I've seen it from top to bottom, upstairs, downstairs, in my lady's chamber; and what are we all but rogues? Rogues all, Humphrey! Rogues all, Geordie! Perhaps you owe me a grudge; perhaps I owe you a grudge. What of that? We know the world, do we not? We're not children, we're not psalm-singers. Where shall I get a couple of bold blades like you? Where else will you get your Deacon? We can't afford—do you follow me?—we can't afford to quarrel, you and I. We hate each other like death? Be it so. But life, my lads, is business; it's not honour among thieves, nor loyalty, nor any rancid cant; it's business—cold, bald business.

MOORE. That's my motto. Business is business.

BRODIE. You take me, Badger? You're a man of parts. As long as there's a trick to turn or a shilling to pilfer, so long we hang together, and when the play's played out, and the game's up for good, why, blood be it—and we'll cut each other's throats like what we are. Till then, I'm yours, by hell, and you're mine.

MOORE. You're a man, Deacon. Strike me rotten if you ain't. Shake.

BRODIE (*shaking hands*). A man—am I not? And I've men for my comrades. Only follow where I lead, and you shall rummage the moon and fill your melting-pot with stars. A man?—try me!

MOORE. Look 'ere, Deacon, you and me's the best of friends. You're a cove wot knows a thing or two, that's wot's the matter with you.

SMITH. You're a nice pair, ain't you. Why, damme, if I ain't ashamed before the babes. (*To a child*). Yes, my pretty, it's a wicked world, so it is. But you and me'll be married some day, won't us? and retire to our estates in the country, shan't us? and go to church and be happy like the nobility and gentry! An it'll be George and his little wife and a black footman till death do us part. Damme, Deakin, I'm ashamed of you.

DEACON BRODIE

BRODIE. To business. Put down that child and show this creature downstairs.

SMITH. That's another pair of shoes. Portrait of George as the Accomplished Beadle. Only, if he may be allowed to conclude with a sentiment, he would add, that though he's only George the Pieman, that kind of pastry's not the harticle he hoffers to the public. And, sir, ever will be—George S.

BRODIE. Ainslie, you may go. You may cherish your dice, and sponge on them for small beer with your friend, the Captain. You will have your orders from Smith.

MOORE. You know me, Slinky?—All right.

AINSLIE. But it's forgi'e and forget, Deacon, is't no? And I was real affrontit, and——

BRODIE. Quoit him out, Geordie.

SMITH. This way, Mumps!

SCENE III

The same: less AINSLIE

BRODIE. And now to work. We do the Excise to-morrow.

MOORE (*joyously*). Muck! muck! muck!

BRODIE. The round goes by at ten. Immediately after, we begin. That leaves us a clear hour. You, George, grind and set the big centrebit. We want that, both the crowbars, and the first and second bunches. Mind: centrebit, crowbars, first and second bunches and big picklocks. You have that, George.

SMITH. All right.

MOORE. First and second bunches? Ain't it a job for number three?

BRODIE (*taking no notice*). You will wait in the door opposite, and once the round is up the street, enter the court by the arch. I join you there.

SMITH. I rather thought we'd pickle in by the back, Deacon. By the lane, you know.

PLAYS

BRODIE. By the arch. They sit late at the ale-house in the lane. Now, is that all? Yes. So far so good. Meanwhile, I've got another of my headaches. Which of you goes with me?

SMITH. Not me, Deakin. It's a jolly old full moon, and in that case G. S. has an appointment. (*Kisses his hand*).

MOORE. What's the rotten lay?

BRODIE. Leslie's.

MOORE. O rot! It ain't a week since you got blazing well nigh scuffed over it.

BRODIE. An accident. They never happen twice running.

MOORE. One at a time. That's my motto.

SMITH. The sentiments of George, Badger! His sentiments, to a T!

BRODIE. Then I do it single-handed. What did I tell you? You need me to be men; but I can be a man unaided. What! would you not have swung long since for a ten-penny nail or a leg of mutton? Answer me that, answer me that and tell me who's the man. (*A knock*). Is that he, Jean? Is that our venerable and hopeful for his rent?

JEAN. It'll be just the 'Fiscal, I'm thinkin'.

BRODIE. Then in with you behind these curtains, and see for yourselves how comely a thing is knavery when uncle Lawson is the knave. (*Knock*). *Aux ordres de monsieur!* My uncle, the rascal!—Make no noise, but see and profit by the sight.

SCENE IV

JEAN, LAWSON, CHILDREN; the others concealed

JEAN. I'm sweir to see you come in, 'Fiscal; for I cannae get ye the siller. Them that's promised's failed. Ye ken, 'Fiscal, a'budy promises. And, eh, 'Fiscal, ye maun gie me a week, man, for I'm sair pit to it, that I am.

LAWSON. Mistress Watt, I'm sorry to say it, but from a' I hear of you on the stair-heid——

JEAN. Eh, 'Fiscal, ye ken what folks say. They aye

DEACON BRODIE

speak; or they wouldnae be folk, ye ken. And a puir lone wumman——

LAWSON. Weel, weel, I ken a' that and a hantle mair. And I ken you're owre brawly dressed, Mistress Watt. *Mundus et vestitus muliebris*. I am no the man to be hard on ony body; I'm no the minister, ye ken; I'm but a puir auld sinful man; and this day of a' days, it would set me ill to be upsitten; for this day I was minded of a secret sin mysel'. He had a hard heart that tauld me; little he spared me, though I loved him like my son. And O, my lassie—for you're but a lassie to an auld man like me—O, my lassie, you and me maun tak' a thocht and mend. We've been a' day wandering on the ourie hills; but the night is near at hand, and the auld folk at hame—and that's in heaven, lassie—are a' wearied looking out.

JEAN (*crying*). O, wheest, man, wheest!

LAWSON. There, there. You wouldna be feared of an auld, kind body like me? Just you be as guid as you're bonnie. Gang to the kirk—do ye gang to the kirk?

JEAN. I wouldnae daur.

LAWSON. Hoots! it's for the chief of sinners God's waiting to be gracious—think o' that—he's waiting, lass! Had ye never a bairn out late?

JEAN. Man, will ye wheest? I wad think shame to speak like that to a puir woman.

LAWSON. Aweel, aweel, you'll think o't after I'm awa'. And never you fash yoursel' about the rent; let the rent bide; but when I come back, my woman, I would be real pleased and proud to see ye wi' fewer brows and nae usquebaugh. And—surely I should ken that cane. Rax me that cane, woman, rax me that cane.

JEAN (*trying to recover BRODIE's cane*). Here, gie't me, gie't me back.

LAWSON (*with cane*). I ken that cane. Wha's is't?

BRODIE (*coming forward from his concealment sobered and ashamed*). It is mine—Uncle.

Dumb show. LAWSON gives the cane and leaves the house. As the robbers come from behind the curtain the scene closes.

PLAYS

TABLEAU VI

KING'S EVIDENCE

The Stage Represents a Street

HUNT, AINSLIE

HUNT brings in AINSLIE by the arm.

HUNT. And so your name's Andrew Ainslie, is it? As I was saying, you're the very party I was looking for. Ain't it strange now, that I should have dropped across you comfortable and promiscuous like this?

AINSLIE. I dinna ken wha ye are, an' I'm ill for my bed.

HUNT. Let your bed wait, Andrew. I want a little chat with you; just a quiet little sociable wheeze. Just about our friends, you know. About Badger Moore, and George the Dook, and Jemmy Rivers, and Deacon Brodie, Andrew. Particularly Deacon Brodie.

AINSLIE. They're nae friens o' mines, mister. I ken naething an' naebody. An' noo I'll get to my bed, wulln't I?

HUNT. We're going to have our little talk out first. After that, perhaps I'll let you go, and perhaps I won't. It all depends on how we get along together. Now in a general way, Andrew, and speaking of a man as you find him, I'm all for peace and quietness myself. That's my usual game, Andrew, but when I do make a dust I'm considered by my friends to be rather a good hand at it. So don't you tread upon the worm.

AINSLIE. But I'm sayin'—

HUNT. You leave that to me, Andrew. You shall do your pitch presently. I'm first on the ground, and I lead off. With a question, Andrew. Did you ever hear in your life of such a natural curiosity as a Bow Street Runner?

AINSLIE. Aiblins ay an' aiblins no.

HUNT. 'Aiblins ay and aiblins no.' Very good indeed, Andrew. Now, I'll ask you another. Did you ever see a

DEACON BRODIE

Bow Street Runner, Andrew? With the naked eye, so to speak?

AINSLIE. What's your wull?

HUNT. Artful bird! Now since we're getting on so cosy and so free, I'll ask you another, Andrew. Should you like to see a Bow Street Runner? (*Producing staff.*) 'Cos, if so, you've only got to cast your eyes on me. Do you queer the red weskit, Andrew? Pretty colour, ain't it? So nice and warm for the winter too. (*AINSLIE dives; HUNT collars him.*) No, you don't. Not this time. Run away like that before we've finished our little conversation? You're a nice young man, you are. Suppose we introduce our wrists into these here darbies? Now we shall get along cosier and freer than ever. Want to lie down, do you? All right! anything to oblige.

AINSLIE (*grovelling*). It wasna me, it wasna me. It's bad companions; I've been lost wi' bad companions an' the drink. An', O mister! ye'll be a kind gentleman to a puir lad, an' me sae weak, an' fair rotten wi' the bad disease. Ye've a bonnie kind heart, my dear, dear gentleman; ye wadna hang sitchan a thing as me. I'm no fit to hang. They ca' me the Cannleworm! An' I'll can dae somethin' for ye, wulln't I? An' ye'll can hang the ithers?

HUNT. I thought I hadn't mistook my man. Now you look here, Andrew Ainslie, you're a bad lot. I've evidence to hang you fifty times over. But the Deacon is my mark. Will you peach? or won't you? You blow the gaff, and I'll pull you through. You don't, and I'll scragg you as sure as my name's Jerry Hunt.

AINSLIE. I'll dae onything. It's the hangin' fleys me. I'll dae onything, onything, no to hang.

HUNT. Don't lie crawling there, but get up and answer me like a man. Ain't this Deacon Brodie the fine workman that's been doing all these tip topping burglaries?

AINSLIE. It's him, mister, it's him. That's the man. Ye're in the very bit. Deacon Brodie. I'll can tak' ye to his very door.

HUNT. How do you know?

PLAYS

AINSLIE. I gi'ed him a han' wi' them a'. It was him an' Badger Moore, and Geordie Smith,—an' they gart me gang wi' them whether or no; I'm that weak, an' whiles I'm donner'd wi' the drink. But I ken a', an' I'll tell a'. And, O kind gentleman! you'll speak to their lordships for me, an' I'll no be hangit—I'll no be hangit, wull I?

HUNT. But you shared, didn't you? I wonder what share they thought you worth. How much did you get for last night's performance down at Mother Clarke's?

AINSLIE. Just five pund, Mister. Five pund. As sure's death it wadna be a penny mair. No but I askit mair—I did that, I'll no deny it, mister—but Badger kickit me, an' Geordie he said a bad sweir, an' made he'd cut the liver out o' me, an' catch fish wi't. It's been that way frae the first: an aith an' a bawbee was aye guid eneuch for puir Andra.

HUNT. Well, and why did they do it? I saw Jemmy dance a hornpipe on the table, and booze the company all round when the Deacon was gone. What made you cross the fight and play booty with your own man?

AINSLIE. Just to make him rob the Excise, Mister. They're wicked, wicked men.

HUNT. And is he right for it?

AINSLIE. Ay is he.

HUNT. By jingo! When's it for?

AINSLIE. Dear kind gentleman, I dinna rightly ken—the Deacon's that sair angered wi' me. I'm to get my orders frae Geordie the nicht.

HUNT. Oh, you're to get your orders from Geordie, are you? Now look here, Ainslie. You know me. I'm Hunt the Runner; I put Jemmy Rivers in the jug this morning; I've got you this evening; I mean to wind up with the Deacon. You understand? All right. Then just you listen. I'm going to take these here bracelets off, and send you home to that celebrated bed of yours. Only, as soon as you've seen the Dook you come straight round to me at Mr. Procurator-Fiscal's, and let me know the Dook's views. One word mind, and—cl'k! It's a bargain.

AINSLIE. Never you fear for that. I'll tak' my bannet

DEACON BRODIE

an' come straucht to ye. Eh God, I'm glad it's nae mair nor that to start wi'. An' may the Lord bless ye, dear kind gentleman, for your kindness—may the Lord bless ye.

HUNT. You pad the hoof.

AINSLIE (*going out*). An' so I wull, wulln't I not? An' bless, bless ye while there's breath in my body, wulln't I not?

HUNT (*solus*). You're a nice young man, Andrew Ainslie! Jemmy Rivers and the Deacon in two days! By Jingo! (*He dances an instant gravely, whistling to himself.*) Jerry, that 'ere little two hundred of ours is as safe as the bank.

TABLEAU VII

UNMASKED

The Stage represents a room in LESLIE'S house. A practicable window, C., through which a band of strong moonlight falls into the room. A practicable door in wing, L., having the appearance of a street door, with bolts and chains. A table, with candles and writing materials at back, R. LESLIE is seated at the table finishing a letter.

SCENE I

LESLIE (*sealing*). There is the letter. You will not fail to give it to her. I cannot find words, Procurator, to thank you for your kindness; if you had been my father you could not have done more. And trust me, I shall do all that you desire, and hold my peace, and ask no questions—and that with a light heart if it's for Mary. I am a man who can love.

LAWSON. Weel, man, I tell ye honestly I was grieved to hear it; and what mair am I to say? It's sair, sair upon the lass, and sair, sair upon you. But ye've my good-will, and there's aye hope while the lamp holds on to burn. *Usque ad mortem*, as we say. He that tholes over-comes. But I see ye're looking very white-like, and ye're black about the e'en. Haud up a heart, man.

LESLIE. Ah, never fear! I take her brother's word; I'd

PLAYS

take his word against the world. 'Tis not true love that alters my complexion; I've something else on hand. Come—I'll tell you, under seal. I've not been in bed till daylight for a week.

LAWSON. Hoots, laddie, hoots, there's nae sense in the like o' that.

LESLIE. Gad, but there is, though! Why, Procurator, this is town's business; this is a municipal affair;—I'm a public character. Why? Ah, here's a nut for the crown prosecutor! I'm a bit of a party to a robbery.

LAWSON. Guid guide us, man, what d'ye mean?

LAWSON. You shall hear. A week ago to-night I was passing through this very room without a candle on my way to bed, when—what should I see, but a masked man fumbling at that window! How he did the Lord knows—I suspect, Procurator, it was not the first he'd tried—for he opened it as handily as his own front door.

LAWSON. Preserve me! Another of thae robberies.

LESLIE. That's it. And of course I tried to seize him, but the rascal was too quick. He was down and away in an instant. You never saw a thing so daring and adroit.

LAWSON. Is that a'? Ye're a bauld lad, I'll say that for ye. I'm glad it wasna waur.

LESLIE. Yes, that's all plain sailing. But here's the hitch. Why didn't I tell the Procurator-Fiscal? You never thought of that.

LAWSON. No, man. Why?

LESLIE. Aha! There's the riddle. Will you guess? No? I thought I knew the man.

LAWSON. What d'ye say?

LESLIE. I thought I knew him.

LAWSON. Wha was't?

LESLIE. Ah, there you go beyond me. That I cannot tell.

LAWSON. As God sees ye, laddie, are ye speaking truth?

LESLIE. Well, of course!

LAWSON. The haill truth?

LESLIE. All of it. Why not?

DEACON BRODIE

LAWSON. Man, I'd a kind o' gliff.

LESLIE. Why, what were you afraid of? Had you a suspicion?

LAWSON. Me? Me a suspicion? Ye're daft, sir; and me the crown offeecial? Eh man, I'm a' shakin'. And sae ye thocht ye kennt him?

LESLIE. I did that. And what's more, I've sat up every night in case of his return. I promise you, Procurator, he shall not slip me twice. Meanwhile I'm worried and put out. You understand how such a fancy will upset a man. I'm uneasy with my friends and on bad terms with my own conscience. I keep watching, spying, comparing, putting two and two together, hunting for resemblances until my head goes round. It's like a puzzle in a dream. Only yesterday I thought I had him. And who d' you think it was?

LAWSON. Wha? Wha was't? Speak, Mr. Leslie, speak. I'm an auld man; dinna forget that.

LESLIE. I name no names. It would be unjust to him; and, upon my word, it was so silly it would be unfair on me. However here I sit, night after night. I mean him to come back; come back he shall; and I'll tell you who he was next morning.

LAWSON. Let sleeping dogs lie, Mr. Leslie; ye dinna ken what ye nicht see. And then, leave him alane, he'll come nae mair. And sitting up a' nicht—it's a *factum imprestable*, as we say; a thing impossible to man. Gang ye to your bed, like a guid laddie, and sleep lang and soundly, and bonnie, bonnie dreams to ye! And I'll no' forget the letter. (*Without.*) Let sleeping dogs lie, and gang ye to your bed.

SCENE II

LESLIE

LESLIE (*calling*). In good time, never fear! (*He carefully bolts and chains the door.*) The old gentleman seems upset. What for, I wonder? Has he had a masked visitor?

PLAYS

Why not? It's the fashion. Out with the lights. (*Blows out the candles. The stage is only lighted by the moon through the window.*) He is sure to come one night or other. He must come. Right or wrong, I feel it in the air. Man, but I know you, I know you somewhere. That trick of the shoulders, the hang of the clothes—whose are they? Where have I seen them? And then, that single look of the eye, that one glance about the room as the window opened—it is almost friendly; I have caught it over the glass's—I've been at supper with that eye! If it should be—his? No, his it is not.

WATCHMAN (*without*). Past ten o'clock, and a fine moon-light night!

ANOTHER (*further away*). Past ten o'clock, and all's well.

LESLIE. Past ten? Ah, there's a long night before you and me, watchmen. Heavens, what a trade! But it will be something to laugh over with Mary and—with him? Damn it, the delusion is too strong for me. It's a thing to be ashamed of. 'We Brodies'—how she says it! 'We Brodies and our Deacon'—what a pride she takes in it, and how good it sounds to me! 'Deacon of his craft, sir, Deacon of the——' (**BRODIE**, *masked, appears without at the window, which he proceeds to force.*) Ha! I knew he'd come! I was sure of it. (*He crouches near and nearer to the window, keeping in the shade.*) And I know you too. I swear I know you.

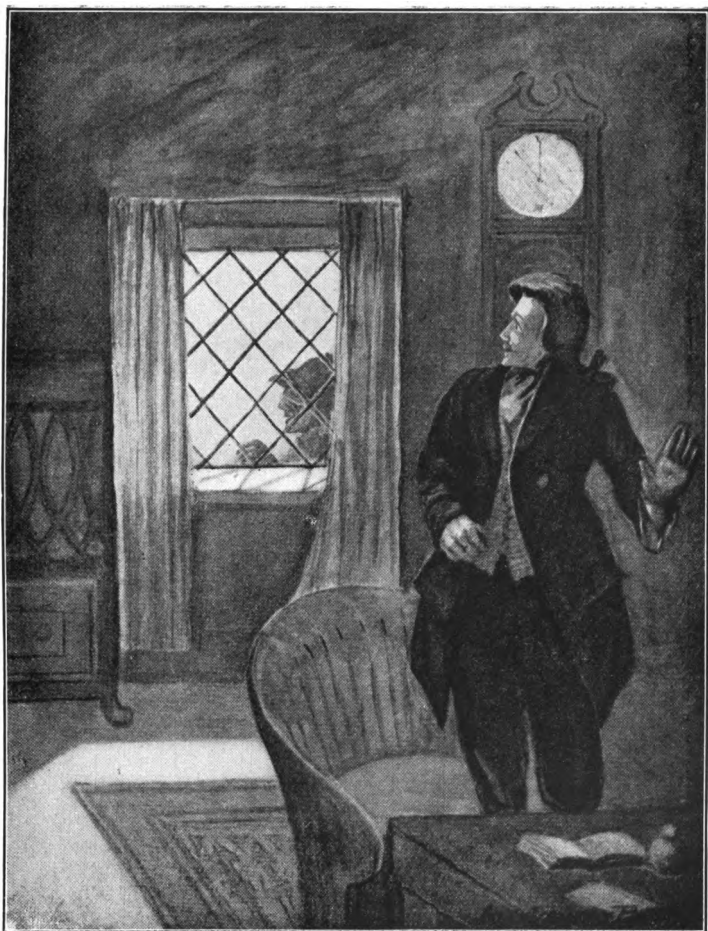
SCENE III

BRODIE, LESLIE

BRODIE *enters by the window with assurance and ease, closes it silently, and proceeds to traverse the room. As he moves, LESLIE leaps upon and grapples him.*

LESLIE. Take off that mask!

BRODIE. Hands off!



Copyright 1908 By Bigelow, Smith & Co., N.Y.

Brodie, masked, appears at the window

Vol. VIII, Page 304.

DEACON BRODIE

LESLIE. Take off the mask!

BRODIE. Leave go, by God, leave go!

LESLIE. Take it off!

BRODIE (*overpowered*). Leslie——

LESLIE. Ah! you know me! (*Succeeds in tearing off the mask.*) Brodie!

BRODIE (*in the moonlight*). Brodie.

LESLIE. You—you, Brodie, you?

BRODIE. Brodie, sir, Brodie as you see.

LESLIE. What does it mean? What does it mean, my God? Were you here before? Is this the second time? Are you a thief, man? are you a thief? Speak, speak, or I'll kill you.

BRODIE. I am a thief.

LESLIE. And my friend, my own friend, and—Mary, Mary! Deacon, Deacon, for God's sake, no!

BRODIE. God help me!

LESLIE. 'We Brodies! We Brodies!'

BRODIE. Leslie——

LESLIE. Stand off! Don't touch me! You're a thief.

BRODIE. Leslie, Leslie——

LESLIE. A thief's sister! Why are you here? why are you here? Tell me! Why do you not speak? Man, I know you of old. Are you Brodie, and have nothing to say?

BRODIE. To say? Not much, God help me, and commonplace, commonplace like sin. I was honest once; I made a false step; I couldn't retrace it; and that's all.

LESLIE. You have forgot the bad companions!

BRODIE. I did forget them. They were there.

LESLIE. Commonplace! Commonplace! Hound, do you speak to me, do you reason with me, do you make excuses—you—a man found out, shamed, a liar, a thief—a man that's killed me, killed this heart in my body—and you speak? What am I to do? I hold your life in my hand—have you thought of that? What am I to do?

BRODIE. Do what you please. You have me trapped.

LESLIE. Are you to go to the gallows? Say—to the gallows?

PLAYS

BRODIE. You have me trapped.

LESLIE. The gallows, the gallows, is it to be the gallows? Speak.

BRODIE. I'm in your hands; I'm trapped.

LESLIE. You know I would not hang you for the world. You know I dare not hang you.

BRODIE. Leslie, you were once my friend. You found something to love, something to honour in me. O that was a part of me! It was not a lie; it was a part of me you loved. Have you not ill thoughts yourself? It must be; we have all our secret evil. Only mine has broken loose; it is my maniac brother who has slipped his chain; it does not change the part of me you loved. Look at me. If you knew how my deceit weighed on me, if you knew how my heart leaps up to be found out, perhaps—perhaps, you might forgive me.

LESLIE. Forgive you! Do you care for my forgiveness? Not you! I've told you all you care for; you are not to hang.

BRODIE. If you knew, Leslie, if you knew! I came here to-night—it seems vile, but God knows—God bear me witness, I came here to make you happy.

LESLIE. Happy!

BRODIE. Did I not stop the marriage? It was to make that marriage possible I came; it was to repay my sister's dowry—nay, man, but that was how it was! Money I wanted, and money I had—and it was to repay it,—it was for her sake and for yours that I came here.

LESLIE. Silence! How dare you! I'll not hear of her, I'll not hear of her from you.

BRODIE. Think of me as you like; despise me, hate me, hang me if you will; but, for the love of heaven, have pity on my sister. O man, I have been falling—falling all my life—from bad to worse, from heaven to hell; doomed, doomed, and I knew it. But for her? What—what has she done? What has she done, kind heaven, but what is pure and lovely? Leslie, you are hard, proud, righteous; but if you play her false, if you are anything but generous and

DEACON BRODIE

true to her—O give him, heaven, a million lives, that justice may run havoc through them all.

LESLIE (*at work unchaining and unbolting door*). I open this door for you to go out of this house, you and your friendship, out into the night.

BRODIE. Is that your answer? That? She's a thief's sister, and you'll none of her; she's a thief's sister, and it runs in the blood; she's a thief's sister, and you—you're what they call good!

LESLIE (*finishing with chains*). You—you go out of this place! (*He throws the door open, which he stands holding.*) Out—out—and let me see your face no more!

BRODIE. You have a God whom you pretend to worship; you're what they call good; you're a Christian—O save the mark, you are a Christian! and you fling me away like an infected ha'penny? And my sister—a thief's sister!

LESLIE. I hold this door open; I hold it open; I hold it open, open. I look at you with loathing. Go!

BRODIE. Go? or not? Have you no fear? Are we alone? Go?

LESLIE. Go while there's yet time, or by the heart of God—

BRODIE. Do you threaten me—me?

LESLIE. For the last time, it's for the last time—go!

BRODIE. I go—into the night, as you tell me—hating you with a sick hatred for the wrong you do my sister, for the hate you've shown to me. There's not a fibre in my body but condemns you. These Christians! Man, but I'll mind you! (*He goes out.* LESLIE *closes door with a loud noise, and falls insensible.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT IV
THE OPEN DOOR

TABLEAU VIII
THE ROBBERY

The Stage represents the outside of the Excise Office in Chapel's Court. At the back, L. C., an archway opening on the High Street. The door at the Excise in wing, R.; the opposite side of the stage is lumbered with barrels, packing-cases, etc. Moonlight; the Excise Office casts a shadow over half the stage. A clock strikes the hour. A round of the City Guard, with halberts, lanterns, etc., enters and goes out again by the arch, after having examined the fastenings of the great door, and the lumber on the left. Cry without in the High Street: "Ten by the bell, and a fine clear night." Then, enter cautiously by the arch, SMITH, MOORE, and AINSLIE, loaded with tools.

SCENE I

SMITH, MOORE, AINSLIE

SMITH (*entering first*). Come on. Coast clear.

MOORE (*after they have come to the front*). Ain't he turned up yet?

SMITH. (*to AINSLIE*). Now, Maggot! The fishing's agoing to begin.

AINSLIE. Dinna cangle, Geordie. My back's fair broke.

MOORE. O muck! Hand out them tools.

SMITH. All right, Humptious! (*to AINSLIE*.) You're a nice old sort for a rag-and-bone man—can't hold a bag open! (*Taking out tools.*) Here they was. Here are the bunchums, one *and* two; and jolly old keys was they! Here's the picklocks; crowbars; and here's Lord George's pet bull's eye, his old and valued friend, the Cracksman's Treasure!

DEACON BRODIE

MOORE. Just like you. Forgot the rotten centrebit.

SMITH. That's all you know. Here she is, bless her!
Portrait of George as a gay hironmonger.

MOORE. O rot! Hand it over, and keep yourself out of that there thundering moonlight.

SMITH (*lighting lantern*). All right, old mumble-peg!

AINSLIE. Losh, I heard a noise. (*Alarm; they crouch into the shadow, and listen.*)

SMITH. All serene. (*To AINSLIE.*) Am I to cut that liver out of you? Now, am I? (*A whistle.*) 'St! here we are. (*Whistles a modulation, which is answered.*)

SCENE II

To these, BRODIE

MOORE. Waiting for you, Deacon.

BRODIE. I see. Everything ready?

SMITH. All a-growing and a-blowing.

BRODIE. Give me the light. (*Briefly examines tools and doors with bull's eye.*) You, George, stand by and hand up the pieces. Ainslie, take the glim. Moore, out and watch.

MOORE. I didn't come here to do sentry-go, I didn't.

BRODIE. You come here to do as I tell you. (*MOORE goes up slowly.*) Second bunch, George; I know the lock. Steady with the glim. (*At work.*) No good. Give me the centrebit.

SMITH. Right. (*Work continues. AINSLIE drops lantern.*)

BRODIE. Curse you! (*Throttling and kicking him.*) You shake, and you shake, and you can't even hold a light for your betters, hey?

AINSLIE. Eh Deacon, Deacon——

SMITH. Now, Ghost! (*With lantern.*)

BRODIE. 'St! Moore!

MOORE. Wot's the row?

BRODIE. Take you the light.

PLAYS

MOORE (*to AINSLIE*). Wo' j' yer shakin' at? (*Kicks him.*)

BRODIE (*to AINSLIE*). Go you, and see if you're any good at keeping watch. Inside the arch; and if you let a footfall pass, I'll break your back. (*AINSILIE retires.*) Steady with the light. (*At work with centrebit.*) Hand up number four, George. (*At work with picklock.*) That has it.

SMITH. Well done, our side.

BRODIE. Now the crowbar! (*At work.*) That's it. Put down the glim, Badger, and help at the wrench. Your whole weight, lads! Put your backs to it! (*While they work at the bar, BRODIE stands by, dusting his hands with a pocket-handkerchief. As the door opens.*) *Voilà!* In with you.

MOORE (*entering with light*). Mucking fine work too, Deacon!

BRODIE. Up with the irons, Duke!

SMITH. How about the Phantom?

BRODIE. Leave him to me. I'll give him a look. (*Enters office.*)

SMITH (*following*). Houp-là!

SCENE III

AINSILIE; afterwards BRODIE; afterwards HUNT and Officers.

AINSILIE. Ca' ye that mainners? Ye're grand gentry by your way o't! Eh, sirs, my hench! Ay, that was the Badger. God, but ye'll look bonnie hangin', man! (*A faint whistle.*) Lord's sake, what's thon? Ay, it'll be Hunt an' his lads. (*Whistle repeated.*) Losh me, what needs he whustle, whustle? Does he think me deaf? (*Goss up. BRODIE enters from office, stands an instant, sees him making a signal through the arch.*)

BRODIE. Rats! (*Hides L. among lumber. Enter noiselessly through arch HUNT and Officers.*)

DEACON BRODIE

HUNT. Birds caught?

AINSLIE. They're a' ben the hoose, Mister.

HUNT. All three?

AINSLIE. The hail set, Mister.

BRODIE. Liar!

HUNT. Mum, lads, and follow me. (*Exit, with his men, into Office. BRODIE seen with dagger.*)

HUNT. In the King's name!

MOORE. Muck!

SMITH. Go it, Badger.

HUNT. Take 'em alive, boys!

AINSLIE. Eh, but that's awfu'. (*The Deacon leaps out and stabs him. He falls without a cry.*)

BRODIE. Honest at last. (*Kicking him.*)

(*Within.*)

SCENE IV

HUNT and Officers; with SMITH and MOORE handcuffed.
Signs of a severe struggle.

HUNT (*entering.*) Bring 'em along, lads! *Looking at prisoners with lantern.*) Pleased to see you again, Badger! And you too, George! But I'd rather have seen your principal. Where's he got to?

MOORE. To hell, I hope.

HUNT. Always the same pretty flow of language, I see, Hump! (*Looking at burglary with lantern.*) A very tidy piece of work, Dook; very tidy! Much too good for you. Smacks of a fine tradesman. It was the Deacon, I suppose?

SMITH. You ought to know G. S. better by this time, Jerry.

HUNT. All right, your Grace! we'll talk it over with the Deacon himself. Where's the jackal? Here, you, Ainslie! Where are you?— By jingo, I thought as much. Stabbed to the heart and dead as a herring!

SMITH. Bravo!

PLAYS

HUNT. More of the Deacon's work, I guess? Does him credit too, don't it, Badger?

MOORE. You ax my foot. Was that the rotten cove that peached?

HUNT. That was the rotten cove.

MOORE. And is he mucking well corpsed?

HUNT. I should just about reckon he was.

MOORE. Then, damme, I don't mind swinging!

HUNT. We'll talk about that presently. M'Intyre and Stewart, you get a stretcher and take that rubbish to the Office. Pick it up; it's only a dead informer. Hand these two gentlemen over to Mr. Procurator-Fiscal, with Mr. Jerry Hunt's compliments. Johnstone and Syme, you come along with me. I'll bring the Deacon round myself.

SCENE CLOSES

TABLEAU IX

THE TWO WOMEN

The Stage represents the street before BRODIE'S house. Enter LESLIE and MARY from the house. They stand talking at the door. During the scene, JEAN WATT, with a child in her arms, is seen crouching at the wing. A lamp over the door.

SCENE I

MARY, LESLIE; afterwards JEAN, at wing

MARY. Never fear, Walter—I can wait alone. O my dear dad! O my dear, dear old dad!

LESLIE. I fear it is too late; I fear he is past the help of doctors; but I shall run, dear, run, and soon be home again to you. And come, look braver, or I cannot bear to leave you.

MARY. Alas! I am more troubled than you think; and even yet I have not told you all. My brother ought to

DEACON BRODIE

know, it is his right to know, to be beside—the dad. And O Walter, I cannot make him hear! Knock as I will, he does not answer. It is terrible. His father is dying, and he will not answer! O how will he forgive me when he knows!

LESLIE. Never mind him. He is out. And believe me, Mary, it would be well if he were out for good and all.

MARY. You put a wrong meaning on my words. He is in sore straits, poor lad, and not himself just now. And remember, he is still my brother and your friend; and his father is dying.

LESLIE. I remember it all. I remember it all.

MARY. And then—out? What do you mean? You know he is not out. He had one of his attacks, and went early to bed. They are dreadful while they last, and he cannot bear to be disturbed—I have told you so often and often. But to-night, with our father so ill—I could not help it, could I? I have been three times to his door. I have knocked and knocked. And I am frightened. He might be dead.

LESLIE. Not he. Let him alone.

MARY. I see you suspect something. So do I.

LESLIE. What do you suspect?

MARY. I am afraid—I cannot help my thoughts, can I? I am afraid he must—use opium?

LESLIE. You are right, that is it. Keep from his door. It can do no good, and it may do harm.

MARY. But Uncle's messages—there have been four, Walter—the Procurator has sent round to him four times; and then that strange low woman who came crying to the door; and my father—Walter, my heart is like lead. It seems as if my past, which was all so kind and quiet, had come to an end here,—and there was something else beyond, something—O I know I am nervous, but it seems to me like something deadly!

LESLIE. You have been a brave girl all your life, Mary; be a brave girl to the end. Think that I have your hand in mine, and will hold it tight to my heart; and whatever happens, whatever you learn, think that I knew it all before and only loved you better. It would be different if we were

PLAYS

parted; but here we are together, and trouble can only bring us nearer. The end will come in God's good time, and when it comes it will not find you alone. And now let me go. I will run all the way, and be back ere you have time to weary.

SCENE II

MARY, JEAN

MARY. He is very good, and he loves me; but his words themselves are terrifying, and I shrink from my own thoughts. There is a fate upon this house. What does it mean? O what can it be?

JEAN. Mistress——

MARY. Ah! Who is there? You—you again? You startled me. What do you want?

JEAN. I'm aye waitin' for him.

MARY. Waiting for him still? Do you know the Deacon—you?

JEAN. Ye'll be his tittie?

MARY. I am his sister, yes. But who are you? Speak to me. Why are you crying? Speak, and tell me what it means.

JEAN. I maun see him. Eh, lassie, it's life and death!

MARY. Death! Oh my heart!

JEAN. Ye're bonnie, an' ye're braw, an' ye look guid, an' ye maunna turn me awa', for it's unco business brings me chappin' to your door. I maun see him, bonnie leddie! I'm a puir body, an' no fit to be seen speakin' wi' the likes o' you. But ye're the Deacon's tittie, an', O lass, ye hae the Deacon's e'en, an' for the love of the dear kind Lord let's in an' hae a word wi' him or it be owre late.

MARY. You do not understand. I have his orders, and I dare not disobey.

JEAN. Lassie, will ye no let me in? I'm bringin' siller.

MARY. Siller? You? What do you mean? Siller! For whom? Not for him, O not for him!

DEACON BRODIE

JEAN. It's an unco business, leddie.

MARY. O father, father, if you could hear! What are you? What are you to—him?

JEAN. I be the best frien' 'at ever he had; for, O dear leddie, I wad gie my bluid to help him, though it sets me ill to say it to your face.

MARY. And the—the child?

JEAN. The bairn?

MARY. Nothing—O nothing! I am in trouble, and I know not what I say. And I cannot help you, I cannot help you if I would. He told me he was not for anything to be disturbed. And indeed I have tried—and O I think I shall lose my mind! What is this grief that is coming on us all? You know—you can tell me if you would; and as for me, I hear nothing but threats, and meet nothing but mysteries; and my heart shudders in my breast.

JEAN. Ay, it's unco business.

MARY. His father is dying within there—dying. I tell you—dying!

JEAN. It's mebbe just as weel.

MARY. Well? Well? Has it come to that? O Walter, Walter, come back, come back, or I shall die!

JEAN. He's comin', leddie. I'm awa'.

MARY. Why should you? Stay and speak to me before him.

JEAN. Na, na, he's your jo. He maunna see ye speakin' wi' the likes o' me. (*She goes out.*)

MARY. What does it mean? What does it mean?

SCENE III

MARY, LESLIE, DOCTOR.

LESLIE. Here's the doctor, Mary.

MARY. Doctor, he is very ill. (*They enter the house.*)

SCENE OPENS

PLAYS

TABLEAU X

AT BAY

The Stage represents the Deacon's room, as in Tableaux I. and IV. Fire-light. Stage dark. A pause. Then knocking at the door, C.; cries without of "WILLIE!" "MR. BRODIE!" "BRODIE!" The door is burst open.

SCENE I

MARY, LESLIE, DOCTOR; *with lights*

DOCTOR. The chamber is unoccupied.

MARY. Dead, and he not here.

DOCTOR. The bed has not been slept in. The counterpane is not turned down.

MARY. It is not true, it cannot be true.

DOCTOR. My dear young lady, you must have misunderstood your brother's language.

MARY. O, no! that I did not. That I am sure I did not.

DOCTOR (*looking at door*). The strange thing is, the bolt.

LESLIE. You will bear in mind, Doctor, that I opposed this step.

DOCTOR. Young gentleman, we have done as Miss Brodie wished, and we have done our duty. To have a secret, not to find it—there's the fault.

LESLIE. It was a cruel blunder.

DOCTOR. Sir, you seem to know more of this than I. If young Mr. Brodie can be found, send and fetch him. Affliction is enough without scandal.

LESLIE. The scandal is in our keeping, Doctor. It need go no further.

DOCTOR. It shall not.

MARY. Kind heaven, what does it mean!

DOCTOR. I think there is no more to be done?

DEACON BRODIE

LESLIE. We thank you, Doctor. There is nothing more. But Miss Brodie is here alone; you pass her uncle's door; might I so far trouble you?

DOCTOR. The Procurator-Fiscal? I shall make it my duty. Expect him soon. (*They go out.*)

MARY (*hastily searches the room*). No, he is not there. She was right! O father, you can never know—praise God!

SCENE II

After a pause, BRODIE, through the window

BRODIE. Saved! And the alibi! Man, but you've been near it this time—near the rope, near the rope. Ah, boy, it was your neck, your neck you fought for! They were closing hell-doors upon me, swift as the wind, when I slipped through and shot for heaven! Saved! The dog that sold me, I settled him; and the other dogs are staunch. Man, but your alibi will stand!—Is the window fast? The neighbours must not see the Deacon, the poor, sick Deacon, up and stirring at this time o' night.—Ay, the good old room in the good, cozy old house—and the rat a dead rat, and all saved! (*He lights the candles*). Your hand shakes, sir? Fie! And you saved; and you snug and sick in your bed, and it but a dead rat after all? (*He takes off his hanger, and lays it on the table.*) Ay, it was a near touch. Will it come to the dock? If it does! You've a tongue, and you've a head, and you've an alibi; and your alibi will stand. Ah, Deacon, you're the rogue of the world! You're crafty and you're sure; you go and you come; and no one sees and no one knows; and let them do their worst, you've your alibi to live and die on. Deacon, you're the rogue of the world. (*He takes off his coat; then with a gesture of striking*) Home! He fell without a sob. 'He breaketh them against the bosses of his buckler!' and so deep, too, and so crafty, and your alibi—ah, Deacon, that's your life! Your

PLAYS

alibi, your alibi! (*He takes up a candle and turns towards the door.*)—O!—Open, open, open! Judgment of God, the door is open!

SCENE III

BRODIE, MARY

BRODIE. Did you open that door?

MARY. I did.

BRODIE. You—you opened that door?

MARY. I did open it.

BRODIE. Were you—alone?

MARY. I was not. Mr. Leslie was with me; and the doctor.

BRODIE. O! Mr. Leslie and the doctor. Very true. Then it's all over town by now. Mr. Leslie and the Doctor. The Doctor? What doctor? Why the doctor?

MARY. My father is dead. And I know—I know it all. And we must help you. O think if there is nothing to be done—O for God's sake think and let us save you.

BRODIE. Your father is dead. O yes. He's dead, is he? Dead. Quite right. Quite right. How did you open the door? It's strange. I bolted it.

MARY. We could not help it, Will—now could we? Mr. Leslie forced it. He had to, had he not?

BRODIE. Mr. Leslie forced it? Leslie? Was he here? He forced it? He? God's anger blight him body and heart!—He!—

MARY. We did it for the best; it was I who did it—I, your own sister. And, O Will, my Willie! O my lad, forget the past and let us save you! What can we do? We will do it—anything—anything!

BRODIE. Anything! (*Laughs.*) Thank you, you have done enough.

MARY. Will, you lose time; take heart; will you be lost for want of heart—and we here—who long to save you, who are mad to save you! Think, think; and it's done—if it

DEACON BRODIE

were death it's done! Think, Deacon! Think upon your danger!

BRODIE. Danger? O my young lady, you have taken care of that! It's not danger now, it's death—Death? Ah! Death! Death! Death! (*Clutching the table. Then recovering.*) And it's your doing. Think of that, sister, think of that! My sister hanged me with her own two hands! Yes, with those two hands you did it! And you can look me in the face? Are you not frightened? Tell me that—not frightened?

MARY. I frightened?

BRODIE. Not? Hey? Not frightened, drab?

SCENE IV

BRODIE, MARY, LESLIE

LESLIE. Brodie, keep back!

BRODIE. O, and this is Mr. Leslie? Well, here I am, sir, waiting for the rope. Waiting for the rope, sir, as you see. I am infinitely beholden to you for kindness to me and to my sister; but this house is mine; and I'll not suffer you to keep your foot in it so long as I'm the master. Tit for tat, Mr. Leslie, tit for tat. I do not like to insult you before your woman; but it's my house, and out of it you go!

LESLIE. I shall not go. I stay here for this lady's sake. For her sake, too, you must let bygones be bygones, and give me leave to help you. There's a good horse in my stable——

BRODIE. I'm waiting for the rope.

LESLIE. Up, man, up and away. Are you the Brodie who has baffled us all these years, and do you stay here to meet shame and death half-way? You, with friends to aid you, and children to care for, and a whole world open to you yet? Trust us to help you. While we live trust us to help you!

PLAYS

MARY. Do what he says, Will. You may be far away ere morning. Do what he says, for the sake of heaven!

BRODIE. And so you two are going to marry, are you?

LESLIE. As soon as the law permits, we shall be man and wife.

BRODIE. Man and wife? I am a thief; I am a murderer; I am waiting for the rope. And you two are going to be man and wife? Did you not tell me, Jezebel, that my father was lying stiff in the next room? Is he cold yet? And am I not your brother, born in the same bed? Look at me, look at me, and then go marry—you who spurned and you who hanged me! Go marry on your father's grave, beside your brother's gibbet. Go marry on my curse, dead hearts, dead hearts! A bad friend, a bad sister—go marry and breed rogues.

MARY. O God, forgive him!

BRODIE. O you—let me tell you. This man with his arm about you—he spat you from him with loathing but last night. He called you a thief's sister; he would none of you, not he; he said he knew your trade. Look to the marriage, look well to the marriage!

LESLIE. Do you hear him?

MARY. Give me your hand.

SCENE V

BRODIE, MARY, LESLIE, LAWSON, JEAN

LAWSON. Are ye here? Eh, man, are ye here still?

BRODIE. I'm waiting for the rope. A rat in a hole.

LAWSON. Mary, my puir lass, this is a sore nicht for you, Father, brither, and—Mr. Leslie, I'm proud to see ye here, sir. Ye're a man. (*They shake hands.*)

LESLIE. And who is this?

BRODIE. Ha! Company? Here's a family party. Leslie, here's your sister. Mary, kiss your niece.

JEAN. Eh, man, tak' a thocht upon yoursel'.

DEACON BRODIE

BRODIE. Back, hussy, keep away from me. Leslie, you're a judge of women, what do you think of her? There—there's where I spent my sister's dowry, and the profits of my trade, and what I diced my neck for. Look at her, she's flesh and blood like the rest of you, only not so clean.

MARY. She is my guest; she shall not be insulted; I will not bear it. (*Takes the child.*) Willie—Deacon—there is death in the house and such sore grief—O Willie, be a man!

JEAN. O tak' a thocht, my man, an' get you clean awa'. I've brocht ye siller.

LAWSON. Ye shall sit rent free, mistress, as lang's there's breath in William Lawson's body.

JEAN. I'm ready, man, to cross the seas.

MARY (*holding out the child*). See, Will, for this!

BRODIE. Off, drabs! I'm waiting for the rope.

SCENE VI

To these, HUNT

HUNT. Good evening, Mr. Procurator-Fiscal. Good evening, Miss. The game's up, Deacon. I'll trouble you to come along with me.

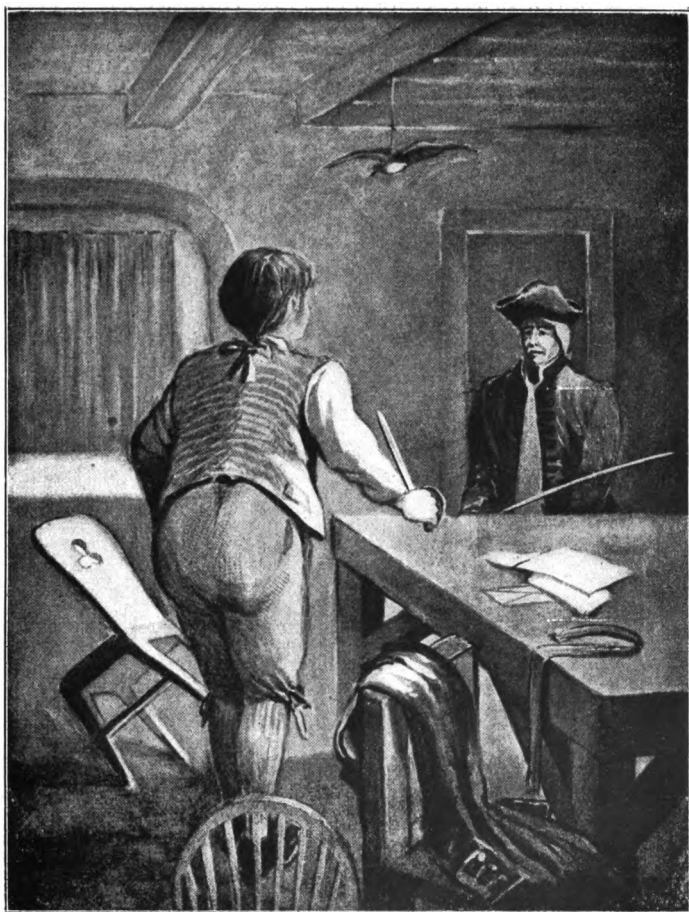
BRODIE. In one moment, officer. No, never mind the warrant. Do you think I'll stand on trifles when all's up. You've taken Deacon Brodie? There are more for you to take. This was a family council; they were planning my escape—not I, not I, officer—they were, this kind of crew here than I call my family. 'Fly,' says my sister; that was she who hanged me. 'Take my money,' says this Jezebel; she was my mistress, she's been privy all along. 'Take my horse,' says my friend there; he that spurned me. 'Mind my warrant,' says my uncle; an official, under trust. Rogues, rogues; accessories after the fact, officer, all accessories after the fact;—and the Jezebel an accomplice from the first; and the uncle steeped in smuggled brandy!—And I, I've lived a man, and I'll die as I've lived. I had but one

PLAYS

pleasure in life; it was to fool and juggle and jockey you one and all. I've done it always, damn you; and damn you, I'll do it once more! (*He snatches his hanger from the table, and rushes upon HUNT, who parries and runs him through. He reels across the stage, and falls.*) Rogues all!—rogues—rogues. (*He dies.*)

CURTAIN

August, 1878—January, 1879.



Copyright 1908 By Bigelow, Smith & Co., N.Y.

Brodie snatches his hanger from the table

Vol. VIII, Page 322